

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 6

"Ms. Larson, I'm surprised at how fast you've switched personalities." Casting her a cursory glance, I picked up my bag and prepared to make my journey to the Fullers' home.

Since Ashton was unwilling to go, it was my job to go in his stead.

As soon as I reached the door, Rebecca stepped forward to block my way. Seeing that Ashton was absent, she could finally take a breather from pretending to be a harmless little bunny. She questioned me sharply, "When are you going to sign the divorce papers?"

I was stunned for a second. Nevertheless, I released a chuckle as I looked at her. "Are you playing the homewrecker by forcing me to divorce him?"

"You're the homewrecker!" Calling her that seemed to have hit a nerve because her face darkened as she snarled, "If it weren't for you, the lady of this house would have been me by now. Since George has died, there is no one to protect you, no one who will ensure that you can continue living here. If I were you, I'd sign the divorce papers, take the money that Ashton has offered, and get as far away from here as possible."

"Well, it's a pity that you're not me, Ms. Larson!" I retorted coldly as I ignored her jabs and skirted around her to go downstairs. Other than Ashton, no one in the world could say anything to hurt me.

Being a person who had always basked in the limelight, Rebecca felt dissatisfied that I was ignoring her. She suddenly gave a hard grip on my arm. "How shameless can you get, Scarlett? Ash doesn't even like you, so what's the use of clinging onto him?"

Glancing back at her, I had the urge to laugh but my next words were uttered calmly. "Since you're aware of his stance toward me, what's there to be nervous about?"

"You..." She flushed a bright red, unable to respond.

I leaned closer to her with a faint sneer on my lips and lowered my voice into a whisper. "As for why I'm clinging onto him..." I paused as I evened out my tone. "He's got some mad skills. So you tell me, what's the use of it?"

"You're so shameless!" Rebecca's eyes reddened with anger. Without thinking, she raised her hands and intended to push me. The stairs were behind me, so out of instinct, I twisted sideways to avoid getting pushed by her.

Nonetheless, I never expected her to lose her own footing. She fell right down the stairs.

"Ahhhh!" Her ear-splitting scream resounded throughout the living room, and I stood rooted to the ground for a while, unable to react.

To my misfortune, I was shoved aside just as I sensed a frosty front darting my way. Then, Ashton's figure shot down the stairs as he went to check on Rebecca, who was already lying at the bottom of the stairs.

Rebecca was curled into a ball on the floor, holding her abdomen with an agonized look on her ashen face. She spoke in a feeble voice, "My child. My child."

There was blood pooling beneath her body, staining a large area of the carpet red. Every fiber in my body froze. She's... pregnant?

With Ashton's child?

"Ash, the child. The child..." Rebecca tugged at Ashton's sleeve as she repeated the words like a broken record.

Beads of sweat covered Ashton's forehead, his icy expression sank with dread.

"Don't be afraid. The child will be fine." He comforted Rebecca and scooped her into his arms before he strode toward the door.

After taking a few steps forward, Ashton stopped abruptly. His glowering eyes were as dark as an abyss, and the anger in his voice was palpable. "I bet that you're happy, Scarlett."

His simple words were full of hatred and fury.

I was bereft of speech; I did not know how to react.

"Aren't you going after them to explain?" A deep voice came from behind, jolting me into action. I turned and was stunned to see Jared there all of a sudden.

Suppressing the panic that was rising in my heart, I calmly asked, "Explain what?"

He raised his brows. "Aren't you afraid that he would think that you pushed Rebecca?"

My eyes dipped down as a hint of bitterness shone through them. "It's doesn't matter whether I pushed her. The truth is that Rebecca is hurt and someone has to take the blame for it."

"It's good that you know!" Jared descended the stairs as he left the villa with his medical kit in hand. He was probably heading off to the hospital to see Rebecca.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 7

It was an hour's journey from the villa to the Fullers' family home. Throughout the entire hour, I felt like I was in a daze.

My mind was flooded with thoughts about the child in Rebecca's belly and the look in Ashton's eyes before he left. I couldn't seem to draw enough air into my lungs.

My chest tightened, and just as the car pulled to a stop in front of the Fullers' family home, a wave of nausea washed over me. I rushed out of the car and retched on the flowerbed for a long time, unable to throw up.

"It seems like being Mrs. Fuller has made you fragile, seeing that you've almost vomited after a short car ride." A sharp and distasteful voice sounded out from the front door of the house.

