

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.

This 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?

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 2

The bedroom door was abruptly pushed open before I could ponder any further. Slightly drenched, Ashton headed straight for the bathroom without sparing me a second glance. Following that was the sound of running water.

His return made it rather impossible for me to continue sleeping, so I got up and put on some clothes. I took out a set of his pajamas from the wardrobe and placed it by the bathroom door before going straight to the balcony.

As it was the monsoon season, it started to drizzle outside. The sky was dark and the sound of the rain pelting on the bricks could be heard vaguely.

Sensing the sound of movement behind me, I turned and saw that Ashton had emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair was damp and the droplets of water dripping down his muscular body created an enticing sight.

He probably noticed my gaze, so he glanced at me with a slight frown. "Come here," he commanded in a voice void of emotion.

I obediently walked over and caught the towel that he had thrown toward me. He then demanded, "Dry my hair."

I had long gotten accustomed to his domineering ways. Just as he sat on the edge of the bed, I climbed onto it and kneeled behind him to wipe his hair.

"Grandpa's funeral is tomorrow. We should head over to the family home earlier," I reminded him. I wasn't trying to make conversation with him. Rather, I was worried that he would possibly forget about it as his mind was rather occupied with Rebecca.

"Mm," he grunted out a response and said nothing further.

Knowing very well that he didn't want to interact with me, I kept mum and focused on drying his hair. After that, I lay on the bed once again, ready to sleep.

I realized that I had been feeling rather sleepy lately, and attributed my behavior to my pregnancy. Ashton would usually head to his study after he showered and would stay there until midnight. Given that was the norm, I was befuddled when he got under the sheets after he put on his pajamas.

With reasonable effort, I managed to withhold my questions even though I was utterly confounded. In spite of that, his arms suddenly wrapped around my waist as he pulled me in toward him. Then, a feather-light kiss brushed across my lips.

I raised my eyes to gaze at him in perplexity. "Ashton, I'm..."

“Unwilling?” he questioned. His obsidian eyes flashed, a hint of wild desire swirling within them.

I lowered my gaze. Indeed, I was unwilling, but it wasn't for me to decide.

“Can you be gentler?” The fetus was only six weeks old and the risk of a miscarriage was high.

His brows furrowed, and without a word he rolled over and started ravaging me roughly. My body curled from the pain and I could only do so much to protect the child from harm's way.

The rain started to pour heavily in tandem with his rough movements. Lightning flashed across the sky and thunder boomed right after that, causing the room to be illuminated every time that happened. After a long while, he got up and went into the bathroom.

Drenched in a cold sweat from the pain, I had the urge to get up to take some painkillers. Nevertheless, I dismissed the idea as soon as I thought of the child.

All of a sudden, the phone on the bedside table rang. It was Ashton's phone. I glanced at the clock on the wall and saw that it was already eleven o'clock.

Rebecca was the only one who would call him at such an hour.

The sound of running water in the bathroom stopped. Ashton stepped out once again, wrapped in his towel. Wiping his hands dry, he hurriedly answered the call.

Unable to hear the words that were being uttered on the other end of the line, I could only observe Ashton's brows furrowing slightly as he exclaimed, “Rebecca, stop fooling around!”

With that, he ended the call, got changed, and prepared to leave. In the past, I would have turned a blind eye to it, but this time I abruptly grabbed Ashton's arm and pleaded softly, “Can you stay tonight?”

He frowned as a hint of displeasure made its way to his handsome face. “Did I pleasure you so much that you're starting to act out?”

His words oozed with sarcasm.

I was taken aback for a moment before I began to think that his words were absurd. Tilting my head to gaze at him, I explained, "It's Grandpa's funeral tomorrow. Although you can't bear to let her go, shouldn't you practice a little restraint?"

