

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 613

As soon as I got out of the airport but before I realized what was going on, I was pulled close by a pair of strong arms and held in a tight embrace.

After getting a whiff of his familiar scent, I realized that it was Ashton. Joseph must have told him about the incident at the cemetery.

Without saying anything, we got in the car. He asked Joseph to go home and rest well. Then we went back to the villa in the eastern suburbs.

Back at the villa, he put Summer in bed. In our bedroom, he hugged me tightly and gazed deep into my eyes.

He said, "I missed you so much." Adults express their love in ways that are different from children.

When little children say they miss someone, it is said directly. When adults say that they expressed it in a totally irrelevant way, such as, 'The moon is beautiful tonight.'

I looked up at him and laughed. "That's not romantic at all."

He smiled. "What should I say?"

I thought about it. 'The moon is beautiful tonight' would sound awkward coming out of his mouth. Maybe a straightforward sentence would be better.

Finally, I laughed, tugged at his hand, and said, "I miss you too."

In fact, I did not want romantic phrases. If we could look into each other's eyes and just said simply, 'I really miss you,' we could understand what we really felt.

After taking a shower and lying on the bed, I felt I had to talk about what happened in J City.

Resting my head on his arm, I confessed, "In front of my Grandma's grave, I met a man who was cold and distant. He saved us today, but I don't know his name."

I chose my words carefully to make light of the situation. Ashton turned his eyes on me. His worries were well-hidden. "Joseph is investigating now. This won't happen again in the future."

What he meant was this narrow escape from abduction.

I had learned to stay calm a long time ago after experiencing several disasters. Leaning on his arm, I smiled, "Grandma said that in everyone's life, there will always be some disasters and she called these incidents challenges."

He laughed softly, "You're great at consoling yourself."

I took that as a compliment. I had thought it over but I really could not understand, so I said, "Who would want to see me so badly?"

He pursed his lips and his gaze darkened as he changed the topic. "Aunt Sally wants us to go over and have dinner with her tomorrow. Shall we?"

I nodded. When All Souls' Day came around, we were expected to pay visits.

Perceiving his reaction, I felt a little tired. I looked at him with a pitiable expression on. "I'm so tired!"

He nodded slightly, still holding me, and said in a low voice. "Okay, go to sleep."

I felt scared because if it happened once, it was an isolated incident but if it happened a few times, it was not normal.

I don't want to see the blood on the bed every time I wake up. That means I may not be as healthy as I thought.

Perhaps I was too tired, or perhaps it was his warm embrace; I slept peacefully.

This time I fell into an unusually deep slumber.

The next day, it was Ashton who woke me. I had no idea what time he had gotten up. He was holding a mobile phone in his hand and looking rejuvenated.

Apparently he had just taken a shower. "Someone's calling you."

I was still groggy as I took my phone, accepted the call, and put it next to my ear.

"Are you back? Do you have time today? Let's go out for coffee." It was Emery.

I spoke but my voice was a little hoarse, "Oh, I am sorry! I have an appointment today so I can't make it."

She cursed. "The day after tomorrow, then. Don't make any other appointments.'

I agreed and hung up the phone. Then I noticed Ashton was staring at me and I blushed. Instinctively, I asked, "What's up?"

“Are you hungry?” As he asked, he placed some clothing on the side of the bed. Apparently, he had selected them for me.

I sat up and shook my head. Then, I got up and changed quickly as if I was in a hurry.

He caught my wrist and stopped me. “Slow down. We’re not in a hurry. You’ve missed a button.”

Not waiting for me to check, his attractive fingers were buttoning for me anew.

I bent my head to look at his actions which were neither hurried nor slow and my heart began to beat faster.

I was blushing. It’s been said that when two people have been together long enough, the thrill would be gone. But I’ve been with Ashton for many years.

I did not eat much for breakfast and he was not pleased so he gestured to me to eat more. Unfortunately, I would vomit if I forced myself to eat.

I retorted, “Force feeding is bad for the stomach.”

He pursed his lips and stopped forcing me.

On the way out, he looked at his phone and seemed to be looking for the address. We had been to Sally’s place a number of times and he had such a good memory, so, how could he forget?

I was imagining things.

We did not go to Sally's, instead, he took me to a KFC outlet. Looking at the crowd passing through the doors, I suspected that he had the wrong address.

Tugging at his sleeve, I paused uncertainly and then asked, "Have you driven to the wrong place?"

"No!"

I was dumbfounded and rather puzzled. "Summer isn't here. Are we buying something for her?"

He raised his eyebrows and led me in by the hand. "We're getting something for you."

I whispered, "I'm not a kid."

He looked back at me with a smile in his eyes, "Aren't you just like a kid?"

I couldn't think of a reply, so I was silent and looked up at him, "Takeaway, or dine in?"