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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1813

Chapter 1813 A Fleeting Moment Together

He buried his head into my neck, and his unshaved beard grazed my cheek a little. At the very next second, a drop of warm tear dripped onto me, igniting all the emotions I worked hard to suppress.

“Ashton!”

I was so overwhelmed that I didn’t care if it was all a dream. I didn’t care that I might wake up and lose him again, either. As soon as I turned around, I threw my arms around him and buried my face in his chest. His familiar scent came to me, and I greedily took it all in.

The room was dark, so there was no way to see anything clearly. I had to tap on him a few times and pinch myself a little. The pain confirmed what I already know. I wasn’t hallucinating!

“You’re really here!” I couldn’t be bothered to behave anymore, so I draped my arm around him.

My hand caressed his face in the dark, and my mind conjured an image of his face.

“You must’ve really let yourself go.” I was grinning sadly when I uttered those words to joke about his uneven beard. The mere thought of Ashton looking strangely mature had me giggling a little, though.

Ashton put his hand on the back of my head and led me closer to his chest. Only then was he able to sigh in relief. “I honestly thought that you were trying to commit suicide, so I haven’t been sleeping the past couple of days.”

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My heart ached for him when I heard that. Hence, I gestured for him to release me from his embrace and said, “Now that you’ve seen me, you know that I’m fine. Go home and rest up, or exhaustion will kill you before Nathaniel could make his move.”

“Ten minutes. Give me another ten minutes. I’m too tired and need a quick recharge. Can I just stay for a while?”

He was obviously stalling, but his tone was so sweet and helpless that I couldn’t bear to push him away. In a way, I had no choice but to let him do as he pleased.

He described it as a quick recharge, but he didn’t rest for long before he shared, “When I heard about how you got hurt, I went and stayed guard at the exit closest to the ER. I had everything planned, and if you had died, I would’ve marched right in to kill that a*shole. After that, I would take my own life so that our souls could reunite.

“I worried, even after they told me that you had survived. That was why I messed things up for Nathaniel every day and made it so that he had to leave to handle the issue. It took me some time, but I eventually created a small window of opportunity to come to visit. I’m sorry. This is my fault for not making you feel secure enough.

“I think the antidepressants you have been taking are messing with your memories. Letty, I want to tell you this in person. I trust you, and I will always trust you. What I did that day, and how I behaved... It was all to trick Nathaniel, so please... please don’t ever think about hurting yourself again.”

He looked as though he had been wanting to say all that for a while, and he seemed more relaxed after he got them all out. That prompted him to switch to a more comfortable position and held me tightly in his arms.

“Also, the last time...”

At that point, I was already crying, so I couldn’t continue listening to what he had to say. Hence, I interrupted him with a tease. I even had both my hands on his lips before I said, “Oh my, Mr. Fuller, you are so naggy. The thing is, Ashton, you have to know that your wife’s acting still is just as good as yours. I timed both the shooting incident and the car accident perfectly and knew that I would survive both. Don’t worry. I’m not suicidal. I have too much to live for. Just promise me this one thing, okay? Don’t be distracted by what I do and focus only on destroying our enemy.”

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Ashton didn't reply to anything. Instead, he made some incoherent noise.

"Will you promise me?" I sensed that something was off as soon as I was done speaking. That was when I realized that my hands were still on his lips, so I put them down to let him talk.

Ashton sighed and replied, "I think it's more probable that I die from being too worried about you."

I refuted, "It's like the old wives' tale said – dying for a beautiful woman is the most worthy cause there is, so you're not allowed to complain about it, even if you die."

Ashton chuckled and replied, "I wouldn't even dream of complaining." His hug tightened a little, and his tone was filled with reluctance when he said, "I have to go now."

The joy in my heart dissipated instantly. I hugged him back and nodded. "Okay..."

I said those words, but I couldn't get myself to put my arms down.

We held each other in silence for another minute before Ashton finally took the initiative to let go of me. He got out of bed after that and left without saying another word.

I placed my hand on his side of the bed. The warmth he left behind was slowly fading away, and I felt as though the mattress had suddenly become too empty.

I was lost in my thoughts for a while and kept replaying everything in my mind. A thought flashed past my mind, and it made me tremble. Before I knew it, I had already turned around and had hastily turned on the lamps.

The bright lights illuminated the room, and I turned around to see that the sheets on the other side of the bed had crumpled up. That was the proof that Ashton was there earlier.

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1814

Chapter 1814 Shopping Spree

I lost all desire to sleep and ended up sitting numbly on the bed until morning rolled by.

