

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 111

While the car window unwound, Joseph said in a respectful tone, “Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller sent me to fetch you.”

What a stalker.

“I told him that I’m not going!” I was starting to get annoyed.

“Mr. Fuller sent me to fetch you,” Joseph repeated sternly.

At that moment, I became upset and explained, “Alright, I know. I will head there myself, okay?”

“Let me send you.”

What in the world...

Smack! I slapped the stirring wheel to let off some steam. Then, I looked out at Joseph again and demanded, “Move!”

He stepped aside, waiting for me to get off the car.

Ashton is driving me crazy. After I got off my car, Joseph, with his sternness, as usual, said, “Ms. Stovall, please follow me.”

I boarded the Black Bentley and was still filled with frustration. Although I needed to vent so badly, Joseph was not an ideal person to do so. He wasn’t exactly punchbag material.

Upon arriving at the hospital, I sprinted towards Ashton’s ward.

Josiah, Joe, and Rebecca were all there and were staring at me dumbfoundedly; I guessed I had probably appeared too suddenly.

I glanced at Ashton, then to the rest of them, and said politely, “If there’s nothing else, you guys may take your leave.”

After all, I could not possibly let out my frustration on Ashton in the presence of others.

Josiah had always been a sensitive guy. He was stunned for a moment but took the hint and left the ward as well.

However, Rebecca raised her brows and exclaimed, "Excuse me, Scarlett, but where are your manners? You came in without even knocking."

"Ms. Ludwick, what were you and the rest of them doing in the ward with the door wide opened? It wasn't even closed, so why should I knock?"

"Scarlett, you prick! You're shameless!" Rebecca exclaimed in embarrassment.

With the frustration still boiling within me, I retaliated, "Oh, is that so? Who's been clinging onto Ashton all this while, huh? How does it feel, though, picking up scraps all the time?"

"Scarlett... Y-you!"

While sneering, I interrupted, "Why? Mr. Quinn and Dr. Crest aren't that bad too. Oh, that's right. A gentleman like Dr. Crest wouldn't fancy a shameless girl like you. But doesn't Mr. Quinn have a crush on you? So why do you still keep him hanging? Are you that desperate?"

Right then, Joe's face darkened. "Scarlett, please mind your words."

"Oh, look, what do we have here! Mr. Quinn trying to save the damsel in distress!" I sneered.

"Enough is enough!" Ashton called out. He then glanced over at the both of them and said, "Please get going."

Both Rebecca and Joe were very displeased but kept silent as they did not want to further aggravate the situation. They left shortly afterward, and I was finally left alone with Ashton.

We faced each other, and I noticed that his face was slightly pale. Meanwhile, he also noticed my discontent.

He raised his eyebrows and asked in concern, "What happened?"

"Didn't you call me over to have lunch with you?" I said in annoyance as I started to let out my frustration.

“Alright, then... What would you like to have?”

“Ashton, are you that bored?” Did he get me to come all the way here just to ask me this simple question? “If you’re lonely, why don’t you get Rebecca dearest to keep you company? Don’t waste my time.”

Ashton went silent and kept staring at me; There was a hint of guilt in my eyes. Seeing that, he stepped back a little.

At that moment, his gaze was extremely bitter, and his expression wasn’t exactly pretty.

“Are you going to stay and keep me company?”

“No,” I replied as I lowered my head.

I paused for a moment and continued, “I’m currently in a bad mood and don’t have the patience to deal with you right now.”

Grabbing me by the wrist, he pulled me to the side of his bed, lowered his voice, and asked, “Are you upset because I took the injury on behalf of Rebecca?”

“No!” After so many years had passed, I was no longer upset at such issues.

His gaze softened as he stared at my tummy while rubbing it gently. “Because of this little one?” He inquired with his brows raised.

I rolled my eyes.

Just then, Joseph brought a feast of takeout into the ward.

After he arranged them on the table nicely, he looked at Ashton and asked, “Mr. Fuller, is there anything else you need?”

Ashton glanced over at him and shook his head. “That’s all for now. You may leave.”

Once Joseph left, Ashton looked at me and uttered, “Hey... look! These are all your favorite food.”

Indeed, it was.

I was famished. Grabbing the cutleries, I gobbled down the food without waiting for Ashton.

A few mouthfuls of food later, I felt his gaze on me and was uncomfortable. I glanced at him and asked, "Aren't you going to eat?"

He frowned, and his eyes looked towards the drip needle on his arm. He was trying to hint that it was inconvenient for him to use his arms to eat.

