

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 681

I'd barely reached the hallway when Ashton lifted me from behind and dumped me onto the bed.

I landed in a clumsy heap on the bed. Glaring at him, I shouted, "Ashton! Are you sick or something?"

"Yes," he replied seriously as he tossed his towel aside. He rasped seductively, "I'm lovesick."

I...

I tried to be modest and look away from his body. "Ashton, there are dressing gowns in the hotel. You should put one on!"

He seemed to ignore my words as he crawled onto the bed toward me. He asked huskily, "What are you hiding from? Are you scared of something?"

I was tongue-tied as the scent of his shower gel hit me. I started inching backward slowly. "Ashton, what are you trying to do?"

He began closing in on me, and I felt unsettled by his stare. "You should know what I'm planning to do."

He'd said this lightly, though I couldn't miss the emphasis he'd placed on the last word in his answer.

I'd run out of space to back into. I looked at him and swallowed my saliva involuntarily. "Don't come so near to me. It's late, and I should really get going."

This position was far too sensual for my liking. I was finding it hard to breathe.

He seemed to enjoy the atmosphere immensely. He didn't make a move and gave me a piercing stare. "Going back? Where to?"

He moved his lips closer to me as he spoke.

I was so taut that I almost forgot to breathe. Acting on instinct, I closed my eyes.

I tried to wiggle around and escape as I sensed his movements. He ordered in a deep tone, "Don't refuse me!"

I was taken aback and didn't know what to do. So I froze and let him have his way.

He deliberately took his time, placing featherlight kisses along my cheek.

I can't focus when he's doing stuff like this.

"Scarlett," he rasped, and I luxuriated in his rich baritone.

I mumbled incoherently, beginning to fall under his spell. He suddenly stopped just as I was anticipating his next move.

I opened my eyes and was met by his knowing smirk. He teased, "Do you want it?"

I knew my face was as red as a tomato at that point. I accused weakly, "Ashton, you jerk!"

His laughter rang out through the room.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't expect what happened later that night.

I woke up to the piercing rays of the August sunshine through the window. I was shocked when I saw the man lying next to me.

“Why are you still here?”

Ashton was lying on the bed. When he saw that I was awake, he pulled me into his arms.

He chuckled, “Why wouldn’t I be here?”

I was still getting over my surprise and stuttered at him. “I-I...”

“Are you hungry?”

I chewed my lips and pulled away from him. “I should leave!” I still need to go to work this morning.

He pressed me down on the bed. “Where are you going?”

I kept mum for a bit before saying, “Ashton, let’s just treat last night as a drunken one-night stand. Next time...”

“We go our separate ways?” His warm tone had disappeared as he interrupted my words. “Scarlett, did you really think I was going to let you get away?”

I shook my head. “No!” I paused again, thinking of what to say. “I’m not running away. I just want to make a life of my own. Ashton, you’re really good to me, but I will always be living in your shadow.”

He retorted, "That's rubbish! What do you mean that? Is my existence somehow disturbing your life?"

I nodded woodenly. "Yes, it is disturbing my life. I want to live alone and not become entangled with you like this. Why can't you understand?"

He stared at me coldly, not gratifying me with a reply.

He's angry all right.

I got up and picked up my clothes. I got dressed quickly and looked at him coolly, "I'm sorry for bothering you last night."

Then I rushed out of the hotel without waiting for his reply.

I hailed a cab to Murphy Corporation. The alcohol from last night was still messing with my system, and I felt light-headed.

I was greeted by the sight of Armond in a sharp black suit as I walked into the office. His stare was burning a hole through my head.

I was surprised when I saw him. I remembered Nora telling me how much he'd drunk last night and wondered if he was okay.

I put on a small smile and greeted him, "Good morning, Mr. Murphy!"

Linda ambled over with a pile of documents which she then dropped on my desk. "Ms. Stovall, there's quite a bit of work for you today. Good luck."

I nodded and greeted her as well. I noticed that Armond was still staring at me after Linda had left.

Flustered by his staring, I said, "Mr. Murphy, you..."

He interrupted, "Where did you go last night? You didn't come home."

Slightly stunned by his question, I tried to hide my embarrassment with a laugh. "I bumped into an old friend. We had a few drinks together and ended up pulling an all-nighter."

I knew my excuse was a bit far-fetched, but this was the only thing I could come up with.

He looked at me wordlessly. His incessant staring unnerved me.