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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1809

### Chapter 1809 Fake News

Nathaniel sat down with a plate of pasta and put the dish aside before he got his laptop from me to examine it. He found nothing out of the ordinary.

In a hostile tone, I retaliated by challenging, "Do you see me as a spy? You are the one who brought me over, and you are the one who placed your laptop here. You should've told me earlier if you don't want me to use it, so stop looking at me like that. I am not your slave, and I get to do certain things like using the computer."

Nonetheless, Nathaniel ignored me entirely. His expression remained aloof as he put the laptop, which he had since turned off, aside and pushed the pasta over to me. After that, he said, "Eat up."

His response made me feel as though I was talking to a wall. It'd feel weird if I kept complaining about it, and I was hungry anyway, so I picked up the fork and ate away.

That night, Nathaniel insisted on sleeping while hugging me like a pillow. He only left after the sun had risen, and he took the laptop away as he left.

I couldn't sleep because I kept thinking about the e-mail and wondered if Ashton had received it.

It was ten o'clock at night, but I was too nervous. Besides, the bed felt uncomfortable no matter how much I tossed and turned. I then gave up and decided to go out for some fresh air.

When I walked down the stairs, I bumped into Ashton, who happened to be entering at the time.

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I thought I was dreaming, so I pinched myself hard.

Ouch, that hurts! Huh? So this is not a dream, then. Ashton really is here.

Ashton, however, had no idea what I was doing. He seemed taken aback when he asked, "What are you up to this time?"

"Huh?" Once again, I wondered if I was dreaming.

It had been a while since he last spoke to me in that tone.

Ashton took a deep breath and straightened his back before shifting his gaze away. His tone was so icy that it was borderline inhumane when he said, "I'm talking about the e-mail from last night."

After a sharp breath, I stared at him strangely and started questioning myself once more.

He should be aware of the risks I took to get my hands on that information. Why is he interrogating me in that tone? It's as if I had just pulled the worst prank on him. Did I misunderstand the situation? Was I wrong to assume that he trusts me?

"What e-mail?" A familiar voice rang out all of a sudden. The owner of that voice, Nathaniel, was walking over from the living room with a glass of whiskey in his hand. It seemed like he had already downed half a glass. The man draped one of his arms around my shoulder and nonchalantly asked, "You guys don't mind if I join in on the conversation, right?"

I knew that I was at fault, so my heart started thumping fast. At that moment, I couldn't respond to that at all.

Ashton, on the other hand, couldn't contain his anger. His tone was as sharp as daggers when he spat, "I don't know what game the two of you are playing, but I will have none of it. This is the first and last time you'll test me with fake news, get it?"

How could that be fake?

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Surprised, I turned to Nathaniel. The confident grin on his lips and the blatant arrogance shining in his eyes showed that he had anticipated everything that was happening at that moment.

It also meant that the information I risked for and stole on the night before was nothing but fake content. That sly fox likely planted everything there to test the waters as he tried to figure out how often Ashton and I still communicate with one another.

That was a good move.

Pretending to let his words slip, acting all nervous when he took the laptop away from me... I had been putting on a show, but in the end, he was the one who fooled me.

It seems I have underestimated my opponent.

But this doesn't explain why Ashton is acting like this. If he knows that the information is fake, shouldn't he try to get in touch with me and warn me to be more careful around Nathaniel? Why is he acting this way?

It is as if he is convinced that Nathaniel and I are on the same side.

I was reminded countless times, but I would never believe that Nathaniel could tempt Ashton to do anything immoral.

At that thought, I clamped my mouth shut and tried my best to keep myself calm before saying, "I didn't know that the information was faked and was unaware of the situation."

"Do I look like an idiot?" growled Ashton almost immediately after I finished speaking. His tone was icy and almost cruel.

After he said that, he turned his attention to Nathaniel and added, "The two of you are living together, huh? No wonder Scarlett changed her stance so quickly and is working against me now."

Meanwhile, Nathaniel tightened his hold on me and shrugged a little. He had an infuriating expression on. At that point, it seemed like his silence worked better than spoken words.

