

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 246

No matter how hard I struggled, he ignored it and coaxed me in a semi-domineering manner instead.

I dug my nails into his skin, scratching him wildly as I cursed, "You're a b\*stard, Ashton!"

"Yes, I am!"

I began to suspect that he hadn't touched a woman at all during this period of time as he acted like a starved beast, ravaging me without restraint.

After the deed was done, he leaned against the headboard and lit a cigarette.

Under the dim light, I could discern the scratch marks on his sturdy chest. There were even faint bloodstains in a few spots.

I wanted to get up and wash my body, but his arms were wrapped around me, forcing my head to lie against his chest.

The smell of tobacco permeated the air in the room. When he finished smoking his cigarette, he said in a deep voice, "Let's set a date and time. I'll accompany you to see a psychiatrist."

I was dumbfounded for a moment, arching my neck to look at him. After he stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, I finally came to my senses and pursed my lips. "No!"

Besides finding me unresponsive, I couldn't think of any other reason he would suggest something like that right after we had sex.

I had never thought of getting treatment after my pregnancy. When there were already so many problems with my body, one more wouldn't make a difference.

Leveling my gaze with his, I said nonchalantly, "If you can't feel anything from me, you can look elsewhere from now on."

Ashton's brows snapped together, and he scooted down on the bed expressionlessly, then pinned me with a savage gaze. "Look elsewhere? Scarlett, you really don't know when to stop, do you? I want you to go for treatment because I don't want you to hurt anymore. And right now, you're unwell both physically and emotionally."

As I was enveloped in his arms, most of the light was blocked by his body. I frowned, not liking this cramped enclosure one bit. "This isn't the first day you know about my health problems. In fact, I have so many. How are you going to treat them all?" I challenged softly.

Without waiting for him to reply, I wriggled out of his embrace and went to the bathroom.

When I came out, he was sitting on the bed with the blanket covering his lower body and his phone in one hand. He looked at me and instructed, "Jared is downstairs. Change your clothes and go down to get yourself... treated."

What?

I threw the bath towel aside and replied coldly, "He can't treat me."

Ashton frowned. "Why not? He's a doctor."

I narrowed my eyes at him. "If I tell Dr. Crest that I'm unresponsive, what do you think he'll say? That I'm the problem? Or..." I trailed off.

He knew what I was implying perfectly well.

Seeing his brows furrowed together, I kindly reminded him, "I'm only unresponsive to you, so Mr. Fuller, I suggest that you find some time to get yourself checked."

When his face darkened, I immediately walked out of the bedroom because challenging a man's limits had consequences that I couldn't handle.

Sure enough, the moment I stepped out of the bedroom, a furious roar reverberated from inside. "Scarlett!" Following that was the sound of glass shattering.

I made sure to close the door behind me, lest his outburst disturbs the others.

When I went downstairs, I saw Jared sitting in the living room. Mrs. Eriksen had prepared a lot of sweet snacks for him, which he barely touched, only drinking a few sips of English breakfast tea.

Come to think of it, men usually don't fancy sweet snacks.

Upon hearing some shuffling sounds behind him, he looked back at me. His brows raised toward his hairline. "You've lost weight!"

Well... he's quite good at flattery.

I sat beside him and replied, "I didn't know you were so good at flattery." Girls always liked it when others said they had lost weight.

He took a sip of his tea, furrowing his brows slightly. "Did I sound like I was flattering you?"

"Yep!" I continued, "At least that's what I think." After all, no one wanted to be called fat.

He didn't speak anymore after that, perhaps finding it hard to continue the conversation.

Just then, Mrs. Eriksen came to me and said, "Letty, I cooked some food earlier. Come and eat a little bit first before letting Dr. Crest take a look at you."

"It's fine. I'm not hungry." With that, I looked at Jared and asked, "Do I look unwell to you?"

Jared arched a brow at me. "You do. Go eat something first."

I shouldn't have asked him...

I frowned when Mrs. Eriksen remained standing where she was. "Mrs. Eriksen, I'm really not hungry. You..."

"Does it mean you don't have to wear clothes if you're not cold? Go eat something." Ashton descended the stairs with a broody face.

