

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 575

At noon, Ashton called, "Have you taken your lunch?"

It seemed he had placed a lot of attention on the mundane details of my life now. It was quite unusual of him to behave like this.

I lay on the couch and nodded, "Yeah. I'm a little bored because I'm alone at home."

He chuckled, "Do you want to come and pick me up from work then?"

I froze for a moment and instantly took up his offer, "Okay!"

I could imagine the smile on his face upon knowing how spirited I was.

After a short pause, he said in a serious voice, "Are you not going to ask me if I've taken my lunch?"

I was a little tongue-tied at first. "So... have you eaten?"

"Yes. Grilled eggplant. I'll make this for you tonight."

Grandma once said, teenagers are often abashed when they're in love, while those in their mid-twenties would be more romantic and crazier in love. As for people aged thirty and above, love is basically dead.

But I beg to differ. Love after the age of thirty might not be intense or passionate but will subtly reside in our hearts.

The older we get, the more we appreciate such subtlety. And the love we have for our partners would evolve to become an integral part of our lives.

At this point in life, what matters most is that we enjoy each other's companionship, and, God willing, we get to spend the rest of our lives together.

I ended the call after having a chat with Ashton. Since I had nothing to do at the Fuller Corporation, I thought I might take my own sweet time going to his office later in the afternoon.

After lazing around the villa and taking a nap in the afternoon, I noticed the sky had turned dark.

I took a glance at the watch and realized it was already 8 p.m. I immediately bounced out of bed, checked my phone, and saw a few missed calls Ashton made around 5 p.m.

When I was about to leave the villa, I saw a note on the table and froze for a bit.

Apparently, Ashton had already come home on his own. Something urgent cropped up, so he went out again to meet Joe.

In the note, he reminded me to eat my dinner. Upon seeing the blanket on the couch, I could not help but slap my forehead with my palm. What is wrong with me? Why did I sleep so much?

I walked back to the couch and gave him a call.

“Taken your dinner?” the man asked in a deep voice.

I paused for a bit, took a glance at the dishes on the table, and replied frankly, “I’m still not hungry. Where are you?”

"I'm at the Imperial Hotel. You want to come?" I could feel the vibration from the phone. It must be him sending me the address.

I thought about it and answered, "Wait for me."

Since Summer was not home, I thought I might as well take this opportunity to go out.

After changing into new clothes, I drove straight to the Imperial Hotel.

The hotel was supposed to be thirty minutes from the villa, but it took me twice as long to reach the destination during rush hour.

Since Emery and I had been there several times, the hotel manager knew who I was. He then brought me to Ashton's suite.

There were two men in the suite. One was Ashton, and the other one was Joe, who was completely drunk.

I had not seen Joe for a very long time. He now had an overgrown beard and looked utterly frazzled.

I was glad that Ashton did not drink. He sat still on the couch and listened to Joe complaining.

Upon seeing me standing by the door, Ashton waved at me and asked me to come over. Though the background music was loud, I could hear him clearly, "Come over!"

I walked to his side and took another closer look at Joe. It was hard for me to believe that a harsh and vicious man like him could look so dishevelled. "Do you know how much I've done for her in the last ten years? How could she ignore me just like that?"

I see. It's all because of love.

After ordering a fruit juice for me, Ashton looked at me and asked, "Do you want to pick a song?"

I shook my head and whispered in his ear, "He got dumped?"

He looked at the television screen in the suite and replied, "Someone rejected his love!"

Wow. What a surprise.

Joe soon calmed down and slouched on the couch. I initially thought he got so drunk that he passed out, but when I leaned forward to check on him, I noticed his eyes were still wide open.

I almost got the shock of my life after seeing how he stared motionlessly at the ceiling.

"Who's the woman?" I could not help but ask upon seeing how dejected he had become.

Ashton raised his brows and kept mum. Obviously, he did not want to answer my question.

I thought about it and asked, "Rebecca?" I could not think of anyone else other than that woman.

Joe must have heard me mentioning that name. He instantly straightened his back, shot daggers at me, and exploded with rage. “Who do you think you are, Rebecca? Why do you even like Ashton? Yeah, he’s rich and handsome. So what? I can give you money too if you want!”