

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 533

Grown-ups were conditioned to mask all crumbles and rumbles with insouciance.

When I got back to the bedroom, I went on with my routine—I took a shower, brushed my teeth, blew my hair, and went to bed.

However, I was just tossing and turning.

This very night, Ashton didn't come to bed.

Both of us had our own emotions to deal with. To talk it out would only cut deeper into our wounds.

As I finally started to zone out a bit in the wee hours of the night, a man opened the door. "Scarlett." In a deep soft tone, he called out my name.

He walked up to my bedside and murmured my name a few more times but eventually stopped. I wasn't responding

"I'm sorry." His voice whispered contrition.

I couldn't be bothered, and let my self sink deep into my sleep.

By the time I batted my eyelids open, it was already late afternoon.

I got up and went down to Summer's bedroom. That was when I saw a middle-aged lady in the living room.

Her name was Flora, the new caregiver Ashton hired. She greeted me affably and went back to her task.

Ashton had hired her to take care of Summer.

Summer had gotten much better, and was playing with Snowfluff in the yard.

Seeing this sight, I decided to let it be, and just as I started to head back to my room, Flora called out. "Madam, lunch is ready. Would you like me to send it to your room?"

"Don't worry about it. I'll be right down." And I trod back to my room.

After freshening up, I sat at my dresser, and only then did I notice how long my hair had grown. It was around my waist now.

Back in university, I'd always preferred to have it cropped to my shoulders. Macy once made a joke about it, saying that I could use my short hair to turn down love confessions. All I had to do was tell the person to wait till my hair grew to my waist and never let that happen.

The guy would get the message sooner or later.

I chuckled from the thought of the past. What might seem silly for that instance had turned into a heart-warming memory that could be savored forever.

Serendipity worked in its own peculiar ways. No matter the twists and turns our lives took, what was yours would always fall into your hands. On the contrary, despite persistent efforts, you'd eventually lose what was meant for someone else.

Tap, tap, tap... That must be Flora.

I turned around while braiding my hair. To my surprise, it wasn't her but Ashton.

Slowly, I swiveled back, and everything went half the pace.

Didn't we quarrel last night?

His hand softly caressed my shoulders, and I could see his gentle eyes observing my every braid through the mirror. There wasn't a tinge of viciousness.

I kept my gaze low, refusing to meet his, and kept on with my business. But there's a limit to my hair length, meaning I had to come to a stop eventually.

I chose silence, and so did he.

Huh!

I took a breath, and right before I could ask my question, Ashton put out his. "We're going to visit Hannah later. Do you wanna put on some makeup?"

Oh my, it totally slipped my mind! We spoke about this last night.

I appreciated his initiative. He never had to give in since he'd been treated like a king his whole life, so I had to say or do something.

I nodded and opened the drawer as I took out the hairband, and tied my hair with it.

"Do you still have to go to the company?" I rubbed my lips with chapstick.

I forwent the idea of putting on make-up as I wasn't really in the mood for it. Plus, it'd take time to remove it. A chapstick would do the trick.

"You are so pretty!" He tried to butter me up in a childlike manner.

That put a smile across my face as I stood up and went into the wardrobe.

At the dining table.

I wasn't hungry in the first place. Ashton's phone rang when we were few bites into our late lunch. It was Joseph.

Ashton assumed that it must've been about the company and excused himself.

He got on his feet as he answered the call and turned his back towards the table. His conversation was a string of technical terms, which sounded like a foreign language to me.

One thing that I was positive about was that he was acquiring White Corporation progressively.

The jacket potatoes on my plate didn't manage to whet my appetite. Scrape! My chair dragged the floor as I got up.

Seeing that I was about to leave, he ruffled and hung up. "Hey, what's the matter? Is the food not to your liking?"

Flora was definitely on edge when she heard that. After all, it was her first day at work, and a complaint would send her straight home.

I shook my head and said, "I'm not particularly hungry."

Then, I went upstairs to grab my purse. I need to stop sandwiching myself between Ashton and Marcus, regardless of my intentions. Me handing him the money instead of Ashton would send out a different message.

Who knew what horrendous actions Ashton would take if I were to put my oar in again? The only way out was to stay out of it.

I reached for the gold bracelet that I bought for Hannah. It was meant for her baby's one-month-old celebration.

John mentioned before that due to the freezing weather in K City, they'd just celebrate the occasion over a nice dinner with their family.