

Chapter 811

Then, Ashton hung up.

Judging from his expression, I figured the bodyguard had lost Rebecca, so I suggested, “Calm down. Lavelian Village isn’t that big. She must’ve gone to buy something.”

Ashton nodded and looked at me. “Wait here for me. Just dig in if you’re hungry. I’ll go look for her, and I’ll be right back.”

I grabbed his arm and stopped him in his tracks. He looked at me, completely astounded. Seeing his reaction, I smiled faintly and offered, “I’ll go with you. Nora dragged me around these days, and I know all these places quite well.”

He pursed his lips and rejected, “Eat up while the food is still warm.”

“There’s no rush. I’ll just get them to warm up the food later. Let’s look for her first.” With that, I talked to the owner and exited the restaurant.

Lavelian Village was a small area, and only a few shops sold ice creams. After going through every ice cream shop, Rebecca was nowhere to be found.

We even asked the passers-by to get some information. Soon, the bodyguard came to us and lowered his head. "Mr. Fuller, I lost Ms. Larson on the way back to the restaurant."

"Did you see anyone suspicious?" Ashton spoke calmly.

The bodyguard shook his head and replied, "I was following behind Ms. Larson and didn't see anyone suspicious. However, it seemed like she was trying to shake me off."

Ashton frowned and glanced at him before commanding, "Continue to look for her."

After hearing what the bodyguard said, I knew what Rebecca was trying to do. Narrowing my eyes slightly, I smirked. "No need. Let's go back to the restaurant. The dishes must have gotten cold."

With that, I didn't wait for him to reply and headed back to the restaurant. As expected, Rebecca had already returned to the restaurant and was sitting at our table.

When Rebecca saw me and Ashton entering the restaurant, a look of surprise was written all over her face. She looked at Ashton and asked, "Ash, where did you guys go? I didn't see you guys when I came back. I thought you guys went back."

Curling my lips, I gave a wintry smile before sitting back in my seat and asked the owner to serve the dishes.

“Why did you turn off your phone?” Displeased was shown on Ashton’s face when he frowned and questioned the woman.

Once again, she had the same naive look on her face and took her phone out of her bag. Blinking her eyes in confusion, she looked at Ashton and said, “My phone’s turned off? I didn’t know. What’s wrong?”

Ashton pursed his lips and replied indifferently, “Nothing.”

Meanwhile, I started eating the food when the dishes were served and lost the desire to talk.

Rebecca noticed we were in a foul mood and looked at Ashton in bewilderment. “Ash, why do you guys look unhappy? Did I do something wrong and make you guys mad?”

Clunk! I placed my spoon on the table. The metal spoon hit the marble table and gave off an audible noise, enough to attract their attention.

Looking at her terrified expression, I smirked and wiped my lips slowly with a napkin before asking, “Aren’t you tired?”

With her wide doe-like eyes, she looked at me and asked, “Ms. Stovall, what do you mean? I don’t get you.”

I smiled faintly at her. “Aren’t you tired of pretending? Rebecca, you’re in your thirties. If you’re acting this way in front of your husband, I’ve got to hand it to you. But, oh no... This is my man and not someone you should mess with. So please, for the love of God, can you stop acting like a horny b*tch in front of him?”

“You...” Upon hearing my words, she turned to Ashton with a pain-etched face while tears welled up in her eyes. “Ash, I didn’t. You know me. I was like this ever since I was young.”

Ashton relaxed his knitted brows slightly and urged, “It’s getting late. After lunch, we shall return to the hotel to rest. Joe will be here at night.” He didn’t intend to bring up what I said just now.

With that, he placed a few pieces of fish on my plate and asked, “Why did you stop eating after taking a few bites?”

“I lost my appetite.” I uttered and got ready to leave.

However, Ashton stopped me from getting up and asked, “What would you like to eat? Let’s go get it together.”

I squinted my eyes and raised my brow at them. “Together?”

He nodded. "Yeah, together. You and me, together."

Rebecca's expression immediately took a 360-degree turn as she got up suddenly. "Ash, I'm full, so I'll head back to the hotel first."

The man glanced at her with a calm expression and nodded. "Okay. Be careful on your way back, and don't wander around."

Rebecca initially thought Ashton would stop her from leaving, but to her disappointment, he didn't.

Suppressing her anger, she took her bag and exited the restaurant, leaving Ashton and me at the table.

The man looked at me and smiled before placing the dishes I liked on my plate. "Come on. Finish up!"

Chapter 812

I only decided to leave because of Rebecca's annoying presence at the table, and I was quite hungry. However, now that she left, I would most definitely finish the food.

