

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 819

His expression turned sombre. "Are you not confident in my love for you? Why do you think that I would not consider your feelings?"

"That's the worst-case scenario," I replied truthfully.

"What's the most favorable one?"

"You'd care about me and reject all the other women for me."

He laughed and leaned towards me. "Scarlett, I love you more than you'll ever know."

However, I pushed him away, stood up, and glanced at his injured arm. "Ashton, this is the second time you get hurt because of another woman. To be honest, I'm not happy about it."

As soon as I finished speaking, I took the basin to the bathroom and took a shower.

When I got out of the shower, I noticed a bouquet of roses in the room. It was rather beautiful. Ashton sat on the bed and grinned at me. "I know saying sorry is not enough to cheer you up, so I got you flowers. At least it's pleasing to the eye."

I gave him a nonchalant shrug. Indeed, flowers always make women happy.

"I pity your personal assistant, Joseph." It must have been difficult for him to get flowers at this hour and send them to our room in such a short time.

Chuckling, he scooted over and patted the spot next to him. "Come here."

Looking at the clock, I realized that it was getting late. It's time to turn in.

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After I applied my skincare products, I went to lay down beside him and saw that he had not slept yet. He seemed to have something to say, so I asked, "Is there anything troubling you?"

He nodded and said in a serious manner, "I'm not sure about your attitude towards Marcus. It worries me."

I was stunned for a second before it dawned on me the meaning behind his words. "Marcus and I are only friends and business partners. Apart from that, we won't have any other relationship."

Satisfied with my answer, he smiled and pecked me on the lips. Due to his injury, he did nothing more and went to sleep.

I was completely exhausted after such a long day. As soon as I closed my eyes, I drifted off to sleep.

Since Ashton had injured his arm, he would definitely need help in his daily routine activities. Therefore, I planned to wake up earlier than usual to attend to his needs. However, when I woke up the next day, the spot beside me was empty, and the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

I quickly got out of bed and saw him struggling to twist a towel. He cursed under his breath and furrowed his eyebrows in frustration.

I held back my laughter and walked to his side. Taking away the towel in his hands, I said, "I've told you to call me whenever you need help. It's hard to do this alone."

When he saw me coming in, his frown disappeared instantly. "Did I wake you up?"

"Nope." I wring the towel dry and raised my hand to wipe his face. "I usually wake up at this hour. Besides, it's my husband who got hurt. How could I not get up early to take care of him?"

With his hands on the sink, he leaned back and lowered his head slightly so that I could reach him easily. Enjoying my "service," he suggested, "You should be my private caregiver today. What do you think?"

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Although it sounded as if it was a request, I knew that it was a command. Hence, I nodded. "No problem. Hmm, but you have to go to the city to work. I can't leave Lavelian Village at the moment."

He nodded in response. After thinking for a while, he said, "I won't go to the city today. I'll stay here."

I gave him an "OK" hand gesture. After both of us were done freshening up, I went back to the room to change my clothes. Since the weather was good and there would be less work today, I figured wearing a dress would not be a nuisance. Therefore, I took out a dress that I had not worn for a long time from the wardrobe.

It was a nice knee-length dress that enhanced the slenderness of my legs. Besides, since I seldom wore bottoms that exposed my legs, the skin tone of my lower limbs was quite fair. My legs looked long and fair in this dress.

Then, I went to the dressing table and applied some light makeup. Otherwise, I would look bland in this outfit. A moment later, Ashton came out from the bathroom and landed his gaze on my legs, frowning.

I paid no heed to his frown and continued my makeup. When I was ready, he had also changed into a well-pressed suit, looking smart and dashing. I took my bag and said, "Let's have breakfast at the restaurant downstairs."

He nodded in response. Bending down to put on my shoes, I suddenly noticed that he was still frowning at me. "What's the matter?" I asked, puzzled.

He pursed his lips. "Nothing."

There were not many people by the time we arrived at the restaurant. Placing my hand at the crook of his arm, I brought him to a table by the window and sat down.

On a fine morning like this, the village against a backdrop of rolling hills and lush green forests was a pretty sight to behold.

With such a spectacular view of the natural scenery, my mood improved significantly. After ordering some food, I put my chin on my hand and continued to admire the beautiful scenery outside the window.

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A few minutes later, I noticed that Ashton was looking at me. I thought that he needed my help, so I turned to him and asked, "Do you need anything else? I can take it for you."

