

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 337

I knew he was desperate to shower because of the overpowering stench of blood on his body. I followed him into the bathroom.

He turned to look at me with a frown. "What's wrong?"

"I'll help you wash up!" I exclaimed, reaching out to help him remove his jacket.

Just as my fingers reached his belt buckle, Ashton grabbed my hands and said in a ragged voice, "That's enough. I'll do the rest by myself. Go to sleep first!"

It was my turn to frown at him now. "You can't get wet because of your injuries. How are you supposed to shower or even bathe? Your only option now is to wipe yourself with a washcloth, but I don't think you'll be able to do that yourself."

Ashton demurred. "It's alright. Don't make such a huge fuss about it. I'll wipe myself down."

However, I insisted stubbornly, "I'll wipe you down!"

His eyes grew darker. Gazing at me with an unreadable expression, he said, "Mess with the bull and you get the horns. Are you sure about this?"

This man was going to be the death of me!

"If you try and wipe yourself down, your injuries might get worse," I said sulkily, changing the topic.

Ashton smirked devilishly. Taking my hand, he helped me unbuckle his belt, before guiding my hand to unzip his pants, his eyes growing even darker with lust.

I wasn't completely stupid. Knowing where this was going, I hastily retracted my hand and hissed, "You wipe yourself down, then. I'm going to sleep first."

Before I even exited the bathroom, Ashton had pulled me back, hugging me from behind. Afraid that I might aggravate his injury, I froze and tried not to move around as much.

I could feel his eyes boring into the back of my head. "Can we do it now?"

My face turned red with embarrassment. "Your wound might reopen."

"It's just a small injury. What's the worst that could happen?"

The temperature in the bathroom was high to begin with. His voice sounded a little rough, but he continued to press, "Can we?"

I looked down and shut my eyes, refusing to answer him. He took my silence as consent.

After a hot, passionate round of love-making, I felt as though my body was about to fall apart like a rag doll. As I wiped myself clean, I noted that Ashton's wound had bled through the white bandages again. His abdomen looked like a crime scene.

I frowned and gazed at him, feeling a little angry. "Look, you're bleeding again! I told you that was going to happen. Your wound has opened up again!"

Ashton seemed to find this very funny. After putting on his bathrobe, he said, "It's alright. Just get Jared to come over and take a look at it again. Don't worry about it."

I shot a glare at him, at a loss for words. I made my way out of the bathroom and made a call to Jared.

The call went through almost immediately. Hastily, I said, "Dr. Crest, Ashton's wound has reopened again. He seems to be bleeding quite badly. Can you please come and take a look at him?"

Jared froze for a second and demanded in confusion, "Why would his wound reopen suddenly?"

I didn't know what to reply him. I couldn't tell him that we just made love in the bathroom, could I? Rather helplessly, I muttered, "Anyway, he's bleeding quite a lot. Come over and take a look, won't you? Please do me a favor."

As I hung up the phone, Ashton looked mischievously at me with his arms crossed over his chest. With a faint smile, he said, "Are you going to tell him that my wound reopened because of unspeakable physical exertions?"

I glared at him and said, "Would this have happened if you controlled yourself just now?"

Ashton barked with laughter. In a helpless tone, he said, "Don't worry, it's not as serious as it seems."

Jared arrived at our house very quickly. Seeing the blood on Ashton's wound, Jared narrowed his eyes and raised a brow at him. "Just this once, do you understand me? I won't do this for you again."

Ashton shrugged amiably and replied with a drawl, "You don't have a wife. How are you supposed to understand the struggle of us married men?"

I gazed at him, shocked.

Was he blaming this on me?

Jared snorted loudly and placed the first aid kit aside. Turning to look at me, he said, "I'm kind of hungry? What time is dinner?"

I gaped at him for a second before replying, "Mrs. Eriksen is still preparing it. Can you help patch up his injury first?"

Jared found a place to sit down. Smirking slightly, he declared, "But I'm hungry and don't have much energy left. Ashton won't die of his injuries anyway."

Um...

Alright then!

I went downstairs and helped Mrs. Eriksen with the dinner. Just before I left, I heard Ashton turn to Jared and mutter, "You aren't young anymore, you know. Do you plan to be single for the rest of your life?"

Jared sighed dramatically. "How would a married man like you understand the freedom of a single man?"

However, Ashton wasn't deterred. "Oh, stop sounding so smug. Why don't you use your hands the next time you feel an itch in your pants, instead of sleeping with the next woman you see?"

I felt rather stunned...

Conversations between men were really something else! I shuddered and flew down the stairs.

Mrs. Eriksen was nearly done with the food by the time I arrived in the kitchen. Just as I finished setting the table, Ashton and Jared made their way downstairs too.

The two of them seemed to be getting along very well. Due to the unspoken rule that we shouldn't be talking during mealtimes, none of us made conversation with each other throughout the meal.

After that, Jared helped to clean up Ashton's wound. In a voice of extreme disgust, he said, "Don't call me the next time you get into this sort of trouble again, thanks!"

Ashton shrugged and said with a nonplussed expression, "Well, that will depend on the situation."

Too tired to continue arguing with him, Jared got up and packed up the first aid kit. After jangling his keys in farewell, he turned around and left.

Ashton seemed to be in a pretty good mood. He leaned back against the sofa and ordered Mrs. Eriksen to bring him his documents from his study.

With nothing to do, I sat down beside him and flipped listlessly through a book.

"Ashton, why did the Moore family stop investigating the case?" This question had been stuck in my head since yesterday. Rebecca was the love of Cameron's life, and I had performed the blasphemous act of stabbing her. Even if I had so much as given Rebecca a push, Cameron would have been after my neck. Why had her attitude towards the whole situation changed so quickly?