The corners of my mouth turned downward. Well, someone seems to have improved in comebacks. He's even using analogies now.

I was about to snap a retort when my phone rang. The caller ID displayed on the phone screen was John's.

Seeing both Ashton and Jared staring at me, I said placidly, "Excuse me. I have to take this."

Ashton had caught sight of John's caller ID flashing across my screen. Narrowing his eyes a little, he said, "Just answer it here."

How childish!

I rolled my eyes at him and picked up the call. "Hey John, what's up?"

"Ashton seems to be interested in the OrbitTech project as well. We've been fighting in secret for so long now. If I give up this project, it'll very likely fall into his hands. What you need to do now is convince him to give up acquiring OrbitTech." John's voice wasn't loud, but given the silence in the living room and our close proximity, Ashton and Jared were able to hear everything he said.

I glanced at both of them before speaking into the phone, "Got it. I'm hanging up now."

"Wait!" John said hastily. "News about Uncle Louis accepting you as his goddaughter will probably become a hot topic in K City in the days to come. It's best if you and Marcus keep a distance from each other. Also, you should return to J City to settle the matters regarding OrbitTech as soon as possible. After Uncle Louis comes back from his inspection in other provinces and officially takes you into the family, you can proceed with your plans."

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Ashton looked at me, his lips curving up into a smirk.

I ignored him and said into the phone, "Alright, I got it. I'll hang up now."

After I ended the call, Ashton's eyes were still on me while his face seemed to have become a few more shades darker. "What plans do you have in mind? Even Louis Stovall is involved?"

"I'm planning to..." Divorce you!

However, I stopped myself halfway when I remembered that I still had to persuade him to give up acquiring OrbitTech. If I provoked him now, it would be difficult to get his cooperation later on.

Glancing at Jared, I asked, "Dr. Crest, would you like to eat together?"

Jared's eyes darted toward Ashton, and his mouth tugged upward slightly upon seeing the sullen look on his friend's face. Then, he nodded. "Sure. I'm actually quite hungry now."

We went into the kitchen together to find that Mrs. Eriksen had prepared quite a spread. A short while later, Ashton joined us in the kitchen as well.

Both men sitting beside me were brought up in similarly strict households, so their lessons kicked in and they kept silent throughout their entire meal.

After eating, Mrs. Eriksen tidied up the kitchen. I automatically extended my hand toward Jared, who was beside me. "Recently, I've been experiencing insomnia, headaches, and anxiety. Take a look and see what's wrong with me."

Jared's mouth arched up as he glanced fleetingly at the silent Ashton before raising his brows at me. "Alright."

After doing the routine procedure of examining me, he reported in a solemn tone, "You have too many health problems. Firstly, you have severe gastritis, so pay attention to your diet from now on. Your insomnia has led to a weak heart rate, so your heart isn't in very good shape now. Your poor blood circulation is probably because you didn't focus on recuperating after giving birth. You have to take good care of yourself to recover from all these health problems."

I nodded and withdrew my hand. When he lowered his head to prescribe the relevant medicine, I turned to Ashton with a faint smirk. "Aren't you going to let Dr. Crest take a look at you?"

Ashton pursed his lips. "You think it's funny?"

I raised my brows and shrugged to end the topic.

Jared kept hesitating while he was supposed to leave, so I figured that he had something to say to me and offered to walk him out.

At the villa's entrance, he spoke up before I could, "Scarlett, did Macy contact you lately?"

I was stunned for a split second before shaking my head. "No." When I thought about her child, I couldn't help but ask, "You haven't seen her recently?"

He nodded. "Please contact me if you see her."

I hummed in response, wondering if he knew that Macy had a child. Since I was occupied with my own matters recently, I didn't have time to think about Macy and wondered how she was doing now.

After Jared drove away, I went back into the living room, where I saw Ashton reading a book on the sofa.

Hearing me come back in, he only sent me a cursory glance without saying anything.

After hesitating for a while, I went to make him a cup of tea and walked over to his side to place the cup in front of him. "Drink some black tea for better digestion."

