

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 66

I fell into a deep sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night, the bed dipped. Someone crawled into bed and pulled me into his embrace.

It must be Ashton. I said nothing and went back to bed.

I couldn't really sleep well the previous night, perhaps due to all the stress recently. When I arrived at the company, I felt muddled.

Stacey entered my office with a few documents for me to sign. She poured me a glass of milk. "Ms. Stovall, you look pale. Do you need to go to the hospital?"

I shook my head. "I'm fine. I didn't sleep well last night. You should go back to work."

Indeed, my sleep schedule was horrible recently.

She gave me a concerned look and left with the files. Before leaving, she told me, "Do you want to see Dr. Crest? He's here today. I saw him in the elevator just now."

Jared was obsessed with medical research. He was a shareholder in Fuller Corporation, but he rarely showed up.

Ashton must be planning to invest in medical research. That was why he set up a research laboratory for Jared in the company.

I gave a nod. "Sure!"

My condition was horrible lately. I stood up and went to Jared's office.

His office was on the same floor as Ashton's. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but the moment I stepped out of the elevator, I immediately noticed Rebecca standing in Ashton's office.

She was clad in a long and flowy white dress, her signature style. That was why I recognized her at once.

Heading straight to Jared's office, I knocked on the door.

“What is it?” A deep male voice sounded. It was Ashton.

I recognized his voice at once.

“Ash, I thought about it. I’ve decided to neither go abroad nor enter showbiz,” declared Rebecca. She didn’t seem delighted at all.

“Mm!”

He sounded quite uninterested.

Jared didn’t answer the door. I knocked a few more times. Was he asleep?

“Joe will be here later. He’ll give you a ride home,” said Ashton coolly.

His words might’ve upset Rebecca because she only replied after a long pause. “I’ve given up. Isn’t that enough?”

A heavy silence hung in the air before Ashton responded, “Rebecca, I told you not to make any decisions involving me! Scarlett is pregnant. If you insist on staying in J City, I’ll take care of you, but that doesn’t include your love life. I have my own family!”

“Your family?” Rebecca shrieked. “What about me? My brother left me in your hands…”

“Parker didn’t ask me to marry you. Rebecca, we have separate lives.” Ashton’s reply was cruel.

“Do you love her?” Rebecca asked in a trembling voice. “You don’t! You think you’re responsible for her because she’s pregnant with your child. Ashton, you don’t even know your feelings. What you have for Scarlett is a sense of responsibility, not love! Just like how you used to care for me. You felt responsible for me, too!”

I heard nothing after her exclamation. I thought it was the end of their conversation. As Jared didn’t open his door, I was going to leave.

Before I could do so, Rebecca’s voice rang out again. “Ash, please let me stay by your side. I don’t want anything else. I will listen to you. Please don’t abandon me. I can’t survive without you.”

Her plea was desperate and inferior.

I lowered my gaze, feeling sorry for her. It was easy to lose oneself in love.

“What are you doing here?” A male voice questioned. Snapping back to reality, I saw Jared walking out of his office tiredly.

I was astounded. Was he really sleeping?

“I’m here for you,” I replied. Before he could say anything, Rebecca’s voice rang out again.

“Ash, I know you don’t love Scarlett. A loveless marriage will ruin you. You have a child, but it won’t make you happy. Instead, it will become a gap between you both. You’ll be forever tied to her because of the child!”

Jared heard her clearly and raised a brow at me. “Eavesdropping?”

I was speechless.

“No.” Afraid he wouldn’t believe me, I added, “I need your help.”

“What is it?” he responded without looking at me. He was evidently engrossed in the ongoing conversation inside Ashton’s office.

“I don’t feel well these days. Can you find out if my child is affected?” I asked.

As he was still eavesdropping, my voice turned louder. “Dr. Crest!”

He shot me a look and gestured for me to continue eavesdropping.

Meanwhile, Rebecca was certain she was right. Sobbing, she continued, “You know Scarlett loves you, but you don’t love her. After some time, she’ll break down. This is not what a girl wants.”

