

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 762

I felt as nonplussed as Armond looked. We both thought that Ashton was prepared to give me the scolding of a lifetime.

Rachel's look of shock on her tear-streaked face told me that she did not expect Ashton to be this lenient with me as well.

I hesitated for a fraction of a second but repeated my sincere apology toward Rachel.

Ashton looked down at her. "Ms. Zimmer, I, too, am sorry for whatever transpired today. I will be sure to make the arrangements to see that you are compensated for."

He was indifferent but cunning about how he had crafted that sentence.

Rachel was deathly pale as she stood up. She gazed at Ashton with disappointment but was unable to say anything more.

All of a sudden, Joseph appeared and took her away to the hospital.

Armond had nothing more to say as well. He exchanged several words of courtesy with Ashton and promptly departed.

After they left, Ashton and I remained where we were. I hung my head and prepared myself for the telling-off I was about to receive.

"I shouldn't have hit her," I blurted out. "I won't do it again."

"If you didn't hit back, she'd walk all over you," he said with an unflinching gaze at me.

I was shocked, to say the least. I looked up at him quizzically.

Ashton gently lifted up my sleeves and frowned at my scratch scars. "Did you return the favor?"

I nodded. "I did, but I trimmed my nails a few days ago, so I think they didn't hurt her. I did pull out some of her hair, though."

Ashton gazed at me with a crestfallen expression written across his handsome features. "You could have used your fists or, at least, kicked her."

I fought down a smile. "I'm not like men who fight with fists and feet. Actually, it was a good thing that Linda had drenched her before the fight got too out of hand."

Ashton eyed me with some playful disdain. "Two of you ganging up on a woman, and you still managed to get yourself hurt. You weren't even the one who threw the water! If Linda weren't here, would Rachel have kicked your ass?"

I was speechless and hung my head like a guilty child. "If Linda weren't here, I wouldn't have dared to start a fight," I said in a small voice. "I wouldn't have been able to beat her anyway. She's too vicious!"

Ashton grunted and turned to leave at that.

I followed closely behind him but squatted down after a couple of steps. My heart filled with joy at every step he took that led him further from me.

Ashton turned to look behind him when he did not hear me anymore. "What is it?" he asked.

"I'm hurt. I can't walk." I remained squatted and pretended to be injured.

He was near tears with exasperation. "Just tell me. What should I do with you?"

I racked my brain for a moment. "Could you carry me out of here?"

Ashton laughed helplessly. "Is your leg injured?"

"No!" I said, with a shake of my head.

"Then why would I carry you?"

"You would if you love me!" I said in a huff and got up to walk.

I knew that he wanted me to say it out loud, but if it had to be forced, it'd lose its meaning.

Ashton looked at me with a twinkle in his eye. As I walked past him, he swept me up roughly in his arms.

I was startled by the sudden movement. "Ashton, you jerk!" I squealed.

He grunted without saying much else.

As we exited the corridor, the employees of the base caught sight of us and stared.

They had an odd expression on their face. I wouldn't blame them. After all, they were under the impression that Ashton and Rachel were something of a couple given their closeness.

Especially since that day when we had dinner with Channing, Ashton did not bother to correct Channing's assumption that he and Rachel were an item, thus accidentally condoning the rumors.

As time passed, that notion became the default in everybody's minds.

Now that Ashton and I were this intimate under the public eye, it might attract some very unwelcome gossip and speculation about us.

Ashton acted as if he hadn't noticed anything. He carried me straight to the office and plopped me down onto an empty chair.

"Where're you going?" I blurted, seeing as he was about to leave.

"I'm getting a first aid kit," he answered, turning around to look at me. "Do you intend for those to turn into scars?"

"Of course not!" I shook my head.

As his tall and thin frame departed, I pored over the documents that Joseph had neatly arranged in a pile.

They were mostly the minutes of recent meetings that they've had, nothing important. I got bored of them quickly.

Ashton returned soon after with a first aid kit in hand.

"Where else are you injured besides your arm?" he asked as he rolled my sleeve up.

I shook my head. It was common for girl-fights to just bear some scratches on non-vital areas. They would heal up soon enough.

It wasn't even anything serious; Ashton was just overzealous.

I couldn't help but feel a surge of emotions as I watched him tend to my wounds with such tenderness.