

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 121

Mrs. Eriksen had prepared many things in the kitchen. I was as lazy as my norm, so I rarely entered the kitchen. Even if I did, mac and cheese was the most common dish I would make.

In terms of cooking, Macy and I were the same kind of people. In the past, Grandma always said that women should not be in the kitchen. Instead, we should read more books and delve into more poetic activities.

As time went by, the kitchen became a place I rarely entered. Now that I thought about it, it was because Grandma loved me and was reluctant to make me work in the kitchen. That was why she had said those words to me.

Since I was staying home, I did not want to waste my time lazing around. Therefore, I decided to cook something. After preparing all the ingredients, I poured some oil into the pan.

Right then, Ashton came down after his shower. I froze when I saw his styled hair. "You have something to do today?"

He nodded in answer. Entering the kitchen and seeing the uncooked food, he asked, "I'll be going out for a bit. Will you be fine at home by yourself?"

I hummed as a reply and put the meat into the pan. As the meat flopped in, the oil on the pan splashed onto my hand, and I retracted my arm instinctively.

Instantly, I hissed in pain.

Swiftly, Ashton took the pan from my hand and pushed me to the side. "Let your hand stay under the cold water for a while. I'll cook."

After putting my hand under the tap for a while, I stood aside and watched him move around the kitchen. His movements were smooth with no trace of hesitation.

It differed him from the other rich men.

Having nothing to do, I grabbed an orange and asked, "Who are you meeting later?"

He scooped spaghetti into a pot as he looked at me. "Rebecca and Zachary are about to go back to K City, so they've invited a few of us to lunch."

I froze until I saw an oil stain on his sleeve. Only then did I take off my apron and put it on him instead. "Okay. Don't drink and come back earlier."

Everyone had their own paths to walk, and I could not force Ashton to cut ties with Rebecca. After all, they were human, not machines.

He nodded and left a kiss on my forehead. "Don't overthink it. Jared, Joe, Cameron, and Zachary will be there too. You're pregnant, so it won't be convenient for you to move too much."

I nodded in response before I took the plate out of the kitchen to the dining room.

After scooping a portion for himself, he untied the apron and took my hand to check on it. "Does it still hurt?"

He then stood up and walked toward the cupboard.

When I saw him taking the first-aid kit, I hastily said, "I'm fine. It doesn't hurt anymore."

However, he ignored my words. Sitting beside me, he applied a thin layer of ointment to my hand.

The two of us had a quiet lunch before he mumbled some reminders and left.

After he left, I started to get bored being alone in the spacious house. Hence, I headed to the study room and started reading *The Brief History Of Time*.

When Macy called, I was on the verge of falling asleep. She roared into the phone, "What are you doing? Your man is probably going to—"

"Going to what? It's daytime now." I was leaning on the balcony; the warm sunlight was making me sleepier.

"So what if it's daytime? Do you not have feelings in the day? Ashton and Rebecca just entered Winthem Hotel. Aren't you going there to take a look?"

Macy sounded urgent, and I could guess that she was shopping outside as I could even hear the clack of her heels.

“You’re pregnant, so stay at home. Stop wearing heels.”

I yawned before looking at the clock. It was now five in the evening, and it had been hours since Ashton had left the house.

I had been sitting down for hours, so my back was feeling uncomfortable.

“Wait, I’m talking to you about your man. Aren’t you going to take a look?” Macy sounded urgent. “That woman, Rebecca, is dressed up all lavish. I’d say it’s best for you to check them up.”

I hummed disinterestedly in response. “Have you had your dinner? Do you want to come to my house for it?”

“F*ck!” She then grunted, “You... Forget it. I’m not going to your house. I’ll be going home straight after shopping.”

After ending the call, I walked out of the study room and took a short stroll in the villa’s backyard.

The weather was nice for the stroll. In the backyard was a row of blue jacarandas, and by now, it was the right season for blooming. The blue flowers were scattered across the grass patch, and it was a picturesque scene.

Not long after, someone rang the doorbell of the villa. Just as I turned to head to the door, my phone rang.

It was from Ashton.

After picking up the call and before I could say anything, he uttered, “Open the door. They’re here to furnish the nursery. Also, the sunroom on the top floor isn’t the best room for resting, so I’ve asked them to remodel the master bedroom too. You’ll rest better there.”

I gave him a short hum in response and opened the door. The middle-aged man who appeared outside the house looked at me and greeted, “Hello, Mrs. Fuller. We’re the ones Mr. Fuller asked to furnish the nursery.”

I nodded before opening the door wider to let them in.

