

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 46

Realizing that I was about to vomit, he was stunned and got up immediately. He anxiously cursed, "You only ate fish. Why would you feel like vomiting? Are you pregnant?"

His words made me break out in cold sweat.

However, there was no time for me to waste and ponder over it. Within seconds, I ran to the restroom and spent a long time emptying my stomach's contents into the toilet. When my stomach finally began to settle down, I turned around to see Ashton standing there rigidly.

"Scarlett, we should bring you to the hospital," he stated gruffly. His low tone sounded emotionless and unfriendly.

"No, I don't want to go there." Shoving past him, I left the restroom.

Unfortunately, he managed to grab my wrist, and in the heat of the moment, I gave him a death glare. "Ashton, I told you to leave me alone."

I paused for a while and continued, "Besides, if there is nothing wrong with your memory, I wonder if you have thought about what I told you last night. I want a divorce with you as soon as possible."

His eyes turned dark. "Scarlett, do you know what you're doing?"

"Of course!" I scoffed. Glaring at him, I tried to hold in my laughter. "While you've been meticulously taking care of Rebecca, our relationship is still ambiguous. Do you enjoy being entangled with two women at the same time?"

His face turned pale, and his lips were pressed into a thin line. I knew he was angry, but it was the truth. Although I might be too straightforward, he had to face the truth someday.

"What do you want me to do?" There was helplessness in his tone when he finally spoke after an awkward pause.

I froze for a while before I replied, "Let's file for a divorce. We can cut our ties and live our lives separately."

"I can't do that!" He yelled in frustration with his eyebrows pinched together.

Turning to him, I chuckled, "Otherwise, you can choose to stay away from Rebecca instead. Give her some money and ask her to get out of your life."

"Scarlett, who are you to decide what I should do with my life?" Rebecca suddenly snarled.

I looked past Ashton to see her. Seeing the angry look on her face, I mocked, "Who am I? Well, based on the fact that Ashton doesn't want to divorce me and I am his lawful wife, it gives me a right to say that. He can't even let me go."

"You..." Rebecca stuttered as her face gradually turned red. She was fuming and wanted to rebut me, but I was not interested in dragging things out.

Therefore, I chose to return to my seat. Grabbing my bag, I left.

Nick followed behind me.

"What is it?" I turned back and questioned him.

"Can you give me a ride? I didn't drive here today," he whined.

Scanning him from head to toe, I choked out a response, "You aren't heading the same way."

Then, I got into my car and started the engine.

"Hey, I haven't told you the address. How are you so sure that we are going in separate directions?" He complained.

In the following days, my morning sickness became more serious. To avoid Ashton, I found refuge in Glenwood Apartments. Previously, when Macy planned to settle down in J City, we each bought a two-room apartment. That way, we could look out for each other.

After I got married to Ashton, I stayed in the villa instead, and it had been some time since I returned here. On a positive note, Macy took care of the chores here, making it more comfortable for me to stay.

Seeing the state I was in after vomiting, she poured a glass of warm water for me. In a serious tone, she suspiciously asked, "Scarlett, tell me the truth. You didn't go through with the abortion, right?"

I was not planning to hide it from her anyway, so I took a sip from the cup and nodded. "I did not."

She paused for a few seconds in surprise and gently responded, "What are you planning to do then?"

"After I divorce Ashton, I will move to Q City and raise my child by myself." This had always been my plan.

Rolling her eyes, she sighed. "I'm not referring to that. I meant, what are you going to do in this period of time? With the state you are in, it's already obvious to me. Every day, you are living under Ashton's nose. Do you think he is an idiot and would not notice?"

I know that, but how can I leave? How can I possibly pack up my things and leave immediately?

If I leave abruptly, Ashton would definitely get suspicious.

After thinking about it, I called Jared. It did not take long for the call to go through.

After the lesson I learnt when Ashton picked up the call the last time, I waited for Jared to speak first. "Dr. Crest, do you have any solution to suppress or reduce morning sickness?"

Macy discreetly inched towards me and whispered beside my ear, "Who is Dr. Crest? How can he help you?"

Instead of giving her a reply, I silently waited for Jared's answer. "There is a medication for it. However, it may be harmful, and I don't recommend that you use it. I will consult with Devon tomorrow instead and see whether there are other less harmful medications that you can take to tackle your morning sickness."

"Sure. Thank you, Dr. Crest," I thanked him.

"No problem!"

After I hung up, Macy probed, "What is your relationship with Dr. Crest?"

I playfully pushed her head away and left the bedroom. "Don't be nosy and go to sleep already."

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"Ah, Scarlett..."

