

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 616

"I saw it too. My god, how can someone be so wealthy? When she wanted to swipe a debit card, I thought she is only an ordinary office worker. I never thought..."

"Well, the black cards probably belong to other people because I think the signature on it is Fuller. She's probably related to someone..."

I couldn't hear the rest of their conversation after exiting the shop. As I was carrying the stuff, I couldn't help but heave a sigh.

When I returned to the fast-food restaurant, Ashton and Rachel had left.

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I guessed they probably left due to work. Although I felt dejected, I still comforted myself silently that work was more important than accompanying me.

As I didn't come here by car, I called a cab to return to the villa.

The night had fallen when I finally arrived at home.

Meanwhile, Flora happened to have just finished preparing dinner. Since she had to go home, she talked to me for a while and left.

I decided to check up on Summer first. She already had dinner and was playing with Lego bricks attentively. Upon seeing me, she said, "Mommy!"

The next moment, she continued playing with it.

I didn't want to disturb her and returned to my bedroom.

Initially, I thought that Ashton wasn't at home. Once I opened the door, someone said coldly, "Why didn't you answer my call?"

He seemed to be holding in his anger.

I was bewildered by what he said. The next moment, I checked my phone and realized that it was turned off. As such, I explained, "My phone turned off because it ran out of battery."

He was standing in the balcony and looked rather cold.

A moment later, he turned around slowly to glance at me and asked, "What did you do today?"

"I bought something." After giving it some thought, I lifted the box in my hand and looked at him smilingly. "I bought some clothes that are different from your usual style for you."

He squinted and continued to glare at me. I guessed he was probably pissed off because I window-shopped and forgot the time.

I continued, "Do you want to try it? I swiped your card to buy it!"

His brows seemed to be a little relaxed. Shortly afterward, he said tiredly, "It's okay. Get some rest earlier."

At this time, I felt that I increasingly didn't understand him. Before he left, I couldn't help but ask, "Ashton, can we talk?"

He stood still and didn't turn around. Meanwhile, the bedroom was dimly lit with the bedside lamp.

"What is it?"

I pursed my lips while putting down the clothes in my hand. "Are you angry because I'm not good enough? Please tell me if it's true, and I promise to improve."

Ashton looked at me with slight anger and said, "No, you did well and impeccably."

Despite his assurance, I knew that he was pissed off.

I pursed my lips and added, "Ashton, don't you think we are not like a husband and a wife at all?"

"Is that so?" He said with slight disdain, "So, what do you think a husband and a wife should look like? Since we are married for many years, it's time to look for a conclusion."

Stunned by his response, I felt that the conversation was rendered futile. Since silence was perhaps better at this moment, I immediately changed my mind and stopped talking.

He looked at me but didn't utter a word. Meanwhile, I felt that if we always chose silence over conversation whenever problems arose, we would push ourselves further away from each other.

Hence, I gave it some thought and said, "I cut my hair."

He murmured a response as if he was not as irritated as before. "I'm not blind!"

"I hide my wound. It'll be okay as long as others can see it."

Suddenly, he gave me a cold-eyed stare and asked, "Will it be okay just because you hide it?"

Holding in his anger, he added, "Scarlett, do you think the problems won't exist as long as you don't mention it?"

I was rendered speechless. "I..."

"Go to bed. Let's choose not to speak to each other," He said rudely before leaving the bedroom.

I pursed my lips and stared at the bag on the floor for quite some time before going to bed.

Just as expected, I stared at the ceiling for a long time but couldn't fall asleep.

Since Ashton didn't return to the bedroom, I supposed he slept in the study instead.

The next morning, it began to drizzle.

I had a sore throat as soon as I woke up. It somehow proved that lack of sleep could weaken the immune system because I had caught a cold.

When I opened my eyes, Ashton, who wore a grim expression, put his hand on my forehead to check if I got a cold.

"It's fine. I think I probably caught a cold!" I said to him and got up.