Sharing that moment with Ashton had given me a huge boost, and I was able to get off the bed for the first time after I was discharged. At seven o'clock in the morning, I hopped out of bed and went to make breakfast.

I saw Nathaniel walking up the stairs as soon as he got back. He must've hurried back down those stairs when he realized that I wasn't in my room because I saw him walking to the phone immediately after. He stopped punching the numbers into his phone as soon as he saw me leaving the kitchen.

Meeting his gaze, I calmly gestured to the two plates I had with me and asked, "Would you like to have breakfast together?"

The furious expression on Nathaniel's face faded away and was replaced by warmth and disbelief. He nodded and replied, "Yeah."

For a moment there, we were so quiet that only the sound of slurping and gulping could be heard. I noticed that Nathaniel was eating slowly, but he would sneak a peek at me every now and then.

That got me to roll my eyes at him and nonchalantly asked, "Will you stop messing with those things?"

"Huh?" He seemed taken aback. It took him some time before he realized what I was talking about, and that stunned him. When he came around, he asked, "Will you accept me if I do as you asked?"

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I shrugged and replied, "I don't know, but at the very least, I'll hate you less."

Nathaniel's expression stiffened. To my surprise, he actually said, "Then I'll think about it."

That was not the best result, but at least it was not the worst response, either.

We were quiet for a moment there, but he later broke the silence by saying, "I invited Emery out on your behalf. If you're free after this, you should take a walk with her. It'd help you recover."

His kind gesture surprised me, but he fished out a card over at the very next second. Then, he pushed that card over and informed, "It's not password-protected."

I shot a look at the card, then at Nathaniel before I pointed out, "Money can't buy love."

"I know," replied Nathaniel as he cut his sausage up. "The problem is that your card is lost, and it'd take some time before a replacement is made. You can't exactly have your friends pick up the tab this entire time, right?"

I teased, "How thoughtful of you."

"I am so much more than that, and you will learn, bit by bit, just how great I am," replied Nathaniel with a straight face.

I had no intention of listening to him bragging nonstop, so I kept the card and replied, "Then I'll just keep this card. Let's eat up."

Nathaniel's lips parted, and he looked as though he had more to say. That prompted me to signal him to keep quiet when eating.

Only then did Nathaniel stop talking.

After breakfast, I took up on Nathaniel's offer and went to the most luxurious mall in the city center with Emery. That shopping spree must've cost a fortune because I never bothered holding back.

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However, Emery felt bad about it, so she dragged me into a cafe and put a pause on my shopping spree.

“With a tip like that, the waitress can go on a year-long vacation,” said Emery as she stirred the cup of coffee she had with her.

Annoyed, I complained, “It’d be a shame to not spend this money, anyway. You know, I think I’ll withdraw some funds from this card and donate it to a third-world country. This money is tainted with blood, anyway, so donating it will at least get some good out of it. You should take everything we bought earlier. Keep whatever you like and donate the rest.” I had just finished speaking when Emery’s phone rang. She picked it up, but mere seconds later, she handed the phone over and said, “It’s for you.”

She mouthed the words — “It’s Nathaniel” — as she gave me the phone.

I answered the phone impatiently and growled into it. “What? Was I supposed to report back to you or something?”

I had only been out for less than three hours, so I was annoyed. I just can’t get a break, can I?

Nathaniel chuckled and informed, “I’m just calling to remind you to come home earlier tonight. We’ll have guests for dinner.”

I didn’t bother showing any mercy and was quick to say, “So what? They’re your guests, not mine, so why should I bother showing up? Who do you think I am? An escort?”

It was possible that Nathaniel liked being yelled at because I could’ve sworn that I sensed his amusement. It was almost as though the more I yelled at him, the happier he was.

I heard him chuckling soon after. In a devious tone, he reminded, “I saw the bank statement, Scarlett, and you spent quite a bit of my money. Isn’t it only right that you do something for me in return?”

This is all a trap!

“You’re the one who gave me the card, so why are you demanding that I pay you back now?”

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Nathaniel calmly shared, "Does that mean you don't plan on paying me back?"

"You..."

I was so angry that I hung up the call and gritted my teeth. If I could, I would've thrown that stupid card right to his stupid face.

A conman. He is such a freaking, good-for-nothing conman!

In less than a minute, my phone vibrated. The text Nathaniel sent over read: I'll be waiting at home. See you there.

"F*ck you, you a*shole!" Anger was burning so wildly in me that it prompted me to cuss aloud. Many turned their attention over when they heard me. Even Emery was taken aback. "Didn't you say that Nathaniel is in love with you? Why did he make you so angry?"

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