

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 420

I walked toward the car and bent down to open the door.

However, I was interrupted before my hand made contact with the cool metal.

“Please, allow me!”

The man’s low, clear voice was familiar to me.

I reflexively lifted my eyes. A wave of astonishment washed over me as recognition clicked in my head. I realized in a split second that the developer in question was none other than Ashton.

Joseph appeared to be taken aback too. He flinched when he met my gaze before withdrawing his hand. He backed away and gestured toward the car. “Please.”

I went rigid. It would be a lie to say that I was unruffled, but the shock only lasted for a brief moment.

I quickly regained my composure and opened the car door with deference.

A pair of polished leather shoes appeared, followed by the man’s slender physique. He stood tall, his gaze shrewd but indifferent.

He glared frostily at Joseph, his imposing voice brimming with displeasure as he spoke, “Joseph, you...” He faltered midsentence. His hands, which were straightening his suit moments ago, froze in midair as if someone had cast a spell on him.

His sudden silence garnered the attention of everyone present, and they peered over with curiosity.

I frowned, loathing the unsolicited spotlight.

It took a while for him to collect himself. The hotel staff began to fidget uneasily, suspecting that they had butchered the welcome somehow.

Joseph knew him best. When he noticed the depth of Ashton's gaze on me, he cleared his throat and broke the awkward silence. "Mr. Fuller, let's head into the hotel to get some rest!"

Perhaps it was a hallucination, but I could sense his body quivering ever so slightly—whether it was due to excitement or ire would be a mystery.

After a long standstill, he tore his eyes away from me and wordlessly entered the hotel, escorted by a swarm of people.

He exuded a unique aura that made him stand out no matter where he went.

I watched his broad back and sighed. This is a reunion of sorts, but we are nothing more than strangers. The bitter irony was not lost on me.

The throng of people that surrounded him was so thick that I barely managed to squeeze past them to press the elevator button—a feat that would have been impossible had it not been my status as the hostess.

I was not paying attention to where I was going and tripped on someone's feet. I lost my balance and fell face-forward to the ground.

My knees hit the ground with a thud, and the pain shot up my thighs, spreading through my whole body. A hiss of agony escaped my lips.

In any other situation, my embarrassing predicament would have blown over quickly. After all, it was understandable that one would fall over in such a hectic environment.

However, I never expected Ashton to stop in his tracks and approach me. He pulled me to my feet without hesitation.

Time had been good to him. He had grown even more handsome in the past four years. "Are you hurt?"

I shook my head and found my footing. Retracting my hand from his grip, I gave him a faint smile. "I'm fine!"

Faking a tough exterior, I endured the pain in silence as I staggered to the elevator.

Colin introduced me to Ashton once we stepped into the elevator. "Mr. Fuller, this is Ms. Stovall, otherwise known as Scarlett. She is in charge of reception at the hotel and will be arranging your itinerary for the next few days. Please feel free to approach her if you have any inquires."

Ashton's eyes riveted on me as he replied impassively, "Alright."

I would have believed his calm facade had I not noticed the tremble in his hand, which was shoved in his pocket. The movement was so imperceptible that it almost escaped my notice, but it was hard to miss when I had my head down the whole time.

Colin swiped the key card to the room and left to attend to other matters. Joseph looked at me and spluttered, "Mrs. Fu— Ms. Stovall, you can go over Mr. Fuller's schedule with him. I have some tasks to do!"

I pursed my lips. Under normal circumstances, shouldn't I be arranging Ashton's schedule with Joseph? So why am I going over it with Ashton himself?

Joseph scuttled away, leaving the two of us in the room. Ashton reclined on the sofa, looking weary and worn out.

Work was work, and I had my responsibility to fulfill. The silence stretched on, but Ashton seemed reluctant to talk. I figured he was tired and did not want to discuss work at the moment.

"Mr. Fuller, you must have had a long day. Why don't you rest for now? I can go over your schedule with your assistant later," I suggested.

After saying my piece, I turned to leave.

His sonorous voice sounded behind me. "We've already met, so why are you still trying to avoid me?"

Stunned by his candor, I came to a halt. I turned to look at him and replied serenely, "You're reading too much into it, Mr. Fuller. You're our guest, so it is customary to let you get some rest before discussing work."

His obsidian eyes bore into me, complex emotions lurking in the depths. Curving my lips in a smile, I continued, "Please rest well, Mr. Fuller. Should you have any problems, feel free to approach me during my working hours."

With that, I left the room. I was not escaping him, truly.

I knew since the day I left J City that our paths would cross sooner or later. I had accepted the inevitable and braced myself for this day.

Everyone carried their own baggage. There was no reason why I should be weighed down by mine.

My knees were throbbing in pain when I got back to my office. I pulled up the hem of my slacks to reveal a huge bruise that looked rather swollen.

“It’s such a rarity to see you so elegant and poised, and yet you’ve injured yourself. Don’t wear heels in the future,” Colin chastised as he entered the office, not bothering to conceal his concern for me.