

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 41

“So what if you’re married to her? You don’t love her. Didn’t you say you love me, Ash? My body is all recovered now. Let’s have another child, okay?”

“Rebecca…”

What came next were the sounds of a man and woman getting intimate with each other. I squeezed my eyes shut and struggled to tune out those sounds.

The harder I tried not to listen, the more I was tormented by those noises.

As Rebecca’s moans became louder, my body trembled violently. I even felt nausea rise in me and started to dry heave.

I had always known that there was something going on between Rebecca and Ashton, so I wasn’t surprised that they had slept together. However, I never expected to have to listen to them right in the act, nor did I want to know anything about how passionate they were in bed.

It lasted for a long time. By then, I had already thrown up everything in my stomach and my whole body felt drained of energy. I sat limply on the bed, and my heart started to crack, shattering into a million pieces that were impossible to pick back up.

“Ms. Stovall, how was the show? Entertaining enough?” The door was opened, and the plump man walked in. I could clearly hear the smile in his voice, making me feel disgusted.

Even though I couldn’t see his face, I looked straight into his eyes and spat, “Is Rebecca behind this?”

Apart from her, I couldn’t think of anyone else who would do something so disgusting.

“Does it matter?” He snickered. “I’m sure you must be in a special mood after listening to such a good show, Ms. Stovall!”

“What do you want?” They wouldn’t have gone through all the trouble to kidnap me just to spite me. There was no way things were that simple.

“Clever woman!” The plump man raised his voice and continued, “I heard that you’re in charge of Fuller Corporation’s audit this year, Ms. Stovall. I wonder if you’d be interested in making a deal with me?”

I scoffed derisively. “What makes you think that I’d make a deal with you after you’ve used such dirty means to bring me here to spite me?”

He pondered for a while and said in a low voice, “The baby in your belly, Ms. Stovall.” I was stunned, instantly breaking out in cold sweat. How did he know?

He seemed to be satisfied with my reaction, smiling lightly as he said, “What do you think? It seems to me like you don’t want Mr. Fuller to know. I’m guessing you have your own plans. If that’s the case, we might as well work together. What do you say?”

“What exactly do you want?” Whoever got to handle Fuller Corporation’s external audit would make a lot of money. Hence, it was normal that someone would fight to get their hands on it, but this method was too despicable.

“An open tender for Fuller Corporation’s audit!” he answered.

I was taken aback and my brows knitted together. “That’s it?”

“That’s right. As long as you agree, you have my word that henceforth, you and the child in your belly will be safe. I will make sure that nothing happens to you,” he said in a very convincing tone.

My frown deepened. “Why should I trust you?”

“Because you don’t have a choice, Ms. Stovall!” His reply grated on my nerves.

Despite my frustration, I had to get myself out of this situation first and figure out the rest later on, so I looked at him and nodded. “Fine!”

He grinned in return. “Then it’s a deal!”

After that, he motioned to the thin man to cover my eyes again. “Is this necessary?” I frowned.

His chuckle reached my ears. “Don’t worry, Ms. Stovall. We’ll send you back the same way we brought you here!”

Later on, I was pushed into a car. My hearing sharpened due to my lack of sight, but I fell asleep not long after.

When I came to again, not only was I back in the underground car park, but I was also inside my own car. Everything around me was the same, as though what happened earlier was nothing but a dream.

I fumbled for my phone to check the time and found that it was twelve midnight already. I could hardly believe that in the past two hours, I had experienced a life-and-death situation.

Fear still lingered in my heart, so I didn't stay in the car park for long, hastily starting the car and heading back to the villa.

My emotions were all over the place.

Back at the villa, when I stepped in and saw the man looking through some documents in the living room, the earlier sounds of their lovemaking flooded my mind.

A retching sound escaped my lips. Before I could even change my shoes, I made a run for the bathroom and retched in the sink. I had already vomited quite a lot earlier, so there was nothing left for me to throw up now.

"What did you eat?" His low and icy voice reached my ears.

I was trembling all over and my stomach felt awful. He stepped forward and reached out to stroke my back, but the sounds they made overwhelmed my senses and I felt sick to the core. I snapped my head up and shoved him away.

