

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 540

He's back?

"When did he get back?"

"Around five o'clock."

I wasn't sure whether to cry or to laugh from the sheer absurdity.

If he had come back so early, it meant that he was anxious to have dinner with me, as was written on the note. If he had never once come upstairs to the bedroom, it meant that he still felt resentful.

Forget it.

I smiled weakly at Flora. "You guys go ahead. I'm not hungry."

Maybe it would be easier on both of us if we didn't see each other.

Flora opened her mouth as if to say something, but kept quiet and went back downstairs.

I went back to the bed and stared at the ceiling, trying to fall asleep but to no avail.

The room gradually grew darker and darker as I stared blankly into space.

The bedroom door swung open, and I instantly shut my eyes closed. I heard heavy footsteps and breathing, and I knew it was him.

There was the sound of water coming from the bathroom as I kept my eyes shut, knowing that he had just exited the bathroom.

He sat down on his side of the bed. I assumed that he was going to sleep in the study tonight.

But soon after, I felt the weight of the mattress shift below me and heard the sound of the bedside lamp being switched off.

His even, shallow breathing slowly filled the bedroom.

Time slowly ticked by. I couldn't fall asleep, but by the sound of Ashton's soft breathing, I guessed that he was deep asleep.

I turned over and opened my eyes, freezing in place when my gaze met his.

I barely got a word out of my mouth when he reached forward and wrapped me in his embrace. "Flora said that you threw up your breakfast this morning, and that you didn't eat anything for the rest of the day," he stated, concerned.

"I wasn't hungry," I argued, my body stiff in his arms.

His dark eyes looked like they were staring into my soul. "Scarlett, I'm a man. You can't blame me for losing my temper when I saw him kissing you."

He was talking about last night.

I nodded silently.

He inched closer to me, pressing his face into the crook of my neck as he sighed painfully.

His fingers massaged the small of my back, slowly but surely working the stiffness out of my body. "What did Marcus tell you at Emery's wedding?" I asked.

When I felt his breathing stop, I went on, "If it was about the baby, then you can ask me. No matter what it is."

"Good girl." He raised his head and kissed the corner of my mouth. "That was in the past. As long as we're together, nothing else matters."

He didn't want me to continue talking for fear that the pain would eat both of us up.

I fell asleep that night listening to his heartbeat.

It was rare for Ashton to do anything romantic. When I came to the next day, there was a large bouquet of balloon flowers on the bedside table. The faint fragrance that wafted from it lifted my spirits.

There was a handwritten card placed carefully among the flowers: Eat your meals. Wait for me to come home tonight.

When the heart has a home, the person will always return no matter how far they stray.

I giggled, setting the card down and crawling out of bed to wash up. Downstairs, Flora seemed to be in a good mood.

Breakfast was already prepared and set out on the table. I didn't want to eat it, but Ashton was probably going to call Flora to check if I had eaten or not.

So, I ate a little bit of the food.

Noticing that I was heading out, Flora scurried after me. "Are you going out, Mrs. Fuller?"

I nodded.

Slightly apprehensive, she said, "May I ask where you're going? Mr. Fuller said to inform him when and where you are at all times."

"I'm going to pay a visit to Aunt Sally, so she won't worry too much about me," I chuckled.

I couldn't determine if I liked or hated Sally. But she was still Ashton's aunt, and one of his few living relatives.

He had already lost his parents. I didn't want him to grow distant from Sally because of me, in case he would grow to regret that decision.

Sally lived in the suburban house that Ashton had once bought. She had left the White Corporation to start her own business.

As a woman raised in the Fuller family, she was used to the first-class life and had an odd temperament. However, that didn't take away from the fact that her aesthetic in art appreciation and sense of romance were more in-tune than the average woman. At the same time, she had a uniquely stubborn tenacity.

Managing the flower shop alone wasn't particularly tiring, but there were bound to be times where things got overwhelming for her.

Sally's yard was full of various types of flowers and plants, with some vegetables and fruit trees planted in the back yard as well.

It was the peak of autumn, and many of the flowers in the garden had taken the brunt of several snowstorms.

Sally had tied an apron around her waist and was busy tending to the damaged plants when I arrived.

Glancing around, I took off my coat and picked up a sickle to help her.

She looked surprised to see me, a faint expression of disdain on her face. "What are you doing here?"

I kept my head lowered as I pulled some weeds, feeling sorry for the flattened chrysanthemum flowers. These chrysanthemums only bloomed after the beginning of winter. They would definitely be able to bloom for much longer if this were J City.

But, unfortunately for these flowers, the snow had arrived early in K City this year.

"Ashton said that you were feeling a bit under the weather recently, so I came to pay you a visit." Both of us knew that we weren't particularly pleased to see each other, and I didn't bother to sugarcoat the truth.

She huffed and went back to fixing up her garden.