

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 820

He shook his head. "You're not allowed to wear skirts anymore!"

Before I could react, he had draped his coat over my thighs to my chagrin.

I was also distinctly aware that everyone around us who was having breakfast glanced toward us more often than was necessary. Do I look indecent?

I examined my dressing again, but I didn't find anything overtly inappropriate. "Do I look strange at all?" I pleaded with Ashton.

He nodded solemnly. "Yes. You're too beautiful, that's the problem."

I was flabbergasted for a moment and burst into laughter the next. "Where did you learn to say things like that?"

He took a sip of water at length. "Just don't wear skirts this short again."

"It looks good on me," I pouted. "Why can't I wear it?"

"It's too short!" Ashton said brusquely.

Nora said that Ashton's reaction like this was a common ailment amongst men. They would try to restrict their wives' freedom to dress provocatively to the best of their ability but would enjoy looking at skimpily dressed women out in public

"Rebecca and Rachel wear short skirts often and I think they look nice," I said deliberately. "Why can't I do the same? You can ogle at others but why can't I let others ogle at me? Ashton, you're being unreasonable."

"Do they have anything to do with one another?" Ashton fixed his beady eyes on me.

"Yes, they do," I said after some thought.

"Don't you think that you've gotten fat recently?" he said critically. "Your fat thighs will be more obvious in a short skirt."

"I actually thought that I've gotten skinnier!" I protested after a shocked silence.

However, I wasn't actually sure if that was the case. "Have I really gotten fat?" I asked Ashton suspiciously.

"A little!" he replied seriously.

Sometimes, we girls can feel very insecure about our looks. It felt even more so for me because Ashton had never called me fat before until now. If it had merited a mention from him, perhaps there was some truth in it.

"Alright, I won't wear short skirts ever again," I promised. I'd look awful in them being as fat as he said I was.

Ashton gave a satisfied smile.

the waiter brought over the breakfast we ordered. It was mostly what I enjoyed eating, but now that my plumpness had been pointed out, I felt self-conscious and didn't have much of an appetite. "Here you go," I said as I pushed the plates toward Ashton.

After that, I helped myself to a glass of milk. "Why aren't you eating?" Ashton asked with a frown.

"I need to start losing weight," I said. "With a controlled diet, I should be able to slim down with time."

We girls prioritize our figures and petite sizes anyway. It was well worth it to be able to fit into our favorite clothes.

Ashton wasn't pleased. "You should be full in the morning," he chastised. "How are you going to lose weight if you don't eat regularly? We can go for a walk tonight to burn off those extra calories if you like."

He pushed the pastries back in front of me. "Finish all of it."

"I really don't want to!" I protested. My appetite was virtually non-existent.

"You must!" he said sternly. "Caloric restriction is the worst way to lose weight. We can go to the gym tonight if you're serious about it."

I pouted in defiance, but ultimately relented.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure approaching us. It was Marcus.

Ashton saw him too. "Good morning, Mr. White!" he said pleasantly.

"Good morning, Mr. Fuller!" Marcus replied with a polite smile.

Marcus's gaze fell on me, and his smile was radiant. "Good morning, Letty! You're looking more beautiful today than you ever have!"

I was stunned with flattery. It's in our nature to enjoy compliments.

"Mr. Fuller, would you mind if I joined you?" It sounded like a request, but Marcus sat himself down and summoned the waiter before waiting for Ashton's approval.

Ashton pursed his lips but did not say anything.

I noticed that Ashton had a stain on the corner of his mouth, so I leaned over and wiped it off for him. It wasn't deliberate but I thought that it was inconvenient for his arm, so I took it upon myself.

He was taken aback by my gesture. "You're too old to be having food all over your face," I teased.

Perhaps my sudden action had startled him, but he seemed to enjoy it. His eyes twinkled with mischief, and he looked to be in a great mood.

However, I was suddenly aware that Marcus frowned at both of us and averted his eyes to our interaction, as though he was offended that we were acting like lovers in front of him.

It would be awkward for him to voice his displeasure, so he decided against it and had his breakfast in silence.

After breakfast, Ashton came back to the base with me under the pretense of requiring my care. The majority of his documents and meetings were converted to a video format for his convenience, rendering him to be able to work from the office entirely.

I had my own tasks to do but was occasionally called by him to pour him a glass of water or to send documents as his arm was causing him issues.