

# 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.

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?”

“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.

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!”