

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 291

I did not know how to console him, so all I could do was give him reminders.

Lifting a brow, he cast an icy gaze at me. "You're not going to stay?"

After a pause, I shook my head.

Then I grabbed my jacket and left.

So many things had happened unexpectedly. By the time I reached the villa, it was already past midnight.

Before my car entered the garage, I saw the man standing by the doorway. He was a towering man. Under the dim streetlight, he looked like a weary traveler.

After parking my car, I stood by the doorway. Once again, it started drizzling.

His expression darkened. "Are you planning to stand outside for the rest of your life?"

With that said, he strode toward me. The more droplets landed on him, the more distant he seemed to me.

Pressing my lips tightly together, I muttered, "Didn't you say you'll be late tonight?" What I had understood from his call earlier was that it was likely he would not return tonight. After all, J City was far from K City. It would take him half a day just to fly there and back.

He sneered, "Do you think this isn't late?"

He was right; it was already past midnight.

Instead of saying anything else, he pulled me into the villa. Staring at me with a dark look, he asked, "Where did you go?"

“Central Park,” I replied, not planning to hide anything from him. Whatever happened today was major, and I was late in coming home. Even if I said nothing about it, he would find out about it tomorrow.

He narrowed his eyes dangerously. “Why don’t you say there for a few more days? It’ll save you the trouble from having to travel around.”

I nodded. “Sounds good. I plan to do that too.”

“Scarlett!” He gritted out, “Who is your husband?”

Speechless for a moment, I huffed, “You’re the one who asked me to move there. Why are you angry at my reply?”

“Am I not allowed to be angry? You’re spending most of the day with Marcus. Why don’t you just take him in as your godson? That way, you can keep him company every second of your life.”

Looking at his enraged expression, I retorted, “Why don’t you tell me to marry him instead?”

Smack! He slammed his hand onto the table, looking a second away from strangling me to death. “So it’s right of you to come back after midnight?”

I dropped my head, whispering miserably, “No. You only know how to lose your temper every time. You don’t even bother asking me why I’m there or what happened. All you do is lose your temper. You’re even saying that I’m in the wrong just by coming home late. Ashton, you’re unreasonable.”

He tensed, nearly barking out an angry laugh. A beat later, some of the anger melted away from his face, and he asked, “All right. Tell me then. Why did you go to Marcus’ place?”

I sat down and muttered, “Get me a glass of water first.”

He froze as the corner of his lips twitched. “Scarlett, you-”

“Forget it if you don’t want to. Don’t yell at me again. I’ll stop talking if you want me to.” After all, it was not like he could do anything to me, even if he got mad.

His dark eyes stared at me for a while as he bit down on his thin lips. In the end, he said, "You'd better say something I want to listen to later, or else..."

He did not continue his sentence. Instead, he gave me a glass of water and sat down opposite me. "Speak."

I cupped the glass with both hands as I ruminated over the events before replying, "Benjamin's dead."

He raised a brow at that. "I know. Aunt Sally told me about it." After a pause, he narrowed his eyes and uttered, "That's all?"

I sighed. "Marcus' mother, Sharon, jumped off Prism building today. I'm scared that Marcus would not be able to take it, so I spent some time with him at Central Park. That's why I'm back late tonight."

He furrowed his brows and questioned, "What actually happened?"

In recent days, he had been busy. Perhaps Sally only mentioned Benjamin's passing to him; she might not have even told him any details.

After all, this was the Whites' family matter. At the end of the day, Ashton and I were outsiders.

After a brief thought, I continued, "The day Benjamin passed, Sally told Sharon things from a decade ago, and I think they really affected her. Her mental state did not seem right near the end. Maybe she couldn't take it, so she followed in Benjamin's footsteps."

He only nodded, having little thoughts about the Whites' family matter. Then he looked at me and said, "Marcus has his own life to continue, so don't keep going there. Don't forget that I'm your husband, not him."

I could hear the jealousy oozing out of his words.

Pursing my lips, I huffed, "Ashton, I'm just repaying a favor. Can you not assume that everything is as complicated as you think they are?"

"Repaying a favor? You've got so many ways to repay a favor. Did you have to go there yourself?" There he was, being sarcastic again.

Anyway, he was not in a good mood, and he did not wish to talk much to me. Therefore, I did not take his words to heart.

Instead, I said, "It's already late. Aren't you sleepy?"

He shot me a glance before storming up the stairs.

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Knowing that he was fuming on the inside, I did not make him angrier anymore. When I returned to the bedroom, he was not around, and I was sure he must have gone to the study.

