

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 791

“Scarlett, you’ve been asleep for two days,” the soft voice said. “Please wake up!”

I wanted to say something and to open my eyes, but I did not succeed.

I felt something moist inside my bone-dry mouth. After some time, my face and limbs were being cleaned gently by a damp towel.

I couldn’t help but fall back asleep again due to my extreme fatigue.

My dreams were incomprehensible and confusing. The next time I opened my eyes, my surroundings were clearer to me than they were though I was still feeling groggy.

Ashton slumped over my bed as he was asleep. His hair looked rather greasy as though he hadn’t showered in days.

“Ashton!” I croaked. My voice was hoarse but I was surprised that I managed to say that.

I smiled at the realization that I was still alive. It feels so good to be alive!

At the sound of his name, Ashton straightened himself up. He looked haggard and unkempt. I reached out to caress his face and felt a cluster of tiny beards poking out of his chin.

I chuckled. “Haven’t I just shaved for you? They’ve grown back.”

Ashton clutched my hand tightly and gaze at me with his deep dark eyes. He did not speak for a long time; his eyes welled up with tears of relief.

“You’re awake!” he said with a choking voice after a long while.

I nodded with a smile as I had escaped death yet again.

"It's so good to see you!" I tugged his hand and held it tight.

Ashton got up and hugged me tightly. He poured me a glass and made sure I finished it. "You'll get to see me every day from now on," he said, unable to conceal the joy in his voice.

I felt much better after hydrating myself. I could think clearer and move my body freely now. Not to mention my throat felt a lot more comfortable and moister. "If I could fit you in my pocket, I'll get to see you every day," I said, wasting no time in teasing him as soon as I got my voice back.

Ashton brushed my nose gently in response to my mischief. "You're in a playful mood. It's good to see you back to your old self."

He hugged me again and it was tighter than before. I felt squished into his chest.

I let him hold me and savored it. The entire spectrum of emotions surged through me and I felt lucky to be alive just to experience them again.

No matter what happens in this life, I will never leave him again. He was all I could think about during the few minutes in the freezer. As I approached death, even the rhythm of my pulse had chided me for taking his love for me for granted, and that I should not push him away and pick fights with him.

It was my good fortune to have met him in my life.

"Ashton!" I whispered as I held his neck and looked at him.

He grunted and hugged me again. There was an unspeakable joy behind his wearied eyes.

"I love you so very much," I said. Since the day we met, over our marriage spanning a decade, I have never told him this. If I didn't say it now, I didn't know when I would be able to do that.

I was not going to have any regrets on my deathbed again.

Ashton gazed deep into my eyes. He nodded and planted a kiss on my forehead. "I won't disappoint you."

I smiled again, just feeling grateful for being alive.

As I placed my head on his chest to savor the peace that came with it, the incidents of that night suddenly returned to haunt me. "What happened that day I went to the hospital?" I asked.

Who the hell wants me dead? The temperature in the freezer would have sealed my fate within two hours.

If Ashton had not appeared in time, I would not have made it out alive.

"I was having dinner with Joe and the rest when Nora called me," he explained. "They'd found out that you were missing when they arrived at the hospital. We looked through the surveillance and found out that you were taken to the morgue. As there were no cameras down there, locating you took quite a bit of time."

Ashton's voice was low and hoarse as if he dreaded reliving the memory of that night. I was unable to imagine how he must have felt when he found me, frozen half to death like fresh seafood.

Or possibly something worse!

"Did you find out who was behind it?" I asked, looking up at him.

Ashton frowned as his gaze grew cold. “The hairy crabs and matcha that you had consumed were laced with sesame. We’re not sure if this was planned by someone intentionally.”

I frowned. I was aware that I was allergic to sesame, but I had never told anyone that, including Ashton. In fact, the only person who knew that I was allergic to sesame was Grandma.

When I grew older, I basically did not touch sesame at all. Occasionally I would have had mild reactions if the food was seasoned with a trace amount of sesame. It wouldn’t be too serious if I have had a tiny bit.

Be that as it may, it was impossible that anyone could have predicted my allergic reactions. The thing that bothered me more was what happened in the hospital.

It was obvious that that man had meant to kill me. Was the whole rigmarole of drugging me and shutting me in a morgue improvised? Or was it planned in advance?