"Are you threatening me?" He narrowed his eyes at me. He gripped my chin in a trice and spat out in a low and dangerous voice, "You seem to have grown a spine, Scarlett Stovall."

n Love, Never Say Never Chapter 3

I knew very well that getting him to stay was impossible, but I still wanted to try my luck. Leveling my gaze with his, I announced, "I agree to a divorce, but I have my conditions. Stay here tonight and accompany me throughout Grandpa's funeral. I'll sign the divorce papers as soon as it ends."

His gaze narrowed. His dark orbs brimmed with ridicule and his mouth twitched slightly. "Please me." He released my chin and leaned forward to whisper against my ear, "All talk and no action will get you nowhere, Scarlett."

His voice was icy with a hint of provocation. I knew what he meant, so I snaked my arms around his waist as I leaned my face close to his. I probably looked comical due to the height difference between us.

I didn't know how to feel about it; I had used such a despicable method to force the person I liked to stay with me. Pathetic, perhaps.

Following my instincts, I was about to slide my hand downwards when I was suddenly grabbed by him. I snapped my head up and was met with his dark and impenetrable eyes. "That's enough."

His flat voice stunned me for a moment as I tried but failed to comprehend his words. He then took his grey pajamas from the bed and put them on in a few elegant motions.

I was dumbfounded for a while before I eventually recovered from my shock. Is he... staying?

To my utter misfortune, before I could even feel happy about my accomplishment, a woman's voice sounded outside the window amidst the pitter-patter of the rain. "Ashton..."

While I was still in shock, Ashton had already reacted. He walked toward the balcony in large strides and looked out. Then, with a gloomy expression, he picked up his coat and left the bedroom.

Rebecca was standing in the rain below the balcony. The cold droplets had already drenched her thin dress completely by then. The beautiful woman was already frail, and she looked increasingly pitiful as she persevered in the rain.

Draping the coat that he had brought with him over her shoulders, Ashton was about to chide Rebecca. In spite of that, she hugged him tightly and sobbed in his arms.

As the scene unfolded, a sudden realization dawned upon me. I finally understood why my two-year marriage with Ashton couldn't compare to a single phone call from Rebecca.

Ashton led Rebecca into the villa with his arm around her. I stood at the top of the stairs when he brought her up, blocking their way just as I scanned their soaked clothes.

"Get out of the way!" Ashton snapped in disgust.

Was I sad?

I didn't know, either, but my eyes hurt more than my heart did, having witnessed the person they loved treating another woman as a precious gem, all while trampling all over me.

"Ashton, back when we'd gotten married, you promised Grandpa that you would never allow her to set foot in this house as long as I am here." This was where Ashton and I lived together. On more nights than I could count, I had let Rebecca have him. As if that weren't enough, he was allowing her taint the only place I could call mine.

"Hah!" Ashton sneered in return. Shoving me aside, he retorted coldly, "You think too highly of yourself, Scarlett."

His mockery toward me knew no bounds. In the end, I could only watch as he brought Rebecca into the guest room like the bystander I was.

Tonight was destined to be a restless night.

Rebecca was exposed to the heavy downpour outside. Her body was already weak, to begin with, so she developed a high fever from standing in the rain. Ashton cared for her like a precious gem, assisting her in changing into a clean set of clothes while using a towel to bring down her temperature.

Perhaps the sight of me standing there was an eyesore to him, so he directed his cold gaze at me and ordered, "Go back to the Fullers' family home now! Rebecca won't be able to go anywhere tonight in her current state."

He wants me to go at this hour? Haha...

I guess I really am an eyesore.

After staring at Ashton for a long time, I couldn't find the words to remind him that the family home was miles away from here; it would be dangerous for a woman to go out alone this late at night.

However, such things didn't concern him. He only cared about making sure that Rebecca's rest wasn't affected by my presence.

I forced myself to breathe through the bitter pain in my chest before declaring placidly, "I'll return to the bedroom. It's not... appropriate to be heading to the family home now!"

I would not allow him to step all over me even though I knew he didn't cherish me one bit.

