

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 281

I drew my lower lip between my teeth. She was right. After all, Parker was dead. Ashton would have to keep his word, no matter what. If something had happened to Rebecca, he would need to take care of her.

I sneered at her. "Rebecca, if you're willing to sacrifice your whole life, I don't mind your existence. After all, we share a bed at night. You know he doesn't love you romantically. I can't believe you're okay with waiting for him. You're not even his mistress. If that's the case, why should I mind?"

As the color drained from her face, I continued, "Your existence might bother us occasionally, but you'll have to waste the rest of your life doing this. However, if you leave Ashton, you'll have a different life. You're pretty with a powerful family background. There will be other men who would make you happy. Look, Joe is a good example. It's obvious he really likes you. Even if Cameron's reputation gets torn to shreds, you can still take care of her. The Moore family is too strong for me to destroy. So, as long as you leave, I won't get to sabotage your future."

I was telling the truth. As long as Rebecca was willing to give up, my actions wouldn't bring harm to her. However, judging from her persistence toward Ashton all over the years, I knew she would refuse to leave as she was used to him.

Indeed, a menacing glint flashed across her gaze.

She shook her head. "No, I won't leave him. If you refuse to let my mother off, then we'll fight till the end. Let's make things difficult for each other. Scarlett, you want nothing else, but I want both him and my family. I won't give up."

I shrugged. "Fine. Let's see who will win."

Rebecca was greedy, as she wanted everything. She was right. It seemed like I wanted nothing else, but it was because I had nothing to begin with.

I didn't realize when Rebecca left the cafe. I sat in my seat as my heart clenched slowly. To her, losing a baby meant a few days of pain.

After I lost my child, I lost the will to live. She had her parents and relatives, but I had nothing else.

The coffee stain had dried off. I knew I must be a pathetic mess by now.

Standing up, I got ready to head back to work. Suddenly, I noticed someone standing beside me.

Ashton's sudden appearance gave me a shock. I thought he's busy?

"W-Why are you here?" I grabbed my bag and prepared to leave.

He narrowed his eyes. "Who were you with earlier?"

"No one!" I replied. Turning around, I noticed Jared and Joe taking a seat at a nearby table. It seemed like they had just arrived.

Ashton urged. "Why is there coffee on your outfit?"

The coffee had dried by now, but the stain was still visible. I furrowed my brows and lied, "I spilled coffee on myself accidentally."

Ashton snickered and glanced at me as if I were a clown making a fool of myself. "You poured coffee on yourself?"

I bit my lip and changed the topic. "Are you here to talk about work?"

He looked away from the empty cup on my table and insisted, "Who did this to you?"

"Will you beat her up or pour a cup of coffee over her head?" I frowned and retorted.

He arched a brow. "So that's what you like?"

I was rendered speechless.

"Forget it. You should go back to work. I need to return to my office!" Tattling on Rebecca was useless. After all, he wouldn't beat her up, would he?

He grabbed my wrist. "What did she tell you?"

I could feel my head throbbing. "Ashton, we can talk about this at home. You should go back to work."

Prying his hand off, I headed out of the cafe.

Soon, Ashton caught up to me. He draped his blazer over my shoulders. "You didn't drive here, right? I'll give you a ride home. Change into a clean clothes before going back to your company."

I knitted my brows and shook my head to refuse his offer. "No need. It's dry by now. I just need to deal with something back in the company. I'll head home right after that."

"Is it that urgent?" he inquired sternly. When I met his gaze, he softened and said, "Go home and take a shower. Don't you feel uncomfortable?"

"It's fine."

"Scarlett!" Ashton scowled. "We should get along better. After all, we're married. Why are you doing this?"

I frowned instinctively at his words. Mrs. Eriksen was right. He had been working hard to deal with the problems. I could see how hard he was trying to take care of me.

After a pause, I gave him a nod. "Okay. Let's go home, then."

His expression relaxed as he brought me to his car. After he drove away, I asked, "Don't you need to inform Dr. Crest and your friend?"

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"It doesn't matter," he replied. We returned to the villa in no time.

