

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 949

I wanted to help her relax, but she backed off by reflex and looked at me in confusion.

“Sorry, I...”

I nodded before giving her some space. “Calm down. I won’t force you to talk. You can tell

me about it when you’re ready. Don’t be scared.”

She bit her lips, her eyes tearing up. When Armond and Nora came over after they were done

doing the dishes, Hailey darted into the bedroom, much to Nora’s confusion. “What’s with

her?” she asked me.

I was looking at Armond, but he was still putting on his polite front. “It’s nothing. She’s

unwell, so she’s retiring for the night.”

Nora nodded dumbly. “No wonder she looks out of place. Is the weather affecting her?”

I nodded. “Probably. Please take care of her.”

She nodded before going to Hailey’s bedroom, concerned.

Armond was giving me a warm smile. “You seem to be unhappy. Is it because I’m here?”

I pursed my lips. “You should end this with her if you don’t love her. Stop hurting Nora.”

Armond was a mysterious man. I could never understand which part of him was real, and which was not.

He sat on the balcony’s sofa languidly. “I thought you should be more concerned about your

daughter, but it seems you care about Nora more. Well, she is adopted after all, so I can see

why you don’t really care about her.”

I held my anger down. “I’d shut up now if I were you.”

He smiled nicely. “I’m a talkative guy. Won’t you give me a chance, Scarlett? I don’t mind

having an affair with you. I’ll tell Nora off if you’d say yes, and I’d keep it a secret from

Ashton. Sounds exciting, doesn't it?"

Armond was disgusting as usual. I looked at him coldly while holding my urge to hurl.

"You're disgusting, you know that?"

He dismissed my hostility. "But I like it and I'm having fun."

I went to talk with Hannah and Chandler or I'd puke if I had to say another word to Armond.

Honestly, I didn't care about that psycho, but Nora was a newbie in relationships, so I didn't want Armond to hurt her.

Hannah handed me some cut-orange. "Someone seems angry. Have an orange. It's super sweet."

I popped a slice of it into my mouth. "Mmm, it's really sweet. Is Kiki with Uncle Louis today?"

Kiki was still young, so Hannah usually wouldn't be staying out so late.

The mention of Kiki saddened her, but she nodded. "John got him a nanny and had him stay

with Uncle Louis. I could only visit him from time to time."

I was surprised to hear that, since I thought John would at least let Hannah take care of the

child. "He's still young. Can Uncle Louis really handle him?"

Hannah nodded. "He has weaned, so it's fine."

Chandler looked at the time, but he didn't urge Hannah to leave, though I knew he must have

some work to settle. Luckily, Ashton called me. "I'm here. Come down."

"Sure." Then, I hung up. "I'll say goodbye to Nora. It's getting late, so let's go home."

Hannah nodded and came with me to say goodbye to the girls. Hailey was looking better, so

she wanted to send us off, but I held her down. "Just lie down, Hailey."

We went down together, and I noticed that Ashton's car was right outside. Hannah bade us a

simple goodbye before leaving with Chandler, while Armond stood beside me with his hands

in his pockets. "You risked yourself to save Ashton. I'm looking forward to see the day when

the roles are reversed."

I shot a glare at him before trotting up to Ashton in silence. He was leaning against the car when I came up to him, then he hugged me. "He's here too?" He was referring to Armond. I leaned against his chest and listened to his heartbeats. That always gave me a sense of safety. "Nora called him over. She didn't know about the incident in Moranta."

Ashton looked at Armond sternly. Meanwhile, Armond was grinning eerily at us. That man was terrifying. For some reason, I had a feeling he could destroy us when we least expected it.

I held Ashton's hand the moment we got into the car, refusing to let go. Ashton seemed slightly annoyed, but he let me do what I wanted and drove with one hand. Then, I noticed the watch on his wrist and froze. "Is this new? I've never seen this watch before."

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It wasn't an expensive one. On the contrary, it was quite economical, and I didn't remember seeing him owning a watch that cheap.