I ignored her whining and went back to my bedroom. Then, I continued on with my work for Fuller Corporation. Tomorrow, the bidding for the audit would begin.

At first, I thought the middle-aged man would reappear that night. After forgetting about him, he had not appeared for a while.

The details of the situation was unclear to me.

The next morning, the sun rays already spilt into the apartment by eight. The weather in J City was getting hotter, but Macy was a night owl, so she was still sleeping.

Meanwhile, my body clock woke me up after being so busy for the past few days.

When I arrived at the office in a hurry, Stacey immediately handed me the documents she prepared. She suggested, "Let's go straight to the bidding venue."

Nodding, I brought the documents and my laptop to head out of the office with her.

While waiting for the elevator, I bumped into Ashton and Jared. The latter casually passed me a lunch box. "Devon made some soup for you that will be good for your recovery. I heard that you were vomiting quite badly recently, but I guess it is a side effect of the miscarriage. You should take some time to rest."

Initially, I was worried that Ashton would notice that something was wrong. Thankfully, Jared phrased it well, and I gratefully responded, "Thank you!"

On the other hand, his boss had a gloomy expression, and I could not tell what he was thinking about. It was hard to figure out what he was feeling and who I was to him. How does he feel about me?

Ding! The elevator doors opened, and four of us entered it. No one dared to speak, as the atmosphere seemed cold.

When we finally got out, Stacey cautiously inquired, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller and you..."

"We don't have much time. Let's get to the bidding venue as soon as possible!" I cut her off and changed the topic. Since I met Ashton at the restaurant that day, we had not seen nor spoken to each other.

Just as we arrived at the bidding venue, we bumped into Nick. Just my luck! He stepped forward immediately after seeing my arrival, and with vigor, he exclaimed, "Scarlett, you are here!"

I hate how he pretended to be close to me. Nonetheless, I politely nodded and entered the site. There were more people here today because they all wanted to fight for the audit of Fuller Corporation.

The bidding exercise went on for a while, and my head began to hurt. Seeing how uncomfortable I seemed, Stacey brought me to the lounge and handed me a glass of water. "Ms. Stovall, for the bidding, there are still a few more companies to go. If you don't feel well, we can head to the hospital."

I shook my head. Anyway, I had already listened to the majority of them. I gulped the water down then instructed, "For the remaining companies, you can keep those that you deem suitable. Otherwise, forget about them."

After listening to so many companies' speeches, I could roughly gauge the rankings. While I rested in the lounge, Stacey listened to the remaining session in my place.

To be a mother was not an easy task. Someone as tough as me would make mistakes in such situations too.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Abruptly, a cold voice sounded in a mocking tone.

I saw Nick in my peripheral vision. Frowning, I scoffed, "Aren't you supposed to be preparing for the bid? What are you doing here?"

"I'm concerned about you!" Then, he walked behind me and massaged my temples. His hands were strong, and the amount of power he used was just right. At first, I wanted to move away, but he held me in place."

"Stop pretending you're okay." He chided.

Without the energy to struggle against his grip, I went along with it. Not long after, my headache reduced into a mild throb.

Loosening his grip, Nick muttered, "How does it feel now?"

I smiled. "I feel a lot better. Thank you!"

Settling down in an empty spot, he no longer had the frivolous expression on his face. Sternly, he commented, "What is your relationship with Ashton?"

What a boring topic. I narrowed my eyes before questioning, "Aren't you supposed to be concerned about the bidding results by now instead?"

He chuckled. "Well, I'm more concerned about you."

I ignored him. At that moment, Stacey walked in. The bidding event must be over. She informed me that all the relevant information had been put together for comparison.

From the pile, I picked out a few suitable candidates and instructed, "Can you draw up a report and compare the audits that these companies have done in the past two years? After you have filtered them, you can submit it to me."

Stacey took the documents from me and nodded. Glancing at Nick, she hesitantly offered, "Ms. Stovall, should I send you back or..."

"Ms. Holmes, you can get back to work. I will send her home!" Nick immediately chirped.

However, Stacey still looked at me to see if I agreed. I looked at Nick, then shrugged. "You can leave."

After Stacey left, I turned to Nick and stated, "If you keep beating around the bush, I don't mind waiting for you to get to the point."

He would not show up here for no reason. After the whole time he had been here, he still did not reveal his true intentions. What a waste of time!

In response to how direct I was, he pouted. "Scarlett, it is not always a good thing for a woman to be so clever."

I could not bother to deal with him anymore, so I took my bag, preparing to leave.