Back home, I took a shower swiftly. When I exited the bathroom, Ashton was talking to someone over the phone on the balcony.

The door wasn't shut, so his voice floated over. He was talking to Rebecca.

"Rebecca, you shouldn't involve Scarlett in our business," he said unhappily.

"Ash, what do you mean by that?" Rebecca's voice was shrill. "Did she tattle on me?"

"No!" Ashton kept his voice low. When he heard my footsteps, he turned back and came into the bedroom.

I could hear Rebecca's displeased voice over the phone as she was loud. "Then why do you think I did it? Am I that horrible in your eyes?"

He wasn't about to waste his time to argue with her. "This is the last time. If it's because of your mother, you can come to me. Scarlett is my wife; I'm responsible for her."

"Ashton Fuller!" Rebecca yelled angrily. "My mother was trying to protect me. Was she wrong? Why do you insist on targeting her?"

Ashton frowned as his gaze landed on me. He gestured for me to dry my hair. I tilted my head and stood rooted to the spot.

After shooting me a smile, he spoke gravely, "I was trying to seek justice for my child. Was I wrong?"

Wow, what a brutal reply.

Rebecca immediately ended the call.

Ashton flung his phone aside and urged me to take a seat. He took my towel and began drying my hair.

His phone kept ringing incessantly. In the end, I looked back and told him, "You should answer that."

He spoke calmly. "I will. After I dry your hair."

It took him some time to dry my hair. Finally, he was ready to leave.

After he left, I returned to the company. I wanted to talk to Marcus about the new AI project because it was relatively new.

I looked around, but he was nowhere to be seen. His assistant told me Marcus was at the hospital as Benjamin was on his deathbed.

I immediately called Marcus, but he didn't pick up. I didn't know what was happening, so I called Sally instead.

When she answered my call, all I could hear was people bawling desperately. None of them were Sally.

"Ms. Fuller, what happened to Benjamin?"

"Tell Ashton he's dead. Come to the hospital with him. I need Ashton to manage Benjamin's funeral with Marcus," Sally told me calmly.

I was stunned to hear the news. Benjamin's dead?

I thought he was fine?

After getting the address, I headed there without hesitation. Ashton didn't answer my calls. He might be busy, so I sent him a text informing him of the situation and address.

When I arrived at the hospital, Benjamin was dead. Sharon had collapsed on the ground in front of his ward dejectedly.

Sally wasn't there, and neither was Marcus. Hearing my footsteps, Sharon looked up. Suddenly, she leaped at me and knocked me to the ground while yelling, "F\*ck the Fullers!"

Your aunt took my husband away from me while you took my son away from me! Go to hell!"

As Sharon was too emotional, she started hitting and cursing me. I was caught unaware, so I couldn't escape from her claws in time. Soon, bloody scratches appeared on my cheeks and neck.

She had her hands on my hair and pulled out a handful of my locks. The nurse hurriedly tried to stop her.

Utterly devastated, Sharon shrieked. "Karma will punish the Fullers one day. You'll die a horrible death. Sally, this isn't over. Even if you have inherited White Corporation, I won't give up. You'll die a horrible death!"

When Marcus returned after dealing with the necessary procedures, he inquired, "What's wrong?"

I was still in shock at Sharon's actions. Shaking my head, I replied, "I don't know. She leaped at me right after I arrived. I think she's too upset now."

Sally showed up soon. When she saw Sharon, who was on the verge of an emotional breakdown, she furrowed her brows and came to me. "Are you alright?"

I assured her I was fine. Right now, I was concerned about Marcus. His father had just passed away, and his mother was brokenhearted. He seemed calm, but I wonder what he felt deep down.

Benjamin's body was sent to be cremated at the funeral parlor. His funeral was to be held next month. After Marcus dealt with everything and sent Sharon home, he came to Sally.

"My father handed White Corporation to you. I'll hand over my responsibilities as soon as possible and return to M Country," he said coolly.

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Sally nodded calmly.

It took me a few seconds to process the fact that Sally was going to take over White Corporation according to Benjamin's last wishes. I was confused because Marcus was Benjamin's son.

