

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 711

Ashton and Armond's attentions were both naturally drawn to the sudden commotion. Armond snuck a glance at Ashton before asking me, "Are you okay?"

I nodded in response. "The water wasn't that hot. I'll go change my clothes and come back."

"The private restroom in my office has a spare change of clothes," he helpfully offered. "Feel free to use those."

I nodded in a daze and gestured for Linda to remain where she was. "I'm fine."

I exited the conference room and made a beeline for Armond's office. I had no other choice; I wouldn't be able to buy a new change of clothes in the shop now.

His private restroom was equipped with a bathroom, a bed, and other amenities. The minimalistic interior perfectly reflected his cold personality.

Inside the closet, there were several suits and ties as well as neatly folded-up shirts. Just as he had told me, there was one set of women's clothing placed in the corner of the closet. The clothes looked familiar to me, yet I couldn't recall exactly where I'd seen them before.

I decided to take a cold shower before changing into the clothes. The clothes fitted perfectly. However, the scalded skin stuck out like a sore thumb.

I paid no heed to it and rushed back to the conference room to resume the meeting.

When I got there, Linda was in the middle of presenting the project details and our concerns. After that, a representative of the Fuller Corporation described the level of cooperation needed from us during the implementation process.

As the person in charge, I was responsible for taking every detail and possible setback into consideration. That included smoothing over any troubles that might arise during our collaboration.

Having both companies' objectives aligned, we proceeded to finalize the collaboration. The person in charge from both companies would have to be on-site to supervise the progress once the project commenced.

After signing the contracts and exchanging handshakes and greetings with each other, Linda came to me to ask, "You didn't treat your burns?"

I shook my head. "I'll do it later. There's no ointment in here."

"You're a woman, Scarlett. You have to treat your skin better. It'll be hard to remove any scars the wounds might leave in the future."

"I'll keep that in mind," I laughed lightly, hugging the contract documents to my chest. "Does this skirt I'm wearing belong to you? It looked familiar to me."

She scanned my appearance from head to toe. "Isn't this the outfit you wore when you came back from Venria?"

I blinked owlshly, realizing that Ashton and Armond were both staring at me from afar. Furrowing my eyebrows, I glanced down at my clothes again.

Something was amiss. Armond had never bought clothes for a girl before. Hence, when he had to buy clothes for us in Western Europe, he chose four similar designs. Although they were similar, they were each different and individual pieces.

I distinctly remembered what he'd bought for me; these were not those clothes. Amongst the four of us, only Nora shared the same body shape and height as me.

Thus, these clothes had to be Nora's. I couldn't help but look over at Armond curiously. Why does he have Nora's clothes?

Feeling my gaze on him, he cleared his throat and declared loudly, "It's noontime. Let's have lunch together."

It seemed that things between him and Nora were progressing much more rapidly than we'd thought.

"Mr. Murphy has some interesting kinks," Rachel giggled.

She'd said that on purpose for Ashton to hear.

Ashton's face instantly darkened, turning his attention to me. I knew all too well just by his expression that he was suppressing his anger.

As we exited the conference room, Linda leaned in and whispered confusedly, "What's going on?"

"These are Nora's clothes," I sighed, exasperated.

She chuckled. "Those two are getting on a lot better than we'd expected. But I was actually asking about you and Ashton. What happened? Nora told me that you and he are married to each other. Who is that pretty young lady by his side?"

"It's a long story, but we won't be married anymore soon." I shrugged. "After this project is over and done with, I'll go to J City with him to sign the divorce papers."

Linda was rendered speechless by my sudden confession.

“Ah!” Rachel’s voice cried out from in front of us.

It seemed that she had tripped over something and was limping.

Several people turned around at the sound of her cries. “What happened?”

Rachel leaned against a wall, eyes watering pitifully as she said, “Sorry. I twisted my ankle yesterday, so I can’t really walk well. Now it just hurt even more...”

Rolled her eyes at the sight, Linda muttered under her breath, “Does she expect someone to carry her like a princess?”

“Didn’t she say that she’d twisted her ankle?” I glanced at Linda, perplexed.

“She’s trying to take advantage of the fact that she can’t walk. Watch.”

Ashton’s eyebrows knitted together slightly, ordering Joseph, “Go help Ms. Zimmer up.”

Joseph nodded, holding Rachel up by one arm and assisting her in getting to the elevator, which was already full.

“Mr. Campbell, you and Ms. Zimmer should use the VIP elevator instead,” Armond suggested.

Taken aback, Joseph glanced over at Ashton, who offered no response. So, Joseph rejected Armond’s suggestion with a polite smile.