

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 479

I was just about to call Ashton for updates when the phone rang. It was Emery on the line.

“How did it go? Have you decided how you are going to thank me?” She was never someone who beat around the bush.

I have not the faintest idea what she meant until I glanced at the small crowd of paparazzi still waiting outside. “You are the one who got rid of paparazzi?”

“Oh my! Don’t you read the news? Such major news and you are still oblivious?” she exclaimed.

Indeed. I went back to the sofa and turned on my tablet. Professor Marrying Up! The Moore Heiress Engaged To A College Professor! That was headlines all over the town.

“You are behind that news?” It was an extremely demeaning headline. Hunter may not have come from a rich and influential family, but he worked his way up and became a professor at a renowned college. His personal accomplishments and capabilities were widely recognized.

“Hunter was the one who told me to do so,” Emery revealed. “You know I hated the idea of being under public scrutiny, so we have never planned to go public with our wedding plans. However, your scandal with Marcus was obviously orchestrated. Not only were juicy details leaked, but the spotlight was also shone on the incident that happened four years ago. It would have been easy to deal with if those were blatant lies. Unfortunately, most of the information exposed was somewhat true. Both the Moore family and Ashton wanted to protect you from this unwanted attention. We could not think of a better way to divert the public’s attention other than releasing news of my wedding.”

That made sense. K City had just a few paparazzi and they had been hounding the same few big shots and celebrities. They likely ran out of gossip subjects.

Emery was in her thirties but her family never pressured her to wed.

However, in the public's eye, she was the "It girl" who had it all—looks, wealth, capability. The city was awash in speculation that she would marry into another influential family. After all, it was common for moneyed families to use marriage as a means to strengthen the clan.

Once news of Emery's wedding was out, it became the talk of the town. No wonder the paparazzi left me alone.

"What do you and Hunter plan to do now?" Once the news went out, it meant they would not be able to have a low-profile wedding anymore.

Emery seemed to take it in her strides. "All we need to do is to make public our wedding details. Poor Prof. Zane will have to get used to his newfound fame."

"I am sorry... Yesterday's meetup with Marcus was unplanned. I did not expect someone to be stalking and prying into our relationship."

"It's no big deal. It will blow over." She went on to remind me, "but don't forget our dinner date. You have to make time for it."

"Of course! I will not miss that," I cheerfully replied.

Night fell.

I was fast asleep and did not notice when Ashton got home. I woke up to the sound of running water from the bathroom.

I lay in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, still groggy from sleep. Ashton came into the bedroom, wrapped in a towel. He did not switch on the lights for fear of waking me.

I leaned over to switch on the bedside light and turned around to find him looking at me. He was wet, fresh out of the shower.

“Did I wake you?” His handsome face had a smile on it.

I shook my head. I had always been a light sleeper and would have woken up anyway.

By the time he came to me, he had already wiped his body dry. His hair was dripping wet though. I sat up, took the towel from him, and started drying his hair.

“Are there any more paparazzi outside?” I asked. Although most of them had shifted their attention to the Moores, there were still a few hanging around.

He grabbed me and sat me on his lap, his chest still cold from the shower.

“They have all left.” He sounded tired and rested his chin on my collarbone.

“No! That is ticklish!”

“Where is your itch?” he murmured.

I pursed my lips bashfully.

“Have you taken your dinner?” His voice was mellow and subdued.

“Yes,” I replied with a nod.

He bent and suck hard on my neck. “Little liar! The food in the fridge was untouched.”

I did not expect him to be so attentive and observant.

“I was not hungry. I snacked.” It was the truth. I seemed to have put on some weight since I came back to K City.

“How can you consider snacks as a meal?” he grumbled.

“Of course, we can!” It’s true, especially for ladies.

He would have none of that. After I dried his hair, he carried me and made his way downstairs.

It was dark. I clung to his neck for fear of falling. “Ashton, where are you bringing me to? It is late. Aren’t you tired?” vall residence.