I knew he wanted me to feed him, but I pretended not to know and continued to eat.

That was my mini revenge on him.

When I was about done, he was still staring at me. Thus, I felt sorry for him and grabbed some food over to his side.

"Open your mouth!" I demanded.

He was very obedient – like an innocent little boy.

Seeing that he was almost done, I informed him, "I'm not sleeping here tonight because I can't sleep well here."

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Last night, I stayed as I had no other choice. If I were to stay over again tonight, I would get a migraine.

He nodded at me and remarked, "Your leftovers were tasty."

My what?

A moment later, I realized what he meant and glared at him. "You pervert!"

He raised his eyebrows and exclaimed innocently, "Wait... no! I meant your... leftovers!"

Just how childish is this guy?

Ignoring him, I cleaned up and informed, "Well, I'm leaving now!"

He grabbed my wrist again. "Are you seriously going to leave me alone here?"

"You can call your sweet Rebecca over!" I mocked.

He frowned and continued, "Why are you rushing to leave? Do you hate to see me so badly? Or are you rushing to meet someone? Nick? Or is it John?"

I was not in the mood, so I shrugged off his hand. "So Mr. Fuller can look for his sweet lover, but I can't even meet my close friends? Hypocrite much?"

Ashton seemed to be getting upset, and my mood worsened at the thought of Rebecca. "So Mr. Fuller can talk about anything under the stars with Ms. Larson, yet I can't even meet my friends for casual catchup? My relationships are not as complicated as yours!"

"Hah! Oh, wow, the pot calling the kettle black! Your relationships are definitely more complicated!" He sneered, and the room's atmosphere turned tense that instant. "Would you like me to show you?"

With that, he used his strength and tossed me over his shoulder. Pulling out the drip needle on his arm, he flipped and pressed me down underneath him.

"Ashton, let me go!" I yelled.

"Let you go? You agitated me on purpose so that I'd do this, right? Why are you complaining now?" He said in agitation.

"Ashton, you should just tell me if you don't want the child. There's no need for you to harm the baby this way." At that point, I knew that it was pointless for me to struggle anymore, so I tried to calm myself down.

He stopped at that. With his gaze darkened, he sighed, "Scarlett, what do you want me to do?"

I remained silent as my heart was clenching in pain. Just when would this torture end?

"For starters, you can get off me!"

Issues like these couldn't possibly be explained or solved in just a few days.

"I'm afraid I can't!" He insisted.

Then, he inched closer to my lips, causing my face to flush. "Ashton, we're at the hospital! Have some self-control, will you?" I exclaimed.

"I know that, but are you up for it?" He smirked.

"No!" I rejected his advancement as I wanted to keep my boundaries.

He then planted a kiss on my forehead and pulled me into an embrace. At that moment, I wanted to escape so badly.

After some time, he was still holding me in his embrace, so I was starting to get restless. "Are you done?" I exclaimed.

"Just a while more," he said softly.

I...

Finally, he let go of me and rolled over to lie on his back.

I did not wish to stay any longer, so I got up, straightened my clothes and left the ward.

Coincidentally, I bumped into Rebecca in the corridor. Just my luck – my flushed face had not subsided yet.

From her riled-up expression, I could tell that she had witnessed that interaction I had with Ashton earlier.

"Scarlett, you b*tch!"

"Mmm-hmm, but you're not any better, either. You were shamelessly peeking at us!" I clenched my jaw and continued, "You can head in now. Maybe he'll pull you onto his bed too. After all, he's full of stamina."

I stepped aside to make way for her, but she left.

Since Ashton's sweat was still on my hands, I went to the restroom and washed them thoroughly.

By the time I left, the sun had set, and the sky was already dark.

John had been pestering me a lot recently. The moment I saw his car parked in the basement of my villa, I immediately turned my car towards Glenwood Apartments.

He stopped his car in front of mine, intentionally blocking my way. "There's no need to hide, Scarlett. I'll always find you."

After that, he got off his car, walked over leisurely, and leaned against my car window.

That's right – there was nowhere for me to hide.

"What do you want?" I asked him while I got off my car and glared at him.

"Let's leave this place, Letty! I've missed you so much!"

"I bet you were thinking of ways to torture me and to get me depressed," I sneered.

Right then, he shut his eyes for a few minutes and pondered for a while before saying, "You are unhappy with Ashton, aren't you?" He was right.

"No, we're so happy together!" I shook my head and clarified.

