

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 141

Hearing my silence, he must have thought that I was still unable to let it go. Hence, he said, "HiTech is still yours. No matter what happens from now on, it'll always be yours. Please rest well for the baby."

"Ashton," I called out, my voice slightly rough. "About the accident that happened when you sent Rebecca to K City and the Fuller Corporation's emergency. Were these all part of your plan?"

These two incidents had happened too coincidentally, and after they happened, I ruminated over all kinds of possibilities. The only possibility I dared not think about was the possibility that they were all part of Ashton's plan.

He looked at me with a stern gaze. "Are you suspecting that I've used you as the scapegoat?"

My heart ached as I stared at him. "From the moment I entered the company, I've been in charge of the projects. I've never done any marketing and auditing jobs. Yet, after completing Dr. Ludwick's case, you put me in charge of the audits for Fuller Corporation and HiTech. Based on what I gather from how you usually work, you'd give me only one case at a time. However, you've given me both at the same time."

At that, he raised his brow. "Go on."

I shifted my body to find a more comfortable position to lie in before I continued, "You say it's my punishment for delaying Dr. Ludwick's final payment, but it's just a cover. The two major problems that Fuller Corporation faces after listing are the capital chain and financial risk."

"Fuller Corporation's funds have always been the most sufficient among the listed companies. Why do you think that the Fuller Corporation will be short of funds?"

Looking at how confident he was, I could not help but laugh. "If your funds are sufficient, why did the company lose tens of millions just because Dr. Ludwick delayed his final payment by a few days?"

Glancing at his furrowed brows, I continued, "Fuller Corporation's emergency is just part of your plan. During those few days, you eliminated the stockholders who could not survive

and bought their stocks at low prices. When Fuller Corporation returned to normal, these stock prices would be then sold at a higher price. In this way, the Fuller Corporation's market value will increase by almost double."

He was the one in charge of the company. Naturally, he knew all of these.

After hearing that my analysis was close to the truth, he raised a brow and said, "You're my wife. There is no reason for me to put you at risk."

The moment those words left his mouth, I burst into laughter. "Ashton, do you really take me as your wife?"

There are only so many important people in the company. Jared and Joe are friends who had gone through tough times with him. There was no way he would make them the scapegoat.

At the end of the day, I was the most suitable candidate.

"Scarlett, many things in this world aren't as simple as what meets the eyes. You're smart, but you don't know everything."

He sounded weary, and I could see that he was exhausted.

Falling silent, I leaned on the headboard to collect myself. Then, I climbed out of the bed and muttered, "Go ahead with your work. I'm going to take a walk downstairs."

Mrs. Eriksen was tending to the plants that the rain had wrecked yesterday. When she saw me downstairs, she chuckled, "You're awake. Are you still feeling unwell?"

I shook my head in response. It was then I noticed the bayberry tree in the garden could not avoid the cruelty of the rain too; the bayberries were all over the floor, and they all looked ripe.

After recovering from my fever, I was in a much better mood. I then returned to the living room to grab a basket so that I could pick the bayberries that were close to me.

Looking at the delicious, red fruits, my mouth watered, and I moved to put them in my mouth.

“What a glutton!” came a voice behind me. It was Ashton. He walked over to me and took the basket from me as he muttered, “There are a lot of insects inside these bayberries. If you don’t wash them before you eat them, you’ll have an upset stomach later.”

At that, he handed the basket to Mrs. Eriksen and instructed, “Soak them in saltwater for a while.”

Mrs. Eriksen quickly took it, and she gave us a wink before she left.

After that, I raised my head to look at the bayberries that I could not reach. Ashton then commented, “Pick the ones by the end of the branches. Otherwise, they’ll all fall to the ground, and it’ll be a waste.”

At that, he glanced at me. However, instead of reaching out to pick the fruits, he bent over and carried me up.

Before I could come to my senses, he had already carried me up onto his shoulders. “Stay still and be careful.”

