

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 833 - 834

The lack of hesitation on my part took Ashton by surprise. "Scarlett!" he exclaimed while looking at me.

"I'm sure you have eaten your fill outside. There's no need to force yourself to finish these cold dishes." I tried to be as calm as possible, but I couldn't hide the hint of annoyance in my voice.

Ashton frowned at my reply, his anger simmering away. "Must you be so sarcastic?"

Even though his calm demeanor terrified me, I couldn't help but chuckle, "Yes, I've always been sarcastic. Is this your first time noticing it?"

No relationship was perfect, and no couples have ever not exchanged hurtful words with each other. At one point or another, many people would have thought about hurting their partner because they were just so frustrated with them. I wouldn't be surprised if Ashton had such urges racing through his mind now.

Ashton was trying to suppress his anger and not argue with me. His tone was a lot gentler when he said, "Are you angry because I wasn't home to have dinner with you?"

I smiled faintly back at him. "Not at all. It was just a meal. I was bored and thought I'd try out some recipes. Marcus hasn't been feeling well these days, so I'd like to make him something nutritious."

Even though that was true, it wasn't the complete truth. But my anger got the better of me, and I wanted to use Marcus to rile him up.

Ashton's face immediately darkened with rage as he stared at me. "Sorry for being so delusional. How could I have forgotten that there's someone you care dearly for still lying in the hospital? Speaking of which, why are you back home and not with him tonight?"

His derisive attitude infuriated me even more. "Thank you for reminding me. I should head over to the hospital now," I replied coolly. I would rather be with Marcus in the hospital than stay home and argue with Ashton. Besides, after this less than friendly interaction with him, a good night's sleep would be even more impossible.

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Before I could walk away, Ashton angrily grabbed my wrist. "Scarlett, are you forgetting that you're someone's wife and mother? Running off in the middle of the night to see another man is not what a virtuous woman ought to do."

I tried to shake him off but to no avail. And in my moment of anger, I went on the offensive. "Which era are you from, Ashton? It's the twenty-first century, and you're still talking about the virtues of a mother and wife? You're the one having affairs, yet you expect me to uphold these virtues?"

Ashton scowled at me when I mentioned the affairs, clearly unhappy about it. "Scarlett, what on earth has Rebecca done to make you hate her so much?"

"Oh? Do you expect me to live in peace with her?" I laughed at the incredulity of his words. "Well, that's to be expected, I guess. Any man would want his wife and mistress to live happily together. Very well, I shall bring Ms. Larson here tomorrow. I'll even let her have the master bedroom so you can dote on her all you want."

After having said my piece, I pulled away from him and started to make my way upstairs. However, Ashton slid his arms around my waist and trapped me within his embrace.

His gaze was cold and menacing, and it sent shivers down my spine. "Have I become so worthless in your eyes? So worthless that you can push me to another woman without any care? Should I be grateful to you for wanting to give up your bedroom? Or should I praise you for being thoughtful?"

My stomach had been hurting from earlier, but now with him hugging me so tightly, the pain became even more unbearable. "Isn't that everything you wanted, Ashton? Or do you not want me to stay here and be in your way? If that's the case, I can move out."

Ashton suddenly burst out laughing. His laughter was no different than usual, but the words that followed were harsh and ridiculous.

"Is that why you've been so rude toward me since I got home? You're just looking for a reason to leave me so you can be with Marcus, aren't you? Scarlett, please tell me what I have done to make you think so lowly of me, to think I can be at your beck and call. Does our marriage not mean anything to you?"

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I had been trying to remain level-headed the entire time, but the fact that he kept harping on about Marcus pushed me over the edge. “Why are you so fixated on Marcus? Are you still not sure about my relationship with him? Do you not know why he got injured?” I retorted.

“Whatever relationship I have with Marcus can never be as intimate as what you have with Rebecca. Marriage is a sacred bond to me, Ashton, but you have single-handedly ruined everything good about it. You destroyed the sanctity of our marriage over and over again because of Rebecca.

I’ve foolishly waited for you for three years, and I will not continue to waste my time with you. Whether you feel responsible for Rebecca or you truly long for her, it’s none of my business. If she wants to be Mrs. Fuller, I’d be more than willing to let her have that title. But please do not tarnish my reputation by making me out to be a slut, pairing me with Marcus or Armond. Marcus has his family, and I’m not a home-wrecker. So don’t try to make everyone sound as despicable as you.”

