

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 286

As I had said those words harshly, he knitted his brows upon hearing them. “We’ll shower together.”

Instantly, rage coursed through my veins. “Ashton, do you not speak human? I said I’m going to shower. If you want to take a shower, go to the other bathroom.”

His expression darkened. “What’s the matter with you? Why are you losing your temper over nothing? What did I do to you?”

“Nothing!”

I was not in the mood to talk to him. If he were not going to leave, I would. If you’re not going to leave me alone, I’ll do it myself!

However, he was persistent in clinging to me—he pressed me against the wall and bit down hard on my shoulder. “Tell me why you’re angry, all right? Don’t keep me guessing.”

“Hurry up and take a shower. You smell,” I voiced instead as I scrunched up my face.

Lifting a brow, he raised his arm to take a whiff of himself. Instead of scrunching up his face like I did, he smirked. “Scarlett, do you have a dog’s nose? I’m surprised that you can even smell that.”

“Hurry up and shower now!” I yelled with a tinge of anger.

Amused by my reaction, he patiently said, “She’s sick. I was with Joe, so we went there together. I’m your husband, and I’ll be loyal to you for the rest of my life.”

By now, my lips were pursed into a thin line. Pushing him away again, I softened my tone to say, “Take your shower.”

With a small smile, he went back into the bathroom.

When he came back out again, he was in a bathrobe that revealed his muscular chest. It was a pleasant sight for my eyes.

When he saw me reading a book on the bed, he walked over to me and asked, "Why are you reading a travel guide? Do you want to go there for a trip?"

"I'm thinking of going to M Country. Macy and Jackson have been there for quite a while, but they haven't sent me any messages or calls. I wonder how they're doing, so I want to visit them." I have not seen them, including Nick, since my accident, and I was curious about how they were doing.

He nodded before taking the travel guide from me. As he put it aside, he uttered, "It's useless to read these. Come with me to M Country since I'll be heading there soon."

"Why are you going there?" Can he really leave the city when the company's so busy recently?

At that, he pursed his lips before pressing a habitual kiss on my forehead. "Some major issues have arisen for the few hospitals that Jared's managing. I'll have to go there to check things out. There are a handful of those hospitals in the country, so it's a pretty grave situation."

I froze. So that's why his phone has been ringing all day today.

In the beginning, I did not take Stacey's words to heart. However, the moment the seed of doubt had been planted, it would start growing uncontrollably. It was the same for everyone.

After a moment of mulling over his words, I asked, "Only Dr. Crest's hospitals?"

He nodded. "He's been managing the medical side of things."

"Then, could it be that..." I trailed off, realizing that my next words would sound like I was trying to sow discord between them. Hence, I changed the topic and asked, "How long have you known Dr. Crest?"

Hearing that, he laughed before lowering his gaze to look at me. "I've known him since my college days. Why are you asking about that all of a sudden? Why, are you finally interested to know about my past?"

I smiled before asking again, "How did the two of you become such close and trusting friends?"

To my knowledge, individuals had to have memorable days of heart-to-heart interactions before they could become friends that trusted each other.

Raising my head to look at him, I took in the sight of his defined jawline. Indeed, someone who possessed good looks would look good from any angle.

Hearing my question, he briefly frowned before answering, "I'll tell you more in the future. Are you feeling sleepy?"

It seemed like he was not keen on answering me, so I did not pressure him for one. All I replied was, "Okay."

After that, I fell silent.

His phone rang a few more times, but he never seemed like he was going to accept the call. When I looked at it from the corner of my eyes, I realized Rebecca was calling.

Thus, I frowned. "It's noisy."

Giving me back a similar frown, he silenced his phone. Unfortunately, even when silenced, the phone's screen continued to light up.

The call came in one after another, and I was starting to feel frustrated. To Ashton, I snarled, "Can't you just pick that call up? It's annoying."

When he grimaced, I could see a trace of gloominess in his expression. "Do you want me to?"

