

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 568

“So, what are your plans?” he asked softly.

“I plan to tell everyone that my hubby is an excellent man. He is an excellent man that makes every woman fall heads over heels for him,” I joked teasingly.

In the blink of an eye, his lips met mine as he kissed me affectionately. “Say it again,” he demanded as his eyes darkened.

“Hubby!” I beamed with a bright smile.

That night, I became much bolder and eager to take the initiative. In the latter half of the night, Ashton’s spirit seemed to double in vigor. Along with his heavy panting, his movements seemed to become more frenzied.

In a delirious haze, my fingers twisted in the sheets. “Ashton, will you give me a child? I want to have a child with you,” I said with heavy breaths.

Amidst the heat of the moment, Ashton’s movements came to a screeching halt. A flicker of coldness flashed across his eyes.

I froze at his icy expression. “You can’t do it?” I asked in confusion.

Upon my question, the coldness in Ashton’s eyes faded away. “I can. I’ll give you as many children as you desire,” he shook his head with a faint smile.

I grinned in response. The faint recollection of the child echoed in my mind as I felt a slight stab of pain in my heart and body.

Gently, Ashton pulled me into his embrace. "Scarlett, we should take good care of each other," he rasped.

I nodded in agreement as fatigue overcame my body. Right before I drifted into a deep slumber, I could feel Ashton wiping my body tenderly.

Yet, his actions felt like a dream. When I was roused from my sleep, it was already the next day.

The bright sunlight shone through the bedroom windows and cast an array of shadows across the room.

Ashton had vanished from the bedroom. As I lay on the bed for a brief moment, I felt a hint of moistness underneath my body.

Immediately, I roused myself and yanked the covers aside. To my surprise, there was a puddle of blood that stained the bedsheets.

The sight of my blood left me stunned as I quickly calculated my menstrual cycle. In the past four years, I've experienced inconsistencies with my period schedule and volume. Yet, it had never arrived twice in a single month.

I couldn't help but frown as I rose to my feet and changed into a fresh set of clothes. After changing, I gathered the bed sheet and tossed it into the washing machine.

Although it was not a huge deal, the arrival of my period made me feel uneasy. Now that I wanted to have a child of my own, I would have to take good care of my health.

I emerged from the room after a shower to find Ashton in the living room. Flora had left after she prepared breakfast.

Upon hearing my footsteps, Ashton turned around to greet me. "You are awake?" he asked with a warm smile.

I nodded in reply. "Aren't you going to visit the office today?" I asked gently as I sidled closer to rest my head against his shoulder.

"I will be taking a break these two days," Ashton nodded, "And I will be able to take my annual leave after making the final arrangements tomorrow."

Tenderly, Ashton pressed a delicate kiss on my cheek whilst he spoke.

All of a sudden, I thought of the sandalwood box that we had brought home from Cameron. "Ashton, should we open the sandalwood box?" I asked him.

The box had been left unopened in the house for a long time.

Ashton must have felt bored from lazing around the house. He nodded in agreement as he accompanied me into the study.

"Have you opened it before?" I turned to ask him once I found the sandalwood box.

Gingerly, Ashton took the box from my grasp. "I never planned on opening it. It seems like Cameron recognized it because it used to belong to the Murphys," he replied after a brief moment.

Why does it involve the Murphys again?

"How can it belong to the Murphys? The box was always by Granny's side!" I exclaimed in confusion.

Ashton shook his head as he continued to fiddle with the box's latch in an attempt to open it. "I figure that the box can only be opened if we hire a craft smith," he said after a few unsuccessful attempts.

"Don't you have the key to open it?" Didn't Grandpa say that Ashton had possession of the key? How could he lose it?

Ashton sighed softly with a slight nod of his head. "That year, Grandpa gave me advice instead of a key. He was worried sick for you and instructed me to take good care of you. This box was actually a disguise," Ashton said.

Ashton's words left me stunned as I looked at the box in disbelief. It was no longer important if the box remained closed. Yet, I had a realization that Granny was a lot different than I had expected.

Originally, the swimming pool incident involving Rachel was no big deal. She would have recovered after a few days in the hospital.

However, there was a sudden fight that broke out between the workers of Fuller Corporation. The fierce brawl graced the headlines of K City. It was a fight fuelled by hatred and jealousy.

All because of jealousy, it nearly ended the life of countless victims. Additionally, most of these rumors seemed to be directed towards a specific person.

When Ashton received a phone call regarding the unfortunate news, he was still in the midst of investigating the secrets behind the sandalwood box with me.

"What happened?" I asked worriedly when I saw that his expression had darkened.

He set the box aside. "Something happened in the company," Ashton replied tersely.

Although I did not have a habit of prying into the details, the sight of his deep scowl prompted me to open my mouth again. "What exactly happened?" I enquired.

"It seems that people have caught wind of the incident that occurred in the annual meeting last night. They have sinister intentions to use it against the company," Ashton rose to his feet and prepared to change into a fresh set of clothes as he spoke.

Immediately, I followed close at his heels. Although I did not usually participate in such matters, Fuller Corporation had been lashing out against White Corporation recently. I was sure that Marcus would not stand by idly. The banquet last night was not a private event. Rachel's incident was a chance for them to divert attention towards the issues of Fuller Corporation's management.

If the employees of Fuller Corporation are pit against each other, they would fight and bicker amongst themselves. This meant that the blame would fall on the higher-ups. If the problem continues to grow, it will tarnish Fuller Corporation's image and reputation. Naturally, the company's stock will fall and cause its downfall.