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“Ms. Larson, you’re not me. How would you know that’s not what I want?” I couldn’t hold back any longer. After all, Jared was listening to them as well. Stepping into Ashton’s office, I shot Rebecca an icy glare. “Ms. Larson, even if my husband does not love me, we now

have a child together. That means we're a true family. You might be clueless, but not all couples love each other."

Both Rebecca and Ashton were shocked at my sudden appearance. She swiftly retorted, "Do you seriously think you can make him stay with your child?"

I gave her a nod. "I wasn't sure if I could, but after seeing your reaction, I think I've succeeded. After all, my child and I come first instead of you, Ms. Larson."

Ashton's expression soured at my words. I ignored him and continued, "Of course, you're shameless enough to stay by his side. Perhaps after I've given birth, he might be bored at home and want to experience something different. By then, you will have the chance to provide him a fresh experience."

"Pfft!" Fits of laughter could be heard coming from the entrance. As it turned out, Joe and Nick were standing at the door.

Stifling his laughter, Nick drawled out, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to eavesdrop on your conversation, but you were so loud. I couldn't stop myself from laughing."

Joe glared at me, seemingly enraged. He went to Ashton and handed him a file. "You can have your own family, but you shouldn't have allowed someone like Scarlett to insult her!"

With that, he dragged Rebecca away.

I stood in their way and stared at Joe icily. "Mr. Quinn, someone like me? What do you mean?"

"You're selfish, despicable, and heartless!" he replied immediately.

Nodding, I flashed a mocking smile. "Thank you for your detailed answer. Then what is the woman you fancy like?"

Ignoring their expressions, I added with a grin, "Once a b*tch, forever a b*tch. Ms. Larson might seem nice enough to make you forget she's a homewrecker. But the truth is, she has forced the wife to abort her baby and framed someone for possessing drugs. Are her actions forgivable because she looks delicate and weak?"

"Scarlett, stop spouting nonsense!" Rebecca blurted out angrily.

I cocked my eyebrows at her. "Desperate much?"

"Enough!" Ashton finally spoke up. He glanced at Joe and ordered him, "Send her back home! Don't let her come here again."

Joe was about to say something, but Jared cut him off. "Joe, when you're back later, come to my office. I have something for your father. It's for his rheumatism."

At the same time, Nick looked at Ashton and asked, "Mr. Fuller, are you free now? Let's talk."

Joe had nothing else to say. He glowered at me and left with Rebecca.

I said to Jared, "I need to talk to you."

I really did!

Nodding, he said, "Let's go to my office."

In his office, I sat down and sighed tiredly, "I've been suffering from dizzy spells recently. My shoulders and spine feel awful."

He went to his seat and began running checks.

After a while, he returned with my diagnosis. "Well, it looks like your dizziness is the result of you staying up late. You should refrain from doing that and rest earlier. Besides, there are signs of depression due to stress. You should lighten up and keep a good mood."

Resting my chin on my hand, I informed him, "I'm going on a business trip to A City. Is there any sleeping pill I can bring along?"

"Yes, but they are not good for your baby," he replied. "You shouldn't rely on them."

I murmured in assent. If this kept going on, I wasn't even sure whether I could pull through, let alone the baby.

When I stepped out of Jared's office, I nearly bumped into Ashton, who seemed terribly upset. I wasn't feeling well, so I couldn't be bothered to talk to him.

He grabbed my hand when I brush past him. "What's wrong with you?" he asked in his deep voice.

"I'm still alive!" I pulled away from him in irritation and stepped into the elevator.

Back at my office, Stacey placed a stack of files on my desk. "Ms. Stovall, these are the reports of Fuller Corporation's audit. Please read through and sign your name."

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I nodded and inquired, "What about AC?" The auditing process for Quinn Corporation might take some time.

"Mm! It's going smoothly."

I started flipping through the documents. Suddenly, I recalled I was supposed to go on a business trip tomorrow. Looking up, I asked, "What time is my flight to A City tomorrow?"

