

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 583

"I can do it myself," I exclaimed and took the towel from him.

But he refused and held the towel away from me.

The anger that I had been suppressing rose again. Pursing my lips, I glared at him. "Ashton..."

But before I could finish my sentence, he cupped my face and abruptly pressed his lips against mine.

I wanted to push him away, but it was futile. He locked me within his arms and kissed me hard as if it was a punishment from him. It made me breathless.

If he had not heard me gasping for air, he would have continued kissing.

As he released his grip on me, our eyes met for a moment, but I averted my gaze and ignored him.

He narrowed his eyes and pinched my chin forcefully. "Am I not the one who should be angry?"

He gazed at me gloomily as though he had been wronged.

I pushed his hand away and shot daggers at him. "Then you should go away and sulk. Leave me alone. I want to sleep."

Ashton could not help but laugh at my words. "Scarlett, can you please be reasonable?"

"No!" I said defiantly. I know I'm throwing a fit, but I don't care.

Seeing my attitude, he said no more and threw his coat aside before unbuttoning his shirt with his slender fingers.

As he stood there, removing his clothes gracefully in front of me, he smirked and gazed suggestively at me.

“W-why are you taking your clothes off?” I stuttered.

“I’m going to sleep, duh.” As he spoke, the shirt on him was casually thrown on the ground, exposing his bare chest in front of my eyes.

I quickly looked away with my face flushing with embarrassment. It’s rude to stare.

Then, I heard him chuckled.

“Ashton, you...”

By the time I turned to him, he had also removed his pants and he was now coming towards me.

I was taken aback for a second before scrambling away from him.

But before I could reach the other side of the super king-sized bed, he had grabbed my ankle and dragged me towards him.

Being trapped in his arms, I became infuriated instantly and gave him a cold-eyed stare. “What are you doing, Ashton? I want to sleep!” I yelled.

“Alright. We shall sleep,” he said gently, coaxing me into sleeping with him. “It’s already past midnight. We should rest now.”

His words sounded naughty as we lay naked on the bed.

However, he just continued to hug me. Sensing that he was not going to do anything further, I eventually let my guard down after a few minutes.

Having known him for several years, I knew that if he wanted to stay here, no one could not stop him from doing so, including me.

So, I opted to close my eyes and sleep.

That night, I barely slept. I kept jolting awake from horrible nightmares about Summer. Fortunately, Ashton was by my side. He patted my back and comforted me whenever I needed solace.

I woke up at six o’clock in the morning. Looking at the dim sky outside the hotel, I could not go back to sleep.

Even now, Ashton still had his arms around me. After a moment of hesitation, I shifted a bit, trying to get out of his embrace.

Even though I had moved as quietly as possible, I still woke him up. He opened his eyes and looked at me groggily.

Locking his eyes on me, he asked in a raspy voice, “What’s wrong?”

I proceeded to sit up, but he held me down.

He probably realized that it was still early, so he brought me back to his embrace. "It's still early."

Restricted in his arms again, I reached for my phone on the bedside table.

But he caught my hand and said, "Sleep, Scarlett."

"I can't."

Hearing my words, he stared at me with his dark brown eyes and suggested huskily, "Shall we do something else?"

I kept my mouth shut instantly and shifted away from him.

But he inched closer deliberately and pressed his body against me.

In the darkness of the night, we faced each other in a state of nature. Even though we could not see each other clearly, the night brought us closer together more than anything else.

By the time we were done, the sun had risen, illuminating the grey winter sky.

I was tired and sleepy, but I just could not fall asleep with a troubled mind.

"Do you want to take a shower?" he asked huskily as he lay beside me.

I pursed my lips in annoyance and rolled over, facing away from him.

He said nothing and got out of the bed alone. Later, the sound of the running water came from the bathroom.

As he showered, I tossed and turned on the bed, feeling uncomfortable with the sweat clinging onto my body. Hmm, I always feel like this lately.

Afterward, I felt something wet underneath as well. At first, I thought it was some residue left by Ashton, so I turned on the bedside lamp and took a piece of tissue to wipe it.

But when I saw it was, in fact, a bloodstain on the bedsheet, my heart sank.

Just then, the bathroom door was opened, and I immediately covered it with the blanket.

But it was too late. He had seen the blood, too.