

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1669

## Chapter 1669 Do Not Take It Personally

Ashton caught the towel as it was falling and dried my hair with it. I then picked up the spoon and fed myself the rest of the soup, gulping it down eagerly although I was not hungry at all.

Then he switched on the hairdryer and started blow-drying my hair, holding my hair with one hand while carefully maneuvering the hairdryer with the other. His reflection in the mirror seemed to show that he was completely immersed in the activity and thoroughly enjoying himself.

I continued drinking the soup till I simply could not take another spoonful. As I lowered the flask, I peered at his reflection again, only to see that he was now smiling stupidly to himself, the way people do when they were secretly pleased about something.

Looking at him, I could not help but feel that God was indeed unfair when he created this man. Somehow, that smile did not make him look goofy or silly in the least. Instead, it only made him seem more attractive and irresistible than ever.

A faint hint of jealousy rose unwittingly to the surface of my heart. Slamming the flask onto the desk, I glared at his reflection with narrowed eyes, asking in a dark tone, "What are you smiling about?"

Ever since the wedding incident, I felt as if I had gained a fuller understanding of Ashton's character.

At the moment, things like women, power, or expanding his business domain hardly mattered to him; the only thing he cared about was making sure his wife and children were happy.

Today, he could be secretly prepping for a wedding, but tomorrow, he would be taking up the role of the competent househusband instead. There was simply no way to tell what crazy idea he would try to pull off next.

Glancing at the mirror, Ashton furrowed his brow slightly, but his lips remained curled upward. "Was I smiling?"

"Look at yourself!" I pointed at the corners of his lips in the mirror exasperatedly. "You can't even suppress it anymore! Come on, just spill it. What are you hiding from me?"

He chuckled in response, spreading out his hands helplessly. "I swear, I really wasn't."

Then he turned off the hairdryer and put it aside. Combing my half-dried hair with his fingers, he went on, "I didn't even realize I was smiling. I was just happy to see you. Maybe this is simply such a peaceful moment that the thought of masking my emotions didn't even cross my mind."

"Really?" I cocked an eyebrow, testing him. "You're not just saying that, are you? Haven't you heard of the seven-year itch before? People say the love between couples dies as time goes by. We've been together for so many years. Are you sure you aren't sick of me yet?"

Without answering, Ashton merely turned on the hairdryer again but to a lower temperature this time. Shivering as the cool wind blasted into my collar, I immediately turned around to glare at him. "Hey, you weren't supposed to take that personally!"

At that, his movements halted as he gazed at me, frowning. "Mrs. Fuller, everything we've been doing this whole time was personal, whether it's me drying your hair or just us chitchatting. How else am I supposed to take this if not personally?"

That seemed to make sense to a certain extent, but I was still not satisfied.

I lifted my chin indignantly, retorting, "I don't care! You're just finding an excuse to bully me!"

As soon as my words left my mouth, the frown on his forehead deepened. The next thing I knew, he was forcefully grabbing my chin and planting a kiss on my lips, taking me completely by surprise.

"Mmm! What are you doing?"

"Didn't you just say I was bullying you?" The frown on his face dissolved as a calm expression took over. "Far from it, I'm a man who cares only to satisfy my wife's wishes faithfully and at all times. Is there anything else you'd like me to do for you?"

"Y-You—"

Ring! Ring! Ring!

The sound of my phone ringing cut me off just as I was about to settle the score with him.

It was a call from Emery, which I picked up at once.

"What's up, Emery?"

While I was on the phone, Ashton suddenly became rather restless as he buried his face in the crook of my neck, sending tingling sensations down my spine with his hot breath.

"Is this Ms. Stovall on the line? Your friend's drunk. I called you because I saw that you're the most recent contact in her call history. Do you mind coming over to get her?"

"Huh?" Stunned, I froze for a moment before nodding and leaping onto my feet. "I see. Sure, just send me your location, and I'll be there soon. Thanks."

