

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.