"And how long do you think this will last? After all, you snatched him away from Zachary's daughter," he smirked.

I do not wish to answer his meaningless questions, so I exclaimed, "You came all the way here just to ask me such silly questions?"

To that, he cut the chase and went straight to his motive. "Follow me back to R Province. I've bought our family home and renovated it to be exactly how it was – the way you liked it."

"Back to living in depression with you?"

Upon hearing that, his face turned dark, and he frowned. "Letty, I never intended to hurt you."

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“So... did you mean that I was the one who hurt myself?” I sneered.

“Letty, stop being so stubborn.” He was starting to get annoyed. “Do you think Zachary and Cameron are so generous to let you go after that dispute? Even if you are not afraid, have you thought about your baby?”

I froze in disbelief. “You stalked me?”

He pulled his eyebrows together and exclaimed, “No, I was just protecting you!”

“Ha! Thank you for that!” I said sarcastically.

Since he did not want to move his car, I had no choice but to move.

He grabbed my arm and warned, “Don’t say that I didn’t warn you, but your stubbornness will ruin you!”

I was already in a bad mood, and there he was, making it worse. “You know what? I’d rather have it that way! Why can’t you just let me be? Why do you have to take my life away from me?” I let out.

Those bad memories had already been buried deep within me, but with John’s appearance, they surfaced once again.

I felt weak and vulnerable.

Twenty-five years ago, in an alley within R Province, a lonely middle-aged lady picked up a baby. The two-month-old baby was crying desperately in hunger.

She was a kind lady who decided to bring the baby back, fed her, and provided her with a comfortable place to sleep. She wanted to hand her over to the police, but they said that there was no orphanage within the province. They could not keep the baby at the police station as well.

Thus, the old lady had no choice but to bring the baby back home and raised her. She was a farmer with a meager salary that could not even afford to provide for herself – it was even worse with a kid.

However, right at that time, an investor built a large factory in R Province and was opened to recruiting people of all ages.

The sixty-year-old lady took the chance and applied for the job. Fifteen years later, she was still working at the factory. Meanwhile, the little girl had grown up old enough to work as well.

However, the lady was already seventy-five years old, and her body's condition was deteriorating.

To support the girl's school fees for high school, the old lady volunteered to help raise the investor's illegitimate son.

The investor gave a large sum to the old lady and paid for the little girl's school fees in exchange for it.

That little girl was me, and John was that illegitimate son.

I did not know his actual name. I knew him as John after I overheard grandma calling him that when he followed her back home.

John's arrival ruined my peaceful life. He was rebellious and often caused trouble. He used to lock me up in a cage and throw me into the pond.

Those pranks were still bearable as he would always look for Grandma if I got hurt. Hence, Grandma would just let him be.

The year of my college entrance exam, the factory was under investigation for emitting harmful pollutants. The investor wanted to plan for an incident to ruin the factory as he did not want to take responsibility for the offense.

One of the managers, Mr. Markle, overheard about it and objected. His major concern was that the toxic substances would be released into the surrounding area, causing serious health damage to the residents.

The investor wanted to keep Mr. Markle quiet, so he offered him a hefty sum to get the latter to leave that place. However, Mr. Markle strongly opposed and started a protest.

Eventually, the investor was arrested for bribery. While that happened, his wife got a promotion in K City. To protect her reputation, she filed for a divorce and submitted all the evidence of his deed.

After that, the investor was sentenced to jail, and his assets had all been confiscated. When all that happened, he could not handle the stress and committed suicide.

I only knew the investor was John's father after that news and that his mother passed away due to lung cancer that same year he was brought home by Grandma.

John was originally a pessimist. It got worse after his father's death – he did not speak much anymore. Kids in the neighborhood would gather to beat him up while insulting his father.

After that, John fell deeper into depression and stopped interacting with people.

He started to kill stray cats and dogs, often breaking their legs and throwing them into the homes of those bullies. Not only that, but he would also poison some of those animals and pile them on the streets, leaving them to rot.

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The factory was abandoned, and the people who once lived in the alley moved. As Bradley had been awarded tens of thousands for his efforts, he was about to move to somewhere else with his wife and daughter.

Right on the night before he moved, Bradley Markle and his family were admitted to the office for food poisoning. At the same time, someone had bombed the processor of the abandoned factory.

As it was a deserted factory, not many cared about what happened to it. After Bradley and his family stayed in the hospital for three days, all but one died—his daughter. She had survived, but she could not mentally function the same as before.