Ignoring the dark look on his face, I immediately dashed up the stairs.

Once in the bedroom, I locked the door. Knowing what had transpired in here, my stomach turned. I quickly opened all the windows and changed all the sheets on the bed.

Knock, knock! Two rapid knocks sounded on the door. "Open the door, Scarlett!" The man's voice had a dangerous undertone.

As my mind was swamped by those revolting sounds they made, not to mention the discomfort in my stomach was unbearable, I automatically tuned out everything that was happening beyond the door.

Desperate to get rid of his scent in the room, I cleaned every inch of the space. When I was done, I felt disgusted by my own body. After taking off my clothes, I went into the bathroom and turned on the shower to full blast, wanting so badly to wash off every part of me that he had touched.

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Bang! A loud noise came from outside. I hastily locked the bathroom door and curled into myself. I knew that if Ashton wanted to come in, there was no stopping him.

Sure enough, it didn't take long before he slammed open the door from outside. In a harsh voice, he growled, "What the hell are you doing, Scarlett?"

He was standing just beyond the bathroom door now.

I held the door down, not wanting to hear his voice at all. "I don't wanna see you, Ashton. Please, please stay away from me!"

I felt disgusted beyond comprehension. If I didn't hear those sounds, perhaps I could've lied to myself even after knowing what happened. But now, it was impossible for me to unhear them. No matter how many times I told myself not to picture him lying naked in bed with Rebecca, I just couldn't. Everything was playing in my mind on repeat.

"Scarlett, open the door. Whatever it is, we can talk it out!" His icy voice could probably freeze anything that came to close.

I shook my head, still feeling uncomfortable in both my heart and stomach. "There's nothing to talk about between us. Please just stay away from me!"

"Scarlett!" He said through gritted teeth outside the door, "Don't test my patience! Okay?"

On the verge of breaking down, I screamed at the door, "I told you to stay away from me! Stay away! Didn't you hear me?"

Bang! A huge impact shook the door on its hinges and I took a few steps back in fright.

After only three times, the bathroom door burst open and his towering figure cannoned in. With pitch-dark eyes, he stared at my cowering form beside the bathtub.

“Scarlett, you...” When he saw my quaking body and the resentment in my gaze as I looked at him, his anger subsided slightly.

After a long time, he walked to my side and crouched down, slowly extending his fingers toward me.

Afraid that he’d touch me and repulsed by his proximity, I instinctively shouted, “Don’t touch me!”

His outstretched hand froze midway and his chilly aura diffused into the air around us. “Tell me what happened.”

“Ashton, let’s get a divorce! Please. Let’s just get a divorce. I don’t want anything. Just sign the papers!” My voice cracked.

Ashton’s already sullen expression became impossibly darker. His frosty eyes were fixated on me as he muttered, “Do you know what you’re saying, Scarlett?”

“Yes!” Of course I did. For two years, I endured all the hurt inflicted on me, but love couldn’t be forced. No amount of warmth and kindness could replace love!

He grabbed me hard, then hauled me out of the bathroom and placed me on the bed. He wrapped a towel around me before squatting in front of me. With both hands tightly holding my shoulders, he looked up at me and spoke softly. “What exactly happened?”

He was calm. Even when I had an angry outburst, he still managed to remain calm.

I shook my head vigorously as my eyes reddened, croaking out, “Ashton, do you love me?” I didn’t know why I asked this question, but there was no turning back now.

He stiffened for a split second and frowned while looking at me with an intense gaze. “Love isn’t a word you just throw around, Scarlett!”

But you said it to Rebecca. My heart clenched in my chest, and I almost screamed out the words.

"Then what is it?" I lost control of my tears and choked out, "Ashton, you don't love me, do you?"

"Scarlett!" His low voice sounded strained. "Tell me what happened, okay? Why are you suddenly asking for a divorce?"

"I don't love you. I really don't!" My eyes were red-rimmed and the pain in my heart had spread to every part of my body. "I don't love you as much as I thought. I'm still young and there are countless opportunities for me to find someone I truly love, so let's get a divorce and set each other free, okay?"