A moment later, he got a glass of water and a pill for me and reminded me, "Get some rest after taking the pill. If you still feel unwell in the afternoon, I'll come home and bring you to the hospital."

Lying on the bed, I nodded and watched him leave the bedroom.

Given that a cold wouldn't clear up easily, I got my identification card and called a cab to the hospital.

Instead of visiting the respiratory unit, I saw a doctor who was an elder in the traditional and complementary medicine unit.

Nevertheless, he instructed a young man next to him, "Check up on her."

Apparently, he was training his apprentice.

The young man glanced at me for a while before he sat on the table nervously and asked me to stretch my hand.

After checking up on me, the man looked at the elder and me for a while, as though he was unsure about my condition.

The elder nodded at him as a gesture for him to speak.

Hesitated for a while, he finally said, "You have spleen and kidney deficiency as well as mild iron deficiency."

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The elder didn't respond to it but merely nodded. Then, he gestured at him to get up and checked up on me by himself. A moment later, he looked at me and said, "May I know how old you are?"

"Thirty-one!"

The elder nodded and continued, "Do you have children?"

I initially nodded but quickly shook my head in response. He knitted his brows and asked, "Do you have children? Just nod your head if the answer is yes."

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"No!"

A little startled, he said, "Based on your symptoms, you seemed to have carried a child before. Besides, your pregnancy should be full-term."

I pursed my lips for a while and decided to tell him the truth. "I had a miscarriage, and my baby suffocated to death."

Still frowning, he paused for a while and explained, "If you're not planning to have a baby, you can still maintain your health by having healthy food and lifestyle. However, it will be problematic if you plan to have a baby because you might have uterine bleeding. Given that your body is weak, both you and your baby might be in danger if you insist on giving birth to the baby. After the previous surgery, the doctor should have informed you that your uterine wall is thin. In that case, you'll probably have recurring miscarriages."

I looked at the doctor in disbelief and asked bewilderedly, "But I had my previous baby through an artificial way instead of..."

He nodded and replied, "I understand. Due to that reason and your age, it's not easy to be pregnant. Even if you're pregnant, chances are the same outcome will occur again."

My brain was buzzing when I exited the hospital. After the surgery, I dedicated myself to taking care of Summer and never thought about pregnancy.

Hence, I never thought that I couldn't carry a baby anymore due to the surgery. Back then, because the amniotic fluid leaked, my baby instinctively struggled by kicking my uterine wall.

Moreover, I contracted some diseases due to my vagina tears. As a result, my immune system was disrupted and automatically rejected sperms from joining my egg. In other words, it was almost certain that I was infertile.

How ridiculous was my life! When I became hopeful to have a new life, reality plunged a knife into my body to stop me from moving forward.

Later, I bumped into Marcus when I was in the hospital. I wasn't sure if he happened to be here or on purpose.

After nearly half a year, he still looked handsome but was a little languish.

He blocked my way and said in a deep voice, "Scarlett, we need to talk."

I frowned and looked up at him. "We have nothing to talk about."

Unexpectedly, he sneered in a self-ridicule way, "Do you loathe me that much?"

Pursing my lips, I refused to reply to him.

"Ashton has acquired most of the shares of the White Corporation, while the Chamber of Commerce and the court are investigating me and about to deliver their sentence. Are you satisfied with the outcome?"

He put on a faint smile and didn't look upset, as though he wasn't referring to himself.

I said disgruntledly, "Let's sit down and talk."

They went to the visitors' room in the hospital downstairs.

The wind was blowing softly, while the weather was neither cold nor hot. In the visitors' room, I didn't utter a word and kept staring at him.

When he glanced at me, I couldn't help but laugh. "Did you regret saving me in the past?"

Startled for a while, he curled his lips into a smile and replied, "Never!"

I lowered my gaze and heaved a sigh of relief. "Initially, I didn't understand why Ashton would push White Corporation to the wall. He prohibited me from contacting you or receiving any news about you. Besides, he would be pissed off and lash out at me once I mentioned you."

