

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 817

We should not be too adamant in life. Otherwise, we will be the ones who suffer in the end.

We chatted for a long time during the stroll. When we were back at the base, he turned towards me and said, "Since we've reconciled, can I invite you for dinner tonight? Don't overthink about it. It's just that I'm not familiar with this place yet, and since I'm just going to be here for a day or two, I want to take this chance to spend time with my close friend. It would be better to eat with a friend than eating alone."

Looking at his innocent and expecting gaze, I could not bring myself to reject him. I nodded and replied, "Sure."

As Marcus went back to the base with a smile, I suddenly realized that Ashton might be back at the Lavelian Village tonight.

But I can't take back my words. I sighed at the thought.

The work I had in the afternoon was a breeze.

When I was ready to leave the office in the evening, Marcus came and leaned against the door, smiling at me. "Seems like you're busy with work every day."

I nodded in reply and packed up. Looking at my phone, I realized I had not received any message from Ashton since morning. Is he buried in work?

Marcus brought his car today and parked it at the gate of the base, so we walked out from the base together and got into his car. Whistling to himself, he seemed to be in a good

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mood. He looked at me and asked, "Do you know any good restaurants here? You've been here longer than I do."

I shook my head. "Nothing special. I seldom go out after work."

It was getting dark, and Ashton still had not contacted me. Hence, I sent him a WhatsApp message: Have you taken your meal? After the message was sent, I looked out the window and spaced out.

Since I did not have any recommendations, Marcus decided to have our dinner at the hotel. As soon as I sat down in the restaurant, my phone vibrated.

It was a WhatsApp call. Looking at the caller ID, I could not help but frown. It was Joe. Nevertheless, I answered it. "Hi, Mr. Quinn."

"Where are you?" He sounded a bit anxious.

I replied, "I'm at the restaurant in Lavelian Village Hotel. Why?"

"Come to the entrance and bring Ashton back to your room. His arm is hurt. Thank you."

I was caught off guard for a moment. Ashton is hurt?

Before I could ask him more, he had hung up the call and left me speechless. How straightforward!

By the time I put down my phone, Marcus had ordered food for us. Looking at him apologetically, I stood up and said, "I'm sorry, Marcus. Something urgent came up. I need to leave now."

With that, I took my bag and left. Even when he was calling for me to come back, I still continued to rush to the exit and apologized to him again. I was worried sick about Ashton.

At the entrance on the ground floor, Joseph helped Ashton out of the car. I went towards them and saw the bandage on Ashton's arm. "What happened? Why is he hurt?"

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Joseph paused for a second before answering me, "We had a car accident just now. Don't worry, the doctor had applied some medication on the laceration wound on his arm."

I frowned, thinking if I should help him. After all, it was his arm that was injured, so he should be fine walking without support. But in the end, I went forward and helped him.

As soon as we walked into the hotel, we saw Marcus striding towards us. Upon seeing the bandage on Ashton's arm, he knitted his eyebrow and looked towards me. "We will have our meal next time."

With that, he turned and left.

Ashton took a side glance at me and questioned, "You were having dinner with him just now?"

I nodded. "We had just ordered our food when Joe called me and said that you're injured."

His gaze darkened immediately as he looked at me coldly. "So, I disturbed both of you?"

I sensed the rising anger in his tone. "You're overthinking. We were just having a meal."

"How am I overthinking?" he snapped, looking a little angry.

Sighing, I pressed the elevator button and glanced up the ceiling. If we continued this conversation, it would just end up becoming a heated argument. Hence, I changed the topic. "You must be hungry. Let's order room service and eat together in our room. What would you like to have for dinner?"

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and I helped him into the elevator. "Anything will do," he responded nonchalantly and kept quiet after that.

Hmm, he seems to be in a bad mood. I guess it's because of Marcus. I had bodyguards following me today, so I supposed they had reported my whereabouts to him. Ashton had always been possessive, so he must be irked by the fact that I had spent most of my time today with Marcus.

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Even so, I was not angry with him. His moodiness was understandable, especially now that he was in pain. Bringing him back to our room, I asked in a warm tone of voice, "Did the doctor ask you to change the dressing? Did he prescribe any medicine?"

He shook his head. "Nope."

Seeing that he did not have any medicine with him, I figured his injury was not too serious, but I still opted to order room service and let them send our dinner to our room.

When I saw him walking towards the bathroom, I asked, "You want to take a bath?" I don't think he can bathe with his injured arm.

He turned around and furrowed his brow. "I need to pee."

