

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 439

Having met again after several years, he did not overwhelm me with his eagerness to reconcile, but carefully invading into my space and slowly entangled his life with mine.

Although he was not aggressive, it was hard to reject or refuse him.

I made some soup for him. When I arrived at the hotel, he was resting on the bed with one hand placed on his forehead.

I got quite emotional when I saw his pale face. I put the soup aside and sat next to him.

If we've made the right decision from the beginning, perhaps we wouldn't have landed ourselves in this situation. We're looking forward to the future, yet we act with caution when around each other.

I held his hand gently in order not to wake him up.

My effort was in vain. The light sleeper was alerted a few seconds later. When he opened his eyes and saw that it was me, a smile appeared on his face.

"Isn't it the weekend? Why did you come over on your off day?" He sounded hoarse and tired.

"You're sick, that's why I came." I withdrew my hand and wanted to reach for the bowl of soup, but he got hold of me.

"Joseph told you?"

I nodded. He propped himself up and frowned. He seemed to be in pain.

“Have you had your medication?” I scanned the room but did not find any medicines.

He smiled. “It’s just a small matter. I’ll be okay once I’m rested.”

I was slightly upset by what he said. “If it can be cured without taking any medicine, you should have fully recovered a long time ago.”

I pulled my hand away from his, but lost my balance and fell into his embrace.

His body was so warm, exuding a strong masculine scent.

“I’ll drink the soup later. Lie down with me,” he whispered.

No, I shouldn’t let him be. He’s sick, and he needs to get well.

Knitting my brows, I cast him a look. “Drink the soup and take your medication before you continue sleeping, okay?”

He burst out laughing and then stoked the tip of my nose affectionately. “Since when did you become so domineering?”

“Health comes first.” He probably won’t want to take any injection. We shall see how things go after taking some meds. I got up and called Joseph to send the medication over.

After hanging up, I scooped a bowl of soup for him. "Drink it while it's hot."

"Would you get mad at me if I want you to feed me?" He tested the waters.

I was briefly surprised at his request, but did it anyway.

He did not expect my response when I fed him. He removed his gaze from me and drank the soup.

I sighed as he continued to finish the soup.

"How's the taste?"

"It's very sweet," he answered instantly.

"I put a dash of salt, not sugar." He's obviously distracted. Otherwise, how can he not know how does soup taste like?

He smirked and then uttered in a low voice, "It's just sweet."

Joseph came with the medication and heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed that Ashton finished the soup. "Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

I did not say much.

Joseph left. Ashton took his medicine and refused to let me go. I sighed. "It's time for you to take a good rest."

He shook his head. "Lie down with me." Worried that I would reject him, he bargained, "I'll sleep better when you're beside me."

I leaned next to him. The air-conditioning made the room nice and cool, a complete opposite to the scorching heat outdoor.

I wanted to leave the hotel room once he fell asleep, but ended up dozing off myself.

By the time I woke up, it was already three in the afternoon. Luckily, it was not a working day.

Ashton was not in the room. The wrinkled sheets were the only traces he left behind.

Some noises were heard coming from the living room. It sounded like someone was having a conference.

I rose to my feet and walked out to have a look.

"We shall fight the White Corporation till the end." Ashton was resolute and unswerving in his decision.

Had I not witnessed this scene with my own eyes, I might have forgotten his true colours.

In the last four years, I heard a lot about how brutal he was in K City.

Hearing my movements, he lifted his eyes. In a flash, his sharp and cold gaze turned into a warm and gentle one. "You're awake?"

I nodded while taking a peek at his laptop screen. He was having a video conference. I stood still and told him to carry on with his work.

He shut his laptop and strode across the room to hold me in his arms. "Why don't you sleep for a while more?"

I looked at the view outside of the hotel windows. What was originally acres of land overrun with weeds had been cultivated into fertile loess.

"Are you feeling better?" I focused on him and used the back of my hand to feel his forehead. The temperature felt normal, indicating he was not down with a fever.