

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1039

"Penny for your thoughts?" Ashton took my hand in his, breaking me out of my daze. His palm was pleasantly warm and I couldn't help but look up at him with a content smile. "I was wondering whether my hubby is getting old."

In between words, I lifted my free hand to the corner of one of his eyes and gently touched the smile lines there.

"Call me that again, hmm?" He raised the front seat barrier before cupping my face with both hands. His obsidian eyes flickered alluringly as he spoke in a deep and sultry voice.

I was stunned for a moment before asking in confusion, "Call you what?"

He pressed his lips against the corner of my mouth and said in a husky voice, "Don't you know how you should call me, honey?"

My cheeks flushed a crimson red due to the way he addressed me. It was clearly a very common form of address between married couples, but somehow, it sounded so seductive coming from him. My thoughts were scrambled and I felt a tingle run down my spine, forming goosebumps all over my skin.

Being pressed against his body, I could smell the faint fragrance of his shower gel. Realizing that he was about to smash his lips against mine, my eyes widened and I quickly evaded him.

Laying in his arms, I chastised, "Stop it, Ashton. Joseph is driving."

He hugged me close and rested his chin on my shoulder. "Mm. Then, call me again," he demanded in a deep voice.

I blinked in bewilderment and called out, "Hubby."

He didn't release me but tightened his arms around me instead. "Mm, again."

I was speechless but gave in to his request anyway. To my chagrin, he kept this childish act up.

After calling him over and over again throughout the ride, I leaned against his shoulder, slightly tired. "Ashton, why did you propose to me all of a sudden? And why did you buy such a big ring? It's so flashy."

He reached out to touch my ring and smiled. "Joe said that girls like rings—the bigger the better. I asked him to get pink diamonds from Smealand. I didn't know what you liked but wanted to give you a surprise, so I left it to the design team. Don't you like it?"

I studied the diamond on my finger and smiled. "It's very flashy. I'd look like the daughter-in-law of a crazy rich woman whenever I wear it out."

The corners of his lips arched upward. "As long as you like it, it doesn't matter what others think."

The car pulled to a stop in front of our villa. After a whole day of activity, I was quite exhausted. Sprawled in Ashton's embrace, I was reluctant to get up. Hence, he carried me down the car and into the villa after giving Joseph some instructions pertaining to Moranta.

As soon as we entered the foyer, he pressed me against him and started kissing my neck. Caught off guard, I only started pushing him away after several seconds. "Ashton, stop..."

His breathing came in short and heavy pants. "When was the last time we had sex, mm?" Why does he sound like he's complaining?

For a moment, I couldn't find the words to refute him. He took advantage of my surprise to seal my lips with his, backing me from the foyer toward the living room. Suddenly, a faint scent of alcohol invaded my senses, which got me suspicious. "Ashton, did you drink today?"

Deeply absorbed in our kissing session, he uttered in a slurred voice, "No. I was with you the whole time. You kept telling me not to drink, right? I'm a good boy. If you don't allow me to drink, then I won't."

With that, he started to behave like a beast out of its cage, kissing me all over. Although I was shrouded in a haze of passion, my mind still registered the smell of alcohol in the room.

Sensing something amiss, I spoke up once again. "Ashton, do you smell alcohol? It's really strong. Is there something wrong with the wine cellar at home?"

It was obvious that Ashton was losing control of himself as he groped me and whispered hoarsely, "Not likely."

I raised my hands to push him away and emphasized, "I really do smell alcohol. Let's go check the wine cellar—"

Before I could finish my sentence, a voice sounded in the dark living room. "There's no need for that. I'm the one who's drinking. You both go ahead and don't mind me."

I shrieked in fright as my heart almost leaped out of my chest.

Luckily, Ashton reacted quickly and switched on the lights. In the spacious living room, a red-faced John was holding a bottle of half-drunk whiskey in his hand while sprawled on the edge of the sofa. From his unfocused eyes, it was apparent that he was completely wasted.

"John!" I snapped back to my senses and felt my racing heartbeat gradually returning to normal. Restraining my anger, I said through gritted teeth, "Why are you here? Are you crazy? What the hell are you doing here so late at night?"

Ashton was also slightly baffled at the sight of this inebriated intruder. Glancing at the man on the ground, he asked, "What's wrong? Why did you drink so much?"

I pursed my lips and grumbled, "Why else? He feels miserable because Hannah got married today." Peering at him, I didn't bother suppressing my temper as I yelled, "But seriously, if you feel miserable and need to drown in your sorrows, couldn't you have done it somewhere else? Why the hell did you come here?"

Perhaps he was triggered by my words, John raised his gaze to me and croaked out in an aggrieved tone, "Letty, are you scolding me too? Do you think I deserve this too? I think I do, but the pain in my heart is so unbearable I can hardly breathe. I never want it to end this way. I just... I just didn't know how to make her stay!"