

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 191- 195

Dr. Linnard glanced at the surly expression on Ashton's face before turning back to me and nodding. Not sure what else to say, she agreed, "Sure!"

I called the waiter over and had him wrap up the desserts for me.

Feeling annoyed at how Ashton was looming over me, I stood up and told Dr. Linnard, "I'll wait for you downstairs."

All she could do was nod awkwardly.

The weather was a bit hot so I moved to take cover under the shade of a large tree. Ashton had followed me out with Rebecca close on his heels.

I instantly took in the way Rebecca looked like she was about to cry.

"Why did you have to reject my mother's suggestion? She's right, you know. Are you going to waste the rest of your life on a child?" she cried out in a teary voice.

Ashton ignored her as he headed in my direction. Coming to a stop before me, he practically ordered, "C'mon, get in the car!"

"You can leave first if you're busy. I'll wait for Dr. Linnard!" Then, I shot Rebecca a pointed look and smiled thinly. "Besides, it looks like the two of you still haven't finished talking yet. So please, do continue!"

"Scarlett!" he snapped in annoyance. "We can talk when we get back home."

My expression was serious as I nodded. "That's true. Whatever we have to say can be said back at home while we're lying on our bed comfortably. We have all the time in the world, after all. That's why I'm telling you to talk to Ms. Larson here now."

"Scarlett, you!" Rebecca's face flushed in anger, "You're absolutely shameless!"

I stared at her in bewilderment. "Ms. Larson, in what way am I shameless? Ashton and I are married. Naturally, that means whatever we have to say to each other can be said at home.

What are you acting all innocent for? You're about to be a mother yourself. I'm pretty sure you've already had sex countless times. Is there really any need to act all prudish like this?"

The redness on Rebecca's face spread all the way down to her neck. Feeling both humiliated and infuriated, she glared at me. "Scarlett Stovall, you-

"That's enough!" Ashton scowled heavily and turned to Rebecca. "I'll have Joseph send you back."

With that said, he tugged me away.

"Ashton Fuller, let me go! Didn't you see how Rebecca was close to tears? Don't you know that you're supposed to treat a woman gently?" I berated Ashton. Rebecca was still standing at the same spot, her eyes red and growing misty.

He stopped walking abruptly, the movement was so sudden that I was unable to stop in time. I crashed into his hard chest and pain shot through me. I hissed as my nose started throbbing.

I lifted my head to glare at him. "Couldn't you have warned me that you were going to stop?"

He sneered and replied, "I don't know how to treat a woman gently; you said so yourself."

Hah!

"And you only proved how true my statement was! All you know how to do is spread your seed around. Everything else is probably too hard for your simple mind to understand," I was still mad at him so my tone was harsh and unforgiving. "Sorry to have ruined your wonderful date with Rebecca, even though it was purely a coincidence that I bumped into you guys at the cafe. However, to use such a tasteless method to get revenge is petty and humiliating even for you."

"Getting revenge?" He grimaced and continued, "Scarlett, can you at least try to be reasonable? Do you have to be so critical and nasty when you speak?"

"How else am I supposed to talk to you?"

He shut his mouth and resumed dragging me in the direction of the villa.

As I walked behind him, my pace was incredibly slow due to my burden. At last, he stopped and asked me, "Do you need me to carry you?"

I quirked an eyebrow at him. "Sure!"

His gaze landed on my distended abdomen before he scooped me into a bridal carry.

He had barely taken a few steps when he stated, "You've gotten heavier."

Excuse me? Is he seriously calling me, a heavily pregnant woman, fat? How the f\*\*\* is that even fair?

I glared at him before shutting my eyes. It was easier for me to ignore him if I could not see him.

I was not exactly mad, per se. But at the end of the day, I was still a woman, it was only natural that I would be upset seeing him together with Rebecca.

Normally, I would have pretended not to notice. However, my hormones were more than a little out of whack due to my pregnancy. This led to me being unable to control my emotions as much as I would have liked. Before I knew it, I had become a shrew.

"Heh!" My eyes popped open at Ashton's sudden scoff.

We were back at the villa already. There was a black Bentley parked outside the gates. Having seen it several times before, I instantly knew who it belonged to.

It's not that long ago that John was hospitalized because of Ashton. What is he doing here again?