Taken aback, I glanced away awkwardly and kept quiet. But as I thought that he might need some help, I asked out of concern, "Can you manage it yourself?"

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He lifted a brow at my question and fixed his eyes on me. "You can help me if you want."

His answer caught me completely off guard – I blushed and hesitated, not knowing what to say. I expected him to say he can manage by himself!

"So, do you want to help?" he asked in a low voice, waiting for my answer.

He is my husband, after all. We've been living together for a number of years, and we still have more years to come. One day, he would fall sick, and I might become ill as well. No matter how embarrassing it is, we have to take care of each other because we are a couple, not to mention he is wounded now.

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After rationalizing my decision, I heaved out a sigh and accompanied him to the bathroom.

As he stood in front of the toilet, I bent down, biting my lip, and unfastened his belt buckle. Then, I unbuttoned his pants and proceeded to the zip.

When I was about to pull it down, he grabbed my hand and spoke with a raspy voice, "It's okay. I can do it myself."

I breathed a sigh of relief and rushed out of the bathroom.

Suddenly, his phone rang on the bed. I took a look at the screen and saw that it was Rebecca calling – she probably wanted to ask about his injury. Thus, I did not pick up the phone.

However, it kept ringing, and Ashton was still in the bathroom. He heard the ringtone as well and shouted, "You can answer it."

I pursed my lips and hesitated for a moment before picking up the phone. As soon as I put the phone against my ear, I heard Rebecca crying, and her anxious voice came from the other side of the line. "Ash, are you feeling better now? I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to throw a tantrum and caused you to get hurt. How I wish I was the one who got hurt instead. I promise you – I will always listen to you and won't do anything rash."

Oh, so he got hurt because of her?

I continued to hold the phone at my ear and remained silent. She continued to sob over the phone. "Ash, are you still angry with me? I'm sorry. I will..."

"The only thing you need to do is to stay away from him," I cut her off, a hint of anger in my voice.

She went quiet for a while and gradually stopped her crying. "Scarlett, why did you answer Ash's phone? How could you simply pick up someone else's phone? You're so rude."

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I scoffed and said sarcastically, "Oh? Why aren't you crying anymore? Where did your saccharine voice go? Was it because Ashton is not on the line? Your acting skills don't seem to have improved over the years. Oh, and I'm sorry to tell you that it was Ashton who asked me to answer his phone. He's currently in the bathroom, unavailable to pick up your call."

She snorted contemptuously; her voice laced with jealousy. "Scarlett, stop your smugness. Even though I'm not married to Ashton, I'm still someone he cares dearly. You can see it for yourself. Today he could have protected himself, but he still chose to protect me and got himself injured. Yes, maybe he truly loves you and cares about you, too. But he has grown accustomed to having me by his side. Therefore, in the years to come, I'll continue to be the barrier between you and him."

I was not angry with her words, but I found them utterly ridiculous. So, I asked cheerfully, "Rebecca, aren't you tired of this?"

She was speechless for a second before answering, "As long as it makes your life harder, I'll never ever be tired."

"Okay!" I nodded. "I wish you luck."

With that, I ended the call and put the phone aside.

I was about to turn around when someone hugged me from behind, startling me. As I caught a whiff of a familiar scent, I knew that it was Ashton. "Do you always walk without a sound?"

He chuckled. "Yeah. Don't you know that?"

Well, he's right.

I turned around and looked at the bandage on his arm. "Don't bathe tonight, Ashton. I'll get some hot water and wipe down your body instead. Taking a bath might make the bandage wet and delay the healing of the wound."

He curled his lips into a smile. "Alright."

As I entered the bathroom to get a basin of water, he sat on a chair and looked at me silently, seemingly lost in his thought.

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“Why are you looking at me like that? What’s on your mind?” I asked.

He gave me a faint smile. “I thought you’d be angry after talking with Rebecca just now, but you seem so calm now. I’m surprised.”

After wiping his hand, I put the towel down into the basin and glanced up at him. “Let’s say you have several investment projects on your hand now. Which kind of investment project would you be most worried about?”

He fell silent for a while and answered, “The ones that I don’t fully understand and lack confidence in.”

I nodded in response. “It’s true that I used to be wary about your relationship with Rebecca, but that’s because I was not sure if you cared about her out of responsibility or out of romantic interest. However, now, I’m sure that you won’t have any romantic feelings for her. It’s not only because of me but also because of Joe. You know that Joe loves Rebecca, and she knows it, too. Even if you don’t consider my feelings, I’m sure you would consider about Joe’s.”

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