I didn't need to look to know who it was. George had two sons. The elder one was Christopher Fuller, who had died in a car accident along with his wife years ago, leaving his only son, Ashton, behind. George's second son was Charlie Fuller.

At that moment, the one mocking me outside the family home was Uncle Charlie's wife, Helen Clarke. There were many internal feuds within wealthy families, so I had already gotten used to this.

I suppressed the discomfort in my stomach as I stared at Helen, greeting her politely. "Aunt Helen."

Helen had always disliked me. Perhaps she was jealous that I was favored by George despite coming from a poor background, or perhaps she was disgruntled because George had valued Ashton so much that he handed the reigns of this household to him. Given the context, she could have been venting out her anger on me.

She cast an icy glance at me before gazing behind me. Upon noticing there was no one else inside the car, her expression darkened. "What? Ashton, the favorite grandson, didn't even show up for his grandfather's funeral?"

There would be many guests here today, so Ashton's absence was indeed unacceptable. I lifted my lips into a smile and gave her a perfunctory reply. "An important issue has arisen, so Ashton might run late."

"Haha!" Helen sneered. "This is the person whom my father-in-law has placed all his hope on. I wonder what he saw in him."

The Fullers were an influential family, so many people attended the funeral to pay their respects. Although Helen was repulsed by me, for the sake of appearances, she didn't make things too difficult for me.

We entered the family home together. George's casket was in the middle of the hall where some white flowers were arranged on top of it.

Many people entered, one after the other, all clad in black mourning attire. George was well-known, so those who came to offer their respects were all from outstanding backgrounds. Charlie and Helen greeted them outside, while I greeted them inside the hall.

"Ms. Stovall." Mrs. Eriksen strode toward me with a sandalwood box in hand.

"Mrs. Eriksen, what's wrong?" The Fuller family wasn't all that complicated despite being a wealthy family because there weren't many descendants. George had always preferred a life of peace and solace and had only hired Mrs. Eriksen to take care of him.

Mrs. Eriksen placed the sandalwood box in my hands with a sympathetic expression on her face. "This was left to you by Mr. Fuller before he passed on. Keep it safe."

She paused briefly before continuing, "Mr. Fuller was aware that Mr. Ashton would possibly force you into a divorce upon his demise. If you don't want that to happen, give this box to him. Once he sees it, he'll think twice before divorcing you."

I dipped my head to look at the square-shaped box in my hand. It was secured with a hidden lock. Glancing at Mrs. Eriksen, I asked in puzzlement, "Where is the key?"

"Mr. Fuller already gave it to Mr. Ashton." Mrs. Eriksen studied me as she advised, "You've lost a lot of weight recently. You should take care of your health. Mr. Fuller has always hoped that you and Mr. Ashton would have a healthy son together so that there would be an heir to the family. Now that Mr. Fuller is gone, don't let the family bloodline end with the two of you."

At the mention of a child, I was taken aback for a while. Then, I offered Mrs. Eriksen a smile, deciding not to comment any further on it.

After the prayers, Grandpa's casket would be brought to the cemetery for burial. It was already noon when we arrived, but Ashton still hadn't shown up.

Ashton had yet to make an appearance even after the funeral was over. Charlie soon approached me with Helen on his arm as he urged to me, "Letty, your Grandpa George won't be coming back ever again. Go and tell Ashton to stop holding a grudge against his grandfather—the old man doesn't owe him anything."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 8

Helen scoffed. "She is merely an ingrate. Dad treated her well over the past few years for nothing."

"Stop it!" Charlie glared at her before he glanced at me helplessly. "It's late. Your grandpa's funeral is already over. Go home now."

"Thank you, Uncle Charlie," Both Helen and Charlie were over fifty years old. They didn't have any children and lived comfortably on the shares of Fuller Corporation.

Helen could be rather sharp-tongued, but she wasn't a bad person at all. They were a loving couple, envied by many others.

As they walked away, I stood in front of George's grave, still deep in thought. My relationship with Ashton would possibly come to an end since Grandpa had passed on.

I'm going to lose him, after all.

"Grandpa, take care. I'll visit you later." I bowed sincerely before I spun on my heels to leave. In spite of that, I was momentarily shocked by the sight that greeted me.

When did Ashton arrive?

He was dressed in black, his expression thunderous. He was standing close by and was gazing at George's gravestone sternly. I was unable to sense the thoughts that were running through his mind.