Sitting back in my seat, I started digging in.

Ashton didn't seem to be hungry as he kept putting food onto my plate. It was as if he derived pleasure from looking at me enjoying the meal.

Halfway through the meal, I was full, but he didn't stop giving me food. On the verge of breaking down, I looked at him and asked, "Are you feeding a pig?"

"Pfft!" Upon hearing my question, he spat out the water he had yet to swallow in his mouth and coughed.

I handed him a piece of tissue and poured him a glass of water before placing down my spoon. This time, I was truly full.

Soon, he stopped coughing and looked at me. His good-looking face was rather flushed as his gaze darkened. "Are you full?"

I nodded. "Let's go."

Then I got up and left the restaurant. He followed behind me after paying for the meal and tugged on my hand. “Still jealous after the meal?”

“I don’t get jealous.” I tried to fling his hand away while the man chuckled softly. “Yeah, I know.”

As he spoke, he started laughing in a low voice. I looked at him in bewilderment. “What are you laughing at?”

The corners of his lips curled upwards, and he seemed to be in a good mood. “You look cute when you’re jealous.”

“I told you – I don’t get jealous!” I shouted and tried to explain but gave up after looking at the smile on his face.

However, I was reluctant to forgive him this easily. “Ashton, we’ll sleep in different rooms from now on.”

“That serious?” The man froze for a while before knitting his brows in concern, while I snorted in reply, “In that case, why don’t we just stay in different houses.”

He brought his hand to his face helplessly before pulling me into an embrace. Lowering his gaze lovingly at me, he apologized, “I’m sorry. Sorry

for not handling it better. I, Ashton Fuller, am willing to accept any punishment from you, but under one condition – we must sleep in the same room. Is that okay?”

I shrugged and spoke boldly, “Alright. I’ll stay in A City from now on.”

When I saw Leedon’s truck, I pushed Ashton away and waved. Leedon drove toward us and stopped his truck by the roadside and asked, “Ms. Stovall, were you both having your meals here?”

I nodded and smiled at the man. “Leedon, can you fetch me back to the base?”

Leedon smiled faintly and nodded. “Sure. Get in. I’m on my way to the base too.”

After getting in the truck, I didn’t spare Ashton any glance.

As the project was ongoing, I was busy the entire evening. Besides, Linda and Armond were away, so I had a lot of matters to handle.

When it was finally time to rest, Armond called me. “Scarlett, the representative of the third party is here. Come to the hotel tonight for dinner and to meet up with them.”

I was planning to rest at the hotel. However, since I was the person in charge of the project this time, I had to make an appearance.

With that in mind, I replied, "Alright. Tell me the room number, and I'll head there once I finish up the work at the base."

The man hummed a reply and hung up.

Handling the work alone was a taxing task, and I was exhausted when it was time to get off work. Right at that moment, my phone was buzzing in my bag incessantly.

I left the base and checked my phone. To my surprise, I actually received over ten notifications.

They weren't messages, but in fact, bank transfer notifications from Ashton. Numbers were all over the conversation page without a single text message.

I pursed my lips and chose not to bother. The money would be returned after twenty-four hours if I didn't accept the transaction, so I would let the system do its work.

After that, I decided to ride Leedon's car back to the hotel. Yet, my plans got interrupted when Ashton showed up at the entrance of the base in a black suit with a bouquet in his hand.

How romantic! Bringing flowers to ask for forgiveness.

I ignored him and turned to Leedon when he was exiting the base.

“Leedon, can you take me to the hotel?”

The latter saw Ashton and chuckled. “Are you guys fighting?”

“Is it okay?” I felt awkward and forced a grin while the man smiled faintly.

“Yeah.”

Soon after, I followed him to his car. Ashton immediately blocked my path and handed the flowers to me. “I’m here to fetch you off work.”

I didn’t take it over and said indifferently, “Thanks, but no thanks. I’ll hitch a ride with Leedon. There’s no need to trouble you, Mr. Fuller.”

With that, I stepped aside and walked past him while he followed behind me, sounding helpless. “I’m sorry for what happened today. Let’s go back to the hotel and settle this. I’m willing to accept any sort of punishment.”

I halted in my tracks and glanced at him. “Okay.” Then, I took the flowers and looked at him. “That’s enough. Go back.”

The man was at a loss for words, as he didn’t expect me to receive the flowers. Seeing how he was rooted to his spot, I got into Leedon’s car with no hesitation.

