

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 401

Despite the eagerness of his advances, his movements were gentle and elegant.

Holding me in his arms, his breathing was calm and his voice raspy. "Did you miss me?"

As he thrust forward, I felt a painful sensation, causing me to tighten my grip on him and burying my nails into his skin.

He recoiled in pain and stopped. The next moment, he was staring at me in amusement. "If you continue to scratch me like that, I will hardly have any skin left in the end."

I blushed in response. "You deserve it."

He couldn't help but laugh. "Since when do I deserve to be punished for sleeping with my wife? Hmm? You little kitten."

After a long while, I finally fell asleep in exhaustion as with my body sore all over.

Perhaps it was because Ashton was by my side, I slept exceptionally well. By the time I woke up, it was already the next morning.

The moment I opened my eyes, I saw him lying beside me, beaming. He was wearing a bathrobe which obviously meant he had woken up before this.

When he saw that I was awake, he asked in his magnetic voice, "Are you hungry?"

I nodded. When I tried to stretch, I could feel excruciating pain radiated through my body after what he did to me last night.

When he saw me furrow my eyebrows, he raised his and stroked my belly. "Does it still hurt?"

I nodded.

"I've ordered room service. Once we have eaten, you can get back to rest."

When I saw him turn on his computer and tidy up his documents, I was surprised. "Do you need to work today?"

Grinning, he gave me a peck on my forehead. "Yes!"

Right after his reply, he gave me another warm sloppy kiss on my lips. "However, you're still more important."

As I tried to wiggle my body, I realized I could hardly get up. I requested, "Carry me to the bathroom."

Laughing, his eyes glistened as he picked me up. Once we entered the bathroom, he put me in the bathtub. "Can you bath on your own?"

I nodded. When I noticed the agenda hidden behind his gaze, I quickly understood and blushed. I reprimanded, "Ashton, you pervert!"

He chuckled in response. "I just wanted to help wash your face. What were you thinking about?"

Leaning closer to me, he lowered his voice. "Besides, it's not like I haven't helped you bath before. Hmm?"

Suddenly, the doorbell rang and he answered it. It was room service.

After washing up, I came back into the room to see that he had prepared all the cutlery. When he saw me, he raised his eyebrow and asked, "Did you come here without packing anything?"

I nodded. My face was feeling dry as I didn't bring along my usual toiletries. He gave me a knowing look and gestured to a pack by the bed.

When I turned to see, I realized it was a set of toiletries and makeup. They were all what I usually used back home.

I couldn't help but turn toward him, "You..."

"Come and eat after you're done," he interrupted.

He was indeed a boar of a man as he didn't even give me the opportunity to express my affectionate thanks.

The food in M Country didn't look appetizing. When he saw me staring at the steak, he likely read my mind.

He asked, "There's a place that serves food from our country but it's far from here. Let's make do for the time being and I'll take you there tonight, hmm?"

I nodded. "Don't you have to work? Do you have time to accompany me?"

Smiling slightly, he took over my steak and cut it before handing it back to me. "Joe will deal with it."

After finishing the steak, I returned to the bed as I was still aching all over. As I already had a good night's sleep, there was no way I could sleep any further.

Hence, I brought out my unfinished books from the plane while Ashton was busy at the computer with his work.

"So who is the killer in the end?" Before I realized it, he was sitting by my side and leaning over.

Caught by surprise, I turned toward him as he pulled me into his embrace and gave me a peck on my cheeks.

Somehow, I noticed that he was obsessed with kissing me.

"I haven't finished it yet—just about to." Just as I spoke, I buried my head in the last few pages.

When I realized the conclusion didn't state who the killer was, I was stunned. Turning back the pages to check, I raised my gaze at him. "The author didn't say who it was."

He couldn't help but laugh. "Why don't you deduce it?"

"Everyone on the island is dead but the murderer still hasn't appeared..." I had a sudden realization and exclaimed, "The murderer had feigned death?"

He raised his eyebrows and scratched the tip of my nose. "Looks like you're sharper than I thought."

Stunned, I still couldn't guess who it was as I looked at him. "But who is the murderer?"

In "And Then There Were None," the author didn't spell out who the murderer was in the end.

He couldn't help but smile. "Rack your brains a little. Who has the greatest access to resources and information?"

Pursing my lips, I pushed him away. "The judge?"

He nodded. When I saw his gaze deepened, I almost broke down. "Ashton, you..."

"It's been a long time already."

"Didn't we just do it last night?"