I paused for a while and heaved a sigh. "During Emery's wedding, you told him about the kid and what happened to me, didn't you?"

He gazed at me and nodded his head coldly. Then, he explained as if he didn't want to hide the truth from me, "Yes. When the baby came out from your stomach, he had encephalitis due to hypoxia. Besides, the baby could still breathe, but his days were numbered because of extrusion during childbirth."

Meanwhile, as my heart suddenly wrenched, I couldn't help but shiver and felt suffocated.

He continued sadly, "I asked the doctor if there was any chance to save the baby. The answer was that it was virtually impossible. When I put him in the incubator, he opened his eyes once. His eyes were big, sparkling, and looked just like yours. I guess he will look like you if he could grow up. However, I'm sorry because the probability of his survival was too small. Hence, before you were sober, I chose to abandon him."

As he was explaining, I nervously clenched my fists and pinched my fingernails into my flesh.

"Why didn't you try? There was a little chance, after all. At the very least, you had to let me see my baby. Why didn't you let me see him!"

A moment later, he replied calmly, "He was a deformed baby. Even if he stayed alive, he would become your liability in the future."

"But he was my child! It was I who didn't protect him well and hurt him. How could you blame him?" I covered my chest, feeling difficult to breathe.

Nonetheless, he still looked at me nonchalantly and replied, "I told Ashton about it, hoping that he could let you go. Scarlett, I don't need children. If you really like children, I can give Camelia some money and instruct her to return to M Country. In return, I'll keep her child for you, just like how you take care of Summer now. Isn't it a great idea?"

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At this moment, I was a little terrified by his ferocious face. Since when did he become so extreme?

Knowing that I couldn't bear a child anymore, he intended to drive Camelia away once she gave birth to a baby. After that, he could possess both his lover and the child by trapping me by his side.

Therefore, I couldn't help but feel that he was unimaginably horrible. "Marcus, don't you think you're too selfish to do that? Camelia loves you more than you think, yet you are willing to hurt her deeply. You will never meet someone who loves you as much as her."

Surprisingly, he snickered, "I don't care!"

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Holding in my emotions, I stood up and rebutted, "Well, we're even now. You obliterated my hope to have a baby in the past, and now Ashton destroyed your career. Anyway, I'll still repay you for saving my life."

As I was leaving, he suddenly grabbed my arm and requested, "Don't rush. Please sit here and keep me company for a little longer."

I was actually reluctant to do it.

However, he forcefully pulled me back to my seat and continued, "I understand that you loathe me and aren't willing to see me. However, I'm too lonely. During every new year's eve, everyone in the company would go home to reunite with their family. However, I would be standing on the top floor and overlooking the glowing city alone. This was how I spent my new year every year. It wasn't my habit to reminisce, yet I always dreamed about my parents. They would prepare a lot of dishes during every new year's eve and asked me to come home."

He paused a moment and continued, "But when I woke up, I was still all alone in my room. So, I thought I would feel better by visiting you. There was a time when I drove to your well-lit villa. I could hear you guys chatting and laughing from outside. When I wished to bring you out, Ashton irritated me because he hugged you smilingly. I mean, the happiness in your house was something that I never had before."

I wasn't sure how to reply to him. After falling silent for a while, I finally replied, "It's getting late now. I should get going."

He didn't stop me but added before I left, "Scarlett, have you thought about what would happen next? I mean, you can't be pregnant, and Summer isn't his biological daughter. No

matter how much Ashton loves you, he still has to do as the Fullers wish when necessary. Besides, what did George, whom you respected, hope for before he passed away? Since you're still young, do you think Sally will let you two continue being a couple once she knows the truth? Scarlett, life is not a drama script, and the people won't be as open-minded as you imagine."

