

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 716

I wasn't planning to subject myself to further awkwardness that night. I stood up and prepared to clear the table. Ashton, however, was looking at me strangely. Bemused, I asked, "Do you want to head over to the living room and rest?"

Ashton didn't speak. He wordlessly got up and brought the dishes into the kitchen.

I took a step forward to stop him. He was a guest, after all. However, Ashton's dark gaze halted me in my tracks. I gaped at him, unable to muster a single coherent thought.

I lowered my head and turned to the sink. Before I could turn on the tap, however, Ashton had hauled me aside. "Get over there. I'll do it," he said roughly.

I could only look on apprehensively as his long, elegant fingers set to work cleaning up the kitchen.

I made another move to assist him but was arrested by his menacing gaze. All I could manage was to stand by, hovering over his shoulder and fretting inwardly.

After a moment's thought, I asked tentatively, "Why did you suddenly move all the way here? Aren't you returning to K City already?"

Ashton tilted his head and looked at me icily. "Are you saying that you don't want me here?"

Good Heavens! This man is impossible. I thought exasperatedly.

To Ashton, however, I shook my head vigorously. "There's so much for you to do in K City. Haven't you more or less settled your matters here?"

“What about that?” Ashton replied curtly. He turned back to the dishes in hand, scrubbing and rinsing them off expertly.

He seemed reluctant to talk. I made up my mind not to put myself out on Ashton’s account.

I thus kept to myself as I waited in the corner, ready with a hand towel for him to dry off when he was done. Ashton took it, then turned his attention to the fridge.

Baffled, I broke my silence. “What are you looking for?”

“Eggs,” Ashton replied, pushing aside cartons and several food items.

“What do you want eggs for?” I asked incredulously.

Ashton took out a jar of brown sugar. He turned to me serenely and asked, “Don’t you feel a slight discomfort in your stomach?”

Stunned, I nodded uncomprehendingly. “A little. What does that have anything to do with eggs?”

Ashton bit his lip, considering. Then he ordered, “Go to the room and get changed. Do you have any spare...?”

He trailed off, but any fool would have understood immediately what Ashton meant. My face immediately turned crimson with embarrassment.

Aghast, I quickly turned. There was a large stain on my pants that I had, up until that moment, been blissfully unaware of.

I'd dismissed the brief twinge of pain in my stomach earlier, never expecting my period to have arrived so suddenly without warning. It had been two months since I last had it and had long since lost track of my cycle.

Observing my flushed face and my hapless state, Ashton sighed. "Go and change. I'll buy some tampons later."

Without further ado, I turned and dashed for the stairs.

Before I could exit the kitchen, however, Armond and Nora's voices drifted in, getting louder as their owners approached the living room. Armond and Nora had evidently concluded their talk.

I broke out in cold sweat and looked anxiously at Ashton for help.

Unfazed, Ashton immediately took off his jacket. Raising his voice, he commented, "It's cold. Put this on."

Nora and Armond appeared in front of us. At the sight of Ashton draping his jacket around my shoulders, Armond winked knowingly, teasing, "Did we come back at a bad time?"

I flashed him a smile, then quickly replied, "I'm going to the bedroom to change into something warmer."

Fortunately, Ashton's long frame meant that his jacket hung rather loosely on me. It provided a rather opportune cover.

I got changed as quickly as I could. In my hurry to escape from Armond and Nora, however, I realized that I'd forgotten to bring my phone with me.

I could only hover, frustrated, in the bathroom.

Suddenly, someone rapped sharply on the bedroom door. When I cracked it open, Nora pushed her way in.

She stuffed the tampon that she had been discreetly hiding into my hands. Nora batted her eyelashes at me slyly, saying, "You've got rather good chemistry with your husband, haven't you?"

I bit my lip, then retreated into the bathroom to change. When I emerged, Nora was sitting on the bed in deep thought. I took a seat beside her. "What were you discussing in the rear house with Armond?"

"We were talking about life. Can you believe it?" Nora scoffed. She sounded disappointed.

Seeing her upset face, I decided not to pursue the matter and merely commented, "I had plans to move in with you, but that's turned out to be rather unfeasible. I promised Armond that I'd be here for all three meals in the day."

Nora nodded. "Got it."

After a moment's pause, she turned to me and said triumphantly, "I think Ashton moved here on purpose to further his chances with you! I really appreciate his persistence and approach to courtship."

Speechless, I made no reply.

We sat at length in companionable silence. At last, when night had decisively descended on us, Nora got ready to leave. I followed her downstairs. Ashton and Armond were engaged in a vigorous discussion that broke off when Nora and I appeared.

Armond stood courteously. "Let me send you home, Nora," he urged.

"It's fine. I drove," Nora replied briskly. Traces of unhappiness were still apparent on her face.

What on earth did they talk about?

Armond, however, paid no heed to Nora's disagreement. He tailed her out of the living room.

I prepared to follow. Ashton, however, clutched me and smoothly stepped in my way. "What are you doing?"

Startled, I retorted, "I'm going to send Nora off, of course!"

"Armond's already doing that," Ashton said. He towered above me, barricading my way out.

Suddenly, a thought seemed to spring to Ashton's mind. "Does your stomach still hurt?"

I shook my head. "I feel a lot better now, all thanks to you," I replied meekly.

I opened my mouth, about to ask Ashton to take his leave. However, he interrupted, "It's almost autumn. Dress warmer when you go out."

I nodded obediently. "OK."

Ashton maintained his tight grip on my arm. I tried to subtly wriggle out of it, but he held fast. "Where's the ointment?"