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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 821

In between running around after Ashton's needs and my own duties, I felt worn out pretty quickly.

As I emerged from his office after helping him dispatch documents, Leedon approached me with a bottle of water. "Looks like Mr. Fuller is here to keep an eye on his wife!"

"You've misunderstood, Leedon," I said hurriedly as I blushed. "He hurt his hand yesterday and it's inconvenient for him to do many things, that is why he's here today."

"I don't think so," he said with a wink. "Or he wouldn't call you away when Mr. White started a conversation with you!"

I was taken aback for a moment and joined in the laughter as well.

Leedon was right, though. Whenever Marcus started speaking to me, Ashton would interrupt with a call and I would have to attend to him, leaving Marcus in mid-sentence.

"It's going to be a long day of work for you," Leedon teased.

Well, I'd say!

As we conversed, Marcus distributed a bag of fruits amongst the employees. "Scarlett," he said as he approached me. "My assistant had brought over some fruits. Take a break and have some!"

Before I could reply, my phone rang shrilly.

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Leedon failed to stifle his laughter. "Ms. Stovall, looks like you're wanted." He helped himself to an apple.

I sighed. True enough, it was Ashton who called.

"I want some water," came Ashton's low voice on the other end.

I smacked my forehead in exasperation. "Didn't I leave a glass on your table?"

"I've finished it!"

"Alright, I'm coming."

I hung up and looked at Marcus. "I'm so sorry, I have something to attend to."

Without waiting for his reply, I turned to head to the office.

Ashton leaned back lazily in his chair with his earpiece; his meeting was still ongoing. I glimpsed at the untouched glass of water on his desk.

I was speechless with indignation. "You haven't touched it! Why did you summon me for?"

He's like a child.

Ashton glanced up at me. "Joseph poured me a glass after I called you," he lied shamelessly. "He'd brought some cakes too. Why don't you cut me a slice?"

"Why couldn't he prepare everything for you before leaving?" I grimaced.

"He's busy!" Ashton said and resumed his meeting.

I was speechless but complied with his request.

"Here you go," I said, pushing a slice before him.

"You're not having any?"

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"I'm on a diet, aren't I?" He said that I was fat earlier today, but he still allowed me to have sweet things like cakes?

"Alright, meeting adjourned," Ashton said to the screen.

He removed his earpiece and glanced up at me. "What would you like to eat?"

Me? What?

"Ashton, I'm still at work!" I said, outraged.

"No problem, I'll have Joseph deliver something." He nodded, unfazed.

"I'm not hungry!" He's such a troublemaker.

Ashton said nothing of my obstinance. He left the cake before me and typed away slowly on his computer. He wasn't as fast as he usually was with an injured arm.

I opened my mouth but had nothing of use to say that would be helpful to him.

A knock sounded on his door. "Come in!" Ashton called.

It was Rebecca who had a lunchbox in her hand. At the sight of me, she stopped in surprise. Recovering herself within seconds, she gazed at Ashton's arm in concern and said, "Oh, Ash, what happened to your arm? I've made some broth for you."

As she spoke, she strode to the side of his desk and opened the lunchbox for him in a gentle and loving manner.

"It's nothing, thank you for your concern," Ashton replied politely but firmly.

Rebecca tried a different tactic. She conjured an expression of guilt and said, "It was all my fault. I shouldn't have thrown a tantrum when you were driving. I promise you I won't do it again."

"It's nothing," Ashton repeated coldly.

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Rebecca stood with her arms folded and watched him type an email slowly. "Ash, are you sending an email?" she said quickly. "Why don't you have some broth and I'll finish typing that for you."

She approached Ashton with the intention of pulling his keyboard toward her, but he snatched it away.

"This is a work matter," he said sternly. "It is inappropriate for outsiders to handle them. These are confidential!"

Rebecca's outstretched arm froze. She withdrew it slowly and smiled stiffly. "You're right. I shouldn't have tried to interfere. I'm sorry, Ash. I acted rashly."

"It's fine." Ashton's voice was cold.

I took the opportunity to slip away back to my own work now that Rebecca was here. Before I could do so, Ashton looked up and caught me. "Scarlett, come over here and help me type out this email!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 822

"Oh, I'm not a fast typist," I replied, startled.

