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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1605

Ashton truly had thought of everything down to the tiniest detail.

After completing a lap around the city, the carriage finally came to a halt in front of a huge mansion that had been prepared for us.

“We’re here!” said one of the servants in a hilarious tone.

Right as I was smiling with my lips pursed, Ashton opened the carriage door, scooped me into his arms, and carried me into the mansion in a bridal position.

Gregory and Audrey could be heard screaming behind us as Emery grabbed them by the collar and held them high in the air. “Let go of me!”

“Hey, let go! I want to be with Mommy and Daddy!”

“I’m doing this for your own good, you brats! Trust me, you don’t want to interrupt their consummation of marriage!” Emery snapped back at them.

Ashton was walking really fast and climbed on top of me immediately after putting me down on the bed.

I bit down on my lip as I pushed at him and mumbled, “Close the door.”

“Forget the door, Letty. I can’t wait any longer,” Ashton replied while staring at me with a scorching gaze.

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The two of us then had sex throughout the afternoon, but neither of us felt like sleeping at all afterward.

The silence in the mansion was deafening as I lay there fiddling with the blanket on Ashton's body, but I was too lost in thought to be bothered by it.

Most married couples end up being annoyed with each other as the passion between them dies down. Very few are truly capable of loving each other till the end of their lives, and we were extremely lucky to be among the few. Although my feelings for Ashton had died down a little when I saw him again after six years, all of that came back when he pulled that huge stunt earlier. After all, who could possibly resist such a long and romantic confession from a man of few words like him? I felt like I was brought back to my twenties when I loved Ashton to death. For some reason, the painful memories of the past didn't seem all that unbearable now that my broken heart and soul had been healed.

"What are you thinking about, Mrs. Fuller?" Ashton's deep voice came from beside me, making the atmosphere in the room a lot more romantic.

I adjusted myself into a more comfortable position and leaned against his chest. "Nothing much, really. I was just wondering when you snuck back into J City without telling me. I was thinking of visiting Grandpa with the kids."

Ashton flashed me a faint smile and casually rubbed his hand over my shoulder as he said, "Why do you think I recorded my proposal at the family home? I'm sure Grandpa is able to rest in peace now."

He then continued after a brief pause, "It's the least I can do, given what I owe the Fullers."

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Nicolas had destroyed everything the Fullers owned with his selfishness and pettiness, leaving them with countless regrets that they would have to live with forever.

The past cannot be changed, and the dead cannot be brought back to life. The only thing we can do is to live our lives as best we can so that their efforts and sacrifices would not be in vain.

I gave him a few quick pecks on the lips to comfort him and wrapped my arms around his neck as I said coquettishly, "Thanks to you, the Fullers are blessed with an amazing child like Gregory, so I'm sure Grandpa won't blame you for what happened. Besides, are you sure you want to be talking about this on our wedding night?"

I didn't really believe in the supernatural, but I couldn't just sit by and do nothing while Ashton looked so depressed.

Ashton chuckled and leaned in close to breathe down my neck as he said, "Oh, right, I almost forgot about that. Every second matters on a wedding night, milady. We should continue where we left off if you have rested enough."

My mind felt all fuzzy from his actions, and it took me all the willpower I could muster just to remain calm and sit upright in his arms. "I'm hungry, and I would like to have some fried chicken! Go make me some!" I tried to change the topic aggressively.

Thinking he had misheard, Ashton stared at me blankly for a moment before letting out a wry chuckle. "Wouldn't it kill the mood to have fried chicken at a time like this, Mrs. Fuller?"

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