

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1407

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As I thought about it, I turned around and looked at Marcus next to me.

As compared to the indifferent man from before, Marcus, who was gentle and kind, seemed to be the perfect candidate for me to spend the rest of my life with.

After a moment, Marcus opened his mouth, feeling awkward under my stare. He asked, "Why are you looking at me?"

I shrugged and replied with a smile, "It's nothing. I just think you're a reliable man."

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Marcus's eyes flickered at my compliment. He seemed surprised by the compliment that had come out of nowhere. "I see..."

...

We soon pulled over in front of the gate of the White residence.

"We're home." After Marcus made sure the car was switch off, he leaned over to unfasten the seatbelt on my behalf.

I subconsciously inched away from him, not used to such an overly intimate interaction. "I can unfasten it myself."

Marcus stared at me wide-eyed before returning to his seat. "O-Okay..."

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Although I was against the idea of being overly intimate with the man, I couldn't help but remind myself that he was the one who loved me wholeheartedly and stayed with me through thick and thin.

The conflicting thoughts in my mind almost drove me nuts. I sprinted out of the car and stood at the entrance, trying to catch my breath.

It had been a fortnight since I regained consciousness. Apart from our last intimate interaction in the hospital, I couldn't get used to it anymore after returning to my senses.

The feeling had morphed into an instinctive response to the extent I couldn't stand him anywhere near me. I couldn't possibly lie to myself and force myself into submission.

"Have you recalled anything?"

Marcus' question snapped me out of my train of thoughts.

When I turned around, I noticed that he had moved to come right next to me.

I shrugged my shoulders and replied with a self-deprecating smirk, "Nah, my mind is still completely blank."

Unbothered by my response, he showed me the way into the house. "It's fine. Let's take it one step at a time."

The villa had a retro theme and was furnished with all sorts of retrospective items. A majority of the house's furniture was made out of wood. A

phonograph could be seen in the middle of the living room, giving the entire house a touch of the olden days.

Marcus showed me the way to a spacious room on the first floor. In the room sat a huge window with a wound-up curtain that allowed the entire room to be illuminated with sunlight.

It felt great to be in the room with such a comfortable setting, but when I saw the spacious bed in the middle of the room, I felt myself grow stupefied again.

Though I was glad to be away from the ward full of the lingering scent of antiseptic, I was beginning to feel afraid of the intimate session between Marcus and I that was about to come.

Marcus seemed to be aware of my concerns. He quickly stated, "I'll be staying right next door. Call me if you need anything. We'll talk about everything else once you have gotten used to living here."

I immediately felt a sense of relief and grew even fonder of the detail-oriented man.

Smiling, I replied, "Okay."

Marcus responded in a similar manner and retrieved a remote control from a nearby cabinet. Pointing at the LED television, he asked, "Do you remember this?"

Embarrassed by his question, I asked, "Isn't this an ordinary television..."

I had merely lost my memories, not my mind. Therefore, I could still tell a television apart from other things.

Marcus chuckled and stated, "I'm just fooling around to see if you're still sane."

Soon, he switched on the television and started browsing through different channels.

When he browsed through a financial news channel, the news anchor announced, "Mr. Fuller from Fuller Corporation..."

He was about to browse another channel, yet he stopped and turned around, looking at me dead in the eyes.

The news was about the charity auction Ashton had taken part in. The man in a checkered suit carried himself in a confidential manner that made him seemed superior to others.

Marcus must have stopped browsing through the channels available because I had my eyes glued to the television. He looked at the television and asked, "Shouldn't you be interested in the legal channels instead?"

"Why?" I asked without a second thought. When I recalled something, I added, "I saw this man when we were at the junction on our way back from the hospital. His car was right next to ours."

As soon as I recalled Ashton's intimidating gaze, I felt a chill running down my spine, yet I couldn't move my eyes away from the television.