John was a very handsome man with a tall and lean figure. He had the looks and the wealth to have every single female falling over herself to be with him.

Presently, he was holding a large bouquet of roses and a gift box.

Thankfully, there were not a lot of people who came by this neighborhood. If this had been at the entrance to a company or a shopping mall, he would have definitely attracted the attention of a large crowd of females.

I patted Ashton's arm, indicating I wanted to be set down.

He chuckled coldly and commented, "What a useless, good-for-nothing jerk who doesn't know how to get a decent job and earn money. The Stovall family will be ruined if it really ends up being managed by him."

I was struck speechless by Ashton's words. Since when is he so talkative? "Aren't your arms sore at all? Put me down!"

"Why?" He looked down at me before turning to glare at John icily. "Planning on complaining to him about me?"

Well, well, this is a first! Is that jealousy I sense?

"So you would rather I speak and do nothing and just wait to see tomorrow's headlines, is that it?" Eyeing the stormy expression on his face, I continued, "K City is nothing like J City. You probably don't want to see the news headlines tomorrow all proclaiming how two such important men as you were fighting over a pregnant woman like me, would you?"

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Ashton snorted and put me down on my feet. Throwing John and the roses he was holding a scornful look, he said indifferently, "You like this sort of courting method?"

"No." I paused before adding, "But a lot of women do."

He pursed his lips and crossed his arms before his chest. When it seemed like he had no intention of going inside, I questioned, "Aren't you going to leave?"

"Why should I?" His retort had me at a loss for words.

In the end, I gave up and let him be.

I made my way over to John. He had noticed us a while ago but had not moved from his spot. Once I was near him, he offered the bouquet to me. "I'm here to wish you an early 'Happy Birthday!'"

"It's way too early!" I did a quick calculation, noting my birthday was still roughly two weeks away. "Besides, I never celebrate my birthday."

I stared at the bouquet, my brows crinkling in a frown. It was way too large for me to comfortably carry it.

Before I could think of a solution, Ashton snatched the bouquet away. "Mr. Stovall, how very romantic of you! Unfortunately, Scarlett has never really liked flowers. Please be a little more thoughtful next time!"

Oh my god, I've never seen such a shameless person before!

John raised an eyebrow at me. "She doesn't like flowers? Since when?"

I pressed my lips into a thin line, feeling more than annoyed at the posturing of the two men.

Seeing as I did not answer him, John turned to narrow his eyes at Ashton. "I remember Letty used to love flowers when she was young. Why did she lose her love for it after getting together with you, Mr. Fuller? Flowers are a way of expressing love. Could it be that you've never given her flowers and simply assume that she doesn't like them?"

Is this his roundabout way of saying Ashton doesn't love me? D\*mn jerk!

Ashton tightened his hold on the bouquet in his hands. Lifting a brow, he asked me, "You like flowers?"

Caught up in their word game, I wondered how to reply to that.

Unexpectedly, Ashton took my silence as admission. "You're not allowed to accept flowers from anyone else. If you really do like them, I'll buy them for you every day."

With that said, he tossed the bouquet of roses into the nearby garbage bin. Then, he looked at John with an innocent expression on his face. "Oops, my hand slipped. Sorry about that!"

Honestly, how much more childish can Ashton get!

"If you don't like the man, you really should just reject him and be done with it. Come back earlier. I'll be waiting for you and the baby in the villa!" Ashton's face was neutral as he said that to me.

His gaze drifted over before landing on the gift box in John's hand. He paused before exclaiming, "Mr. Stovall, you even brought desserts! What perfect timing! I didn't really eat much earlier. You don't mind if I help myself, do you?"

Without even waiting for John's approval, he simply took the box away from the other man. With that, he turned and headed into the villa.

He is absolutely shameless!

For a moment, I could think of no better words to describe Ashton.

Once he was gone, the atmosphere between me and John lightened a little. I broke the silence first, "You really like waiting by people's houses, don't you?"

Ever since the first time I met him, he had nearly always been waiting by my house. I was beginning to wonder if it was a hobby of his.

The only response he gave to my taunt was a raised eyebrow. Then, he grinned and said, "I just really wanted to see you, so I came."

I pursed my lips. With how adept he was at technology, it did not take a genius to figure out how he managed to find me. I huffed and pressed, "Alright, out with it. What do you want from me?"

