

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1148

The more desperate I wanted to study, the less I could focus. My mind was wandering off to cloudland. I only snapped out of it when I felt a familiar warm hand on mine. I lifted my head, and my eyes met Ashton's.

"Still upset?" Ashton broke the silence.

I lowered my eyes and shook my head. "No."

If I had any anger, it was directed at me. For ten years, I lived under the protective wings of these two men. I allowed myself to stagnate and cease to flourish.

"Marcus had approached me for help," Ashton started sharing. "It was before I went overseas. I already promised him I would help him, on the condition he shall not tell you about it. Yet, he still came and stayed a long time with you. And those securities did not notify me. Imagine how disastrous that would be if anything untoward happened, and those irresponsible securities failed to inform me."

He began to sound resentful, but he suppressed his emotion in front of me. In the end, everything boiled down to him wanting to protect me.

He had my welfare in mind when he made those decisions, and he kept things hushed to protect me. On the other hand, I wanted to help Marcus as I felt indebted to him. Both men did no wrong.

"I am sorry." I tried giving him a smile, but could only manage a bitter smile. "I used to feel indebted to Marcus only. Now, I can't face his family as well."

I always felt a sense of guilt and regret towards Camelia. Yes, we can put the blame on Camelia for not upholding her own dignity and pride. Nonetheless, we cannot deny the fact that if Marcus had not met me, she would not have transformed from a gorgeous princess to a disheveled housewife.

I gave it all to help a stranger like Yvonne, yet I was not as forthcoming when Camelia needed help. I could not forgive myself for this. Even if Camelia and Toby were to return safely, I wonder if I could still be at ease when I meet them in the future.

Suddenly, I felt nauseous. I instinctively covered my mouth, brushed Ashton aside, and ran to the nearest restroom. I bent down to the basin and started retching.

I finally stopped retching after some time. I was slumped on the basin and had one hand clenching my tummy. I looked at myself in the mirror, panting.

I went through pregnancy twice, so I was familiar with morning sickness. Deep in my heart, I knew the in-vitro fertilization procedure was a success, but I could not feel the joy.

When my first child passed away, the whole world was against me. Only Marcus was by my side, and he saved me. However, time and again, I stood by and did nothing when he needed support.

I put my hand to my heart and asked myself. Could I really feign ignorance and innocently continue to nurture a business and family with Ashton while watching Marcus go down the hill?

Ashton walked in, and I could see his cool and flawless face in the mirror. I hurriedly lowered my head and released my hand from my tummy.

“Not feeling well?” he asked. He was waiting outside, so he did not see me retching earlier.

“No.” I shook my head and headed towards the bedroom. My mind was still in confusion and dilemma, but my body told me our baby needed rest.

I climbed into bed. “Let’s get the family doctor to come by for a check,” Ashton suggested as he sat by the bed, tenderly tucking me in

“You decide.” I leaned back on the pillow, closed my eyes, and hoped to get some sleep.

A heavy silence fell upon the room. My mind was swirling in darkness. I could feel Ashton's movement. He seemed to want to speak to me but ended up keeping it in. He sat by me for a while before heading out.