

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 818

He lifted a brow at my question and fixed his eyes on me. “You can help me if you want.”

His answer caught me completely off guard – I blushed and hesitated, not knowing what to say. I expected him to say he can manage by himself!

“So, do you want to help?” he asked in a low voice, waiting for my answer.

He is my husband, after all. We’ve been living together for a number of years, and we still have more years to come. One day, he would fall sick, and I might become ill as well. No matter how embarrassing it is, we have to take care of each other because we are a couple, not to mention he is wounded now.

After rationalizing my decision, I heaved out a sigh and accompanied him to the bathroom.

As he stood in front of the toilet, I bent down, biting my lip, and unfastened his belt buckle. Then, I unbuttoned his pants and proceeded to the zip.

When I was about to pull it down, he grabbed my hand and spoke with a raspy voice, “It’s okay. I can do it myself.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and rushed out of the bathroom.

Suddenly, his phone rang on the bed. I took a look at the screen and saw that it was Rebecca calling – she probably wanted to ask about his injury. Thus, I did not pick up the phone.

However, it kept ringing, and Ashton was still in the bathroom. He heard the ringtone as well and shouted, “You can answer it.”

I pursed my lips and hesitated for a moment before picking up the phone. As soon as I put the phone against my ear, I heard Rebecca crying, and her anxious voice came from the other side of the line. “Ash, are you feeling better now? I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to throw a tantrum and caused you to get hurt. How I wish I

was the one who got hurt instead. I promise you – I will always listen to you and won't do anything rash."

Oh, so he got hurt because of her?

I continued to hold the phone at my ear and remained silent. She continued to sob over the phone. "Ash, are you still angry with me? I'm sorry. I will..."

"The only thing you need to do is to stay away from him," I cut her off, a hint of anger in my voice.

She went quiet for a while and gradually stopped her crying. "Scarlett, why did you answer Ash's phone? How could you simply pick up someone else's phone? You're so rude."

I scoffed and said sarcastically, "Oh? Why aren't you crying anymore? Where did your saccharine voice go? Was it because Ashton is not on the line? Your acting skills don't seem to have improved over the years. Oh, and I'm sorry to tell you that it was Ashton who asked me to answer his phone. He's currently in the bathroom, unavailable to pick up your call."

She snorted contemptuously; her voice laced with jealousy. "Scarlett, stop your smugness. Even though I'm not married to Ashton, I'm still someone he cares dearly. You can see it for yourself. Today he could have protected himself, but he still chose to protect me and got himself injured. Yes, maybe he truly loves you and cares about you, too. But he has grown accustomed to having me by his side. Therefore, in the years to come, I'll continue to be the barrier between you and him."

I was not angry with her words, but I found them utterly ridiculous. So, I asked cheerfully, "Rebecca, aren't you tired of this?"

She was speechless for a second before answering, "As long as it makes your life harder, I'll never ever be tired."

“Okay!” I nodded. “I wish you luck.”

With that, I ended the call and put the phone aside.

I was about to turn around when someone hugged me from behind, startling me. As I caught a whiff of a familiar scent, I knew that it was Ashton. “Do you always walk without a sound?”

He chuckled. “Yeah. Don’t you know that?”

Well, he’s right.

I turned around and looked at the bandage on his arm. “Don’t bathe tonight, Ashton. I’ll get some hot water and wipe down your body instead. Taking a bath might make the bandage wet and delay the healing of the wound.”

He curled his lips into a smile. “Alright.”

As I entered the bathroom to get a basin of water, he sat on a chair and looked at me silently, seemingly lost in his thought.

“Why are you looking at me like that? What’s on your mind?” I asked.

He gave me a faint smile. "I thought you'd be angry after talking with Rebecca just now, but you seem so calm now. I'm surprised."

After wiping his hand, I put the towel down into the basin and glanced up at him. "Let's say you have several investment projects on your hand now. Which kind of investment project would you be most worried about?"

He fell silent for a while and answered, "The ones that I don't fully understand and lack confidence in."

I nodded in response. "It's true that I used to be wary about your relationship with Rebecca, but that's because I was not sure if you cared about her out of responsibility or out of romantic interest. However, now, I'm sure that you won't have any romantic feelings for her. It's not only because of me but also because of Joe. You know that Joe loves Rebecca, and she knows it, too. Even if you don't consider my feelings, I'm sure you would consider about Joe's."