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I tugged at the blanket fiercely in response, only to get all flustered when I realized Ashton was naked underneath. I then quickly turned around before stammering, "I don't care! If I have to starve because I can't have fried chicken, then you're not getting any action either!"

A smug grin formed on my face as I heard the sounds of him sighing which was then accompanied by the rustling of clothes as he got dressed.

Not bad! It seems he does understand the concept of "happy wife, happy life", after all!

My brief moment of delight was quickly interrupted when Ashton called out from behind, "Come on, get dressed and I'll take you to the night market."

I crossed my arms at him and said, "I'm not going out. You're the reason I'm feeling so tired, so you have to take responsibility for it by buying us dinner yourself!"

"The ninety-nine couples will be making their vows later. Are you sure you don't want to see it?" Ashton asked with a playful wink as he put on his wedding attire.

After giving it some thought, I quickly threw the covers aside and began getting dressed, only to hit yet another snag.

As I was only able to get the outfit on with the help of Emery and two other staff members, I had no idea how to put it on by myself.

Ashton was about to put on his coat when he saw me standing still with a clueless look on my face. He then walked up to me and carefully helped me put the dress on one piece at a time.

He was so focused on what he was doing that both of his eyebrows were arched slightly like that of an eagle's.

The lighting in the room was dim, but I could clearly see the calm expression on his face which gave me a strong sense of security.

I broke the silence by calling his name, "Ashton."

"Yes?" he mumbled in response as he continued to help me with the dress.

"Do you really love me this much?" I asked with a sweet yet smug grin. It had been ages since I asked him such questions.

"I do," Ashton replied. I was about to pout at his short response when he leaned in close to my ears and whispered, "To me, loving you is like breathing. It is something I do without having to learn how, and I would die without."

His words melted my heart instantly, and I couldn't bring myself to bully him any further. "But I'm full of flaws! I get emotional really easily, and I love messing with you all the time! In fact, I actually felt like I love my kids more than I love you up until today..."

My voice gradually grew softer as I realized I was practicing double standards by feeling depressed when I wouldn't let Ashton do the same.

Ashton paused for a brief moment, only to continue his actions as he said calmly, "I'm fine with all that because I love you. Like I said at the wedding earlier, no one could compare to the place you have in my heart."

He then looked me in the eye while adjusting my collar and asked, "Got that all memorized yet, Mrs. Fuller?"

"Yeah." I could only nod in response as I tried to fight my tears back.

With a satisfied smile on his face, Ashton put on his coat and handed me a mask as he said, "Here, put this on. All the Hanfu enthusiasts will be wearing masks tonight. Wouldn't want people recognizing us, would we?"

Given the scale of our wedding today, his concerns were perfectly justified as we would surely attract a huge crowd if we were spotted.

However, we were recognized the moment we arrived at the night market.

“Wait a minute... Aren’t those the wedding attires worn by Ashton and Scarlett earlier today?”

“There were ninety-nine couples getting married today, and these clothes all look similar anyway. That’s probably someone else.”

“No, I’m pretty sure that’s them. The designs may be similar, but Ashton and Scarlett are the only ones with golden linings on their outfits. See that? It’s reflecting the light from the streetlamps above them!”

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“Oh, my god! You’re right! Mr. Fuller...”

The person was about to start a scene, but another quickly stopped him by saying, “Shh! Why are you yelling? They may be rich, but they’re human too! It’s obvious that they’re wearing masks so they can go on a romantic stroll like any other ordinary couple, so we shouldn’t expose them like this!”

“Yeah, you’re right... Still, we could tail them and see how rich couples spend their evening together, right?”

Soon, Ashton and I noticed a group of people creeping behind us and snapping pictures silently on their phones.

“I thought you said they wouldn’t recognize us?”

“My mistake. Just ignore them.”

How could I possibly ignore them when they’re practically taking up half the road?

The next thing I knew, Ashton made a blatant public display of affection by holding my hand in front of them.

I was burning bright red as I felt uncomfortable having that many people staring at us during intimate moments. Besides, it would ruin our relaxing stroll at the night market if we had a huge group of people following us around the whole time.

