

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 526 - 530

He caught me staring blankly at the dishes and asked, "Are you not hungry?"

I nodded and pondered for a moment before responding, "Emery brought some candies over and asked me to pass the candies to Summer."

He nodded and said, "Mm. It's not good for kids to eat too much of it."

"Is Aunt Sally okay?" Sally seemed to have calmed down and come to terms with what had happened.

"She's fine." Someone came over and toasted to him. He acknowledged with a faint smile and drank to the toast.

He saw me watching him and smiled in return. Then, he took the glass of water in front of him and handed it to me. "Here, drink some water."

I was taken aback for a moment. Quickly, I raised my hand to take the glass from him. But before I could take it, he said, "Forget it. Don't force yourself if you don't want to drink."

I could see that he wasn't in a good mood. He had been like that ever since I went down.

"It's been a long day, and you must be tired. Let's go home." I knew that he had been busy for the past few days in the office. Actually, he didn't have to attend today's wedding. But he came because of me.

I reached out and held his hand. His fingers were long and slender, slightly cold to the touch.

He was taken aback by my hand on his, but he smiled and said, "It's okay."

It was obvious that he drank a little too much because his breath smelled of alcohol.

Once I pulled him out of the hotel, the driver drove the car over, and we got into it. As we sat in the car, he leaned his head on my shoulder. His breathing was shallow.

It was unusual for him to be quiet.

On the way back, he suddenly said, "Stop the car."

The driver was a little confused but pulled the car over at the side of the road. Ashton got out of the car and threw up.

I got out of the car to buy some water. When I returned, I saw him leaning against the car, and his eyes were closed.

"Here, rinse your mouth with this," I said as I handed him a cup of water.

He opened his eyes slightly and rinsed his mouth.

As we resumed the journey, he leaned back on his seat, and his eyes were closed.

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop outside of the villa. The driver threw Ashton's arm over his shoulder and helped him up to the bedroom. I went into the house and headed to the kitchen to make him a glass of honey water.

But before I could step into the kitchen, I heard a loud retch from upstairs. I rushed upstairs and saw that Ashton had thrown up again before he could enter the bedroom.

The driver patted Ashton's back. I looked at Ashton, and for a moment, I did not know what to say.

I helped him to the bedroom and put him to bed. Seeing that it was getting late, I asked the driver to head home.

After cleaning up the mess, I went back to the bedroom and saw Ashton lying still on the bed.

I called out, "Ashton!"

He responded with a "mm".

"Go wash up before you go to sleep." As I said that, I walked to him and undid the button on his coat. His clothes were pressed neatly earlier on, but now they were a little crumpled.

Fortunately, he was cooperative even though he was drunk. I took off his coat and said, "Go take a shower."

With a nod, he stood up and staggered into the bathroom. I went to retrieve his pajamas and towel before heading to the bathroom.

Without even taking off his clothes, he turned on the shower and started to wash up.

I put down the clothes in my hand and turned off the shower. I reached out to unbutton his shirt and said, "Ashton, you have to remove your clothes first before taking a shower."

He nodded and his eyes appeared glassy. "Okay."

Obediently, he took off his shirt.

When he put aside his shirt, I was a little stunned by his lean and fit body.

It's not that I had never seen his body before, but in this situation, I was a little shy and reluctant to remove his pants for him.

Instinctively, I said, "Ashton, take off your pants. I'll be waiting for you outside."

He nodded.

I turned around and walked out of the bathroom, shutting the door behind me.

After sitting in the bedroom for quite a while, I could finally hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

I folded the clothes that he took off and placed them outside of the bathroom.

The sound of water stopped. After a long while, he still did not step out of the bathroom. I couldn't help but feel a little worried.

Once I pushed open the door and entered, I saw Ashton's strong and muscular back. I turned around instinctively and said, "Ashton, you have to put on your pajamas."

When there was no reply, I frowned and reiterated, "Ashton..."

Suddenly, he hugged me from behind, and I could feel the damp air surrounding me. I stiffened for a while and said breathlessly, "Ashton, you..."

“Call me Hubby,” he said as he rested his chin on my shoulder. It felt a little strange to feel his hot breath on my neck.

“You... put on your pajamas.” It was not like we never slept together before. But with my self-control, I was able to refrain myself and hardly went to bed with him.

He didn’t make any movement but hugged me tighter. I had changed into a comfortable nightgown ever since we got back from the wedding.

Through the nightgown’s thin fabric, I could feel his manhood stirring.

After all, he was a man in the prime of life.

I lifted my hand and placed it over his as I muttered, “Ashton, it’s getting late.”

