

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 531

I pursed my lips and looked down at my fingers. "Give yourself a break."

He got up, and before heading to his study, he turned towards me. "Actually, there are still some things I need to deal with. I'll try to get it done asap, and see you in a bit."

I mellowed as I saw him walked further away. When I finally came back to my senses, I realized I forgot to check if he wanted dinner.

Regardless, I went to the kitchen, made some spaghetti, and brought it upstairs.

The door was left ajar, and I could see him on the phone.

I wasn't sure what the conversation was about. The fountain pen in his hand landed so heavily on the contract that it pierced through it. The ink spread into quite a sizeable area from the persistent pressure. Something vexatious was brewing.

Those solemn dark eyes of his noticed what'd happened, but his hand was still driving the pen deeper into the table.

"Are you done?" Fury shadowed his face.

The person on the other end of the line seemed to sense the tightness in his voice. Nevertheless, the conversation continued.

"Brothers? Him and I? You don't know what the market is like," Ashton growled.

Yup, he is angry.

After he hung up, ferocity lurked in every corner of his narrowed eyes. He glanced at the patch of ink, lifted his hand, and proceeded with signing as if everything was okay.

Splash! The flick of his wrist spilled his coffee.

He maintained his poise, pulled a few sheets of tissue, and pressed his desk dry.

All these years jostling in the market had made him stoic. A poker face was his go-to expression.

After going through certain phases in life, a man would know clearly what he desired and what he'd rather keep his hands off. Those were the means of survival.

Knock, knock!

Ashton looked towards the door and saw me standing outside. "So, what have you brought me?" The gloom that was on his face a second ago vanished. A faint smile supervened.

I smiled back and walked into the room. After putting the spaghetti on his desk, I wiped the remaining coffee off, feigning oblivion.

After that, I scooped the tissues from his hand and chucked them into the bin. "I've made some meatball spaghetti. It's my first time making it though."

He gave out a warm twinkle, sat himself down, and munched away as if what happened just now was a trivial event.

"By the way, how's Aunt Sally?" I asked as I tidied the desk.

Sally was Marcus' stepmother. Thus, it wasn't wrong to say that Ashton and Marcus are cousins.

"Umph!" He responded with spaghetti still bunched up in his mouth.

My eyes looked towards the documents on the desk. It was the proposal of the acquisition on White Corporation drafted two years ago.

Why was it only signed now?

I scrunched some tissues and dapped on the spread ink.

“It won’t come off!” I whined. “Ink is the hardest thing to remove. Moreover, it’s on paper.” Coming from behind was his low and calming voice.

I curled my lips and put down the document. I couldn’t get myself to ask him about what happened.

Looking at the empty plate, my sense of accomplishment launched me into an attention-seeking puppy. “How was it?”

He nodded. “Invigorating.” Then, he kissed me on my forehead. “Also, Hannah should be discharged soon. Let’s pay her a visit tomorrow.”

It was amazing how he kept track of such paltry matters. “Sure thing!” I bobbed my head, and as I tilted my chin up, I purred, “Ashton, shall we make an appointment to remove the vasclip?”

“Hmm?”

“The past should be left in the past, shouldn’t it? Summer was born to the Crest family. I love her as much as I love you. With Jared visiting her every now and then, she’ll be showered with more love.”

There was a short pause before he laid his eyes on me. “You’ve given Jared the green light to see Summer?”

I nodded. “I’m in no position to oppose as he’s her father after all. Plus, I’d love to have a child of our own.”

His muscles went taut upon hearing those words before his smile grew wider. “Yes, Ma’am!”

He was with me on this.

Finally, something to cheer our day up.

As for the thing between him and Marcus, I guessed it’d be better if I stayed out of it.

After putting the fork and plate onto the tray, I headed back downstairs.

Summer was as active as a hungry squirrel after sleeping for the whole day. She was running around with Snowfluff in the living room.

It was nice to have a dog to keep her company.

Contrary to the tranquil and snowy landscape outside, Ashton was so wrapped up with work that I almost thought he was at the office all the time.

“Mommy, does Mr. Fuller have tons and tons of work to do? It looks like he’s having a hard time.”

“Summer, one has to bite the bullet and endure extreme pain to gain the respect of others. Physical pain is nothing.”

The toughest pain to undergo would be the torment in the deepest corner of the soul.

Camelia appeared in our yard out of the blue. But since she was here, it was only right of me to extend my hospitality.

Her face and ears were crimson red. “Scarlett, I thought you were trying to help Marcus when you gave him all your savings. Now I see your foul intentions! How could you set him up? You and Ashton are the same!”