"It wasn't enough!"

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Suddenly, I remembered that he needed to rest after his vasectomy.

"Ashton, you are supposed to rest for a month!" Despite me pushing him away, it was to no avail as his hug was too tight.

"I'm fine. It's not affected at all."

Frowning, I couldn't help but push him away. "Do you no longer care for it? Give Jared a call and ask him."

When he saw how adamant I was, he had no choice but to sit up and call Jared.

When the call got through, Jared asked, "It's the middle of the night. What's wrong with you?"

As I was close by, I could hear him clearly.

Ashton's expression darkened as his voice was soft. "By doing it, does it have any impact?"

Jared didn't understand what Ashton was babbling about and snapped, "What are you doing in the middle of the night that will impact it?"

Ashton snorted, "What else can be done in the middle of the night?"

Jared wasn't dumb as he quickly understood what it was about.

He couldn't help but purse his lips and retort, "Can't you endure for a month?"

I lowered my gaze and felt my cheeks burn.

Previously, I had not thought about it but only realized after the fact.

When Ashton saw me blush, he sneered into the phone, "Cut the crap! What impact does it have?"

"What else can it be? Can't you feel it yourself?"

Ashton hesitated. "I didn't feel a thing!"

"Ha!" Jared laughed.

Ashton had lost his patience. "Fine. I'm ending the call now."

"Go and get yourself checked at the hospital. Don't say that I didn't remind you."

"I know."

After ending the call, Ashton chucked the phone to a side as he looked at me intently.

Looking at him, I asked, "Did Jared not come along with you on this trip?"

He nodded. "Someone needs to stay back and hold the fort."

I nodded. After a slight hesitation, I asked, "Did Uncle Charlie and Aunt Helen used to have a daughter?"

He furrowed his eyebrows and gazed solemnly at me. "Who told you that?"

"No one. I'm just asking." To be honest, I wasn't trying to probe into his past. It was just that I had doubts that needed clearing up.

Pulling me into his embrace, he had a grave look on his face. "Don't go asking about the past anymore, alright?"

I nodded before getting up and heading into the bathroom.

I wondered why he didn't like talking about his past with Jared. Sometimes, he seemed to care, but other times, he didn't.

Coming out of the bathroom, I saw him talking on the phone on the balcony with a solemn expression. I wasn't sure if it was about work.

When he saw me, he gave out a few more instructions before ending the call. Walking toward me, he pulled me into his embrace again.

"I won't be able to go on a walk with you later as there is a signing ceremony at the company. Do you want to come along?"

I shook my head. "No, I don't feel like going. I prefer to rest in the hotel as I plan to return to J City tomorrow."

"Is there something you need to do?" he asked in a low voice.

"Not really." I came to M Country to see him on impulse. Now that I have done so and we had made love, there was nothing else left to do. Hence, it was time to go home.

Hugging me, he whispered, "Next time, don't go running off on your own like that. There can be no repeat of this, hmm?"

Nodding, I raised my gaze at him. "When will you be back?"

"Once we sign the contract, I will be able to return."

I nodded but suddenly felt a little heavy-headed. When he saw the change in my expression, he furrowed his eyebrows. "Are you alright?"

Laying back on the bed, I closed my eyes and replied, "Just a little tired. Let me lie down for a while."

As Ashton had to rush to the office to sign the contract, so he left shortly after comforting me.

While I was lying in bed drowsily, I was jolted awake by the ring of my phone. Answering it, I realized it was Camelia from the airport.

"Hi, Scarlett! It's Camelia. Do you still remember me?"

I nodded but realized she couldn't see my actions. I then replied, "I do! Camelia, how are you?"

"Are you free now? I would like to invite you to dinner. I don't have any friends here and my fiancé is busy. It just feels so boring staying here alone!"

Looking out the window, I saw that it was already dark and the clock showed that it was eight.

If I slept then, I figured I would wake up at dawn.

After giving it some thought, I replied, "Mmm-hmm, I'm at Clark Hotel. What about you?"

She was delighted to hear my answer. "I'm at the winery. I'll be there in a while. I'll give you a call when I arrive."

Nodding, I grunted in acknowledgment. After making some small talk, we ended the call. When I stood up, I realized I didn't bring a change of clothes.

I hated wearing clothes that had already been worn. Hence, I gave Ashton a call.

When he picked up, I could hear him whisper. "Scarlett."

When I heard the noise in the background, I was stunned. "Are you in a meeting?"