After hanging up, I made straight for the wardrobe, explaining, "Emery's gotten drunk at a bar. I have to go and get her."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1670

### Chapter 1670 Love Is Unstoppable

Ashton did not answer. Instead, he tugged at my hand forcefully, causing me to lose my balance and topple over into his arms.

"Stop fooling around now. Emery's waiting for me at the bar!" I struggled to free myself from his grasp.

"Someone else will get her." He shifted his position and stood up, carrying me to the bed in his arms.

"I was the one who just received the phone call. Who else would be going if not me? Come on, Ashton, just let me go. It's getting late now, and it's dangerous for Emery to be alone."

Completely ignoring my words, he placed me down on the bed and pressed his body on top of mine, his brow tightening into a frown. "You're hardly an inexperienced woman, so how could you not understand this?"

"What do you mean?" My friend was drunk and needed someone to pick her up. What else was there to understand?

Heaving a deep sigh, he leaned sideways and fell onto the bed beside me. "The bar doesn't close so early. Just call back in another twenty minutes and go if there's still no one there. It's only twenty minutes anyway. It shouldn't make much difference."

I still had no idea what he meant by all that. However, since I failed to win that argument, I could only compromise and go with his suggestion.

I waited in agony till twenty minutes finally passed before calling Emery back. The line got through quickly, and a familiar male voice instantly came on the line.

"You must be Scarlett. This is Alexander. Don't worry, Emery is with me now. Have an early rest and good night!"

“Good... night.”

It took me a few seconds after I hung up to come back to my senses. Then I turned toward Ashton and propped my head up with a hand. “How did you know Alexander was also at that bar?”

“I didn’t.” A smug smile crept onto his lips. He lay there with his eyes shut, looking calm and confident as if he had everything in the palm of his hands.

“You didn’t?” I found that hard to believe. “Then how did you know someone else would surely be there to pick Emery up?”

Only then did Ashton open his eyes. He turned over, gazing at me with his deep, dark eyes. “Because I understand the feeling of missing another person without being able to meet them.”

“Tell me more about it.” His words had just piqued my interest, and I could not wait for him to elaborate on the subject.

However, Ashton shut his eyes lazily, refusing to cooperate. “I don’t think I want to. My mouth’s a bit dry, to be honest...”

He looked a striking resemblance to John with that sly and impish look on his face, but I guessed his motives in an instant.

What to do? I’ve got to hear the rest of this story, don’t I?

Thus, for the sake of satisfying my curiosity and despite being unwilling to do so, I leaned toward him and pecked him on the cheek.

“There! Now, will you tell me?”

Immediately, another smug look flitted across his face. Although it lasted for only the briefest moment, I still had no trouble spotting it and instantly regretted my actions.

Damn it, Scarlett! Why were you in such a rush to please him? You should have stood your ground firmly, and he would eventually tell you the rest anyway.

Fortunately, Ashton was a man of his word and did not attempt to trick me into giving him more.

Wriggling slightly, he shifted to a more comfortable position and extended his hand through the space between my neck and my pillow, hugging me toward him. With just a little force, he had me pressing against his chest while his hands aimlessly wandered across my body.

Huh! Men!

Just as I was about to lose my temper, Ashton finally spoke. "What do you imagine I'd do when you're not by my side and there's no way I could reach you?"

"No idea. What would you do?"

"I would go to a hidden spot, turn off the flight mode on my phone, and dial your number repeatedly."

"Are you talking about the time you were in R Province?" A certain calmness washed over me as I recalled the past, but I did not want to dive into the subject so as not to evoke unpleasant emotions. "I understand there are lots about the past that you find difficult to talk about, but those times are long gone now, aren't they? Nothing matters more than the present."

"Yeah." Sensing my intentions, he did not go further into the subject either. "What I mean is, love is an unstoppable force akin to a great deluge or a savage beast. Even I couldn't stop myself from secretly and compulsively calling you when my heart called out for you, let alone a man like Alexander."

I nodded thoughtfully, feeling as if I was beginning to understand. However, another thought struck me suddenly, and I blurted out, "B-But Emery said she was going to limit her loss. She must have blocked all manners of communication with Alexander since the beginning. Then how did he manage to reach..."