He looked at me, then put down the book in his hand to reach out and pull me into his arms.

Peering at me with his abyssal eyes, he asked, "So, when are you planning to bring the matter up?"

Even though I was taken aback, I managed to control my voice. "You know what they say. Men are the most compliant when they're sated in bed."

He raised his brows. "So, were you planning to bring it up when you're lying under me?"

I nodded. "But if you're in the mood to agree right now, then there's no reason for me to wait."

"Hah!" He leaned his forehead against mine and scoffed, "What do you want OrbitTech for?"

"I can't very well be a meek little housewife. I think it's good to be a strong and career-oriented woman." My expression was serious as my gaze landed on his Adam's apple. Then, my eyes traveled down to the top button of his white shirt.

He raised my chin and grazed the corner of my mouth with his lips. There was a mirthless smile in his voice when he said, "If OrbitTech was so easy to acquire, do you think John and I would've let it drag on for a year?"

"I know, that's why I implore you to give up acquiring OrbitTech. If both you and John give up, it'll make things much easier for White Corporation."

He squinted his eyes at me and said in a calm voice, "Scarlett, should I feel blessed to have such an intelligent and money-minded wife?"

Hearing the sarcasm in it, I nodded with a deadpan expression. "Working together as husband and wife is better than fighting alone, no?"

"Hah!" he scoffed. "You're quite bold to say that."

I pursed my lips and ignored his jab, bringing us back to the topic. "So, do you agree?"

He lowered his gaze to look at me with a cold glint in his eyes. "Didn't you say you were going to ask me in bed?"

What the...

Hah!

Indeed, his mind was constantly in the gutter.

We were bound to get into an argument if this went on, but I didn't feel like fighting with him just yet.

To diffuse the ticking bomb, I simply asked, "What are you and the Moore family collaborating on?"

Actually, I wasn't that interested in knowing the details and merely asked out of curiosity.

His eyes dimmed a little as he replied, "A development project." I could hear a dangerous undertone in his words.

Fine. I guess it's not an appropriate topic.

Hence, I stood up and was about to go upstairs, but he held me down in his arms. "Let's watch some Korean drama."

What? Korean drama? Is he serious?

After being apart for a while, he seemed to have become rather eccentric.

"No thanks." With that, I tried to get up again. However, his arms remained tightly locked around me. Just then, the sound of a phone ringing reached our ears.

It was his phone.

He glanced at his phone screen. Seeing that it was Sally, he turned to me and asked nonchalantly, "Can you pick it up for me?"

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I pressed my lips and sulked. "It's inappropriate for me to answer the call."

My response clearly showed him that I refused to accept his family. This was no doubt an insult to him, and I immediately regretted it.

"Inappropriate?"

Before I could react, he reached out his hand and grabbed my chin. "Inappropriate in what sense? Are you trying to tell me you've spent so much time with Marcus, and soon, you're going to be someone else's stepmother?"



The incessant ringing got on my nerves, but I chose to ignore it.

He then exerted more force on my chin. “Have he kissed you as I did? Had Marcus made you answer a call like this, you would have done it in a heartbeat, right?”

The color drained from my face, but I tried to stay calm. I smirked, “You’re just trying to humiliate me because you think I’m filthy, aren’t you? If that’s the case, why do you still bother to come and fetch me?”

I paused for a moment and continued, “And who are you tell me what’s appropriate and what’s not? How should I face the family of a man who constantly humiliates me? Should I bow before them and wash their feet? I bet you’ve never treated Rebecca like this, haven’t you?”

He gave me a death stare as soon as I finished. Yet, his grip never loosened.

At that point, my chin was already hurting so badly, but I still put on a tough look. “There are women whom you can hit and humiliate as you wish after you’ve paid them, but I’m not one of these women. I’ll not allow a man to disrespect and degrade me all the time, and I’ll definitely not hold on to a man who failed to protect his own child.”

With his lips tightly pressed together, he let out a loud harrumph. However, by the time he turned his attention to his phone, the caller had ended the call.

After grabbing the car key, he left.

I’ll do what it takes to defend my honor too.

