

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 718

Ashton had already flung the blanket aside, a rapid motion that lifted up my skirt along with it. Horrified, I snatched it back and cringed beneath it. "Ashton, you brute..."

He turned to me with a smouldering look. Without another word, he got up and strode out of the room.

I gaped at him. Did he just walk out on me? I thought in disbelief.

Ashton returned a few minutes later with a first aid kit in his hand. He once again took up his seat beside my bed and deftly began to apply ointment to my arm.

Ashton's regular, handsome features, framed by the soft glow of the light in the room, made a familiar but irresistible picture. I realized with a start that I'd known him for close to ten years now. He remained, however, just as gorgeous as when I'd first met him.

When he had finished, Ashton suddenly raised his head. Deep in thought, I hadn't time to react and was confronted with his intense stare.

Our eyes met. For a moment, I felt as if I'd plunged deep into his obsidian eyes. My face burned and I could feel my heart racing in my chest.

"Ahem," I coughed. My throat suddenly felt incredibly parched. "I'm very grateful to you for what happened tonight. I'm willing to overlook your trespassing incident and so won't be calling the police. Goodbye!"

"Ha!" Ashton gave a high, dry laugh. He narrowed his eyes at me, then remarked, "Scarlett, I never realized how cunning you are with your words!"

He reached out and grabbed my chin. Ashton was just inches away from me, and we were close enough to feel each other's breaths on our faces. I flinched. "I wasn't quibbling," I argued breathlessly, my heart pounding. "I was speaking the truth. Ashton, I told you that there was nothing between us anymore. Once I've finished this project, we'll go back to J City and get our divorce papers. Things will be officially over between us then."

I refused to look at Ashton and lay back down on the bed, facing away from him.

Ashton remained sitting as still as a statue. After a while, when he hadn't moved, I began to feel uneasy.

I thus turned back to look at him. To my shock, Ashton was staring straight at me. "Is it because of the baby? Or is it because of your parents?" he asked thickly.

The melancholic look in his eyes gripped me. I bit my lip, then said slowly, "Isn't it obvious? You didn't experience first-hand any of the events that I went through. They're all a list of incidents in your mind. We lost a baby, and I still bear grudge against my parents. You don't know how it feels! You think that these things can be overcome easily. You think I should move on and continue being with you as if nothing happened. That's selfish, Ashton!"

Ashton continued gazing at me. After what seemed like an eternity, he finally spoke. "They're not just a list of incidents to me. If you want freedom or a new start, I'm willing to give everything up. Until then, Scarlett, you need someone by your side to take care of you. When you've found that person, I'll agree to the divorce readily and leave. I'll let you live the life you want then."

I was taken aback by his matter-of-fact tone. I hadn't foreseen that Ashton, who was usually so domineering, would suddenly soften once pressed. It discomfited me.

"All right, you'd better keep your word then!" I replied hotly. As those words left my lips, however, there was a vague aching in my heart.

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After the dark, stormy night, the next morning arrived bathed in a soft, sunny radiance. The air was filled with the scent of freshly turned soil.

When I woke up, Ashton was no longer in the bedroom. He'd evidently snuck away sometime in the night, probably after I had fallen asleep.

Without giving it much thought, I headed to the bathroom to wash up, then went to downstairs to prepare breakfast. There was no sign of Armond for a long while, however.

Puzzled, I knocked on the door of his room, then opened it. The bed was still neatly made. It had clearly remained undisturbed the whole night.

I then remembered that aside from the ruckus I'd raised in my bedroom, the rest of the house had remained singularly hushed. Armond must not have come home last night then.

Had he been with Nora? I pondered.

The relationship between Nora and Armond seems to have made rather rapid progress! I was delighted for them but was rather anguished over the amount of food I'd made. It was all about to go to waste now.

I decided to pack it all up and bring it along with me. As I exited, I noticed a black Maybach parked right outside the neighboring unit. It was probably Ashton's.

I got into the passenger's seat, then looked at Joseph. "Morning, Mr. Campbell. Have you eaten breakfast yet?"

Joseph looked at me in bewilderment. Then he quickly stammered, "Morning, Mrs. Fuller!"

I grinned at him. Ashton was nowhere to be seen. Handing the breakfast over to Joseph, I said, "You haven't had breakfast yet, have you? Eat this while it's hot."

Joseph was about to reply when Ashton slid into the backseat. Tersely, he commanded, "Let's go to Gold Scale Estate first."

"All right!" Joseph said, transferring the breakfast in hand to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, you haven't eaten breakfast yet, have you? Mrs. Fuller made this for you. Eat it while it's hot!"

I shot a glance towards Joseph. My words sounded strange in his mouth when spoken in his usual formal manner.

Ashton then looked up and noticed me sitting in the passenger seat. He acknowledged me with a nod, then began eating.

I had originally intended to hitch a ride. From the curt exchange between Ashton and Joseph, however, it didn't sound as if the car would be heading in the direction of Lavelian village. I announced hastily, "You won't be passing by Lavelian Village, will you? I'll be off then. See you some other time!"