He grunted in reply. Still intoxicated, he turned me around, and our eyes met.

Without any surprise, he pressed his lips firmly to mine. It was an eager yet restrained kiss.

Suffocating from his kiss, I raised my hand to stop him. But he grabbed my hand in return and said, “Scarlett, have you been touched by him?”

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I was momentarily dumbstruck. Who was he referring to?

“What?”

Without saying anymore, he lowered his head and kissed me deeply. It was as though he wanted to swallow me alive.

He was being moody.

I noticed it when we were at the hotel. But, why?

I thought he was tired from work. But now, he didn't seem to be tired at all.

In the bathroom's permeating heat, his raging desire was full-on.

"Ashton!" I said, but he had already lifted me up in his arms.

He stopped his movements altogether. He stared at me with his dark eyes, and he was breathing heavily.

I was obviously bewildered.

"Are you angry?" I asked cautiously.

He looked at me with narrow eyes, but his gaze was soft and gentle as always.

"You don't want to do it?" he asked hoarsely. His voice sounded restrained.

I shook my head. "I want it. But let's not do it here, okay?"

He wrapped his arms around me. With a low voice, he said, "Okay."

With me in his arms, he headed straight to the bedroom and gently put me on the bed.

It was not the first time for me to sleep with him, but this time it felt different.

That night, I couldn't fall asleep. My heart ached as I lay next to him.

It was past midnight when I was woken up to the sound of Ashton groaning in pain. I sat up in bed and turned on the bedside lamp.

Ashton was sweating profusely. With a frown on his face, he kept crying out in pain.

He was having a nightmare.

I woke him up. "Ashton..."

When he woke up and saw that it was me, he wrapped his arms tightly around me and said in a low and hoarse voice, "Scarlett, please don't go."

I was momentarily startled, then I reached out my hand to comfort him. "I'm not going anywhere."

Lying back in bed, he hugged me as I wiped the sweat from his forehead. I asked, "Did you have a nightmare?"

He nodded. Then, he hugged me and drew in a deep, shaky breath. "There's nothing but darkness. You're all I have, Scarlett."

I later learned that I was not the only one who was drowning in pain. For the past four years, I had Summer, who helped mend my broken heart. But he was suffering in the dark all by himself.

Moving closer to him, I huddled into his arms. "I won't go anywhere as long as you need me. I'll forever be with you."

He was not the only one who was lonely. Ashton and I were like two puppets that had sunk to the bottom of the sea. We needed each other to endure the darkness that engulfed us.

He said, "Look at this empty room. Every time I woke up in the middle of the night, I was always surrounded by bleakness. It was as though you never existed in my life. Sometimes I wondered if I made you up and you were just an imaginary character because I was too lonely. The villa in J City always felt empty whenever I went there. I would then go to the cemetery to visit Grandma and Grandpa's graves. Their tombstones were so real and clear that it made me wonder again if I was in a dream. On the way back, I thought of driving off the cliff to wake myself up from the dream..."

My heart ached as I took his hand in mine, interlocking our fingers together. "I'm sorry."

He continued, "Scarlett, Grandpa taught me how to thrive in the world of business and taught me how to face my enemies. But he never taught me how to love someone. I'm sorry that I have hurt you."

I shook my head as tears fell from my eyes. "I was too stubborn."

Nobody was perfect. For the past seven years, I had accepted my life the way it was. But I never really considered things from his point of view.

I loved him. But I didn't love him the way I should have.

If I had told him what I was in my mind and didn't fake a miscarriage to deceive him and left him, he wouldn't be in his current state of mind.

Then, he wouldn't have to worry that I would leave him after getting the backup of the Moore family. My child would not have to die and Macy would not have been dead because of me. My biological parents would not turn out the way they were then and live in regret now.

That night, we embraced each other and we were open to each other.

Love is a strength, not an emotion. Love is about giving not just taking. Tolerance and support for one another are a few of the most important qualities of love.

Ashton said, "I don't want to live another four long years of loneliness."

Hot tears brimmed in my eyes. "There won't be another such four years. Let's go on like this for the rest of our lives."

He held me in a tight embrace and said in a deep voice, "Tell me that you love me, Scarlett."

I lifted my head and looked at his chiseled face. In an earnest and steadfast voice, I said, "I love you, Ashton."

He smiled brightly and said, "I love you too."

This was the first time we poured our hearts out to each other.

He said, "Thank you."

I froze. "What for?"

Thank you for loving me. And thank you for coming back to me.