As we walked past the Hanfu flagship store, I had a great idea of how we could shake our “tail” and dragged Ashton inside.

As we made our way to the VIP area upstairs, the group of people barged into the store after us, much to the surprise of the sales staff. “I’m afraid we can only serve a limited number of customers at a time. Please queue up in an orderly manner while you shop.”

Delighted by my own genius idea, I smiled gleefully as I continued running up the stairs.

We had just made it to the VIP area when the sales staff got into an argument with the customers downstairs.

“I’m sorry, but the lounge on the second floor is reserved for VIPs only.”

“How much does it cost for us to become a VIP? We’ll pay!”

“Very well, Sir. To become a VIP, you will have to spend a total of thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight in a single receipt. Will you be making the payment in cash or by card?”

Naturally, nobody was willing to fork out that much money just to follow us upstairs. Thinking we would come out of the store eventually anyway, they all left shortly after.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I glanced over the railing and saw that the number of customers in the store had returned to normal.

“They’re just trying to share our joy. You’re getting a little too worked up about this,” Ashton said after glancing down the stairs.

He really is dense when it comes to stuff outside of work, huh? Oh, well... I guess he used up his quota for romantic thoughts at the wedding earlier, so he probably wouldn't understand the difference between me not wanting to share our joy and my desire for some time alone.

"Yeah, but I want a peaceful and quiet night for ourselves, one that is free from unwanted attention." I then turned toward the sales staff and asked, "Excuse me, do you guys sell any other type of clothing apart from Hanfu?"

"Sorry, I'm not sure I follow..." The sales staff frowned as he eyed us both from head to toe. As if he had suddenly recalled something, the sales staff then offered his assistance by saying, "Oh, we do make Hanfus worn by servants for our staff members. We also have masks provided by the organizers of the cultural festival. All you two have to do is log in to your member accounts to claim it. There's a passage that leads to the back door from the storage room. I'll show you where it is in a bit."

He then led us to the counter downstairs, and I logged in using Emery's account as I didn't have one of my own.

After that, the sales staff retrieved the items from the storage room and showed us where the back door was before leaving us alone.

The service provided was so excellent that I couldn't help but exclaim as I put on the outfit, "That sales staff sure is a smart one! I can't believe he figured out what I wanted so quickly!"

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"His family makes these traditional wedding attires," Ashton said calmly while adjusting the straps on his outfit.

"He sure has a great eye for... Wait, what?"

I paused mid-sentence when I realized that the sales staff had helped us because he recognized who we were and knew what we needed.

Ashton had seen right through it but kept it to himself when he saw me thanking the sales staff profusely.

That b*stard! I can't believe he let me make a fool out of myself!

I shot him a fierce glare at the thought of that. "Ashton!"

He let out a little chuckle and acted all innocent as he helped adjust my outfit. "Okay, okay... Next time, I'll be sure to tell you out loud that you've been recognized."

"You..." My face was all puffed with anger. Tell me out loud? That'll just humiliate me in front of others even more!

Ashton gave me a kiss on the forehead and led me toward the stairs as he said, "Come on, we need to get going now. We won't even be able to leave through the back door if we don't hurry up."

Having no other choice, I could only swallow my anger and leave the store with him.

Fortunately for us, the group of people waiting outside had yet to discover the back door, so we were able to get out of there smoothly. We then made a few turns through some alleys and successfully blended into the crowd shortly after.

While watching a fire-breathing performance, I noticed a rock candy vendor passing by and begged Ashton to buy me some.

I've always found it satisfying whenever I see people eat rock candy on television. Now that I finally get to experience that satisfaction myself, I realize flavor is only a part of what truly makes a food amazing. What's even more important is the feelings you have while eating it as well as the environment you eat it in.

I thought to myself while holding two sticks of rock candy in hand.

"Whoa, slow down there! People might think I'm starving you if they see you wolfing it down like this!" Ashton said teasingly.

Refusing to back down, I snapped back at him with the rock candy in my mouth, "Is that not the case?"

Ashton could only let out a wry chuckle as he said, "Yes, you're right. I've been starving you because I'm the worst husband in the world."

"Exactly! You're the worst!" I stuck my tongue out at him smugly before moving on to the next stall.