Chapter 813

Leedon started the car engine and looked at Ashton before turning to me. “My wife always throws a fit at me, but after giving her gifts and flowers as an apology, she would forgive me and prepare food that I like to eat.”

He was grinning widely when he spoke of his wife. Thus, I couldn't help but say, “Your wife must've been living a blissful life.”

Looking at me, he replied, “Aren't you too? Mr. Fuller is willing to humble himself and come fetch you off work. He didn't get mad even when you left him there.”

I smiled. “He did something wrong.”

The man replied, “That's how couples interact when living together. My wife always got mad at me back then. She even got jealous when I didn't greet her the first thing I went home. I didn't know what to do when she threw tantrums. However, now that we're getting older, her temper has improved. If I'm away from her for long, she will be so anxious that she is on the verge of crying.”

At that, I unlocked my phone and received the money Ashton transferred before sending him an emoticon.

Instantly, the latter texted: What would you like to eat tonight? I'll make the orders first.

I replied to his message: I'll have to meet up with the third party tonight. Let's eat another day.

The man replied: I'll wait for you at the hotel. Reading his reply, I knitted my brows and didn't give a response.

When we reached the hotel, Ashton looked charming yet poised as he stood in the hotel lobby in his black suit.

Ashton came towards me and looked at me with a smile on his face. "What would you like to eat?"

I couldn't help but frown at his question. "I have an appointment."

Nonetheless, he smiled and explained, "It's for dinner. After all, I'm one of the collaborators, so we'll be having our meals together as well."

Oh, that's right!

I almost forgot that the project at Lavelian Village belonged to the Fuller Corporation. To cover up my embarrassment, I shrugged and went into the hotel without saying anything back to him.

Checking the room number Armond sent me, I searched for the private room while Ashton followed behind me quietly.

When we entered the private room, Armond, Joseph, Rachel, and a few other people involved were seated at the table.

When Armond saw me, he gestured at me to sit down. But as soon as they saw Ashton trailing in behind me, they were stunned. Meanwhile, Joseph and Rachel immediately got up and greeted, "Mr. Fuller."

Ashton waved his hand at them, motioning them to sit down before smiling. "Don't mind me. I'm only here to accompany my family."

Joseph sat down in his seat and scratched his nose mindlessly. It was obvious that he was feeling awkward.

However, the one involved was completely unbothered and sat down beside me. "What would you like to eat?"

I glanced sideways at him while furrowing my brows. “Ashton, aren’t you busy?”

For someone his status, he didn’t have to meet up with the third party. Setting that aside, he should behave more like the president of the company now that he had attended.

“Yeah.” He nodded and added, “My mission today is to make you happy.”

Upon hearing his reply, I heaved a helpless sigh and was reluctant to talk to him.

Seeing this, Armond started a conversation with Ashton. “I’ve heard that the representative of the third party is their president. Mr. Fuller’s so well-informed.”

Unexpectedly, Ashton poured a glass of water for me and chuckled. “Not really. I’m really here to accompany my wife.”

I...

A beautiful piano melody filled the silent room, and it turned out to be Ashton’s ringing tone. He answered the call and said, “I’m eating at the hotel. Are you coming?”

Listening to the voice from the other end of the phone, I figured it was Joe. This reminded me of what Ashton said before – Joe would reach Lavelian Village tonight. So that's why Rebecca wasn't with Ashton.

Ashton said, "Alright. I'll send you the address."

Then, he hung up and sent him the location of the private room.

Armond froze for a while and asked in confusion. "Mr. Fuller, is your friend coming?"

Ashton nodded. "Yeah. Joe is coming here from K City. Mr. Murphy, you don't mind it, do you?"

Armond smiled and replied, "Of course not. We welcome Mr. Quinn here."

A few minutes later, three rhythmic knocks on the door could be heard.

Joseph stood up and opened the door. As expected, it was Joe and Rebecca. After exchanging pleasantries with Armond, they sat down at the table.

Almost everyone was here, but the representative of the third party wasn't here yet, and Ashton didn't intend to wait any longer. He then called out to the waiter and ordered the dishes.

After the order was completed, the door was opened, and in came a middle-aged man wearing a suit and leather shoes. He wore an apologetic smile as he stepped into the room.

After that, he made a gesture, and someone familiar walked into the room.

The man was wearing a royal blue suit, his hair neatly combed. When he saw everyone in the room, he didn't seem to mind that he was late.

Wearing a smile on his face, he said, "I'm sorry to keep you all waiting."

Chapter 814

Armond stood up and greeted him with a smile. "Thank you for coming, Mr. White. We've ordered the dishes, and they will be served soon."