Upon leaving the guest room, I met Jared Crest along the corridor as he hurried over. Noticing that he was still clad in his black pajamas, I deduced that he must have rushed over to the villa. He hadn't even changed his shoes and his pajamas were almost completely soaked through.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 4

The corridor wasn't exactly wide, so we came face to face with one another. Stunned for a while, he then straightened his clothes and explained, "Ms. Stovall, I'm here to treat Rebecca."

Jared was Ashton's best friend. They say that you only need to look at the attitude of a man's best friend to truly know whether he holds affection toward you.

Attitude aside, the way that he addressed me was enough to prove that I would only ever be Ms. Stovall.

What a polite and distant form of address!

I learned not to dwell too much on the details as they would only bring me heartache. Forcing a smile onto my lips, I gave way to him as I replied, "Mm, go ahead!"

Now and again, I truly admired Rebecca. She merely needed to shed a few tears to receive the warmth that would never be bestowed upon me even after half a lifetime of hard work.

Back in the bedroom, I found a suit that Ashton had never worn before. Eventually, I brought it with me as I walked down toward the living room.

Jared made quick work of treating Rebecca. After measuring her temperature and prescribing her the relevant medications, he was prepared to leave.

When he came downstairs and saw me standing in the living room, he offered me a civil smile. "It's getting late now. Aren't you going to sleep yet, Ms. Stovall?"

"Mm, I'll sleep soon." I passed him the clothes in my hand as I professed, "Your clothes are wet and it's still raining outside. You should change into this before you leave or you'll catch a cold."

He was probably surprised by my gesture because he blinked at me without saying anything for a while. Then, his handsome face stretched into a grin. "It's alright. I'm as fit as a bull, so I'll be completely fine!"

I stuffed the clothes into his hands and insisted, "Ashton has never worn this before. Even the tags are still there. You two are almost the same size; just take it."

With that, I climbed the stairs and returned to the bedroom.

My actions weren't out of pure kindness by any means. Back when my grandmother was hospitalized, Jared was her attending surgeon. He was an internationally renowned doctor.

If it weren't for the Fullers, he would never have agreed to perform surgery on my grandmother. The clothes were my way of repaying him.

The next day.

After a whole night of heavy rain, the morning air was filled with a musky and fresh scent. I was used to waking up early. After washing up, I went downstairs only to see Ashton and Rebecca in the kitchen.

Ashton had a black apron tied around his hips as he was frying eggs by the stove. Gone was his harsh and wintry vibe. Now, he seemed as though he was surrounded by a halo of joy.

Rebecca's bright eyes followed his movements. Her delicate and pretty face was slightly flushed, likely due to the fact that her fever had only just subsided. She actually appeared both cute and charming.

"Ash, I want my fried eggs to be slightly burnt." As she spoke, her hand lifted to feed Ashton a strawberry before she continued, "But not too burnt, or it'll taste bitter."

Ashton munched on the strawberry as he turned his gaze toward her. Although he had merely kept silent, his eyes were enough to convey the extent of his indulgence toward her.

They were both blessed with refined features and they made such a fine couple.

Their gestures were warm and sweet; there was indeed romance in the air.

"They look really good together, don't you think so?" A voice resounded from behind, startling me. I looked over my shoulder and found Jared standing there. I forgot that it had rained heavily last night, and given Rebecca was down with a high fever, of course Ashton did not let Jared leave.

"Good morning!" I smiled when my gaze lowered and realized that he was wearing the clothes I had given him the previous night.

Observing my gaze, Jared raised his brows with a smile. "These clothes fit me quite well. Thank you."

I shook my head. "Don't mention it!" I had bought it for Ashton, but he never once bothered to try it.

Hearing our voices, Rebecca turned toward us and called out, “Scarlett, Jared. You’re both awake. Ashton has fried some eggs for breakfast. Come on over and have some!”

She spoke as though she was the lady of the household.

Shooting her a bland smile, I hurriedly refused, “It’s fine. I bought some bread and milk yesterday. The milk is still in the fridge. You’ve only just recovered, so you should drink more.” I lived here for two years; the title deed had both my name and Ashton’s listed on it.

