

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 909

I was on a call with Cameron when Ashton came to me and said, "We have the bidding at Oasis Hotel this afternoon. You should come with me."

Seeing the serious look on him, I hung up the call and frowned. "Do I have to go? I'm not involved in the tender anyway. Besides, I only know that it's to find a supplier for the project. If not, Rachel's two years of hard work would go to waste."

He handed me a black tie to let me help him with it. "I really think you should go with me. I can't be at ease if you're here alone. Tessa has been released from the police station, so I'm worried you might be in danger."

As soon as he said that, I creased my brow, puzzled. "What? She almost killed me! How can they let her go just after a night? Is law made for nothing?"

He pursed his lips and responded, "Since she did not inflict direct physical harm, the police can't lay any charges on her, so she can't be detained for more than twelve hours."

No direct physical harm? Upon hearing that, I almost fainted right there and then. "That was attempted murder! The police were even at the scene when it happened. How could there be no evidence? So they can only charge a murderer after the victim has died? How ridiculous!"

I could not help but fume as I thought about the times she had harmed me. First, she almost froze me to death in the hospital. And this time, I was almost killed by her again. How could they say there's no evidence of her crime when all this while she's been plotting my death?

Seeing that I was shaking with anger, Ashton placed his warm hands on me and calmed me down. "She found someone to bail her out. By the time my subordinates arrived at the police station, she was already gone."

"Huh? Who bailed her out?" Isn't she from a small county? And Tabitha told me that she did not have any close friends there. How could she have someone to bail her out?

"It was Derek Watson." Ashton grabbed my hand and brought me down to the entrance. Then, he asked me to wait for him while he went to get his car.

Mr. Watson? Linda's ex-husband?

A while later, Ashton drove over and picked me up. I looked at him and asked, "Why is he involved in this matter? I only know that there are some business relations between them. But why would he bail her out? That was her private matter."

He turned to me and sighed, "Have you ever look into Tessa's background?"

His question made me even more confused. When he saw me staring at him, he smiled and said, "They had a complicated relationship when they were young. And do you know that she had a tea business?"

His words reminded me that when we were in Venria, Tessa said that she used to have two houses and a Mercedes-Benz when she was in her twenties, and she even had two shops that sold tea leaves. Her assets were probably worth a few million. If she were from a wealthy family, I could understand why a young girl from a rural area could own so much, but she was not. Come to think of it, I realized there was more to her story than what she had told us.

I looked at Ashton, waiting for him to elaborate, but he hesitated and said, "I still need to investigate more before I could explain it to you."

Although Ashton did not tell me more, I somehow understood the situation. If one looked at Tessa closely, one could see that she had a slight saddle nose deformity and an asymmetrical jaw. She probably had plastic surgery ten years ago and failed to follow up for maintenance, so her facial features had turned crooked over the years.

"How about the things that happened yesterday?" The only one I could think of was him.

As Ashton drove down the road, he deliberated for a while and replied, "I don't think it's him. He wouldn't involve himself in this complicated matter."

When we arrived at the entrance of the Oasis Hotel, there were many people gathered at the door. They seemed as if they were there to welcome Ashton. I turned to him and asked, "Were you the one who arranged this?"

He shook his head. "It's not me."

Later, a middle-aged man with a potbelly came towards us as we walked into the hotel. I did not recognize him at first, but as he came closer, I realized that he was Derek. When he saw Ashton, he rushed over and greeted Ashton enthusiastically. "When I heard that you're inviting companies to rebid, I can't wait to come and join it. Mr. Fuller, I hope you won't ignore us this time."

Geez, this man is really awful!

I pursed my lips and held Ashton's arm. Derek then turned to me and smiled awkwardly. "Ms. Stovall, long time no see. You're still as beautiful as ever."

What I admired about Derek was that he never failed to put up a smile and ingratiate himself with the person he disliked even when both of them knew that they hate each other.

I pursed my lips and frowned, refusing to talk to him. I've not forgotten what he did at the bar, and I certainly won't let it slide. Seeing my attitude, he was not upset at all. He then humbly introduced his company to Ashton and curried favor with him.

On the other hand, Ashton remained silent the whole time, looking impassive as always. I wondered if he paid attention to Derek's words as I definitely did not listen to any of them.

However, there was one thing I wanted to comment on. I narrowed my eyes at Derek and said, "I see Mr. Watson is a man with multiple careers."