"5 a.m.!" After a brief pause, Stacey added, "We plan to wrap up things in A City in two days, so we should head there as early as possible. A representative from Harrison Credit will also come along."

"Okay," I replied. "I can go by myself. You should stay here to assist Harrison Credit and AC."

"Sure!"

The rainy season in J City shrouded the city in the gloom. Yesterday, the sun was up for a few hours before it started pouring again.

At 5 p.m., I finally finished reading the documents. My eyes were dry, so I told Stacey to help me buy some eye drops.

After wrapping up my daily report, it was already 6 p.m.

My stomach was growling in hunger by now. I switched off my laptop and headed downstairs. It was time to get off work, so the employees were all exiting the building.

They greeted me politely as I made my way out. I forced out a smile and scurried out. There was a KFC right next to our building, so I entered and ordered a meal for one.

When I was waiting for my order to be prepared, a few young ladies greeted me shyly, "Ms. Stovall, what a coincidence!"

I nodded politely. I racked my brains, but couldn't remember who the girls were.

A professional-looking young lady said, "Ms. Stovall, I'm Isabelle Leek from the Electronic Design Department."

I was startled. Her words reminded me of who they were. As I was in charge of HiTech's case now, I would occasionally pop to the Design Department. No wonder they recognized me.

Fuller Corporation was too large a company. In J City alone, it had a few thousand employees. We all worked in the same building, but we'd only see the same few colleagues every day.

Smiling faintly, I greeted the young ladies and left with my fried chicken.

"Izzy, I didn't know the higher-ups eat fried chicken like us!"

"The higher-ups are human beings too. Why can't they eat fried chicken?"

"Their annual salary is several times more than ours. I thought they'd eat something better!"

I left the restaurant and didn't hear the rest of their conversation.

Men would never be satisfied with what they had. When one was poor, one would work hard to earn money. But when one got rich, one would wallow in love.

After spending the whole day working tirelessly, I entered the car and began chomping on my fried chicken. A car honked in my direction, so I wound down the window.

A black Maybach was parked right beside my vehicle. The only black Maybach I knew was parked in the villa's garage.

Even if my friends were rich enough to afford this car, it was too flashy to drive it around daily.

I couldn't recall who else had this car, so I thought it was a stranger and wound up my car window.

Suddenly, the Maybach's window rolled down, revealing Nick's cheeky face. "Hey, gorgeous. Wanna have dinner together?"

How childish!

I rolled my eyes at him and showed him my fried chicken. "I'm sorry, but I've eaten."

Frowning, he poked his head out. "You're pregnant. How could you eat this? Is Ashton mistreating you?"

I ignored his remark.

After clearing up the trash, I started the engine and prepared to head home.

He parked his car right in front of mine, blocking my way out. "Scarlett, come on. Let's have dinner together!"

I was annoyed by him. "I'm full!"

"Then spend some time with me!"

What was his problem?

As his car stopped in the middle of the lane, I wasn't the only one who got stuck. No one else could leave.

The other cars started honking at him, but he merely gazed at me cheekily.

I put a hand to my forehead in irritation. "Fine. Lead the way!"

Arching a brow, he announced, "Let me drive you there. You shouldn't drive as you're pregnant!"

Damn it!

I alighted from my car and went to his car, taking the passenger seat. "Will you leave now?" I asked coolly.

Grinning, he replied, "Of course. Let's go!"

Young men like him were ostentatious. He was driving a flashy car, and instead of keeping a low profile, he opened the convertible top in the middle of the city.

He was seriously childish.

The wind felt chilly, but I didn't say anything. He could do whatever he wanted.

"Scarlett, do you think we'll show up in the gossip column of J City's news tomorrow?" he yelled over the rock music playing on his radio.

I rolled my eyes and ignored him.

If we appeared in the gossip column, it would be his fault.

His car came to a stop in a bustling section of the city. It was somewhere all the young people liked to hang out.

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Both he and his car were ostentatious. The moment the car rolled to a stop, young ladies stared and tittered while young men took photos of his car enviously.

"Tacky!" I commented and got off his car.

