

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 832

I smiled, amused at how predictable women can be.

“Is Ashton not back yet?” Nora asked after noticing how quiet and empty the villa was.

“Yeah, I think he’s been pretty busy these days.”

I had tried calling Ashton earlier, but there was no answer. After a few attempts, I gave up on it.

Just then, the yard was illuminated by a car’s headlights. Nora turned to smile at me. “Could that be Mr. Fuller?”

I shrugged, secretly hoping for her to be right. Alas, my hopes were dashed when the car parked at Armond’s house.

Nora’s eyes lit up when she realized it was Armond who had just come home. “Our poor punching bag is back! That’s my cue to leave. Bye!”

With Nora gone, I headed back into the villa. The food I prepared had gone cold by now, so I decided to call Ashton again.

This time, the call finally went through. “Ashton, where are you? Are you on your way home? I’ve made dinner for us. Will you be home to eat?”

This was my first-time cooking at home, and I had planned it so we could have a heart-to-heart talk over dinner. I had gotten sick of arguing with Ashton, so I knew compromises had to be made for our relationship to be more sustainable. It was all about knowing when to give and take.

The silence on the other end of the call gave me butterflies in my stomach. I was worried about him being upset about Marcus and not giving me a chance to explain.

“Ms. Stovall, it’s Rebecca. Ash is currently in the shower. I don’t think he’ll be home tonight, so you don’t have to keep dinner for him.”

My heart sank when I heard Rebecca’s voice. She had answered Ashton’s phone before, but that was in the past when I had braced myself for the possibility of Ashton leaving me for her. This time, however, my heart was not ready for it.

Over the years, I had grown certain that what Ashton felt toward Rebecca was nothing more than a sense of responsibility. But now that I knew he was at her place, it instantly destroyed the trust I had in him and shattered the self-confidence I had painstakingly built.

When I did not reply, Rebecca’s tone got even more condescending. “Ms. Stovall, I’ll let Ashton know that you want him home. But please have your dinner first. I’m afraid it’d be late by the time he makes it back, and you know food doesn’t taste as good when it’s cold.”

Not wanting to be snubbed by her anymore, I promptly ended the call. I stared at the dinner I had prepared, feeling like an absolute fool.

Love and trust? That’s all bullsh*t now.

Even as I tried to keep my anger at bay, I couldn’t get the dripping sarcasm from Rebecca’s voice out of my head. I had so much faith in myself that I wouldn’t be bothered by their relationship, yet here I was, steeped in pain and unable to sleep.

I lay in bed and tried to calm myself down, but all it did was make me even more frustrated as unpleasant memories came flooding back. At that moment, none of the good times I had with Ashton in the past could make up for the pain he caused in the present.

It looked to be yet another sleepless night as I tossed and turned in bed, fraught with worry and pain. Then, to make matters worse, my stomach started to hurt. I was suffering from emotional and physical pain at the same time. Life can be so cruel at times.

Perhaps it was too early for bed, or the emotional rollercoaster I was on kept me awake. Either way, falling asleep no longer seemed possible.

I decided reading might help calm me down, so I headed to the study to finish reading “Three Makes A Family.”

I was making good progress on the book when there was the sound of a car engine, followed by the yard being illuminated by headlights. Ashton’s back already?

The thought of him being home distracted me so much that I couldn’t carry on reading any more. With a sigh, I put the book away and headed downstairs.

Ashton sat at the dining table in the kitchen, still dressed smartly in his all-black suit.

I had left the dishes on the table without having eaten a single morsel. The food would undoubtedly be cold by now, but Ashton seemed unbothered by it as he started eating.

I watched on in silence as the anger and hurt from earlier slowly came back. It had been two hours since my call with Rebecca, which meant that whatever shenanigans they were up to would have been done and dusted.

“The food has turned cold, don’t eat it anymore. I wouldn’t want you to fall sick from it, Mr. Fuller,” I said coldly.

Ashton was a little surprised when he saw me standing outside the kitchen. “Did I wake you up?”

His tone was full of warmth and concern, but I felt like he was only putting on a pretense.

I forced a smile as I walked toward the table. "You didn't. But the food's cold, so don't eat it." With that, I cleared all the dishes away without even waiting for his reply.