

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 16

I nodded truthfully. "He wants a divorce. If I tell him of the baby, he might think that I am using it to keep us married."

Jared raised a brow in question. "But he already knows of it. What will you do?"

I was taken aback by his question.

Trying to sound him out, I asked, "Will Ashton want a child?"

"I'm not Ashton," replied Jared. He placed his phone in his pocket as he glanced at me. "But Ashton is thirty. There's no reason for him to refuse one."

With that, he placed his hands in his pockets and left.

Does that mean that Ashton will want me to have the baby?

It seemed that my optimism was premature. When Rebecca barged into my room, I was still hooked onto the IV drip. She rushed in rashly as she gripped my throat.

Her eyes were red-rimmed. "Why? Why did you get pregnant? Scarlett, you killed my baby. I won't let your baby live!"

As she was holding me in a chokehold, I couldn't breathe. All I could do was try to pry her hands off my neck. She had obviously lost control of herself.

"I won't let you give birth to a baby. You won't use the baby to tie Ash to you!" she declared viciously.

She was petite and frail, but right now, my resistance was futile in the face of her strength.

I managed to choke out a few words, "Kill me... And you will pay..."

She sneered and tightened her grip. "I get to kill both mother and child. It's worth it!"

"Rebecca, what are you doing?" a man's voice rang from the door.

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Rebecca stiffened at once. The menace in her gaze faded away. As tears streamed down her eyes, she collapsed onto the ground at Ashton's sudden appearance.

Ashton caught her in time while I regained my freedom again. I immediately gasped for air.

It took us a while to calm down. Rebecca was sobbing pitifully in Ashton's arms by now. "Ash, you promised me that you wouldn't allow other women to give birth to your child. You gave me your word!"

I stared at the loving couple calmly. The sight of them made my stomach churn.

Ashton glanced at me coolly as he patted Rebecca's back to console her. "Stop crying. You've just recovered, hmm?" he asked, his voice deep and resounding.

Rebecca looked up at him. She wiped her tears away and inquired, "Ash, you won't allow her to give birth to the baby, right?"

I stared directly at Ashton, waiting for his answer anxiously.

Ashton couldn't even be bothered to look at me. Instead, he gazed at Rebecca tenderly as he swept her tears away. "Stop it, Rebecca."

I sighed in relief inwardly at his answer. At least he isn't going to ask me to abort the baby.

"No!" Rebecca grew emotional once again. Her tears started gushing out uncontrollably as she tugged at Ashton's shirt pitifully. "Ash, you promised me that you would take care of me. After my brother died, you were the only one who I could depend on."

Sniffing, she pointed at me. "If she gives birth to your child, you won't divorce her, right? Will you go back on your word to take care of me forever? You'll have your own family, but I'll have nothing. I don't want to end up alone."

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Rebecca couldn't stop herself from sobbing like a child who had been abandoned by her mother.

Ashton pulled her into his arms. "Rebecca, you're not alone. You won't be alone. Calm down, will you?"

"Don't let her give birth to the baby, please," Rebecca begged, her eyes swollen from all of her sobbing. "Ash, please don't let her give birth to the baby. Do you want me to die?"

She sounded so determined.

Fury flashed across Ashton's gaze. "Rebecca, stop it!"

Rebecca gave him a sudden shove as she grabbed a knife meant for the fruits and slashed her wrist.

Her actions were swift. Ashton and I had no idea that Rebecca would go to this extreme. Hence, the man panicked as he picked her up to bring her to the ER.

Rebecca clung to the bed's railing, refusing to loosen her grip. She gazed at Ashton intently as she repeated, "Don't let her give birth to the baby!"

I was shocked. Why is she so determined on this? Before Ashton could reply, I spoke up, "Rebecca, don't worry. I won't..." Trailing off, I took a deep breath to keep the pain at bay. "I won't give birth to the baby!"

"Scarlett!" Ashton roared angrily.

"If you don't send her to the ER, she might die. Imagine how bad you'll feel!" I threw forth bitterly.

Pursing his lips, Ashton gazed at me darkly before he left with Rebecca in his arms.

I was left alone in the ward. The pool of blood on the floor, which evidently belonged to Rebecca, was glaringly obvious.

My fever had subsided, but the doctors told me to get another IV drip. I wasn't in the mood to stay, so I refused as I discharged myself from the hospital.

After a night of heavy rain, the air smelled rather refreshing. I didn't go back to the villa as I soon made my way to Fuller Corporation instead.