It was a long and cold winter in K City. Winter had started last November and persisted till March.

Summer caught a cold. After getting out of bed in the morning, I tried to shake her up, but she continued to sleep on.

Ashton was nowhere in sight, but there was a note on the bedside table. "It's cold. Remember to put on an extra layer of clothing. Drink more warm water."

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I smiled faintly and kept the note.

Feeling a little worried at the sight of Summer's flushed face, I took out my phone and called Jared.

"Hello, Scarlett," the man sounded cold and distant.

But I did not mind. I was silent for a second before saying, "Dr. Crest, can you come over to the villa? Summer is having a fever. I don't want to bring her to the hospital because I'm afraid of cross-infection."

It was an excuse. But there must be a starting point for everything, otherwise, things wouldn't be done.

There was a moment of silence from the other end of the phone. Then, he replied, "Alright."

With that said, he ended the call.

About twenty minutes later, he arrived at the doorstep. I was a little surprised when I opened the door.

"Were you somewhere nearby when I called?" It would take him at least forty minutes to get here from where he lived. For him to be here so soon, it had to mean that he was nearby.

He pursed his lips and ignored my question. He asked, "How's Summer?"

"She's still running a high fever." I stepped out of the way and let him in.

Without removing his shoes, he came in with a doctor's bag in his hand. I watched him come in and thought that Jared was quite caring towards Summer.

Well, blood is thicker than water.

I followed him into Summer's bedroom. He took her temperature before turning to look at me and said, "Do you have some ice cubes at home?"

I nodded and said, "Yes."

“Wrap the ice cubes with a towel and sponge her. Bring me some thick blankets and turn off the heater.”

Having said that, he started to rummage through his bag.

I was shocked. “It’s cold, and she’s running a fever. Will she be alright if I turn off the heater?”

He halted his movements, lifted his head to look at me with narrow eyes. “Who’s the doctor now?”

“You...” I stopped myself. Then, I turned around and went into the kitchen to gather some ice cubes. I did as he asked by turning off the heater and brought over some thick blankets.

Once I had everything prepared, he looked at me with a frown and said, “Leave it to me to tend to her. Go and wait in the living room.”

I wanted to say something, but it seemed that he didn’t want me to be in the room. He also noticed that I didn’t put on enough warm clothing.

So I walked out of Summer’s bedroom. There was a stove in the bedroom, and Ashton had arranged for the part-time maid to light up the stove every morning. The heat from it could last the entire day, so it wasn’t that cold in the room.

About half an hour later, Jared came out of the room. He placed his bag on the table in the living room and went to the kitchen to wash his hands.

He said, “Her fever has subsided. Have her rest at home for the next two days. Fix her something light to eat. No sour, spicy, and fried food.”

After a pause, he continued, “The medicine is in the room. She should only take it once a day. Don’t give her any more than that. It’s not good for children to take too much of it.”

I nodded. I was standing beside him, and I could see the dark circles under his eyes. It was obvious that he had not been sleeping well.

After giving it some thought, I said, “It’s snowing again. It’ll be noon soon. Why don’t you stay for lunch?”

I had to admit, but there was a time that I didn't want to see him. I didn't even want him to step into the house.

I even hoped that Ashton would break ties with him. That way, no one else would take Summer away from me.

But I couldn't be so selfish.

He paused for a second before turning off the water. He wiped his hands on a hand towel and looked at me sideways. "Are you cooking?"

I...

I hesitated for a while and nodded. After thinking about it, I said, "I'll be cooking shortly. Please do me a favour and keep an eye on Summer while I cook."

He frowned. Then, he nodded in agreement.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Instead of staying in the living room, he went straight into Summer's bedroom.

After all, he was her father, and she had a special place in his heart.

That was why Ashton and I always wanted a child.

I took out some ingredients from the refrigerator and made some simple and light dishes.

Soon, lunch was ready for the three of us.

When I went to Summer's bedroom to let them know that lunch was ready, Summer was already awake, and she was sitting on the bed playing games with Jared.

Her voice was hoarse, and she was coughing from laughing too hard. With a doting look on his face, Jared patted her back to ease her cough.

"It's time to eat," I said, interrupting the father and daughter's bonding time.

Should I be magnanimous?

I still felt a little uncomfortable when I saw them having a good time. After all, this child was brought up by me.

She's my salvation!

Both of them were jolted back to their senses. The smile on Jared's face faded. He got up and bent over to carry Summer.

Summer stretched out her hands and said with a smile on her face, "Mommy, I was playing riddles with Mr. Crest. I asked him if he were to smash his head with durian and watermelon, which would be more painful? Have a guess. Which one?"

