

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 421

The rest of the staff filed into the office. They caught sight of Colin passing an ointment to me but ignored us promptly.

Since it wasn't a serious injury, I shooed Colin away. "I'm fine. Go and do your work!"

Thinning his lips, he glanced at me, then at the female employees who were staring in our direction before complying.

Just then, Joyce returned to the office as her shift had ended. When she noticed the medical plaster on my knee, she mocked, "The sight of a wealthy and influential person must have weakened the knees of an uneducated peasant like you. Such a disgrace!"

I pressed my lips together but did not retaliate. Although I was in a rush just now, I knew the true reason I had tripped.

I knew everyone working in the hotel, and there had only been a few people around me at that time. It made sense that Joyce, who had been standing closest to me, was the culprit behind my injury.

After tending to my bruised knee, I walked to the water dispenser and filled a cup with boiling water.

I neared Joyce and asked coolly, "Your face or hand — what's your choice?"

Her face turned a ghastly white when she noticed the hot water in the cup. "Scarlett, what are you trying to do? I'm warning you. My father is the county mayor of R Province. If you dare lay a finger on me, I'll make sure you regret it for the rest of your life."

I nodded nonchalantly, unfazed by her threats. "I suppose I'll just wait and see!"

Before she could react, I seized her arm and poured scalding water on her porcelain skin. She screamed in agony, but I kept my grip on her and emptied the cup.

As she thrashed around in pain, I said emotionlessly, "Ms. Newton, please plan your schemes better next time. I will let you off easy this time, but I fear your pretty face will have to bear the consequences if this happens again."

"You—"

I cut her off as a thought struck me. "By the way, since you claim that your father is such an important official, it might be good for him to retire now. After all, R Province never flourished under his management despite its advantageous environment. Our economy has been stagnant for the entire time he was in office. It's about time he stepped down."

With those parting words, I took the ointment and left the office.

By the time I reached the ground floor, Colin had pulled up at the entrance. "Get in!" he beckoned.

I raised an eyebrow and was prepared to reject his offer when I remembered my limping gait. Resigned, I slid into the car and put on my seatbelt.

His gaze swept over me. "I'll drop by the pharmacy to buy medicine before sending you home," he announced.

I looked down at my ankle, which had almost doubled in size by now, and did not protest.

"You and Ashton know each other?" Colin blurted after we had long since left the hotel.

I froze before chuckling humorlessly. "Do I look like someone who has connections with the filthy rich?"

He pursed his lips and contemplated solemnly. "Yes!" There was a lapse before he continued, "He was staring at you the whole time just now. It looks like things are complicated between you two."

Smiling, I didn't admit nor deny his speculation.

By the time I reached home, I had given up battling my swollen ankle and slumped unceremoniously in a rattan chair.

Unexpectedly, I fell into a slumber, only to be awoken by a loud knock on the door.

Streaks of tears wetted my face.

It had been a long time since I last cried or dreamt of that child. He had grown up well. He looked healthy and was heavier than I remember.

The incessant knocks on the door urged me to hurry up. I wiped away my tears and splashed some water on my face to wake myself up.

I swung the door open.

To my surprise, Ashton appeared in my line of sight. Backlit by the sun, a golden halo surrounded his lean frame. His expression was somber, and his dark eyes were deep as ever. His Adam's apple bobbed when he saw me, giving away the churning emotions within him.

A large hand grasped mine before I could utter a word. "I can't do it. I can't act like I don't know you. I've tried to let you go for the last four years, but you're stuck in my head. I can't forget you," he admitted.

He has changed!

He's not the same anymore. The Ashton I knew would never say anything so corny.

I sighed softly and withdrew my hand. "Mr. Fuller, please come in for a seat," I offered, my tone courteous but distant.

I suppose I wasn't too astounded. This encounter was not filled with heartache and yearning as I had imagined. Four years was enough to heal a lot of wounds.

Even my resentment for him had faded into nothing.

He stepped into the yard and sat on the rattan chair. I offered some fruit I had picked the day before as I would any guest. A smile stretched across my face, but my tone was detached. "This is home-grown. The texture is lovely if I do say so myself. Please have a taste."

He stared at me, his gaze deep and unwavering. After a long moment, he nodded and took a small bite of the peach.

He savored the fruit before looking at me. "It's sweet," was his earnest compliment.

I nodded in response. Four years had stolen my love for chatter.

At that moment, Colin came home with Summer and Michael. He faltered when he saw the man in our yard. However, as a man of culture, he quickly composed himself and bowed his head in greeting. "Good evening, Mr. Fuller!"

Realizing that Ashton had no recollection of Colin, I interjected, "He's the hotel manager."