

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 625

I chewed my lips subconsciously, feeling awkward under her stare.

I recollected myself and replied to Ashton, "I'll blow-dry it in a bit." I usually avoided the hairdryer except during winter, as it was bad for my hair quality.

Ashton knitted his brows as he stared at me somewhat sternly. Then, he turned to Rachel and said, "Put the Marketing Department in charge of promoting the AI. You can settle the rest with Joseph."

Rachel frowned as she took a covert glance at me. "Mr. Fuller, we need you to review all these materials personally before we can—"

"You may leave now," Ashton cut her off before looking at me out of the corner of his eye. He waved me over. "Come here!"

I walked towards him. Rachel glared at me darkly, probably angered by my distraction.

She left in a fit of irritation.

Ashton embraced me as he coaxed, "If you don't blow-dry your hair, you'll catch a cold."

As he was talking, he took the towel in my hand and began patting my hair dry.

I nodded in response and pretended to look at my nails. Hmm, they're getting a bit long. I should cut them soon.

His gentle stare was starting to burn a hole in the side of my head. I turned to face him and his magnetic gaze.

"Is there something on my face?" Instinctively, I lifted my hand towards my face. Rubbing at the possibly non-existent stains, my uncertainty grew.

He burst into laughter as a hint of humor flashed across his eyes.

“No!” He seemed to be holding back his laughter as he answered me.

Nodding, I asked, “Are we having lunch together later?”

“Is there anything you’d like to eat?”

“Anything’s fine!”

He nodded in agreement, though he didn’t specify what we were going to eat.

Despite Joseph’s several reminders on the meeting with the people from Granatano, Ashton made sure to dry my hair thoroughly first.

Ashton didn’t share even a hint of Joseph’s anxiety. Instead, he had Joseph bring over a set of clothes for me and only left for the meeting after I’d changed.

His actions induced both a sense of helplessness and poignancy in me.

Rachel suddenly entered the office to my shock. I addressed her, “He has gone for his meeting.”

She nodded and appeared a bit put out before placing some documents on his desk.

However, she didn’t seem like she was in a rush to leave. Instead, she stopped in front of me as if she had something to say.

I stared at her directly. "Ms. Zimmer, do you have something to say?"

She didn't say anything but merely sat down in front of me. She only spoke once we were eye-to-eye. "Mr. Fuller's been getting home late recently, hasn't he?"

I raised my brows at her but didn't respond.

She smirked and tossed out her next question nonchalantly. "Aren't you curious?"

"You can just speak directly, you know." I wasn't well-versed in the art of dallying with awkward acquaintances.

Her lips curved as she spoke in a smug tone. "Since the AI technology is going public, we've been working together till late every day. Sometimes we're so busy we even forget to take dinner. Luckily Mr. Campbell is always so attentive and comes by to remind us not to skip our meals."

Then, she bared her claws. "Scarlett, you're in a far too different world from him. He needs someone who can keep up with him and support his career."

I looked at her, the lipstick mark on the collar of Ashton's shirt suddenly coming to mind.

I wasn't angry and merely replied indifferently, "I've always believed that courtesy and elegance are values that every mother passes down to her daughter, but I guess not every woman is lucky enough to have a mother."

"Y-You..." She glared at me, infuriated by the blow I'd taken at her.

I scoffed, “Ms. Zimmer, no one is doubting your professional skills and talents. But I’m sure Ashton and I share the same thoughts when it comes to the other aspects of your character. Honestly, though, I am rooting for you.”

She scrunched her brows in confusion.

At that point, I was the one smiling cryptically at her.

The stare-off ended shortly after as she left the room, looking somewhat discomfited.

Soon, it was time for lunch.

Ashton chose a restaurant serving Chanaean cuisine. The dishes were lightly seasoned and generally on the sweeter side, which rather suited the female palate.

“Do you have any plans this afternoon?” Ashton asked as he busied himself refilling my plate.

I paused for a moment and shook my head. “I don’t have anything planned for now.”

He didn’t ask any more questions after that. After I finished eating, he placed his hand on mine and said apologetically, “I’ve been quite busy these days. I’m sorry I haven’t been able to spend much time with you.”

I chuckled and shook my head. “It’s okay. You don’t have to apologize for that.”

I was stuffed from lunch thanks to the feast he’d ordered. He pulled me up from my seat while saying, “Let’s go for a walk. We need to burn off some of that food.”

Since there was still time to spare, I ended up ambling aimlessly around the city with him.

The sidewalks were crowded. As we were crossing the road, he pulled me tightly against him. He turned his head and said, "Stay close to me and don't wander off."

He's acting like some dad reminding his daughter to be careful. I couldn't help but smile at his words. As I tilted my head upwards to look at the bright sky, I caught sight of the envious stares from the pedestrians around us.

Ah, I almost forgot about his ability to always stand out in the crowd.

There were many youths out and about that day. Just across the road, I saw a couple caught in a tight embrace, looking as if they couldn't bear to be apart.

We neared the couple after crossing the road. I tugged on Ashton's shirtsleeve, catching his attention. "Huh? What's up?"