Jared came out of the bedroom with Summer in his arms. I was focused on both the interaction between the father and his daughter.

I answered, "Durian."

Summer burst out laughing and started to cough again.

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Jared patted her back and said, "Your throat is still sore. No more laughing."

Although his words sounded stern, the affection in his tone was obvious.

Summer looked at me and said, "Mommy, you have the same answer as Mr. Crest. It's impossible for durian and watermelon to feel hurt. Your head will be the one in pain."

For the next few minutes, Summer continued to play riddles with Jared.

At the dining table, Summer ate more than usual. She was so excited and joyful throughout the meal. Shortly after lunch, she fell asleep.

Jared got up from the sofa and picked up his doctor's bag as he prepared to leave.

I was silent for a moment before saying, "Dr. Crest, can I have a word with you?"

He pressed his lips together and nodded. Then, he sat back down and looked at me with dullness in his eyes.

I took a deep breath and went straight to the point. "When Macy left, she told me never to let Summer know that you are her father."

His eyes turned cold, with a pained expression on his face. He said, "I can understand."

"Summer is your child and no one can deny that," I said calmly. "Including Macy."

He was a little surprised and looked at me with a frown. "So?"

"This is a matter between you and Macy. It's none of my business. But I have no choice but to intervene now. I raised Summer myself and treated her as my own daughter. I hope you can understand that."

He nodded and sat there calmly, as though waiting for me to finish what I have to say.

I pursed my lips and said, "You and Ashton are good friends. He's a man who needs a little extra emotional support. Of course, same goes to each and everyone of us. And I don't wish for us to quarrel and part in bad terms."

After a pause, I continued, "I will let Summer know that you are her father, but we'll have to wait till she's eighteen years old before breaking the news to her. Then, it'll be up to her to decide if she wants to acknowledge you as her father or otherwise. Of course, within the eighteen years, you may come and see her anytime you want. And if the Crest family can take good care of her, then I will agree to let her go to the Crest family during the holidays."

He was momentarily stunned. It was as though he never thought that I would say such a thing to him. He also never even thought that I would ultimately give in.

For a long time, he looked at me solemnly and asked, "Are you sure?"

I nodded and said, "Yes, I'm sure. I didn't make this decision because of you. I did it for Ashton. I don't want him to end his long-term friendship with you all because of me. I hope that you guys will maintain your friendship for the years to come."

He seemed a little surprised, and he was silent for a while before he spoke again. "Thank you, Scarlett."

He was still a man of little words.

I lowered my gaze and said, "You don't have to thank me. Although I don't know how deep you feel for Macy, I know for sure that you love Summer. In my opinion, it's not a bad thing for one more person to shower Summer with love."

Having said what needs to be said, I was prepared to let him leave.

He was silent for a moment and said, "I want to take Summer to W City. Not to introduce her to the Crest family, but to bring her there for sightseeing. I made a promise to Macy before that I would bring her to W City."

I frowned and felt a lump in my throat. But I nodded and said, "Okay. But I don't want her gone for too long."

"Just for three days."

"Okay."

I couldn't keep Summer by my side forever. Sooner or later, she was going to grow up and leave me.

After seeing Jared out, I went to Summer's bedroom. I couldn't believe how much she had grown as I looked at her.

Unknowingly, I became a socialite in K City, all because of Emery's wedding.

It could either be Emery's way of introducing me, or it could be Louis' doing.

Unintentionally, I became a well-known socialite in K City.

I took a call from Emery while Summer was still sleeping.

There was some background noise but I could hear her clearly. "Scarlett, I found the sandalwood box that you wanted. It's with Cameron. I told her that you want it, and she said she'll give it to you. So I'll mail it to you later."

I nodded. Not wanting to disturb Summer's sleep, I lowered my voice and walked out of the bedroom.

It was hot in the living room as I leaned back on the sofa and said, "I'll have to trouble you then."

She scoffed, "It's no trouble at all."

After a few seconds of silence, she said, "There's something I don't know if I should tell you."

"What's that?"

Emery took a moment before she said, "Ashton and Marcus fought at the wedding banquet. I heard from Hunter that there was some exchange between them before the fight. Hunter said it was no big deal, but Ashton seemed very angry about it. Marcus must have said something to him."

I pursed my lips and thought back to the night at the banquet. He had been acting strange and got himself drunk. Was it all because of something that Marcus had said?

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"Are you still there, Scarlett?" Emery asked on the other side of the line.

"Yes." After a pause, I asked, "Where are you going for your honeymoon?"