For a moment, my world spun. Instinctively, I held his head to support myself as I wondered in disbelief. Why is he making me pick the fruits this way?

“Stop daydreaming and pick them quickly,” he urged.

I was now at a height much taller than I was used to. After a pause, I picked the fruits that I could reach.

However, I did not have a basket with me, so I froze. A thought popped into my mind, and I shoved the bayberry into Ashton’s mouth.

As both of his hands were holding onto me, he could only let me shove the fruits into his mouth.

After eating several bayberries, he mumbled, “Stop putting them in my mouth and ask Mrs. Eriksen to bring the basket over. I can’t eat that many.”

“Didn’t you say I’d get an upset stomach if I eat it like this? Have more. I want to know if you’d get an upset stomach,” I replied as I continued picking the fruits.

Mrs. Eriksen then took out the basket. When she saw me on his shoulders, she blurted out, "Oh my god. Be careful! She's already five months pregnant. What if she falls from that height? We have a ladder at home. Don't do this; it's not safe!"

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Watching Mrs. Eriksen panic, I placed my handful of bayberries into the basket and chuckled, "It's okay. There are only a few left. I'll be done once I get them."

After picking the fruits by the end of the branches, I uttered as I held onto Ashton's head, "I'm done. Put me down."

Beside us, Mrs. Eriksen was wracked with worry as she held onto the basket. "You young people are too daring. Don't you know how dangerous this is?"

As Ashton was quite fit from his usual workout sessions, he held onto my waist and carried me down.

Once my foot touched the ground, I looked at the sweat beading on his forehead. After stiffening for a second, I laughed, "Why are you sweating? Am I that heavy?"

He gave me a small smile and spat out the bayberry in his mouth. "I have two people on my shoulders. What do you think?"

I froze for a second before touching my stomach. Recently, I had been feeling that the baby was growing by the day.

Just then, Ashton's phone rang, and he walked aside as he accepted the call. Hence, I took the basket from Mrs. Eriksen and entered the living room.

As I soaked the bayberries in saltwater, my eyes could not help but drift toward the garden, feeling nervous.

The only call he would take while avoiding me was from Rebecca.

At a certain point in life, people would think of taking extreme actions. I couldn't control myself and flip the bowl of saltwater.

I did it deliberately.

The noise was loud, and Mrs. Eriksen rushed in. Looking at the mess, she looked at me worriedly and asked, "What's the matter? Are you injured?"

I shook my head before glancing at Ashton without any expressions on my face. He walked toward me and looked at me from head to toe. Realizing that I was fine, he sighed in relief. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I answered. Looking at the bayberries scattered on the floor, I suddenly lost interest in washing them. Thus, I turned and retreated to the bedroom.

Behind me, I heard Mrs. Eriksen's murmur. "Mr. Ashton, if you're free, I think you should bring Letty to the hospital. I think she's not well."

Am I not? Isn't mental exhaustion an illness?

After returning to my room, I still felt upset, so I ended up calling Macy.

The call went through after a few rings. "Letty!"

"Hey. How are things on your side?" I did not know what else to say.

However, Macy seemed excited. "Yes, let me tell you, this place is beautiful! The plums around the house are all ripe, and they taste amazing. I'll send some to you in a few days, so watch out for the mailman."

She sounded happy.

Perhaps happiness was contagious, for I laughed, "How's your morning sickness? Do you have any problems getting used to the place?"

"Not at all." I guessed she must be in the mountains, as I could hear the sound of howling wind through the call. "The air is very fresh here, and I've planted some plants in the garden. I even got some wildflowers to plant in the garden. They're really pretty, and if you have the time, you should come and see them. I'm sure you'll love it here."

I nodded before realizing she would not be able to see it. "Okay."

She must have sensed that I was in a bad mood from how quiet I was, so she asked, "Letty, did something happen?"

For a moment, I did not know how I should word it for her. After a pause, I finally muttered, "Macy, I think I've hit a dead-end, and I can't get out of it."

