

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1

Six weeks pregnant.

Shellshocked, I was riveted to the spot by the three words that appeared on my ultrasound report. It only happened once! How did I get pregnant?

What should I do now?

Should I tell Ashton about this? Will he refuse to divorce me because of this? Nah, I doubt it! He'll probably think that I'm shamelessly using this child to blackmail him.

Suppressing the frustration that was rooted in my heart, I stuffed the ultrasound report into my bag as I made my way out of the hospital.

There was a Maybach waiting outside the hospital with one of its windows rolled down by a fraction. An attractive man with a frosty expression could be vaguely seen sitting at the driver's seat.

A handsome man in a luxury car would undoubtedly garner the attention of many passersby.

Ashton Fuller was the epitome of wealth and good looks. I had long grown used to the curious gazes of the passersby after so many years. Ignoring them, I slid into the front passenger seat.

When the man who was resting with his eyes closed felt a slight movement, an indistinct frown settled between his brows. Without opening his eyes, he asked in a deep voice, “Has everything been settled?”

“Yes!” I nodded as I passed the contract signed with the hospital to him, uttering, “Dr. Ludwick told me to send his greetings to you.” I had intended to sign the contract alone at the hospital today, but I ran into Ashton on my way here. For a reason unknown to me, he offered to drive me here, saying that it was on his way.

“You’ll be in charge of the case.” Ashton had always been a man of few words. He didn’t take the contract; instead, he gave me these instructions in a perfunctory manner before he started the car engine.

I nodded and kept silent.

Obedying him and carrying out his orders seemed to be the only two things that I knew how to do.

The car drove toward the city center. It was already evening now, so I was confused as to where he was headed if not back to the villa. Although I felt puzzled, I never took the initiative to ask him anything. I simply remained silent.

The ultrasound report was at the forefront of my mind, but I didn't know how to broach the topic with him. Caught in a dilemma, I peeked at him from the corner of my eye. As usual, he exuded a cold and distant aura, his sharp and ruthless gaze focused straight ahead.

"Ashton!" I blurted out. My palms grew a little clammy as I clutched my bag; it was probably due to my fraying nerves.

"Speak." This single syllable was barked out without a trace of emotion.

He had always treated me like this anyway. After a good few seconds, the tension gradually left my body as I calmed my nerves. Taking a deep breath, I announced, "I'm..." Pregnant

I had merely two words to confess, but I swallowed the second word that was on the tip of my tongue the moment his phone abruptly rang.

"Rebecca, what's wrong?" Some people only reserve their gentle and loving side for one person.

Ashton's gentle side was only reserved for Rebecca Larson; it was plain to see from the way he conversed with her

Rebecca's words over the phone caused Ashton to abruptly hit the brake as he spoke to her in a soothing tone, "Alright. I'll be over in a while. Don't go anywhere, okay?"

As soon as the call ended, his icy expression slipped back into its place. Glancing at me, he ordered in a clipped tone, "Get out."

His order left no room for discussion.

his was not the first time that he had kicked me out of his car. Seeing as such, I nodded and shoved the words I had planned to say down my throat before opening the car door and getting down.

My marriage with Ashton came about due to a twist of fate, but love was never in the equation. Ashton already had Rebecca in his heart, so my existence was redundant. Perhaps, it could even be considered an obstacle.

Two years ago, George Fuller, Ashton's grandfather, suffered from a heart attack. While he was hospitalized, he forced Ashton to marry me. For his grandfather's sake, Ashton reluctantly did so. During the two years that his grandfather was still around, Ashton disregarded my existence but otherwise did nothing else. Now that his grandfather had passed on, he couldn't wait to get a lawyer to draft the divorce papers for me to sign.

The sky was already dark when I returned to the villa. The enormous house was empty, resembling a haunted house. Perhaps it was because of my pregnancy that I didn't have an appetite. Hence, I went straight to my bedroom to wash up and call it a night.

In my drowsy state, I heard the faint sound of a car engine being switched off; it was coming from the courtyard.

Is Ashton back?

Isn't he supposed to be with Rebecca?