I then went to wash up in the bathroom. It had anti-slip tiles, so I usually took off my house slippers when I went in.

However, I somehow managed to slip and fall a few steps into the bathroom.

"Ah!" I shrieked in fear.

Bang! The bedroom door burst open to reveal Ashton, panting by the doorway. It seemed like he had rushed over.

When he saw me on the floor, he frowned as he lifted me up into his arms. "Are you hurt?"

"I sprained my ankle."

He then reached out to pinch my ankle, and I could not help but gasp from the pain. "Ouch!"

"So you know it hurts?" he snarled. "Do you use your eyes to breathe?"

Pouting, I whispered, "How am I to know that the floor is so slippery. Who in their right mind would want to fall?"

He gave me a taunting look. "Who can you blame if you were the one to not watch where you were going?" After a pause, he continued, "What were you about to do?"

“Shower!” Why does he have such a terrible temper?

He placed me gently into the bathtub and filled the tub before coldly saying, “Do you need me to wash you?”

“No need!” came my quick reply.

He continued, staring at me apathetically. “It’s as if you’ve lost your parents-in-law when his parents died, Scarlett Stovall.”

I-

What kind of logic is that?

How did he even connect this to that?

“Ashton, is this fun for you? It’s not whatever you think it is; I slipped on accident. Moreover, Marcus helped me in the past, and now that he’s having so many troubles. What’s wrong with me helping him a little? Have I ever said anything about your relationship with Rebecca? Besides, there’s nothing between Marcus and me.”

Ashton was being melodramatic. If not for Marcus’ appearance back then, I would have died with the baby. Now that he was facing such a tragedy and there was no one around him he could talk to. What was wrong with me being concerned about him as a friend?

“Ha!” He barked out a laugh. “Do you have to help him in this way? Scarlett, do you think you’re the only one who knows how to repay a favor? Will it kill you to get someone to take care of Marcus instead?”

“Sure! You get someone to do that, then!” I huffed. “If that’s the case, you could’ve found someone to take care of Rebecca, too. Why did you have to do it yourself then?”

The anger overwhelmed him and took away his words for a moment. With an expression as dark as charcoal, he uttered, “Stop talking about things from the past. Hurry up and shower. Call me when you’re done.”

“There’s no need for that!” I was furious, too. “I can do this myself!”

His lips twisted into a sneer. "You can? Are you planning to jump out of the tub and slip one more time? Are you that keen to cripple yourself?"

"You-" Inwardly, I was seething and closed to erupting like a volcano, but I did my best to tamp it down. "Get out."

Even as he left, I could see that he was in a foul mood.

Half an hour later...

After my shower, I stared at my swollen ankle under the water. I stood up by myself while holding onto the edge of the bathtub.

It was a level of pain I could bear, so technically, I could do this by myself.

On the rack beside the tub were my towel, pajamas, lotion, and essential oil. As I sat by the edge of the tub, I started applying the lotion on myself. As the scent of the essential oil was too strong, I left them alone.

Just as I was about to grab the towel to dry my hair, I knocked over the bottle of essential oil, and the glass shattered on the ground.

At the loud sound, I stiffened for a moment. Staring at the glass fragments by my feet, I could not help but frown at how inconvenient it would be for me to crouch down and clean up the mess.

However, the mess would not clean itself, so that was what I did. Just as I was about to crouch down, Ashton entered to see me in my odd position.

"Scarlett, are you a masochist?" he gritted out in a deep voice.

I lifted my head to look at him before realizing I was still naked. Promptly, I reached out to tug the pajamas to cover myself, but the lotion fell onto the ground when I did that.

Staring at it, he sneered. "Why don't I give you all my glassware at home for you to break them?"

Seriously, this man-

"I didn't mean to do it!" I huffed as I peeked at him. "Carry me out. I can't move around like this."

Under my feet were all glass fragments, and if I were to put my foot down, the soles of my feet would not look like soles when I leave the bathroom.

When he noticed I was no longer angry, he walked toward me with a faint smile. "Isn't it nice for you to be so quiet like this?"

He then carried me up into his arms as he swiftly bit my lips. I glared at him, thinking, He's really taking advantage of me whenever he can.

Back at the bedroom.

He placed me onto the bed, but instead of standing back up, he murmured, "Didn't you say that you like to repay favors? How are you planning to repay my favor for carrying you out of the bathroom?"

What the f*ck!

Is this a favor?

It's barely anything worth mentioning!

"Ashton, is this entertainment for you?" You only carried me out! How shameless can you be?

