

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 759

I tried my best to suppress my temper. "Ashton is a jerk. A d*mn jerk!"

Linda was about to ask me something but changed her mind. Instead, she stifled her giggle.

I knew that she was laughing at the way I vented my frustration about Ashton. My resentment, however, did not dissipate this easily. "How could I have a crush on Armond? His eyes are attractive, but that's about it. They're not good for much else."

"Scarlett, you could tell this to Mr. Fuller straight to his face, you know," Linda said as her lips twitched. "Why would you get yourself so worked up?"

"Tell him what?" I retorted. "He's a typical man without a freakin' brain! Ugh... Rachel has been so nice to him, and he fails to see it. Not just that, he fails to see how Armond and Nora are meant for each other. I do not like Armond at all, but this was the conclusion that he jumped to despite contrary evidence!"

"There, there. It's just a small matter, so don't be mad at it anymore," Linda said, still trying to conceal her amusement. "Anyway, I have something to attend to, so see you!"

"Why are you in a rush?" I frowned. "Aren't we supposed to go to the base together?"

"Um... Mr. Fuller is still staring at you, so I think he's expecting you to go with him. See you around!" Linda disappeared without waiting for my response.

Her hasty departure startled me. As I turned back towards the hotel, I was greeted by the sight of Ashton at the door with his arms folded. He gazed at me with his bright dark eyes, with a smile on his lips.

I just spoke ill of him. I definitely can't make amends with him this easily.

Besides, I wasn't planning on acknowledging him. I will go on my own.

Before I'd made a few steps, Ashton caught my arm. "Are you still angry?"

"No." I pursed my lips haughtily.

"I know that there's nothing between you and Armond. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said those things. It was my fault." His tone was equal amounts of amusement and exasperation.

"How could you be wrong? You're the president of a corporation! It was my mistake, not yours," I answered sarcastically as I was taken aback by his confession.

I threw off his grip and prepared to walk away from him.

However, he yanked me towards him until I was pressed against his chest. "Alright, let's call a truce," Ashton said. "I still have to get back to work. Let's head to the base!"

It felt like he was comforting a surly child rather than a sincere apology. I knew I was wrong to have blown it out of proportion too; it wouldn't do to stay mad at him.

"Let's never speak of this again," I said, looking up at him.

"Let's not," he agreed, smiling down at me as he did so.

I've always harbored the suspicion that Joseph was either listening or watching us as he always appeared exactly when he was wanted. In this case, he brought the car over when we were ready to leave.

Ashton squeezed me close to him and covered my eyes. "Get some sleep," he said quietly.

"I'm not sleepy," I said as I flung away his hand. "What're you trying to do, Ashton?" I asked with a look of confusion.

He stretched out to put up the partition before he said, "Was it not enough for you to be looking at me?"

I was stupefied for a moment but burst out laughing when I realized that he was jealous when I was distracted watching Joseph.

"Ashton, what on earth is going on inside that head of yours?" I gasped for breath. "I was just curious about Joseph."

"Curious about what?" he frowned.

"At how he seemed to turn up exactly when he was needed all the time? Does he monitor or eavesdrop on us?"

"Mrs. Fuller. I am doing neither," said Joseph frankly from the front. "I am alerted by Mr. Fuller whenever I'm needed. That is how I arrive quickly."

Ashton lifted my face with a finger under my chin. "If you ever had any doubts, you could just ask me. Don't stare at people."

"Ashton, are you actually jealous?" I was baffled.

Ashton had my cheek in his hand. With a faint smile, he leaned in and kissed me.

My eyes widened. We were in full view of Joseph, who was driving in front! How does this man not have any sense of boundaries?

I raised my arms to push him away, but he pressed his entire weight against me, rendering me immobile.

The journey wasn't long. Once we reached, Joseph tactfully parked the car outside of the entrance to the base and departed on his own.

I have always suspected that Ashton was something of a kissing addict.

If we had not already arrived at our destination, I was afraid that he would have sucked every bit of moisture out of me.

Ashton let go of me slowly, looking as if he was immensely satisfied. He rubbed my lips gently and said, "The okra worked!"

I was flabbergasted by this extraordinary statement. Why would he suddenly mention okras?

It took a while for me to recollect our conversation from the restaurant earlier when I had urged him to eat some okras. I blushed furiously and pushed him aside.

Meanwhile, Linda was already at the entrance to the base. She opened her mouth to say something but thought the better of it when she saw my odd expression.

