

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 734

I was dumbstruck. “Are there such unspoken rules?”

She pouted before going on, “Tabitha and her fiancé were chatting and having a sweet couple time moments earlier. Tell me, what is her fiancé doing now?”

I turned to look. “He is cleaning the fishes.” I could not figure out what she was getting at.

She squinted her eyes and asked, “Would that be dirty and smelly?”

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I nodded, and she gave me a despised look before elaborating, “She did not bring the fruit when he and Tabitha were free. She chose to go over at this particular moment when Tabitha had gone away to wash the vegetables and when his hands are dirty and smelly. Don’t you think it is intentional?”

“It could be just a coincidence.” My eyes could not help following Rachel’s move, waiting to see what unfolds next.

Rachel walked over with a plate of cut fruit and smilingly placed it in front of Tabitha’s fiancé. “You have worked hard. Why don’t you take some fruit first?”

No one can be mean to a pretty lady smiling sweetly at you. He may not be interested in her, but it would have been rude for him to reject her offer outright. Thus, he politely declined by saying, “Thank you, but I am afraid it is not a convenient time for me to eat now.”

“No problem. Here you go.” Rachel casually picked up a piece of fruit with the toothpick and placed it next to his mouth. He had no choice but to open his mouth and ate the fruit. He was blushing when he mumbled a thank you with his mouth full.

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Rachel smiled sweetly and cooed, “Loosen up. Tabitha and I are friends, so we are friends as well. This is just a small gesture, so you don’t have to thank me.”

She turned around and fed Tabitha a piece of fruit as well, then head back to Ashton.

Nora nudged me with her elbow and said, "Did you see that? She teased the man right in front of his girlfriend, and she made it look so innocent. That is a siren. Whatever she does, no one will associate it with bad intentions. Now, watch Tabitha's fiancé."

I followed her gaze. He was blushing and started stealing glances at Rachel.

I pursed my lips and frowned, "Why did she do that?"

"For fun. She is trying to project an image of being kind and innocent. The people around her would feel she deserves to be pampered and will subconsciously indulge her. Look at how she is always sticking to Ashton. People who don't know any better would think they are a couple and sing praises about them."

Nora gave a wry look and continued her analysis. "When you were at the hotel earlier today, I am sure grandpa thought Ashton and she are husband and wife. She is an expert in using small gestures to mislead people. The undiscerning would easily fall for her tricks."

I had to agree with Nora's analysis. Indeed, I had thought Ashton was to be blamed for Mr. Oberick mistaking Rachel as his wife. In actual fact, Rachel was the one who projected that image by fussing over the old man as if she was Ashton's better half. Since Ashton kept mum about it, everyone just assumed she is Mrs. Fuller.

"So she is the siren?" Suddenly, I saw Nora's point.

Nora snapped her fingers and praised, "Bingo, smart lass. It is very easy to identify a siren. All you need to do is watch more soap operas and you'll be an expert in no time."

I was not interested in soap operas so I was clueless. I paused, then questioned, "What about the vixen?"

She raised an eyebrow and commented, "Look at Tessa. Since we got acquainted with her, what left the deepest impression on you about her?"

"The tales she told Ashton!" I blurted out without hesitation. I couldn't forget how she cooked up a totally alien version of what happened to us in Venria!

If we did not overhear their conversation, Ashton would have likely been misled by her.

Nora signaled in Ashton's direction and exhorted, "Look, she is throwing herself at your man. Aren't you going to check it out?"

I shook my head and said, "I had made my stand clear with Ashton. What goes on between the two of them has nothing to do with me. How can I, as the one who pushed him away, stop him from seeing other women. If I do that, I am no better than a siren or a vixen."

Nora rolled her eyes at me and condemned, "Now I realize Rachel is the siren, Tessa is the vixen and you are the moron. Make that a hopeless moron."

I knew she was anxious for me, so I kept my peace. Noticing she was keeping her eyes on Rachel, I reminded her, "Focus on cutting the vegetable, lest you cut your fingers."