

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 154

Surely he must have been upset when the child was suddenly gone just like that, right?

His brows were pinched into a deep furrow. "This matter is already in the past!"

"I know. I'm just asking." I nodded, but I couldn't help wanting to add to that. More words rolled off my tongue in a mumble, "I'm just wondering if I ever have a miscarriage, will you feel upset?"

"Scarlett!" he raised his voice. My arm was beginning to hurt under his tightened grip. The look on his face was gloomy. "Who did you meet today?"

My head was full on throbbing in pain by now. I rested my skull against his chest, devoid of energy to say anything else. "It doesn't matter. As you said, It's all in the past."

The tension in the atmosphere went up a notch while the temperature felt like it had dropped several degrees. I knew he was angered. But there was no point in talking about this anymore. I closed my eyes as I leaned against him.

Just then, a buzz sounded, followed by a ringtone that came from his phone. I tried to withdraw myself from his embrace at the thought of letting him pick up the call, but before I could, I was pressed tighter against his body as he wrapped an arm around my shoulders. With his other arm, he fumbled for his phone and made a quick swipe across the screen.

"What is it?" he answered. He had turned on the speaker.

"Ash, I recently took up the job at my mother's company in J City. I'll be coming over tomorrow. Are you free to pick me up at the airport?" Rebecca's voice echoed from the other end of the call.

I nuzzled my head and burrowed myself into a more comfortable position in his embrace.

“I’ve got something to do at work tomorrow. I’ll send Joe over to pick you up,” Ashton replied flatly.

A brief pause came before her voice sounded through the phone again. There was a hint of disappointment in it this time. “Ash... Can’t we even be friends with each other now?”

Ashton took a deep breath and held it for a second. I could tell he was probably feeling uneasy.

I tilted my head and looked up at him. Seeing that he had no intention of answering the woman’s question, I said towards the phone, “He’s accompanying me on my pregnancy checkup tomorrow. I hope you’ll understand and not put my husband in a tight spot, Ms. Larson.”

The arm around my shoulders exerted a faint squeeze. He let out a helpless sigh and added, “Send your flight details to Joe. He’ll be there to pick you up tomorrow.”

At that, he hung up on Rebecca and rested his chin on my face. My skin burned a little as his stubble scrapped against my cheek, but he wouldn’t let me pull away. “Was that a declaration of ownership over your man?” He gazed down upon my wincing face.

“Can’t I?”

Wriggling myself off as soon as his grip relaxed a little, I got up and walked out of the bedroom.

When I entered the living room, a waft of aroma that came from a bowl of noodles sitting on the dining table entered my nose. Ashton had cooked it and it looked delicious.

As I stared at the home-cooked dish prepared by my husband, he came up from behind and cuddled me. “I read a book saying that a pregnant woman shouldn’t eat something too rich, so I didn’t put a lot of spices in it. Won’t you give it a try?”

I could only gaze at him blankly in response. I felt like I was living a dream... A dream where Rebecca and I had switched places.

Ashton had never been so gentle and caring in the past two years of our marriage.

It felt as if all the care he had for Rebecca was transferred onto me. The whole situation was surreal to me, and for some reason, I was a tad bit displeased about it.

He led me towards the table and sat me down. The noodles tasted great, but my heart was burdened with too many things at the moment. As such, I couldn't bring myself to eat more after a few slurps.

Upon seeing that I was uninterested in the food he made, he frowned. "It doesn't suit your taste?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm just not hungry."

"You should eat a bit more at least," he spoke as he walked to the refrigerator and took out some milk for me. "Otherwise your tummy's going to feel uncomfortable when you start feeling hungry later tonight."

That whole night, Ashton stayed with me at Glenwood Apartments.

The next morning.

I cracked my eyes open in a daze when I felt something shifted beside me. Everything looked hazy, but Ashton's silhouette came into clearer view as I squinted and blinked. He was putting on his clothes.

Noticing that I was awake, he asked, "Did I wake you up?"

I shook my head sluggishly. My body felt a little too heavy to move. "Are you going to the office?" I croaked.

"Mm-hmm," he answered with a nod. "Joseph will deliver your breakfast in a while. Rest up a bit after you eat. I'll come back to pick you up for your checkup in the afternoon."

A soft kiss landed on my forehead just as he finished speaking. He pulled his necktie into a perfect knot and walked out.

It felt odd. Ashton treated and cared for me so well these days, yet there seemed to be an invisible distance between us.

Soon after breakfast, Macy called. She told me she needed someone to pick her up from the airport as she had too many things to lug around.

Seeing that there was still much time to spare before the checkup at the hospital, I hailed a taxi to Fuller Corporation and took my car. By the time I arrived at the airport, Macy's flight hadn't landed yet.

With nothing to do, I parked my car at the basement carpark and went to the lounge to wait for Macy.

As I scanned my surroundings from my seat, a fine-looking pair entered my view from a distance. It didn't surprise me in the least bit to see Ashton there and the woman beside him. Anyone else would've thought they were a match made in heaven.

I fished out my phone and dialed Ashton's number.

He answered within a second. "Where are you?" I asked.

“I’m at the airport,” his voice rang from the phone as I watched his lips moved from where he stood. “Joe has something urgent going on, so I had to come instead.”

For some reason, it felt like a weight was lifted off my chest. Perhaps I was relieved that he didn’t lie to me.

“Look in front of you,” I replied. My eyes were glued to him while I waited for him to realize where I was.

Our eyes soon locked and he frowned slightly. “Why did you come here?”

“Macy’s flight is landing at half-past eleven. I’m here to pick her up.” Rebecca noticed me as well just as I spoke while staring in their direction. Needless to say, the surprised look on her face wasn’t a pleasant one. I heard her asking, “Should I head over and say hi to Ms. Larson?”

Ashton looked somewhat flustered. “There’s no need to.”

To me, he said, “Just stay where you are. I’ll come over soon after this!”

With that, he hung up the call and led Rebecca out of the lounge.

I sat alone, watching their backs disappear into the distance. My chest tightened a little. It should’ve been normal for Ashton to come since Joe was busy, right? So why does it hurt to see them together?