

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 717

Ashton was looking rather intently at the scalded area. I mumbled in reply, "It's much better! I'm fine!"

Ashton furrowed his brow. Without even asking, he took my bag and fumbled through it for the ointment. He then proceeded to apply it.

Ashton looked at me throughout the entire process. His gaze was unfathomable. "Is Armond better at this than I am?" he questioned.

Uncomfortable, I shifted my weight from foot to foot, then stammered, "It's late, you..."

"Are you chasing me away?" Ashton demanded, his face growing murderous.

I took a deep breath, then nodded defiantly. "Yep. Or would you rather stay here?" I asked sarcastically.

"Can't I?" Ashton challenged. His dark eyes bore into my soul.

Dumbfounded, I shrugged. "It's up to you."

Ashton thus remained in the villa. I did my best to ignore him and headed up to my own bedroom.

When Armond was back from sending Nora home, he'd naturally deal with Ashton.

After my shower, I'd completely put aside all thoughts of Ashton. It was almost ten at night, so I blow-dried my hair, read a little, and eventually drifted off to sleep.

The rain came without warning. It was a chilly autumn night, and droplets pattered rhythmically onto the ground. A frosty wind blew into the bedroom, and I woke up with a shiver.

I made my way over to the window to shut it.

Suddenly, a burst of lightning, followed by the deafening clap of thunder, filled the room. Petrified, I bolted towards the window.

In my alarm, however, I ran right into the arms of the chaise lounge beside the bed.

A sharp pain shot through my knee and I crumpled to the floor.

The pain was immense. I exhaled sharply as I cradled it for a long while. The open window was still waiting, and I tried to get up to no avail. I finally sat on the floor, defeated.

The only thing within reach was the small lamp beside my bed. I turned it on, but the dim light only succeeded in casting ghoulish shadows against the wall. The wind continued howling through the open window. A chill ran down my spine.

The curtains were flying, spraying droplets of water across the room. At that moment, in the middle of the storm, the villa seemed to be a most forlorn, desolate place.

Ever since that traumatic incident with my baby, I'd always felt a sense of dread in the presence of rain and thunder. I was utterly vulnerable at the moment, incapacitated as I was with the elements blowing right at me.

I started to panic. My imagination was running wild and I began to tremble from terror. Valiantly, I tried multiple times to stand up with the support of surrounding furniture but only succeeded in knocking into others.

With a loud crash, the lamp fell to the floor and shattered. Its wan light instantly went out, leaving the room smothered in darkness.

I felt a wave of horror wash over me. Shrinking into a corner, I thought I could hear the sound of an infant wailing above the noise of the storm.

I recoiled in fear. Amidst the mounting dread, the sadness I'd suppressed for so long noticed that I let my guard down and saw its chance. Physically and emotionally debilitated, I nearly went mad with despair.

As I looked once more, dazed, at the window, the faint light streaming into the room took on the appearance of blood seeping steadily across the floor.

I screamed with every last bit of strength left within me.

"Scarlett!" someone cried from beyond the window.

"Go away! All of you, go away!" I shrieked in fright.

Stupefied with fear, I'd curled up into a ball, my head stuck resolutely between my knees. I was shaking uncontrollably.

"Scarlett, it's me, Ashton," a voice said gently beside me. It pierced through the tumult of the nightmare. My heart clung wildly to that voice. At that moment, the rest of the world seemed to quieten down and fade away.

I lifted my head slowly. The light in the room had been switched on and the curtains neatly fastened. The window was now tightly shut.

"It's me. Don't be afraid," Ashton said again, softly.

I took a deep breath. Squinting slightly, I peered at the person before me. It was indeed Ashton.

Without thinking, I collapsed into his arms, sobbing. "It was my baby! He's here! He... he hates me! He hates me because I didn't protect him!"

Ashton wrapped his arms around me tightly. He inhaled, then said hoarsely, "He doesn't. He knows that you love him. How can he bear to hurt you, knowing that you loved him so much? Don't worry. It'll be fine."

He gently patted me on the back, soothing me. My tears flowed freely as I lay in his arms, my heart heavy. "I'm sorry! I really did my best, but that rope was just too thick. I couldn't get free!"

Ashton nodded. He gave me another squeeze and said tenderly, "He knows, he knows. He doesn't blame you for it."

We lay on the ground for a while as I recovered my wits. With Ashton's help, I tried to stand, but the pain was still unbearable.

With a single swift motion, Ashton picked me up and carried me back to my bed. He then tucked me in and sat beside me.

I realized then that the pool of blood I'd seen spreading across the floor had been accumulated rainwater that had poured in from the window that I hadn't managed to close.

As I gazed absently at the puddle on the floor, Ashton looked at me worriedly. "Are you sleepy?"

Another thought occurred to me. "How did you get in?" I asked curiously, ignoring his question.

Ashton looked rather shamefaced. He then admitted, "The two balconies are connected. If you want, you can cross over easily from one to the next."

I gave him a hard look. "Ashton, you trespassed on private property!" I accused.

His gaze traveled up and down my body, then fixed on my arm. "How did you get hurt?" he demanded.

I then realized that there was a giant bruise on my arm that I'd overlooked in my distress.