

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 803 - 804

I nodded and smiled bleakly. After another thirty minutes of conversation, the voice on the other end of the line got softer and softer. She was probably getting sleepier by the minute.

A while later, I heard Ashton's deep, low voice over the phone. "She has fallen asleep. I'll send her back to her room first—wait for me to come back!"

I nodded. "Alright."

I couldn't help but yawn too—it had been a very long day. Five minutes later, I heard Ashton's voice again. "Are you very tired today?"

I nodded and replied miserably, "Just a little!" I had been working from morning till night, and my entire body was wracked with fatigue.

"Have you washed up yet?"

I shut my eyes and nodded my head hastily. "Of course, I have."

An odd thought floated into my head that very moment, and I found myself thinking about Armond and Nora. Rather hesitatingly, I ventured, "Ashton, what happens when you men can't...you know..."

I heard him suck in a deep breath on the other end of the line. After a short pause, he asked, "Can't what?"

Hearing his suggestive tone, I knew he was thinking all sorts of rubbish again. I opened my mouth and said, "It's like this. Armond and Nora are in a relationship now, aren't they? But Armond seems to have some sort of trauma regarding intimacy. I think it stems from something that happened to him in the past. What do you think he should do?"

After all, who could understand a man better than another man?

Ashton laughed lightly. "That's their own business, I suppose. Why are you poking your nose into it? Stop thinking so much and go to sleep!"

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I pouted and replied in a dissatisfied voice, “Gosh, you’re no fun!”

Ashton laughed again. “I’ll be coming over to A City tomorrow. What do you want to eat?”

Almost immediately, I replied, “Korean barbeque and Japanese cuisine! I’m absolutely craving them right now,”

I only had Nora to thank for that—she kept talking about them last night, and now I wanted to eat them too.

Ashton chuckled softly and said, “Alright then, sleep earlier. Make sure to shut the door and windows properly—double-check the locks, do you hear me?”

Getting tired of his nagging, I said consolingly, “Alright, alright, I got it! You should get some sleep too. See you tomorrow!”

After hanging up the call, I flipped myself out of bed and went to lock the door, after which I headed into the bathroom to wash up. Perhaps it was because work had tired me out too much, but I fell asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow.

I woke up early the next morning. September in A City meant lots and lots of sunlight—the dew on green leaves on the trees glistened in the morning sun like precious gems on a string of pearls.

I had slept very well indeed, so I felt very relaxed when I woke up.

We finalized matters regarding the details on the second floor of the base that morning. Since there was nothing going on that afternoon, everyone returned to the hotel for a short debrief.

The collaboration between the Fuller and Murphy Corporations was coming to an end in the next few days, and we would be turning our attentions to other projects. The completion of the base construction marked the end of the project.

As we left the hotel, Rachel let me on the details about the next project. Although both of us were like fire and ice in some aspects, she was flawless when it came to her job, and I thoroughly enjoyed working with her.

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Suddenly, she stopped speaking, and a smile broke out on her face. It wasn't a polite smile—rather, she looked as though she had just seen something she liked. It was a genuine smile, and one that came straight from the heart.

I felt a little surprised. Following her gaze, I saw a man emerge from a black Bentley at the door of the hotel. He was in pressed western suit, and every inch of him screamed nobility and finesse.

I got it at once!

As the man walked towards me, I couldn't help but laugh. I ran over to him at once and jumped into his arms. "Didn't you say you were only going to arrive tonight? When did you get here?"

He nudged my nose with his knuckle and said, smiling, "Are you really going to have both Korean barbeque and Japanese food for dinner? We might as well split it into two meals."

I shook my head. "Of course not."

A coquettish voice sounded from within the Bentley. "Ash, can you help carry this for me?"

I turned to look curiously at the car and saw a familiar face. It was Rebecca. Judging by the trench coat that was wrapped tightly around her, she had probably just gotten off the plane. Because it was too hot under the sun, she removed her trench coat the moment she stepped out of the car, revealing her alluring figure.

Ashton shot a glance at her. He turned back to me and said, "Wait for me. We'll be going to the Korean barbeque place in a minute!"

I pursed my lips and tried to hide the growing annoyance in me. "Alright, then."

Although I had no idea what Rebecca was doing here, I couldn't help but raise my eyebrows at the two suitcases she was holding. Is she moving house, by any chance?

Ashton called the bellboys over, and they helped Rebecca move her suitcases into the hotel. Afterward, he helped her book a room, and after passing her the card and giving her a few instructions, he left her to her own devices.

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Presently, Ashton returned to my side. Taking me by the hand, he asked, "What do you want to eat first?"

"Why did you have to bring her here, too?" I asked, my eyes furrowing in displeasure.

Ashton smiled gently. "Joe was the one who brought her along. He had something on, so he told me to bring her over first."

I nodded, feeling my appetite vanish suddenly. "Since you just got off a long-haul flight, you must be pretty tired now. Why don't we rest in our room for a while before having a meal later?"

He raised his brows. "Alright, then. We can eat in the afternoon. Where's the room card?"

We were still standing at the entrance of the hotel. If I refused to give it to him, he would probably kick up a huge, embarrassing fuss. I had no choice but to hand it over to him. Gritting my teeth slightly, I said, "Go and have some rest first. I'll come back and wake you up once I'm done with my work!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 804

He nodded, blinking his eyes, which were ringed with dark circles. He probably hadn't been sleeping well lately.