He looked at me in surprise and arched his eyebrow. "You gave me this watch, remember?"

Well, that was confusing, then I noticed the bouquet of flowers in the backseat, much to my surprise. "Why'd you put that in the car?"

He smiled at me. "This is for you. You'd say it's too conspicuous, so I didn't take it out.

Honestly, aren't you the one who bought this watch?"

I shook my head. "I didn't buy anything for you lately, and this is a cheap watch too. It doesn't suit you."

He took off the watch and tried to throw it away, but I stopped him.

Then, I took it to have a

closer look. It was a niche European luxury watch, though a casual one. It didn't fit Ashton's

air at all.

I tilted my head and arched my eyebrow. "Seems like another vixen is closing in, Mr. Fuller."

He smiled. "Sounds like someone's jealous."

I shrugged. "You're a lady magnet, so no surprise there, but this one's interesting. She gave

you a watch using my name, though it's a cheap one. Seems like this girl's a smart one."

He arched his eyebrow too. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you look like you eat caviar for breakfast, so everyone's just going to give

whatever's expensive to you, but she didn't. My guess? She makes four to five grand a

month, so she's probably working for you."

He nodded. "Please continue."

The watch looked like it was around three grand though. So the lady spent most of her pay

on this, huh? "Mind if I ask you something? Why would you think I was the one who gave you

this? Who told you anything of that sort?" I could just give him a present anytime I want.

There was no need for the middle person, and we weren't really that romantic, so such

gesture seldom happened.

"It was already on my desk when I was done with my meeting. The writing looked like yours,

so I thought you were the one who gave me the watch." He frowned pensively.

I arched my eyebrow again. "So it's your employee alright. How bold is that." She pulled that

stunt despite knowing that he was a married man. If that wasn't bold, I didn't know what

was.

I wore the watch around his wrist again, but he dodged me. "What are you doing?"

I smiled. "Don't let the lady down. She must have mustered a lot of courage to give you this."

He pursed his lips. "Are you jealous?"

I shook my head. "Not exactly. You didn't even fall for Rachel, let alone any other woman. I have faith in you. And we have a lot to deal with, so I won't really care about something like this."

He took the watch and tossed it into the trash can without even looking at it. To top it off, he didn't even miss a beat in his driving. "Nice skills, Mr. Fuller." He smiled. "Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

That was the end of it then. It wasn't like I didn't care, but I had more pressing matters at hand, so arguing over something like that wasn't worth our time. The moment we came back to the villa and washed ourselves up, I went straight to bed. I

got tired very easily with this pregnancy.

I would have overslept the next day if Ashton didn't wake me up. I stared into space for quite

a while. Then, Ashton came out from the changing room. "Earth to Scarlett. Get changed.

The officers are going to take Jared to the hospital for the test. We'll have to be there too."

"Okay." I nodded, but I lay in the bed, exhausted. "I wasn't this sleepy in my previous pregnancy though. And I didn't retch this time? Why is that, it feels odd?"

He sat down beside me and handed a bottle of pill to me. "Maybe the baby doesn't want to

tire you out this time, so it's sitting quietly in there. Maybe it's a girl."

I leaned my head on his shoulder and frowned at the bottle of pills he was holding. "Why are you taking these pills so frequently anyway? What's so good about them?"

I shook the bottle. "It improves the quality of my sperm."

Goddammit, this pervert! I rolled my eyes before going off to bathe.

Then, I had breakfast

and changed. He was on the phone in the living room when I was done. I went up to him and

patted his shoulder. "Let's go. I'm done."

He looked at me, but instead of taking me with him, he brought me back to the changing room and handed a thick grey coat to me. "Wear this." I shook my head, frowning. "This one's too thick. It's not even late into the winter yet. If I wear this now, I can't go out for the rest of the winter." To my dismay, he hung up and wore it over me without giving me a chance to protest. "Lots of people are down with a cold in winter, and more so for you, because you're not in the best of health. You have to take care of yourself."