If you don’t know how to respect me, then don’t expect me to respect you in return!

The revving sound of a car’s engine emerged from the porch, and soon, the car left the compound of the villa.

I let out a long sigh and collapsed onto the couch, feeling utterly exhausted.

Once again, I screwed up. I should not have let my emotions get the better of me. And guess who’s going to benefit from this fight? Rebecca!

It was still early, and I couldn’t sleep. Thus, I gave John a call and asked him where he was so I could meet up with him.

I had been to Paramount Club several times, so I went straight into his suite after knowing where he was.

It was a surprise to see him singing and drinking alone in the suite as I thought he was with his client.

After seeing me standing by the door, he tapped on the couch and invited me, "Come! Sit!"

I pressed my lips, sat behind him, and lowered the volume of the song. "Are you okay?"

He took a sidelong glance at me and placed the mic in front of me. "I heard you're back with Ashton."

I nodded and poured myself a glass of wine. "Any updates about Rebecca?"

"After the video incident, Cameron found someone to hack into my computer and deleted all the videos and photos," he said as he leaned against the couch.

I could not help but frown, "She has her eyes on you now?"

In response, John raised his brows. "Why are you here at this hour anyway? Where is Ashton?"

"The White residence."

"I'm afraid Benjamin's number is up."

He nodded then turned around and looked at me. "Are you not going to pay the family a visit? Marcus has been nice to you all this while."

Of course, I wanted to visit them but in private. Hence, I ignored his question and moved on to another topic. "So, there's nothing else we can do with Rebecca?"

He pursed his lips and took a sip from his wine glass. "You seem to think I'm just a good-for-nothing other than having good looks."

What?

"That's not true." What an overly confident man.

He took a deep breath and said, "I've sent her the pictures. She should be delivering her baby by the end of the year. What are you going to do?"

Hearing his question, I was stunned for a bit and knitted my brows. "What am I supposed to do?"

By the expression on John's face, I could tell he must have thought how unbelievably stupid I was. "Are you not going to do anything to the baby?"

I could not help but bite my lips. Yes, I had made all sorts of threatening remarks in the past, but how could I harm a baby? I did not want to become just like Cameron!

He then let out a long sigh. "You're too kind. Dealing with Rebecca is not difficult, but you'll have a hard time dealing with Cameron. Not only is she cruel, but she also has years of experience in eliminating enemies who get in her way."

"I'm sure I can find her Achilles' heel. I'll start with Rebecca." The best way to crush Cameron's spirit is to destroy Rebecca first!

John kept mum and did not respond. He then looked at me, "Listen carefully. Ashton is not the father to the two babies that Rebecca had carried."

Obviously taken aback, a frown warped my face. "How did you know?"

"I found out about this by chance. It seems someone had raped Rebecca and made her pregnant, but she eventually lost the baby due to an accident. As for this pregnancy, Joe is the father to the baby, but Rebecca insisted it was Ashton's." He shrugged his shoulders.

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I was absolutely dumbfounded. "Does Cameron know about this?"

"No one else knew the truth except Rebecca. I bet Joe is still in the dark about this too. Since Rebecca has claimed that it's Ashton's baby, I'm sure Cameron would have believed her words." John shook his head.

Is that why Cameron tried so hard to get rid of my baby, so she could pave way for Rebecca's?

"How about Ashton? Does he know about it?" Ashton seemed to have clarified that he had not had any physical intimacy with Rebecca.

John let out a cold snort. "He would be the stupidest man in the world if he himself doesn't know it."

That comment rendered me speechless for a moment.

Alright. Fine.

So did that mean Ashton took great care of Rebecca but had never touched her? Why didn't he explain to me?

I would not have believed his words anyway. I guess he knew my temper better than I did.

Though, I really had to take my hat off to her brother, Parker. After all, he still managed to find a man who was willing to take good care of his sister even after so many years.

Despite knowing the baby was not his, Ashton was still willing to take on the responsibility.

"What are you thinking?" John patted me on the back. "My birthday is around the corner. You better get me a nice gift since I've helped you a lot."

Dude...

I pressed my lips and asked, "What do you want for your birthday?"