Looking around, I inquired, "What do you want for dinner?"

He responded with a smirk, "You decide."

After surveying the available restaurants, I entered a French restaurant without hesitation. Nick trailed behind me and teased, "Scarlett, you're quite the romantic."

I couldn't be bothered to reply. I had chosen this restaurant because I didn't want to be ogled by others.

Inside, the server greeted us, "Table for two? We have a couple set today. Would you like to order that?"

"Sure, we'll take that, and a bottle of wine, please." Nick ordered without thinking much.

I looked at the server and said, "I'd like a glass of fruit juice, please."

After the server left, Nick grinned at me. "Scarlett, I forgot you can't drink alcohol."

He was doing it on purpose!

I stared at my phone as Ashton had just sent me a text: Where are you?

What a brief message!

I didn't reply and locked my phone. Nick was gazing at me, so I furrowed my brows. "What is it?"

"Scarlett, has anyone ever told you that you look like a celebrity?" The server was serving our steak when Nick asked.

I thanked the server before answering, "Who?"

Surprised I'd acknowledge him, he straightened his back and replied in all seriousness. "Angelina Jolie!"

I nodded. "Yes. I used to get that a lot in university."

My friends used to say that, but after I wore glasses, I rarely hear that anymore.

As I seemed arty with glasses, I no longer resembled her.

“Also, you resemble another person I know,” he said in all seriousness. I sliced my steak, thinking he was bored and trying to strike up a conversation.

“Mm!” I replied and focused on my steak.

He didn’t eat his food. Instead, he swirled his wine and commented, “You resemble my mother, especially your eyes. Both of you have similar eyes.”

He was annoying me at that point. Stuffing a piece of steak into my mouth, I glared at him. “I guess I have one of those faces. Someone told me I resembled Rebecca too!”

George used to comment on how much I looked like Rebecca back then. However, I never felt that way. After all, many people had similar brows and eyes. We probably had the same ancestors a few centuries ago.

He pouted and downed his wine. “Why did you transfer away from N University back then?”

I was stunned by his question. It was ages ago. How did he know about this?

Putting my utensils down, I looked at him. “Were we university mates?”

Raising a brow, he refilled his glass before retorting, “You don’t remember me?”

I shook my head. I only remembered seeing him after taking over Fuller Corporation’s audit. That was it.

He shrugged and said nothing else.

“Never mind. Just remember me from now on,” he concluded.

We chatted briefly. Throughout the whole exchange, he ate nothing and finished the bottle of wine. After emptying the wine, he sprawled on the table and stared at me blankly.

As it was getting late, I went to pay the bill. I was afraid I might oversleep tomorrow if I were to sleep late tonight.

Coincidentally, we bumped into Nick’s mother—Cameron, and Rebecca here.

Bumping into Cameron wasn't strange, nor was bumping into Rebecca. But I was surprised to see them both together.

I didn't think Rebecca and Cameron knew each other, did they?

I watched as they linked hands and shopped together happily like mother and daughter from a distance.

After paying the bill, I returned to Nick. His cheeks were flushed, so he must be drunk. "Can you walk?" I asked.

"No," he replied petulantly.

Sighing, I took my bag and helped him out of the restaurant.

A while ago, Nick had entered elegantly. Now, he was exiting the restaurant clumsily.

I placed him in the passenger seat and started the engine. As his sports car was too low, I couldn't really drive comfortably. I was too used to driving my Cadillac.

Luckily, there weren't many cars on the road. I didn't get into any mishap.

I wanted to send him back to Pear Garden. Ashton and I had been there once, but he refused to let me send him back there.

It took me some effort before he revealed he was staying at Peakville Estate alone. I was surprised to find out he was staying in the same residential area as us.

"Scarlett, don't you remember me?" Halfway home, he suddenly muttered.

I shook my head. "Do we know each other?"

He let out a bitter chuckle. "Am I the only one who remembers the mulberry tree in Winona's yard, the flowers on the riverbank, and you with a snotty nose?"

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At his words, my mind started wandering how did he know about this...

