

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 682

I tried to clear up the awkward tension in the air by making some small talk. “Mr. Murphy, have you had your breakfast yet?”

I almost forgot that my current job entailed looking after his meals.

He left my question hanging as he turned and headed into his office.

I wondered what I should do. In the end, I went downstairs to get some pastries for him. When I returned to the office, Armond was gone.

I didn’t see Linda either. That was when I realized that there was a meeting this morning. I hurried to the conference room.

The person who was presenting his slides stopped talking when I entered the room. My embarrassment grew when I noticed that everyone in the room had turned to look at me.

Erm, awkward much!

I addressed my apology to everyone in the conference room. “Sorry for the interruption! And sorry I’m late for the meeting.”

Armond was seated at the front of the conference room. He shot me an intense gaze before motioning for the presenter to continue.

The meeting seemed to last for ages, and my hangover didn’t make things any better. When the meeting finally ended, I got up to leave and was stopped by Armond.

“Scarlett!”

I slowed down and turned my head. I smiled awkwardly and addressed him. “Mr. Murphy!”

“Did you forget about the meeting today?” he asked sternly.

I nodded sheepishly before shaking my head in an attempt to clear myself of the funk I’d been in since this morning. “Mr. Murphy, I’m really sorry. That was an oversight on my part, and I promise it won’t happen again.”

He pursed his lips before continuing, “I don’t doubt your capabilities since you’ve been employed at both Fuller Corporation and White Corporation before. That’s why I hired you without going through an interview with HR. But this doesn’t mean that you can gloss over the regulations in Murphy Corporation. Scarlett, you have to treat every job you take on seriously since it’s now your responsibility.”

I nodded several times and answered sincerely, “Yes, I know!”

He frowned, apparently in a bad mood. He walked around me and left the conference room.

I sighed, still feeling uneasy about the whole situation.

Linda was waiting for me at the door. Sensing my dejected mood, she tried to comfort me, “Mr. Murphy is always this serious when it comes to working. You’ll get used to it after a few more days.”

I tilted my head to look at her, surprised and touched by her kind words. “Thank you!”

She smiled at me. “Everyone went through this phase as well. For us women, if we refuse to become housewives that are crippled without their husbands, we can only fight harder to establish our careers.”

I was stunned at her words. She started to walk away but stopped after a few steps. She turned back to me and said, “Oh right, I have a tip for you. Mr. Murphy likes sweets, though he doesn’t eat them very often. You can carry some sweets with you. Who knows, it might cut down the number of times he tells you off!”

That was unexpected. Armond has a sweet tooth?

“By the way, Mr. Murphy has gastric problems, so he can’t skip his breakfast in the morning. It would be good if you have some gastric medication with you at all times.”

Linda left after bestowing me with her advice. It took me a moment to get over my surprise at the new things I’d learned about Armond today. I then headed back to the office and collected a stack of documents meant for Armond.

He looked pale, and I thought he was still angry at me. Cautiously, I said, “Mr. Murphy, I’ve already reviewed these documents. They’re all good to go; they just need your signature.”

He mumbled his acknowledgment without looking at me. He continued reading the documents in his hand as I placed my stack on his desk. That was when I noticed that one of his hands was clutching his stomach.

Linda’s words came to mind as I realized he might be in pain from his gastric problems instead of being angry.

Seeing his intense concentration on the documents in front of him, I pulled out a few sweets from my pocket and placed them on the desk. I said apologetically, “Mr. Murphy, I’m really sorry about what happened this morning. Please have a few sweets first to stave off the pain, and I’ll head out to get you some medicine and food in a bit.”

He stopped whatever he was doing and met my gaze. His brows were raised as he asked with some humor, “Did Linda tell you about this?”

I looked at the sweets on the table and nodded. “Linda told me that you like to eat sweets. She also mentioned that you have gastric problems, so you can’t skip breakfast. I’ll remember these details in the future. I slipped up today, but I won’t repeat my mistakes.”

I grew nervous as I stared at him, and I took in a small breath to calm myself down. I tried to give him my most serious expression as I waited for his orders.

Suddenly, he smiled at me. He replied, "Just don't repeat it again. I'm fine, and you should get back to work. Let's have lunch together later."

I nodded eagerly.

I was still worried at his pallor and asked, "Are you able to bear the pain?"

He smiled placidly. "I've lived with this for a while now, so I'm used to it. Plus, it's almost noon, so I don't want to trouble you to go out now."

I nodded and said, "Then please have some sweets first and drink some water."

I left his office. Unable to shake off my concern, I went to the pantry and prepared a glass of warm milk.

My phone began ringing with a call from Nora. I picked up the phone. "Morning, have you eaten?"

"Not yet. Babe, I need your help!" Pots and pans clanged in the background, and I guessed that she was in the kitchen.