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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1424

“Oh, yes of course. Thank you for your trouble.”

Just as the words fell from my lips, I heard a familiar voice not far away.

“Scar.”

Ashton and I turned in unison toward the direction of the voice. It was Marcus.

“Marcus? It’s only a few steps. You don’t have to come out to receive me.”

Marcus had his grey silk pajamas on. With a transparent umbrella in his hand, he walked over in a leisurely manner.

“Is this a friend of yours?” Ashton asked. It could have been my imagination, but his voice sounded a few degrees colder.

“I’m her fiancé,” Marcus interjected at once.

I didn’t respond at the risk of sounding like I was overcompensating. The only thing I could do was smile awkwardly.

“Come here, Scar.” Marcus beckoned.

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I walked over to him obediently.

Before I could even take a step, I felt my wrist being gripped roughly.

It felt very strange.

Ashton's palm was meaty and rough. He barely exerted any force but when he touched me, it scalded like magma. My skin seared as the pain felt as if it had penetrated my skin and burrowed deep into my bone.

"Mr. Fuller, is there anything else?" I asked while I was rooted on the spot without an attempt to push him away.

Though he did not use much strength, I had a sense that it wouldn't be easy to wrench myself from his grasp.

He had acted proudly and haughtily this entire time, but now he wants to play the part of a scoundrel?

Ashton had a puzzled look upon his face as if he wasn't sure what he was even doing.

Marcus fixed his gaze onto Ashton's grip on my wrist. "Sir, please let go of her at once." Marcus's voice rang with cold fury in every syllable.

Ashton furrowed his eyebrows but did not insist. In the end, he did as he was asked.

I went over to Marcus and stood under his umbrella.

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Marcus adjusted his umbrella to better shield me as he turned to address Ashton. "Sir, I'm wondering about your intentions towards my fiancée," he said with hostility. "Aren't you aware of social boundaries?"

"Marcus, listen to me." I hastened to explain lest he misunderstood. "When I was shopping at the mall with Emery, I ran into Mr. Fuller's son who had lost his way. That was when..."

In a few minutes, I had briefly described the events of my afternoon to Marcus.

His countenance had relaxed somewhat after hearing my explanation. "This was clearly a misunderstanding," he said to Ashton apologetically. "I should be thanking you, Mr. Fuller, for sending my fiancée home to me."

Ashton's face remained expressionless throughout the entire encounter. He only gazed deeply at me for a while before he turned around and departed in his car.

"This man is very strange," I remarked without thinking. "His mood changes quicker than the weather. I do not know how to interact with him."

Marcus ignored me completely as he gave my shoulder a pinch. "It's cold out here. Let's get inside quickly." Marcus ushered me to enter the house.

"Okay." As soon as I said that, I realized that we were huddled together rather closely under the umbrella. Subconsciously, I retracted my neck and edged slightly away from him.

I still felt resistant towards Marcus's attempts at intimacy.

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He must have sensed my distance, for he lowered his arm from my shoulder a moment later.

When we got home, I took a hot shower before slipping into my pajamas. It was dinnertime when I was done.

Marcus had the maid prepare chicken soup for me. "You were caught in the rain. Have some soup to keep yourself warm."

He took the spoon and was prepared to feed me when I hurriedly grabbed the bowl over. "I'll do it myself."

As I was about to take a sip, I had a déjà vu of having experienced the exact same thing.

In the past, someone used to feed me my medication with care and gentleness like this...

A ferocious pain seared across my head for a split second. It was so intense that my grip on the bowl loosened and was nearly dropped before I hastily set it down on the table.

"Are you alright?" Marcus stared at me with wide eyes after he had jumped to his feet in a panic. His voice was soft as he leaned over to support me.

I couldn't even keep my head upright; the pain was awful. "My head hurts..."

Marcus narrowed his eyes. "What do you remember?"

"Nothing..."

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The heavy pain felt like a gust of wind; it blew away from the mere act of speaking. I heaved a long sigh and looked up at Marcus. “Back then when I was sick, did you use to care for me like that?”

He interest was suddenly piqued. “What do you think?”

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