Marcus walked out of the hospital right after saying that. I ran after him, but I didn't know how to console him. "Marcus, have you had dinner yet?"

"I'm not hungry!" He seemed reluctant to talk to me.

I was at a loss for words. As he was heading to his car, I slipped into the driver's seat before he could do so. "I'll give you a ride back to your house."

It would be dangerous to let him drive now.

He narrowed his eyes menacingly. "Why? You pity me?"

My brows furrowed up. "No!" After starting the engine, I added, "You're my friend. I owe you one, so I can't leave you in the lurch."

"Ha!" He sneered. "So you're repaying my favor?"

I knew he was in a foul mood. I said nothing and focused on driving until we reached his house.

When the car came to a stop, Marcus' eyes were shut. He spoke tiredly. "You can stay in White Corporation. Sally will take over from now on. She's Ashton's aunt, so she won't do anything to harm you."

I pursed my lips. "What about you?"

"I'll return to M Country!" He massaged his temples. "I came back to take care of my mother. Now that the person she cared for is gone, I should return to M Country."

I knew little about his family affairs, so I said nothing.

After a brief silence, I offered, "Come on, let's go in. You should eat something and rest well. Don't think too much."

He looked at me, his gaze undecipherable. "Louis is planning to make you his daughter. Your future will be a bright one. Don't go overboard with your revenge. Many people had died in Zachary's hands accidentally. Be careful."

I nodded and sighed. "Do you have to return to M Country? The White family is rich. Even if you don't get to run White Corporation, there is still the Bauman family, right?"

He chuckled lightly. I noticed his lips were cracked. "Are you concerned about me? You don't want me to leave?"

Well, not really. I answered, "Yes, I don't want you to leave. I owed you too much. If you return to M Country, there's no way I can repay your favor."

He sat up. "Do you want to repay my favor?"

I nodded. Back then, if he hadn't arrived in time and asked me to hang on till the sun rises, I would've died together with my child. He had saved my life.

With a smirk, he suggested, "Then stay for the night."

I simply stared at him blankly.

He snickered at my reaction. "What's wrong? You're not willing? In ancient times, our ancestors would devote themselves to their patron to show their gratitude. But since you're married and I can't marry you, I could only ask you to stay for the night."

I gnashed my teeth helplessly. "Are you sure?"

Marcus laughed out loud. "It's just one night. Why are you overreacting? Benjamin might be a scoundrel, but he was in love with my mom when they gave birth to me. Although I wasn't close to him, he's still my father. I feel horrible after his passing."

He added, "If you're here, at least the house doesn't feel that empty."

My lips parted in disbelief. I thought...

Seeing my reaction, a faint smile flitted across his lips. "Why did you think I asked you to stay?"

"Nothing!"

"Mm, it's settled then." With that, he alighted from his car and dragged me into the house.

The White residence was huge. As Benjamin's remains would be placed here for a few days, the house's furnishings had been stripped to the bare minimum. It was spacious yet empty.

The Whites had few people. As there was an ongoing funeral, even the air felt chilly. I followed Marcus into the living room where he ordered the helpers to prepare dinner.

Sally returned a while later with a bunch of documents about the family's inheritance. Marcus glanced at her briefly before looking away coolly.

To my surprise, Sally came to Marcus. "You can have the White family's properties and cars. I only want to be the chairperson of White Corporation."

"Ha!" Marcus sneered and gazed at her intently. "He's still here, but you're already dividing his fortune? Aren't you afraid he'll haunt your dreams?"

Sally answered icily, "That was what he promised me, to give me the majority of the 50% shares he had. Hence, according to the bylaws, I have the right to become White Corporation's chairperson."

Raising his brows, Marcus retorted, "You're demanding that earlier than expected. Are you leaving the White residence before his funeral?"

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Sally's reply was calm. "You don't have to be so mean. Both you and your mother own some shares in White Corporation. I won't take away what's yours."

"You can have everything," Marcus declared. "The shares mean nothing to me. You can have them. After all, you've schemed and worked hard all over the years."

