

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 532

I was utterly flustered. "Wait a minute. Tell me what's going on, and we'll talk about it."

I kept my cool.

She followed up with a sneer. "The money you channeled to Marcus for extra cash flow was HiTech's earnings throughout these years. Has it come to your mind that this illegal loan would crush him? If the media disclosed this, White Corporation's stocks would plummet and pulverize the White family. You are one cold-blooded cunning b*tch, Scarlett."

"Illegal loan?" I didn't get it.

HiTech's profits had always been under my account, but I'd never used it. If it weren't for Marcus, it would've remained as it was.

"The money loaned was all legal earnings. How on earth would it be illegal?"

"You should ask your husband." She let out a contemptuous grin. "You couple are so good at playing good cop bad cop and would show no mercy." Okay, that only made me more flummoxed.

My tongue tied up for a bit but managed to unravel itself eventually. "If this mess was caused by the money I'd loaned, I'll take full responsibility. Please leave as it's really late now."

We were still friends after all. I didn't think it was nice to be too harsh with my words.

On top of that, it was understandable that her emotions got the best of her since she was currently pregnant.

After seeing her out, I went to Ashton's study. He was taking a puff on the balcony.

The smoke fogged the room, and it wasn't friendly on the nose. I looked at the clock and stood behind him. "Hey, it's already eleven. Wanna call it a day?"

He kept quiet. His slender figure somehow felt alien to me.

My eyes wandered onto the table and saw the same acquisition contract lying on the desk.

"I was the one who gave Marcus the money. He saved my life, and thus, I owed him one. If he weren't desperate, he wouldn't have accepted it. Now we're even."

Ashton didn't budge. The smoke from the cigarette between his fingers stung every strand of my olfactory nerves.

I then recomposed myself and carried on. "If you are upset because I didn't talk to you about this? Then, blame me. It has nothing to do with White Corporation. Ashton, if you're acquiring White Corporation because of this, you're doing Marcus injustice."

"Injustice?" He wrenched around and glared at me. "Tell me, Scarlett, what's justice?"

That irked me. "Ashton, didn't we say that the past is the past? What's bothering you?"

Was it jealousy that drove him cruel? Was it because he still couldn't get over the fact that Marcus gave me a month of tender love and care?

He clammed up as his squinted eyes, brimming with anger, pierced through mine. "Who was here?"

I could feel foulness creeping onto me as he inched closer. "Or did Marcus call you?"

Out of natural instinct, I clenched tight to my phone and took a few steps back.

"Ashton, this shouldn't be happening!"

He raised his brows. "Be a good girl. Give me the phone."

I looked down and bit my lip. It wasn't that I have anything to hide from him, but it was his intimidating stance that made me held on to my phone so dearly.

Snap! He snatched the phone over.

The last call was from Camelia.

"Trying to be 'best friends' with her, eh?" He gave a scornful grin.

Startled by his mockery, I gaped at him.

"Stop overthinking. We're different. I don't burn bridges unlike you. I'd never push anyone to a dead end, expose all my fiendish intentions, and execute them unscrupulously."

I was calm and composed when I uttered those hurtful words, thanks to the hell I had been through in the four years.

Crash! Ashton slammed the phone on the floor, and it was in bits and pieces. His pent-up fury got the best of him.

We'd been together for seven years, and never had I saw him exploded with wrath. It almost made me believed that his vehemence could eat me up alive.

Stupefied, I stared at him blankly as this dark and bloodthirsty character simmered inside him.

There was one moment where I actually thought he would hit me.

But he only smacked his lips and spoke. "Sever the ties between you and Marcus and stay out of anything that has to do with him. As for Camelia, stop talking to her."

To have myself hurt for the benefit of others was just not worth it. It was funny how rage could overthrow one's gentility and propriety.

Ashton's sudden burst of anger was the result of repressed emotions.

I understood where it came from and decided to tolerate it. We all needed to channel our frustrations somewhere somehow, right?

That was why I quietly left the room. We weren't kids anymore.

When emotions kicked in, despite how hysterical it became, even to the extent of howling in your heart and wishing to part, we couldn't just smash things, nor should we simply run away.