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Ashton’s lips were quivering as he turned livid with rage. “What have you heard? What makes you think my feelings for you are worth nothing?”

“Why don’t you ask your precious Rebecca?” After a brief pause, I chuckled. “You’ve never suspected her of anything because she’s always acted so innocent in front of you. Did she tell you that she answered your phone and told me you were in the shower? That she was showing off to me how in love the two of you were? Of course she wouldn’t have told you anything. After all, she needed to maintain the perfect image you have of her.”

Ashton remained silent with his lips pursed, still staring intensely at me.

I sighed and calmed myself down. “In the future, Mr. Fuller, please reflect on your actions before you lecture others. Also, pick your subjects well if you want to talk about sincerity and love. To me, that is all too laughable. But I’m sure Ms. Larson wouldn’t mind.”

With that said, I broke away from Ashton and decided on a whim to leave the villa for the hospital.

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Layla was caught by surprise when I walked into the ward just as Marcus had fallen asleep. “Ms. Stovall, what are you doing here so late at night? You should be at home resting!” she whispered.

Despite being exhausted, I still managed to smile back in response. “It’s no problem at all. How is he today?” I asked as my gaze fell on Marcus.

“Much better, even though he still can’t get out of bed. By the way, Mr. White’s phone has been ringing the entire day, but he wouldn’t let me answer it. I’m not sure if it was his family calling to check on him,” Layla said concernedly. Since I insisted on staying, she promptly left after packing up her things.

I sat beside Marcus before glancing at my phone. There weren’t any messages which only added to my disappointment as I sighed in resignation.

The next day, Layla came back early in the morning only to find Marcus still sleeping. Since there wasn’t anything she could do, she decided to head back out to buy breakfast.

I, on the other hand, had had a pretty awful night. The extra bed in the ward wasn’t the most comfortable, and it also happened to be my time of the month. All that meant that I have barely gotten any decent sleep, and I woke up even more exhausted than I had been the night before.

Marcus had just woken up when he spotted my less than flattering dark eye circles. “Have you been staying up late again?”

I shook my head and smiled. “No, I’ve just been worried about you. Get well soon, and I’ll be fine again.”

He winced a little as he tried to sit up in bed. “You can’t be moving about now. Your wounds have only just been stitched up. If you moved around too much, you might risk reopening them and getting them infected,” I chastised as I held him down by the shoulders.

Thankfully he heeded my advice and lay back in bed to rest until Layla came back. She had bought soup for him since that was all he could eat after his surgery. He only managed a few spoonfuls before the pain set in again. Setting the soup aside, he turned to me. “There’s hospital staff and Layla here to take care of me. You don’t have to worry. Why don’t you go home and have a good rest? The weather’s getting colder. You’ll fall sick easily if you don’t rest enough.”

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I nodded with a smile, knowing that he was just being concerned for my well-being.

After chatting for a while more, Marcus dozed off again.

Since he had fallen asleep, I decided to make a quick trip to the villa to pack more things for the coming days. With me staying at the hospital for a few more days and with the Harvest Festival coming up, I definitely needed to be more prepared.

Ashton was nowhere in sight when I got home. Even his clothes in the closet were gone, and there was no message to say where he would be staying.

I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but I couldn't brush away the bad, nagging feeling in the back of my head.

After having packed a few sets of warmer clothes and daily necessities, I returned to the hospital.

Harvest Festival was only three or four days away, but I doubted Marcus could recover in that short period of time. Unfortunately, that meant I wouldn't be able to make it back to K City for the celebrations.

I had taken time off work, so for the next few days, I dedicated all my time to Marcus. I would either be chatting with him or accompanying him to his physical therapy sessions. All in all, it was a far easier job than having to work on the Lavelian Village project, which was now in Linda's good hands.

On the fourth day, Marcus's condition had improved enough to walk a bit more. He was in such a good mood that he even wanted to attempt peeling an apple on his own.

I knew he hadn't been able to move his arm in the past few days due to broken ribs. Now that he had regained control of it, he was understandably on cloud nine at being able to tackle an easy, menial task.

Just then, his phone started ringing again. Marcus hardly glanced at it before moving it out of sight.

He had been getting countless calls from the same number and had been ignoring them all. I felt nosy and decided to peek at it, only to see it was Camelia's number.

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I looked at him quizzically. “She must be so worried about you. You should at least tell her you’re fine and recovering well.”

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