She thought about it and said, "I had a talk with Hunter, and we decided to go to the Miralaea for our honeymoon. The weather is nice over there."

There was a noise coming from the bedroom, so I quickly said, "Have a safe flight then. I think Summer is up, so I have to go and check on her."

We said our goodbyes and hung up.

Summer was awake. She was curled up under the blanket, and she still appeared to be weak. When she saw me, she said softly, "Mommy, I'm thirsty."

I poured her a glass of water and brought it to her lips. I placed my hand on her forehead to check her temperature and found that the fever had subsided.

"Mommy." Seeing that I was lost in thought, Summer called out to me and passed me the cup.

I came around and took the cup from her hand.

Then, I pulled the blanket up to her chin and asked, "Do you want to sleep for a little while more?"

Summer shook her head. "I don't want to sleep anymore. Did Mr. Crest say that I can get out of bed?"

I smiled faintly and said, "Of course, you can."

With that, she threw the blanket off her and got out of bed. Although her fever had subsided, she still seemed a little tired.

It had stopped snowing. Standing by the window, I stared at the snow-covered ground and was lost in thought.

What was the exchange between Ashton and Marcus? It must have been something that triggered both men to be in a fight.

Ashton had always been able to keep his emotions under control, and he wouldn't get angry easily.

An hour later, I received a call from Camelia. "Let's have a talk, Scarlett."

I could tell from her tone that she was anxious. "Okay."

"Are you free to go out?"

I cast a glance at Summer. She was lying on the sofa, and she was about to fall asleep.

"I'm afraid not."

There was a pause before she said, "Ashton bought most of the White Corporation's shares at a high price. Together with the fake news of White Corporation's shares falling, the rumours about the three of you, and him cooperating with other investment companies to crush White Corporation. Why is he so ruthless?"



I know nothing much about the stock market. But from what Camelia had said, it seemed to have reached a critical stage.

"I'm not quite sure about this. Perhaps you can find out what did Marcus said to Ashton at Emery's wedding." Women should never interfere in the battle among men.

She sighed. "Scarlett, you don't have to worry about any losses because Ashton is backed by a ten-year HiTech company. But that is not the case with White Corporation. For the past few years, things are not looking good. OrbitTech was acquired by White Corporation in a short four years' span. Although it's profitable, it can't be compared to HiTech. Ashton loves you, so please ask him to have some mercy."

I felt a sense of annoyance after hearing that. Clamping down on my emotion, I asked, "Did Marcus asked you to say that?"

"Are you angry?" she asked irritably in return.

"Yes."

"Scarlett, Marcus is my fiancé and the father of my child. I have to defend him and help him. You can resent me all you want. But I'm begging you, please."

"Ashton is my husband. Did you ever think of that before you asked me to help you?" I sighed and continued. "Camelia, you and I are the same. We stand by our men."

After a pause, I said, "I won't intervene in the matters concerning Marcus and White Corporation. If you really think of me as your friend, please stop with this emotional blackmail. I won't participate in the business affairs and I won't do anything to go against Ashton."

I hung up the phone and composed myself. When I turned around, I saw that Summer had fallen asleep.

Initially, I wanted to sit for the admission test. But as the day went by, I missed my admission test.

That evening.

When Ashton returned home, he looked somewhat tired, probably still a little hungover.

Seeing me sitting dazedly in the living room, he put down the car key and walked over to me. He pulled me into his arms and asked gently, "Why didn't you give me a call?"

I was taken aback for a moment. I looked up at him, and my eyes fell on his evening shadow. "I'm afraid that you're busy."

He leaned his head on my shoulder and said, "Nothing is more important than you."

After a few seconds, he asked, "What's for dinner?" He scanned the living room and asked, "Where's Summer?"

"She's asleep in her bedroom. She was running a fever this morning," I said. I wondered if I should ask him about Marcus.

He nodded and cuddled me. "Jared came over?"

I answered with a yes. After being silent for a moment, I looked up at him and said, "I saw the news this morning. Fuller Corporation bought quite a few shares in OrbitTech. Is Fuller Corporation venturing into the AI sector?"

It wasn't a straightforward question. But he had a strong insight, and he could tell what I really wanted to ask.

Ashton's expression darkened and he asked, "Who called you today?"

For a moment, he realized that his tone was a little too harsh. He controlled himself and said, "I'll take care of the business side of things. Don't worry about it."

Although he sounded gentle, there was a hint of coldness in his words.

I understood what he meant. He didn't want me to get involved, and he had his own way of dealing with the matter between Marcus and him.