"Ashton, cut your crap. If you want to pick it up, then pick it up. If you don't, reject the call and look for her in person. It's annoying to keep seeing her name on the screen." It truly was. It was the middle of the night, but instead of sleeping, she was calling someone else's husband. This was honestly something that only Rebecca could do.

Dumbfounded by the sudden reprimand, Ashton stiffened for a few seconds before a cold look crept upon his face. "What do you mean by asking me to look for her in person? Scarlett, is there something wrong with you?"

"You're right. There's something wrong with me. Either you switch off your phone, or you leave the room."

He then picked up his phone and accepted the call on speaker mode. "Is there something you need?" he asked in a glacial tone.

"Ash, I'm all alone in the hospital now. Can you come and keep me company? I'm scared of being alone." Her voice was as sweet as cotton candy.

"Am I your dad, or am I your mom? Do you think I'll come to you just because you asked me to? Rebecca, you should know when to stop pushing your luck. Your brother asked me to take care of you, but he didn't tell me to sacrifice myself for you."

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After a pause, he continued, "Also, stop calling me in the middle of the night from now on. My wife is a light sleeper, and she has a bad temper. If she wakes from the noise, I'll have to take a long time to coax her because she's hard to coax."

At that, he promptly ended the call and switched off his phone.

Gazing back at me, he raised a brow and asked, "Are you satisfied?"

I rolled my eyes. "You have a few screws loose."

I then burrowed myself into the blanket. And so did he. When he settled down on the bed, he placed a few kisses on me again.

It was getting late, so I closed my eyes, about to sleep. Right then, I sensed something wrong.

Frowning, I pushed Ashton, who was holding me tightly, away as I roared, "What are you doing?"

"I'm hard." I could hear no tinge of embarrassment from him, and he made it sound as if he were talking about the weather.

Nearly choking on my saliva, I took in a deep breath before replying, "If you want to act crazy, get out. Stop annoying me."

Like a shameless man he was, he pulled me into his arms and mumbled, "Where can I go? It's a cold and lonely night. Don't you think you're a little cruel to me?"

Holding my breath for a few more seconds, I plastered on a fake smile. "Mr. Fuller, thank you so much for your praises."

He smiled back. "You're welcome."

I was a second away from strangling him there and then.

He was so shameless to the point he might as well stop wearing clothes like a civilized person.

"Ashton, if you're not going to keep it to yourself, let's sleep in different rooms from now on. If you keep doing this, I won't be able to sleep. You know I've always had trouble resting." What I was telling him was nothing but the truth. No ordinary person could stand his actions for long.

He paused before whispering, "Twice a week. I won't touch you any other time, okay?"

Maybe strangling him was not enough; throwing him out of the window was better.

He doesn't mean twice; he definitely means two f*cking nights!

Rolling my eyes at him, I stopped arguing because I was too tired. Hence, I commanded, "Sleep."

In my daze, I felt him embracing me. When I hear his breathing getting heavier and heavier, I sighed. "Ashton, sleep in the guest room."

He hoarsely muttered, "Once?"

I pursed my lips, but my exhaustion was pulling me into the land of dreams. "Ashton, I'm very sleepy right now."

And I truly was. That was why I had no idea how I fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke to see him putting on his suit. He looked noble and elegant, worlds away from the animal he acted like last night.

At the sight of him, I mumbled under my breath, "Wolf in sheep's clothing."

However, the man had a keen sense of hearing, so he heard my words despite how quiet I said them. Narrowing his eyes, he walked over with a smile on his lips.

I ignored him as I shut my eyes, about to sleep for a while longer.

Unfortunately for me, he had never been nice to me. He dug me out from under the blanket before he started rubbing against my pajamas.

I only managed to get his hands off after several blows. When I finally succeeded, I shot him a grim look. "Ashton, don't you know how annoying you are? You won't let me sleep at night, but you won't let me sleep in the morning either. If you want to kill me, do it quick. Stop dragging it out."

