

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 760

She nodded and blocked my way with a smirk. After a brief deliberation, she said, "I recommend that you make yourself decent before heading in."

I blushed automatically. "Why? What is it?" I stammered.

Linda coughed and spoke in as normal a voice as she could muster. "Ashton has... a way with women, based on how he looks. You don't have to make it so obvious, we're all adults after all."

Confused, I pulled out my compact mirror to take a look. Oh, God! My lips were swollen, hair in a tangled mess, and even the hickey, which was originally quite subtle, now pulsed an angry red.

Without thinking further, I rushed off to a washroom in the base to clean myself up.

Linda followed me close behind, her smile wide with glee. "Don't be embarrassed. It's normal!"

"Then why did you look at me in that manner earlier on?" I was speechless.

"I'm here to remind you that there is a large group of older men inside the base," Linda giggled. "If you went in there looking like this, it would be even more awkward!"

I blended the hickeys in with my skin tone as best as I could, but they still showed up like angry boils. I began to panic. "Linda, help me out here. It's not going away."

She rummaged through her purse and handed me a bottle of liquid foundation. "Try this. I get eyebags from staying up late at night, and this helps to hide them."

She was right; it made my hickeys almost invisible. However, my swollen lips still made me anxious. "What about my lips? I can't hide them!"

"Why don't you wear a mask?" Linda suggested.

It was an excellent idea. "Where would I find one here in the base, though?"

Linda chuckled and procured one from her purse. "It's yours for the day."

"Thank you, Linda! You're a lifesaver!" She had everything I needed!

As we came out of the bathroom, we ran into Rachel again. She was clad in black from head to toe and looked very cool. Her makeup was heavier than it was in the restaurant.

The cold look of disdain she had when she caught sight of me only intensified her haughtiness and made her look even more beautiful.

As Rachel walked past, she passed a scathing remark. "It's one thing to pretend to not want it but another to deliver yourself. You should be ashamed."

This hurt me deeply.

Linda was well aware that Rachel was referring to me. "There are different ways of throwing yourself into a man's arms," she chimed in. "Some of us can throw ourselves into Mr. Fuller's arms without clothes, and he still wouldn't be interested."

"Who exactly are you referring to?" Rachel demanded. She withdrew all pretences at the sting of Linda's comment.

"Ms. Linda, you'd better clarify what you mean. Feeling brave by the presence of your friend here, are you? Not the usual little b\*tch that you are?" Rachel shouted at Linda shrilly.

Linda wasn't a pushover and preferred to settle matters with fists rather than words. She swung an arm at Rachel. "Who're you calling b\*tch, b\*tch?"

Rachel returned the blow. "You are, you b\*tch!" she yelled.

The two women exchanged progressively vicious threats as they yanked at one another's hair.

I was too flabbergasted to react. When their voices became too loud to ignore, I came to my senses and attempted to break up the fight.

Linda was pinned to the floor by Rachel, who grabbed fistfuls of her hair and screamed at the top of her voice. Impulsively, I grabbed Rachel by the hair, pulled her off Linda, and began to claw wildly at her body.

She was a strong woman and did not take my assault lightly. She wriggled with all her might, all four limbs flailing wildly in every direction as curses and insults spewed from her mouth.

Rachel screamed curses at us and our families. Foul words which we did not know existed were used with great ardor in her rage.

On the contrary, I was not as eloquent as her. "Rachel, you gold-digging b\*tch!"

I recalled that Nora had once mentioned that Rachel could appear very demure and innocent but actually had a never-ending thirst for ambition and status.

No matter what profanities she employed, I always called her the same thing, because I knew that she was exactly that.

At last, even Linda had had enough. "Scarlett, you dimwit! Don't you know any other foul words?"

I myself did not know how I held back my laughter. She was right – it was always the same insult.

This battle between us had only ended when Linda came out from the bathroom and emptied a container of water over Rachel.

She sat drenched in the pool of water, weeping and screaming curses at us. Her coolness and dignity disappeared completely.

Linda threw the container aside and stood over Rachel. “Listen to me closely, Rachel. Don’t think that men are interested in you just because you are good-looking. There are many beautiful women like you in the world whose lives are not going well, but they know their place and keep to themselves. They don’t get involved with other people’s spouses because that will only degrade themselves.”r.