With no signs of blushing, he said, "Can we do it tonight?"

This...

I raised a brow. "Aren't you tired?" He just traveled between J City and K City, but he still has the energy for nightly activities?

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He curled his lips and raised his eyebrows while giving me an extremely seductive stare. "Do you want to try?"

Darn it.

"Ashton, I'm too tired. I can't!" This man was really trying to take advantage of me whenever there was an opportunity.

It was as if he didn't hear what I had said. With a heavy breath, he asked, "Can't or won't?"

Won't!

However, I couldn't say that.

After a moment of consideration, I pulled myself away from him and uttered seriously, "Ashton, I think you should purchase a blow-up doll. That way, you can do it whenever you want."

He squinted while pinning me down. "How would you know if it'll be convenient? Have you tried it?"

I...

"It's late, we should sleep!" I avoided him instantaneously while moving my body away.

Upon seeing that, he stared at me and sighed. "Scarlett, when are you going to treat me as your husband?"

For a moment, I was stunned and didn't know how to respond to him. I wriggled my body and buried myself underneath the blanket.

When I realized he had held onto my ankle, I couldn't help but furrow my eyebrows. Upon lifting up the blanket, I saw he was already fully clothed. He placed my ankle on his lap and squeezed it gently.

I held back even though it hurt a little. It should heal after a while because it was just a sprain.

When he saw that I was looking at him, he frowned. "Is it painful?"

I nodded. "It's alright, I'm fine!"

It hurt a bit more when he applied pressure. The sprain area was swollen, that was why it hurt when he massaged it.

I took a deep breath instantaneously and bit my lip slightly while enduring the pain.

He stared at me and with an uncertain tone in his voice, he asked, "Is it painful?"

I pursed my lips and replied softly, "I'm fine, it's alright now. It'll get better in a few days. Ashton, it's late already, quickly go to bed!"

His expression suddenly changed while he stared at me and said, "Scarlett, you're so dull. What do you mean by fine? Just be clear if it hurts or not. What's the point of you holding it in? Since I'm your husband, will it kill you just to cry out in pain or be loving with me? Why are you acting like a widow all the time?"

I was taken aback. I opened my mouth instantly, but couldn't utter a single word.

Upon seeing his angry face, I replied softly, "It's painful!"

He took a glance at me while regaining his composure. Then he said, "There's no need for you to act tough in front of me next time. The reason for me marrying you is to make you my wife, not a Barbie."

I pursed my lips. What kind of metaphor is that? After a while, I nodded my head. My heart fluttered with joy.

It was quite swollen around my sprained ankle. Ashton stopped massaging after noticing I was in pain.

After that, he applied some medicine on it and gently rubbed my ankle. He stared at me and said, "It's better for you to stay indoors tomorrow. Focus on your recovery."

I nodded and looked at him. "Ashton, thank you."

All these years, I had never been cared for in such a way. Deep down in my heart, I knew he was amazing.

He frowned while packing up the medicine box. "Do you have to be so formal with me?"

I was stunned and recalled the moment when he said there was no need for such formality between a married couple.

After I had paused for a moment, I bent down and held his face in my hands. I gave him a kiss on the forehead and said, "Ashton, I'm not being overly courteous with you but I really just want to thank you for taking such great care of me."

He stared at me, held my hands, and kissed me so passionately that left me feeling weak at my knees.

Not long after, he let go of me and said, "Alright, if you really want to thank me, then stay at home for a few days. Don't go out."

I wanted to agree with him initially, but after remembering so much had happened to the White family and Fuller Corporation, it wouldn't be possible for me to stay at home and do nothing.

I looked at him and said, "I can ask Mrs. Eriksen to accompany me while I go out. It would be fine as long as I'm being cautious."

His face darkened. "Who has the final say, you or me?"

This man was overbearing. He single-handedly destroyed his perfect image that I had built.

I remained silent while he packed up the first aid kit. He removed his coat and glanced at me. "Rest well and don't think too much. I'll go for a shower."

I ignored him and snuggled under the blanket. At that time, I had trouble falling asleep and I couldn't find my cell phone. Then I saw his phone was on the bedside table.

I turned towards the bathroom and exclaimed, "Ashton, can I use your cell phone?"

“Spot check?” Half of his body was out of the bathroom, and he smiled. “Just use it; you know my password.”

I gave him a glare and said, “It’s not a spot check, I just want to use it for fun.”

He raised his eyebrow and went back into the bathroom.