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He replied, "The signing ceremony. What is it?"

Worried that I was disturbing, I murmured, "Nothing, just calling for no particular reason. I'll call you back later."

Before I ended the call, he added, "It's no problem at all. Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Can you get me a new set of clothes? I'm going out to meet a friend."

"Sure," he answered before hesitating a moment. "Who are you going out with?"

"Someone I met on the plane. You don't know her but don't worry. I will be careful."

After a brief silence, he replied, "Alright, remember to drop me a message when you go out. Also, send me the address so that I can pick you up."

I grunted in acknowledgment and ended the call.

Not long after, someone knocked on the room door. It was Joseph.

His expression was as icy as usual. When he saw me open the door, he explained, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller had me bring these clothes for you."

I nodded and received them. "Thank you!"

He left after acknowledging my thanks.

Back in the room, I got myself changed.

Soon, Camelia gave me a call, informing me that she was in the hotel lobby.

Once I was ready, I headed downstairs where I was stunned to see a black Bentley parked at the hotel entrance.

As the window went down, I saw Marcus coldly looking in my direction.

Feeling familiar and distant at the same time, I wondered if he was the same Marcus that I knew.

"Scarlett!" Camelia who was sitting at the front passenger seat called out. "Quick, get in!"

After regaining my senses, I got into the car.

"What were you spacing out for? You didn't respond to my repeated calls." Camelia turned to the man beside her and introduced, "This is my fiancé, Marcus White. On my way to see you, he coincidentally finished work. I hope you don't mind him joining us?"

Still gaping from the shock just now, I shook my head. "No... Not at all."

The moment I saw Marcus, I suppressed the burning questions I had as Camelia was present.

At the restaurant.

Camelia seemed to be in a good mood. She held Marcus' hand and suggested, "Marcus, why don't you order? I always enjoy whatever you choose."

Marcus plainly grunted and raised his eyebrow at me. "Ms. Stovall, what would you like to have?"

"I'm fine with anything," I replied. Faced with someone I thought was dead and watching him act as if nothing happened, I couldn't even begin to describe what I was feeling.

Throughout the dinner, Camelia had a lot to say. However, Marcus' responses always lacked enthusiasm. As I didn't have much of an appetite, I hardly touched the food.

"Don't you like the food, Ms. Stovall?" Marcus asked in a distant tone.

Surprised, I shook my head at him. "Oh no, I just had dinner at the hotel before I came, that's all."

Raising his eyebrows, Marcus pointed out the elephant in the room. "Ms. Stovall, you seem to be afraid of me."

Stunned, I exchanged glances with him before I shook my head. "No, Mr. White..."

"That's right. I noticed it too, Scarlett. When you saw Marcus, your face lost all color. What's wrong?" Camelia asked inquisitively.

Won't you also be afraid to see someone rise from the dead in front of you?

Suppressing my emotions, I shook my head. "It's not that. I'm just feeling under the weather. Why don't both of you go ahead? I'll take my leave first."

Just as I spoke, I stood up and prepared to go.

However, Marcus blocked my way. He was a whole head taller than me. As his gaze deepened, he gave Camelia a sullen look. "Camelia, go and get the bill. I'll escort Ms. Stovall out."

Slightly stunned, Camelia nodded and complied.

Pursing my lips, I sidestepped him and headed for the exit. He followed me from behind without saying a word.

Outside the restaurant, I raised my hand to hail a cab while he stood beside me in silence.

Suddenly, my phone rang. When I answered, I realized it was Ashton. “Where are you? Are you coming back? I’ll come to pick you up.”

“I-I will be back in a short while. You don’t have to come.” I wasn’t sure how Ashton would react if he saw Marcus, hence I chose to lie to him.

The voice over the line fell silent. “Alright, I’ll wait for you at the hotel.”

After ending the call, I stared at the oncoming cars with only a single thought in mind—return to the hotel as soon as possible.

“It’s not easy to get a cab here. Why don’t I give you a lift?” Marcus finally spoke after a long silence.

“No, thank you.”

“Huh,” Marcus sneered. “Scarlett, this isn’t like you—to ask no questions.”

I pursed my lips. “Mr. White, lying is the worst of all sins between men.”

“Lying?” He scoffed, “Since when did I lie to you?”

I didn’t reply. When the cab arrived, I got in and gave the driver my hotel’s address.

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By the time Camelia came out, the cab was already long gone. All she saw was Marcus frowning in frustration.

