

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 363

He laughed coldly. "Get over it? How am I supposed to get over it when my wife gets all depressed because of another man no matter where she goes? He's dead and yet he's on your mind all the time. Don't even think about telling me that you're just grateful. You know Marcus better than I do. Would he help some stranger because he sympathized with them? No! You know exactly why he started getting close to you, but despite that, you still let him take care of you. Do you know what that's called?"

He paused and looked at me before saying firmly, "Being selfish."

I pressed my lips tightly together and looked at his darkening gaze before flashing a smile. "Yup, that's me. I'm the most selfish person to ever exist so you should probably cut ties with me before my selfishness becomes contagious."

I pushed him away and felt my eyes start to cloud over with tears. He seemed to realize and reached out to pull me back.

My chest was starting to ache from all the emotions and I yelled, "Get away from me!"

He wasn't prepared for that and stumbled back a couple of steps. Instead of walking toward me like I expected him to, he continued to stare at me.

The tension in the air was so thick, it could be cut with a knife. I braced myself for what I thought was about to become another yelling match.

But he stayed quiet.

He looked at me for a long time before turning and walking away.

I didn't know why things turned out like this. I knew he was good to me and I knew he was in love with me, but why did things have to turn out like this?

My tears started falling on the ground.

Before he stepped out of the room, I rushed forward and hugged him tightly. "Don't go," I whispered hoarsely.

He stiffened and let me continue to hug him.

“I’m sorry,” I said, burying my face into his back.

He still stayed quiet as if he was waiting for something else.

After a long time, he put a hand on mine and turned away from my tight grip. “If that’s all you had to say, then save it.”

I looked at his handsome, angular features and into his eyes.

He lifted a hand to tuck my messy fringe behind my ear before leaning down and planting a kiss right at the corner of my mouth. “Don’t involve yourself with the Whites anymore, including the Baumans.”

I froze. I had already pulled my hands away but he took them in his own as he said in a deep voice, “Okay?”

I didn’t need to care about the White family anymore, nor did I have much to do for the Baumans.

But the involvement that Ashton was talking about and the involvement I was talking about clearly differed. I owed Marcus my life. If Sophia and Anthony got into any trouble and needed my help, I couldn’t turn them down.

That’s why I couldn’t say yes to Ashton.

“Ashton!” I finally spoke up and pulled my hands out of his grasp. “I’m sorry.”

His gaze started freezing over again along with a hint of a murderous stare.

“You don’t have to apologize to me,” he said, his voice already returning to his usual cold self.

I sighed, feeling like a deflated balloon. I looked up at him and said lifelessly, “Ashton, let’s get a divorce.”

This had nothing to do with Marcus and Rebecca. It was simply the two of us that no longer worked out.

He gripped my shoulders tightly and stared at me with eyes like charcoal. He was clamping his lips together as if he were trying to suppress his rage.

“Dream on,” he said in a low, raspy voice.

He let me go and stepped back, looking at me meaningfully before turning to leave.

I lifted a hand to massage my forehead. My headache was getting worse.

My mood got even worse when I looked around at the clothes strewn all over the floor after his little tantrum. I tried my best to control myself and continued picking them up and packing them into my carrier.

After that, I sat on the bed and booked my plane ticket to J City tomorrow.

Two sleepless nights were probably the most my body could take and I ended up passing out.

I thought I would be able to sleep until sunrise, but that was too naive of me. Ashton returned at about two in the morning.

I don't know when he returned to the bedroom exactly, but I got woken up by the sound of water running in the bathroom. After the water stopped for a few minutes, I felt Ashton lie down next to me.

His body felt slightly cold but dry except for his hair, which was slightly damp. He reached out an arm and wrapped it around my waist as he pressed his chest against my back. I stiffened.

We were close enough that I could smell the faint pheromones mixed in the smell of his shampoo.

I pressed my lips together and tried to move away, but he tightened his grip on me and nestled his chin into my shoulder as he said roughly, "Go to sleep."

After a while, I heard his breathing become slow and steady. He must be asleep.

I turned around and saw him in a deep sleep with his eyes tightly shut. His features were still chiseled and the shadows outlined his features. There were some faint purple shadows under his eyes that were probably due to his immense workload the past few days.

He seemed to be deep asleep, so I lifted a hand and started tracing his features absentmindedly.