"No need!" Sally's heels clicked on the floor. "I will only get what's mine. Please tell your mother to stop bothering me. That incident had nothing to do with me. She should move on by now."

"Nothing to do with you?" someone shrilled from the door. It was Sharon. Her eyes were reddened and swollen. Gazing at Sally menacingly, she declared, "If you hadn't seduced Benjamin, he wouldn't fall out of love with me. We've been together for decades! We grew up together and traveled all over the world!"

She walked into the house and sobbed. "I was with him when White Corporation was at its lowest point. He loved me dearly. When Marc was born, I took great care of him until he left to go overseas. I thought we'd live happily ever after, but I never expected your arrival would lead to our divorce in his fifties! Sally Fuller, you said it wasn't your fault, but we only started arguing after you showed up. If you hadn't acted all pitiful in front of Benjamin, he wouldn't have fallen in love with you! Things wouldn't have turned out this way! You're an heiress yourself. Why did you seduce a married man?"

Sharon's expression clouded over with hatred. "Why do you even love him? He can't even give you a child. Are the shares worth that much? You're nothing but a lowly b\*tch!"

Her last sentence was an insult.

Sally's expression soured immediately. She clenched her hands like she was trying to control her anger. Suddenly, a soft laugh escaped her throat. "Yes, I'm a b\*tch. But don't forget, you're also one. Sharon, think carefully. Why did Benjamin insist on a divorce?"

"Because of you, homewrecker!" Sharon yelled aloud. "You seduced him and ruined our family. It was all your fault!"

"Ha!" Sally scoffed. "It seems like you've forgotten about your past. Remember what happened in Victory Hotel ten years ago? Do you seriously think no one would know if you kept it a secret and forget about it?"

Sharon's face contorted. "W-What are you talking about?"

"You know what I mean. You didn't know that man showed the video of your wild night together to Benjamin, right?"

Sharon paled instantly. Her body trembled as she stuttered out, "Impossible. Benjamin found out? Seriously?"

Sally continued, her face devoid of expression. "He knew. To prevent a scandal from breaking out, he'd pay whenever the man blackmailed him with the video. Do you know how much he had suffered? You knew how much he loved you. Why did you upset him with your actions?"

"No!" Tears rolled down Sharon's cheeks. "I knew nothing about that night! I wanted to explain, but I was upset when I saw him with you. That was why I argued with him. I didn't know he knew everything!"

Sally watched her breaking down for a moment before explaining, "We were innocent back then. To cover up your scandal, he promised to give me some of his shares and money. Fuller Corporation was on the verge of bankruptcy back then. It was my father's effort, so I needed his help and agreed to his conditions. We put up an act so a scandal of his affair would break out. That man knew his video was useless by then. Do you know why that man ended up dying in a car accident? Benjamin arranged for his death because of you."

Sharon collapsed on the ground, wailing profusely. "Why didn't he tell me about it? Why?"

"Tell you?" Sally's expression darkened. "What can you do to help? After the man died, you nearly killed Benjamin for that scoundrel. Why would he tell you about it? So you can hate him for killing the man you loved the most?"

"That's utter nonsense! I don't love that man at all. That night was an accident. After he died, I went to look and saw you with him. I was so upset and ended up stabbing him. This is driving me crazy."

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Marcus' expression was as dark as night.

As he stared at Sally, he uttered coldly, "Is there a point for you to say this now? Benjamin is dead. Are you trying to kill my mother too?"

Sally sneered, "So you want your mother to hate your father for the rest of her life? He's been framed for so many years, so why can't you let him die an innocent man?"

"I'm the one who should die! I should be the one to die!" Sharon cried out as she climbed to her feet. When she looked at Sally, she laughed. "He loves me. Yes, he loves me."

I sensed something amiss about her behavior, so I said to Marcus, "I think you should send her to the hospital. Something's wrong with her."

Few could withstand a shock as intense as that. After glancing at Sally, Marcus helped Sharon out of the White residence.

Now, the only ones left in the house were Sally and me. Looking at the apathetic woman, I mumbled, "Aunt Sally, it's getting late, so I'll be heading back first."