"Oh, Ms. Stovall, you've misunderstood! How could a person like me own a company? It's my ambitious wife who established the company. She's been aspiring to become a successful businesswoman for a long time. So, I took a day off to be here today to help her bid for this project."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 910

I gave him a faint smile. "Oh, so it belongs to your wife? Seems like I'm the one who had overthought. But I do hope to meet your wife one day."

Just then, the elevator arrived, and Derek changed the topic, ushering Ashton into the elevator. When we reached the destination, he excused himself and went away.

Ashton glanced at me and said, "You're normally a quiet person, but you're surprisingly chatty with Derek just now. Did he offend you before?"

I shrugged nonchalantly and found myself a seat to sit. "Not really, but he did infuriate me before. I really dislike him. He abandoned his wife and his child, and yet he still had the nerve to say that the company belongs to his wife. What a jerk!"

He looked at me curiously and asked, "How did you know about his background?"

I pursed my lips. "His ex-wife is Linda, and she is a single parent. He does not have a wife at all, so it was all lies. He was the one who owns the company. Hmph, I swear I've never seen such a corrupt person."

As I continued to badmouth Derek, Ashton gazed at me amusedly.

Suddenly, Rachel came over and passed a document to Ashton. When she saw me sitting beside him, she furrowed her brows, displeased with my presence. She probably thought that it was inappropriate for me to observe the tendering process.

I did not take it to heart and ignored her. After he looked through the document, he looked at her and asked, "Is Motha Group a financial investment firm?"

Rachel nodded in response. "It used to be an investment company, but it has changed into a small company recently, managed by a young girl. They are not doing so well, so you don't have to put this company into your consideration."

"Okay. Who would be their representative today?"

Rachel was surprised that Ashton would ask more about the company. "It's the daughter of the former chairperson, Scott Webster. Her name is Hailey Webster. She is still quite young. Rumor has it that she took over the deteriorating company not long after her father passed away. Currently, their business is just barely managing to get by."

He frowned, seemingly deep in his thought.

Half an hour later, the event started. Rachel had always been competent at work, so it was not a surprise that she could manage the entire tendering process without Ashton's guidance. Hence, he did not participate in the facilitation process but only observed the tendering among the members of the audience with me.

A few hours passed, and the big companies were finally done with their proposal presentations. I was about to fall asleep when a young lady with a cold, impassive face went up the stage, instantly catching my attention.

There was nothing special about her, but it was hard not to notice an adolescent who looked about seventeen years old presenting on the stage as all the other presenters were adults.

The girl was wearing a black dress, looking a little gloomy. She stood on the stage, swept a glance over the audience, and started to present her proposal calmly.

However, her proposal did not attract any attention from the audience. An expert in construction tendering would probably comment that her proposal did not have any points that stood out, so it was rather boring and general. Therefore, my attention was not on her presentation but on her face.

At first glance, this little girl looked rather low-spirited and had an air of melancholy around her, like a dead soul in a living body. I did not know why I would describe her in this way, but this was the feeling I got when I first landed my gaze on her.

Since the Motha Group was a small company, no questions were asked from the host, and she came down from the stage as soon as she ended her presentation. Nonetheless, I could not help but stare at her as she walked past me. Noticing that someone was looking at her, she glanced in my direction.

Our eyes met, and I felt inexplicably cold; there was not even a hint of warmth in this girl.

I averted my gaze and focused on Rachel, who was announcing the tender results on the stage. The Fuller Corporation was a big company, after all. Hence, many corporations were eager to win the bid as a deal signed with the Fuller Corporation would guarantee a huge profit to their companies.

After a detailed analysis of the tender documents submitted by the participating big companies, she decided to choose Derek's trading company in the end. The decision was fully entrusted to her as Ashton trusted her excellent capability at work.

Therefore, he made no further comments.

When the event came to an end, Rachel and Ashton still had some discussion to make, so I wandered around the room and saw the girl in a black dress standing at the entrance. As I got closer to her, I realized that she was staring blankly at a piece of art in front of her.

I believed humans had an instinct to seek only benefits and avoid danger. Standing in front of the girl, my gut told me to stay away from her and not to get involved with her. There were so many things about her that I was familiar with but unwilling to face.

When I was about to turn and leave, she suddenly called out to me. "I thought you wanted to chat with me."

I hesitated for a moment and turned around eventually. Looking at her dark brown eyes, I said, "Business is not suitable for you."

Unperturbed, she nodded. "I know."

I pursed my lips and cast my gaze on the poignant image in front of her. It seemed to be unrelated to the bidding. Perhaps it was left to be displayed here merely for aesthetic purposes.