

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 815

I replied impassively, “Don’t worry, you’re not the only one who cared about the project. I care about it, too.”

She scoffed. “I don’t think so. Scarlett, I’ve really underestimated you. I initially thought that you’ve gotten Ashton to fall for you by sheer luck. But I guess I was wrong. Even though you look average, you seem to be good at seducing men. It’s no wonder Ms. Larson loses to you.”

I dried my hands and glanced at her. “Ms. Zimmer, I like how you’re always dedicated, professional, and cool-headed when you’re at work. But I would like you to be rational thinking in your interpersonal relationships as well. I’m indeed not as good as you, but that doesn’t mean that I’m a good-for-nothing. Perhaps it was sheer luck that Ashton had married me. However, do you think that one can rely on pure luck to get through all the challenges in a ten-year marriage? Don’t be so narrow-minded, Rachel. You don’t get to judge if one is worthy of something.”

Then, I continued, “Besides, as a well-educated person, I hope you can utilize your thinking skills when you are trying to make sense of a situation. Yes, Marcus and I know each other. Him liking me doesn’t necessarily mean that I must have seduced him or tricked him to get on his good side. Have you ever thought about the reason why two of these outstanding men fall for me? And why do other people admire your capability at work, yet they are not interested in getting to know you more? Life is not all about work, Rachel. When a man loves a woman, he is not just attracted to her appearance and her ability. It was the warmth that they give one another that keeps them together.”

I said that not because I hated Rachel. On the contrary, I had always thought that she was admirable and deserved to be loved. I did not hate her, at least for now.

By the time I came out from the restroom, I saw Ashton, Joe, and Rebecca in the lobby.

Ashton was sitting on the couch, smoking. The billowing clouds of smoke shrouded his face.

Meanwhile, Rebecca put on her innocent facade and tugged at Joe's sleeve. "Joe, Ms. Stovall and Mr. White seem to be quite close to each other. He treated her like she is someone special to him."

Joe took a glance at Ashton and rebuked her, "Stop talking nonsense!"

Oblivious to the change in Ashton's demeanor, she continued to say, "No, I'm not. I saw Mr. White kept looking at Ms. Stovall, and she was also sneaking glances at him. I'm just saying that they look quite close."

Me, sneaking glances at Marcus?

Hah! That's got to be the biggest joke of the century.

I almost burst out laughing at her words. Then, I walked over to them and said sarcastically, "Ms. Larson was quite observant during the dinner, huh? Did you notice how many shrimps Joe peeled for you?"

When Ashton glanced up at me, I took away the cigarette in his hand, stubbed it out, and threw it in the trashcan. "You should quit smoking."

He curled his lips and placed his arm around my waist. "Okay. Whatever you say."

Shocked at my presence, Rebecca froze for a moment before turning to Joe and pouted. "Joe, I didn't mean what I said. I was just..."

Joe immediately comforted her, "It's fine. I know you didn't mean it. Don't worry about it."

I tried my best to hold my laughter. I think I know why Rachel hates it whenever I acted that way. Because it looks downright disgusting.

It was getting late, so Ashton and I went for a quick stroll outside the hotel and returned to the hotel after that.

It had been a busy day. I was tired and sleepy by the time we got back to our room. After taking a bath, I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Before I drifted off to sleep, I vaguely remembered that Ashton saying something to me. But I was too tired to listen to him, so I simply nodded and slumbered the night away.

The following day, I looked at the calendar and realized that it was almost Independence Day. However, I knew that it was impossible to finish the tasks at hand before that.

But if I planned my work well, maybe I could finish some of them within these few days.

Looking around the suite, I realized that Ashton was no longer around, and he left me a note with a short line written on it: I'm going downtown. Some matters came up. Remember to have your meal on time.

I guess he has urgent matters to deal with.

After I got out of bed and freshened up, I headed to the base. The construction of the work was slightly delayed after the involvement of the third party as the third party focused mainly on the quality of work instead of the progress. Therefore, all of us who were involved had to work as best as possible to provide the details to Marcus.

And that also meant that our workload was increased.

When Marcus arrived at work today, he took a quick look around the site with his hard hat on. After that, he came to the office to see me.

Skipping the pleasantries, he got straight to the point. "You're the project manager of this project?"

Seeing the serious look on his face, I nodded promptly. "Yes."

His brows furrowed slightly. After a pause, he said, "We may need to talk over some of the details."

"What's wrong?"