Ashton was already minimizing his contact with Rebecca, but I would lose my calm every time I heard any news of him with her. It was as if a million ants were gnawing at my heart and that sensation overwhelmed me.

"Is it because of Ashton?" she queried before sighing. "Letty, it's easy for pregnant women to get emotional. Maybe you're overthinking it."

She paused again. "Why don't I get Jackson to come back to the country? Maybe he can help you."

I hummed in response. Right then, the bedroom door swung open, and in came Ashton.

I returned my focus to the call and reminded, "You have to take care of yourself there."

"Okay," she responded. After a moment, she insisted, "Don't tell Jared about me."

By now, Ashton had reached me, and I could see him holding some bayberries in his hands.

I hummed in agreement before I ended the call.

Once I hung up the phone, he sat beside me and placed one by my lips. "Try them."

I shook my head, not in the mood for it.

At that, instead of saying anything else, he quietly kept me company. After a while, he brought the documents over from his study room and started reading through them.

As I had nothing to do anyway, I found a book and sat by the side, and started reading it.

Macy was an efficient woman. When Jackson called, I was almost asleep from reading, so the ringing of my phone woke me up.

Ashton was still reading his documents, so when he heard the phone, he only spared me a glance before returning to the papers.

As I picked up the call, I stood up to head to the balcony.

“Jackson.”

“Oh my god, woman! If not for Macy contacting me, I’d have thought you were dead.” Jackson Kane would never change. He was a man, but he was talkative and fussy.

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Ignoring his words, I inquired, “Are you still overseas?”

Jackson and I were college friends. After we graduated, he went overseas to further his studies in psychology. As I was quite aloof, rarely contacted my friends after graduating college and marrying Ashton.

He rambled on, “Yes. Where are you? Are you still in J City? Oh yes, how are you feeling?”

I frowned, not wanting to broach the topic. “I’m fine. When are you coming back?”

“Soon.” It seemed like he was drinking something, as he paused for a while before continuing. “You should come to M Country when you’re free. Macy has told me about your condition. I think you might have depression. The symptoms are the same as before. Come to M Country, and let’s catch up.”

Sensing an oncoming headache, I rubbed my temples and agreed, “Okay.”

“Scarlett, don’t take it lightly. You can die from this illness.”

Knowing he meant well, I nodded and muttered, “All right. I know.”

Realizing that Ashton had put down the documents in his hands, I quickly ended the call. “It’s getting late. Good night.”

"F*ck. It's still daytime here. What the hell do you mean good night?"

Instead of continuing to listen to him, I ended the call.

Ashton walked toward me, and I kept my phone before casting an indifferent gaze at him. "You're done with your work?"

He nodded and reached out to pull me into his arms. Pressing a light kiss on my forehead, he whispered, "Do you want to go for a trip to K City?"

"K City?" I stiffened before curiously asked, "Do you have something to do at K City?"

He pulled me to the bed before placing his hand on my stomach. "I'm planning to move the headquarters of Fuller Corporation to K City."

K City was the capital of the country. In terms of economy and lifestyle, K City was the best among all other cities. If Fuller Corporation wanted to expand and develop, K City was an excellent choice.

However, he was planning to move the headquarters, so I frowned. "I think Fuller Corporation is fine here in J City. It's already established here for years. If you suddenly move it to K City, I'm afraid you might not be able to expand the business for a while."

He placed his chin on my shoulder and nodded gently. "Indeed. However, Fuller Corporation has established a new company there, so it won't be that difficult."

I nodded quietly.

Feeling sleepy from a long while of sitting, I leaned my body on his and fell asleep.

After resting in the villa for two days, I was starting to get restless. Hence, I decided to leave the house for a walk.

Other than Macy, I had no other female friends in J City. Now that Macy had gone to the countryside, I could not invite anyone to go for a stroll.

After a while of contemplation, I decided to go to the mall alone. No matter what I did, it would be boring anyway.