"Come back with me to R Province!"

Knitting my brows, I snapped, "John, are you really that bored?" I could not think of any reason for me to go with him. And even if I did want to, I wondered what was his plan on going back. After all, the Stovall family already accepted him as one of their own, and there was no way he could leave just because he wanted to.

He's making it sound so easy! As if he can just go away on a whim like that!

"Are you reluctant to leave Ashton?" He narrowed his eyes and leaned back against his car, his posture sexy and charming.

I barely managed to keep my laughter from escaping my lips. "He's my husband, so it's normal for me to be unwilling to leave, isn't it? John, I've already told you this before. As long

as you don't affect my daily life, I can allow you to remain by my side. However, can you at least try to be a little more normal when you do appear?"

Every time he reappeared in my life, he would either get into a fight with Ashton or cause me to get into an argument with Ashton.

"Let's make a bet then!" He dug through his pockets for a pack of cigarettes. Then, his eyes landed on my pregnant belly and he paused. Keeping the box again, he continued. "In less than a month, you'll divorce Ashton. When that happens, you're coming back to R Province with me."

I was honestly surprised at his unfounded confidence. Exasperated, I berated him, "John, I really don't understand why you keep pestering me. Let me say this one more time. I really, really hate it when you bother me like this. Your appearance disturbs my peaceful life and makes me very troubled."

"If that's the case, just leave Ashton and all these troubles will disappear!" he answered casually.

I was so mad I wanted to pull out my hair and scream in frustration. John was being utterly unreasonable and obstinate. Fighting to push back my annoyance, I growled, "Fine, whatever! I'm done. You can do whatever you like!"

With that, I stomped through the gates.

I followed the cobblestone path that led up to the front doors of the villa. Stepping inside, I immediately caught sight of the box John had brought me tossed to the floor forlornly. Some of the cakes inside already had a bite taken out of them. I assumed Ashton had been disgusted by their taste and flung them aside.

What an immature man!

I was about to leave when a metallic glint caught my eye. Something silvery was peeking out of the half-eaten cake. Surprised, I walked over to pick up the cake.

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I pulled out the silver thing, revealing it to be a silver flying fish necklace.

“Is something that only costs a hundred or so worthy of you to dig through the trash?” Ashton’s icy voice reached my ears.

I completely ignored him and focused on using a tissue to wipe away the cream on the necklace. His guess was spot on. The necklace was indeed not very expensive.

Back when I was fourteen years old, I was at the age where appearances were starting to matter. This was a sentiment that most girls in my class shared. Though our grasp of what construed as beauty was still shaky, a lot of them still tried to imitate the older women in their lives. It became a trend to accessorize themselves with necklaces or bracelets.

In truth, these accessories could be rather cheap. Some were maybe over ten or so, while others were a little pricier. At the time, an accessory that cost ten was already considered quite expensive to me.

Despite how much I wanted to wear such pretty things as well, I refused to ask Grandma for money to buy them. In the end, I went behind her back to work for one of our cafeteria staff. I would help him move and carry stuff, and in return, he would pay me five each time. I continued working for him for a month before an accident happened and I injured my leg. Worried that Grandma would find out, I stopped helping out.

My one month of effort led to me saving up close to two hundred. I spent a hundred buying this flying fish necklace made of pure silver while I used the leftover money to buy a belt for John and a thimble for Grandma.

Since it was my first time wearing something so expensive, I lost the necklace within a few days.

That caused me to feel I was not suited for wearing such extravagant items. To this day, I still do not wear accessories because I subconsciously feel like I am not worthy enough to do so.

I never expected that this necklace would ever be found, especially not after so many years. To say that I was delighted would be an understatement. If John actually returned this necklace to me, I wonder...

At that thought, I looked at the scowling Ashton. “Where’s the outer box for the cakes?”

He frowned at my question, his displeasure evident. “In the garbage bin!”



I disregarded his unhappy expression and searched through all the garbage bins in the villa. Finally, I spotted the box in the kitchen garbage bin.

I crouched down to rummage through it when Ashton seized my wrist. "You really care so much for what he gives you?"

Prying his fingers from my wrist, I couldn't be bothered to explain to him. All I said was, "It's not what you think."

I finally managed to dig out the outer box and opened it. As I thought, a well-kept belt was inside there. Since he had given me the belt and the necklace, it made sense that Grandma's thimble would be here as well.

