

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 437

I raised my brow. "What is there to explain?"

"Your daughter's identity and your relationship with Mr. Johnson," she stated seriously.

I grinned. "It's up to others however they want to perceive it."

"If you don't clear the air, they will think that their speculations are correct." She started getting anxious.

I asked her, "Do you think that it's true?"

She froze for a while and replied timidly, "It does feel like it's a true story after hearing it umpteen times."

I maintained my composure. "I like the environment here in R Province and brought Summer here to start our new life. I didn't think much about it."

"What about Summer's father?" Abigail was a curious young girl.

The waiter served our food. "It's rather late. Let's eat and go back soon."

She stopped asking me questions.

I buried myself with work when we got back to the office. Although it was a small hotel, my to-do list seemed endless, with me wearing two hats at the same time.

When I focused on my work, I would usually neglect the surroundings, be it a severe cough or a pin drop silence.

About ten minutes later, my shoulders felt tired. I got up and was about to fetch a glass of water.

As I turned, I was startled by the man behind me. "Since when did you get here?"

I regretted the moment those words left my lips because the tone was too casual. It would definitely suggest an unexplainable affair between us, as others had perceived.

"A while ago." Ashton cast a gentle gaze at me. "Go get some water."

When I came back to my place, he had already pulled a chair next to mine and was skimming the documents on my desk. A myriad of expressions showed up on my colleagues' faces, from surprised, perplexed, to curious. Some kept staring at us, whereas the others tried to peek from their seats.

He took the glass from me and drank from the same spot I did. Someone coughed at the sight of it. This feels odd.

I frowned, but did not voice my disapproval. I returned to my desk and attempted to finish my work.

Rather than interfere, Ashton waited quietly beside me until I paused.

"Are you done?" he finally spoke.

Nodding, I kept the files.

"What do you want to have for dinner?" He asked outrightly as if he had not noticed the strange looks on my colleagues' faces.

I'm pretty sure he did it on purpose. With this, I'm certain that the gossips will only get juicier about how flirtatious I am.

“Anything.” It was about time to get off work.

Colin delivered some documents to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, these files contain all the information about the hotel’s operations in the past two years. Please have a look.”

Ashton acknowledged. He did not read the documents, but passed them to me instead. With an arched brow, he ordered, “Take a look.”

Colin chuckled. “Mr. Fuller and Ms. Stovall seem to have known each other for a very long time.”

Did he say that intentionally?

Ashton gently brushed the stray hairs from my forehead to the back of my ear. “Yes, we’ve been married for seven years.”

No one expected that, including Colin. I could hear many gasped in disbelief. They were probably shocked to the core.

Ashton did not seem to be bothered by their reactions. He smirked when he noticed that I was glaring at him. “What’s wrong? As your husband and the father of Summer, am I so hideous that you have to pretend not to know me?”

He definitely did it on purpose.

My body stiffened. I pursed my lips shut.

Murmurs could be heard from every nook and cranny in the office. "She's Ashton's wife! Oh my goodness..."

It soon sent the entire office into a frenzy. Simultaneously, it also dismissed all sorts of rumors and unfounded claims.

I sighed. I'm pretty sure Colin must have said something, which caused him to make a trip to the office today and performed the surprise act.

"Are you done with work?" Ashton asked while holding my hand.

I nodded as I rose to my feet.

He looked at Colin. "Shall we have dinner together?"

Colin declined, "I'm talking Michael to see my mother tonight. You guys go ahead. We'll meet next time."

Then, we left the hotel and got into the car.

I stared daggers at him. "When did you arrive?"

"Not too long ago."

We chatted casually throughout the journey and everything seemed the same as before.

At the school, Summer was carrying her bag and standing in line when she saw Ashton from a distance. Her face beamed with joy.

She waved at him excitedly. In response, Ashton smiled and waved back at her.

“How’s Dr. Crest?” I brought up a name I’ve not mentioned for a long time.

With a stern look on his face, he held my hand. “He’s gone to W City and might settle down there.”

“Is he married?” It had been four years, and Macy was just like a passerby in his life.

“Probably not.”

“There’s someone he couldn’t forget?” I was eager to know.