

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 409

Rebecca leaned in and breathed in a sinister tone. “Did you really think he did not know about the child? If your child didn’t die in your mother’s hands, he would have been smothered by the prenatal vitamins that Jared gave you. The man closest to you is more frightening than you could ever imagine.”

My stomach churned. A metallic taste cumulated inside my mouth before I retched blood.

Rebecca’s eyes widened as her delight grew. “You’ve lost—utterly and completely.”

She stood up and loomed over me briefly before she made her exit.

When Ashton returned, I was in a daze as I stared at the pool of claret on the floor. The only sensation I felt was pain—in my chest and in the very fibers of my being.

“What happened here, Scarlett?” he said as he extended his hand to lend support.

Slap!

That backhand, rendered with every ounce of energy that was left inside of me, seemingly had no effect whatsoever on him.

The man’s slender frame stiffened as he tried to suppress his anger. “What’s going on?”

I suddenly found him extremely revolting. “Get out of here!”

He furrowed in response and swept me into his arms before he took me back inside the hospital.

I was examined and made to undergo numerous tests.

Upon completion, I lay on the hospital bed and stared vacuously at the pitch-black screen of the LCD television. “Let’s get a divorce, Ashton!”

It would be best if we went our separate ways.

The rage he tried to force down boiled over. "Do you know what you are saying?"

I lowered my puffy eyes and lifted my hands to soothe them. "It was a mistake right from the beginning. Right now, it's still not too late to split up and start over."

"Hmph!" he sneered. "Mistake? Starting over? Are you condemning me, Scarlett?"

I did not waver as I looked at him. "I'm returning everything that belongs to the Fullers, including whatever shares in HiTech that Grandpa left me. Consider this my repayment for the debt of gratitude that I owed him."

His eyes narrowed and his thin lips trembled as he struggled to contain himself. "Your reason being?"

Reason?

I smiled a slight smile. Having gone through and endured so much along the way, I had become dead and putrid inside.

"I've been married to you for three years. I also know from when I stepped into the Fullers that Rebecca will always be special to you. I've already mentally prepared myself for the day that you would leave me for her."

Against his darkened eyes, I could not muster a smile. "You couldn't protect me and love me, nor was I able to make you. That is my failing, for which I have only myself to blame. However, it doesn't justify you taking advantage of my foolish affections to hurt me and our baby for Rebecca's sake."

His mouth was agape. "What did she tell you?"

My fingers gripped against themselves and dug my nails into flesh so as to alleviate my anguish. "She told me whatever there was to tell. I've never actually thought about reconnecting with my birth parents. I'm not upset about you wanting Rebecca to steal my identity so that she may have a brighter future, but you shouldn't have dragged me down. I've told you before that if you chose to divorce me, I would leave with the child and make a life for ourselves. Both of you could then use the Moore family's connections and lead your own lives."

"Scarlett..." his voice held a multitude of emotions.

I took in a deep drawl. "But why must you ruin my life? Why must you make me suffer the pain of separation over and over, and even bring harm to the people around me? What did I ever do to you to make you hate me so much that you must keep me around and keep torturing me this way?"

"I..." He sounded a little choked up. Exhaling, I tried to laugh, but could not even manage that. "I will find someone and work out the divorce agreement. This will be the last thing I ask of you, Ashton. Let me go."

His eyes were bloodshot when he regarded me. I could sense the pain that percolated within.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. "Please leave."

Grandma said that life was short. Some would muddle through it, and others would go through it with clarity. Either way, one must live as one deemed fit.

Having stumbled my way through so many years, it would take a tremendous effort for me to try to turn things around.

His gaze remained transfixed upon me. The lights in the ward were simply too bright. It stabbed at my eyes and forced them shut.