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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1033 - 1034

Ashton frowned with disgust. "I appreciate people who have self-respect and who know right from wrong. You're none of these. I didn't come here today to help or visit you, but to tell you not to ever call me again.

I had never seen Ashton behave so brutally to anyone. Rebecca looked equally thunderstruck. She gazed at Ashton in dismay and disbelief.

Rebecca remained that way for a long time. Unfortunately, Ashton was unmoved, he just grabbed hold of me and stormed out of the room.

The officer in charge of the investigation followed us hurriedly. With a nervous smile on his face, he stuttered, "Mr. Fuller, about Ms. Larson..."

"Do what you have to do. Don't contact me about anything regarding her ever again. I'll pay for her this once, but I'm not interested in hearing about her, whether she is alive or dead," Ashton replied coldly. I shuddered. It seemed like Rebecca was already dead to him at that moment.

The policeman gaped at Ashton speechlessly. However, he maintained his professional veneer and ushered us out courteously.

When we'd gotten back into the car, Ashton reached out and took my hand in his. He gave a short sigh, then remarked, "Your hand feels so cold. How could you have been so disobedient?"

Ashton's words stemmed more from concern than reproach. I raised my head and met his gaze. "I didn't mean it. I just thought of something that I wanted to discuss with you right away, so I headed straight in. I didn't think that you'd gone in to meet Rebecca!"

I said this with a twinge of regret. If I'd known Rebecca would be there, I wouldn't have gone in to subject myself to her verbal abuse.

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Ashton transferred my hands onto his stomach. Beneath his shirt, I could feel his firm, taut muscles. I reeled. What is Ashton doing? I wondered, startled.

Ashton laughed gently at my baffled face. "Do you feel warmer?"

Of course! My heart raced. We'd been married for years, but I suddenly felt shyness overcome me.

Ashton continued gazing at me. In a mellow voice, he urged, "What did you want to discuss with me just now? Was it about something interesting that happened?"

He looked at me expectantly. I rehearsed my opening in my mind once, then thought better of it. "After Hannah's wedding is over, can you accompany me to the doctor's for a visit?"

Ashton furrowed his brow. "What's wrong? Did something happen? Are you feeling unwell?" he demanded.

I shook my head. "No, it's... I would like to do a checkup. Don't you always remind me to take care of my body?" I retorted.

Ashton gazed at me intently, then agreed. "OK!"

After feeling that my hands were sufficiently warmed, I withdrew my hand. Flustered, Ashton asked, "Is something wrong?"

"I'm warm enough. Let's go home now," I replied. "We can't sit here forever, can we?"

Ashton smiled, then started the car.

The car flew past multiple homes, their warm lights forming many beacons in the dark. I pressed my lips together in a thin line, resolving not to raise the matter regarding in vitro fertilization with Ashton just yet. We'd been married for so many years now and had gone through so much together. I was lucky enough to be married to Ashton. Having a child was merely the icing on the top of the cake. After the multiple mishaps that had occurred, I didn't think I had the courage to carry another child. More accurately, I didn't believe either that I would be able to conceive ever again. Hence, in vitro fertilization would be the most feasible way for Ashton and me to have a baby of our own.

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A smile flitted across my face at the thought. It was a procedure I'd never actually given much consideration to before.

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Hannah had no family but only a few friends in K City, so Chandler's house was more than enough to accommodate her guests. Chandler's house was situated at the outskirts of K City in a village that hadn't yet been touched by the rapid development the rest of the city had been subjected to.

Hannah called me over to the hotel the very first night. She insisted on me doing her makeup the first thing the very next morning when we'd have to wake up at the crack of dawn to start getting her ready to be a bride.

Ashton, however, felt apprehensive about me leaving his side. Like a chaperone, he escorted me to the hotel. I'd already set aside the dress I intended to wear for the wedding, having already agreed to be Hannah's bridesmaid.

The next morning, Hannah donned a phoenix coronet as her bridal headpiece, and I was tasked with matching her makeup to the grandeur of her outfit. Hannah, however, constantly distracted me with her constant protests about the tightness of her dress.

Ashton appeared after a while when his video conference had ended. He stood in the doorway, gaping at us for a while, then exclaimed, "You look fantastic!"

Hannah tossed her head. "Of course, she looks fantastic! Scarlett has such a perfect face, with those refined features of hers. She's the very picture of a classical beauty! She looks like absolute royalty in that dress of hers. Anyone might have mistaken her for a princess all dressed up for her debutante ball. If I were a man, I'd have fallen in love with her at the first sight," Hannah declared, sighing enviously.

I was embarrassed by Hannah's generous compliments. Smiling at Ashton, I said modestly, "The dress is pretty cumbersome. It's a little difficult to walk around in."

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Ashton smiled as he took my hand in his and said, "Don't worry, I'm by your side and I'll carry you if you can't walk anymore."

