

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1671

Chapter 1671 Off To Q City

“Oh, wait. Does that mean...” I trailed off, realization dawning on me.

Despite everything she said, she still couldn't bring herself to cut connections with Alexander!

All this time, Emery had been secretly watching as he fought to win her love back. His messages were read but ignored, and his phone calls that came through were deliberately missed. Although she had betrayed none of her emotions, she had been struggling to hold herself back from accepting him as well. That was until she finally caved.

Before this, I always thought Emery showed impressive rationality when it came to relationships and was capable of weighing her advantages and disadvantages in each relationship accurately, whether it was in the case of Hunter or Alexander. Even if she might not step back from them completely, she would always keep herself in the most invulnerable position possible.

However, this rationality obviously did not apply to a relationship with a man like Alexander. Judging from her behavior, it was evident that he had turned into an irregular variable in her life.

I leaned against Ashton's chest, patting him lightly. “How is it that you know so much about Emery? Have you sent someone to spy on her on something?”

“Of course not.” He reached out to hold my hand. “Alexander's current status could be considered top in the industry right now. There are eyes on him at all times. I hardly need a spy to know what he's been up to. However, I won't deny I've indeed taken action a few times to help those two suppress news about themselves.”

His words clearly implied that the news was sexual in nature. Eyes widening, I giggled as I playfully probed him to reveal more. “News? What sort of news?”

Suddenly, he turned over and lay pressing down on me. By the time I caught on, he already had my arms locked above my head in a death grip. “Since you're so interested in the details, why don't I let you experience them for yourself?”

With that, his other hand slithered beneath the hem of my lingerie and traveled upward, asserting its presence on my body.

Realizing that he was serious about it, I immediately pleaded, “I'm sorry, Hubby! It was a mistake. I promise I won't ask about it again. Please, let me go!”

Lowering his head toward mine, he rubbed his nose against mine fondly. “How dare you reject me after accepting my gift?”

"Huh?" I froze, utterly stunned. "Y-You mean the s-soup you prepared for me earlier? So this is where you were going with it?"

I should have known he couldn't possibly have done that without any ulterior motives!

"Of course," he answered softly. "Now that you've drunk it all, don't you think you need to do something to burn off all that extra energy?"

I merely stared back at him, fully regretting ever drinking that flask of soup.

Nevertheless, I was simply not in the mood to satisfy his wishes that night.

"Ashton," I went on with a pitiful expression, "I was busy in the office all day, sorting out work matters with Summer, and I even went shopping after work. I'm thoroughly exhausted today. Why don't we do this... another time?"

I gulped nervously, having absolutely no confidence that my attempt was at all sufficient in convincing the hungry beast before my eyes to back down.

However, Ashton was surprisingly compliant. He slipped off my body and lay back down beside me without another word.

Before I could say anything, he spoke up languidly. "Well, there's no such thing as secrets in this world, especially not when it comes to a famous person like Alexander. Sooner or later, the news will reach the Zimmermans, and that's when all hell will break loose."

I said nothing in response, thinking that the Zimmermans might be a powerful family, but Emery was not one who would easily back down in the face of abuse and insult either. It was far too early to tell who among them was on the losing side just yet.

Thus, I merely lay leaning on him in silence and eventually drifted off to sleep.

Due to the close connection between Luscious Wines and Skull, Summer decided to tackle the root of the problem and proposed to procure the largest wine company in Q City.

Once the project kicked off, Fuller Corporation would be the only supplier of wines in the club. Not only would that be effective in avoiding the risk of selling fake wine, but it would also prevent any suspicious parties from tampering with the stock.

After Emery's information confirmed that Lexis had had a private deal with Quince and Lucas, Summer and I set out for Q City to propose our acquisition formally.

Upon landing at the airport, we headed straight for the Koandrian restaurant where we would meet up with the manager of the wine company.

However, pushing open the door to the private room, we were suddenly reluctant to step in.

Besides the manager, there was another man in the room who was sitting with his back toward us. His short and thin build, as well as his coal-black skin, were such distinctive features that it was difficult and inexcusable for us to not recognize him.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1672

Chapter 1672 An Empty Handed Return

Summer's decision to procure the wine company in Q City was a last-minute idea, and not many knew about it. Yet, Quince had somehow managed to figure out her plan and even got here before us. He was obviously not a simple-minded man.

"You must be Ms. Stovall." The manager got up at once and greeted Summer, mistaking me for her secretary. "I've heard that you're young, but you're way younger than I imagined. So young, yet so promising! Come in and have a seat."

