

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 2

The bedroom door was abruptly pushed open before I could ponder any further. Slightly drenched, Ashton headed straight for the bathroom without sparing me a second glance. Following that was the sound of running water.

His return made it rather impossible for me to continue sleeping, so I got up and put on some clothes. I took out a set of his pajamas from the wardrobe and placed it by the bathroom door before going straight to the balcony.

As it was the monsoon season, it started to drizzle outside. The sky was dark and the sound of the rain pelting on the bricks could be heard vaguely.

Sensing the sound of movement behind me, I turned and saw that Ashton had emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair was damp and the droplets of water dripping down his muscular body created an enticing sight.

He probably noticed my gaze, so he glanced at me with a slight frown. "Come here," he commanded in a voice void of emotion.

I obediently walked over and caught the towel that he had thrown toward me. He then demanded, "Dry my hair."

I had long gotten accustomed to his domineering ways. Just as he sat on the edge of the bed, I climbed onto it and kneeled behind him to wipe his hair.

"Grandpa's funeral is tomorrow. We should head over to the family home earlier," I reminded him. I wasn't trying to make conversation with him. Rather, I was worried that he would possibly forget about it as his mind was rather occupied with Rebecca.

"Mm," he grunted out a response and said nothing further.

Knowing very well that he didn't want to interact with me, I kept mum and focused on drying his hair. After that, I lay on the bed once again, ready to sleep.

I realized that I had been feeling rather sleepy lately, and attributed my behavior to my pregnancy. Ashton would usually head to his study after he showered and would stay there until midnight. Given that was the norm, I was befuddled when he got under the sheets after he put on his pajamas.

With reasonable effort, I managed to withhold my questions even though I was utterly confounded. In spite of that, his arms suddenly

wrapped around my waist as he pulled me in toward him. Then, a feather-light kiss brushed across my lips.

I raised my eyes to gaze at him in perplexity. "Ashton, I'm..."

"Unwilling?" he questioned. His obsidian eyes flashed, a hint of wild desire swirling within them.

I lowered my gaze. Indeed, I was unwilling, but it wasn't for me to decide.

"Can you be gentler?" The fetus was only six weeks old and the risk of a miscarriage was high.

His brows furrowed, and without a word he rolled over and started ravaging me roughly. My body curled from the pain and I could only do so much to protect the child from harm's way.

The rain started to pour heavily in tandem with his rough movements. Lightning flashed across the sky and thunder boomed right after that, causing the room to be illuminated every time that happened. After a long while, he got up and went into the bathroom.

Drenched in a cold sweat from the pain, I had the urge to get up to take some painkillers. Nevertheless, I dismissed the idea as soon as I thought of the child.

All of a sudden, the phone on the bedside table rang. It was Ashton's phone. I glanced at the clock on the wall and saw that it was already eleven o'clock.

Rebecca was the only one who would call him at such an hour.

The sound of running water in the bathroom stopped. Ashton stepped out once again, wrapped in his towel. Wiping his hands dry, he hurriedly answered the call.

Unable to hear the words that were being uttered on the other end of the line, I could only observe Ashton's brows furrowing slightly as he exclaimed, "Rebecca, stop fooling around!"

With that, he ended the call, got changed, and prepared to leave. In the past, I would have turned a blind eye to it, but this time I abruptly grabbed Ashton's arm and pleaded softly, "Can you stay tonight?"

He frowned as a hint of displeasure made its way to his handsome face. “Did I pleasure you so much that you’re starting to act out?”

His words oozed with sarcasm.

I was taken aback for a moment before I began to think that his words were absurd. Tilting my head to gaze at him, I explained, “It’s Grandpa’s funeral tomorrow. Although you can’t bear to let her go, shouldn’t you practice a little restraint?”

“Are you threatening me?” He narrowed his eyes at me. He gripped my chin in a trice and spat out in a low and dangerous voice, “You seem to have grown a spine, Scarlett Stovall.”