I continued to search the box but it was empty, I even went as far as to tip it upside down.

Straightening from my crouch, I went back to the cakes by the door. Fed up by that point, Ashton shoved me down on the couch. "Scarlett, that's enough!"

My brows furrowed in annoyance as I snapped impatiently, "Ashton, just go busy yourself with work or something. I'm not in the mood to argue with you right now!"

A terrible scowl twisted his features. When he spoke, it was in a glacial tone, "You're not in the mood to argue with me? Hah! What are you in the mood for then? Admiring all the precious trash that John gave you?"

The force with which he held me down was immense due to his anger. I was in so much pain I could hardly breathe. "Ashton Fuller, you're hurting me!"

He did not release me, but his grip loosened slightly. "Oh, so you can feel pain."

This man is just ridiculous! Infuriated at his actions, I shoved him away from me. "Ashton, these items might be trash in your eyes, but they're incredibly precious to me!"

Not wanting to waste any more time on him, I continued my search for Grandma's thimble.

As expected, John had hidden the thimble in the cakes. I carefully washed the three items clean.

Feeling a lot calmer now that I had found them, I noticed Ashton was fixing me with a cold stare from the living room. I knew he was furious at me, so I opened my mouth to explain, "These items—"

He did not even wait for me to finish before he placed his phone against his ear and ordered icily, "Joseph, buy all the gold, silver, and jade accessories you can find in K City. Also, bring all of this year's newest jewelry designs to the villa."

Joseph said something on the other end of the line.

Ashton's voice grew even more frosty as he spat, "Just do as I say!"

Then, he ended the call.

For a moment, all I could do was stare at Ashton. I could not even come up with an adjective to describe him. At last, I walked over to sit down opposite him. Giving him a thumbs up, I complimented, "Mr. Fuller, you are a wealthy man indeed!"

At this rate, he should switch jobs instead of working as an acquirer!

He arched an eyebrow at me. "Throw away all that trash John gave you. Just tell me what you want and I'll buy it for you!"

I pursed my lips, not sure what to say to that. In the end, I settled with, "Mr. Fuller, that's very generous of you!"

I gazed down at the items in my hand. Monetary-wise, they really weren't worth that much. However, to me, they were extremely precious.

Not wanting to get into another fight with him, I tried to explain again, "Back when I was in high school, my allowance was only fifty to spend on my food. At the time, a lot of the girls in my school would doll themselves up with necklaces or bracelets. Yet, I had nothing."

Here, I paused and sighed. "Since I really wanted to be like them but couldn't ask for money from my Grandma, I decided to work for it. I helped one of the cafeteria staff in our school and earned a few hundred for my efforts. After that, I bought this necklace for myself, this belt for John, and this thimble for my Grandma."

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Noting how Ashton's expression had mellowed out a little at my explanation, I set the items down on the coffee table. "To you, these items might appear cheap and ugly. But to me, they're a part of my past. They represent just how stubborn and persistent I was back then!"

At last, he locked gazes with me. Undecipherable emotions swirled in his eyes as he stated, "Next time, just tell me whatever you desire. As long as you want it, I'll definitely give it to you!"

Although I was originally in a rather despondent mood, I nearly laughed upon hearing his words. Is it just me or can Ashton be quite an idiot sometimes?

Joseph really was quite the efficient man. It took him less than an hour to troop into the villa with a group of people following him. Each of them was carrying intricate boxes in their hands.

Joseph turned to Ashton, his expression as indifferent as ever. "Mr. Fuller, these are this year's newest jewelry designs."

Ashton glanced at me and raised an eyebrow pointedly. "Go and have a look. Pick out what you would like to keep."

My eyebrow twitched slightly before I asked Joseph, "Are all these jewelry expensive?"

I was a realist so I hope my lack of tack could be forgiven. I seriously had zero knowledge of all these luxurious items.

Joseph replied solemnly, "All of them are from well-known brands and were crafted by the most skilled and patient artisans. On average, each piece costs at least twenty million."

I was utterly stunned at his words. For a few seconds, all I could do was gape at him in shock. Then, I turned to Ashton and said, "Ashton, I don't like any of them. Please tell them to take them all away."

Only someone crazy would spend so much money on a piece of jewelry!