My lips quirked as I glanced at him and replied, "Marcus, you're really good at rubbing salt into my dear wound. You're aware of how words can bring about pain to others. Nevertheless, those are merely your words, which do not reflect the truth. For instance, if a man's girlfriend carries a child, he will marry her instead of driving her away. He wouldn't ask another woman, whom he doesn't love, to bear him a child. As you said, life is not a drama script. In that case, why are you not willing to go back to your life and live it to the fullest?"

After all, some people never loved each other from the moment they met until they separated.

Sometimes, they would possibly be grateful and guilty but never fell for one another.

The night had closed in when I returned to the villa. Suddenly, Emery called me and said hastily, "Scarlett, do you treat me as your friend? You didn't visit me after I delivered my baby nor when I was in confinement. Also, you didn't show up even after I invited you many times. What do you want?"

Actually, I thought about visiting Emery after going to the hospital. Nonetheless, I forgot about it as soon as I left the house.

Now that it was already late and I had returned to the villa, I wasn't sure about how I had to reply to her. After pondering over it for a while, I said, "Emery, I'm so sorry. I went to the hospital this morning, but..."

"Did you say you went to the hospital? What happened? Why did you go to the hospital? What's wrong?"

Her series of questions stunned me. "I caught a cold but am feeling better now."

I didn't tell her that I couldn't carry a child.

Startled for a while, she said caringly, "In that case, you should get enough rest at home. You can visit my baby and me any time after you've recovered. However, you must be present when I'm organizing a birthday party for my baby. You're her cousin, after all!"

I was initially at a loss before realizing that her baby and I were actually cousins. I couldn't help but chuckle and said, "Alright, I'll definitely be there!"

After talking to Emery, I felt a lot better. It was already night, and Flora was cleaning up the kitchen.

Once I arrived, she welcomed me and said, "Mrs. Fuller, why did you come home late? Where did you go? Mr. Fuller called a few times and was nervous. Please go upstairs to see him."

As she talked, she pointed at the first floor and gestured for me to go upstairs. Nevertheless, I was a little bewildered because I had supposedly turned on my phone.

After checking my phone, I realized that I accidentally turned on the "call forwarding" function for Ashton's number. I guessed I touched my screen unknowingly.

I went upstairs and saw Ashton in the dimly lit study. He was standing in front of the French window and looked rather lonely.

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"Ashton..." I called out in a slightly lower voice, guilt-ridden. He must have called me many times.

Standing in front of the window, he seemed oblivious to my voice, but I'm sure he heard it. After all, there were only two of us in this empty room. How could he not hear me?

I walked nearer and stood behind him, taking the initiative to admit my mistake. "I went to see a doctor at the hospital. My phone accidentally..."

Suddenly, he turned around and stared at me. His icy gaze was as deep as a bottomless ocean. "You've never addressed me so intimately before."

I froze at his statement, and my mind went blank. Gazing at him, I was puzzled. "I..."

The tall and slender man came closer and stood in front of me. For some inexplicable reason, the atmosphere felt chilly. "If it wasn't for Summer, would you have left without hesitation?"

My brows knitted together. "What are you talking about?"

"Have you met Marcus?" he asked. His calm voice was devoid of emotion.

I was stunned. All of a sudden, I understood why he was so sullen. Pursing my lips, I answered, "I bumped into him at the hospital's entrance."

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"Mmm." He hummed in response, reaching out and tucking a few strands of hair away from my forehead. "Don't meet him anymore, alright?"

He's angry. Though he was good at concealing his emotion, I could still feel it.

Feeling defeated, I nodded my head faintly. I remembered a book I'd once read said that a man would only love a woman for a lifetime if she left him when he loved her the most.

I was young back then, so I couldn't grasp what it meant. After giving it some thought, I completely agreed with it.

Marcus was right. I was infertile, but the Fullers needed children to carry on their family's name. They might be fine in the first two to three years. But what was going to happen as time passed? No one could predict the future.

He was surrounded by many outstanding women, yet Rachel was his perfect match.