From the moment I met Ashton, I never thought that there would come a day where I'd beg to leave him.

I thought that as long as I worked hard enough and offered him my heart, body and soul, one day, he would come to appreciate me and perhaps even love me.

Unfortunately, I forgot that there were too many uncertainties in life. In this world, many things could be yours as long as you worked hard, but love was an exception.

It was already a blessing from God if two people found love in each other, because most people could only dream of getting that!

The temperature in the bedroom seemed to drop sharply, chilling me to the bone. Even so, I bowed my head and averted my gaze.

After a long time, he drew in a breath and said in a commanding tone, "Rest well. We'll talk after you've calmed down!"

He stood and left the bedroom right after saying that short and concise sentence.

That night, Ashton left the villa while I stayed up all night.

Even so, we had to move on or else the world would leave us behind.

After a sleepless night, I arrived at the company bone-tired. When Stacey noticed my pale complexion, she asked in concern, "Ms. Stovall, did you stay up all night to read the documents? Company audits aren't that difficult, so don't put too much pressure on yourself. Your body has just recovered so you still need to take care of yourself!"

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I nodded as my head buzzed slightly. After reviewing Fuller Corporation's financial statements, I moved on to Quinn Corporation's.

Noticing that I kept yawning, Stacey brought me a cup of coffee and asked, "By the way, Ms. Stovall, will the company's external audit be given to AC Credit or Harrison Credit?"

Thinking about this problem made my head spin. The middle-aged man from yesterday asked me to hold a tender, but left everything else vague.

Perhaps I could use this to my advantage. I contemplated for a while before answering, "How long will the audit take?"

"In previous years, it took about half a month, but I think this year, it'll take at least one month!" Stacey spoke while placing the audit information from the previous years on my desk.

I gave it a cursory glance, already feeling a pounding headache as I queried, "How much longer do we have this year?" Every year, the company's audit had to be published on the Economic Network upon completion. Fuller Corporation is a listed company, so many stockholders and investors were waiting to see it.

"Not much, there's only one and a half months left, but Fuller Corporation has branch offices in other provinces. Although you don't need to visit every branch office, you'd still need to visit a few of them. Otherwise, there's no way for you to understand the specific situation."

I nodded and put away the documents. Checking the time and seeing that it was already noon, I looked at Stacey and ordered, "I need to meet the president of Harrison Credit. Make an appointment for me. The sooner the better!"

"Yes!" She paused a beat before continuing, "Do you still want to see the president of AC Credit?"

I originally didn't plan on seeing him, but thinking about what happened last night, I couldn't help but wonder if it was all AC Credit's scheme to grab this deal.

After giving it some thought, I replied, "I'll see him. Did AC send some of their people over again today?"

"Well," Stacey hesitated before continuing, "The president of AC Credit, Thomas Lowe, is waiting in the reception area downstairs."

The president himself came here? It seems that Fuller Corporation's audit is indeed a big catch.

"Make a reservation at a restaurant nearby for me." I got up and took my bag with me. "Do it quick. I'll go down to meet Mr. Lowe first."

"Yes!" Stacey left in a rush after that.

Once out of my office, I went straight to Fuller Corporation's reception area. Fuller Corporation was based in an enormous office building, and with its abundant funds, a luxurious and relaxing reception area was set up in the lobby on the first floor to welcome any guests.

Most employees were on their lunch break now, so there weren't many people left. Hence, when I arrived at the reception area, I immediately spotted a middle-aged man sitting on the black leather sofa. Thomas seemed like a buoyant person, and I noticed that he looked rather fit for his age.

Seeing me, he got to his feet and walked toward me with a smile. Extending his hand out for a handshake, he greeted me, "Ms. Stovall, I'm the founder of AC Credit, Thomas Lowe. I'm glad you could meet me!"

I returned his smile and said, "Sorry for the wait, Mr. Lowe, but I've really been very busy lately, so I couldn't find the time to meet you until now." I checked the time on my watch, then looked back at him. "Since it's currently lunch hour, would you like to have lunch together, Mr. Lowe?"