I then muttered into the phone, "Where are you? When are you coming back?"

"I'm at Winthem Hotel. I might be a little late. I've ordered some soup for you for dinner and asked Mr. Lewis to bring it to you later."

He sounded nonchalant though he had arranged everything perfectly for me.

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"Okay, I'll end the call then," I replied.

Looking at the rockery in the backyard, my heart raced as if someone was gently squeezing it. It hurt a little, but I felt touched.

Ashton was good at taking care of others. I had known that a long time ago. If someone had a place in his heart, he would take care of that person until that person knew not how to do anything.

However, I could not help but wonder, How long will days as heartwarming and perfect as these last?

The sun slowly set, and Devon had indeed instructed someone to send the soup to me. What came with the soup were some dishes that were suitable for pregnant women.

I did not eat much. After the men who were remodeling the rooms were gone, I walked around the house.

Many parts of the house had changed. The collections that were originally in the living room were gone. Some I had broken, and the remaining Ashton had kept it at the warehouse.

Warm lights were installed in the dark house, and even the brown couch was changed into a deep blue one. The house now felt somewhat homely.

A carpet had been placed over the grand staircase, and many warm-palette paintings now hung by the corridor. As for the nursery, the men had furnished the room with a sky-blue theme – a perfect choice.

Just by looking at the room, one could not help but brighten up.

However, tears brimmed in my eyes. Is he doing this for the baby or me?

It's probably for the baby.

I clung to that moment, hoping that it would freeze in time as I remained in the nursery. In my daze, I did not realize the house's doorbell had been ringing for ages.

After finally registering the noise, I rushed down the stairs.

It turned out to be Joe. As I had taken quite some time before I opened the door, he had a scornful look on his face. "How big is the house that Ms. Stovall needs to take so long to reach the door?"

I ignored his harsh comment. I then spotted Ashton, who was leaning against the rockery. It seemed like he was drunk.

When I walked over to him, the strong scent of alcohol wafted across my nose. Frowning, I helped him up before looking at Joe. "Thank you for sending him back."

He did not reply, only giving me another look before he left.

I slowly supported Ashton back to the bedroom. He seemed like he was drunk, but not at the same time—he seemed distracted, and he was quiet. All he did the entire time was to hang his head in a daze.

"Do you feel unwell?" I asked as I shook his body a little.

He raised his head to look at me, and I could see his eyes were unfocused. "Have you eaten?"

I nodded and sighed. It seemed like he had drunk more than usual, so I stood up to get him some water. However, he stopped me.

Pulling me to his leg, he narrowed his eyes. "Where are you going?"

"I'm getting some water for you." Why does he look like a child when he acts like this?

He slowly nodded. "I'll come with you." With that said, he stood up. Unfortunately for him, his body refused to cooperate, and he sat back down when he lost his balance.

"It's fine. Be good and sit here. I'll get you some water. Stop making things difficult for yourself." You're already in such a state. Why are you insisting on coming with me?

After returning with some water for him, I saw his arms hanging by the side of his body, as if he had no bones. I could not help but sigh as I lifted the glass to his lips. "Open your mouth."

Squinting at me, he mumbled, "Scarlett."

"Yes." After he took a sip, I reached out, about to take his clothes off when he stopped me. "Don't move."

"Ashton, you should seriously get some sleep now." A glance at the time told me it was already midnight.

He nodded, stood up, and announced, "Okay, I'll be heading home first. It's not safe for Scarlett to be alone."

Huh?

How much did he drink?

Pulling him back to the bed, I cupped his cheeks and told him, "Ashton, you're already home. Look at me. I'm Scarlett."

He widened his eyes to look at me again. The usual coldness in his eyes was nowhere to be found at that moment. Instead, some tenderness was in his eyes. He reached up to touch my face and smiled. "You've come to pick me up. Let's go home."

It looks like he really drank a lot.

“Okay, let’s go home,” I relented as I helped him up. Just as I was about to take him around the house before coming back, he ended up dragging me down the stairs, stumbling the entire time.

Out of all the rooms in the house, he brought me to the main bedroom. I thought it had been completely remodeled, but it had not. The sandalwood bed was gone; it had been changed into a tatami.

The wedding photos we took back then covered the wall, and a small pastel cot was by the side of the bed.

The wardrobe remained, but the men had changed it to a walk-in closet instead. It was spacious. I liked it a lot.

I only saw what changed in the master bedroom when I entered then; I had only checked out the nursery earlier.

Ashton took me around the room before giving me a silly grin. “Do you like it?”

“I do.” He was an aloof man, so I was sure that the remodeled color palette was meant for me.