I didn’t want to know what happened to Marcus after the accident. Since we were leading our own separate lives, I felt it better to keep it that way.

What I was angriest about was how he treated everyone else like fools. Perhaps he saw himself as the audience who was watching the drama unfold.

Back at the hotel, I saw Ashton waiting for me in the lobby. He was dressed in a sharp black suit and polished black shoes. With a hand in his pocket, he was standing upright in the hotel lobby.

Standing there, my heart was filled with a myriad of emotions. Should tell him about Marcus?

He, too, saw me and took a stride in my direction. As I watch him approach, I was suddenly reminded of the Sun.

Before I could even say a word, he pulled me into his embrace.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and buried my cheeks in his chest. Taking in the scent of his cologne, I managed to calm myself down. With my eyes closed, I called out softly, "Hubby!"

Jolted, he tightened his arms around me. "What happened?"

I shook my head. "Nothing."

As there were many passersby in the hotel, they would stare at us. Hence, Ashton led me back into the hotel room.

Back in the room, I saw the dining table filled with food from back home. Taking off my jacket, I couldn't help but look at him. "Have you not had dinner?"

He smiled faintly. "I was waiting for you to have it together."

I was stunned. "You know that I would have eaten while I was out."

Grunting in acknowledgment, he settled me into my seat and served me food. He explained in a gentle voice, "I know you don't like the food here. So, you must be hungry when you return."

Camelia did take me out for local food, but I looked at him, stunned. "How did you know I went out for local food?"

The food on the table felt like it had just arrived as it was still warm. After serving me, he took a bite himself and replied plainly, "There's a bodyguard watching out for you."

Because of what happened last time, he had arranged for bodyguards to be by my side. I was aware of it but had gradually forgotten about that fact.

After a brief silence, I looked at him. "Did you see him?"

Ashton raised his eyebrows with an indifferent gaze. "Who?"

"Marcus!"

He grunted in acknowledgment as if it didn't matter. "Let's eat. Or else the food will get cold."

With that, I buried myself in the food and didn't discuss the matter further.

After dinner, it was already late. Ashton looked busy as his phone rang incessantly.

When the hotel staff came to collect the food, I was lazing on the sofa watching TV. However, I couldn't focus at all.

After he ended his call, he took a seat beside me and pulled me into his embrace. He asked in a gentle tone, "Do you want to go for a walk?"

I shook my head. "What's wrong?"

He smiled plainly. "I was worried you might get indigestion. Or perhaps we can try some other form of exercise."

"Let's go!" Getting up, he tried to pull me toward the bed.

"No, I want to watch TV!" I protested while keeping my eyes on the TV.

Bringing his lips close to my ear, he whispered, "We are going back to J City tomorrow. Don't you want to go out for a walk?"

"No, I don't."

I didn't feel like going out as I had just returned and it was cold outside. Although I know he meant well, I really didn't feel like it.

Given how lazy I was, he decided to let me be and returned to his work. I laid myself in bed to finish my book as my aching back was still killing me.

Perhaps I had exposed myself to the cold for too long, my back felt exceptionally sore. I tried to massage it with my hands from behind, but it felt awkward to do so.

Ashton got up and came to my side. "Where does it hurt?"

"My back. It's really sore!" He massaged the part underneath my scapula and asked, "Is it here?"

"Closer to the center."

Probably because he had not done this for a lady before, he didn't mind his strength when he massaged me.

Hence, his force aggravated the pain, causing me to flinch. Chucking my book away, I glared at him. "Do you think you're kneading dough?"

He couldn't help but laugh. "Did I hurt you?"

I pursed my lips. "What do you think?"

Reaching out, he pulled me back into his embrace and grunted, "Why don't we try again?"

Why does he make it sound so provocative?

I tried to push him away but to no avail. His hug was too tight to break away from.

Noticing the physiological change in him, I couldn't help but glare at him. "Ashton, you..."

"I can't help it."

How brazen can he be?

Pursing my lips, I kept a lid on my anger and snapped, "Dr. Crest said that if you don't discipline yourself, you will inadvertently destroy it."

He protested with a faint smile, "But it's not within my control!"

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I tried to push him away and told him sternly, "Be good and turn in early. We still have a long journey back to J City tomorrow."

He did not budge and continued to keep me inside of his embrace.

"No funny business, Ashton!"

The man held on, but stopped misbehaving.

We stayed that way for a while more before he made his way into the washroom. He looked more like himself after he reemerged.