After that, Marcus was invited to sit opposite me. I could not help but frown. How is he the representative of the third-party company?

As I glanced to the side, I saw Ashton peeling the lobster that had been served just now. When he saw me looking at him, he flashed me a smile. “Hungry?”

I shook my head and opened my mouth to verbally decline him. But before I could say no to him, he had put a piece of shelled lobster into my mouth.

I was stunned for a second before starting to chew on it. The lobster was surprisingly delicious.

He looked at me and grinned. “How’s the taste?”

“It’s good,” I replied, nodding my head.

Smiling, he continued to shell the lobster gracefully and said with a gentle tone of voice, “Slow down. I’ll peel more for you.”

He was acting as if no other people were eating together with us.

As I continued to enjoy the lobster, I gradually understood the situation. Judging from Ashton’s behavior, it seemed that he had known that Marcus would come today, and that was why he followed me to this dinner.

All of a sudden, I noticed a sharp glare from the side. I looked up and saw Rebecca shooting daggers at me. She looked as if she wanted to swallow me alive.

Grinning at her childish behavior, I arched my brow at her. Looks like someone hasn't given up yet. Is this already too much for her to tolerate? Then, I cocked my head to the side and looked at Ashton, saying, "I want more, Ashton."

He placed the lobster that he had peeled into my mouth and gazed at me adoringly. "Slow down. You might choke."

I nodded and threw Rebecca a glance, smiling smugly at her.

As soon as she caught the look on my face, her face turned bright red with anger.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fuller is such a lovey-dovey couple. I don't know about others, but I'm jealous. Haha." Armond tried to ease the awkwardness with a joke.

Marcus narrowed his eyes and replied with a smile, "There are too many two-faced partners nowadays. I hope Mr. Fuller would be sincere to Letty."

Hearing the affectionate nickname from Marcus, Armond jolted in surprise. "Both of you know each other?"

“In fact, we’ve known each other for a long time.” Marcus landed his gaze on me and looked at me lovingly. “This girl is so cold-hearted. She’s been ignoring me ever since the last quarrel we had, and yet I’m still missing her every day.”

My eyes opened wide, utterly speechless at his speech. When on earth did that happen?

Upon hearing the confession from Marcus, Armond could not help but ask, “So, the two of you are really close to each other?”

“Yeah. We are even closer than friends. Am I right, Letty?” Marcus replied while eyeing me.

I frowned at his bold words.

Before I could clarify my relationship with Marcus, Ashton had beaten me to it. “Since Uncle Benjamin – Marcus’s father – is the husband of my aunt, it’s true that Mr. White and my wife are more than friends because they are also relatives. But now that Aunt Sally has left the White Corporation, the relation between the two families is not as close as before. Therefore, Mr. White, I hope that you could think twice before you speak next time. After all, it affects my wife’s reputation as well.”

After speaking, he put the lobster in his hand into my mouth.

The atmosphere became more awkward. Fortunately, the waiters had begun to serve more dishes, distracting our attention.

Armond probably sensed the complexity of our relationships, so he invited everyone to dig in and cracked a few more jokes, trying to ease the tension.

As a sign of respect to Armond – the host of the dinner, everyone dropped the topic as well. Ultimately, we were gathered here tonight for the Lavelian Village project, not for petty squabbles.

Throughout the meal, I was the one who felt the most uncomfortable. Marcus would put food on my plate every now and then, and Ashton was stuffing so much food into my mouth, hoping that I would not take any food given by the others.

Moreover, I had to endure Rebecca's icy glare and Rachel's contemptuous gaze at the same time.

When the meal finally came to an end, Marcus looked towards me and asked, "Letty, where are you staying? I see that you've eaten a lot just now. Why don't we go out for a walk later? It'd help with digestion."

Pursing my lips, I shook my head and rejected him. "No, thanks. I..."

“My wife and I still have something else to do after this, but thank you for your kind offer, Mr. White.” With that, he brought me out of the room straight away.

Although Marcus was unhappy with it, he took the hint and said no more.

As we walked out of the private room, I felt bloated indeed, so I started to think about where Ashton and I should go for a walk.

However, I needed to go to the restroom first.

After I asked Ashton to wait for me in the lobby, I headed straight to the restroom to relieve myself.

When I got out of the restroom cubicle, I saw Rachel by the sink. Pulling out a piece of tissue, she eyed me disdainfully. “Scarlett, I don’t care how messy your personal life is, but the Lavelian Village project is the product of my hard work. So, you’d better not mess it up, or else I will not let you off the hook easily.”

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?”