

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 364

I could smell the faint scent of alcohol on his breath and couldn't help but frown. I hadn't been able to smell it underneath his shower gel and shampoo, but now I realized that he had been out drinking.

I was extremely tired as well, but I couldn't fall asleep properly at all. I'd wake up every time I managed to come close to sleeping.

Eventually, the sun rose.

Unfortunately, I was woken up by Ashton.

I tried to push him away but he held my hand in a death grip.

He was much harder to get rid of in the morning.

I was still exhausted. I caught a glimpse of his dark irises staring at me.

I didn't feel very good and tried to push him away again, but this time he pinned both of my hands above my head and commanded, "Stop moving."

I pressed my lips together to avoid his kiss. "Ashton-"

"Don't piss me off more. We're not getting a divorce, so don't even think about missing out on anything a wife should do."

I-

The phone rang. It was a call from Jackson, who probably wanted to ask me what time my flight was.

Ashton picked up before I could and said in a low voice, "Calling so early? Are you trying to listen in on how we usually spend our mornings?"

How shameless!

I didn't manage to catch what Jackson said, but once he hung up, Ashton seemed even angrier.

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When he was finally satisfied, it was already afternoon.

I was more than exhausted. I had already been tired, but after what he did, I was feeling even worse.

"Why are you going to J City?" He lay down next to me and still continued feeling me up even after he was done.

I kept my eyes shut, not feeling like talking to him. I stood up and was about to go to the bathroom when he suddenly pinned me down. "Answer me."

I gritted my teeth. "I'm going to go shower."

"I'll walk you there," he said as he held me tightly.

"I don't want you to."

"I want to." His tone was already laced with anger.

After that, he picked me up and put me in the bathtub before helping me fill it up.

I thought he would be done after that, but he started to take a shower right then and there.

This was even more awkward than what we just did!

Once I was done with my shower, I walked out in my towel to see him already fully clothed. His gaze darkened and he said, "I'll be on holiday after tomorrow. We'll go visit Aunt Sally then go to J City together."

"No thanks," I said with a mild expression. "I already booked my ticket."

"Cancel it!" he barked in a scarily cold tone.

I pressed my lips together and frowned, trying to suppress my irritation. "You should go back tomorrow, then. It's troublesome to cancel the ticket anyway."

He looked at me and reached out a hand. My frown deepened. "What?"

"I'll cancel it for you."

"There's no need." I didn't feel like arguing with him and went to the closet. He was already gone by the time I came out.

After tidying up a bit, I checked the time. It was almost time for me to head off so I carried my luggage downstairs.

Suddenly, my phone pinged with a notification from the airline company. It said that my flight had been canceled.

After my initial shock, I realized that it was Ashton's doing.

I couldn't hold my rage in after a whole morning of trying and threw my phone on the floor with a loud bang.

I walked downstairs. He was having breakfast, which was just a couple slices of toast since Mrs. Eriksen wasn't home.

I picked up a piece of toast and tossed it at him in rage. "Ashton, what the hell are you trying to do?"

He frowned and glared at me. "Watch it."

"Watch it? Why should I?" I yelled, "How could you cancel my ticket without my permission? Ashton, what am I to you? A toy? Maybe a robot or a puppet that has to listen to your every word?"

He kept his mouth shut and continued staring at me for a long time before speaking. "You sound furious."

I paused and pressed my anger down again. "I'm not furious, but please don't touch any of my private matters without my permission ever again. I don't mind that you're not willing to get a divorce. We're just wasting each other's time after all. Still, please respect me. That's all I'm asking for, thank you very much."

My polite, slightly aloof tone clearly showed how exhausted I was.

I didn't look at his expression as I went upstairs again, booked another ticket, and came down with my luggage.

He stood in the living room with that familiar pair of dark eyes staring daggers at me.

He didn't chase after me even as I loaded my luggage into the car.

The car drove out of the villa and I sighed in relief when I noticed that he was still in the villa.

I got my air ticket once I reached the airport. Since it was still early, I got a book and sat down in the departure lounge to wait.

A girl suddenly approached me, giving me a shock.

"Ms. Stovall, are you heading back to J City today as well?" The girl was dressed in a fashionable trench coat over a knitted knee-length dress paired with ankle boots. Her outfit was both modern and classic at the same time.