Stopping me, he finally uttered, "Fuller Corporation's audit is crucial to its future. Aren't you curious about why Ashton chose to partner with me instead of AC Credit, whom they have partnered with for a long time?"

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Sitting down again, I said nothing and waited for him to continue.

He found a space to sit beside me and continued, "It has been about a year since Fuller Corporation was listed. On the surface, the company's growth seems to be in full swing and has yet to meet any problems. However, if you think carefully about it, why would the company lose so much simply because of a short delay in the project you and Caleb handled? Do you really think the loss was due to the delay in funds because the company was growing too fast?"

Frowning, I pondered about it.

"If Fuller Corporation lost so much due to the delay in the final payment of a project, it indicates that the company's internal funds have been used up. Ashton is not partnering with AC Credit because once Fuller Corporation's deficit shows up in their audit report, Fuller Corporation's stock prices will plummet, and investors will panic."

Squinting at him, I probed, "Wait, but Ashton did not directly appoint you to conduct Fuller Corporation's audit. Besides, as the director of the company, don't you think I would know better?"

"Haha!" He mocked, "Scarlett, don't jump to conclusions too quickly."

Agitatedly, I rose to my feet and cut him short. "Since we made everyone bid for Fuller Corporation's audit, we shall see if Harrison Credit is worthy enough to win the project. As for my company's situation, I think I know it better than you. You should return home and wait for the news instead, Mr. Harrison."

Then, I left the lounge and headed for my car.

As I started the engine, I recalled what he said. There was some truth to his words, but I could not believe it as a whole. After all, Fuller Corporation had suffered losses from delays of payments before, so this is nothing out of the ordinary.

Nonetheless, I could not assume that there was nothing wrong with Fuller Corporation either.

When I drove back to my office, I was surprised to see Jared there, and it seemed like he had been waiting for me.

At the sight of me, he put down the magazine in his hands and greeted, "How was the bidding?"

"It was alright." Then, I stared at the lunch box on the desk. Raising my brows, I asked, "What is this?"

"It's the soup Devon made, and it helps with reducing morning sickness." He explained while stepping forward to open the lunch box.

I remembered the serving he gave me this morning. It seemed to work as I did not feel nauseous the whole morning since I had some. I guess the soup is effective.

"Thank you!" I gratefully exclaimed and returned to my seat. Then, looking at him suspiciously, I jabbed, "Are you only here to send me soup?"

"Nope!" He replied truthfully. "Have you decided which company to select after the bidding?"

I shook my head. With regards to the selection, it was quite a headache. "I instructed Stacey to come up with a more detailed report. Once it is submitted to me, I will make my choice."

As though he was disapproving it, he frowned. "Don't you realize that if Harrison Credit doesn't get through, AC Credit would be the next best choice?"

Truth be told, there was a huge chance for AC Credit to be selected. I lifted my gaze and stared back at him. "What is the real reason behind why Ashton wants to switch from AC Credit?"

"You should ask him directly!" He advised and defended, "There must be a reason why Ashton chose Harrison Credit."

This was too complicated, and I did not want to think too much about it. Therefore, I changed the topic. "Once we confirm the bidding results of the audit, I may have to go on a business trip. For my trip, I will need your help to prepare some medicine that I can take along with me."

Having to be out often, there would be times where I would get tired. Jared had good medical knowledge, and it would probably help to have some of his medicine with me.

Acknowledging my request, he signaled for me to drink the soup. Otherwise, it would turn cold soon.

Before I could take more than two sips, my phone rang. It was Macy. She must have woken up since it was already afternoon.

Picking up the call, Macy exclaimed before I could even speak, "Scarlett, I am at the police station. Please come here!"

I was shocked. Why is she at the police station?

The call ended before I could ask any further. Hurriedly, I grabbed my bag and rushed outside. "What happened?" Jared stopped me to ask.

"Macy is at the police station. I have to go there."

"Let me go with you!" Jared offered.

Without rejecting him, we arrived at the police station together and spotted Macy at the observation area. When the policeman on duty saw me, he confirmed, "Are you Ms. Stovall?"

I nodded and anxiously enquired, "Why are you detaining Macy? What happened?"

"Ms. Markle is involved in the illegal reselling of kyanine. She will need to be questioned, and I hope you can cooperate with us Ms. Stovall." The policeman sternly requested.

I broke out in cold sweat. Drugs?

How could Macy be involved in such things?

Grabbing the policeman, I agitatedly raised my voice and rebuked, "Sir, Macy can't be involved in something like that. I'm sure there is some misunderstanding, so I hope you can clear it up."