At the sight of me, he hurriedly urged, "Let's go."

Did he come to pick me up?

I stopped him hurriedly just as he was about to leave. "Ashton, Grandpa has passed on. You should let it go. After all, he has sacrificed a lot for you over the years..."

Seeing that his gaze darkened, I trailed off hesitantly.

I expected him to fly into a rage, but he merely turned around and left.

I followed him out of the cemetery. The sky was already dark by now. The driver who had brought me here had left because Ashton was here.

Left with no other option, I got into Ashton's car. He started the engine and drove off silently. I clenched my fingers, wanting to ask him about Rebecca, but when I saw his dark expression I thought better than to do it.

After a long silence, I couldn't help but ask, "How is Ms. Larson doing?" I didn't push her, but she did happen to fall in front of my eyes.

The vehicle let out an ear-splitting screech as it came to an abrupt halt. I was thrown forward by the force of it. Before I could react, Ashton pinned me down and leaned over.

The man was glowering at me icily. Keenly detecting a sense of danger, I recoiled as I soon parted my lips. "Ashton."

"How do you want her to be?" he mocked. "Scarlett, do you seriously think that I won't divorce you because of the box Grandpa has given you?"

My heart skipped a beat. Did he find out after merely a few hours? That's fast.

"I didn't push her." I met his gaze and held back the bitterness in my heart. "Ashton, I am completely unaware of the contents inside the box. I wasn't about to use it to threaten you to stay married to me. Since you want a divorce, fine. Let's get one tomorrow."

The sky was fully dark by now. I could hear the rain splattering outside the window as a heavy silence hung in the air.

Ashton was stunned that I had suddenly agreed to divorce him. After a brief pause, he sneered. "Rebecca is still in the hospital. Are you planning to get a divorce so that you can get away unscathed?"

"What do you want me to do?" As his beloved was in the hospital, it was evident that he wouldn't allow me to leave so easily.

"You'll have to take care of her starting tomorrow," he straightened his back and announced, his fingers drumming on the steering wheel casually.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 9

I was unaware of what he was planning, so I merely nodded in agreement.

Sometimes, one could possibly feel inferior in a relationship for no reason. I was accustomed to following Ashton's requests. I also constantly obeyed his orders even though I despised them.

As the vehicle approached the city, I thought he would drop me off at the villa. To my utter surprise, he headed straight toward the hospital instead.

The smell of antiseptic wafted in the air, permeating every corner of the hospital. I didn't like it, but I followed Ashton quietly to Rebecca's ward.

Rebecca was hooked to an IV drip. She was lying on the bed, her appearance all the more frail and petite.

When she saw me entering with Ashton, her expression fell. She spoke up after a long silence, "I don't want to see her, Ashton."

Her child had died and her motherlike vibe was gone. She grew increasingly cold and resentful instead.

Ashton approached her and pulled her into his arms. Resting his chin on her forehead in an effort to comfort her, he hurriedly uttered, "She's here to take care of you. It's only right for her to do that."

Their adoration and intimacy pierced straight through my heart like an iron shard.

Rebecca parted her lips to say something but she eventually decided against it. Hence, she flashed a smile at Ashton. "Okay, I'll let you call the shots."

They were talking about me; nevertheless, I didn't get to join in on the discussion.

I was merely forced to listen to their arrangements.

Ashton was a busy man. He was a Fuller but did not attend George's funeral. He had to run the family business, so he didn't have time to accompany Rebecca throughout her stay at the hospital.

It seemed like the only person who was free to look after Rebecca was me.

At two in the morning, Rebecca was still awake as she had slept too much throughout the day. There were no extra beds in the hospital so I resorted to sitting on a chair beside her bed.

Sensing that I was still awake, Rebecca soon turned her gaze to me. "Scarlett, you're too inferior."

I didn't know what to say in response. I stared at the ring on my finger for a long time before I looked up. "Isn't love supposed to be like this?"

She did not understand what I meant. After a pause, she broke out into a grin. "Aren't you tired of it?"

I shook my head. Everything in life is tiring. All I did was fall in love with a man.

"Can you pour me a glass of water?" she inquired, sitting up straight.

I nodded and rose to my feet to get her a glass of water.

"Don't add any cold water. I want it piping hot!" she instructed coolly.

After pouring the water out, I handed her the glass. Nevertheless, she didn't take it from me. Rather, she told me, "I pity you—you're seriously pathetic. I don't blame you for the miscarriage, but I couldn't help but vent my hatred out on you."