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Hannah shot him a look and said, "Quit it with the public display of affection."

Ashton and I exchanged glances with a smile.

Hannah and Chandler's wedding were a little extraordinary as they wanted to jazz up their wedding. With everything prepared, Chandler and his entourage, entered the hotel and headed to Hannah's hotel room. The groom knocked politely on the door three times and announced, "My dear wife, I'm here."

His terms of endearment caused everyone to burst out laughing. Hannah couldn't help but cover her mouth with her hand and chuckled too. The bridesmaids were standing by the door and proceeded to play some wedding door games with the groom to challenge his love for the bride.

The merriment lasted a few minutes before the bridesmaids agreed to open the door. As soon as the door opened, the groom and groomsmen rushed into the room together. The groomsmen quickly whipped out red envelopes to divert the attention of the bridesmaids as the groom headed straight for the bride. Chandler, who was holding a bouquet of fresh red flowers, strode fast to Hannah's side. He was supposed to kneel on one knee to present the bouquet to the bride, but in his excitement, he knelt on both knees.

His blunder caused another burst of laughter in the room.

Hannah, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, wore a stunning wedding gown. At the sound of the crowd's laughter, she curiously moved the veil to the side. She couldn't help but burst out laughing at the sight of Chandler on both knees.

One of the groomsmen hollered, "Hurry! Claim your bride!"

"That's right!"

After being prompted by his groomsmen, the nervous Chandler looked at Hannah. He blushed and stuttered, "M-My dear wife, let's go home."

Having said that, he sheepishly handed the bouquet to Hannah with both hands. As Hannah took the bouquet from him, the bridesmaids teased, "The bride is so quick to accept. But we're not done grilling with the groom yet."

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Hannah smiled and looked at Chandler with gentleness in her eyes. "It hasn't been easy for him ever since our paths crossed. So that's enough of tormenting him."

After hearing that, I instinctively turned and looked at Ashton. Subconsciously, I leaned into his chest and was lost in thought. It had not been easy for us too. For us to be together, life had thrown us curve balls and tough challenges.

Chandler crouched by the bed, and then Hannah got up from the bed and leaned her upper body onto his back. Amid the blessings in the room, I overheard the inarticulate Chandler saying as he carried her on his back, "My dear wife, let's go home."

Oh, such sweet words!

And then, we followed Chandler and Hannah and made our way out of the hotel. Right at the entrance of the hotel, a dozen red Audi cars parked behind the wedding car. The wedding car was red too, and there was a woven of fresh flowers in a big heart-shaped decorated on the car's bonnet.

It was about forty minutes' drive from the hotel to Chandler's house. As arranged, Ashton and I sat in one of the convoy cars behind the wedding car. Just when we were about to reach Chandler's house, there were red balloons and ribbons decorated on both sides of the asphalt road that served as a guide to the house.

When the car came to a stop, the groomsman in the driver's seat turned around and looked at us. "We're not far from the groom's house. The groom's family has prepared a palanquin for the bride to enter the house in it, and she's going to ride in it from here."

I was taken aback for a moment and got out of the car as everyone else. There was an air of novelty in the decorations of red heart-shaped balloons and ribbons on both sides of the road. Further up along the road, there were decorations of bouquets of red flowers instead of red balloons. And since fresh flowers were expensive in the winter, they used hand-woven flowers instead.

I was right behind Hannah when she stared at the decoration of red flowers on both sides of the road. She was caught by surprise and turned towards Chandler. "These flowers..."

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Chandler smiled and said, "My parents handmade them. They began weaving two months before the wedding. Initially, they wanted to use these all the way, but they couldn't weave sufficient flowers on time. That's why we only use it for this section of the road."

Hannah was stunned, and then she blushed. "Why didn't you tell me earlier? We could have helped out and eased the burden of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman. They're getting old, and this kind of work is very tiring for them."

Chandler ruffled his hair and said with a smile, "Why are you still calling them Mr. and Mrs. Coleman? You'll have to address them as Mom and Dad from now on."

A blush spread across Hannah's cheeks when she heard that.

I studied the beautiful hand-woven flowers decorated on both sides of the road. Although these flowers were artificial, each of these flowers was hand-woven with love and respect for Hannah. There was nothing more important than love and respect for one another between two people. These small details in the decorations were enough to touch our hearts.

Hannah got into the palanquin and was carried into Chandler's house at a distance of nearly a kilometer.

The palanquin-bearers lifted the palanquin carefully and slowly followed Chandler, who was riding on a horse in front of them. The handsome horse trotted to the sound of beating drums and gongs as they headed towards Chandler's house.

The big group of bridesmaids and groomsmen followed behind the palanquin and cheered. The joyful commotion caused those in the neighborhood to come out of their houses and watched the wedding celebration.

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