Perhaps it was his presence, that enabled me to sleep soundly. I awoke the next morning, greeted by an M Country shrouded by thick layers of snow.

I had half-expected that the flight would be delayed, but my concerns proved to be unfounded.

Joe did not seem happy to see me at the airport with my hand in Ashton's. "You both are together twenty-four seven and could not even be apart for just a few days' work-trip. You're practically joined at the hips. Anyone would have mistaken you for Ashton's mistress had they not known any better."

My lips were pursed in embarrassment.

Ashton shot him a look. "If you have so much energy to expend, might as well use it to find yourself a wife."

Joe pulled a long face before he turned to collect the air tickets.

Ashton led me straight to the boarding gate. The timing of our arrival was perfect as we did not need to wait long.

Once inside, we made our way to the spacious seats in first-class. He then asked the flight attendant for a blanket. Concerned that I might be bored, he had also the screen for in-flight entertainment lowered.

The man wrapped his arms around me while his body laid next to mine. "The flight would take ten over hours. Is there anything you would like to see?"

I was not much into show binging, but one particular series did come to mind. It was one that Macy would stay up all night to watch during our college days.

"Shall we watch some Koandrian drama? How about this one?"

His brows perked up. "Well, sure!"

We located the title on the menu and started from the first episode. It was a rarity that he would watch it with me, so I was not bored at all.

Joe looked a little miffed when he entered. "Go home and get a room, you two. Mind you, this is a public space!"

Gianna Jun had just encountered Professor Do in the elevator when I redirected my attention onto Joe. "We're watching a Koandrian drama. Would you like to join us?"

Joe's gaze fell upon Ashton as he twitched his lips. "You are done for, Ashton."

Ashton lifted his eyes into a glare. "Stop bothering us if you aren't going to watch!"

Joe offered no retort.

The man must have gotten bored himself after we took to the air, as he too turned on his own screen. He looked sideways at me and asked, "What are you watching?"

"My Love From The Star," went Ashton's quick reply.

That made Joe pause.

"A human falling for an alien? No way this is going to end well." His cynicism did not prevent him from searching for it.

Perhaps the ability to keep ourselves entertained made it easier to pass the time over the ten-over-hour journey. Soon, we were almost reaching J City.

It was timely too, as the scene where Professor Do was preparing to depart had me choking up.

Ashton passed along a piece of tissue. "Don't worry. They'll be together in the end."

I looked up at him with eyes reddened. "How do you know that?"

He raised an eyebrow. "That's how these stories always end."

That had me positively flabbergasted.

At the J City airport.

It was into the wee hours when we stepped outside the terminal. As my eyes were glued to the screen throughout the flight, I found myself overwhelmed by fatigue.

Ashton had already arranged transport beforehand. I could barely keep my eyes open when we got in, so he held me close and motioned for me to rest.

I had no idea how we got to Peakville Estate.

When I came to the next morning, he was not beside me, and it became chilly under the sheets.

I got out of bed and freshened up.

Downstairs, Mrs. Eriksen was busying herself as usual. The sun would usually rise around seven or eight in J City, and with it, came the moderation of the temperature.

"Oh, you're up, Letty. Come help yourself to some breakfast while it's still hot." Mrs. Eriksen hummed a little tune while she cleaned the table.

Settling myself down to sample the food, I found them quite appetizing.

Most of the major companies had begun to wrap up for the year. Richard sent quite a few messages to ask when I would be returning to K City.

With the upcoming product launch just around the corner, I suppose I ought to head back within the next two days.

"At what time did Ashton leave the house this morning, Mrs. Eriksen?" I asked as I had another spoonful of soup.

"As soon as dawn broke. He left in quite a hurry too." She paused briefly while she looked at me. "I've learned just a few days ago that it would seem that we are mistaken. Rebecca isn't actually from the Moore family."

I was stunned. Is this the reason why Ashton went out?

I did not probe further. My initial plan was to return to K City together with Summer, but I had to leave her in Jackson's care as I had not been feeling well.

At Glenwood residential area.

Nick was in the kitchen when I arrived. Jackson approached me with Summer in his arms. "I thought you've gone and bailed on me. Some mother you are."

That left me a little apologetic. "I've just returned from M Country last night. How has Summer been these few days? Has she been a good girl?"

He nodded and passed her along when he saw the girl extend her arms toward me. "This little imp would not drink from a bottle after she had a taste of breast milk."

Summer indeed felt lighter in my arms. I settled down on the couch and watched as Nick focused on his task.