He had drunk a lot. After walking around the room, he fell asleep on the bed.

Monday soon arrived.

It was a working day – Ashton usually woke early. As I had nothing else to do, I came to the office with him.

Stacey had rested a few days by now. When I saw her again, she looked much better. It seemed like she had finally collected herself.

When she caught sight of me, she smiled. “Ms. Stovall, I wish to talk to you.”

I nodded and led her into the office.

Stacey was someone I had known for two to three years, and in certain personality aspects, we were the same. After motioning her to take a seat, I said, “I’ve already sent in the audit for Fuller Corporation. You’ll have to pay more attention to HiTech’s case. My stomach is

growing larger, and I'm experiencing more pregnancy symptoms by the day. There might be things I might miss out on, so it'll be best if you go through them too."

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With her hands on her knees overlapping each other, the woman turned towards me after a brief pause. "I am here to tender my formal resignation, Ms. Stovall!"

I widened my eyes in surprise. "I didn't think you'd give up on this job so easily, especially after how hard you've worked."

Everyone makes mistakes, but you don't have to leave because of it! Just fix it and move on!

I was starting to grow anxious when she kept quiet. "What's your reason for leaving?"

"I might be getting married soon, and my husband wants me to stay home and look after the family." Judging by her regretful tone of voice, I could tell that she was actually reluctant to resign.

"But you haven't got kids, right? You can still work after getting married! Besides, you'll probably find it difficult adjusting to life without work."

Grandpa had also wanted me to stay at home back then... I know he meant well. He didn't want me to overwork myself, but I couldn't stand watching Ashton and Rebecca being so close to each other every day!

Stacey nodded and flashed me a faint smile. "I'm sorry, but I've already made up my mind. Thank you for all your support and guidance during my time here, Ms. Stovall."

Having no reason to try and stop her any further, I nodded and said, "Very well, then. Email me your resignation letter and then hand over your work."

She gave me a nod of acknowledgment and began walking out of my office. Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks and turned around all of a sudden. "Ms. Stovall, things are not as simple as they seem with Fuller Corporation's audit and HiTech."

I looked at her in confusion, but she had left before I could ask her what she meant by that.

My mind sure is a mess lately... I keep forgetting things, and I can't even think straight at times... I know there's something wrong with Fuller Corporation's audit and HiTech, but I can't quite point out what it is. Oh well... Ashton won't discuss work at home, so I guess I'll have to set that issue aside for now...

At lunchtime, I got a call from Ashton telling me to go to his office and have lunch with him.

I wasn't sure if he had done it on purpose, but I noticed quite a lot of changes when I arrived. For starters, the color theme in his office had been changed, and the plants originally placed by the door had been replaced with two pots of cupheas.

The previously empty lobby was now also decorated with all sorts of potted plants.

Joseph had finished packing and was about to head out for lunch when he saw me. "Mr. Fuller is in his office. You may go straight in, Ms. Stovall!" he said after a brief pause.

I nodded in response and glanced at the newly-added desk in the corner. "You guys have a new hire in the Secretarial Department?"

Joseph, being a man of few words, nodded and replied, "Yeah!"

I knew I wasn't going to get any information out of him, so I didn't bother asking any further. I headed straight into Ashton's office.

The man was busy with his work when I entered, so he pointed towards the food on the table when he saw me. "Help yourself. I'll be done in a bit."

"Okay," I muttered as I eyed the Devil's Ivy on his desk and began chowing down.

He sat down next to me after he was done. "Is there anywhere, in particular, you would like to go?"

I shook my head. "Nope!"

I thought pregnant women are supposed to stay home! Why is he asking me where I want to go?

I stopped eating after a while as I didn't really have much appetite. "Is there a new hire in your office?"

He raised an eyebrow at me. "You sure are acting more and more like Mrs. Fuller!"

I ignored his comment and waited for him to continue, which he did after a brief pause, "It's someone who used to work for Dr. Ludwick. You'll be taking a break from work in a few months, so I figured having an extra secretary around would help smoothen things out."

Dr. Ludwick?

The first person who came to mind was that woman I had met previously.

At that moment, a woman came into his office. She was wearing a bright yellow dress with a high ponytail and exuded an air of youth.

"Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Fuller. I'm here to deliver some documents!" She awkwardly placed the files on Ashton's desk and shot me a nervous glance before leaving.

I looked at him and let out a light chuckle. "Looks like youth is in the air, eh?"

With an eyebrow raised, he reached out and pulled me into his arms. "Are you jealous?"

