

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 706

Ashton brought me back into the car and rolled the windows back up. I had no energy left to move or talk, so I just leaned against the car and slowly drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up to the sound of water running in the bathroom, I found myself lying on a hotel room bed.

I knew I was brought to the hotel by Ashton, so waking up on a foreign bed didn't worry me as much.

Even after the rest I had, my head was still spinning, and my body felt limp. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't get myself out of bed.

So that's how it is after I drink. I may be sober, but my body just refuses to cooperate with me.

The bathroom door opened, and Ashton stepped out with a towel wrapped around his waist. "Are you awake?" he asked as he glanced at me.

I nodded and instinctively pulled at the covers. It was only then that I realized I had been stripped naked.

My eyes widened in horror as I glared at Ashton. "Ashton, you're despicable! You knew I was drunk, and yet, you..."

He turned toward me with a raised eyebrow. "And yet I what?"

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I couldn't make heads or tails of his reaction, so I mumbled, "Did you do that to me?"

He casually yanked his towel off to dry his hair before asking, "Do that?"

He knows what I mean, yet he still acts all innocent about it.

Since he seemed reluctant to give me a direct answer, I changed the subject. "Where are my clothes?"

He stopped drying his hair to look at me, still with the same indifference he had before. "You should be asking me where my clothes are," he replied coolly.

"Fine. Where are your clothes then?" My anxiety increased when I realized the room stank of booze, and both his and my clothes were missing. What have I done? Wait... What have we done?

He threw his towel aside and leaned closer to me. "My custom-made suit cost one hundred and eighty thousand. Include my emotional damages, and that would be two hundred thousand in total. How do you plan to settle that?"

His words left me speechless. When did I owe him two hundred thousand?

"You puked all over me, don't you remember? The hotel has security cameras. Do you need to see some footage as proof?"

As I took in that familiar scent of his, my instinct was to avoid him altogether. But he had me backed into a corner, and there was nowhere I could hide.

"I threw up again?" I asked apologetically. I had no memory of what happened after I had fallen asleep in the car.

He said nothing as he looked at me, a hint of arrogance in his eyes.

Perhaps I had been so blackout drunk that I couldn't remember throwing up on Ashton. And seeing as how both our clothes weren't in the room, I was starting to believe him.

After some hesitation, I began to worry about the monetary amount he mentioned earlier. "Do you really need that much for emotional damages?"

I knew that all his clothes were custom-made by famous, big brands, which justified their insane price tags. But twenty thousand for emotional damages was just too far-fetched for me.

"Every meeting I conduct is valued in the tens of millions. Asking for twenty thousand isn't too much of a stretch, is it?" he replied calmly.

"But, I didn't know you had a meeting to attend. I didn't even know you were coming. And besides, I wasn't the one who called you..." I protested, my voice trailing off weakly.

With a monthly salary of a mere few thousand, where was I going to find two hundred thousand to pay him back?

"Does that mean I should delete your number from my phone? And that I should never answer your calls again?"

"You didn't have to pick up the call," I mumbled in frustration, as the image of him hugging Rachel earlier that day once again filled my mind. Hit with a pang of jealousy, I added, "I guess I really am to blame. I have probably ruined your date with a gorgeous woman."

"Scarlett, what nonsense do you have in your head?"

I stared at him with furrowed brows, anger slowly simmering away. Perhaps all that alcohol had lowered my inhibitions because I decided to speak my mind. "Yes, there's nonsense in my head, unlike Rachel. She has the looks and the brains. She's good at everything while I'm not. She's the only good match for you, so why don't you go back to her. I didn't want you here anyway."

I lowered my head as I tried to hold my tears back. Everyone was always blaming me for not knowing my place and for pushing Ashton away.

But little did they know that I was the one who had to endure the most hurt. I was the one who had lost the baby. And I was the one who had to put up with all the resentment and grievances.

When I didn't hear a response from Ashton, I looked up and saw him looking straight at me.

I was taken aback by how intense his stare was and tried to avert my eyes. However, he cupped my chin and turned me around to meet his gaze. "Are you bringing up Rachel to agitate me? You keep trying to push me toward her even though I don't feel for her that way. I went along with it to keep you happy, but now you're blaming me? If you can't overcome the hurdles in your heart, I'm willing to wait and give you all the time you need. Even if it takes the rest of my life, I'll continue to wait."