

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 745

Nora nodded and subsequently broke into a small jog out of the ward.

I tried wriggling out of Ashton's embrace, but he held me in place and commanded in a rich voice, "Don't move."

My brows drew together and I pushed through the soreness of my throat. "Ashton, this position is uncomfortable for me."

His forehead creased, but fortunately, he didn't refute. Instead, he raised the bed and guided me to lean back against it.

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Nora called over the doctor to examine me. After taking my temperature, the middle-aged doctor who was clad in a white coat reported, "Your fever has gone down, but you might feel lethargic for now. Drink more water and take your medicine on time. If nothing goes wrong, you can be discharged in a few days."

"That's great. Thank you, doctor!" Nora expressed her gratitude. After sending the doctor away, she arched her brow at me. "Scarlett, you really survived a disaster. You were burning at forty degrees. I'm surprised you didn't fry a circuit up there. It truly is a miracle!"

I smiled feebly in response, too weak to speak to her.

Ashton, being the perceptive person that he was, noticed this and bossily announced, "I'll take care of her. You can go about your day now."

I couldn't tell if Nora was doing it on purpose, but she met Ashton's gaze with a serious expression and countered, "I'm not busy at all. In fact, I have nothing to do at all!"

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Then, a mischievous smile played on her lips before she continued, "I can't say the same for you though, Mr. Fuller. If I'm not mistaken, you should be quite busy recently, right?"

Ashton's face darkened. He had always been a man of few words, but right then, he looked like he was completely disinclined to speak.

Perhaps it was due to the medicine I just consumed, I started to feel tired again. Hence, I shut my eyes and gradually drifted back to sleep.

For the next two days, Ashton stayed at the hospital and took care of all my meals. He even accompanied me to the washroom each time.

Slightly exasperated, I peeked at him and argued, "Ashton, I'm all recovered now, so just go ahead with your work."

As though he couldn't hear me, he handed me a cup of water and ordered, "Drink some water."

I was rendered speechless and hesitated for a moment before speaking, "I'm getting discharged today. Thank you for taking care of me the past few days!"

He grunted in response, but disregarded the hint in my words and changed the subject. "Summer didn't go out at all during the summer break. She wants to come over and visit you."

I was taken aback because I never expected him to mention Summer. It was already August, which meant summer break was over. I previously promised to bring her to R Province, but then forgot about it because I was too busy.

"How has she been lately?" I asked in a small voice as guilt rose in me.

He pursed his lips and answered in a soft yet gripping voice, "She keeps insisting on visiting you. She's a child, after all. It's completely normal that she misses her mother after being apart for so long."

I bowed my head in remorse and absent-mindedly twisted my fingers together. After a short pause, I asked, "When is she coming over?"

After doing some mental calculation, I realized that it was almost September, so school was about to reopen. Even if she visited, she could only stay for a few days before having to return to school.

With a sharp glint in his eyes, Ashton shot me a sidelong glance. "Aren't you planning to return to K City to see her?"

My stomach lurched slightly before I timidly explained, "The Murphy Corporation project might take about a month to complete. I already caused a delay by being sick for a few days. I'm afraid it'd be quite some time before I can go back to K City."

His gaze dimmed and he didn't say anything.

Hence, this topic came to an abrupt halt and the atmosphere became slightly awkward.

Fortunately, my fever didn't cause any abnormal symptoms. After it went down completely, I rested at the hospital for a few more days before getting discharged.

I had initially planned to travel to Lavelian Village to resume work, but Armond told me to stay at the villa for a few days, explaining that he would get Linda to temporarily fill in for me.

But of course, that didn't mean I could slack off on my work.

Armond moved almost all of the documents to the villa for me to sort out.

The day Nora visited, I was huddled in the study with my head still buried in a pile of documents.

"Scarlett, open the door! Can you hear me?" she shouted from the yard.

Her voice resembled a loudspeaker. Those who didn't know might think that she was here to pick a fight with me instead.

I sprinted to the balcony and spotted her standing next to her black Cayenne with her hands resting on her hips. "Come down and open the door for me, woman!"

Amused, I rested my elbows on the balcony railing. "Are you here for a fight or something?"

She snorted and took out a suitcase from the trunk, then sent me a saccharine smile. "I'm here to shower you with love, honey!"

I was dumbfounded for a while before snapping back to my senses. "You're going to stay here?"

She nodded. "Yeah. Both my man and my woman need my care right now. I can't just sit back and watch."

This woman is really blunt with her words, isn't she?

Leaning against the balcony, I said, "There's no key to the gates. It's password and fingerprint based. Just enter the password one-two-three-four-five."

The corners of her mouth twitched slightly. "Are you sure it's one-two-three-four-five?"

I nodded and rubbed my nose. "It was something more complicated before, but I changed it because I can't remember overly complicated numbers."

