

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 833

The lack of hesitation on my part took Ashton by surprise. "Scarlett!" he exclaimed while looking at me.

"I'm sure you have eaten your fill outside. There's no need to force yourself to finish these cold dishes." I tried to be as calm as possible, but I couldn't hide the hint of annoyance in my voice.

Ashton frowned at my reply, his anger simmering away. "Must you be so sarcastic?"

Even though his calm demeanor terrified me, I couldn't help but chuckle, "Yes, I've always been sarcastic. Is this your first time noticing it?"

No relationship was perfect, and no couples have ever not exchanged hurtful words with each other. At one point or another, many people would have thought about hurting their partner because they were just so frustrated with them. I wouldn't be surprised if Ashton had such urges racing through his mind now.

Ashton was trying to suppress his anger and not argue with me. His tone was a lot gentler when he said, "Are you angry because I wasn't home to have dinner with you?"

I smiled faintly back at him. "Not at all. It was just a meal. I was bored and thought I'd try out some recipes. Marcus hasn't been feeling well these days, so I'd like to make him something nutritious."

Even though that was true, it wasn't the complete truth. But my anger got the better of me, and I wanted to use Marcus to rile him up.

Ashton's face immediately darkened with rage as he stared at me. "Sorry for being so delusional. How could I have forgotten that there's someone you care dearly for still lying in the hospital? Speaking of which, why are you back home and not with him tonight?"

His derisive attitude infuriated me even more. "Thank you for reminding me. I should head over to the hospital now," I replied coolly. I would rather be with Marcus in the hospital than stay home and argue with Ashton. Besides, after this less than friendly interaction with him, a good night's sleep would be even more impossible.

Before I could walk away, Ashton angrily grabbed my wrist. "Scarlett, are you forgetting that you're someone's wife and mother? Running off in the middle of the night to see another man is not what a virtuous woman ought to do."

I tried to shake him off but to no avail. And in my moment of anger, I went on the offensive. "Which era are you from, Ashton? It's the twenty-first century, and you're still talking about the virtues of a mother and wife? You're the one having affairs, yet you expect me to uphold these virtues?"

Ashton scowled at me when I mentioned the affairs, clearly unhappy about it. "Scarlett, what on earth has Rebecca done to make you hate her so much?"

"Oh? Do you expect me to live in peace with her?" I laughed at the incredulity of his words. "Well, that's to be expected, I guess. Any man would want his wife and mistress to live happily together. Very well, I shall bring Ms. Larson here tomorrow. I'll even let her have the master bedroom so you can dote on her all you want."

After having said my piece, I pulled away from him and started to make my way upstairs. However, Ashton slid his arms around my waist and trapped me within his embrace.

His gaze was cold and menacing, and it sent shivers down my spine. "Have I become so worthless in your eyes? So worthless that you can push me to another woman without any care? Should I be grateful to you for wanting to give up your bedroom? Or should I praise you for being thoughtful?"

My stomach had been hurting from earlier, but now with him hugging me so tightly, the pain became even more unbearable. "Isn't that everything you wanted, Ashton? Or do you not want me to stay here and be in your way? If that's the case, I can move out."

Ashton suddenly burst out laughing. His laughter was no different than usual, but the words that followed were harsh and ridiculous.

"Is that why you've been so rude toward me since I got home? You're just looking for a reason to leave me so you can be with Marcus, aren't you? Scarlett, please tell me what I have done to make you think so lowly of me, to think I can be at your beck and call. Does our marriage not mean anything to you?"

I had been trying to remain level-headed the entire time, but the fact that he kept harping on about Marcus pushed me over the edge. "Why are you so fixated on Marcus? Are you still not sure about my relationship with him? Do you not know why he got injured?" I retorted.

"Whatever relationship I have with Marcus can never be as intimate as what you have with Rebecca. Marriage is a sacred bond to me, Ashton, but you have single-handedly ruined everything good about it. You destroyed the sanctity of our marriage over and over again because of Rebecca.

I've foolishly waited for you for three years, and I will not continue to waste my time with you. Whether you feel responsible for Rebecca or you truly long for her, it's none of my business. If she wants to be Mrs. Fuller, I'd be more than willing to let her have that title. But please do not tarnish my reputation by making me out to be a slut, pairing me with Marcus or Armond. Marcus has his family, and I'm not a home-wrecker. So don't try to make everyone sound as despicable as you."