He smiled subtly and nodded. "Sure, Ms. Stovall. And thank you in advance!"

Both of us didn't talk about work just yet. When we arrived at the restaurant Stacey pre-booked for us, Thomas still didn't mention anything about the audit.

He only shared with me some interesting events in his life, and it looked more like a gathering between two friends. Since he didn't bring up work-related matters, I refrained from it as well, only quietly listening to his narration.

After some time, he peered at me and asked, "Ms. Stovall, I heard that you're responsible for Fuller Corporation's audit this year?"

I nodded brusquely. "After the company went public, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Quinn basically don't have any spare time on their hands, so I had to temporarily take over this project."

He smiled. "In the past years, Fuller Corporation's audits were all handled by AC Credit, and now..."

He trailed off, but of course I knew what he meant. With an amicable smile, I replied, "Fuller Corporation and AC Credit have worked together for many years. Logically speaking, AC should be put in charge, but AC's contract with Fuller Corporation has expired. According to our standard practice, Fuller Corporation will organize a bidding event. Of course, I hope AC and Fuller Corporation can once again cooperate after this bidding."

This revelation led to the conclusion of our discussion. Thomas smiled, replying in a polished manner, "Mm. We are also looking forward to working with Fuller Corporation."

After lunch, I sent Thomas off. Stacey followed beside me and questioned, "Ms. Stovall, didn't Mr. Fuller want this year's audit to be handed over to Harrison Credit? Why do we need to hold a bidding event?"

"If we don't, Fuller Corporation won't just offend AC Credit, but many other audit firms. AC has been in this business for a long time. Moreover, they've been working with Fuller Corporation all these years. If we terminate the collaboration just like that, do you think they won't create a ruckus by using Fuller Corporation's past audits?"

Another reason I agreed to meet Thomas was that I wanted to see if he had something to do with last night's incident, but after glimpsing the reluctant look on his face after I mentioned the bidding event, I doubt that he was involved.

However, I couldn't be too sure. Thus, I decided to keep an eye out.

Stacey nodded with a frown on her face. "Then, why didn't Mr. Fuller..."

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"Inform me beforehand?" I interjected. My eyes darted to hers before I explained, "I'm not Ashton's only subordinate. If he has to explain every little thing word by word, then what's the point of employing so many people? He might as well do everything on his own."

"But you're his wife!"

I found it funny, looking at her to say, "Yes, I'm his wife. Putting aside the fact that he's not satisfied with me as his wife, even if he was, he's still the president of Fuller Corporation, while I'm the director. In the company, we are superior and subordinate. If I'm so stupid that I need him to point out everything, he might as well tell me to go home and be a full-time housewife!"

In the world, pure intelligence would get you nowhere; only experience slowly accumulated from hard and laborious work would bring you far.

Back in my office, Stacey made a dinner appointment with the president of Harrison Credit. I didn't mention last night's incident to anyone, only keeping it locked up in my heart and bearing it on my own.

Fortunately, the company was huge, so I didn't have to meet Ashton if there wasn't anything of utmost importance. To distract myself from thinking about how he was going to handle the matters between us, I poured myself into my work.

After a whole day of work, it was finally time to clock out. Stacey came into my office carrying her bag. "Ms. Stovall, do you need me to follow you for your dinner appointment with Mr. Harrison from Harrison Credit tonight?"

It took me a while to recall my appointment. Sensing that she was eager to leave, I shook my head. "It's fine. Just give me the address and I'll head there alone in a bit."

She smiled and answered, "Thank you, Ms. Stovall. I've already sent the address to your phone."

I nodded, then cupped my chin and narrowed my eyes at her. "Are you dating someone?" Stacey wasn't young anymore. Over the last two years she worked for me, her love life was non-existent. Hence, I immediately noticed how starry-eyed she had become recently.

"No! It's just a simple get-together with an old classmate of mine, so..." Although she phrased it like that, her face had already turned red.

With a nod, I gestured for her to go ahead without saying anything else.

People said that the eyes were the windows to the soul. I agreed, because no matter how much you verbally denied it, your eyes would betray your feelings.

