

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 8

Helen scoffed. "She is merely an ingrate. Dad treated her well over the past few years for nothing."

"Stop it!" Charlie glared at her before he glanced at me helplessly. "It's late. Your grandpa's funeral is already over. Go home now."

"Thank you, Uncle Charlie," Both Helen and Charlie were over fifty years old. They didn't have any children and lived comfortably on the shares of Fuller Corporation.

Helen could be rather sharp-tongued, but she wasn't a bad person at all. They were a loving couple, envied by many others. As they walked away, I stood in front of George's grave, still deep in thought. My relationship with Ashton would possibly come to an end since Grandpa had passed on.

I'm going to lose him, after all.

"Grandpa, take care. I'll visit you later." I bowed sincerely before I spun on my heels to leave. In spite of that, I was momentarily shocked by the sight that greeted me.

When did Ashton arrive?

He was dressed in black, his expression thunderous. He was standing close by and was gazing at George's gravestone sternly. I was unable to sense the thoughts that were running through his mind.

At the sight of me, he hurriedly urged, "Let's go."

Did he come to pick me up?

I stopped him hurriedly just as he was about to leave. "Ashton, Grandpa has passed on. You should let it go. After all, he has sacrificed a lot for you over the years..."

Seeing that his gaze darkened, I trailed off hesitantly.

I expected him to fly into a rage, but he merely turned around and left.

I followed him out of the cemetery. The sky was already dark by now. The driver who had brought me here had left because Ashton was here.

Left with no other option, I got into Ashton's car. He started the engine and drove off silently. I clenched my fingers, wanting to ask him about Rebecca, but when I saw his dark expression I thought better than to do it.

After a long silence, I couldn't help but ask, "How is Ms. Larson doing?" I didn't push her, but she did happen to fall in front of my eyes.

The vehicle let out an ear-splitting screech as it came to an abrupt halt. I was thrown forward by the force of it. Before I could react, Ashton pinned me down and leaned over.

The man was glowering at me icily. Keenly detecting a sense of danger, I recoiled as I soon parted my lips. "Ashton."

"How do you want her to be?" he mocked. "Scarlett, do you seriously think that I won't divorce you because of the box Grandpa has given you?"

My heart skipped a beat. Did he find out after merely a few hours? That's fast.

"I didn't push her." I met his gaze and held back the bitterness in my heart. "Ashton, I am completely unaware of the contents inside the box. I wasn't about to use it to threaten you to stay married to me. Since you want a divorce, fine. Let's get one tomorrow."

The sky was fully dark by now. I could hear the rain splattering outside the window as a heavy silence hung in the air.

Ashton was stunned that I had suddenly agreed to divorce him. After a brief pause, he sneered. "Rebecca is still in the hospital. Are you planning to get a divorce so that you can get away unscathed?"

"What do you want me to do?" As his beloved was in the hospital, it was evident that he wouldn't allow me to leave so easily.

"You'll have to take care of her starting tomorrow," he straightened his back and announced, his fingers drumming on the steering wheel casually.