At the company's lobby, the receptionist hurriedly approached me. "Ms. Stovall, Dr. Ludwick's wife is waiting for you in your office. She has been there for around fifteen minutes."

I inclined my head as I pressed the button on the elevator. "Tell Stacey to prepare some gifts for Mrs. Ludwick to show her our sincerity."

The receptionist nodded.

After entering the elevator, I called Jared. He picked up after two rings and answered, "Scarlett?"

I was surprised to hear him calling my name. Frowning, I asked, "Are you free tonight? Can we meet up?"

He seemed astounded at my request. "Sure," he replied after a short pause. "Let me know the time and location."

"I'll send the details to you later." I had reached my destination, so I hung up and sent the details to Jared by text.

Then, I went to the bathroom to touch up my makeup before I returned to my office.

I had been married to Ashton for two years. I couldn't get him to fall in love with me, but I had achieved considerable success at work.

I was no longer the inexperienced office worker. Now, I was capable enough to deal with various problems at work.

In my office, an elegantly dressed lady was sitting on the sofa, reading something on her phone.

I knocked twice on the half-closed door before I entered. "Mrs. Ludwick, I'm sorry to have made you wait. The traffic was really bad," I greeted her with a smile.

Martha stood up at the sight of me. “No worries. I just arrived too.” She was smiling pleasantly.

After a brief exchange, Martha went straight to the point. “Mrs. Fuller, I’m sorry to disturb you at work. You know that Caleb signed a contract with Fuller Corporation earlier, right? Nevertheless, since the horrible thing has happened, can you help us in convincing Mr. Fuller to delay the completion? Doing that will help Caleb and I get a little breathing room.”

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Fuller Corporation’s collaboration with the hospital was a project under the national fund. As a construction and trade company, the collaboration with the hospital was under the company’s construction business. I was in charge of this project, as ordered by Ashton. Caleb was in fact, Martha’s husband.

We had both signed a contract, stipulating that full payment should have to be made before the completion of the construction. Unfortunately, Caleb had used the money from the fund elsewhere, so we couldn’t complete the construction.

To simply put it, Caleb couldn’t pay the balance to Fuller Corporation on time as stipulated by the contract.

After listening to Martha’s plea, I forced out a smile. “Mrs. Ludwick, you know very well that Ashton and I aren’t that close. It’s a huge sum of money. Ashton is known for his thoroughness at work. If something happens, I won’t be able to explain it to him.”

Martha panicked instantly. She thought about it and suggested, “Will one week do? Please extend the deadline by a week. When Caleb pays the balance, we’ll thank you personally.”

I could have easily agreed, but I chose to utter, “Mrs. Ludwick, Fuller Corporation isn’t an SME. We have strict rules regarding funding. If I help Dr. Ludwick, I’ll have to bear responsibility. Unless...”

I paused and glanced at her.

She immediately asked, “Unless what?” It was as if I was her last ray of hope.

I hesitated before answering, "Unless I have a reason to delay my work."

Before she could answer, I added, "There's a perfect excuse available now."

"What is it?" Martha's grip on her glass tightened.

"I need Dr. Ludwick's help in arranging for an ob-gyn to tend to me. I'm going to abort my baby."

Martha was shocked to hear my words. "Mrs. Fuller, you're pregnant?"

I nodded. "I'm six weeks along."

"Why are you aborting your child at this stage? Does Mr. Fuller know about your pregnancy?" Martha was confused. "You've been married for some time. The child has arrived at the perfect time!"

I gave her a faint smile. "Ashton and I aren't ready yet."

I paused briefly before adding, "I can use the excuse to delay the completion. Please inform Dr. Ludwick of my request."

"Does Mr. Fuller know about this?" she repeated unconvincingly.

I nodded. "He does."

"Well, that's too bad." She sighed.

That was it.

Stacey prepared some supplements for Martha before she left. "Go to the president's office and ask Joseph to hand me the divorce agreement that Ashton drafted earlier," I told her after Martha was gone.

Stacey was dumbfounded. "Ms. Stovall!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 19

Stacey had been with me for about two years, and she was well aware of the things that happened between Ashton and me. Knitting her brows, she said, "If you agree to the divorce, you know Old Mr. Fuller would be disappointed with your decision, right?"

"Besides, if you agree to it right now, the shares which Old Mr. Fuller had transferred to you will belong to Mr. Fuller. Ms. Stovall, the odds will not be in your favor if you make this decision."

