

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 790

There were too many things that I had not yet achieved. I did not want to die or to freeze to death

Under the deep biting cold, I became aware of my own labored breathing and the low electrical hum of the freezer.

I tried once more to call for help, but I was not able to utter a sound. The cold near the top of my head started to seep in slowly but surely. First, it penetrated my scalp, then through my skull, then it started to affect my nerves. They seared with pain and went numb.

It felt like an eternity, or maybe it was only a few minutes, but the act of waiting for death to claim me in the suffocating silence was awful.

I became aware of feeling sleepy and groggy. I suddenly recalled something being said a long time ago by someone. They said that true death came in three forms.

The first was the cessation of breathing. Your soul and body would separate and somehow feel your limbs stiffen up. This was the death of the body.

The second type was being declared dead. When you stopped breathing and lay in bed, someone would be there to declare you dead and state your time of death.

The last type was death in the memories of your loved ones. When your body and mind disintegrate, along with your existence in the world, and all the traces of you being on earth would go with it. Slowly, you would even fade away from the memories of your loved ones, until one day, you cease to even exist in the first place.

At the moment, I felt like I was experiencing the first type of death. The sound of my breath, no, the sound of my heartbeat was steadily weakening. It grew so faint that I could not feel my breath anymore.

Perhaps my time really had come. It was destined to be this very moment.

Just as I felt my eyes closing, perhaps for the final time, I heard and felt a massive collision. It must have hit the container that I was in.

The noise grew more frantic and urgent; the blows became harder and more vicious. When the brilliant white light flooded my eyes, I saw what seemed to be the shape of a tall and slim figure drawing me out of the icy grip of death and holding me in the warm embrace of life.

It was too much to describe; everything flooded my senses and overwhelmed me.

The door flung open and though it was still sub-zero out there, it felt warm to me.

I could now feel my body, close to the point of being frozen solid, being lifted up in a pair of strong arms. The figure that had carried me was radiating heat like an oven.

Warmth had never felt more welcome in my entire life. I huddled closer. A familiar scent flooded my nostrils, allowing me to identify my savior. I tried calling out but to no avail.

What I wanted to say was "Thank you, Ashton." But I did not manage to.

Because of him, all the terror and tension that had gripped me for the last few hours had dissipated. I shut my eyes tight and drifted off to unconsciousness.

I had a very strange dream. A beautiful woman had an infant in her arms. She walked in the snow for a long time until she was unable to continue. Then, she placed the child down and knelt down in the snow to kiss the baby. She wept as if her heart was breaking.

After a long time, she left the child where it lay and departed on her own. The child, sensing the absence of its mother, cried out pitifully into the night.

I watched the entire scene from afar. Fearful for the child's safety, I had wanted to take a closer look. However, everything vanished as I approached.

Then, the dream shifted. I was back in my childhood with the old locust tree and the swing that hung from one of its branches. Grandma pushed me as she sang my favorite songs.

Suddenly, Grandma vanished as well. I was plunged in a midst of a crowd and caught sight of a slender figure approaching me whilst he waved.

I walked towards it. Before I could get a closer look, the crowd lurched and I was shoved to the side.

The same dream repeated itself several times. I knew that the figure in the dream was Ashton, but whenever I reached out to try to grab hold of him, he would disappear.

It happened a few times, and I grew more and more desperate with each failure trying to hold on to him. Finally, I reached out into the dark and clawed wildly at the air until I felt a pair of hands holding mine tightly.

“Scarlett.” A voice beside me called out.

I heard it and wanted to answer, but I was unable to speak.

“Scarlett,” they called again. I desperately tried to detect the source of the voice and panted heavily from the effort.

I opened my eyes groggily. The figure next to me was familiar.

I reached out to grab hold of him. Even his warmth was familiar. Once again, my strength failed me, and I felt my hand flopping back down onto the bed.

A second later, my hand was being clutched tightly. “Scarlett, I am here.”

It was Ashton.

His voice soothed me greatly. Soon, I felt the fear begin to vanish and felt much calmer after that.

I didn’t even have the energy to nod. Then, my eyelids drooped again.

“What’s happening? Why isn’t she awake yet?” Ashton’s voice rang up and I could see in my mind how he frowned at the doctor.

“She’s out of the critical phase,” the doctor answered. “There’s nothing wrong with her, she’s just drained of energy over the whole ordeal. Just let her rest and she will wake up when she’s ready.”

I was actually wide awake and aware of most things going on around me but I had no way of opening my eyes, and I still felt weak all over.

I heard some footsteps and figured that someone was departing. After a while, I felt my hand being intertwined in another’s.