A laugh escaped him, and he rubbed his face in my ear. "Scarlett, are you having your period?"

Instantly, wrath rose in me like a tide. I pulled the closest pillow to me and hurled it toward him. "Get lost!"

It seemed like he was used to it, as he pecked a kiss on my forehead before leaving.

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At the start, I had no plans to leave the house today. However, Stacey called and asked to meet me.

After Felix's event, she had come to K City. She, a highly educated and witty woman, soon joined the Moore family's company after a few interviews.

We ended up agreeing to meet at a tearoom. It seemed like the residents of K City rarely drank tea, so it was tough for us to find one.

However, as long as we wanted to, a tearoom could still be found.

The tearoom she found was located in a more secluded district. The two of us then ordered a pot of floral tea after we sat down by the window.

"They've sentenced Felix to death, and I'm finally free. Thank you," she said right after she sat down.

With a faint smile, I replied, "No need for thanks. I have my own plans myself."

She smiled back, not minding her reply. "Mr. Fuller's company is in big trouble, right?"

Her words made me tensed up for a moment. I knew Ashton would not publicize the matter, and the only ones who knew were the few shareholders that had a prominent position in the company.

Finally, I inquired, "The Moore family did this?"

She shook her head. "No. It's Cameron's side. I've heard of Jared and her making a move earlier, so I'm sure this was planned. Everything went wrong for the two hundred hospitals managed by the Fuller Corporation in the country and overseas. That's why I'm thinking that they might be trying to destroy Fuller Corporation."

At that, I tensed up again. Ashton had been busy recently, but he was the kind of person who shared little with me, so I barely knew anything about the incident.

From Stacey's words, I realized the situation was grave.

"Any evidence?" Isn't Cameron under investigation? How did she find the time to set Fuller Corporation up?

Is she trying to divert our attention?

Stacey shook her head. "I just realized it recently. Before Mr. Fuller planned to come to K City to expand his business, I found out from Felix that Cameron and Jared have been meeting frequently. Back then, I didn't know what they were trying to do. Now that I think about it, they must have been planning for the hospitals' incident.

The few hundred hospitals have been making illegal extra fees. In fact, one of the old patients in K City's hospital had passed away for months, but the hospital is still finding reasons to charge the patient's family. There are a handful of cases like these in the country, and every hospital will come across a case like this. The hidden charges are always either checkups or medication. However, this case is much more serious than the others."

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After a pause, she explained, "The hospital charged the family a million after the old patient passed away, and that's why the patient's children sued them."

Drawing my brows together, I uttered, "They're still charging the family medical fees after he passed away for months? What are they treating? His corpse?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. These are obviously questionable charges, but there are many similar cases. All the hospitals under Fuller Corporation have these cases. That's why it'll be difficult to handle them all now. There's a chance that Mr. Fuller might have to go to jail for this."

No way! Ashton can't possibly have done this!

"Jared has always been the one managing the medical side of the business, and Ashton has never asked anything about his management because he trusts him. Now that they're expanding the business overseas, all the business related to medical and research is Jared's responsibility. How can things turn out this way?"

Does Ashton and Jared have a secret past?

Stacey sighed. "Clearly someone has planned for this for a long time. All that's left now is to find out how Mr. Fuller is going to deal with it."

I pressed my lips together. "The children of the old patient have been paying the fees after he passed away? They said nothing even though they're paying a million for no good reason?"

No one would continue to pay the fees after their parents are gone, right?

She nodded. "They've even kept records of every receipt and medication, so everyone is talking about how evil Fuller Corporation is."

It was almost impossible for Ashton to turn the tables with all evidence pointing toward him while everyone was criticizing him.

Cameron really is ruthless. She's all quiet until she deals a deadly blow that no one can recover from.

After a brief while of contemplation, I said, "There are no results for Mr. Clinton's case in the investigation. Do you have any plans?"

Although Cameron and Clinton frequently contacted, neither of their accounts had any transfer of funds from each other, and no one could find a trace of evidence regarding cash transactions. Moreover, they had found nothing in Clinton's house.