Before I could take more than three steps, she uttered, "Do you think I did this wrongly as well? That I shouldn't talk about these old matters?"

At that, I froze for a moment before turning to look at her. "Benjamin didn't mention it when he was alive. Maybe he had other plans."

"Ha," she scoffed. "He's only keeping it to himself because he's concerned about Sharon's feelings and reputation. What other plans can he possibly have?"

I could not help but frowned at her words, sensing the disgust in them. "Aunt Sally, Benjamin's plans are also his concerns. All he wants is to protect his first wife's reputation. The way you're saying it is dismissing half of her life."

She had endured in silence and stewed in hatred for half of her life. In the end, she realized she was the one at fault; she had been the one to hate and love the wrong person. There was no way Sharon could spend the rest of her life at peace.

She looked at me and narrowed her eyes. "Are you trying to put in a good word for Marcus? Do you mean that my life isn't the same as everyone else's? My entire life was ruined

because of her. I didn't marry the one I love, and I don't have anyone to grow old with. At the end of the day, I'm the miserable one."

To my surprise, I felt no urge to extend my sympathy to her despite seeing her suffering. "Aunt Sally, Benjamin gave you half of White Corporation's shares and the emergency fund. These are the things you exchanged for. All those years he had been with you, he gave you all his love and attention. You shouldn't be too greedy. You've enjoyed his wealth and love. Now that he's gone, you're complaining that he has wasted your time. Do you think that's right for you to do so?"

Everyone had a choice. When she made her choice to follow Benjamin back then, she should have known that a day like this would come. It was only a matter of time.

Glaring at me, she hissed, "It's all because you killed the daughter-in-law of the Fullers. You're on the side of the outsiders. Ashton's an idiot to have fallen in love with you."

I knitted my brows and stopped replying to her. Perhaps our brains functioned differently from each other. No matter what I did, I could not share the same thoughts as her.

When she looked for me because of Rebecca's baby, I knew she was someone who prioritized herself.

After leaving the White residence, the sky was already dark.

I headed back to the villa, thinking that Ashton had already gone home. However, I saw no signs of him at home.

Hence, I went to the study room. In the afternoon, I had gone through many documents in the office, and there were a handful of terms I was not familiar with. This would be the best time for me to research them.

While I was reading, Mrs. Eriksen asked me to go for my dinner. As I was too focused on my research, I told her not to disturb me.

By the time Ashton came back, it was already late at night.

He must have realized I was not in the bedroom, so he came to the study for me.

Noticing him, I looked away from the computer screen and fixed my gaze on him instead.  
"You're back!"

He gave me a small smile before walking over to me. As he sprawled by the edge of the table, he asked me what I was looking at.

The faint fragrance from him made me subconsciously furrow my brows.

I was not one to use perfume frequently, and he rarely used them too. Furthermore, I could tell that the scent was a women's perfume.

Immediately, I dropped the smile on my face and stood up. Avoiding his hand that reached out to grab me, I went straight to the bedroom.

Stunned by my actions, Ashton quickly followed me as he queried, "What's wrong?"

"I'm tired," was my only reply to him before I entered the bathroom, about to wash up.

He stopped me and asked with a deep frown, "Scarlett, be honest with me, okay?"

"Aren't you tired after staying out for a day?" I was not angry. In fact, I was even smiling when I said those words.

In response, he narrowed his eyes and uttered icily, "I'm not. Did I come back too late?" After a pause, he apologized, "I'm sorry. I won't let you wait for me for that long from now on. I'll try my best to finish my work up as quickly as I can, okay?"

"No need for that. Your work is more important." I shoved him aside and entered the bathroom.

Before I could close the door, he squeezed in. Noticing my still-upset look, he furrowed his brows and hugged me from behind as he leaned his chin on my shoulder.

He murmured affectionately, "Nothing's as important as you." With that said, he rained kisses on me.

The scent of other women assaulted my nose, and frustration grew in me. Pushing him away again, I pursed my lips before ordering, "Ashton, go out. I'm going to shower."