I grabbed his phone and clicked the video application I had downloaded for him. He didn’t delete it, so I thought he would have at least taken a look at it. Upon opening it, I only found out that not only did he not watch it, but he also hadn’t registered at all.

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Since I was bored, I registered his phone number on his behalf.

After that was done, I lay on the bed and went through some of the videos. Then someone called his cell phone.

It was Joe.

Ashton was still in the shower as I could hear the water running. I told him about it and he asked me to pick up the call.

Before I could say anything after the call was connected, Joe started yapping away. “Ashton, what are you doing? Why haven’t you picked up my calls earlier?”

I wanted to tell him that Ashton was in the shower, but he interjected further.

Joe continued ranting, “We need to go to the hospital because there are some stuff we need to settle, especially the one at K City south district. There’s a patient who had passed away two months ago, and the hospital is still asking for payment which is almost five million. This matter is escalating as of now. The patient’s family is creating a ruckus at the public health department. We need to sort this out as soon as possible and we are having problems dealing with the media too.”

"Yes, I'll let him know shortly!" I replied. I couldn't help but wonder, how did Jared create such a huge problem?

"Scarlett?" Joe was shocked. "Why did you pick up Ashton's phone? Where is he?"

I was sleepy and gave out a yawn while replying, "He is showering. I will relay your messages to him. If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up now."

He might have thought that I was eavesdropping on the call, so he exclaimed angrily, "Scarlett, how could you be so nonchalant after eavesdropping on someone else's call? Do you have any principles? Not only did you steal someone's man, but now you even want to spy on other people's matters. How can you do such a thing? Initially, I thought the main reason for Ashton marrying you was because of his grandfather. From the looks of it, you must have deceived him as well."

I became quite speechless. "Mr. Quinn, have you been reading too many novels? How can your brain think of such things? Even Ashton wouldn't go around talking about our marriage, but you have been talking non-stop about it. Do you like Ashton or what? If you like him and hate me so much because I've stolen him, I wouldn't mind if you and him have an underground relationship. Also, let me be clear with you. Ashton told me to pick up his phone. Please be clear about the situation next time."

He stammered and said, "Scarlett, what nonsense are you talking? I'm referring to Rebecca, don't you know Ashton's heart is with her all this time? You're still trying to sound logical even though you've ruined their relationship."

Ha-ha!

I couldn't help but feel amused. "Mr. Quinn, what do you mean by ruining their relationship? How in the world can you tell that Ashton's heart is with Rebecca? Isn't it just some booty call? Based on your logic, it seems that you care for Rebecca. Does that mean your heart is with her as well?"

"Scarlett, y-you..." he stammered even more.

I paused for a while before saying, "You what? Please stop acting as if you understand other people very well in the future. You have a brain, so don't rush into things or make things up. Whether Ashton has true feelings for Rebecca, I don't have a clue. But please, manage yourself better before talking about others."

After saying that, I hung up the phone immediately.

When Ashton came out from the shower, his hair was still wet and he was wearing a pair of shorts. He dried his hair with a towel and looked at me. "Was it Joe?"

I nodded and stared at him. "You'll sleep in the guest room tonight."

In a moment of shock, he raised his eyebrow. "Why? What did he say?"

"Nothing!" I wasn't in the mood to use my phone anymore, so I threw it to one side and buried myself underneath the blanket.

Ashton pulled the blanket away and embraced me in his arms. His hair was still dripping wet. I resisted a little, pushed him away with my arm and said annoyingly, "Don't touch me!"

He pursed his lips and frowned. "What did he say?"

"Nothing!" I was displeased and wanted to ignore him. After that, I lifted my hand and pinched his waist.

He allowed me to do whatever I wanted without protest. Then he said helplessly, "Are you more relieved?"

I stared at him and pursed my lips.

He sighed. "Joe's temper has always been quirky. I'll let him know next time. Why are you angry at him?"

What did he mean by me being angry at him?

I was uncomfortable because the water on his body started dripping onto me. I couldn't help but complain, "Ashton, let go of me. You're wet."

He was dumbfounded. "I'll just dry it then. Why are you lashing out? If you're still annoyed, you can continue pinching me. If that doesn't help, you can hit me!"

I ignored him because I felt utterly down. I covered myself with the blanket and said coldly, "You'll sleep in the guest room tonight."

Upon seeing that I was inconsolable, he picked up his cell phone helplessly and phoned Joe.

In no time, the call was connected.

Ashton lowered his voice and asked, "What did you say to Scarlett?"

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He had the call on speaker. Joe took a few seconds before he replied in an aggravated manner, "Ashton, what else could I possibly say to her? She lashed out and scolded me earlier. Don't tell me you're calling me to yell at me too?"