As I watched him leave, Rachel, who had been standing silently next to me the whole time, snorted loudly. "Scarlett, my dear, you sure are a generous one. He had the audacity to bring the other woman here, and your expression hasn't changed a bit. It looks like you are used to it."

I frowned, too tired to listen to her scathing words. Blandly, I said, "They're just friends. If I can't even accept his female friends, do you think that I am fit to be his wife?"

Rachel spluttered with laughter. "Gosh, you have really surprised me. Every day, the tabloids in K City are full of rumors about Mr. Fuller and Ms. Larson. One of them is the chairperson of Fuller Corporation, while the other one is a young lady of the Moore family. The two of them were practically born to be together. Scarlett, my dear, don't you feel ashamed about coming between them?"

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I looked at her and tried to hold back my temper. "Ms. Zimmer, if you want to gossip about them with me, why don't we go to a coffeeshop and do it over a cup of coffee?"

She looked rather exasperated that her words didn't manage to irk me. Mockingly, she replied, "You sound so satisfied with yourself. Honestly speaking, you can't hold a candle to Rebecca. Who do you think you are?"

"What about you?" I retorted. "What do you think you are? A blood-sucking mosquito or a grain of rice that keeps sticking?"

Rachel's face turned red as she struggled to make a comeback. "Ms. Zimmer," I continued, "everyone needs a little bit of self-awareness. There's nothing wrong with having a crush on someone, but when that person already has a wife and kids, you should keep your hands off him no matter how wonderful he is."

There was no way we could continue talking about work in this awkward atmosphere. Rachel was so angry that her neck was completely red. I wondered if she was going to strangle me to death on the spot.

I shrugged and headed back into the lobby. I got the spare room card from the front desk and went upstairs.

Ashton had already showered, and he was preparing to go to sleep. When he saw me, he raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you done with your work?"

I rolled my eyes at him and said crossly, "Thanks to you, she stomped off before we had a chance to talk about work!"

He looked rather stunned. Shoving a towel into my hands, he asked, "Can you help me to dry my hair?"

I refused to take it from him. Still glaring at him, I snapped, "Do it yourself. Don't you have hands for a reason?"

Ashton laughed, looking rather amused. "You're mad, aren't you? Are you angry that Rebecca came along with me this time?"

I shook my head vehemently. "No!"

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He snorted loudly. “Well, then, what is it?”

Pouting, I replied, “The stupid minxes you’ve been flirting with.”

Immediately, I heard a loud, exaggerated bark of laughter next to my ear. It sounded carefree and extremely happy.

He pulled me against his chest and grinned widely. “Joe told me to bring her over first while he settled some matters. There’s nothing going on between the two of us, so don’t take it to heart, alright?”

I rolled my eyes at him again and grumbled, “Who said I was angry because of her?” Although that was what I said, I grabbed the towel from his hands and forced him into a chair, whereupon I began to dry his hair with the towel.

I could still hear his amused laughter ringing in my ears.

He had spent a long time on the road today and had just gotten off the plane a few hours before. After I finished drying his hair, he let go of me and collapsed onto the bed. Because I wasn’t particularly tired, I leaned against his chest for a while, willing myself to nod off.

That didn’t work. Instead, I stared up at the ceiling and zoned out. Eventually, I noticed that something wasn’t quite right. I turned my head around and looked at Ashton—his eyes were shut, and he seemed to be sleeping very soundly.

However, I knew that something was up. I opened my mouth and asked in a low voice, “Ashton, are you really asleep?”

He didn’t reply to me, but his fluttering eyelashes told me all I needed to know. He wasn’t fast asleep yet—in fact, he probably wasn’t asleep at all.

Seeing this, I narrowed my eyes and kicked him lightly in the shin. He opened his eyes and looked at me, the black orbs flashing dangerously in the dark.

He took a deep, shuddering breath. Parting his lips slightly, he asked, “You don’t want to sleep?”

I was a grown-up woman, so I understood the salacious intentions behind those words. Pursing my lips, I hissed, “Stop fooling around and go to sleep!”

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He laughed hoarsely. A naughty hand found its way to my nether regions as he raised his eyebrow and said, "It's been three days since I last touched myself."

My face turned red almost immediately. Glaring at him in embarrassment, I hissed, "Ashton, you're completely shameless."

He pulled me into his arms as he wriggled his eyebrows again. "If I wasn't, how would I be able to get my fill?"

With that, he rolled on top of me and pressed a kiss to my lips. Instantly, my senses were gripped by the strong smell of tobacco smoke and shower gel.

After a long, passionate session of lovemaking, I finally ran out of energy and fell asleep in his arms.

Falling asleep in the middle of the day always messed with my sense of time. I didn't know how long I slept for, but when I finally opened my eyes, the sky was already dark outside.

Ashton was already awake, and he was making a call on the balcony. From the sound of it, he was in the middle of a work discussion. I turned around in bed and stared at him on the balcony. His tall, slender silhouette was a feast for the eyes.

He probably felt my eyes on him. Turning around abruptly, he caught me staring at him from the bed and smiled. He spoke into the phone, "Alright, then. If anything happens, just contact Joseph directly!"

He hung up the phone immediately and walked towards me. There was only a towel wrapped around his hips, and he was naked from the waist up. This made him look even more alluring than if he was completely naked.

Watching me laugh foolishly, he narrowed his eyes at me in suspicion. Raising his eyebrows, he asked, "What sort of nonsense are you thinking about now?"

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