I shook my head. "No, it's just... Your office looks a lot different now that it's filled with life."

His shallow breathing could be felt on my neck as he spoke, "Well, you've now got our child inside of you."

I kept quiet. For some reason, his sweetness only seemed to fill my heart with an inexplicable sense of dread.

After lunch, I took a short break in the lounge before returning to his office.

The place was a bit noisy – he seemed to have gone out. Since I had nothing else to do there, I figured I would head home.

On my way out, I ran into a petite young woman who flashed an awkward smile when she saw me. "Ah, Mrs. Fuller, I didn't realize you were here! Am I disturbing you?"

She looked somewhat familiar, but I couldn't quite remember who she was. "You are?"

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"My name is Kristina. We've actually met before. Maybe you don't remember me, but I'm sure you remember my uncle Caleb. Mr. Fuller has recently hired me as his secretary!" she said with a smile.

My mind was still in a bit of a daze as I had just woken up from a nap, but I got the gist of what she said. Why would Ashton hire her as his secretary all of a sudden?

"So you're the one who decorated his office with these plants?" I asked. Both Ashton and Joseph used to have plants in their offices, but it didn't take long before Ashton got rid of them for being in his way! Why is he letting her decorate his office now?

"Yup! Mr. Fuller's office seemed rather lifeless due to his cold personality, so I asked Mr. Campbell for some advice and placed some potted plants in there," Kristina replied.

"Ah, fair enough." I nodded and massaged my forehead as I walked out of his office.

With Stacey gone, I had to do most of the work on my own. Although Fuller Corporation's audit had been completed, there were still many things to work on with HiTech.

By 8 p.m., I found myself incredibly exhausted despite having made it safely through my first trimester.

As I was packing up and getting ready to head home, I received a text message from Ashton: I have some business to attend to, so I'll be home late. I've ordered some soup for you, so make sure you have dinner on time!

I didn't give it much thought as I understood how busy he was and didn't want to hog him all the time.

I drove straight back to the villa and was surprised to see Mrs. Eriksen busy mopping the floor.

“What are you doing here, Mrs. Eriksen? Didn’t you say you’ll be very busy these few days?”

The woman paused and let out a sigh before turning towards me. “What could an old woman like me possibly be busy with when even my son finds me useless?”

We have a part-time maid to clean the villa. Seeing as to how she has cleaned the entire place spotless, I’m assuming she’s in a bad mood...

“I’ve been feeling rather unwell after dinner lately, Mrs. Eriksen. Is this something you could help me out with?”

“Hmm, you do look bloated. Give me a minute. I’ll whip you up a home remedy. Go for a walk after drinking it, and you’ll be all better!”

I followed her into the kitchen and leaned against the door as I ranted, “Oh, Mrs. Eriksen... You have no idea how tough life was for Ashton and I while you were gone! Neither of us can cook, so we didn’t really have anything to eat!”

“Haha! You kids should really learn to take better care of yourselves! I’ll stay here to look after you from now on. That baby of yours will be due in a few months, so we’ve got to be extra careful!” she said with a chuckle.

Mrs. Eriksen seemed to be in a much better mood after a brief chat. Feeling a little tired, I drank a bit of the herbal mixture she made me and went straight to bed.

I was woken up in the middle of the night by the ringing of my cellphone.

“Hello...” I answered sleepily without checking the caller ID.

“Am I speaking to Ms. Scarlett Stovall, the wife of Mr. Ashton Fuller?” The man on the phone sounded very professional.

“Yes, and you are?” I replied while checking the time. It’s two in the morning! Who on earth could be calling me at this hour?

“I’m calling to inform you that flight H898 from J City to K City has been involved in an accident. Your husband was on board that flight and is currently being rushed to K City Hospital. We need you to come over right away!”

I sat bolt upright. An airplane accident? How...

My mind went blank, and I agreed without a second thought, not knowing what else to do.

My hands trembled as I punched in Ashton's number on my phone. No one answered the call.

I tried calling Joe and Josiah too, but it was probably too late at night as they weren't picking up either.

In my state of panic, I decided to call Rebecca. She answered the phone rather quickly, and I could hear her sobbing profusely on the other line. "Where are you, Scarlett? Ash is in danger! Come quick!"

"What happened? Where is he?" I clutched the phone tightly in my palm as I asked.

"He was bringing me over to K City, but then something went wrong with the plane... He tried to protect me during the emergency landing, and he..." She began crying even louder as she continued, "My parents are in the ER as well. The doctors need you to come to sign the consent forms. I'm sorry, Scarlett! I won't try to steal him from you anymore! As long as he survives, I'll do anything..."