I was about to pass by an alley when a kid came running out and crashed straight into me. Having been knocked off balance, I would've fallen on my bottom and embarrassed myself in public a second time had Ashton not been there to catch me in time.

"Are you okay?" Ashton checked me anxiously for any injuries and let out a sigh of relief when he saw that I was fine. He then deliberately took up a stern tone and said, "From now on, you are to hold my hand tightly whenever we're in a crowded area!"

I stuck my tongue out at him mischievously before helping the child up as I asked, "Are you okay, kiddo?"

It wasn't until the child stood up that I realized she was a pretty little girl. I figured she wasn't wearing a mask because her parents feared they wouldn't be able to spot her if they lost her in the crowd.

The little girl was no princess and simply patted her bottom before saying with a bright smile, "Don't worry, ma'am! It doesn't hurt at all! I'm sorry for running so fast and bumping into you!"

What a polite and well-mannered child! On top of that, her voice sounds absolutely adorable too! Of course, not as adorable as my baby girl Audrey, though!

Feeling a lot better after hearing her apology, I generously handed her a stick of rock candy. "Here, this is a reward for bravely owning up to your mistake!"

"Thank you, ma'am! Thank you, mister!" The little girl thanked us both and waited till we gave her a nod before running back into the alley and disappearing into the crowded street on the other side.

Noticing that I was staring at the little girl, Ashton leaned in and whispered softly, "I think Audrey is way better."

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Of course! No one could possibly compare to his little princess!

As I knew Ashton would never agree otherwise, I simply ignored him and turned around to carry on walking.

I had barely taken a step forward when Ashton yanked me back toward him to check me for injuries a second time.

After taking a moment to confirm that I could stand just fine, he held one of my hands and interlocked our fingers as he said, "I just told you to hold my hand tightly when in crowded places, remember?"

I knew he was simply trying to find an excuse to hold my hand, but I didn't have any evidence to support my argument. As such, I had no choice but to walk hand in hand with him.

However, we didn't get very far before I felt something tugging at my right sleeve.

I turned around and noticed the little girl from before staring at me with puppy-dog eyes.

"What is it, kiddo?" I asked.

"Rock candy," she replied. Although she didn't say anything about wanting more, it was obvious from the sight of her licking her lips.

Did she finish it already? But it hasn't even been two minutes! "Didn't I give you one just now? Did you drop it or something?" I exclaimed in shock.

She shook her head and pointed at the street behind her as she replied, "It was my sister that you gave it to."

I shifted my gaze toward the direction she was pointing at and saw another girl who looked just like her. She was standing next to a food vendor and waving a stick of rock candy happily. It was an adorable sight to behold, but I felt a spine-chilling sensation spreading throughout my body instead. I then subconsciously handed the little girl my rock candy and only snapped out of it after she left.

Ashton and I continued strolling through the night market, but I couldn't seem to concentrate as my mind was all over the place.

It is indeed difficult to tell two completely identical people apart. What if I had an identical twin? Would the people around me be able to tell us apart?

I was so lost in thought that I didn't even notice Ashton falling behind. It wasn't until I had gotten really far that I noticed he wasn't next to me and quickly turned around.

There were tons of tourists on the busy street behind us, but Ashton's height allowed him to stand out in the crowd even though he was dressed rather plainly.

Even so, we were soon separated by a huge crowd crossing the street between us.

"The ninety-nine couples are about to make their marriage vows on stage! Head over now if you are interested in witnessing the event!"

As everyone was running toward their destinations in a hurry, I had to stand on my tiptoes just to see where I was going.

I used to think nothing of crowded places whenever I saw clips of them on television. I always thought it was just people being a little closer to each other, only to realize how hard they were bumping into each other when moving. A tiny and frail woman like myself could easily get lost and stuck in the crowd.

"Ashton!" I called out to him desperately as I felt my legs go weak from anxiety.

Despite insisting on us sticking together a while ago, he had disappeared completely from sight within seconds when the crowd began rushing about.

The next thing I knew, an arm had wrapped itself firmly around my waist.

I turned around immediately and saw Ashton leaning in close as he tightened his grip on me.