"Anything!"

"Like a shirt? A necktie? Or a belt?" I ran out of ideas.

He looked at me and said in a serious tone, "No. I want you for my birthday."

I scoffed, "Over my dead body."

Hearing that, he was at a loss for words.

“Don’t buy things for me. Make me something special that I can appreciate.”

I did not know how to react to that. Are we still living in ancient times? Does he expect me to sew him a pouch?

It was already 11 p.m. by the time I returned to the villa. Ashton was still not back yet, and Mrs. Eriksen seemed to be sewing something in the living hall.

Upon noticing me standing by the door, she put aside her sewing kit and smiled at me. “Welcome home.”

I nodded gently and went to get myself a cup of water. Yet, there was only cold water in the dispenser.

Mrs. Eriksen said, “I may have damaged the water dispenser when I was mopping the floor earlier, and it’s too late to get someone to come and repair the device at this hour. Should I boil you some water?”

I shook my head. She then started packing her things and was ready to return to the rear house. She must have stayed up late to wait for me to come home. “You can go and rest now. I’ll go to bed soon.”

She pointed at the water dispenser. “But...”

“I’m not thirsty. You can go now!” I frowned involuntarily as I did not want to talk to anyone at this point.

My reaction left her stunned for a bit. She then kept quiet and left the living hall.

I seemed to have lost my patience with people.

After Mrs. Eriksen had left, I sat on the couch in the living room for a while. Glancing up at the wall mindlessly, I noticed the clock had already struck twelve.

Why is Ashton not back yet? Does he plan to stay overnight at the White’s residence?

I went to the kitchen and boiled some water for drinking. In the meantime, I took out my phone to check if I had missed any messages.

After realizing there were no updates on the notification tab, I let out a long sigh. I then lifted the kettle's lid to check if the water was boiling but was unfortunately scalded by the steam.

It hurt so badly that I immediately retracted my hand. After staring at the kettle for some time, I took out my phone once again.

Just when I was hesitating if I should give him a call, I heard someone entering the house.

Is he back?

I bit my lips, brought the kettle to the living hall, and poured two glasses of water.

The moment Ashton came in, I could see water droplets resting on his coat. Perhaps it was raining outside.

After hanging his coat by the door, he realized I was sitting in the living hall. He frowned and came up to me. "Couldn't sleep?"

I nodded and looked at him in the eyes. "How's Benjamin?"

A line formed between his brows as he was surprised that I asked. "Marcus told you?"

I shook my head. "I knew Benjamin has not been in the pink for quite some."

He nodded gently and stood in front of me. "Are you worried that I might not come home today?"

I shook my head. After that, I reached for a glass of water as my throat felt dry. Thanks to my clumsy self, I accidentally spilled some water on my thighs.

It was so hot that I winced.

Just then, Ashton walked up, carried me in his arms, and brought me to the washroom.

After turning on the cold shower to relieve my pain, he looked at me with a frown. "Did you drink?"

I nodded after a short pause.

The moment he tried reaching for his phone, I knew he was going to trouble Jared again. I snatched his phone and said, "It's late now. Let's not disturb him anymore."

After seeing the red patch on my thighs, he looked up at me with a scowl. "Did you do this on purpose?"

I simply admitted, "Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I need your help." I was still waiting for him to help me with OrbitTech, though.

He responded with a smirk, carried me to the bedroom upstairs, and stripped off my wet clothes.

After helping me change into my pajamas, he applied some ointment on my thighs. It hurt a little, but the pain was still bearable.

It seemed he had intentionally avoided my question earlier. I lowered my eyes and tapped on his hand. "I feel better now. Thanks."

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As soon as I said that, Ashton knitted his brows. "I'm only halfway done."

I pressed my lips and was at a loss for words.

While I was still thinking of a way to respond to that remark, he threw out this question all of a sudden, "What are you going to do if I decide not to come home today?"

"I'd probably have to scald my whole body and call you." This idea did cross my mind. I knew he would not ignore me.

He tightened his grip on my thigh, causing me to gasp in pain.

"Does it hurt?" he sneered. "Have you thought of turning yourself into a cripple?"