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He shook his head. "You're not allowed to wear skirts anymore!"

Before I could react, he had draped his coat over my thighs to my chagrin.

I was also distinctly aware that everyone around us who was having breakfast glanced toward us more often than was necessary. Do I look indecent?

I examined my dressing again, but I didn't find anything overtly inappropriate. "Do I look strange at all?" I pleaded with Ashton.

He nodded solemnly. "Yes. You're too beautiful, that's the problem."

I was flabbergasted for a moment and burst into laughter the next. "Where did you learn to say things like that?"

He took a sip of water at length. "Just don't wear skirts this short again."

"It looks good on me," I pouted. "Why can't I wear it?"

"It's too short!" Ashton said brusquely.

Nora said that Ashton's reaction like this was a common ailment amongst men. They would try to restrict their wives' freedom to dress provocatively to the best of their ability but would enjoy looking at skimpily dressed women out in public.

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“Rebecca and Rachel wear short skirts often and I think they look nice,” I said deliberately. “Why can’t I do the same? You can ogle at others but why can’t I let others ogle at me? Ashton, you’re being unreasonable.”

“Do they have anything to do with one another?” Ashton fixed his beady eyes on me.

“Yes, they do,” I said after some thought.

“Don’t you think that you’ve gotten fat recently?” he said critically. “Your fat thighs will be more obvious in a short skirt.”

“I actually thought that I’ve gotten skinnier!” I protested after a shocked silence.

However, I wasn’t actually sure if that was the case. “Have I really gotten fat?” I asked Ashton suspiciously.

“A little!” he replied seriously.

Sometimes, we girls can feel very insecure about our looks. It felt even more so for me because Ashton had never called me fat before until now. If it had merited a mention from him, perhaps there was some truth in it.

“Alright, I won’t wear short skirts ever again,” I promised. I’d look awful in them being as fat as he said I was.

Ashton gave a satisfied smile.

The waiter brought over the breakfast we ordered. It was mostly what I enjoyed eating, but now that my plumpness had been pointed out, I felt self-conscious and didn’t have much of an appetite. “Here you go,” I said as I pushed the plates toward Ashton.

After that, I helped myself to a glass of milk. “Why aren’t you eating?” Ashton asked with a frown.

“I need to start losing weight,” I said. “With a controlled diet, I should be able to slim down with time.”

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We girls prioritize our figures and petite sizes anyway. It was well worth it to be able to fit into our favorite clothes.

Ashton wasn't pleased. "You should be full in the morning," he chastised. "How are you going to lose weight if you don't eat regularly? We can go for a walk tonight to burn off those extra calories if you like."

He pushed the pastries back in front of me. "Finish all of it."

"I really don't want to!" I protested. My appetite was virtually non-existent.

"You must!" he said sternly. "Caloric restriction is the worst way to lose weight. We can go to the gym tonight if you're serious about it."

I pouted in defiance, but ultimately relented.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure approaching us. It was Marcus.

Ashton saw him too. "Good morning, Mr. White!" he said pleasantly.

"Good morning, Mr. Fuller!" Marcus replied with a polite smile.

Marcus's gaze fell on me, and his smile was radiant. "Good morning, Letty! You're looking more beautiful today than you ever have!"

I was stunned with flattery. It's in our nature to enjoy compliments.

"Mr. Fuller, would you mind if I joined you?" It sounded like a request, but Marcus sat himself down and summoned the waiter before waiting for Ashton's approval.

Ashton pursed his lips but did not say anything.

I noticed that Ashton had a stain on the corner of his mouth, so I leaned over and wiped it off for him. It wasn't deliberate but I thought that it was inconvenient for his arm, so I took it upon myself.

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He was taken aback by my gesture. "You're too old to be having food all over your face," I teased.

Perhaps my sudden action had startled him, but he seemed to enjoy it. His eyes twinkled with mischief, and he looked to be in a great mood.

However, I was suddenly aware that Marcus frowned at both of us and averted his eyes to our interaction, as though he was offended that we were acting like lovers in front of him.

It would be awkward for him to voice his displeasure, so he decided against it and had his breakfast in silence.

After breakfast, Ashton came back to the base with me under the pretense of requiring my care. The majority of his documents and meetings were converted to a video format for his convenience, rendering him to be able to work from the office entirely.

I had my own tasks to do but was occasionally called by him to pour him a glass of water or to send documents as his arm was causing him issues.

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