I didn't know what she meant, so I offered the glass to her. "Be careful. It's hot."

She took the glass from me as she gave me a sudden tug. I instinctively tried to pull away, but she gazed at me intently. "Let's have a bet, shall we? Will he be concerned for you?"

Stunned, I realized that Ashton was standing by the door. I wasn't made aware of his arrival. Gazing at me, Rebecca asked calmly, "Would you like to bet on it?"

I said nothing as I allowed her to pour the glass of scalding water down my hand. A flash of agonizing pain struck my senses.

I had joined the bet with my silent assent.

Rebecca placed the glass down as she spoke innocently, "I'm sorry; I didn't do it on purpose. The glass was too hot so it slipped from my grasp. Are you okay?"

What a hypocrite!

I retracted my hand as I bit back the burning pain. "I'm fine," I replied, shaking my head.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 10

Ashton, who was watching the entire debacle, strode in slowly. Thereafter, he glanced at Rebecca and asked, "Why are you still awake?"

Rebecca acted like she was pleasantly surprised at his arrival. Pouting daintily, she tugged him so that he would sit by the side of her bed before she wrapped her arms around him. "I slept too much during the day and I can't sleep now. Why are you here?"

"To visit you." Ashton's gaze landed on me. Frowning, he immediately ordered, "Deal with that now!"

His voice was cold and devoid of concern.

Rebecca put on a regretful expression while her arms were clasped around him. "I was too careless and I accidentally injured Scarlett."

Ashton calmly stroked her long hair; it seemed like he wasn't going to reprimand her.

My heart ached as if I had been forced to the edge of a cliff. Slowly, I dragged my feet out of the ward.

I knew I would lose the bet, but I was hoping that Ashton would at least inquire if I was hurt. That would have been sufficient for me.

Alas, he didn't spare me a second glance. He didn't even seem to pity me.

In the hallway, a tall figure blocked my way. I looked up and was met with Jared Crest's stern gaze.

Confused, I greeted him, "Dr. Crest!"

He gave me a long look before he asked, "Does it hurt?"

At his question, sorrow and bitterness washed over me. Tears began to stream down my cheeks and fall to the floor. I couldn't help but shudder as the cold wind blew across the hallway, intensifying the bleakness I felt inside me.

Even an acquaintance would ask if I was hurt. How could he, the person who was married to me for two years, ignore me like a heartless prick?

Jared took my hand in his. I shrunk back subconsciously but his grip simply tightened.

"I'm a doctor!" Jared said pointedly, leaving no room for argument. He was a doctor, so it was his responsibility to treat me.

I knew that he wasn't a nosy person. He only wanted to treat my injuries because I was Ashton's wife.

I followed Jared into a room. He uttered some words to the nurse on duty before he turned to tell me, "She will tend to your wound."

I nodded. "Thank you!"

After Jared left, the nurse cleaned the burn on my hand carefully. Her brows scrunched up when she caught sight of several blisters. "This is rather serious. It might leave a scar."

"It's fine." This is a lesson to be remembered.

As there were blisters, the nurse had to prick them to clean the burns thoroughly.

Worried that I wouldn't be able to bear the pain, she cautioned me, "It might hurt. Bear with it."

"Mm!"

This is nothing. The pain tugging at my chest is more unbearable than this.

Upon treating my wound, the nurse gave me some brief instructions before letting me go. I was on the way back to Rebecca's ward when I heard someone talking in the stairwell. I came to a stop out of curiosity.

"George has already passed on. When will you divorce her?" It was Jared's voice.

"Her? You mean Scarlett?" another familiar voice asked coolly. I immediately knew that it was Ashton.

I inched closer to the stairwell and saw Ashton leaning against the railing with his hands in his pockets. Jared was leaning on the wall, holding a half-lit cigarette in his hands.

Tapping on the cigarette gently, Jared stared at Ashton before he stated, "You know that she is innocent. She loves you."

Ashton met his gaze icily. "I wasn't aware that you were this concerned for her."

At his words, Jared frowned. "Don't overthink it. I was merely reminding you in hopes that you won't come to regret your decision in the future. Even though she loves you deeply now, she may eventually throw her love away."

"Ha!" Ashton sneered. "I've always scorned her love..."

I couldn't bring myself to listen to the rest of his sentence. Some things are better not heard; I would be a fool if I insisted on eavesdropping.