Soon, we arrived at Peakville Estate. I helped him down when we reached his house. It took a while for someone to answer the door, and it was a senior.

When he saw how drunk Nick was, he exclaimed, "Oh, Nick. Why are you so drunk? Thank you for bringing him home."

I smiled politely and left Nick with him.

I wanted to walk back home, but Peakville Estate was a large residential area. Every villa had its own compound, so it would take me a long time to reach home.

Hence, I drove Nick's car back home.

It was already midnight when I reached home. As I had to wake up early tomorrow, I parked the car downstairs. After that, I prepared to wash up before going to bed.

Alas, I saw Ashton waiting outside the door with a flickering cigarette between his fingers.

Frowning, I wondered why he was suddenly smoking outside.

At the sight of me, he put out his cigarette and glared at me. "Where have you been?"

"I had dinner with a friend." I brushed past him and entered the villa.

He pulled my hand and brought me into his arms. The heavy stench of cigarette smoke burned my lungs. "Ashton!"

"Who did you have dinner with? Did you drink wine even though you're pregnant?" he rasped.

The alcohol stench must be from Nick.

I felt uncomfortable in his arms, so I shoved him away. "I didn't drink any wine!"

All I wanted was to sleep, but Ashton refused to back off. He pulled me to the Maybach and demanded, "This is a limited edition model. Scarlett, you've found your next target, huh?"

What the f*ck?

I nearly cursed out loud and pushed him away. At his dejected expression, my anger heightened. "Ashton, please don't judge me with that narrow mindset of yours. I'm not you, who has plenty of backups waiting for you."

With that, I spun on my heels and returned to the bedroom.

After locking the door, I washed up and went to bed.

I fell asleep in no time.

It wasn't until my phone started ringing incessantly that I got woken up rudely. In a daze, I stared at the ceiling blankly when my phone rang again. I was about to answer when the person hung up.

I wanted to go back to bed. However, it suddenly occurred to me that I was supposed to go on a business trip. I sat up abruptly as my sleepiness faded away.

"What's wrong?" a hoarse voice rang out by my side.

Stunned, I swiveled around and saw Ashton going back to sleep. His arm was around my waist. How did he... Didn't I lock the door?

Ah, after he kicked the door open back then, he must have prepared a spare.

I pried his hand off and took my phone. It had stopped ringing by now. Ashton must have been disturbed by it and switched it off.

After switching it on, a call came in. I answered, "Hello?"

"Ms. Stovall, our flight is at 5 a.m. Shouldn't you be prepared to go to the airport by now?"

Hearing Nick's voice, I frowned as I inquired, "You're going on the business trip with me?" Stacey told me about a representative from Harrison Credit would be coming along with me, but she didn't specify who it was.

"Mm. Get ready and pick me up. You drove my car away last night!"

Glancing at the clock, I realized it was only 4 a.m. I couldn't help but admire Nick's professionalism. How could he wake up this early when he was in a drunken state just a few hours ago?

After hanging up, I packed up hurriedly and left with my luggage.

When I reached Nick's house, he was yawning sleepily, his hair a messy nest. Coming to me, he said, "I'll drive."

There was no way I'd risk letting him drive.

"I'll drive!" Peakville Estate was nearby the airport. Traffic was smooth, so we reached in less than half an hour.

Luckily, the queue was short. We got our boarding passes in no time and boarded the plane. Once we settled in, Nick got a blanket and promptly fell asleep.

It was a three-hour flight from J City to A City, so I had some sleep, too.

When I woke up, Nick was already freshened up. He told me, "We'll be heading to the branch office to work first. Then, let's go back to the hotel to get some sleep."

Those words sounded weird coming out from him.

I didn't think much and followed him out of the plane in a daze. The branch office sent a car to pick us up, so we arrived there shortly.

As a branch company, the operating model was more or less the same as Fuller Corporation. Once we arrived, the president of the branch office, Howard Wrangler, chatted with us briefly.

We contacted the Finance Department and other relevant departments for a brief meeting. Then, Nick received the relevant documents from them. We left the branch office shortly after.