When I parked my car by the entrance of the mall, I bumped into someone familiar—Nick. Beside him was a girl, and she looked familiar to me as well.

A brief thought made me realize she was the one I previously met at the supermarket.

I watched as the two headed to the mall clinging on to each other. It seemed like Nick was here to keep the girl company, unlike the last time.

By the look of things, Nick quite liked her, for they seemed happy to be hugging each other while walking.

Perhaps my staring was too obvious, as Nick noticed me. The moment he saw me, he visibly froze for a split second before striding toward me.

He exclaimed, "Are you here to shop or to date?"

Noticing the girl following behind him, I smiled. "I'm here for a walk."

"Shall we eat together?" As he spoke, the woman was already by his side, tugging his sleeve. It was obvious what she was hinting to both him and me.

Hence, I shook my head. "No, you go ahead."

Why would a pregnant woman like me get in between a young couple?

Just as I was about to leave, Nick stopped me. "Let's eat together. I have something to talk to you about."

"Nick!" The girl beside him was now upset. She whined, "You promised to keep me company today. Ms. Stovall seems like she wants to shop by herself. Let's not disturb her."

Nick frowned, seemingly annoyed. "I have something to talk to her about. Why don't you go home first? I'll see you another day."

At that, the girl's face fell. She fumed, "You promised Ms. Anderson that you'll spend time with me!"

"Stop using her as an excuse. It's annoying," Nick growled. "If you don't want to go shopping, then go home yourself. I still have something else to attend to, so I got to go now."

With that said, he dragged me into the mall.

The girl jogged over to tug on his sleeve. Her eyes were bloodshot as she mumbled pitifully, "Nick, I'm sorry. I'm wrong. I won't interrupt your talk with her. Once you're done, let's go shopping, okay?"

Hearing her miserable tone, I felt bad for her. Thus, I pried off Nick's hand and told him, "Let's talk another day. I still have some things to do, so I'll take my leave now."

The mall in this part of the city was large, and I headed straight to the baby store. As Ashton was almost done setting up the nursery, I didn't have much to buy.

Right as I exited the store, I spotted Nick, who was looking around. Upon seeing me, he shouted, "Let's go!"

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When I noticed the girl was missing from his side, I inquired curiously, "Where's your girlfriend?"

"She's not my girlfriend."

Not a curious cat, I stopped asking him about it.

I then followed him to a steakhouse. Right at the entrance, he paused and worriedly cast me a look. Then, he suggested, "Let's go to another restaurant."

At the start, I did not spot anything unusual. However, when I saw his grim look, I peeked into the restaurant.

It was then I saw Ashton by the window seat. He was in a casual suit, and he was elegantly cutting the steak on his plate. In front of him, surprisingly, was not Rebecca. Instead, it was another woman I had seen twice in the past. Although I was unfamiliar with her, I could still recognize who it was.

It was Caleb's niece, Kristina.

They're both eating steak here?

The president and his secretary?

"Let's go to another restaurant." I was not avoiding him, but it would be awkward for me to encounter him here.

Nick nodded. After a pause, he looked at me again. "They look close. Aren't you going to ask him about it?"

Confused, I stared back at him and asked, "Ask what?"

"Um," he mumbled. "Never mind."

After glancing at my surroundings, I spotted a barbecue restaurant around the corner. I then suggested, "Let's go there."

Just then, my phone rang.

Ashton was the one calling me.

Raising my head to look toward the restaurant, I realized his dark eyes were staring in my direction.

Picking up the call, I heard his cold voice at the other end of the line. "Come in and eat with me."

"I can't. I'm here with my friend."

Moreover, I had something to talk to Nick about, and I was sure Ashton and Kristina had something to discuss as well.

I could see him narrowing his eyes before he put down his fork. Leaning back in his chair, he tilted his head to stare at Nick and me.

Into the phone, he icily said, "Is it because of me or is it just you?"