It was a small county – no one would bat an eye at the death of a family. However, I knew Bradley did not die from food poisoning. John Stovall had murdered him by sticking a needle into the top of his scalp. That was also the way the man's wife had died.

However, Macy had not died because John saw me. Back then, I had just finished my exams, and I had gone to the hospital to visit Macy. At that time, I saw everything he did.

She survived, but for a long time, she could not bear to look at John.

I was not much better off than her. I was not even twenty at that time, but I had witnessed two people dying. After witnessing their deaths, I had a high fever for dozens of days before I recovered.

Neither Macy nor I ever mentioned it. We were young and foolish, and we never thought of calling the police. After that day, the thought of John hung over both Macy and me like death.

It lasted for two years. Later, Grandma was diagnosed with lung cancer. To save up for her medical fees, I sold the house and brought Grandma to J City. From then on, I kept her company while she underwent treatment as I studied.

Macy did not attend school. She had no friends nor family, so she came to J City to work.

John's disappearance had something to do with the ones that came from K City. I heard rumors that it had been a developer who had come to bring their grandson home.

After that, I stopped hearing news about him.

Macy and I continued living in J City, where I worked and studied. I often took time out to accompany Grandma in the hospital. After almost three years of chemotherapy, Grandma was starting to decline in health, and the money from selling the family home was slowly depleting.

It was difficult to study and work at the same time, so I started having thoughts of dropping out of school. After hearing about it, Grandma fumed, and that was when she looked for George.

Grandma told me she had known the man for many years. If he were to take care of me after she was gone, she would be at peace.

In less than a year, Grandma ended the agony of chemotherapy. She refused to undergo it anymore. Soon, she was gone.

After I graduated from college, George asked me to marry Ashton.

That was over twenty years of my life summarized into simple words. In my memories, John was nothing but a touch of gloom; I simultaneously hated and feared him.

I despised the man; I did not want to be around him. I walked around him, trying to leave, but he hugged me from behind.

“Letty, since I’m back now, I won’t leave anymore.”

I tried to break free from him, but I was no match for his strength. Hence, I frowned and uttered, “John, I don’t want to see you. You should know that from the moment you appeared.”

“It’s okay. We can take it slow.” As he spoke, he turned me around and looked me in the eye. “I can give you anything you want.”

“Can you give me the life of Mr. Markle and his family?” I questioned. “It’s been so many years. If you never came to me, I would’ve forgotten about that moment in my life. However, John, your appearance reminded me of it. I can’t guarantee that I can keep it a secret.”

The man laughed, a sound as cold as always. “Do you think you can do anything by going to the police now? Their bodies are already cremated. What do you think the cops can find out? Moreover, do you really think Macy can live the rest of her life peacefully? She escaped from me back then, but it doesn’t mean I’ll let her go.”

“You’ve already killed her parents!” I cried out in agitation. “John, you know they weren’t at fault. Don’t you feel even a little remorseful all these years?”

“Remorseful?” He sneered, “They had it coming.”

At that, he leaned closer to me as the corner of his lips tilted upward. “My family was destroyed, so why should they be allowed to have a good life?”

I lowered my head as I clenched my fists in anger. For a moment, I had forgotten that he was a stubborn-headed man. He refused to listen to anyone – he had already lost his mind.

Suppressing the upset in my heart, I tried to push him away. However, he was a man, and I was a woman; he did not budge an inch.

Right as we were in a stalemate, I heard a sudden screech of a car braking. Before I could turn around to look, I heard a groan.

John, who had been hugging me, released his grip on me, and I fell into someone else's arms.

Snapping my head back, I realized it was Ashton. At the sight of him, I furrowed my brows. Isn't he supposed to be in the hospital? Why is he here?

John let out a huff. Ashton had hit him, so there was now blood by the corner of the man's lip. After balancing himself, his lips curled, and he raised his hand to wipe the blood away. Then, he sneered at Ashton.

"Again?" the latter voiced glacially as he let go of me.

The two men were about the same height and build. If they really engaged in a fight, neither would have an upper hand.

"When did you meet him?" Jared, who had come with Ashton, walked toward me as he cast a casual glance at John. The doctor rarely expressed strong emotions, so I could not guess what he was thinking about at that moment.

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I looked at the two men, who were glaring at each other, and said, "A long time ago." After a pause, I asked, "Is there anything I can do to stop them from fighting?"

It had been only days since Ashton's accident. He was still covered in wounds, so it was unsuitable for him to engage in a fight now. The last time he fought, he was still injured despite him being in his best health. This time...

