

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 582

With that, he held my hand and brought me out of the house. The old man parted his mouth, seemingly wanted to say something, but no words came out.

After we were out of the Crest Residence, silence ensued all the way to the hotel.

When he turned off the engine, Ashton looked towards me and said, "It's getting late. Rest well tonight. The Crest family is finding her. I'm sure Summer will be alright."

I looked at him and felt angry suddenly. I got out of the car and went straight into the hotel.

The receptionist smiled and greeted, "Hi. How may I help you?"

"I'd like a room, please." I put my credit card and my ID card on the counter.

However, she did not take my cards. Instead, she looked at Ashton who was standing behind me.

He came to my side and looked at the receptionist. "There's no need for another room. I've booked a room for us."

Apparently, his words were directed at me.

The receptionist smiled awkwardly and handed my cards back to me. "Miss, here are your cards."

I frowned at her. "Why does a five-star hotel let customers check-in without their ID cards?"

Having heard what I said, she raised her eyebrows and looked towards Ashton, seeking help.

I gave her my cards and insisted, "Please give me a room as soon as possible."

She hesitated for a moment before she finally yielded and proceeded with the registration process.

Ashton let me be and stayed silent at the side.

After taking the room key, I entered the elevator with him, and the silence went on.

Both of us knew that we held some resentment toward one another and that we should talk it out instead of shutting each other down. But still, neither of us was willing to speak now. Humans are bizarre sometimes.

When we reached my room, I entered first and stood at the door, stopping him from coming into my room.

Stuck in between the door, he scowled and looked at me with displeasure. "Scarlett, do you have to be like this?"

I stared back and said stubbornly, "Yes!"

With that, I pushed him out, slammed the door shut, and locked it immediately.

A suite that cost a hundred thousand per night was cosy. It had a living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen. Even though it was not as spacious as the villa in K City, each room was fully equipped.

But I did not have the mood to admire them because all I could think of now was Summer. I called John and it got through quickly.

"Hi, Letty. What's the matter?" John sounded as if he had just woken up from sleep.

I looked at the clock and it was only then did I realize that it was past midnight already.

I did not mean to disturb his sleep, but now that he had picked up the call, I might as well tell him the reason I called.

I went straight to the point. "Can you ask Uncle Louis to help me to contact the local authorities at W City? Summer has been missing for more than seventy-two hours and the Crest family are searching for her, but they haven't found anything yet. I didn't know what to do, so I called you."

Speaking about Summer brought a lump to my throat again.

He fell silent for a moment before answering, "I'll go to W City with Uncle Louis right away and I'm sure we will find Summer. Don't worry." He sounded fully alert now.

A wave of warmth washed over me as tears started to well up in my eyes.

"Thank you so much, John," I replied with a hoarse voice.

When he heard me weeping, he said concernedly, "Scarlett, we are family. You don't need to say thank you."

Feeling touched by his words, tears fell down from my eyes as I bid him goodbye.

I hung up the call and felt better somehow.

Now that my anxiety had reduced, I realized that I was covered in cold sweats.

Therefore, I put down my phone, filled the bathtub with hot water, and took a bath.

After I was done freshening up, I suddenly saw Ashton standing in my bedroom. I was so shocked that I almost yelled out in surprise.

Since I had come here in a rush, I did not bring a change of clothes with me. So, I had put my clothes just now into the washing machine and came out of the bathroom in a towel.

Even though we were husband and wife, I still felt shy in front of him.

“How did you get in?” I asked, puzzled. I had locked the door already, so how could he enter again?

He turned towards me with his eyebrows knitted. “Scarlett, we need to talk.”

“We have nothing to talk about. It’s already late. You should go to bed.” Ignoring him, I sat down on the bed and towel dry my hair.

He then took the towel from my hand and began patting my hair dry impassively.