I was well aware of her concerns. After looking at the time, I noticed that it was already quite late. Hence, I did not care to explain things further and said, "I have my own plans. Please fetch me the documents. I need to head out later."

Stacey stomped out of the office when she noticed that I did not pay heed to her.

I cleared up my stuff and found the car keys. Thanks to Stacey's efficiency, I only had to wait at the staircase for a short while before she fetched the things that I requested.

She still had not given up on talking me out of the divorce. "Ms. Stovall, it's really not wise to sign the divorce papers now. You..."

"Enough!" I interrupted her before she could finish her sentence. After getting into the lift, I looked into her eyes and said, "Don't worry about me and focus on your work. I know what to do."

She parted her lips to say something, but the elevator door already closed.

I started my car after I reached the parking lot and drove straight to the place where Jared and I had agreed to meet.

South Bay was a restaurant where people from the upper echelon would frequent despite its obscure location. The dishes here were exquisite.

Since I had made a reservation before coming, I went straight to my table after I had arrived at South Bay. However, I was surprised to see that Jared had arrived ahead of time.

He was dressed rather casually, exuding a classy demeanor as he sat by the window. He tapped his slender fingers against the table in a carefree manner.

“Sorry for being late!” I said as I took a seat right opposite him and called for the waiter to take my order.

He was initially staring blankly out the window. At the sight of me, he lifted his brows and a hint of smile fleeted across his face. “How could I be late on a date with a pretty girl?”

It was actually quite rare to catch him with a smile. I pushed the menu toward him. “Has anyone ever told you that you look really gentle when you smile?”

He raised an eyebrow at my comment and gestured me to order from the menu first. His almond-shaped eyes narrowed slightly as he looked into my eyes. “You’re the first person to say that.”

I merely smiled and did not comment further. After skimming through the menu, I ordered a few dishes that I thought he would enjoy.

After handing the menu back to the waiter, I sipped on my water. He did not say anything and merely smiled as he looked at me.

Puzzled at his demeanor, I put down the glass of water and asked, “Is there something on my face?”

His lips curved into a smile. It was apparent that he was in a good mood. “It’s my first time dining with my best friend’s woman. It feels...”

He paused and grinned from ear to ear. “Well, I’d have to say it feels quite great.”

Birds of a feather flock together. Naturally, the people around Ashton would not be as easy to manipulate.

I did not doubt his words, nor did I ruminate over his undertone. Seeing that he was not beating around the bush, I returned the favor by asking him directly. “If something comes up and I need your help, I believe that you would offer me a helping hand?”

He raised a brow and leaned back into his seat. “What kind of help are we talking about here?”

“Get me some medicine for women recovering from a miscarriage.”

He frowned upon hearing my request. “Only this?”

I nodded. “Well, you have a good reputation. So is that a yes or no for the medicine?”

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With a frown, Jared stared straight into my eyes with his obsidian deep-set ones. He was contemplating whether I was being truthful.

I did not fret. I sat quietly as he tried to gauge me.

After some time, he finally spoke. “Sure.”

“Thank you, Dr. Crest.” It was always a pleasure to deal with smart people. Just throw them a look and they would have gotten the gist of it.

After the waiter had served our food, he shot a glance at me again. “Has Ms. Stovall always downplayed your brilliance this way?”

I chuckled at his remark. “Oh, you flatter me. It’s just a small trick to protect myself. Besides, Ashton and I are really not meant for each other anyway. This is a really bad time to have the baby.”

He had a few bites, seemingly pleased with my answer. “When do you plan to leave?”

I was taken aback and locked eyes with him. My plan was to deal with the baby and divorce Ashton. As for leaving J City, I really had no inkling as to where I should be headed at the moment.

He had even gotten the last step of my plan correct.

I paused for a moment, putting down the utensils in my hands. “Maybe in two months’ time. I haven’t decided on the place.”

"Why don't you consider Q City? I think you'd fit in perfectly there." He put down his utensils and wiped the corners of his mouth. Maybe he was done eating.

I actually found Q City to be a good suggestion and nodded. "Yes, maybe I should consider that." Even though Q City was modest in comparison with J City, the pace of life there was slower. If I were to choose someplace where I would spend the rest of my life, Q City was actually a viable option.

I was supposed to foot the bill but he was one step ahead of me. We walked out of the restaurant together and I said, "I owe you one. It's going to be my treat next time!"

"Well, I hope you would treat me at Q City then."

I was at a loss for words and merely smiled.

It was getting late and I should be heading home. He suddenly asked when he reached his car, "So the surgery has been scheduled?"