He reached out to hold my hand, but I avoided his touch. Looking up at him, I gave him a faint smile. "It's getting late. We should go to bed."

Turning around and heading to the bedroom, I heard the sound of hasty footsteps behind me. He then grabbed my arm, dragged me into the bedroom, and locked the door.

Pinning me on the wall, he appeared a little gloomy. "Scarlett, tell me. What do you want from me?"

I pressed my lips into a hard line, lifting my head to stare at him. "Ashton, there's nothing I want from you. You're fine just the way you are. It's late. Let's sleep."

"Scarlett!" He was provoked. "Are you upset that Marcus is in dire straits and alone, so you want to be a saint and help him out?"

My brows drew together. "Ashton, what are you talking about?"

"Isn't that so?" he sneered. "You pushed me to Rachel and went to the hospital just to see Marcus, am I right?"

Stupefied, I was tongue-tied for a moment. Afterward, I couldn't help but talk back to him. "Rachel is an outstanding woman. She's gorgeous and talented..."

"Hah! Should I thank you for putting so much effort into this? You're really something. Other women rack their brains to stop their husbands from having an affair, but you're so keen to push me to another woman! Oh, I should be grateful to you!" he sniggered.

I lost my words again. Looking up at him, I felt a lump in my throat.

Tears escaped the corners of my eyes. "I didn't mean to push you away. I thought you had something to discuss with her yesterday, so I left you both alone. When I went back to you, you were already gone, so I came home alone. And I didn't meet up with Marcus on purpose. We ran into each other at the hospital. Ashton, I'm not trying to push you away. It's just that I don't know what to do," I replied in a croaky voice.

His expression softened, and his gaze became gentle. Letting out a sigh, he pulled me into a hug. "I'm sorry I lost my cool."

I dropped my gaze, shaking my head lightly. Breaking free from his arms, I entered the bathroom.

A relationship would only last if both parties were evenly matched. He was definitely out of my league.

In a daze, I stood under the shower and let the cool water sprinkle on my body.

What should I do next? I'm so lost.

After a long while, I stepped out of the bathroom and saw him puffing away on the balcony. Usually, I would snuggle up against his chest and gently asked him not to smoke. But this time, I dried my hair and got into bed straight away.

A whiff of tobacco smell lingered in the bedroom. Suddenly, I started coughing uncontrollably, as I had yet to recover from my flu.

Maybe my coughs were quite loud. He quickly stubbed out his cigarette, marched into the bathroom, and poured me a glass of water. Patting on my back, he asked, "Have you taken your medicine?"

I shook my head. "The doctor said it's no big deal. There's no need to have any medicine because they have side effects too."

He furrowed his brows slightly without uttering a word. When he saw me stop coughing, he stood up and made his way to the bathroom.

After catching my breath, I lay on the bed again and closed my eyes, trying to sleep. However, I found myself wide awake.

If I wasn't asleep by the time he finished showering, I wouldn't know what to talk to him.

I'd better pretend to be asleep then.

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Half an hour later.

The bathroom door opened, and he came out. After a series of soft noises, the spot beside me sank downward. The man just lay beside me on the bed.

Initially, I thought he would cuddle me to sleep like he always did, but he didn't. The bed felt unusually spacious and empty.

That night, we slept on each side of the bed until the sun rose the next morning.

When I woke up, Ashton was already not around.

Still a little sleepy, I reached out to take my phone to check the time. It was only 6 a.m., so I could still sleep for a little longer.

Just when I closed my eyes and drifted off, the bedroom door opened, and the sound of footsteps approached the bed.

Immediately, I could feel someone's presence right beside me. "Scarlett, it's time to wake up." It was Ashton's voice.

Opening my eyes, I saw him sit by the bed. Dressed in black, he appeared forbidding and poised.

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I rolled over, resting my head on my arm while gazing at him through lidded eyes. "Are you not going to the office?"

He gave me a half-smile. "I'll go in a while. Come on, let's have breakfast. Are you going to the Moore Residence to see Emery?"