Ashton let out a cough and said in a deep voice, "It is understandable for her to scold you. I was even beaten up because of you. Find an opportunity to apologize to her."

Joe frowned. "What for? I didn't even provoke her. Why should I apologize?"

"If you don't apologize, I will have to sleep in the guest room. Do you think you should apologize now?" Upon hearing Ashton's words, I became speechless instantly. It sounded as if I had mistreated him.

Joe paused for a while then said, "Ashton, you... Are you in love?"

Without any hesitation, Ashton nodded. "Yes, she is my wife."

"Alright, I'll set a time and invite Jared as well. Let's have a meal and I'll apologize to... your missus!"

"Yes!" Ashton hung up right after.

I hid under the blanket and couldn't see what he was doing. A few seconds later, he turned off the lights and plopped onto the bed.

He tugged the blanket a few times. "Scarlett, it's winter now. K City's way colder than J City. If you don't share the blanket with me, you might need to help me dial for an ambulance tomorrow morning."

Soon, he stopped tugging and lay quietly next to me.

Listening to his shallow breathing, I thought he might have fallen asleep. I wriggled out of the blanket carefully and saw his upper body laying bare beneath the dim light.

Normally, he would sleep in his pajamas. It was obvious that he slept without clothes on purpose that night.

After some time, his body was cold to the touch. Upon seeing him fast asleep, I removed the blanket that was wrapped around me and placed it over him.

Suddenly, he grabbed my hand and slithered under the blanket. With his arms pulling me into his embrace, I could feel the coldness from his body surrounding me.

"So you're worried that I might catch a cold? Hm?"

I wanted to kick him instantly. However, he held me down swiftly and said, "Your leg is still hurt, don't move too much."

"Ashton, you bastard!" I couldn't help but yelled. Then I pursed my lips and stared at him sullenly.

He pulled me into his arms again and uttered, "Joe didn't do that on purpose, and it's my fault for not handling it well. Initially, I should have made our relationship known to the public, but I had some work to manage in K City. Many people are eyeing on K City too. If someone catches our weakness, I'm worried I might not protect you well then."

He let out a sigh and hugged me tightly.

I was speechless for a moment. I knew he had a lot on his plate, and that was why I had never forced him.

I had a good sleep that night. After many rainy days in K City, the sun was bright when I woke up the next day.

Ashton wasn't in the bedroom. As I stretched my body, my ankle was still hurting. I got out of bed and was getting ready to wash up.

Mrs. Eriksen brought some breakfast to the room while Ashton and Jared followed her from behind.

Upon seeing that I was awake, she placed the breakfast on the bedside table and said, "It seems like a good day today. I think it'll start snowing these two days. Letty, go ahead and wash up. After your breakfast, come downstairs and we'll admire the winter roses in the courtyard. They have just bloomed yesterday, how beautiful."

I was surprised. There weren't winter roses or snow in J City. Based on what she had said, it would start snowing in just a few days. I beamed. "Yes, yes, that'll be great!"

After Mrs. Eriksen went downstairs, Ashton had Jared examine my sprained ankle.

"Her ligaments were strained. She should be fine after applying medicine and having a few days of rest." While saying that, he removed his rubber gloves and threw them into the trash bin.

Ashton nodded. Then he looked at me and said, "Rest up after you have your breakfast. I have something to discuss with Jared in the study. Call me if there's anything, alright?"

I nodded obediently.

Since I had just woken up not too long ago and hadn't washed up yet, I got out of bed and headed for the shower after they left bedroom.

The moment my foot touched the ground, a sharp pain shot through my entire body. Fortunately, I could get used to it after taking a few steps.

After a brief shower, I returned to bed, panting. It seemed like I had overestimated myself, and it would be difficult for me to go to work that day.

I reached out to grab a glass for some water. However, I lost sight for a moment and dropped it on the floor instead. The glass shattered instantly.

While I was on the floor picking up the glass pieces, the bedroom door opened. Ashton frowned angrily and said, "Did you scald yourself?"

He walked towards me and carried me onto the bed. While doing so, his lips were tightly pursed and his gaze was intense.

I felt as if I had done something wrong. "No, the glass shattered."

He lifted his head and gazed at me. "Do you want some water?"

I nodded.

He got up and poured a glass of water for me. Meanwhile, he told Mrs. Eriksen to help with the cleanup.

Upon remembering he had a discussion with Jared, I said immediately, "Go back to the study. Dr. Crest must be waiting for you."