

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 712

“Ms. Zimmer injured herself in my company building, so I have to take some responsibility. Occasionally letting other people benefit from the privileges offered to me wouldn’t hurt, either” Armond stated.

Ashton’s voice was low as he cut in, “It’ll make things easier for Ms. Zimmer. Go.”

Joseph nodded, helping Rachel enter the VIP elevator. However, Ashton showed no signs of getting in with them.

“Mr. Fuller?” Armond spoke up, puzzled.

“I’ll take this one,” Ashton replied simply, following Linda and me into the employees’ elevator.

It was lunchtime, and there were more people than usual in the elevator. His tall height and handsome looks made him stand out from the crowd, drawing many curious looks from the rest of the employees in the elevator.

“What is Mr. Fuller doing?” Linda was stunned.

He could have definitely fitted in that large VIP elevator with much more room to spare.

I had no idea why he was acting that way either and decided to keep my mouth shut.

The elevator stopped many times on the way down, and people kept getting off or getting on their respective floors. Somehow, in the midst of all the chaos, Ashton ended up standing in front of me, and I was being squished into a corner.

He was facing me, shielding me from the push and pull of the rest of the passengers in the elevator.

I felt awkward after having said so many cruel things to him yesterday. Fixing my gaze on the floor, I placed a hand on his chest in an attempt to widen the distance between us. He didn’t budge an inch, seemingly unbothered by my actions.

His eyes fell to my burnt wrist and furrowed his eyebrows.

The elevator stopped at yet another floor, opening up to let more passengers in.

Suddenly pushed by someone else, Ashton's body jerked forward, and he took a step closer to me as he readjusted his balance. There was barely a hair's breadth of space between us.

I pursed my lips and stayed silent, but the sound of my racing heartbeat was thumping in my ears. He glanced down at me, quietly murmuring, "We should be reaching soon."

The simple sentence instantly calmed me down, and we eventually arrived at our floor, just like he said.

Armond, Rachel, and Joseph were already waiting for us outside the elevator when we exited.

Ashton walked out in front of me, and Linda hung back to nudge me with her elbow. "The two of you were getting pretty intimate there, huh?"

My cheeks flushed red. "Nonsense!" I sputtered out, speeding up my pace to get away from her.

She followed behind me closely, giggling all the way.

Our group headed towards the restaurant. At the main entrance of the restaurant, Ashton said something to Joseph, and his assistant quickly left.

The two staffers accompanying Rachel noticed that her ankle didn't seem to have improved much. "Ms. Zimmer, should we get some ointment for you to relieve the pain?"

“No, it’s fine. I’m sure it’ll go away soon.” She gave them a gentle smile, which only motivated the two employees to help her even more.

They jumped to their feet, valiantly announcing, “Mr. Fuller, we’ll be going out for a minute...”

“There’s no need,” Ashton interrupted. “Joseph has already gone to buy ointment for her ankle.”

The two men shrank back awkwardly, giving each other a knowing stare. They were both adults; they knew what was going on.

Armond glanced at me. “Mr. Fuller is very protective towards Ms. Zimmer, I see. I should have thought of that beforehand and let Linda go to buy pain relievers for Ms. Zimmer as well as burn ointment, instead of having Mr. Campbell go out. It’s unsightly for a girl to have any scars.”

Linda jumped to her feet. “Right, I almost forgot about that! I’ll go buy some straightaway!”

And with that, she took off.

I gave Armond a smile. “Thank you.”

“No problem.”

Joseph soon returned, handing the plastic bag in his hands to Rachel. “Ms. Zimmer, should I help you to the infirmary to treat your injury?”

“No thank you, Mr. Campbell,” she answered, shaking her head. “I’ll handle it myself after I finish my meal.”

Linda also came back, nearly on Joseph's heels as she rushed into the restaurant. "I'll go wash my hands and then help you put this on!" she told me, giving me a box of burn ointment before leaving.

Almost immediately, Armond took the burn ointment from me and pulled a chair to sit down beside me. "I'll help you."

What?

Without waiting for a response, he took out the ointment and the cotton swab that had come with it. He carefully tugged on my hand and placed it on his thigh, squeezing out a bit of the cream and spreading it all over my burn wound.

Linda came back from the washroom, her mouth falling open when she saw us. "Mr. Murphy, you..."

"Is there a problem?" Armond glanced up at her.

"Nope! Not at all!" She quickly turned away, wiping her hands dry with a napkin.

The atmosphere around the dining table was strange and uncomfortable. The food had been ordered, but nothing had been served yet. Armond kept himself occupied by focusing on treating my burn wounds, while Ashton had on a stony expression. Everyone else instinctively turned a blind eye.

I felt as if I was sitting on needles, being watched so intently by several people at once. Armond looked unperturbed by the whole situation as if he had nothing to do with it.