Jared raised a brow at me. "Who do you feel bad for?"

Speechless about his need to gossip, I muttered, "It won't look good for them to fight here."

"There aren't a lot of people around," Jared noted. He then looked at the two, amused. I was starting to think he might take out a packet of popcorn to enjoy the show.

I could not help but let out a huff of annoyance.

Then, I turned to Ashton. "Ashton, send me back. Don't fight and cause a scene here."

The man looked at me, his brows furrowed in silence.

Thus, I walked toward him and held his hand. Softening my tone, I repeated, "It's getting late. Let's go back."

"Do you feel bad for me?" he asked with a smile.

I easily ignored his question. "Are we going back?"

After sweeping his gaze at John, who was staring at me, Ashton nodded. "Okay. Let's go back."

At that, he led me to the car before he glanced at Jared. "Send Scarlett's car for repair."

It seemed like John had not truly planned on fighting against Ashton, so he did nothing but watch the man and I leave.

In the car.

Driving past the bright road lights, the inside of the car was illuminated for a second and not the next. I fell deep into my thoughts.

All of a sudden, my stomach felt warm. Ashton had placed his hand on it. I lowered my eyes to look at him before I let him be.

"Four months soon," he uttered in a deep voice. "Do you want to go for a walk?"

I turned to look at him in mild surprise. Shouldn't he be asking me about John right now? Why's he talking about something else now?

"It's busy at HiTech," I replied as I pried his hand away from my stomach. "Fuller Corporation's audit is almost completed. I'm just waiting for the report to be handed in now, but I still have Fuller Corporation to deal with next."

After a short pause, I continued, "Ashton, why did you assign me to HiTech and Fuller Corporation's audits?"

I had sensed that there was something that I could not wrap my mind around. After I took over the two cases, things were not going as smoothly as I expected.

Moreover, Fuller Corporation's audit was yet to be completed. I did not know how it was currently going. Furthermore, there was a major issue in HiTech as well.

Yet, no matter how hard I thought about it, I could not figure out what was wrong.

The man peeked at me as he drove, and a smile grew on his lips. "What are your thoughts on why I did so?"

I shook my head. "I don't know. Something is really wrong with the audit, but I can't figure out what it is. It's the same for HiTech. Do you know anything about it?"

With the smile still playing on his lips, he focused back on the road. "Let's talk business when we're in the office. We're a married couple, so we should talk about what married couples talk about. Let's talk about the kid, and let's talk about you and me."

Knowing that he had intentionally changed the topic, I dropped my head and fidgeted with my fingers, now silent.

I could not force him to speak if he did not want to. Furthermore, if he was not going to talk about John, there was no point in me bringing that topic up.

Too many things were happening, and I could not settle everything perfectly. I was all but human, and I was getting exhausted by the issues piling up in my heart.

When the car stopped outside the villa, Mrs. Eriksen came out. Noticing that it was Ashton and me, a smile crept upon her face. "It's cold outside, so you should come home earlier next time. Your stomach is getting bigger, and you can't always go out all the time now. It's safer at home."

That was how Mrs. Eriksen always acted, so I nodded and said nothing. Suddenly recalling the box George gave to me, I queried, "Mrs. Erikson, did you spot the sandalwood box you gave me previously while cleaning the house?"

Ashton had been changing his footwear by the door, and he froze when he heard my question. With a slightly gloomy gaze, he looked at me. "Why are you suddenly asking about the box?"

I nodded. "It just suddenly came to mind." I met John today, and I had recalled many memories I thought I had lost. Yet, this was how life was; I could not live in a daze forever.

John was not going to stop at that. He would continue clinging to me. No matter what I did, I couldn't avoid it forever. Since that was the case, it would be best for me to prepare myself.

After contemplating it, Mrs. Eriksen shook her head. "I've never seen the box after I gave it to you. Mr. Fuller told me to let you keep it safe. Some things were left behind for you by him, while there are some things left behind by your grandmother."

Too many things had happened in the past few days, and I had forgotten all about that. Now that I thought about it, I could not recall where I had left the box.

"Okay. I'll try to find it another day." That box was a memory of George, after all.

After changing out of his shoes, Ashton entered the living room and sipped on a glass of water. His contemplative gaze was fixed on me. Knowing that his mood was unpredictable, I ignored him.

Instead, I headed straight to my old bedroom, thinking that the box might be there. I tried looking for it in the cupboards.

After moving rooms, my clothes and personal items were all gone from the room. The spacious room now looked empty.