Ashton frowned. "You don't like any of them?" He took a sweeping look at all the jewelry before focusing on me, waiting for my answer.

I shook my head and answered earnestly, "Nope, not a single one of them."

"Leave them all behind!" he commanded. Then, he pinned Joseph with a look. "Next time, be more patient when you're selecting things. It'll save you more energy in the long run."

Joseph blinked in surprise before he nodded sternly.

Having gotten involved in the business world in the past two years, I had picked up on certain nuances businessmen liked to use. Ashton's words were a clear chastisement that Joseph was not a very efficient man.

Joseph had the people set down all their jewelry cases. After giving them some instructions, they all left.

Taking in all the jewelry that had been left behind, I stared at Ashton dumbly. "Mr. Fuller, you're a generous man indeed!"

With that said, I turned and headed for the bedroom.

Since I was not in the habit of wearing jewelry, all those were nothing better than useless clutter. I was at a loss for how to even complain about Ashton's extravagant behavior.

Thankfully, Ashton was no longer angry about John giving me those items. Nonetheless, he was an extremely strange man, because now, he was actually asking me to buy him a belt.

"Ashton Fuller! Why don't you go and consult Dr. Crest if you're mentally ill instead of tormenting me!" What the hell kind of request is that?

"If you can earn money to buy a belt for John, why can't you buy one for me? I'm your husband while he's just your nominal brother!" Hearing such words come out of his mouth really was a surreal experience. It was also incredibly awkward.

I chuckled and retorted, "And you're just my nominal husband! Besides, why should I buy you a belt? You've never deemed any of the other clothing I bought you worthy of even a glance!"

**“Other clothing?” He was visibly surprised. “When did you buy me other clothes?”**

**“I’ve always been buying you clothing; they’re all back at the villa in J City. You’ve never worn any of them though. I gave one to Dr. Crest previously when his clothes got wet. It’s not like you were wearing it anyway.”**

**“Scarlett, do you even know where I normally put my clothes?”**

**“Of course I do!”**

**What did it matter that I did though? His closet was filled with either black or white shirts. The shirts I bought him were not even in the same league quality-wise. Even if I put the clothes I bought him in there, he probably would not touch them anyway.**

**He glared at me. “Who else did you give my clothes to?”**

**I shook my head and replied, “He’s the only one.”**

**“Get it back from him!”**

**What the hell? Did he seriously just say what I thought he said?**

**“Ashton Fuller, you can get it back yourself! I’m not as shameless as you!” Does he honestly think I can just get back what I already gifted to someone else?**

**To my horror, he actually fished out his phone to call Jared. I took in his serious expression and voiced my disbelief, “You seriously want it back?”**

**He quirked an eyebrow at me. “It’s my shirt. Why can’t I get it back?”**

**I had nothing to say to that. I was utterly dumbfounded at the sheer depth of his shamelessness. This really has been an eye-opening day.**

**“Go outside if you want to call! I don’t want nor need to hear your conversation.” Just the thought of how that conversation would go with Jared had shame burning through me.**

**Unfortunately, the call went through before he could leave the room. Jared’s cool voice came over the speakers, “Ashton, what is it?”**

"I want the shirt that Scarlett lent to you previously back. Clean it and return it to me as soon as you can." Ashton went straight to the point, his expression completely unchanged from its normal bland look.

He's good, I'll give him that!

I could already imagine the look on Jared's face. Ashton turned on the loudspeakers and I could hear silence on the other end for several seconds. Then, Jared spoke up, "Do you have so little clothes that that one shirt matters so much?"

"I don't lack clothes."

"Then forget about it. I don't even know where I left it." Much like Ashton, Jared was a rather standoffish man. With that said, he got ready to end the call.

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Ashton grew annoyed at that. He snapped, "Then find it! How could you possibly wear something someone else's wife bought for them? Does it even fit you?"

"It fits perfectly actually!" Jared did not seem to be in a good mood. I could hear how his background was rather noisy, hinting that he was possibly in a bar.

"Do you know that the bone cancer hospital in M Country has officially been established? Looks like you don't need a recommendation letter anymore." Ashton relaxed back against the chaise lounge, looking as cool as a cucumber.

"Fine! I'll return you the shirt as soon as I can! In fact, I'll get on it right away!"

With that said, Jared hung up.