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1810

### Chapter 1810 Our Secret

I was quick to break free from Nathaniel and put some distance between us. Rolling my eyes at him in distaste, I then turned to Ashton to say, "Ashton, you trust me, don't you?"

Nathaniel had already seen through my tricks and knew that I was spying on him, so there was no point in keeping the charade up anymore. Under those circumstances, it was better to just be sincere. At least I'd be able to give Ashton a firm response then.

Ashton suddenly chuckled, and an evil glint flashed past his eyes. "Do you honestly want me to answer that question?"

I nodded and replied, "It's an answer you should've told me ages ago."

Nathaniel took a step forward and stood beside me, but his grin had since faded. "You know, I'd like to know that answer as well."

Ashton scoffed. He suddenly acted as if he wasn't bothered about anything and almost seemed generous when he said, "Okay, then let's play a game. Give me your hand."

"A game?" I asked because I couldn't catch up to his quick thinking.

"Yeah," murmured Ashton. He raised his brows, then looked at my hand, which I had left dangling at my side.

I moved as though I was possessed and reached out for him.

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Ashton used his finger to trace his surname on my palm.

After writing that, he retracted his hand and looked right into my eyes. His lips parted, and he asked, "What did I write?"

The entire scene felt so familiar that I had goosebumps. Nathaniel once hired someone to assume my identity. We were trapped in the car for a while at the time, and Ashton played this game with me.

At that time, I answered...

"Fuller," I replied mindlessly as I stared at him.

"Wrong," replied Ashton mercilessly, but his words were an exact duplicate of what he said back then.

I insisted, "That is not possible. I know what I saw. It's Fuller." When I spoke, I kept my gaze on Ashton.

Nathaniel, on the other hand, stood at the side and kept staring, but he couldn't figure out what was going on.

In the end, Ashton said, "Fine. I will give you one more chance to answer that question."

He held my hand and wrote Audrey's name.

My nose became runny, and my voice was thick. I was smiling and crying at the same time while answering, "It's my daughter's name."

Ashton grinned before he retracted his hand and replied, "That's not what I wrote, either."

There was a pause. When he spoke again, he emphasized every word. "Here's my answer to your earlier question."

After saying that, he turned around to leave, never sparing another look at me.

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I stood there on the spot, stunned and at a loss for words. My hand remained in mid-air as tears rolled my cheeks. Yet, the familiar warmth filled my heart once more.

Nathaniel took the opportunity to fan the flames. "See? That's the kind of man you're willingly sacrificing yourself for. It doesn't matter if what you're saying is the truth. He simply doesn't believe in you, and he will find fault in every word you say from now on."

Naturally, Nathaniel didn't know that there was more to the story.

Back then, Ashton said that he wrote "Stovall" both times.

He also said that the wrong answer wouldn't remain wrong forever, and that was our secret.

That day, in that house, I finally understood what he really meant. He was telling me that he would choose to believe me, and he wouldn't regret his decision, even if it turned out to be the wrong one.

Peace resonated with me, and I was so happy that I could barely contain it. Still, I suppressed those feelings when I heard Nathaniel's words. I glared from the corner of my eyes and growled, "Are you happy now? Ashton will never trust me again!"

Nathaniel wasn't going to let me vent, so he continued mocking me. In fact, he sounded pleased when he replied, "I was simply reminding you that juggling two men is not an easy feat. Things turn out well for you, right? Now, you need only focus on loving me."

I had always hated how presumptuous Nathaniel was, so I took advantage of the situation and raised my voice. My tears, for some reason, also freely flowed as I complained.

"Loving you? Yes, it's true that my heart is filled with love, but that love is not directed to you! Ashton is the man I have loved my entire life; my youth and memories are all linked to him. Heck, even my life and my entire sense of being are connected to him. He hates me now and is angry at me. That makes me feel a hundred, if not a thousand, times worse than being stabbed in the heart. Do you even understand the agony of being hated by the person you love? No, you will never understand it. All you ever do is make things worse. It seems that torturing me is the only way for you to be happy, and that makes you nothing more than a cruel murderer. You might as well just stab me to my death right now!"

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