Seeing how emotional I was, the policeman furrowed his eyebrows and assured me. "Ms. Stovall, don't worry. We will carry out a thorough investigation. There are some questions we have to ask you personally though, so I hope you can come with us."

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I could not think of anything else in that situation and followed the policeman into an interrogation room. After answering a few questions, I could roughly grasp the issue.

Last night, someone found kyanine at Macy's bar, and there was a large amount of it. However, it was odd that he did not report to the police when he found it. Instead, why did he report it a day after?

After the interrogation, I finally met Macy. Although she had been held for only a few hours, she looked especially haggard, bare-faced and with prominent dark eye circles.

Immediately, she reached for me and pleaded, "Scarlett, someone set me up! I'm sure it is Rebecca. Last night, she came to the bar with a man, and I thought she was only there for a drink. Who would expect her to set me up?"

Rebecca was at the bar with another man?

“Did you see how the man looked like?” Rebecca was only close to Ashton and Joe, so who else would she be with?

“He was tall and looked flamboyant. Oh, and when I went to Fuller Corporation to look for you the last time, someone called him Mr. Quinn.”

Joe?

Well, Rebecca did hate me. However, why did she have to do this to Macy?

“Why would they call the police today? If I were them, I would call the police last night.” There was something that did not match up.

Rubbing her eyes, Macy responded, “They want to torture me. When the police went there to investigate, they found the drugs in my closet.”

“Macy, are you hiding something from me?” Based on Rebecca’s character, she would definitely try to destroy Macy. Why did she only attack Macy but leave her bar alone?

Macy hesitated before she confessed, “Scarlett, I’ll tell you the truth, but you have to promise me not to get mad. Ashton bought over The Hour Bar. When you asked me to go to Q City, I have already sold the bar to him.”

Her sudden confession took me by surprise, and I fumbled to think of what to say. “Why would Ashton buy out your bar?” He was busy enough with Fuller Corporation. Why would he take over another business?

Shaking her head, Macy stammered, “I am not sure either. A month ago, he came to look for me and paid me double the bar’s worth. Then, he even registered it under Rebecca’s name. I wanted to tell you about it, but you were busy and not feeling well...”

It was a terrifying thought. What is the difference between buying the bar to transfer it to Rebecca’s name and Rebecca buying it herself?

Whatever she wanted, Ashton would willingly give to her. Unfortunately, getting the bar was not Rebecca’s ultimate goal.

I’m afraid she planned to do this to me.

My head started to hurt, so I comforted Macy and left the detention room. Jared, waiting for me outside, immediately walked up to me when he saw me emerging from the room. "Is everything alright?"

"If she gets charged, how many years will she have to serve?" I forced out the words as my head started to pound harder.

"It will be either fifteen years of imprisonment, life imprisonment or the death penalty. The sentence will be based on the details of the case. The heavier the crime, the heavier the sentence will be," Jared clarified as he walked out of the police station with me.

I could hear a buzzing sound in my head, and my world started to spin. Rebecca was ruthless. Simply by using the bar, she ruined Macy's life.

"Don't panic yet. The police are still investigating, and there is a possibility that things may turn out differently," Jared comforted me as he brought me to a corner to rest.

Immediately, I grabbed onto his arm and looked into his eyes. "How can we get her out of it?"

"There is no trace of the kyanine in her body and her closet was in the bar. There is a high possibility that it may be touched by someone else along the way. As long as the police find out that she has nothing to do with those drugs, she would not be found guilty."

"Oh yes! We can take a look at the security tapes in the car!" Instantly, I jumped to my feet and headed for the bar.

However, Jared grabbed my wrist and stopped me. There was a sorry expression on his handsome face. "Your guess is as good as the police. You should be worrying about whether someone did something to the security tapes."

My eyebrows twitched, and in frustration, I tugged at my hair. I turned to Jared and vented, "You should head back first. I need to take a breather!"

Although Jared seemed like he was about to say something, he paused when he sensed my frustration. Then, he left after a short sentence. "If there's anything you need, I'm just a call away."

I stood before the police station for a while before I got onto the car.

At that moment, Stacey called. She reported that she had finished the analysis report and had already emailed me. As my mind was in a mess, I could only muster out an “okay”.

After some hesitation, I decided to drive to the villa. It had been a while since I had been there because I was trying to avoid Ashton. Unfortunately, there were some things I could not escape from.

By the time I reached the villa, it was still early and bright. There were not many people in the house, and the bedrooms and bathrooms on the second floor had been renovated.

I knew there was no use in worrying about it now. Therefore, I headed to the study room and looked through the report that Stacey emailed me. I knew that AC Credit had a high chance of winning the audit but was surprised that Harrison Credit was ranked right after it.