His sudden appearance caught me completely off guard, and I found myself frozen in shock for a couple of seconds.

“I’ll recognize you.” He then took a moment to catch his breath before continuing, “No matter where we are, no matter how many Scarletts are out there, I’ll always be able to recognize you instantly. Won’t you have a little more faith in your husband?”

I knew he had a strong understanding of human behavior, but I didn’t think he would notice such a subtle change in my facial expressions.

Regardless, my feelings of unease had nothing to do with him as they stemmed from my fear of the unknown. Unsure of what to say, I simply pursed my lips and kept quiet.

Ashton broke into a wry smile and gave me a comforting hug before holding my hand as he led me through the crowd. “For now, let’s go watch the couples make their vows. I’ll take you somewhere special later.”

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We soon arrived at the venue for the event and saw that the organizers had placed choral risers on the stage for the ninety-nine couples to stand on. That way, neither of them would have their faces blocked by the person standing in front of them.

Their wedding attires looked a lot more vibrant under the warm lighting, and the colors were reflected on the faces of the guests standing close to the stage.

Instead of the overwhelming euphoria that I experienced during Ashton's proposal earlier, seeing the couples boldly make their vows on stage had a kind of soothing effect on me. It helped suppress my feelings of unease temporarily, and I silently gave them my most sincere blessings.

Ashton then brought me out of there after the couples completed the ritual.

"If you like it, we can have people organize their weddings here every day," he said as we casually strolled down the street.

Knowing that he was trying to distract me, I teased him by asking sarcastically, "Aren't you supposed to do that for me alone? What, is it too expensive for you?"

Ashton arched an eyebrow at me and replied with a smirk, "I'm fine with that. You might not be able to handle it, though."

"Are you underestimating me? Besides, it's not like it takes a lot of effort to play the role of the bride. All I have to do is walk a few steps and sit in the carriage..." I mumbled softly as I followed behind him.

Ashton simply chuckled in response and said nothing further, which struck me as a little strange.

It wasn't until we moved further away from the crowd that I realized Ashton was headed outside of the area.

"Are we heading back now?" I asked as we got closer to the entrance.

I kind of feel like spending some time with him alone. It is our wedding night, after all. Honestly, it has been ages since I felt like just clinging to Ashton and spending lots of time just doing nothing in particular. Maybe it's because we've already gotten to that stage where everything is stable in the relationship.

"Not yet," Ashton replied and continued heading toward the parking lot.

He then found the black MPV that Joseph had parked there and opened the door before helping me into the car.

The car was empty, save for a laptop that Ashton began working on after sitting down.

He then pulled up a bunch of pictures on the screen and zoomed in on them so I could have a clearer look.

They were all pictures of “me” attending high-end social events with different men, but the woman in the picture obviously wasn’t me.

In the last picture, I was able to clearly see the incomplete photograph that was in the woman’s purse.

Although I had finally found out that the mysterious man was none other than Nathaniel, it was nothing worth being surprised about.

After all, Nathaniel was incredibly adept at making comebacks. Given how he had taken out the entire Hall family, it would make perfect sense that he was the mastermind behind everything.

“Feel safer now that you know who’s behind all this?” Ashton asked casually, showing no signs of pressure from Nathaniel’s actions whatsoever.

“A little, I guess.” I let out a long and deep breath and stared at the pictures on the computer in confusion. “Nathaniel hates the Hall family and has always wanted to be free from it. Why would he still do this to us now that he already got what he wanted?”

“Don’t bother trying to understand a madman’s logic!” Ashton replied with a sarcastic chuckle.

Having found someone to target my emotions at, I exclaimed angrily, “It’s really annoying, though. We could all go our separate ways and live our lives peacefully! Why won’t he just leave us alone?”

As much as I hate to accept this fact, there are always people who can’t stand others living happily and will do everything they can to

take that happiness away. When will this madness end? Are they planning on fighting until one of them is dead?

After taking a moment to calm myself down, I turned toward Ashton and suggested, "Should we take the initiative to arrange a meet-up with Nathaniel and see what he wants? It doesn't matter if he wants money, power, or even an apology. We'll just give him what he wants in exchange for him to leave us alone."