

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 446

Those who recognized Ashton started taking photos with their phone.

I looked him in the eyes with my face flushed red. "It's your fault that others are staring at us!"

Smiling, he cradled me in his arms. "I'm sorry."

Just then, a black Maybach pulled over by the street. Joseph alighted from the car and approached Ashton after showing me the way to the car.

After Ashton whispered something in Joseph's ear, he joined me in the car. He looked at me and asked, "Do you have any particular cravings?"

By the time I returned to my senses, I noticed we had been there for a few hours.

"Anything will do."

J City had gone through drastic changes within four years.

In the end, we went to a nearby restaurant that he had always frequented.

We were seated on the roof of a skyscraper in the middle of the city overlooking the entire cityscape.

Before we could place our order, we encountered a close acquaintance of ours; to be precise, a close acquaintance of Ashton.

Nancy, the renowned celebrity, had put on her best fit and dolled herself up ostentatiously. She became the center of attention the moment she showed up from afar.

When she saw me, her smile froze, seemingly thinking about something.

The odd expression merely lasted for a few seconds, however, and she greeted Ashton courteously, "What a surprise! I thought you were busy with your work, who knew you'd be here meeting with a friend."

"Are you here alone?" Ashton asked flatly.

"I'm here with a friend to talk about HiTech's promotional clip. I need to find myself a suitable photographer for the job."

Ashton nodded and said, "If that's the case, you should get going then."

Hearing that, Nancy was rendered speechless with an awkward look on her face. She looked at me and asked politely, "Aren't you going to introduce us to one another?"

"She's my wife, Scarlett Stovall." After he introduced me to Nancy, he pointed in her direction while looking at me. "She's an artiste under the management of Fuller Media."

I could hear Nancy's heart breaking into pieces by Ashton's indifferent introduction. Her emotions were written all over her face with a rigid smile, but as a veteran artist in showbiz, she initiated a handshake.

"Hello, Ms. Stovall. My name is Nancy Goldstein. Please feel free to address me as Nancy."

I returned the favor and nodded with a smile, introducing myself, "Hello, Nancy. Ashton and I used to be husband and wife."

Shocked by my remark, she stared at me openmouthed. "Used to be? Does that mean you're no longer Mr. Fuller's spouse?"

I nodded and said, "It has been four years since our divorce."

Nancy seemed to be surprised by the news, but she did a great job at keeping her emotions to herself. "Well then, please enjoy yourselves. I'll head over and join my friend now."

Being a man of few words, Ashton simply responded with a nod while I smiled in return.

After Nancy departed, I felt a chill running down my spine because of Ashton's glare. I took the initiative and asked, "You're not going to ruin such a great evening, are you?"

He chuckled out loud at my words. After dicing his serving of steak into bite-size pieces, he swapped it with my plate of steak.

I was never a huge fan of steak because it was a hassle to eat it. On top of that, Macy used to tell me having a steak felt like dissecting a corpse.

She told me that society had gotten used to having their meals with cutleries because raw food was the only source of protein back in the day. Therefore, cutleries were essential to savor the food.

I didn't bother to check whether what she said was real, but I couldn't deny the fact that I was bothered by it.

Nancy was seated a few tables away from us. Thus, she could easily catch a glimpse of our interaction.

“Here, have a glass of juice before your meal.” By the time he finished his sentence, he had already passed the glass to me.

I was forced to finish it. I had the urge to laugh because I knew it was a deliberate move on his part to intimidate Nancy.

“I can help myself, okay? Don’t you think you’re overreacting?” I wasn’t playing hard to get, but I couldn’t get used to Nancy staring at us throughout our meal.

“Since we’re in the middle of a date, don’t you think we’re supposed to behave intimately?” he asked in a pretentious manner.

I sighed in response. What a petty man.

He continued feeding me another bite of steak. “Hey, I really can help myself, okay?”

Frowning, he insisted, “But I enjoy feeding you.”

After we finished our meal and made our way out of the restaurant, I shared a trivial incident with Ashton. “When I was at R Province, a man called Matthew thought I was Nancy and confessed the affection he had for her.”

I wasn't particularly interested in Nancy, but I couldn't help but feeling perplexed when others brought up the fact that we resembled one another over and over again.

As such, I kept glancing at Nancy throughout our meal, observing her. Indeed, we resembled one another in terms of look, especially our facial features.

Ashton started the car and replied with a smirk, "There are plenty of people who looked alike in this world. But one thing they can't ever change or mimic is the way they carry themselves. In short, you will never be able to find one person that is the exact replica of another."

I simply smiled in response and fell silent.

After spending a day with him, I was completely worn out. When I woke up from a short nap, I noticed we have pulled over in front of a villa.

Albeit sleepy, I asked, "Where are we?"

"We're home." He leaned over and unfastened the seatbelt for me.

I peered into his eyes and felt slightly confused. A whiff of tobacco could be detected from his heavy breath.