

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 619

“Ashton...” I called out in a slightly lower voice, guilt-ridden. He must have called me many times.

Standing in front of the window, he seemed oblivious to my voice, but I’m sure he heard it. After all, there were only two of us in this empty room. How could he not hear me?

I walked nearer and stood behind him, taking the initiative to admit my mistake. “I went to see a doctor at the hospital. My phone accidentally...”

Suddenly, he turned around and stared at me. His icy gaze was as deep as a bottomless ocean. “You’ve never addressed me so intimately before.”

I froze at his statement, and my mind went blank. Gazing at him, I was puzzled. “I...”

The tall and slender man came closer and stood in front of me. For some inexplicable reason, the atmosphere felt chilly. “If it wasn’t for Summer, would you have left without hesitation?”

My brows knitted together. “What are you talking about?”

“Have you met Marcus?” he asked. His calm voice was devoid of emotion.

I was stunned. All of a sudden, I understood why he was so sullen. Pursing my lips, I answered, “I bumped into him at the hospital’s entrance.”

“Mmm.” He hummed in response, reaching out and tucking a few strands of hair away from my forehead. “Don’t meet him anymore, alright?”

He’s angry. Though he was good at concealing his emotion, I could still feel it.

Feeling defeated, I nodded my head faintly. I remembered a book I’d once read said that a man would only love a woman for a lifetime if she left him when he loved her the most.

I was young back then, so I couldn't grasp what it meant. After giving it some thought, I completely agreed with it.

Marcus was right. I was infertile, but the Fullers needed children to carry on their family's name. They might be fine in the first two to three years. But what was going to happen as time passed? No one could predict the future.

He was surrounded by many outstanding women, yet Rachel was his perfect match.

He reached out to hold my hand, but I avoided his touch. Looking up at him, I gave him a faint smile. "It's getting late. We should go to bed."

Turning around and heading to the bedroom, I heard the sound of hasty footsteps behind me. He then grabbed my arm, dragged me into the bedroom, and locked the door.

Pinning me on the wall, he appeared a little gloomy. "Scarlett, tell me. What do you want from me?"

I pressed my lips into a hard line, lifting my head to stare at him. "Ashton, there's nothing I want from you. You're fine just the way you are. It's late. Let's sleep."

"Scarlett!" He was provoked. "Are you upset that Marcus is in dire straits and alone, so you want to be a saint and help him out?"

My brows drew together. "Ashton, what are you talking about?"

"Isn't that so?" he sneered. "You pushed me to Rachel and went to the hospital just to see Marcus, am I right?"

Stupefied, I was tongue-tied for a moment. Afterward, I couldn't help but talk back to him. "Rachel is an outstanding woman. She's gorgeous and talented..."

“Hah! Should I thank you for putting so much effort into this? You’re really something. Other women rack their brains to stop their husbands from having an affair, but you’re so keen to push me to another woman! Oh, I should be grateful to you!” he sniggered.

I lost my words again. Looking up at him, I felt a lump in my throat.

Tears escaped the corners of my eyes. “I didn’t mean to push you away. I thought you had something to discuss with her yesterday, so I left you both alone. When I went back to you, you were already gone, so I came home alone. And I didn’t meet up with Marcus on purpose. We ran into each other at the hospital. Ashton, I’m not trying to push you away. It’s just that I don’t know what to do,” I replied in a croaky voice.

His expression softened, and his gaze became gentle. Letting out a sigh, he pulled me into a hug. “I’m sorry I lost my cool.”

I dropped my gaze, shaking my head lightly. Breaking free from his arms, I entered the bathroom.

A relationship would only last if both parties were evenly matched. He was definitely out of my league.

In a daze, I stood under the shower and let the cool water sprinkle on my body.

What should I do next? I’m so lost.

After a long while, I stepped out of the bathroom and saw him puffing away on the balcony. Usually, I would snuggle up against his chest and gently asked him not to smoke. But this time, I dried my hair and got into bed straight away.

A whiff of tobacco smell lingered in the bedroom. Suddenly, I started coughing uncontrollably, as I had yet to recover from my flu.

Maybe my coughs were quite loud. He quickly stubbed out his cigarette, marched into the bathroom, and poured me a glass of water. Patting on my back, he asked, "Have you taken your medicine?"

I shook my head. "The doctor said it's no big deal. There's no need to have any medicine because they have side effects too."

He furrowed his brows slightly without uttering a word. When he saw me stop coughing, he stood up and made his way to the bathroom.

After catching my breath, I lay on the bed again and closed my eyes, trying to sleep. However, I found myself wide awake.

If I wasn't asleep by the time he finished showering, I wouldn't know what to talk to him.

I'd better pretend to be asleep then.