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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1669

## Chapter 1669 Do Not Take It Personally

Ashton caught the towel as it was falling and dried my hair with it. I then picked up the spoon and fed myself the rest of the soup, gulping it down eagerly although I was not hungry at all.

Then he switched on the hairdryer and started blow-drying my hair, holding my hair with one hand while carefully maneuvering the hairdryer with the other. His reflection in the mirror seemed to show that he was completely immersed in the activity and thoroughly enjoying himself.

I continued drinking the soup till I simply could not take another spoonful. As I lowered the flask, I peered at his reflection again, only to see that he was now smiling stupidly to himself, the way people do when they were secretly pleased about something.

Looking at him, I could not help but feel that God was indeed unfair when he created this man. Somehow, that smile did not make him look goofy or silly in the least. Instead, it only made him seem more attractive and irresistible than ever.

A faint hint of jealousy rose unwittingly to the surface of my heart. Slamming the flask onto the desk, I glared at his reflection with narrowed eyes, asking in a dark tone, "What are you smiling about?"

Ever since the wedding incident, I felt as if I had gained a fuller understanding of Ashton's character.

At the moment, things like women, power, or expanding his business domain hardly mattered to him; the only thing he cared about was making sure his wife and children were happy.

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Today, he could be secretly prepping for a wedding, but tomorrow, he would be taking up the role of the competent househusband instead. There was simply no way to tell what crazy idea he would try to pull off next.

Glancing at the mirror, Ashton furrowed his brow slightly, but his lips remained curled upward. "Was I smiling?"

"Look at yourself!" I pointed at the corners of his lips in the mirror exasperatedly. "You can't even suppress it anymore! Come on, just spill it. What are you hiding from me?"

He chuckled in response, spreading out his hands helplessly. "I swear, I really wasn't."

Then he turned off the hairdryer and put it aside. Combing my half-dried hair with his fingers, he went on, "I didn't even realize I was smiling. I was just happy to see you. Maybe this is simply such a peaceful moment that the thought of masking my emotions didn't even cross my mind."

"Really?" I cocked an eyebrow, testing him. "You're not just saying that, are you? Haven't you heard of the seven-year itch before? People say the love between couples dies as time goes by. We've been together for so many years. Are you sure you aren't sick of me yet?"

Without answering, Ashton merely turned on the hairdryer again but to a lower temperature this time. Shivering as the cool wind blasted into my collar, I immediately turned around to glare at him. "Hey, you weren't supposed to take that personally!"

At that, his movements halted as he gazed at me, frowning. "Mrs. Fuller, everything we've been doing this whole time was personal, whether it's me drying your hair or just us chitchatting. How else am I supposed to take this if not personally?"

That seemed to make sense to a certain extent, but I was still not satisfied.

I lifted my chin indignantly, retorting, "I don't care! You're just finding an excuse to bully me!"

As soon as my words left my mouth, the frown on his forehead deepened. The next thing I knew, he was forcefully grabbing my chin and planting a kiss on my lips, taking me completely by surprise.

"Mmm! What are you doing?"

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“Didn’t you just say I was bullying you?” The frown on his face dissolved as a calm expression took over. “Far from it, I’m a man who cares only to satisfy my wife’s wishes faithfully and at all times. Is there anything else you’d like me to do for you?”

“Y-You—”

Ring! Ring! Ring!

The sound of my phone ringing cut me off just as I was about to settle the score with him.

It was a call from Emery, which I picked up at once.

“What’s up, Emery?”

While I was on the phone, Ashton suddenly became rather restless as he buried his face in the crook of my neck, sending tingling sensations down my spine with his hot breath.

“Is this Ms. Stovall on the line? Your friend’s drunk. I called you because I saw that you’re the most recent contact in her call history. Do you mind coming over to get her?”

“Huh?” Stunned, I froze for a moment before nodding and leaping onto my feet. “I see. Sure, just send me your location, and I’ll be there soon. Thanks.”

After hanging up, I made straight for the wardrobe, explaining, “Emery’s gotten drunk at a bar. I have to go and get her.”

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