“Both of us can’t.” If he wanted me to head to his side, that meant that he and Kristina were having a serious conversation. Hence, it would not be appropriate for me to join them with Nick.

However, I saw him swaying his glass, seemingly infuriated. I replied, “See you tonight.”

With that, I ended the call and headed to the barbecue restaurant by the corner.

After we found a seat, Nick ordered the food. He rested his chin on his hands before asking, “Aren’t you afraid another Rebecca will come to him?”

Sipping on the water, I ignored his question and voiced the question in my head instead, “What do you need to talk to me about?”

Unable to get any gossips from me, he murmured disinterestedly, “It’s about K City. It seems like Ashton has thoughts of moving Fuller Corporation there.”

I nodded. “I know about that.”

However, it seemed like he was not surprised by my answer. “This isn’t the strangest part. What’s strange is that my mom is planning to move Cruise Corporation to K City as well.”

“That sounds good,” I replied when I saw his melancholic look. “K City is an international trading hub. Moving to K City helps to create more opportunities for the company to develop.”

The way he was looking at me was as though he was looking at an idiot. “Do you really not know about this, or are you pretending not to? The Fuller Corporation nearly dominated half of J City’s economy. The Fuller Corporation is doing much better in J City than in K City. Moreover, it already has a branch office in K City for so many years, but it never developed any better than the office in J City. Ashton isn’t an idiot. His plan to move the Fuller Corporation’s headquarters to K City isn’t because of the company; it’s because of someone!”

Bewildered by his words, I was stunned. “What do you mean?”

At that, he rolled his eyes, exasperated. “Are you stupid? Zachary is planning to make his daughter into the heiress for the company, and Rebecca is in love with your man. Don’t you know that her chances of getting him will be higher if he’s by her side?”

I nodded, but I was not as agitated as he was. "If that's what Ashton's planning, it's not as if I can do anything about it."

"Do what? The first thing you should do right now is to protect yourself. Find a way to get the best out of Ashton before you leave him. You're going to be caught up in Zachary's grand plan."

I was rather baffled by his words. Soon, the waiter brought our food and I started digging into my food instead.

After all, I was starting to feel hungry.

"Letty, do you get what I mean?" Nick was so anxious I could even see sweat beading on his forehead. "You have to come up with a plan to save yourself before you lose everything in their schemes!"

Still chewing on the meat, I muttered, "It's still too early for me to do anything. Eat your food before it gets cold."

How will they set me up? I have nothing else for them but my life.

If Ashton wanted a divorce right now, I would sign it eagerly. Other than living and dying, nothing else mattered in life.

After seeing no reactions from me after his long rant, he hung his jaw and was silent for a moment. In the end, he spat out, "It's as if I'm talking to a wall!"

His gaze then landed on my stomach. "You're already so heavily pregnant, but you're not even planning for the baby's future?"

By now, I was a little frustrated by his nagging. Putting down my cutlery, I uttered to him, "The baby can go to you if life with me doesn't work out."

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Hearing that, he chortled. "Sure. Make me the kid's godfather, and I'll let the kid inherit my assets."

Is he drunk?

At a loss for words, I pushed the salad bowl closer to him as a way to shut him up. "Have more of this."

He grinned cheerfully as he ate from the bowl. "Letty, I'm serious. I want to be your kid's godfather."

Right then, my phone rang. Once again, it was from Ashton.

I did not wish to pick it up, but the phone kept ringing, and Nick could not stop talking. Hence, I accepted the call.

"Where are you?"

"I'm at the barbecue restaurant."

"The address."

Not wanting to meet him, I answered, "We're almost done, and I'll be back soon."

"Do you want me to make an announcement through the PA system in the mall?"

F*ck. Feeling agitated, I grumbled in my heart. How can this man be so annoying?

"It's just around the corner." The moment I finished the sentence, I ended the call.

By now, I was almost done with my meal. Realizing I had eaten a larger portion than usual, Nick giggled. "Do you want more?"

