

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 535

Roughly an hour later, Ashton was out. He was in his usual poker face.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting.” There was a gentle twitch at the corners of his mouth.

I shook my head and held his hand. “Does it hurt?”

I heard that it’d be awfully painful.

“So what if it does? What are you gonna do?” He gave a cheeky grin.

I closed my eyes and brushed my lips on his. “Will this work?”

Cough! The doctor tried to make his presence felt. “You’ll need to come back for a check-up in a week, and try resuming intercourse only after a month’s time.”

“Thank you, doctor.” It was pretty awkward to be seen smooching. My face was still blushing after saying my thanks.

We lingered at the hospital for another hour till the pain subsided.

It was already nightfall when we got back to the villa. After having dinner with Ashton, Emery called.

“Hey, remember that sandalwood box that I wanted to mail to you? I’ve been swamped, and it slipped off my mind. You free tonight? Let’s grab a drink.” She didn’t sound happy.

“Okay. I’ll see you later.” It didn’t take me long to say yes. Ashton was in his study. He had been warm and sweet recently, but I somehow felt that he had something in the back of his mind.

I went to his study only to see him flipping through a large pile of documents Joseph brought back.

He looked up when he heard my footsteps. "Are you bored?"

"Nah. Actually, Emery asked me out for a drink."

He nodded and closed the folder in front of him. "Right, what's the address? I'll send you there."

I didn't budge. "You still have a lot of things to do, and I can get there myself. Don't think you should be moving around much after the operation, anyway."

"Okay. So how long will you be there?" He raised his brows, waiting for my answer.

"Two hours." I guessed that Emery must've been caught up with some relationship troubles.

His puckered his lips. "One hour. Give me the address, and I'll pick you up after."

"B—" He cut in before I could voice my discontent. "You being away for too long worries me."

Since he'd put it that way, I dipped my head, gesturing submission.

I put on my coat, took the car keys and headed out.

Emery and I would be meeting at her club in Imperial Hotel situated in the city center.

As usual, the club was crazily buzzing. I saw her looking out from the second floor and a bottle of red wine on her table.

“Scarlett! Right here!” She waved. It seemed like she had been here for quite a while.

I sat myself down, snatched her glass of red wine, and got the attention of the waiter. “Excuse me, a cup of hot milk, please.”

“Hot milk? In a club? Stop joking, Scarlett.” She laughed, but her squinted eyes and droopy brows said otherwise.

The waiter obviously knew who she was. He left briskly after taking the order.

Emery rested her chin on the back of her hand as she gazed at the girls on the dance floor. “Scarlett, I’m not happy.”

I felt a pinch in my heart.

As I took a sip of the red wine, I looked at her. “Is it about Hunter? Or is it about your mother-in-law?”

If someone’s complaining only after a few days of marriage, these were probably the only reasons.

She looked back with her eyes slightly shuttered in a teasing manner. “Have you ever seen parents who insisted on living with their son after he got married?”

“Well, both Ashton and I don’t have parents, and George barely interferes in our affairs. So, no.” Those were my honest two cents.

She tittered. "You see, life always goes against our will. If only I didn't get married."

It was normal for a pregnant woman to experience fluctuating emotions. "Maybe they just want to help out and to take care of you since you're preppers."

"Umph. Let's talk about something else."

The waiter came and placed the milk on the table. She bulldozed it out of sight. Nope, not her kind of drink.

"You want some juice?" Those who were up the duff got nauseous easily. It must've been the fishy smell that turned her head away.

She bobbed her head. I looked at the waiter and ordered a glass of mango juice.

"How did you know I like mango juice?" Emery asked.

"I've seen you drinking it." And I looked towards the first floor.

"Is there someone you know?" She traced my gaze and asked.

"The young lady seated on the lounge sofa looks familiar." I shrugged my brows and looked down while supporting my chin with the back of my hand.

When Emery got a clearer picture, she clicked her tongue. "Look at the man beside her, and you'll know who she is."

Both of them had their backs towards me. I tried to get a glimpse of their side view.

“John?” I froze.

“You siblings have quite an uncanny connection, don’t you?”

As I looked more closely, I noticed that the lady next to him was scantily clad. I still couldn’t figure out who she was, though.