Mulling over my words, she replied, "I'm not too sure about that. What about this? I'll go back and ask around for more details to see if I get anything useful."

I nodded; that was all we could do now.

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Stacey and I did not converse for long as someone was bound to notice us if we stayed around too long.

I had originally planned to head straight back to the villa, but I suddenly recalled the White's matter. After a pause, I went to the White residence to visit Marcus instead.

However, it was not long before I was stuck outside a building in the city center.

A handful of people had gotten down from their cars and headed toward the building, trying to find out what was going on. Even just by looking out of the car, I knew that something major must have happened.

I was not a busybody, but I was trapped between two empty cars. In the end, I could not help but ask a middle-aged woman nearby what was going on.

Middle-aged women were either on social media or trying to gossip, so the moment she heard my question, she quickly responded, "Oh, young lady, if you're in a rush, it's best that you leave this place. Someone's trying to jump from the building ahead, and I heard it's the ex-wife of the White Corporation's chairman who just died. What a tough life for the rich too. Her ex-husband just died, and now she's being forced to jump because of the mistress. I'd say that J City's Fullers' woman is really something. I mean, look. She already has her

inheritance, but she's still forcing the man's first wife to kill herself. Karma will come to her for this eventually."

Outside the building was a noisy, chaotic crowd. After explaining the situation to me, the middle-aged women hurried over to watch the commotion.

For a few seconds, I was in a daze. The ex-wife of White Corporation's chairman? Sharon? Marcus' mother?

After a few more seconds of rumination, I locked my car and followed her toward the crowd.

Within a few minutes, the people had gathered into a large crowd outside the Prism building in the city center. Even the roads were blocked, and no cars could pass.

The Prism building was the location Ashton had chosen for the company's new headquarters. Around them were several offices of famous companies, including White Corporation and Moore Corporation.

Sharon was all the way at the top of the hundredth-floor building. If one did not squint, one would not have noticed someone about to jump.

Many passersby were gathered at the bottom of the building out of morbid curiosity, knowing that this was the result of grudges between wealthy families.

Someone had called the police early on, and the officers were already here. I could spot a fire engine around, and the police had already blocked off the building.

No one from the inside could come out, and no one from the outside could go in.

Not knowing what was going on, I tried calling Marcus, but none of my calls went through.

I then called Ashton, but he sounded like he was on the plane. Perhaps he was in a rush, for he only told me, "I'll be making a quick trip to J City, so I'll be back late. Don't wait for dinner for me."

With that said, he ended the call. When I tried to call him again, I heard the automated response telling me that his phone was not in service.

With no choice, I squeezed past the crowd to talk to the police. "Sir, can I go in? I know the woman who's about to jump."

"Who is she to you?" the officer inquired as he motioned for me to move backward and away from the scene.

As Benjamin and Sharon were already divorced, I could not think of who I was to her for a moment. In the end, I replied, "She's my friend's mother. Can I go up and talk to her?"

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"Only family members are allowed into the building. Miss, please take a step back and don't intervene in our procedures." At that, the officer pushed me backward.

I nearly fell, but fortunately, someone supported me from behind.

"I'm Marcus, the son of the woman up there. Can I go up?" After Marcus helped me to a stable position, he then took out his identity card to show it to the officer.

After a glance, the officer responded, "Mr. White, go ahead."

Marcus shot him an exceptionally cold look before he towed me into the building. Trailing behind him, we soon reached the top floor.

Outsiders were usually barred from entering these office buildings, especially the top floors; individuals were only allowed in if they had an employee's card with them.

The top floor of this building was an open space with tall railings. Greeneries were planted everywhere, and there were even chairs, tables, and umbrellas. Evidently, this was a place meant for resting.

I did not know how Sharon had mustered the strength to get past the railing. She was standing on the short ledge that was only as wide as a palm, and her hands were holding onto the railing. Even from a distance away, I could see she had an exhausted look on her face.