I greeted her as normally as I could. "Is that why you left earlier? To wait for me here?" I smiled at her.

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She nodded and blocked my way with a smirk. After a brief deliberation, she said, "I recommend that you make yourself decent before heading in."

I blushed automatically. "Why? What is it?" I stammered.

Linda coughed and spoke in as normal a voice as she could muster. "Ashton has... a way with women, based on how he looks. You don't have to make it so obvious, we're all adults after all."

Confused, I pulled out my compact mirror to take a look. Oh, God! My lips were swollen, hair in a tangled mess, and even the hickey, which was originally quite subtle, now pulsed an angry red.

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Without thinking further, I rushed off to a washroom in the base to clean myself up.

Linda followed me close behind, her smile wide with glee. "Don't be embarrassed. It's normal!"

"Then why did you look at me in that manner earlier on?" I was speechless.

"I'm here to remind you that there is a large group of older men inside the base," Linda giggled. "If you went in there looking like this, it would be even more awkward!"

I blended the hickeys in with my skin tone as best as I could, but they still showed up like angry boils. I began to panic. "Linda, help me out here. It's not going away."

She rummaged through her purse and handed me a bottle of liquid foundation. "Try this. I get eyebags from staying up late at night, and this helps to hide them."

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She was right; it made my hickeys almost invisible. However, my swollen lips still made me anxious. "What about my lips? I can't hide them!"

"Why don't you wear a mask?" Linda suggested.

It was an excellent idea. "Where would I find one here in the base, though?"

Linda chuckled and procured one from her purse. "It's yours for the day."

"Thank you, Linda! You're a lifesaver!" She had everything I needed!

As we came out of the bathroom, we ran into Rachel again. She was clad in black from head to toe and looked very cool. Her makeup was heavier than it was in the restaurant.

The cold look of disdain she had when she caught sight of me only intensified her haughtiness and made her look even more beautiful.

As Rachel walked past, she passed a scathing remark. "It's one thing to pretend to not want it but another to deliver yourself. You should be ashamed."

This hurt me deeply.

Linda was well aware that Rachel was referring to me. "There are different ways of throwing yourself into a man's arms," she chimed in. "Some of us can throw ourselves into Mr. Fuller's arms without clothes, and he still wouldn't be interested."

"Who exactly are you referring to?" Rachel demanded. She withdrew all pretences at the sting of Linda's comment.

"Ms. Linda, you'd better clarify what you mean. Feeling brave by the presence of your friend here, are you? Not the usual little b*tch that you are?" Rachel shouted at Linda shrilly.

Linda wasn't a pushover and preferred to settle matters with fists rather than words. She swung an arm at Rachel. "Who're you calling b*tch, b*tch?"

Rachel returned the blow. "You are, you b*tch!" she yelled.

The two women exchanged progressively vicious threats as they yanked at one another's hair.

I was too flabbergasted to react. When their voices became too loud to ignore, I came to my senses and attempted to break up the fight.

Linda was pinned to the floor by Rachel, who grabbed fistfuls of her hair and screamed at the top of her voice. Impulsively, I grabbed Rachel by the hair, pulled her off Linda, and began to claw wildly at her body.

She was a strong woman and did not take my assault lightly. She wriggled with all her might, all four limbs flailing wildly in every direction as curses and insults spewed from her mouth.

Rachel screamed curses at us and our families. Foul words which we did not know existed were used with great ardor in her rage.

On the contrary, I was not as eloquent as her. "Rachel, you gold-digging b*tch!"

I recalled that Nora had once mentioned that Rachel could appear very demure and innocent but actually had a never-ending thirst for ambition and status.

No matter what profanities she employed, I always called her the same thing, because I knew that she was exactly that.

At last, even Linda had had enough. "Scarlett, you dimwit! Don't you know any other foul words?"

I myself did not know how I held back my laughter. She was right – it was always the same insult.

This battle between us had only ended when Linda came out from the bathroom and emptied a container of water over Rachel.

She sat drenched in the pool of water, weeping and screaming curses at us. Her coolness and dignity disappeared completely.

Linda threw the container aside and stood over Rachel. "Listen to me closely, Rachel. Don't think that men are interested in you just because you are good-looking. There are many beautiful women like you in the world whose lives are not going well, but they know their place and keep to themselves. They don't get involved with other people's spouses because that will only degrade themselves."

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