After tidying up my desk, I drove directly to the address Stacey sent to me. I initially thought that the president of Harrison Credit would be a middle-aged man.

Hence, I was shocked to see that Nick Harrison was only a young man in his early twenties.

"Scarlett Stovall?" Upon spotting me, Nick stood up from his seat and raised his brows at me.

I offered him a cordial smile. "Mr. Harrison?"

"Please, don't call me Mr. Harrison. It makes me sound so old. Just call me Nick." Nick had well-shaped eyebrows and defined features. When he spoke, two dimples would occasionally appear on his cheeks, making him look very cute. However, the look in his eyes showed that he was wise beyond his years.

It seemed like this kid was quite capable.

I made my way to the table and took a seat. Nick smiled at me cutely as he asked, "What do you want to eat, Scarlett? I'll order it for you!"

For someone of his age, I wasn't surprised that he had immediately dropped the formalities.

"I'm not a picky eater," I answered while putting my bag aside and then raised my head as he looked through the menu.

After expertly placing our orders, he rested his chin on his palm and squinted at me. "You're even more beautiful than I expected!"

I raised my brows. "Is Harrison Credit your company?" From the looks of it, this kid was about twenty-three years old. Even though Harrison Credit wasn't considered a large firm, there was definitely a reason Ashton chose them. I was surprised that a kid was capable of managing a company like that.

He slumped against the table and answered in a rather disinterested tone, "Yeah. I was bored in university, so I founded Harrison Credit just for fun." Then, he tilted his head at me. "Let's talk about something else, Scarlett."

He really is a kid.

I nodded. "Sure. What do you wanna talk about?"

He instantly perked up, straightening in his seat and sending me an imploring gaze. "Are you and Old boy planning to get a divorce?"

I blinked in bewilderment. "Old boy?"

He hummed a response and explained, "Ashton is already thirty plus years old, so if he's not an old boy what is he? You're only twenty-six, Scarlett. Do you really plan to be with him for the rest of your life?"

I was stupefied by what he said for a moment, unable to formulate a response. In the end, I smiled wryly and asked, "Are you that interested in my private life?"

"Of course!" He nodded and regarded me seriously. "Hasn't anyone ever told you how beautiful you are, Scarlett? Especially how you just radiate elegance."

I smiled at this peculiar young man and said succinctly, "Thank you!"

"What do you think about me, Scarlett? Am I your type?" There was no end to this kid's peculiarity.

After drinking some water, I glanced at him and avoided his question. "Do you think you'll be able to successfully complete Fuller Corporation's annual audit if I hand it over to you?"

Seeing that I had changed the subject, he pursed his lips and sprawled on the table again, speaking in a feeble voice, "I'll only know after doing it, so how am I supposed to answer your question now, Scarlett?"

I furrowed my brows, slightly reluctant to continue the conversation. "Fuller Corporation has recently gone public, so there's a lot of funds involved. I'm sure you know better than me how the slightest mistake can lead to a colossal loss. Since I'm the person-in-charge this year, of course I'd have to be more mindful!"

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He narrowed his eyes a fraction, those black orbs glowing slightly. "Scarlett, do you think I'm incapable of doing a good job for Fuller Corporation's audit?"

My brows lifted, but I refrained from being too direct. With a smile, I said, "You established Harrison Credit at a very young age. Naturally, I believe in your capabilities. But after all, we've never worked together before and we don't know each other well, so Fuller Corporation will be holding a bidding event in the coming days. When the time comes, Harrison Credit will have to prove themselves. If Fuller Corporation's audit ends up being handed to Harrison Credit, then I hope to have a pleasant cooperation with you, Mr. Harrison."

"It doesn't matter!" he huffed. Supporting his chin with a hand, he looked at me with squinted eyes. "It looks like you don't really trust me, Scarlett!"

My brows drew together slightly as I disliked how he was acting overly familiar with me. "That's not it, Mr. Harrison."

"So you think I'm young?" He pushed the food that was just served toward me, his eyes never once leaving mine. "Don't you think younger men are more passionate, Scarlett?"

