

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 538

Outside the villa parked a sapphire blue Tesla sports car. This car was clearly not Ashton's.

The hard, unyielding pride of a soldier was engraved into Ashton's DNA. As a result, his garage was filled with mostly off-road vehicles, such as SUVs, and he detested short and flashy sports cars.

I was about to drive into the villa premises when the Tesla's headlights switched on, nearly blinding me.

Stopping my car, I saw a man getting out of the sports car. It was Marcus.

He wore a fitting black suit that complemented his tall, slender frame. If he were to walk on the streets, there was no doubt that everyone would be drawn by him.

He stood in front of my car, his dark eyes silently staring me down.

Through the glass of the car window, he seemed to have gotten skinnier and stiffer than I last saw him.

There was no use staying locked in a staring competition like this.

Sighing slightly, I got out of my car.

"I'm really sorry about the money!" I apologized instantly. It was my fault for not expecting that things would come down to this.

He ignored my apology, his voice deep as he said, "Ashton was right. It doesn't matter if a stolen fruit is sweet or not. What matters is that it quenches your thirst."

Before I could react, he pulled me into his arms, the foreign smell of his cologne overwhelming my senses.

I did my best to push him away with all my might, but he tightened his grip around me. “There is a long life ahead of me. Why should I give up anything to anyone? Whatever love Ashton can give to you, I’ll shower you with twice that amount. I’m never going to give you up again, Scarlett.”

“What the hell?” I tried to catch my breath, tired from struggling to escape his hold. “Why do you insist on making every one of us suffer?”

He chuckled heartlessly. “Why not? Why does it have to be me whose love is never returned? Why does it have to be me who places someone else’s needs above my own? Why can’t I just take what I want? Huh?”

He’s gone mad!

I glared up at him. “You can pursue true love, and you can try your best to obtain the things that you want. But I’m telling you right now, I’m not an item. I’m my own person, and I have the right to choose my life and my lover.”

“Then, why can’t you choose me? Do I not deserve your love? What does Ashton have that I don’t? He’s abusive, toxic, and bloodthirsty! What in the world do you like about him?”

I didn’t know what Marcus had been through recently, but right now, he was acting like a demon, foaming at the mouth while trying desperately to crawl his way out of hell.

I felt terrified yet sympathetic.

“We all have our own fates, Marcus. I think you deserve to be loved, but regardless of what you think Ashton is like, it doesn’t change the fact that I’m in love with him, and it has been the same for the past seven years. I’m not sure how I fell in love with him, nor how I grew to rely on him, but I know now that he needs me and I need him. I want to warm his heart, and I want to stay with him forever.”

Marcus refused to listen any further, scoffing coldly, “I’m not giving up. As long as I’m alive, I’ll never let go of you. I don’t believe in ‘the early bird gets the worm’ or fate. I only believe in myself.”

The corners of his lips twisted up into an evil smirk before he pressed his mouth to mine.

I couldn't dodge his kiss in time, and the action gave way to a wave of disgust and hate within me.

Suddenly, there was a sharp gust of wind, and Marcus was pushed away from me.

I fell into another warm embrace, the familiar tobacco smell calmed my nerves instantly.

"Are you alright?" Ashton asked me, an undertone of anger running through his voice.

I shook my head, meeting his stern gaze. He was obviously pissed off.

Helping me stand upright, Ashton walked towards Marcus and threw a punch at him without saying a word.

The two men quickly got into a violent brawl, but it wasn't long before I heard Summer calling for me from inside the villa.

Ashton stopped in his tracks, as did Marcus. They narrowed their eyes, both doing nothing to hide the venomous wrath they harbored towards each other.

"I'm taking Scarlett, Ashton," declared Marcus.

Ashton let out a low, dangerous laugh. "You don't deserve her."

"Just you wait!" With that, Marcus got into his car and sped off.

I quickly went back into the villa and located Summer through the sounds of her crying.

Her sobs grew louder as soon as she spotted me, clinging onto me when I entered her bedroom.
“Mommy... I had a bad dream that you didn’t want me anymore...”

A chill ran up my spine. I bent down to look her in the eye, reassuring, “Oh, sweetheart. How could Mommy ever not want you? I’ll always be with you, okay?”

I held her as she cried herself to the point of fatigue, eventually falling back to sleep.

After making sure Summer was alright, I came out of her bedroom. Ashton was sitting in the living room with a dark, gloomy expression on his handsome face.

He was furious.

I knew that, just like any other man, he was upset to see his own wife kissing someone else. Even if he was aware that I hadn’t consented or done it on purpose, the sight had undoubtedly left a bitter taste in his mouth.

If anything, the incident had likely upset him more than if someone slapped him across his face.