"Yes, tomorrow," I turned around and replied.

Why dwell on the course of our actions if the decision has already been made?

"Does Ashton know?"

"No, and I don't intend to let him know about it anyway."

He frowned, albeit making no comment.

After I started my car, I noticed that he was in a daze right beside his own car. I figured it was best not to comment about it. I drove back to the villa right after.

It was a ten-minute drive. I parked the car downstairs and did not get off as I took the divorce papers that Stacey handed over to me.

A wave of bitterness washed over me. I thought that I would only sign the divorce papers should Ashton ever put a knife to my neck. Never would I have imagined that one day I would willingly sign and hand this over to him.

Ashton had always been liberal with the terms in the event of a divorce. He had promised me the villa and the yearly dividends from the Fuller Corporation shares.

I could not help but be amused as I looked at the terms of the divorce. Maybe all along he had been thinking that I had only gotten together with him because of all these, and that there would absolutely no reason for me to refuse to sign the papers if he had given me what he allegedly thought I was after.

After looking at the papers for some time, I finally penned down my signature.

Back in the villa, the living room was all dark. I changed into slippers and reached out to turn on the lights. To my surprise, there was a man sitting in the living room.

He stared impassively at me with his deep dark eyes. I could not discern what was on his mind.

I looked at him and said slowly, "Why didn't you turn on the lights? Have you had dinner yet?"

He did not answer my questions. "Where have you been?" His tone was icy, and there was a hint of displeasure in it.

"I just went to the office." I headed right into the kitchen afterward and said, "I'll make something for you."

Well, I guess he wouldn't have a hearty appetite after what Rebecca had done at the hospital today. Why should I care? He was about to leave anyway. What did it have to do with me if he were to starve to death?

I thought it was best to split on good terms. He had been someone whom I cared about for such a long time anyway. It would be in our best interests to leave behind at least some sweet memories.

I suddenly felt a chill down my spine after I was done cooking. I turned around and was greeted by his cold, hard gaze.

"Wh- what's the matter?" There was only contempt in his eyes whenever he would look at me. Somehow, it felt different today... It felt complicated. I did not know how to deal with it and panicked.

He did not reply, and I took that as because he did not feel like talking to me. So, I kept my mouth shut and cooked ramen for him. "We don't have much at home, only eggs. You'd have to make do with that."

I turned around and went upstairs to wash up. However, he suddenly spoke, "So do we make do with our marriage too?"

Stumped, I felt a searing pain in my chest. I would have chosen to keep quiet some other time. However, today was different. My eyes went red at his words. "So what? Big deal. Haven't we been doing that for almost two years now?"

"Ashton Fuller. I'm saying yes to the divorce." I fished out the divorce papers in my bag and put them right in front of him. I felt bitterness creeping up inside of me. "I've signed it. You take a look at it and put down your signature too. Let's set a time and head to the Civil Affairs Bureau to make things official."

I breathed a sigh of relief after getting those words off my chest. Looking at his handsome, chiseled face, I spoke, "Don't worry about the baby. I will deal with it in a manner that both you and Rebecca will find satisfactory."

One had to bear the consequences of one's actions.

A hint of fury fled across his face but it went unnoticed as I turned around to head upstairs. This may well be the last time we're having such a conversation in the villa.

I felt a sudden grip on my wrist. "Care to explain more?" The fury in his tone was apparent.

I knew he was getting mad, but still, I did not turn around. I tried hard to suppress the swelling emotions and said, "I'll get it done so that it won't affect Rebecca."

"Scarlett Stovall!" His grip tightened on my wrist as his fury reached a tipping point. "What's your plan, huh? To divorce me? To abort the baby? What's next? Are you going to leave the city?"

"What other choice do I have?" The tears welled up in my eyes streamed down my cheeks despite my best efforts at holding them in. "What else could I do? Ashton, haven't you always wished for me to agree to this? You've always wanted me to stay as far away from you as possible right? What exactly am I doing wrong here? Isn't this what you've wished for?"

His gaze darkened. The iciness was even more apparent.

“You think you’re really smart, huh?” He snorted as he pinched my chin with his slender fingers. I tried to shrug him off but he pinched down harder. The two of us were so close that I could feel his breath against my skin. “That is my baby. You do not have the right to determine whether it lives or dies.”

“I don’t have the right?” I chuckled, enunciating myself. “So does Rebecca have a say in this?”

“Stovall, you’re playing with fire here!” He narrowed his eyes at me, his gaze threatening.