Ashton narrowed his eyes and put down the documents in his hands, gesturing for me to sit down next to him.

I obeyed him and lowered myself into the seat beside him. He wrapped his arms around me and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Without any evidence, what can they do?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 338

I felt a little confused. No evidence? Rebecca was right—my fingerprints were on the fruit knife itself, and any forensics department worth their salt would know immediately that I was the perpetrator.

I couldn't help but suspect that Ashton was hiding something from me. "Did you have something to do with Mrs. Eriksen's sudden appearance yesterday?"

It was quite obvious that Mrs. Eriksen hadn't thought of those words by herself. Ashton must have coached her on it beforehand.

He paused before replying, "You want me to watch my wife get shipped off to jail? I have no wish to live as a widower for the next few years."

I felt rather speechless.

This man had very strange ways of thinking. I didn't quite know how to respond to him.

I decided it would be better for me to keep my mouth shut.

The new year was just around the corner. Ashton was going to take me back to J City after concluding the company's new year meeting. However, now that he was injured, it would be very inconvenient for him to move anywhere.

He had handed over the meeting arrangements to Jared and Joe. Since I had already left Fuller Corporation, none of this was my business anymore.

As for the matter with Fuller Corporation, the Stovall family had contacted me through John before I even had a chance to ask them about it. Louis had finally announced when he was going to enter my name into the family register.

He ordered me make preparations, and to return to the Stovall Residence two days before to get used to the surroundings. Louis had decided to make it a grand occasion, and he had invited lots of guests to the ceremony.

Knowing that Louis had my best interests at heart, I agreed to obey his instructions and told John about the matter with Rebecca.

He was so shocked that he didn't speak for a few seconds. "Didn't Rebecca or the Moore family take any action against you?"

I shook my head. "Well, Rebecca insists that I should pay with my own life, and Ashton got injured because of this incident. However, the Moore couple has been behaving very strangely indeed—their attitude towards me changed drastically, and they refused to investigate this matter anymore. Even this seems rather ludicrous to me."

John thought for a few moments. "Why did they stop investigating the matter?"

"Probably because they didn't want the matter to blow up. After all, Rebecca was the one who ran over to our house to cause a scene. If word got out that the precious daughter of the Moore family was a married man's mistress, and that she had kicked up a fuss at his house, it'll only bring shame on them."

That was the only reason I could think of. Every other possibility seemed rather improbable to me.

John nodded and replied, "In the future, stay away from members of the Moore family. Oh, right, I have hired a costume designer for you. Come with me when you're free—we need to get you a few gowns. There will be lots of new year parties and banquets for you to attend recently, and as the daughter of the Stovall family, you should look good at those events so you don't embarrass us."

I pouted, feeling a little worried about the cost. "One gown is already going to cost tens of thousands! Some of them even cost six figures. Do you know what a waste of money it is to buy a dress that you'll only wear once or twice in your life?"

John looked rather amused. "Nobody asked you to foot the bill. What are you so anxious about? Besides, gowns are a necessity. Ashton has already bought a few pieces of jewelry for you—make sure you learn how to wear them properly! Don't you dare show up at a dinner party looking like a nun, like you always do."

This man had a poisonous tongue!

Too lazy to argue with him, I thought for a while and said, "Did Uncle Louis invite the Moore family to the ceremony?"

John nodded and replied, "There are only so many elite families in K City. I think I could count them off on my fingers! As I see it, Uncle Louis will probably invite all of them. Are you avoiding them or something?"

"No!" I shook my head vehemently. After pondering for a bit, I said, "Well, it's not like I'm avoiding them or anything. I was just thinking that I should find a way to compensate Rebecca somehow."

Truthfully, I hated Cameron before this. After I injured Rebecca, however, my attitude towards her had softened a lot, possibly because of her daughter's relationship with Ashton.

I didn't want to keep fighting with Rebecca like this. We still had to see each other for a long time. If I continued to battle it out with the Moore family, I would never enjoy a day of peace in my life.

John fell silent before saying, "That's your decision to make. But since Rebecca has already been injured, Letty, you..."

"Oh, I'll think about it!" I hung up the phone immediately, feeling a little impatient.

It was a very gloomy day outside. I was still spacing out when Stacey called me.

When I picked up the call, I could hear the noise in the background immediately. "Ms. Stovall, will you be coming back to J City to celebrate the new year with us?"

"I'm not sure about that yet," I replied. "I'll ask Ashton about it later. Is there something wrong?" I did a quick calculation in my head and realized that there were only two weeks left to the new year.

Most of the office workers were on holiday. I continued, "Are you back in J City?"

Stacey nodded her head and said enthusiastically, "Yes, I arrived a few days ago. I thought you were going to come back too, so I went out and bought some items for the new year party. I even bumped into Mr. Harrison! He was walking around with a handsome man and a baby boy. I haven't seen him in a long while, and he seems to have changed quite a bit."

I didn't know which Mr. Harrison she was referring to. "Mr. Harrison?"

Stacey replied cheerfully, "Yes, that young president of Harrison Credit, Nick Harrison! He's Cameron's son."

That jolted me out of my daze immediately. So she was talking about Nick! I hadn't seen him in over six months.

I replied, "Yes, it's been a long time since I last contacted him. I wonder how he's been doing."

"Right? You know, when I saw that man and that baby with him, I couldn't help but wonder if he's gay. He seemed to be very close to the man, and the baby was probably no older than three months. He's the most adorable creature I've ever seen."