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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1039 - 1040

“Penny for your thoughts?” Ashton took my hand in his, breaking me out of my daze. His palm was pleasantly warm and I couldn’t help but look up at him with a content smile. “I was wondering whether my hubby is getting old.”

In between words, I lifted my free hand to the corner of one of his eyes and gently touched the smile lines there.

“Call me that again, hmm?” He raised the front seat barrier before cupping my face with both hands. His obsidian eyes flickered alluringly as he spoke in a deep and sultry voice.

I was stunned for a moment before asking in confusion, “Call you what?”

He pressed his lips against the corner of my mouth and said in a husky voice, “Don’t you know how you should call me, honey?”

My cheeks flushed a crimson red due to the way he addressed me. It was clearly a very common form of address between married couples, but somehow, it sounded so seductive coming from him. My thoughts were scrambled and I felt a tingle run down my spine, forming goosebumps all over my skin.

Being pressed against his body, I could smell the faint fragrance of his shower gel. Realizing that he was about to smash his lips against mine, my eyes widened and I quickly evaded him.

Laying in his arms, I chastised, “Stop it, Ashton. Joseph is driving.”

He hugged me close and rested his chin on my shoulder. “Mm. Then, call me again,” he demanded in a deep voice.

I blinked in bewilderment and called out, “Hubby.”

He didn’t release me but tightened his arms around me instead. “Mm, again.”

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I was speechless but gave in to his request anyway. To my chagrin, he kept this childish act up.

After calling him over and over again throughout the ride, I leaned against his shoulder, slightly tired. "Ashton, why did you propose to me all of a sudden? And why did you buy such a big ring? It's so flashy."

He reached out to touch my ring and smiled. "Joe said that girls like rings—the bigger the better. I asked him to get pink diamonds from Smealand. I didn't know what you liked but wanted to give you a surprise, so I left it to the design team. Don't you like it?"

I studied the diamond on my finger and smiled. "It's very flashy. I'd look like the daughter-in-law of a crazy rich woman whenever I wear it out."

The corners of his lips arched upward. "As long as you like it, it doesn't matter what others think."

The car pulled to a stop in front of our villa. After a whole day of activity, I was quite exhausted. Sprawled in Ashton's embrace, I was reluctant to get up. Hence, he carried me down the car and into the villa after giving Joseph some instructions pertaining to Moranta.

As soon as we entered the foyer, he pressed me against him and started kissing my neck. Caught off guard, I only started pushing him away after several seconds. "Ashton, stop..."

His breathing came in short and heavy pants. "When was the last time we had sex, mm?" Why does he sound like he's complaining?

For a moment, I couldn't find the words to refute him. He took advantage of my surprise to seal my lips with his, backing me from the foyer toward the living room. Suddenly, a faint scent of alcohol invaded my senses, which got me suspicious. "Ashton, did you drink today?"

Deeply absorbed in our kissing session, he uttered in a slurred voice, "No. I was with you the whole time. You kept telling me not to drink, right? I'm a good boy. If you don't allow me to drink, then I won't."

With that, he started to behave like a beast out of its cage, kissing me all over. Although I was shrouded in a haze of passion, my mind still registered the smell of alcohol in the room.

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Sensing something amiss, I spoke up once again. "Ashton, do you smell alcohol? It's really strong. Is there something wrong with the wine cellar at home?"

It was obvious that Ashton was losing control of himself as he groped me and whispered hoarsely, "Not likely."

I raised my hands to push him away and emphasized, "I really do smell alcohol. Let's go check the wine cellar—"

Before I could finish my sentence, a voice sounded in the dark living room. "There's no need for that. I'm the one who's drinking. You both go ahead and don't mind me."

I shrieked in fright as my heart almost leaped out of my chest.

Luckily, Ashton reacted quickly and switched on the lights. In the spacious living room, a red-faced John was holding a bottle of half-drunk whiskey in his hand while sprawled on the edge of the sofa. From his unfocused eyes, it was apparent that he was completely wasted.

"John!" I snapped back to my senses and felt my racing heartbeat gradually returning to normal. Restraining my anger, I said through gritted teeth, "Why are you here? Are you crazy? What the hell are you doing here so late at night?"

Ashton was also slightly baffled at the sight of this inebriated intruder. Glancing at the man on the ground, he asked, "What's wrong? Why did you drink so much?"

I pursed my lips and grumbled, "Why else? He feels miserable because Hannah got married today." Peering at him, I didn't bother suppressing my temper as I yelled, "But seriously, if you feel miserable and need to drown in your sorrows, couldn't you have done it somewhere else? Why the hell did you come here?"

