

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 4

The corridor wasn't exactly wide, so we came face to face with one another. Stunned for a while, he then straightened his clothes and explained, "Ms. Stovall, I'm here to treat Rebecca."

Jared was Ashton's best friend. They say that you only need to look at the attitude of a man's best friend to truly know whether he holds affection toward you.

Attitude aside, the way that he addressed me was enough to prove that I would only ever be Ms. Stovall.

What a polite and distant form of address!

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I learned not to dwell too much on the details as they would only bring me heartache. Forcing a smile onto my lips, I gave way to him as I replied, “Mm, go ahead!”

Now and again, I truly admired Rebecca. She merely needed to shed a few tears to receive the warmth that would never be bestowed upon me even after half a lifetime of hard work.

Back in the bedroom, I found a suit that Ashton had never worn before. Eventually, I brought it with me as I walked down toward the living room.

Jared made quick work of treating Rebecca. After measuring her temperature and prescribing her the relevant medications, he was prepared to leave.

When he came downstairs and saw me standing in the living room, he offered me a civil smile. “It’s getting late now. Aren’t you going to sleep yet, Ms. Stovall?”

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“Mm, I’ll sleep soon.” I passed him the clothes in my hand as I professed, “Your clothes are wet and it’s still raining outside. You should change into this before you leave or you’ll catch a cold.”

He was probably surprised by my gesture because he blinked at me without saying anything for a while. Then, his handsome face stretched into a grin. “It’s alright. I’m as fit as a bull, so I’ll be completely fine!”

I stuffed the clothes into his hands and insisted, “Ashton has never worn this before. Even the tags are still there. You two are almost the same size; just take it.”

With that, I climbed the stairs and returned to the bedroom.

My actions weren’t out of pure kindness by any means. Back when my grandmother was hospitalized, Jared was her attending surgeon. He was an internationally renowned doctor. If it weren’t for the Fullers, he would never have agreed to perform surgery on my grandmother. The clothes were my way of repaying him.

The next day.

After a whole night of heavy rain, the morning air was filled with a musky and fresh scent. I was used to waking up early. After washing up, I went downstairs only to see Ashton and Rebecca in the kitchen.

Ashton had a black apron tied around his hips as he was frying eggs by the stove. Gone was his harsh and wintry vibe. Now, he seemed as though he was surrounded by a halo of joy.

Rebecca's bright eyes followed his movements. Her delicate and pretty face was slightly flushed, likely due to the fact that her fever had only just subsided. She actually appeared both cute and charming.

"Ash, I want my fried eggs to be slightly burnt." As she spoke, her hand lifted to feed Ashton a strawberry before she continued, "But not too burnt, or it'll taste bitter."

Ashton munched on the strawberry as he turned his gaze toward her. Although he had merely kept silent, his eyes were enough to convey the extent of his indulgence toward her.

They were both blessed with refined features and they made such a fine couple.

Their gestures were warm and sweet; there was indeed romance in the air.

“They look really good together, don’t you think so?” A voice resounded from behind, startling me. I looked over my shoulder and found Jared standing there. I forgot that it had rained heavily last night, and given Rebecca was down with a high fever, of course Ashton did not let Jared leave.

“Good morning!” I smiled when my gaze lowered and realized that he was wearing the clothes I had given him the previous night.

Observing my gaze, Jared raised his brows with a smile. “These clothes fit me quite well. Thank you.”

I shook my head. “Don’t mention it!” I had bought it for Ashton, but he never once bothered to try it.

Hearing our voices, Rebecca turned toward us and called out, “Scarlett, Jared. You’re both awake. Ashton has fried some eggs for breakfast. Come on over and have some!”

She spoke as though she was the lady of the household.

Shooting her a bland smile, I hurriedly refused, “It’s fine. I bought some bread and milk yesterday. The milk is still in the fridge. You’ve only just recovered, so you should drink more.” I lived here for two years; the title deed had both my name and Ashton’s listed on it.

Although I was often compliant, it was only natural that I could not bear seeing someone else barge into my home and acting as if they owned the place.