The wind on the top floor was intense, and her body was swaying with it. If she were to pay less attention, she would have fallen off the building.

From this height, I was sure she would be unrecognizable if she were to fall.

It was terrifying to watch her stand by the ledge, and I vaguely realized the psychologist and rescue team were already on the top floor with us.

When Marcus brought me to the top floor, Sharon became even more agitated. With bloodshot eyes and a hoarse voice, she croaked, "Marc, I'm sorry."

Tamping down the fear in his heart, he looked at Sharon with an ashen face. In a trembling voice, he uttered, "Mom, don't be. I don't blame you for anything. Come to us first. Let's talk about whatever it is on your mind when we're back home, all right?"

However, Sharon shook her head, her face pale from the cold. "Marc, live a good life after this. You're the White family's only son, and your father loves you. He didn't have a child with Sally because he's afraid you'll have nothing after he's gone. You have to keep living and have a family. Take care of the family. That way, your dad and I will rest in peace."

She was telling him her last words.

By now, Marcus' eyes were red, and he was trying his best to collect himself. "Mom, I know. Come down. You have to find me a girlfriend, and you have to be there at my wedding. Mom, don't do this. Come back here and let's live happily as a family."

She shook her head, her tears streaming down her cheeks in melancholy. "Marc, don't blame me for this. I survived the past ten years on my hatred for him. I refused to give in, and I refused to admit defeat. But I don't hate him anymore, so life is now meaningless to me. It's been so many years, and I owe him an apology. I have to look for him in the afterlife. I couldn't grow old with him in the world of the living, so I'll accompany him in the world of the dead."

Sharon was determined to die, and I could see the despair in her eyes as she stared at Marcus. Without the strength to live, death was the best option.

Marcus knew that well, but how much sorrow would he have to face to lose his mother right after he lost his father?

When he realized Sharon was refusing to heed his words, he broke down. "Mom, if you escape from this, what will I do? You'll leave me behind. You're my only family left. What am I going to do if you're gone?"

Sharon cast him a loving look. "Marc, without me, you'll have a better life. I'm your burden as long as I'm alive. Listen to me, don't go to M Country. Stay in White Corporation. Your dad wants to give you the company. Once I'm dead, you'll have more of the shares, and you'll still be White Corporation's chairman. Manage the company and live well."

At that, Sharon instantly let go of the railing. Marcus' eyes widened, but it was too late by the time he reached the railing.

"Mom!" he screamed as tears escaped his eyes. Subconsciously, he climbed the railing, about to follow in her footsteps.

Fortunately, the swift members of the rescue team stopped him and injected him with sedatives.

It was as if the sky had heard his cries. When Sharon fell off the building, it started raining. It gradually washed the blood puddle on the first floor away.

Marcus was sent to the hospital while a mortician brought Sharon's body away. The crowd dispersed.

Within a few hours, the scene ended with a death.

I spend several hours in the hospital watching over Marcus. Sedatives coursing through his vein, he lay unmoving on the bed as he stared at the ceiling. It was as though he was dead, too.

The doctor came by a few times to check on him, and he reassured me that there were no major issues. His heart had stopped for a while from the extreme sorrow he felt, but fortunately, he was young and he would recover.

The sky gradually darkened. I went downstairs to buy some food to eat. By the time I return, the sedatives had worn off.

Marcus was sitting on the bed when I entered. The moment he saw me, he whispered hoarsely, "Where is she?"

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I knew he was asking about Sharon, so I hid my sadness away and replied, “She’s been sent to the funeral parlor.”

Although I did not witness her final moment, I had overheard the conversation of those who had. As she had fallen from such great height, their description of her final appearance was that she was crushed beyond recognition.

For a brief moment, I could even imagine it.

He nodded, an abnormally distant look in his eyes. When he looked at the soup I brought, he asked, “Do you only have soup?”

I froze, not used to his calmness after going through such tragedy. Then I nodded before shaking my head. “What do you want to eat? I’ll buy it right away.”