"That's fine. I'll dictate, and you type," Ashton said impatiently as he stood up for me to take his seat.

He pulled me to his chair before I could protest. "Fuller Corporation and its subsidiaries..." Ashton began his narration.

After a few paragraphs, I couldn't take it any longer. "These are your work documents, so it's not appropriate for me to be looking at inside information of the company."

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"My arm is injured," he said stubbornly.

I didn't know what to say to that, so the only thing I could do was what he wanted.

Rebecca stood at the corner of the room, her exquisite face looking pale.

After a continuous couple of days of frantic activity for the Lavelian Village project, we finally had the chance to take a break.

To our surprise, Harvest Festival was almost upon us. Back in the city, I racked my brain for a way to apply for a leave from Armond for a trip back to K City.

I had been on the phone with Summer every night for the past couple of days. She told me that she missed me, and my eyes welled up with tears every time I heard that.

On a Saturday afternoon, Ashton had invited Armond for a discussion regarding the next phase of the Lavelian Village project. Since I had nothing to do, I planned to return to the villa to pack and head back.

However, Rebecca's phone call was unexpected. "Scarlett, do you have a moment?"

I had a bad feeling about it and rejected her outright. "I'm sorry, Ms. Larson. Now is not a good time. You can say what it is you need over the phone."

"It's nothing important," she laughed lightly. "It's just that I have heard you had a near-death experience in a freezer, and I would just like to offer my sympathy."

I froze. How did she know about that?

"Thank you for your concern, Ms. Larson."

"Such a pity that you're busy at the moment, Ms. Stovall," said Rebecca. "I was thinking of talking to you about that incident. Perhaps another time, then."

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Ashton was supposed to investigate the matter. It had been such a hectic few days that I had completely forgotten to follow up with him. And now Rebecca called me out of the blue to discuss this. Does this have anything to do with her? Or could it be...?

"Rebecca, what exactly do you mean?" I asked impatiently.

"Oh, it's nothing. I didn't want Ash to tire himself out over you, so I hired someone to do a little digging on my own and I've found something interesting. If you're busy today, forget about it."

"Text me the venue," I said and headed straight to the bedroom and grabbed a coat.

She agreed to and hung up.

The venue was a café which wasn't hard to locate. Rebecca was already seated when I arrived and was admiring the scene outside the window with an elegant air.

She knew that I was here but did not deign to look at me at first. She narrowed her eyes and took another sip of her coffee. "It tasted its best when it was bitter. It's not the same after adding sugar."

I did not respond to that. I did not enjoy anything bitter whether it was food or life.

I ordered a glass of juice for myself. Rebecca remained silent the entire time. "Ms. Larson, are we here for the pleasure of my company?" I asked with impatience.

"Of course not!" she laughed.

Rebecca took a few more sips before looking at me again. Her gaze fell onto my neck and a smirk played on her lips. "Ash paid for two necklaces the other day. I was wondering who the other one was for. Apparently, it was for you!"

I touched the necklace absentmindedly. It was gifted to me by Ashton the other day over a meal.

I did not egg her on. I knew exactly what she wanted to say and was determined not to give myself a reason to be unhappy.

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“Why don’t you ask me how I knew about that?” she said with a wicked smile.

“I have no interest in knowing,” I snapped as I took a sip of juice. It tasted too sweet to be freshly squeezed.

Rebecca shrugged as if she was unperturbed by my rudeness. “I had planned on inviting you out for crabs, but I’ve had so many of them over the last few days. How were the crabs that he’d brought back for you? Did they taste good?”

The glass in my hand shook at the mention of that. I looked up and found her leering at me.

So that was why he did not come home the past couple of days. He has been having dinner with her.

I did my best to control myself. “So, are you here to gloat at me or what?”

“Of course not. But I really do like crabs since I was a little girl. Ash remembered all this time. When I arrived at A City the other night, he took me straight for crabs. I do apologize for the ordeal you went through that night though. It was completely unexpected. Thank goodness you are fine.”

It sounded insincere and hollow. “It has nothing to do with you,” I said with an indifferent laugh. “I am thankful for the incident because it showed me just how much Ashton loves me.”

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