Although I was often compliant, it was only natural that I could not bear seeing someone else barge into my home and acting as if they owned the place.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 5

Rebecca was stunned upon hearing my words. Her eyes darkened a little and she looked back at Ashton, tugging on his sleeve before telling him softly, “Ash, I was out of line last night. I see that I have disturbed both you and Scarlett. Can you ask her to stay to have breakfast with us? Just take it as an apology from me, please?”

I...

Haha! Indeed, some people don’t need to work to earn an ounce of affection. All they need to do is bat their lashes and act vulnerable, and they’ll be able to get away with even murder.

Ashton had initially paid me no heed, but when Rebecca spoke up, he glanced at me and stated, “Let’s eat together.”

His tone was cold and commanding.

Did it hurt? I was already numb to the pain.

I flashed a smile and nodded. “Thank you.”

I could never bear to refuse Ashton. Because he was someone whom I had fallen in love with at first sight, getting over him would be undoubtedly difficult.

I supposed that it was my lucky day since this was the first time that I got to taste the food made by Ashton. Fried eggs and bacon were nothing special, but they still left a deep impression on me. All along, I had thought that a man like Ashton Fuller was above everyone else. I thought he would never stoop so low as to cook with his own two hands.

“Scarlett, try the fried eggs that Ash has made. They’re excellent. When we were together, he always made this for me,” Rebecca urged while placing an egg on my plate.

Then, with a saccharine smile on her face, she gave one to Ashton as well. “Ash, you promised to accompany me to see the flowers today. You can’t break your promise, okay?”

“Mm!” Ashton responded while eating his breakfast, his movements as refined as that of a prince. He was never one to speak unnecessarily, but whenever it came to Rebecca, he would always be sure to respond to all of her questions and requests.

Jared seemed to be accustomed to this already as he ate his breakfast in a sophisticated manner. He was quietly watching our interactions as if he was an outsider.

I lowered my gaze as my brows furrowed into a frown. Grandpa’s funeral is today! If Ashton leaves with Rebecca, what’s going to happen to our plan of going to the Fullers family home...

No one could fully enjoy their breakfast today. After having a few bites, Ashton headed upstairs to change his clothes. I set my cutlery down and followed after him.

In the bedroom.

Ashton knew that I had entered after him so he asked in an indifferent voice, “Do you need something?”

With that, he casually removed his clothes, putting his sturdy figure on display. I instinctively turned around so that my back would face him. “Grandpa’s funeral is today!”

I heard some shuffling noises behind me as well as the sound of his zipper being zipped. His monotonous voice soon followed. “You can go over yourself.”

The frown on my face deepened. “He is your grandfather, Ashton.” Ashton was the eldest grandson of the Fullers. If he were absent from the funeral, what would the rest of his family think?

"I've already told Joseph Campbell to handle the funeral. You can communicate with him on the details." He spoke without emotion as if he were explaining a matter that was irrelevant to him.

When he walked toward his study, a pang of sadness engulfed me. I was quick to raise my voice. "Ashton, is everyone other than Rebecca dispensable to you? Does your family mean nothing to you?"

He paused in his stride before turning to look at me with narrowed eyes. Emanating a chilly vibe, he told me, "You're not in a position to lecture me on my family matters."

After a brief pause, he curled his lips and spat disdainfully, "You're not worthy!"

His words hit me like a bucket of cold water, chilling me to the bone.

As I listened to his gradually retreating steps, a mirthless chuckle escaped my lips.

I am unworthy!

Hah!

Two long years had passed. Yet, my efforts in getting him to warm up to me were futile.

"I thought you're thick-skinned, but I never expected you to poke your nose into other people's businesses as well." A mocking voice reached my ears.

I turned toward the voice and saw Rebecca leaning against the door frame with her arms crossed in front of her chest. Gone was her cute and innocent facade. Instead, a frosty expression had taken residence on her face.