

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 391

Looking at him, I hesitated for a moment before walking over. I sat down beside him and rested my head in his embrace.

Sensing that I was feeling down, he hugged me and asked in a gentle voice, "What's wrong? Is something bothering you?"

I raised my gaze at him before looking away. The next moment, I reached out to unbuckle his leather belt.

He stopped me suddenly, feeling amused. "Wait, we're still in the living room. Are you that desperate?"

I pursed my lips in silence before dragging him upstairs.

However, he swept me off my feet and carried me instead.

Sensing something was wrong, he frowned. "What's wrong?"

As he pinned my hand, I pursed my lips as I didn't know what to say. After a long while, I looked up at him. "When did you do it?"

He furrowed his brows. "Do what?"

"The vasectomy!"

His expression darkened while his tone grew solemn. "Who told you such a thing?"

My eyes reddened while my voice began to choke. "Did it hurt?"

Staring at me in amusement, he pulled me into his embrace. "It was just a minor surgery. I hardly felt a thing."

Feeling dejected, I wrapped my arms around his waist. "I'm sorry!"

"The operation went without a hitch. Besides, we already have Summer now and don't have to think about having children. There's nothing to be sorry about."

His voice was warm as he stroked my long silky hair. Lifting my hands to take a sniff, he asked, "What did you eat outside?"

I pursed my lips. "Crayfish. John bought them. I brought back some leftovers. Do you want to have some?"

Staring at me, he ignored my question. "I feel more like eating you now."

I was stunned as I looked at him. As if by reflex, I got up and headed to the bathroom.

I stood underneath the showerhead and desperately scrubbed every inch of my skin.

Knocking on the bathroom door, Ashton ordered in a deep voice, "Scarlett, come out!"

Pursing my lips, I still felt the sting in my heart. After taking a deep breath, I hugged myself and squatted on the ground.

Tears started to stream down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Probably because of what happened last time, he had changed the bathroom lock. Now, he could easily open it from outside.

After he entered, he turned off the shower and looked at my reddened eyes.

As I buried my head in between my legs, I murmured in despair, "It's hopeless. I just can't get over it. No one can!"

Squatting beside me, he threaded his fingers through my hair and sighed gently. "Scarlett, one can't just live in the past, and neither can we be sure of the future. But I will try my best to live the life I want. There will be the occasional pain which we must learn to deal with. However, no matter what you go through or become, I will still love you. As long as you don't change, we will strive to walk this path together."

I raised my gaze and wanted to say something, but no words came out.

After a while, he pulled me up and dried me with a towel. Sweeping me off my feet, he settled me in bed and comforted me, "Close your eyes and try to get some sleep."

He headed to the bathroom after which I could hear the sound of flowing water. Lying in bed, I couldn't fall asleep.

I was still disturbed by the unfortunate event. It felt as if thousands of old wounds had been torn open the moment I breathed. After that, an intense and stinging pain crept into my whole body.

As it was still early, Ashton lay in the bed reading after having taken his bath.

Although I couldn't sleep, I didn't feel like doing anything else.

After a long while, he put down his book and looked in my direction. "What are you thinking about?"

Pursing my lips, I looked at him with widened eyes. "Ashton, when do you have time to reverse your vasectomy?"

He frowned. "Hmm?"

"I did some research and found that a vasectomy is no good for a man's health. Besides, you're the only son of the Fullers. If Grandpa finds out, he will turn in his grave!"

I knew he did it for my sake, but this was a price too great for him. No matter how progressive our thinking might be, we still carried the burden of inheriting and passing down the legacy of our forefathers. Hence, our lives were not solely dictated by our own desires.

If we did not pass down our culture and continue our line, what was the point of us living on this earth?

He reached out and pulled me into his embrace. His body felt unusually hot today, giving me a warm and comfortable feeling. "Scarlett, we don't have to be altruistic and consider the interest of others. All you need to do is think for yourself. With regards to having children, why don't we talk about it again once your body recovers, alright?"

Pursing my lips, I still felt guilty as I lay in his embrace. I mumbled, "It seems my life is becoming more of a mess."

“As long as you have me, you won’t be lost. So don’t overthink it!” Hugging me, he reassured me with a gentle tone that everything would be alright.

That night, he hugged me to sleep and did nothing else.