

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 11

When I arrived at Rebecca's ward, she was already asleep. There was a middle-aged lady in the room who turned out to be the caretaker that Ashton had hired. The lady greeted me politely as she informed me that she was going to take care of Rebecca under Ashton's orders. This meant that I no longer had to stay.

I walked out of the hospital and hailed a cab to bring me home.

After a night that was full of hassle, I found that it was dawn by the time I returned to the villa. I found that I was frequently exhausted; perhaps it was because of my pregnancy. Hence, I went to my bedroom at once as I fell into a slumber on my bed.

The heavy smell of cigarette smoke roused me from my deep sleep. Opening my eyes, I was shocked to see a figure in black sitting at the edge of my bed. It took me a while to realize that it was Ashton.

I didn't know when he had returned, but the bedroom was full of thick smoke. The doors and windows were all shut tightly. There was a burning cigarette between his fingers. It seemed like he had been smoking for a long while.

"You're back." I sat up and gazed at him.

I had never seen him smoke prior to this. Something must have happened, seeing as he was smoking to such an extent.

He said nothing as his gaze landed on me. I couldn't read his mind at all. The smoke was choking me, so I rose to my feet to open the window.

Meanwhile, Ashton was lounging on the sofa. When I walked past him, he pulled me into his arms abruptly. As his grip tightened, I grew increasingly afraid.

"Ashton!" I didn't know the reason behind his sudden action, but I couldn't stand the stench of the smoke. Thus, I struggled while he remained unfazed.

Calming down, I looked back at him. "You're drunk?" I didn't realize it earlier, but now that I was in his arms, I could smell the alcohol on his breath.

"You don't hate me?" he blurted out suddenly. I was confused as I studied him carefully. He was frowning unhappily. I noticed that there were beard stubs on his jaw. He must have been occupied recently, seeing that he had yet to shave.

"I do!" I answered truthfully as I reached out to pry his hands off. Nevertheless, he refused to release his hold on me.

"What's wrong, Ashton?" I questioned.

"Will you stop?" He was staring at me in a daze.

"Stop what?" I inquired quizzically.

He stopped talking immediately. As his palms began to explore my body, I was keenly made aware of what he wanted from me.

I instinctively stopped him as my brows furrowed. "Ashton, I'm Scarlett, not Rebecca. Look carefully."

He said nothing as he picked me up, devouring my lips greedily. I only felt attacked by his alcoholic breath.

"Ashton, I am Scarlett! Look carefully!" I held his face in desperation, forcing him to look at me.

Exhaustion rimmed his eyes as he gazed at me silently. "Mm!" he grunted in reply, resuming his actions.

His suit that was once crisp was all wrinkled now. He removed his blazer as he flung it onto the bed.

When I noticed that our clothes were strewn across the ground, I snapped back to reality. I'm pregnant. We can't do this.

I shoved him off and covered myself with the covers. "Ashton, you're drunk," I told him.

With that, I left the bedroom.

After changing into a fresh outfit, I headed out. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to keep the child if I remained in the house.