Heavy-eyed, I nodded. "Yes, I'm going, but there's no need to rush."

He helped me sit up on the bed, looking at me. "Let's go early then. Would you like to have lunch with me at noon?"

Cupping my weary face, I nodded sluggishly. "Okay."

With his eyes still on me, he smiled gently. Lifting his hand to hold my chin, he pecked me on the cheek impishly and chuckled. "You look so confused."

I opened my eyes and glanced at him, letting out a sigh. "You should get going."

Fortunately, Summer had her own driver, or else I would struggle so much to wake up early every day.

Instead of heading to work, he came back into the bedroom a few minutes later and carried me up in his arms.

“Let’s leave the house together. I’ll send you to the Moore Residence on my way to work.”

In a daze, I said, “Your office and the Moore Residence aren’t in the same direction.”

“No worries, it’s alright.” While speaking, he already filled a cup with warm water and gestured for me to gargle with it.

The scene looked like a father taking care of his disabled daughter.

After eating breakfast, we got into the car.

Not having enough sleep, I leaned my face on the window and had some shuteye.

The car stopped at a crossroads when the traffic lights turned red. Ashton reached out and pulled me back to my seat. “It’s cool.”

With my head tilted, I still felt a little groggy as I looked at him. “Where are we going?”

The corner of his lips twitched up. “Sleep for a while. We’ll be there when you wake up.”

Nodding my head, I closed my eyes and dozed off again.

At Moore Residence, the car park was almost full.

Right when Ashton was about to wake me up, I jolted awake, staring blankly out the window.

Why were there so many visitors today? If I showed up now, would it be inconvenient for Emery?

However, I was overthinking. Ashton had to leave for work, so I stood in front of the gate, hesitating. Before I went in, Cameron spotted me.

She scampered over to me with a smile. “Emery just told me yesterday that you might be coming over in the next few days, but I didn’t expect to see you today. Come on in.”

There were quite a number of people in the living room when Cameron brought me in. Some greeted me, while the others cast curious glances at me.

Unexpectedly, Cameron introduced me to each one of them, but that wasn't what I came here for. Hence, I excused myself to see Emery.

The Moore Residence was palatial, and the area where Emery stayed was quiet and peaceful. No one else was around other than the two caregivers, who were there to take care of the baby.

Emery was lying on the bed. Perhaps she just finished breastfeeding. The baby was in a deep slumber, while she hummed a song in a daze.

Hearing the sound when I came in, she looked up and saw me. Excited, the woman wanted to jump down from the bed, but the caregivers stopped her.

"Ms. Moore, please don't get out of bed and move around yet. You need to rest for a few more days."

Helplessly, she gazed at me with a pitiful look. "Look, Scarlett, I'm so miserable."

I couldn't help smiling at her. Walking over to sit on the bed, I glanced at the barely one-week-old baby, whose face was still rather wrinkly.

"Don't look. It's all Hunter's fault. The baby is so ugly and hasn't inherited my beauty."

Though Emery was grumbling, her gaze on the baby was full of affection.

I chuckled at her words. A pang of envy washed over me. "New-borns usually look like this. Their appearances will change after just a few days."

She pursed her lips. A few seconds later, she glanced at me and teased, "When are you and Ashton going to have a second baby? You're back in K City for a long while. Why is there no good news from you yet? Is Ashton too old for that already?"

I went speechless, forcing a laugh. "He's only thirty-five. How is he too old for that? Don't be silly."

Cupping her chin, she asked, "Why don't you try for another baby then?"

“Having Summer alone is enough,” I answered with a smile. I can’t have another baby, even if I want to.

Her forehead creased. “Scarlett, after all, Ashton is a man. Though his parents haven’t urged you both, I’m sure deep down, they’re eager and hope for another grandchild. I think you both should really go for it.”

I balled up my fists at her advice. Glancing at her, I asked, “Why are there so many people today?”