Perhaps he was triggered by my words, John raised his gaze to me and croaked out in an aggrieved tone, "Letty, are you scolding me too? Do you think I deserve this too? I think I do, but the pain in my heart is so unbearable I can hardly breathe. I never want it to end this way. I just... I just didn't know how to make her stay!"

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This man, who was over thirty and stood at five-feet-nine, started crying as he spoke, looking so aggrieved and pitiful. "You think I don't know I should've cherished her well? But since I was a kid, no one taught me how to love. I thought that giving her the best living environment and materialistic life was enough. She knew that I didn't approach any of those women and they were the ones who threw themselves at me. I..."

I watched as his tears and snot dirtied the sofa and the floor. Sighing helplessly, I softened my tone and said, "Alright, I know how much you're hurting now and I also know that you never wanted things to turn out this way, but this is all in the past. She's found her home now and gets to live the life she's always wanted.

No one is blaming you, John. But since there's no way to change any of this, stop torturing yourself. When you meet another woman whom you love again, just make sure you tell her and give her a sense of security. Don't be caring one moment and distant the next."

"There won't be another woman!" He lay limp on the floor and bawled like a child. In a choked voice, he said, "There won't be another woman who'd spend a decade with me for nothing just like she did! I brought this upon myself, Scarlett! I deserve this!"

For a while, I couldn't think of the right words to comfort him. He was crying so hard that his body shook from it. After some hesitation, I decided to relay Hannah's words to him. "John, the stupidest thing a person can do is realizing someone's worth after they're gone because it is completely meaningless. Regardless of how sad and regretful you are, you should know that you don't always get second chances. Hannah is now married to someone who loves her dearly. You should do the same; start your own life and live how you want to. You shouldn't destroy your future by dwelling on the past "

I had said everything that I could. Despite not knowing if these words could get through to him, but it was really time that he moved on.

His unexpected appearance left Ashton and me in a bind. He was so drunk that he could barely walk, so allowing him to go back at this hour was out of the question. Hence, we could only let him rest here for the night.

Ashton supported him to the guest room while I poured a glass of warm water for him. After making sure he drank a few sips, I finally breathed out a sigh of relief. Noticing that his phone kept ringing, I inadvertently glanced at the caller ID—it was Yvonne.

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This woman was really persistent. Pursing my lips, I picked up the phone and swiped to answer. A gentle and saccharine voice immediately drifted over the phone. "Mr. Stovall, where are you? Why didn't you answer my call earlier? I'm really worried about you. I went to your house and rang the doorbell a few times, but you didn't answer. Is something wrong? Are you okay?"

If it weren't for the unusual sound of breathing on the other end of the line, I would have actually believed that this woman genuinely cared about John. I spoke into the phone in a flat voice, "Yvonne, you've leeches off quite a lot from my brother, but enough is enough. He'll never marry you. The Stovall family will also never accept you. Greed is the downfall of men."

"Ms. Stovall?" On the other end of the line, there was shock in Yvonne's voice. "Are you with Mr. Stovall? I don't understand what you just said. Is Mr. Stovall okay?"

"Let's get on with it. How much money do you want?" I didn't have much patience for a woman like her and it was apparent from the bite in my voice.

The line was silent for a while before Yvonne feigned confusion. "Ms. Stovall, do all rich people like using money to insult a person's dignity?"

I chuckled humorlessly. "Of course I'd never use money to insult a person with dignity. The question is, do you possess dignity, Yvonne? You've been hounding my brother these days and I bet you've spent quite a lot of his money. He doesn't really care much about money and has always been generous to women.

I think you've benefited quite a lot from him. Since that's the case, you should be smart enough to know that it's time to pack up and get lost. Stop hanging around him. You should know, I'm not a very nice person. If you insist on waiting until I step in, then the consequences might be worse than you could imagine."

It was clear that Yvonne was displeased on the other end of the line. "Ms. Stovall, what's the meaning of this? Mr. Stovall and I sincerely love each other. All of you look down on me, but none of you can interfere in Mr. Stovall's marriage. It's his own business and he's the one who gets to make the decision. To put it bluntly, you're just a b*stard child. Who are you to make decisions for Mr. Stovall?"

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“What is the reaction of the man lying next to you after hearing you say all this?” I taunted. Glancing at the passed-out John on the bed, I couldn’t help but feel upset for him. “Yvonne, I’m a woman myself. I know exactly what you want. I could also tell at first glance what kind of person you are. As long as I want to, I can dig out every single detail of that messy private life of yours.

The only reason I didn’t lay a finger on you is that you were there for John recently, but that’s where my gratitude stops. It’s important to know your limits. If you don’t give up your greedy ambitions and force me to show my hand, then please prepare yourself for what’s to come.

I won’t just force you to leave John without getting a single cent from him, I’ll also make you return everything he’s given you since day one. So Ms. Wilde, you better watch your back.”

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