

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 419

Immense envy for youth surged through me. The leniency that came with being a juvenile meant Joyce could speak without reservation and lash out at people as she pleased.

My gaze settled on the glass of water on the table. I stood up and approached her. There was no anger in my voice, but a cold indifference seeped through my words. "Indeed, I'm thirty now. That's four to five years older than you. I wonder what I was up to when I was your age."

Quirking an eyebrow, I continued, "I was a newlywed at that time, and my career had just taken off. The work culture back then was a lot more complicated than what you're experiencing now. I, too, had my fair share of interactions with some older girls at my workplace. They were all my superiors, but I focused on working hard to reach their status instead of sabotaging them."

"Witnessing your insolent behavior gave me an epiphany—that good upbringing is crucial. My parents taught me to look up to those who are better than me and follow in their footsteps, not defame them. Ms. Newton, your upbringing sure is... Disappointing."

Objectively, these were not harsh words, but it was a different story altogether since I involved her family and character.

Joyce was still young and easily incensed. Fuming, she raised a hand to slap me.

I was not a naive lady in her twenties. In one swift motion, I intercepted her swinging arm, picked up the glass of water, and mercilessly threw the water in her face.

"Ms. Newton, you'll get your tongue severed if you don't watch it well. Remember to choose your words wisely the next time you decide to run your mouth." I was in no mood to finish the forms and promptly left the office.

An enraged shriek pierced the air. "Scarlett, you vile woman! Just you wait and see!"

I could hear her having a mental breakdown behind me, but I paid her no heed and returned home.

Colin had brought Summer back. The young girl had been acting as my shadow lately, trailing behind me wherever I went. Perhaps my bout of illness had worried her, so she took to following me around for fear that something would happen to me.

Halfway through our meal, Colin suddenly looked at me and said, “A developer from K City will be checking in at the hotel tomorrow. You may need to entertain him on my behalf and plan an itinerary for his stay at R Province, which will last for a few days. The higher-ups decided that it would be best for him to take over the hotel after the incident.”

I paused momentarily before voicing my confusion. “Why is a developer taking over a hotel business?”

Colin smiled wryly. “The land around the hotel is undeveloped. As you rightly suspected, these developers have no interest in the hotel itself. Instead, they have plans to start up new projects near the hotel. R Province has been doing well in the past two years. Paired with the fact that we have beautiful scenery and a good number of foreign visitors, it would only take a couple of years to develop R Province into a tourist destination.”

His reasoning made sense. R Province was not huge, but it had picturesque scenery. Every year during spring, the daffodils surrounding the city would be in full bloom, making it appear as if the nondescript city were floating on a sea of yellow.

There were also numerous natural waterfalls and minorities living at the edge of the province. Recent trends showed that more and more people from busy, bumbling cities wished to live in a tranquil environment after retirement. R Province, with its peaceful surroundings, would be an ideal spot.

“What time will he arrive?” I inquired as I piled Summer and Michael’s plates with vegetables. The two children had identical preferences for food—both being meat-eaters with a strong aversion to greens. Their picky appetite warranted force-feeding to ensure that they get their nutrients.

Colin finished his food and set his utensils down. “Around noon. Make sure to dress professionally.”

I nodded in understanding. While I had never been a hostess, I had been on the receiving end a few times before, back when I held a high position in Fuller Corporation.

I had a good idea of how things worked.

The following day, I donned the clothes I brought with me from J City. I intentionally selected the outfit with hopes that I would appear presentable when I greeted the esteemed visitor. I barely bought any clothes in the last few years I lived in R province, and on the off chance that I did, the clothes were cheap items from night markets. It had been long since I last wore branded clothing, let alone customized outfits.

The outfit I had on was a customized piece by a renowned Italian designer, courtesy of Ashton. A plethora of similar clothing hung in my wardrobe. Back then, I was carrying Summer and had thrown on this formal attire for convenience when I left.

After arriving at R Province, the outfit had been shoved in a box, never to see the light for years. The attire that was worth tens of thousands now smelled vaguely of mold, but its exceptional workmanship shone through. Even years of neglect could not dim its excellent quality.

I stood waiting at the entrance of the hotel.

Coincidentally, Joyce was the receptionist on duty for today. When she glimpsed my luxurious attire, she could not help but make a sarcastic remark.

“Is seducing the manager not enough? Are you targeting the developer now? You’re a mere sparrow hoping to be a phoenix. Do you have no shame at all?”

Taking into account that we were in public, I refrained from commenting and gave Joyce the side-eye.

Our relationship had grown tense after the dispute the day before.

It was known to all that she had a beef with me.

A black Mercedes-Benz pulled up at the entrance. It might very well be the best vehicle in R Province.

Upon noticing the developer's arrival, Joyce averted her eyes and plastered a cordial smile on her face as she took her post near the door.

The hotel staff gathered at the entrance and stood in a line to welcome the distinguished guest.