She opened the door with ease, but paused at the threshold and nodded. "True. Based on that brain of yours, remembering a password is already worth applauding. Having a complicated one would just be making things difficult for you."

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Excuse me...

That sounds like the exact opposite of a compliment!

Huffing slightly, I went downstairs to open the main door for her. She dragged her suitcase in like she owned the place. "You'll give me a room, won't you?"

There were five rooms in the villa. On the first floor was a guest room and the housekeeper's room. I was using one of the rooms on the second floor, while another one was occupied by Armond. Hence, there was one more empty room.

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I led her to the second floor and arranged for her to stay in that vacant room.

“The natural lighting isn’t too bad. It’s just a shame there’s no balcony!” she remarked and was about to unpack her suitcase.

“There is a large balcony in my room. Want to switch?” I proposed.

She shook her head with a small smirk on her lips. “No. This room is closer to Armond’s—much more convenient for me to take action, if you ask me!”

What?

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I released a helpless chuckle and teased, “So, are you both together now?”

She paused her actions to look at me and spoke in a rather grave manner. “I have a very serious question to ask you.”

Although I was puzzled, I nodded and turned serious as well. “Go ahead.”

She pondered for a while before continuing, “When you and Ashton lived as husband and wife in the past, were there times when you guys wanted to do it but couldn’t?”

I blinked in astonishment because this seemed to be a sex-related question. Then, I felt my cheeks heat up from embarrassment.

But faced with her earnest expression, I had no choice but to answer her seriously as well. Fidgeting slightly, I said, “Care to elaborate?”

She pursed her lips and complied, “Well, both people are obviously very turned on, but things always stop right at the most crucial moment.”

I raised my hand to rub my nose and contemplated for a while. “Is it you or Armond?”

“Both of us!” Her expression was grave. “He bled that one time and I don’t really know what happened. Later on, we tried doing it several times, but it was always so awkward. Whatever the case, we have not succeeded!”

This was the first time I was hearing of such a situation. Honestly speaking, I wasn't too sure myself.

Seeing me deep in thought, she inquired, "Did you and Ashton succeed the first time itself?"

The corners of my mouth twitched slightly as I looked at her. "Are you sure it's Armond's first time?"

She was taken aback by my question. "I'm not too sure. Well, it's my first time, that's for sure, but if it's not his first time; then why does this keep happening? And the thing is, he doesn't seem to have any problems!"

I clamped my lips shut, not knowing how to respond all of a sudden.

After some deliberation, I advised, "Why don't the two of you visit the hospital together? Such things involve both sides, after all. If you're considering marriage in the future, this would pose as a problem. So I think it's better you get yourselves checked. Usually, it's either a psychological or physical issue, but once it's resolved, everything will be back to normal."

She sighed and pouted slightly. "Scarlett, do you think he's only like this with me? Maybe he doesn't really like me and just feels comfortable with me. We happen to be almost the same age and he happened to meet me, not to mention we share quite a lot of common interests, so he decided to get together with me. Do you think that's it?"

I stared at her in surprise before chiding, "You are never like this before. Look at you, overcomplicating things! You've seriously fallen in too deep. Yes, it's an undeniable fact that a man's love for a woman can be reflected in bed, but many times, it's the little things that he does day by day that matters. Lately, I noticed how attentive he's been toward you."

Recalling the incident with the clothes, I piped up, "He even kept your clothes from before. I mean, he's the president of a company. Why would he keep a woman's clothes if that woman didn't matter to him, right?"

She looked at me in stupefaction. "What clothes?"

"The set of clothes he bought for you when we were in Archulea. It's quite similar to mine in terms of design, but the accessories and embroidery are slightly different. Yours was kept in Armond's private restroom at the company. I accidentally spilled water on my clothes

previously, so he lent yours to me. I returned it to him after washing it and he probably kept it there again.”

When I was done speaking, I noticed the frown on her face and her increasingly unsightly complexion. “What’s wrong?”

She glanced at me and her originally puzzled expression morphed into one of sadness. “That set of clothes isn’t mine. Ever since we returned from Epea, I kept mine in the closet and haven’t touched it since then. Armond hasn’t been to my house before, so he’s never touched that it either. How could he have kept mine in his private restroom? It’s definitely not mine!”

I was stunned for a moment and said, “Maybe he accidentally bought an extra set and decided to bring it back with him?”

She shook her head miserably. “Do you think a man like him would give a damn about a set of clothes? Even bringing it back all the way from abroad?”

I turned her words over in my head and tried to reassure her. “Nora, don’t take this matter to heart for now. Let’s talk about it again after we get to the bottom of this. You both owe it to each other. The worst thing that could happen between a couple is a misunderstanding caused by jumping to conclusions. We’re all adults. When it comes to relationships, we need to be clear-headed and rational. Don’t overthink it, okay?”

Having been together with Ashton for so many years, I realized that many times, the pain and suffering I endured was caused by my own reluctance to open my mouth and explain.