What the hell just happened?

I rolled my eyes at Ashton's antics. Not having anything more to say to him, I got myself ready for bed.

With Nick and John both in K City, my days were not boring as before. And whenever I felt bored at home, I would start sorting through the insane amount of jewelry Ashton bought

for me last time, I had the feeling that it was probably enough for me to start up a jewelry store of my own.

When Cameron came to visit me this time, I was not as panicked nor tense as before. I invited her into the living room, where Molly poured her some tea.

We sat down opposite each other. The gentle smile on her face was ever-present as her gaze landed on my swollen abdomen. After a few seconds of staring, she asked, "The baby is due soon, right?"

I nodded and replied with a succinct "Yeah."

She did not seem to mind my curt tone as she continued, "How wonderful! You two are about to welcome a new life into your lives."

Since this was obviously nonsensical chatter, I only gave her a small smile in reply.

Finally realizing that I had no intention of chatting with her, she placed a contract on the table between us. She smiled slightly and gestured to it. "Have a look. You might just find that it's something that benefits you."

I raised an eyebrow but did not move to take it. "What is it?"

"Just take a look."

At her urging, I reached out to grab the contract and flipped through it. When I was done, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. In the end, I settled on pinning her with a gaze. "As expected from someone known as the world's richest woman. You're very generous."

She gave a tinkling laugh in response. "You flatter me. As you can see, the terms I've set are beneficial to you in every way. If you really love Ashton, I'm sure you'll consider signing this due to concern for his future. After all, he's a very ambitious man. Why else do you think he chose to come here to K City? That's because J City is no longer big enough to contain his ambitions."

Here, she paused and toyed with her ring. "Based on his current abilities and connections only, there's no way his business will prosper here as it did back in J City. He will need some external help if he wants to build an empire here as well."

I stared down at the contract in my hands as I listened to her speak. When she was done, I had the sudden urge to laugh. “Ms. Anderson, I applaud you for really knowing how to push your advantages. However, you don’t seem to know Ashton very well. He’s an incredibly proud man. He has never wanted nor accepted anyone’s help before. If he really sets his mind to it, even if he doesn’t have any external help, he’ll still be able to build his business empire with his own two hands.”

I have never once doubted Ashton’s capabilities, nor have I ever thought he was the type of man who would give up on me and the baby just to secure his future.

The only thing that might cause him to abandon us would be love. Even so, unless his love for Rebecca was infinitely deeper than his sense of responsibility, he would never voluntarily leave me.

Her eyebrow twitched upward before she set her cup down in a none-too-gently manner. “Well, he might not need any external help. But what if someone were to create resistance for him? I might not be the most powerful person out there, but that doesn’t mean the Moore family can’t do anything to him.”

It was a blatant threat.

I pursed my lips and met her gaze. “Ms. Anderson, you truly think I’ll leave Ashton because I care about his future?”

“Oh? Does that mean you don’t love Ashton then?” A smile spread across her face at that. “That makes things even easier! You leave with your child and I’ll give you enough money to last several lifetimes. I can also transfer several companies to your name. If you want to work, you can manage the companies. Otherwise, you can just relax at home and wait for the dividends. As a bonus, if you ever feel like you don’t have enough money, you can always come to find me. I’ll be more than happy to give you more!”

The way rich people deal with their problems really is out of this world! There doesn’t seem to be an end to their generosity!

At that moment, I felt like I would be an idiot not to agree to such terms.

A short pause later, I replied, “It would be incredibly foolish of me to outright refuse you now. How about this instead – let me think about it.”



She lifted a brow at me and chuckled lightly. "No problem. Next weekend is Rebecca's birthday. You have till then to come to a decision. If you agree, I'll have a lawyer draw up a contract on the spot. However, if you don't, I hope you can come to Rebecca's birthday party before eight."

"Why eight?"

"Because I'll officially announce Rebecca's engagement to Ashton after eight." Cameron's tone was firm and decisive. The words slammed into me like a hammer.

Right then, I was envious of Rebecca for having such a wonderful mother who was willing to plan everything out for her.

"Fine!"

Now that this matter had been temporarily settled, there was nothing more for us to say to each other.

Thus, Cameron left soon after.

Perhaps it was due to my advanced pregnancy, but I found myself getting even more tired easily nowadays. I was also prone to spacing out.