I nodded. After all, Ashton was going to be here soon, and I was not going to let him watch us eat.

Two minutes later, Ashton arrived.

Swiftly and naturally, he took his seat beside me and placed his arm behind me. Looking at the plate on the table, he asked, "What else would you like?"

"I'm full." It was an honest answer. I had finished almost a plate full of meat earlier, and it was more than enough.

"We've ordered more food," Nick replied. "Mr. Fuller, aren't you a busy man?"

Ashton gave him a glimpse before responding, "Somewhat."

Nothing good could come out from Nick, and I never had any expectations for him to speak good words either. Yet, it still surprised me to hear him say, "That girl earlier looks like she's at least ten years younger than you. Mr. Fuller, are you interested in younger ladies recently?"

I froze in the middle of drinking my water. Is he challenging Ashton's patience?

Observing Ashton's expression from the corner of my eye, I realized he only had a casual smile on his face. "So, you like pregnant ladies?"

I immediately spat out the water I had yet to swallow.

Ashton peeked at me before he gracefully wiped my face with a few pieces of tissue. Feeling anxious, I took the tissues from him and continued dabbing my face.

Meanwhile, Nick had the gloomiest expression I had not seen the whole time. "Not exactly. It's just so that the person I like is a pregnant woman."

What the hell?

I promptly shot him a glare. Are you trying to play with fire?

He averted his eyes from me, choosing to stare at Ashton with a defiant look instead.

Still calm and elegant, Ashton muttered, "What a pity this pregnant lady is already someone's wife, and she's about to become a mother. You have no chances."

"Not necessarily. There are many people who marry again. She is just too young and inexperienced, she married the wrong person. Hence, it is just a matter of time for her to marry someone else."

Utterly disinterested in their conversation, I stood up and announced, "I'm full. Enjoy your conversation."

Then, I headed out. Behind me, I heard Nick's foolish words. "Letty, we've made an agreement. I'll be your child's godfather. If that doesn't work out, I don't mind become the child's father either."

I walked away even faster at that.

The car was parked outside the mall, and it did not take me long to reach it. Ashton had followed me to the parking lot, and I could see a terrifying grim look on his face.

After starting the engine, I uttered, "Put on your safety belt."

He shot me a look before he responded, "I won't die."

Hearing his haughty tone, I did not insist and drove back to the villa. It was only four in the evening, and it was still early.

Mrs. Eriksen was still tending to the garden. After a few days of hard work, the garden that had been wrecked in the heavy rain was back to its lovely state.

Noticing my return with Ashton, she smiled and asked, "You're back. What do you want to have for dinner tonight?"

"Anything's fine," Ashton replied before I could.

Then, a pain traveled up my arm from my wrist, and he dragged me back to the bedroom.

Once he slammed the door shut, he strode toward me. The shadow of his towering figure loomed over me, and I felt a tinge of fear creeping onto me.

"Ashton, you..." I was a little overwhelmed by his sudden anger.

"Godfather?" A mocking smile curled on his lips. "And he even wants to be the father. Scarlett, when did the two of you get so close?"

I was lost for words as I cursed Nick for his blo*dy mouth in my heart. Of all the things to say, he has to say that!

Raising my head to look at Ashton, I plastered a smile on and mumbled, "He's talking nonsense. You were there, so I'm sure you could tell that it's nonsense too."

"I can't." At that, he dropped his head and bit my neck.

Feeling a sharp pang of pain, I yelled, "Ashton, you're being unreasonable!" Clearly, that was clearly Nick's rubbish. He's already in his thirties. How can he not realize they're rubbish?

I didn't even say anything about him having lunch with someone else. All Nick did was spout some nonsense, and he's already acting like this.

At that moment, I felt I was wronged and I glared at him.

Looking at me, he narrowed his dark eyes. Then, he slowly pressed light kisses on the spots he bit as he mumbled, "You are ungrateful!"