

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 907

Obviously, these words were not meant for me.

Soon after that, Nora's voice came over on the line. "What did you say to him just now? Why is he so angry?"

I curled my lips and said, "I thought he was messing with you, so I gave him a piece of my mind. Anyway, enough about that guy. I was just calling you to tell you that I wanted to stay at your house tonight. Tell me the password so that I can at least have a place to sleep."

She sighed, "What happened? Did you quarrel with Ashton? Weren't you guys at A City for work purposes?"

In one breath, she asked so many questions that I felt dizzy.

Drawing in a deep breath, I replied, "We're here on a business trip. Just give me the password already. I'm outdoors, and it's freezing."

"The password's my birthday. But what happened between you both? Why did you quarrel?"

I was not in the mood to talk much, so I hung up the phone hastily after thanking her. After that, I called a cab and went to her place, which I had visited before. That was why I knew the address.

As soon as I reached her place, a stale odor came wafting to my nostrils. I guessed it was probably because she had not been home for quite a while.

While I was tidying up, my phone kept ringing. I took a look at the screen and saw that it was Ashton, so I did not answer. Instead, I turned my phone off instantly. One could say that this is unnecessary, but that is just how I am.

After all that, I lay on the bed with my restless thoughts, unable to fall asleep. After a while, the doorbell rang. I was taken aback at first, but then I guessed that Ashton had probably found me.

Thus, I got up to check, and it was indeed him. However, I just ignored him and pretended not to hear anything. Then, I went back to the bedroom to rest, but I underestimated how determined and stubborn this man could be.

Bang! With just a few kicks, he had broken down Nora's door. When I saw him in the bedroom, I was so angry that I threw the pillow at him and shouted, "Get lost, Ashton! Get out right now!"

He caught the pillow and looked at me. "I'm not the one at fault today!"

Upon his remark, I almost choked. "Excuse me? You're the one who abandoned your wife and left! If it's not your fault, then whose is it? Ashton, I initially thought that even though you're an insensitive prick, you're at least a gentleman. But, no... I guess I had really overestimated you. You're even worse than that! In fact, you're despicable."

Clearly stunned, he looked at me and said, "I didn't leave you behind. Joe told me that when a woman is angry, just get some cakes for her. She'll feel better after having dessert."

As he spoke, he solemnly handed me the box in his hand. "It's from the shop you like. It's matcha flavored!"

After hearing his explanation, I was exasperated. To be honest, I just wanted to ignore him. Then, I took in a deep breath and shouted at him, "I don't want this! I don't want to eat anything! As a matter of fact, please get away from me!"

Yet, he continued to stand there, unmoving. "It's not safe being alone out here. Cut this nonsense, and let's go home."

Throwing the pillow in my hand at him, I trembled with anger, "Ashton, don't you know me well enough? Am I a child? Don't you know why I am angry? I had already apologized to you, so why are you still holding it against me? Are you deliberately looking for problems? Getting cakes for me... hah! I think you were driving to leave, and then you were afraid that I would hold a grudge against you, so you went to get cakes!"

With a darkened expression, he frowned at me. I thought he was going to be like before – knowing that I would win the argument, he would slam the door and leave, but he did not. Instead, he put the box in his hand next to me and picked up the pillow on the floor. Then, he looked at me and said, “I am cross with you because you know that angering Tessa is dangerous, but you still did it. I am upset that you don’t put your safety first or take care of yourself. And no, I didn’t plan to leave; I just went to buy you cakes.”

Although he explained everything very clearly, I was still angry. Hence, I did not want anything to do with him, so I pulled the quilt over my head and said to him, “Okay. You can go now!”

Even if he had given a clear explanation, the anger in my heart still remained, so I could not think straight. I still wanted to fight with him because that was just how I was. I knew that, so I controlled myself and asked him to leave quickly.

However, he couldn’t get it, and that, I could only say, was the difference between a man and a woman. Not only did he refuse to leave, but he lay down beside me and said, “Then we will stay here tonight. Since the door is broken, I will get someone to fix it.”

I took a deep breath and held it. When I saw him crawling in next to me, I kicked him without even thinking. It took him by surprise, so he rolled off the bed and landed on the ground, his head hitting the corner of the bedside table.

Wham! A muffled knock accompanied his soft grunt. I was taken aback for a moment and subconsciously wanted to go down to help him, but I did not know what was going on as I watched him holding his head.

I refrained myself, sat up, and asked tentatively, “Are you alright?”

His pained voice could be heard, “It hurts!”

Since I was not sure if he was telling the truth, I replied, "I didn't do it intentionally. I didn't think you'd fall. C'mon, get up, and let me take a look at you."