“It’s fine. I’ll take that.” He took the soup from me and began drinking it like he normally would. It was as though he had not just gone through a tragedy several hours ago.

His unusual reaction worried me, but I did not know how to console him. “What else do you want to eat? I can buy it for you.”

He paused his motion and shook his head. After a beat, his gaze landed on me. “Have you eaten?”

I stiffened, but shook my head. “I’m not hungry.”

He put down the bowl before he stood up and grabbed his jacket. Looking at me, he uttered, “Let’s go. Let’s grab a bite and a walk.”

As he dragged me out of the hospital, I stared at his towering figure, unable to spot anything different about him from the usual.

However, there was one thing that was different—his gaze. He had a murderous gaze, and that was something he never had. It was hatred—deep hatred.

I was shocked by it. Where did that come from?

After boarding the car, I ruminated for a while before suggesting, "Marcus, let's go to Central Park. I'll make whatever you want to eat at home."

If we were to go somewhere crowded, I was sure that it would only make him even more upset.

His hands on the steering wheel visibly tensing, he glanced at me. "Why aren't we going to the White residence?"

My mouth set in a hard line. "The White family has maids, and I won't get to cook when I'm there." Then, I tentatively asked, "You want to go back to there?"

After lowering his gaze for a second, he started driving in the direction of Central Park. "No."

The hospital was not far from Central Park, so we soon returned. As it had been a long while since I came back here, the fridge was essentially empty.

It took me a second after peeking into the fridge before I said, "Give me a moment. I'm going to buy some things back from the supermarket downstairs."

"I'll come with you."

With a faint smile, I shook my head. "It's fine. I can go alone."

He looked at me for a little longer. A silent agreement.

As it was already late, there were not many groceries in the supermarket. After picking some food that I knew how to prepare, I soon left.

When I returned to the house, I saw Marcus was no longer in the living room. After I placed my groceries in the kitchen, I went around to search for him.

The study room was where I found him, and he seemed like he was typing something into the computer.

When he saw me, he only looked at me and flatly replied, "You're back."

Nodding, I flashed him a smile. "I'm making pasta. It'll be done in a while."

The only answer he gave me was a quiet hum.

It was normal for me to overthink the situation, for his reactions would worry anyone else, too. He did not seem depressed or melancholic. It really was as if nothing had happened to him.

He hid his feelings so well that it seemed like Sharon had not died, and life was still going on as usual.

Once I was done with the pasta, I turned around, about to get him to eat. To my shock, he was leaning against the doorframe, arms folded, with a gloomy look on his face.

Sweat covering my back from the shock, I shakily asked, "Marcus, what's wrong?"

The gloomy look dissipated, and he asked, "Are you done with the pasta?"

I nodded, fear still lingering in my heart. After scooping a serving out from the pot, I placed the plate on the table.

As I watched him eat, I could not help but mumble worriedly, "Marcus, are you okay?"

He paused and lifted his head to look at me. "What?"

I shook my head, sensing him becoming distant from me. "Hurry up and eat. It won't be nice to eat cold pasta."

He narrowed his eyes. "You're not hungry?"

I gave him a small smile before shaking my head. "I'm not. Eat more."

At that, he pursed his lips and fell silent.

As I watched him eat, I wondered if he tasted nothing of the pasta. It was as though he was only eating to fill his stomach.

After the meal, he sat on the couch, staring at the television that he did not turn on with a dark gaze.

At that moment, I felt as though I was reliving the moment when John found out about his father's death. Back then, John's eyes were filled with darkness. It was as if he had fallen into a black hole, determined to drag everyone into the void.

After keeping the plates, I sat down beside him and said, "Marcus, you have to keep going forward. Your mom wants you to have a bright future."

He was silent for a moment. "You're consoling me?"

I was at a loss for words.

After a while, I finally said, "It's getting late. You should rest early. I'll come around to deliver breakfast to you tomorrow. Put your work aside; you should rest at home for the next few days."