

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 513

I guess that was what memories were meant for.

John parted his lips to comfort me, but the words choked in his throat at the sight of someone behind me.

I immediately knew who it was. Turning at my shoulder, indeed, I saw Ashton with a gloomy expression on his face.

John rose to his feet and bade goodbye to us.

Summer ran out to the yard to play with Snowfluff. Ashton and I were left alone in the living room.

After letting out a soft sigh, I looked down at my phone as I had no idea how much he had overheard earlier.

Suddenly, his coat fell on my shoulders. "It's wintertime. Remember to put on more clothes."

His drawl was attractive and sexy.

Nodding, I pulled the coat around my body. All of a sudden, he took out a cigarette and lit it up.

Knitting my brows together, I watched as he puffed on it elegantly. I hadn't seen him smoke in a while.

It seemed like Fuller Corporation was in huge trouble.

"Will it snow tomorrow?" I broke the silence.

He took a long puff and held the cigarette between his slender fingers.

“Let’s watch the snow tonight,” he suggested out of nowhere. Strangely, I was delighted with his suggestion.

I was born in the south. I might be familiar with snow, but I’ve never seen a snow landscape. That must be stunningly beautiful.

Standing up, I went to him. With a smile, I replied, “Sure. I’ve never stayed up to watch the snow. It sounds exciting.”

He looked at me as his familiar fragrance permeated my senses blended with a slight hint of tobacco.

Moving the cigarette out of my sight, he said, “Scarlett, you can choose not to see her.”

I looked up and met his gaze.

Spotting the flickering cigarette, something came over me. I grabbed the cigarette from him and took a puff.

Immediately, the smoke caught in my throat. It wasn’t as pleasant as it seemed. Luckily, it didn’t choke me badly.

“What are you doing?” Ashton snatched the cigarette from me and stubbed it out quickly before throwing it into the trash can.

His gaze landed on me. "If you feel unhappy, you can vent it out on me."

I flashed a smile and shook my head wearily. "Ashton, I'm tired." Indeed, I was exhausted from all the recent events.

He took me into his arms. As he tightened his arms around me, I felt my heart throbbing dully.

"I was happy to make her acquaintance. Back then, I thought she was blessed to age gracefully." I paused briefly before continuing. "When she locked me in the warehouse and killed my baby slowly, no one could imagine the hatred I had for her. I swore if I could survive the horrible ordeal, I'd make sure she suffers ten times the pain my child went through."

At the mention of my child, the pain in my heart intensified.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. "Never in my wildest dream did I expect I'd pay the price. I wish I never knew her, never married you, and never came to J City in the first place. Perhaps it might be a blessing if we had not known each other."

He hugged me closer. I could feel his pain too as the pain in my chest intensified.

He was breathing heavily. Clearly, he was trying to tamp down his feelings.

I continued like a wooden puppet on strings. "Four years ago, when I first left, I was full of hatred. I wanted to stay away from you and have a clean cut with everyone else in my life. Just like how I was abandoned at birth, I wanted to leave everyone behind."

"Yet, things didn't go the way I hoped for. After meeting you in R Province again, I realized I no longer bore any hatred for you. It was as though venting out my feelings was a luxury. I knew if I couldn't bring myself to hate you, I wouldn't hate her as well. She's my mother. No matter what happened, I have to accept that fact without any complaints."

I had buried my hatred and anguish deep down, allowing them to grow wild without restraint over time.

Everyone wanted me to move on and start all over again, but my despair would continue to grow under the nourishment of the hatred I bore.

Ashton revealed. “When you left me four years ago, the villa felt really empty. I’d jolt awake at night after hearing a child crying and your cries of pain. It was as if someone was choking my throat, and I couldn’t breathe. Joseph told me to move out, but I refused. After all, you used to live here.”