

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 616

“I saw it too. My god, how can someone be so wealthy? When she wanted to swipe a debit card, I thought she is only an ordinary office worker. I never thought...”

“Well, the black cards probably belong to other people because I think the signature on it is Fuller. She’s probably related to someone...”

I couldn’t hear the rest of their conversation after exiting the shop. As I was carrying the stuff, I couldn’t help but heave a sigh.

When I returned to the fast-food restaurant, Ashton and Rachel had left.

I guessed they probably left due to work. Although I felt dejected, I still comforted myself silently that work was more important than accompanying me.

As I didn’t come here by car, I called a cab to return to the villa.

The night had fallen when I finally arrived at home.

Meanwhile, Flora happened to have just finished preparing dinner. Since she had to go home, she talked to me for a while and left.

I decided to check up on Summer first. She already had dinner and was playing with Lego bricks attentively. Upon seeing me, she said, “Mommy!”

The next moment, she continued playing with it.

I didn’t want to disturb her and returned to my bedroom.

Initially, I thought that Ashton wasn’t at home. Once I opened the door, someone said coldly, “Why didn’t you answer my call?”

He seemed to be holding in his anger.

I was bewildered by what he said. The next moment, I checked my phone and realized that it was turned off. As such, I explained, "My phone turned off because it ran out of battery."

He was standing in the balcony and looked rather cold.

A moment later, he turned around slowly to glance at me and asked, "What did you do today?"

"I bought something." After giving it some thought, I lifted the box in my hand and looked at him smilingly. "I bought some clothes that are different from your usual style for you."

He squinted and continued to glare at me. I guessed he was probably pissed off because I window-shopped and forgot the time.

I continued, "Do you want to try it? I swiped your card to buy it!"

His brows seemed to be a little relaxed. Shortly afterward, he said tiredly, "It's okay. Get some rest earlier."

At this time, I felt that I increasingly didn't understand him. Before he left, I couldn't help but ask, "Ashton, can we talk?"

He stood still and didn't turn around. Meanwhile, the bedroom was dimly lit with the bedside lamp.

"What is it?"

I pursed my lips while putting down the clothes in my hand. "Are you angry because I'm not good enough? Please tell me if it's true, and I promise to improve."

Ashton looked at me with slight anger and said, "No, you did well and impeccably."

Despite his assurance, I knew that he was pissed off.

I pursed my lips and added, "Ashton, don't you think we are not like a husband and a wife at all?"

"Is that so?" He said with slight disdain, "So, what do you think a husband and a wife should look like? Since we are married for many years, it's time to look for a conclusion."

Stunned by his response, I felt that the conversation was rendered futile. Since silence was perhaps better at this moment, I immediately changed my mind and stopped talking.

He looked at me but didn't utter a word. Meanwhile, I felt that if we always chose silence over conversation whenever problems arose, we would push ourselves further away from each other.

Hence, I gave it some thought and said, "I cut my hair."

He murmured a response as if he was not as irritated as before. "I'm not blind!"

"I hide my wound. It'll be okay as long as others can see it."

Suddenly, he gave me a cold-eyed stare and asked, "Will it be okay just because you hide it?"

Holding in his anger, he added, "Scarlett, do you think the problems won't exist as long as you don't mention it?"

I was rendered speechless. "I..."

"Go to bed. Let's choose not to speak to each other," He said rudely before leaving the bedroom.

I pursed my lips and stared at the bag on the floor for quite some time before going to bed.

Just as expected, I stared at the ceiling for a long time but couldn't fall asleep.

Since Ashton didn't return to the bedroom, I supposed he slept in the study instead.

The next morning, it began to drizzle.

I had a sore throat as soon as I woke up. It somehow proved that lack of sleep could weaken the immune system because I had caught a cold.

When I opened my eyes, Ashton, who wore a grim expression, put his hand on my forehead to check if I got a cold.

"It's fine. I think I probably caught a cold!" I said to him and got up.

A moment later, he got a glass of water and a pill for me and reminded me, "Get some rest after taking the pill. If you still feel unwell in the afternoon, I'll come home and bring you to the hospital."

Lying on the bed, I nodded and watched him leave the bedroom.

Given that a cold wouldn't clear up easily, I got my identification card and called a cab to the hospital.

Instead of visiting the respiratory unit, I saw a doctor who was an elder in the traditional and complementary medicine unit.

Nevertheless, he instructed a young man next to him, "Check up on her."

Apparently, he was training his apprentice.

The young man glanced at me for a while before he sat on the table nervously and asked me to stretch my hand.

After checking up on me, the man looked at the elder and me for a while, as though he was unsure about my condition.

The elder nodded at him as a gesture for him to speak.

Hesitated for a while, he finally said, "You have spleen and kidney deficiency as well as mild iron deficiency."