I felt no need to listen any further and hung up the phone to save myself from the heartache.

Now that the news had me wide awake, I got off the bed and paced about in the room. After calming down a little, I decided to give Macy a call, but there was no answer.

I tried calling Nick instead, and he picked up the phone, much to my surprise.

"What the hell, Letty? It's three in the morning! Do you miss me that much? Is that why you're calling me at this hour?"

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"Do you know where Ms. Anderson is?" I didn't trust Rebecca, so I had to confirm it with someone else.

"She was sending Rebecca to K City with Zachary. Oh, I think your husband went with them as well." Nick was probably staying up late as he didn't sound tired at all. I could even hear the faint clacking of his keyboard in the background.

"Have they checked in with you from K City?" I asked with a frown.

"No, why would they? I'm a nobody!" He raised his voice a little.

"I meant your mother, Cameron. Did she text you saying that they've all landed safely in K City?" I didn't know a lot of people in this circle, so Nick was the only person I could ask.

I heard a loud smack when he slammed his fist on his keyboard. "She has never talked to me about anything for over twenty years now. There's no way she'd tell me about minor stuff like these! Anyway, why are you calling me this late at night? Is there something you wanted to ask me?"

"I've received word that the plane they took was involved in an accident. Could you please help me look into it?" He was the only person I could count on to find out more about what happened.

"Okay, I'll go check!" he said after a brief pause and hung up the phone, leaving me to wait for his reply.

Feeling empty without Ashton around, I went downstairs and switched on all the lights in the villa.

I even tuned into the news on TV in hopes of hearing something about the accident, but there were no reports about it whatsoever.

Nick called me back about fifteen minutes later. "I've booked us tickets for the earliest flight. It departs at seven. Are you coming?"

I shuddered a little upon hearing that. "Yes!" My voice was weak, and I was finding it difficult to breathe.

I had a ton of questions in the back of my head, but they all ended up stuck in my throat.

"Things got a little bumpy when the plane made an emergency landing at the airport, but I think they'll be fine," he said after a long pause.

“Okay. I’ll see you tomorrow morning!”

I couldn’t go back to sleep after hanging up the phone, so I sat in the living room with my arms wrapped around my knees. The next four hours felt like hell as I sat there in the huge and empty villa, waiting for time to pass.

I suppose a smaller house would’ve been better...

At dawn, I packed my stuff and left the house as quickly as I could.

Nick was already at the airport with the tickets in hand by the time I got there.

The airport wasn’t that crowded at the time as most of the people there were in a hurry.

Nick glanced at his watch when he saw me and said, “We’ve got half an hour left. I think we should go through security now.”

“You didn’t get any sleep at all, did you?” I asked when I saw how pale he looked.

He raised an eyebrow at me. “I could ask you the same thing.”

I kept quiet, simply nodding in response.

The queue at the security wasn’t long, and it was soon our turn. I handed my flight ticket and ID card over to the security officer, who gave me a strange look after seeing my name. “Scarlett Stovall?”

I saw that Nick had already cleared security on his end and urged the officer, “Yes, that’s right. Could you please hurry it up? We’re in a bit of a rush.”

“Sorry, but we’ll need you to cooperate with the investigation,” the security officer replied.

Before I knew what was going on, two young men in police uniforms had come up to me and began dragging me away.

Nick ran over and stood in front of them. “What’s going on here, officer?”

"We're from the Bureau of Industry and Commerce (BIC). We've received reports of Fuller Corporation being involved in the black market, so we're having Ms. Stovall come with us to aid the investigation."

I had no idea what they were talking about.

Nick grabbed one of them by the arm and said, "Why are you guys arresting her? She's an ordinary employee! If anything, you should be arresting the person in charge of Fuller Corporation!"

"Sir, please don't get in the way of us doing our job. Ms. Stovall is an employee of Fuller Corporation, as well as the wife of the person in charge. Most of the company's documents were signed by her, so she has a direct connection to this case. You may consult a lawyer if you have any further inquiries."

"Don't worry; I'll go check on things in K City. We'll decide our next course of action then!" Nick called out to me.

This is bad... With both Ashton and myself absent from Fuller Corporation during such a crisis, I'm not sure if Joe and Jared can handle it on their own...

The police officers brought me to an interrogation room where I was sat down in front of a middle-aged woman. "My apologies for bringing you all the way here like this, Ms. Stovall. As your company has been involved in some legal issues, I will need to record my following conversation with you. I hope you will cooperate with me in this investigation."

I nodded, having finally calmed down from the shock and fear.