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It was impressive and surprising that a small company that had only been recently incorporated could win against a group of established companies that have been in the industry for years.

Ashton must have chosen Harrison Credit because he saw their potential and growth.

In view of what happened in the garage the last time, I decided to remove AC Credit from the list.

I dialed Stacey’s number, and within seconds, the call was connected. “Ms. Stovall!”

“You can inform everyone that Harrison Credit will conduct Fuller Corporation’s audit.”

Stacey was somewhat surprised by my decision. She hesitantly commented, “Ms. Stovall, if you hand it over to Harrison Credit, I’m afraid AC Credit would make trouble for us.”

Of course, I was aware of that. The man in the parking lot that kidnapped me that day certainly put up a good show for me. His last request was only for me to hold a bid.

He wanted me to choose who would win the audit at the end of the day. Since he did not explicitly indicate who would be the winner, I did hold the bid. Despite so, I never intended to hand over the audit to the winner since I planned the bidding.

I could not let anything happen to Fuller Corporation while I am still in charge of it. It was not for Ashton but a repayment to George, who took care of me all these years.

"Follow my instructions. I will come up with an explanation for AC Credit." After I hung up, I sat in silence for a while.

Mustering my courage, I dialed a number I have never dialed before. After a few rings, a deep baritone voice answered, "It's been five years!"

The man uttered two words, and I could hear a faint echo in the background. "I thought you would never call me again."

Suppressing my unhappiness, I went straight to the point, "I want a list of failed audits conducted by AC Credit as well as news of their current financial position."

"Letty, you haven't called me in so long!" It seemed too quiet on the other end when he spoke.

I could not help but feel a chill run down my spine. I spat, "John!"

Unamused, John sneered, "Letty, you shouldn't call me that!"

Although we were not speaking in person, I could sense the tense atmosphere around me. This cold and hostile feeling was different from the coldness that Ashton emitted. This was a lot more intense and brutal.

"John," I tried to respond calmly.

"Be good!" John praised.

Abruptly, I ended the call. I fell onto the ground with fear soaking through my bones.

It took some time for me to recover. Getting up, my body felt weak as I staggered to the bedroom. I climbed into bed, wrapping the blanket tightly around myself.

The terror from the earlier phone call still haunted me. I shouldn't have called him.

Slowly, I returned to my senses by the time Ashton returned to the villa. When he saw me, I could not tell whether he was surprised or not.

"Have you eaten?" There was fatigue in his voice.

Recently, many things were going on in Fuller Corporation. He had gone on several business trips. Come to think of it, he just returned from one recently, but he still seemed tired.

I shook my head and realized that the sky was already dark outside. At that moment, I remembered Macy. I got out of bed and offered, "I'll make dinner for you."

Out of the blue, he gave me a back hug and rested his chin on my shoulder. Perhaps because he was too busy to shave recently, his stubble tickled my skin. He whined, "Let me rest here for a while."

Then, he pulled me to the bed. Lying down with me, he wrapped his limbs around me and prevented me from moving. I could hear his breath beside my ear.

His breath was warm and ticklish, and although I opened my mouth, I could not utter a single word.

I stared at the ceiling and decided to give up on talking about Macy now. It may backfire if I mentioned her situation now. It would be better to talk to him after he wakes up instead.

As I had been stressed out the entire day and easily felt sleepy since I got pregnant, Ashton's embrace seemed to comfort me. Before I knew it, fatigue overcame me and I started to yawn.

My eyelids grew heavy.

But suddenly, my eyes flew open. Frustrated, I stared at the man before me who was up to no good. "Ashton, if you want to sleep, then you should do so. What are you trying to do?"

"Well, it's just a natural reaction! Just ignore it then." He whispered in a low and husky voice. Anyone could tell that he was sleepy.

However, I could no longer fall asleep, so I tried to move back slightly. Unfortunately, his palm stopped me and eventually, he pulled me closer.

“Ashton!” I was beginning to get angry. Can’t he just sleep properly?

“If you ignore it, everything will be alright!” He groaned and could not help but squeeze my palm.

I was at a loss for words.

Annoyance bubbled within me. “Damn you!”

Perplexed about how I should scold him, I could only utter those words.

Ashton chuckled, sounding very pleased with himself. Yet, I paid no attention to him. Closing my eyes, I ignored his reaction and tried to sleep.

Minutes passed, but I could not fall asleep.

Worry began to set in. I did not know how I should bring up Macy’s situation. If he stepped in to solve her problem, it would be much easier. After all, money makes the world go round.