I kept mum, but I still gently ran my fingers all over his arm while he continued applying the ointment on my thighs.

"What are you doing?" He furrowed his eyebrows and looked at me.

I bit my lips. "Seducing you."

He let out a mirthless laugh, put away the ointment, and squinted. "You're doing this for that project?"

And again, I chose to remain silent. I got up, wrapped my hands around his shoulders, and pressed my lips against his.

He, too, wrapped his hands around my waist and said in a husky voice, "How much did you drink?"

I mumbled, "A few glasses, I think."

Frankly speaking, I was not good at seducing men, and foreplay always wore me out. I just wanted to hit the bullseye.

His breathing grew heavier as he pulled me closer to him. "So are you planning to give up?"

I shook my head and changed my position.

While he was enjoying the time of his life, I took the opportunity and asked, "Fuller Corporation has HiTech now, so how about OrbitTech..."

"Nope. No OrbitTech!" He instantly turned rough.



I looked up at him with a scowl, reached for the phone, and passed it to him. "Call Joseph now!"

He stopped what he was doing and gazed into my eyes. "You really think you can make me do things just by offering me your body?"

I did not know what to say. But I knew he was not happy about it.

I bit my lips. "You promised to support me in everything I do."

He took over the phone with a smirk and gave Joseph a call.

It took Joseph quite a while to answer the phone. Ashton then said to him in a cold voice, "Do not follow up on OrbitTech's case anymore!"

He ended the call, threw the phone aside, and went straight to the shower.

It was either I was too drunk or simply relieved that I had one less problem to worry about. Nonetheless, I fell asleep almost instantly.

By the time Ashton got out of the shower, I was already sound asleep. But he was not ready to call it a day.

He thought he could torture me the whole night by staying on top of me almost every hour. But jokes on him as I had already transported myself to a faraway dreamland.

My head hurt the moment I opened my eyes the next morning. It must be due to all the drinks I had last night. I raised my hands and clenched my fists to wake myself up.

Since I had to make a trip to the White Corporation, I had to freshen up and start organizing some documents. Yet when I tried getting out of bed, I realized someone still had his grip on my wrist.

Ashton was still asleep, and the stubble on his chin made him look even more appealing.

I could not stop myself from reaching for the sexy stubble. It was soft to the touch, but at the same time, it was also kind of prickly.

Under the dimmed light in the room, his facial features became even more prominent. Upon noticing someone was touching him, he woke up with a start and looked at me with his sleepy eyes.

With a deep growl, he asked, "Do you want more?"

I immediately retracted my hand. He then sat up, exposing some scratches on his abs.

Yes, I was the one who scratched him last night.

Ashton raised his brows after noticing I was staring at his body. "Someone has gone pretty wild last night."

Now that the alcohol's effect had mostly worn off, my mind became much clearer. "I wouldn't have done this to you had you behaved well last night."

He chuckled. "Oh? So do you want to go for another round?" He leaned forward and gave me a peck on my forehead, "You're my wife, and I'm your husband. Ask me if you have any doubts, and don't let rumors get to you. Okay?"

I nodded and gently pushed him away. "Alright, alright, that's enough. I need to go to the office today, so give me a break."

He could not help but laugh upon hearing what I said. Right after flipping the blanket over, he kept staring at my thighs for quite some time.

Initially, I thought he was aroused but soon realized he was staring at the red patches on my thighs.

He lifted his head and looked at me. "Does it still hurt?"

I shook my head. "Nope."

"Just stay home and rest today."

I refused. "I'm fine. I have to get back to the office to settle some work today."

A sudden frown warped his face. He was apparently unhappy with my answer but held back his anger. "I'll drive you!"

Since Ashton had made a compromise, I should too. I nodded and accepted his offer.

He parked his car outside White Corporation and immediately became the center of attention when employees walked in and out of the building.

When I was about to get out of the car after unfastening the safety belt, I realized the car was locked. I tilted my head and gave Ashton a stare. "Open the door!"

A sharp glint appeared in his eyes for a brief moment as he pressed his lips and looked at me. "So, you're just going to leave like that?"