

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 404

By the time Camelia came out, the cab was already long gone. All she saw was Marcus frowning in frustration.

I didn't want to know what happened to Marcus after the accident. Since we were leading our own separate lives, I felt it better to keep it that way.

What I was angriest about was how he treated everyone else like fools. Perhaps he saw himself as the audience who was watching the drama unfold.

Back at the hotel, I saw Ashton waiting for me in the lobby. He was dressed in a sharp black suit and polished black shoes. With a hand in his pocket, he was standing upright in the hotel lobby.

Standing there, my heart was filled with a myriad of emotions. Should I tell him about Marcus?

He, too, saw me and took a stride in my direction. As I watch him approach, I was suddenly reminded of the Sun.

Before I could even say a word, he pulled me into his embrace.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and buried my cheeks in his chest. Taking in the scent of his cologne, I managed to calm myself down. With my eyes closed, I called out softly, "Hubby!"

Jolted, he tightened his arms around me. "What happened?"

I shook my head. "Nothing."

As there were many passersby in the hotel, they would stare at us. Hence, Ashton led me back into the hotel room.

Back in the room, I saw the dining table filled with food from back home. Taking off my jacket, I couldn't help but look at him. "Have you not had dinner?"

He smiled faintly. "I was waiting for you to have it together."

I was stunned. "You know that I would have eaten while I was out."

Grunting in acknowledgment, he settled me into my seat and served me food. He explained in a gentle voice, "I know you don't like the food here. So, you must be hungry when you return."

Camelia did take me out for local food, but I looked at him, stunned. "How did you know I went out for local food?"

The food on the table felt like it had just arrived as it was still warm. After serving me, he took a bite himself and replied plainly, "There's a bodyguard watching out for you."

Because of what happened last time, he had arranged for bodyguards to be by my side. I was aware of it but had gradually forgotten about that fact.

After a brief silence, I looked at him. "Did you see him?"

Ashton raised his eyebrows with an indifferent gaze. "Who?"

"Marcus!"

He grunted in acknowledgment as if it didn't matter. "Let's eat. Or else the food will get cold."

With that, I buried myself in the food and didn't discuss the matter further.

After dinner, it was already late. Ashton looked busy as his phone rang incessantly.

When the hotel staff came to collect the food, I was lazing on the sofa watching TV. However, I couldn't focus at all.

After he ended his call, he took a seat beside me and pulled me into his embrace. He asked in a gentle tone, "Do you want to go for a walk?"

I shook my head. "What's wrong?"

He smiled plainly. "I was worried you might get indigestion. Or perhaps we can try some other form of exercise."

"Let's go!" Getting up, he tried to pull me toward the bed.

"No, I want to watch TV!" I protested while keeping my eyes on the TV.

Bringing his lips close to my ear, he whispered, "We are going back to J City tomorrow. Don't you want to go out for a walk?"

"No, I don't."

I didn't feel like going out as I had just returned and it was cold outside. Although I know he meant well, I really didn't feel like it.

Given how lazy I was, he decided to let me be and returned to his work. I laid myself in bed to finish my book as my aching back was still killing me.

Perhaps I had exposed myself to the cold for too long, my back felt exceptionally sore. I tried to massage it with my hands from behind, but it felt awkward to do so.

Ashton got up and came to my side. "Where does it hurt?"

"My back. It's really sore!" He massaged the part underneath my scapula and asked, "Is it here?"

"Closer to the center."

Probably because he had not done this for a lady before, he didn't mind his strength when he massaged me.

Hence, his force aggravated the pain, causing me to flinch. Chucking my book away, I glared at him. "Do you think you're kneading dough?"

He couldn't help but laugh. "Did I hurt you?"

I pursed my lips. "What do you think?"

Reaching out, he pulled me back into his embrace and grunted, "Why don't we try again?"

Why does he make it sound so provocative?

I tried to push him away but to no avail. His hug was too tight to break away from.

Noticing the physiological change in him, I couldn't help but glare at him. "Ashton, you..."

"I can't help it."

How brazen can he be?

Pursing my lips, I kept a lid on my anger and snapped, "Dr. Crest said that if you don't discipline yourself, you will inadvertently destroy it."

He protested with a faint smile, "But it's not within my control!"