Unable to continue this anymore, I stood up and announced, "I will notify you about the date of the bidding as soon as possible. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first!"

He grabbed my wrist with some force. "Why are you in such a hurry?" He drew out his words and looked out of the restaurant.

Out of instinct, I followed his gaze and met Ashton's gloomy eyes.

When I glimpsed Rebecca standing beside him, I withdrew my gaze and forcefully tried jerking my hand away from Nick. However, this kid seemed to have a death grip on me.

I frowned and hissed with displeasure, "Let go!"

"Let's watch the show together first!" With that, he pulled me back down onto my seat and pressed down on my shoulders while flashing a smile at Ashton and Rebecca as they walked in. "Mr. Fuller, what a coincidence! Join us!"

Upset, my face turned icy. "What are you doing?"

"Watching the show!" he merely said, then took the seat next to mine.

Wearing a solemn expression, Ashton walked over with Rebecca, and both of them sat opposite us.

Rebecca had of course seen me since just now. She no longer continued to act friendly, casting me a cold look instead.

I preferred it like this anyway. Couldn't be bothered with them, I fished out my phone to busy myself with something.

Nick's enthusiastic voice sounded just then. "Mr. Fuller, Ms. Larson, what would you both like to eat? Allow me."

I felt the urge to laugh. Didn't he call him 'old boy' just a while ago? Now it's Mr. Fuller?

Ashton gave him an indifferent glance, then looked at Rebecca. "What do you want to eat?"

This was a habit engraved deep in him. It was impossible to get rid of it.

Rebecca said she was fine with anything, then remained silent. Nick, on the other hand, was a pain in the a** as he kept trying to get me to talk. If he wasn't blocking my way, I would've left by now.

"Letty, are you busy later? Do you wanna go for a movie with me?" It was clear that Nick was trying to stir up trouble. A minute ago, he was still calling me Scarlett. Now, he was shamelessly calling me Letty.

Since when did we become that close?

"I'm busy!" I snapped, then didn't say another word.

I could vaguely sense Ashton's eyes on me and ignored him.

Seeing how unresponsive I was, Nick turned to Ashton and rambled on, "Mr. Fuller, I heard that you're very close to Ms. Larson. My mom even said that she wants you two to come for a meal at Pear Garden sometime!"

"Thank Ms. Anderson on my behalf," Ashton replied with a stoic expression.

"Is Ms. Anderson the fashion magnate you mentioned last time?" Rebecca asked, an intrigued light entering her eyes.

Seeing this, Nick immediately dived into the topic. "Do you know my mom too, Ms. Larson?"

Rebecca's eyes gleamed as she responded, "So she's your mother. She's known as the Queen of Fashion in Western and Northern Europe, as well as locally. I also heard that Ms. Anderson manages two listed companies. Last time, she ranked third on Forbes List, and she's the richest woman in the world!"

Nick's mother is Cameron Anderson? I read about Cameron Anderson in financial magazines before. She was the typical career woman people in this era looked up to. I never expected her to be Nick's mother.

Once both of them found a common topic, they began to chat excitedly. I was already bored enough, but now, I wanted to leave desperately.

Finally, the two of them stopped talking once the food was served.

"Letty, I hope you like what I ordered for you. It's very nutritious and it tastes bomb too!" Nick seemed to have hit his head on something because he started cutting up my food as he spoke affectionately to me.

For the sake of maintaining the peace, I didn't comment on it, but I frowned slightly and protested, "I can do it myself!"

He ignored me, his eyes darting to Ashton who was busy tending to Rebecca. Then, he exclaimed with admiration sprawled on his face, "Mr. Fuller, you're so sweet to Ms. Larson. I can see that you really care for her!"

Rebecca's lips arched upward, obviously delighted by what he said. Ashton, however, frowned in response as his eyes found me.

I remained expressionless and bowed my head, turning a blind eye to everything.

As long as I didn't take it to heart, I'd be fine.

I took a small bite of the cut meat on my plate, but before I could chew it, my stomach turned violently. Slapping a hand on my mouth, I frantically signaled Nick to let me out.