Summer shot me a glance, waiting for me to speak.

However, before I could do so, Quince's broken Chanaean sounded. "Isn't there a Chanaean saying that goes, 'keep calm and take things as they come'? Or are you still afraid, Stovall?"

Hearing that, Summer immediately took my hand and led me to our seats with large, confident strides. Maintaining a calm composure, she addressed the room with a smile, revealing not the slightest hint of fear or doubt.

The manager seemed especially excited to collaborate with Fuller Corporation. "It's our honor to collaborate with you, Ms. Stovall, and yet you came over here to meet us in person. You're much too kind and sincere. Besides, Mr. Quince and I hit it off right away as well. With the three of us working together in the future, we're definitely going to create a whole new empire in the wine industry, and Luscious Wines can see themselves out!"

He was obviously already a little inebriated, but his words were still making sense.

From the looks of it, Quince had stood in as a collaborator of Fuller Corporation and reached a verbal agreement with the manager about a future three-way collaboration before we arrived.

Throughout the entire meeting, neither Summer nor I mentioned a word about procuring the wine company represented by the manager. Not only did our intention to settle things quickly not work out, but we ended up also feeling intensely humiliated by the way things had turned out.

The manager drank so much he ended up drunk as a skunk, and someone immediately came to pick him up once the meeting ended. Quince walked us to the door and asked to speak to me privately when we were about to get in the car.

"I hope what happened today will never happen again, Stovall. Talk to Fuller when you get back and have him sign the contract with us as soon as possible. Don't spoil things for us now after we've been so happy working together."

Being shorter than me, he gazed up at me with his eyes rolled up. It was indeed a rather frightening sight.

"There must have been a misunderstanding. We've never been collaborators, and I'm hardly one to dictate Ashton's actions and decisions."

Quince shook his head as I spoke as if he was running out of patience. "No, this is nonsense. There's been a bond between us ever since I bought that painting of yours. So don't even think of ditching us to work alone, understand?"

Shooting a vicious glare at me, he turned to walk away but doubled back only after a few steps. "Don't mind me giving you a little trouble if you really don't appreciate what we have between us."

With that, he turned and strode away.

Watching his rather comical figure leave, I could not help the smirk that crept onto my lips.

That man had no idea about the amount of trouble I had dealt with in my life. His minor threat meant nothing to me.

Nevertheless, Summer and I were indeed feeling quite down to return empty-handed. Spotting Ashton waiting to pick us up at the arrival gates, we could only manage a mere smile through pursed lips.

I told Ashton about our fruitless venture on the way back, feeling somewhat helpless. "We'll probably have to abort our plan of procuring Q City's wine company for now. If Quince thought of Q City as well, then we can assume he has informants in most other companies in the country, too. We'd have to think of another solution."

Ashton was driving, and his expression remained placid as he listened to me. "There's no rush."

After a moment's silence, he asked in the same calm tone, "Would you like to go straight home to rest or grab a bite on the way?"

"Both are fine with me. You decide." I could not get the thought of how Quince had just played us out of my mind, and it was sending waves of anxiety through my heart.

Before he could answer, however, Summer spoke instead. "Drop me off in front, Daddy. I think I'll head to the club first before going home."

Ashton cast a glance at her through the rearview mirror. "You sure you're not too tired?"

Summer shook her head. "Not really. Q City's not that far away. Quince's men have been loitering in the club frequently lately. I'm worried the employees wouldn't feel too comfortable about that without a boss around."

Without answering, Ashton made a U-turn at the next bend and drove toward the club instead.

"Thanks, Daddy," said Summer. Then she gazed out of the window gloomily, saying nothing else for the rest of the journey.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1673

Chapter 1673 Dropping By At The Club

We were caught in a traffic jam when we were just a street away from the club due to the evening peak hours.

I watched glumly as the numbers on the countdown indicator of the traffic light ticked down at a snail's pace. Feeling restless, I decided to roll down the windows and gazed at the moving traffic on the opposite street instead.

Suddenly, I spotted Lucas' face through the window of a black BMW whizzing along in the traffic. I instinctively followed the car with my gaze until it reached the end of the road and disappeared around the corner.

I was not sure if it was an illusion, but I somehow felt as if I had seen the woman who was in the car with him before.

"What's wrong?" asked Ashton, sensing that something was up with me.

"I think I just spotted Lucas." I pointed to the left. "He just went that way. I think he's just been to the club."

"I see," Ashton responded shortly. With a slight glance toward the back seat, he asked, "Is everything okay at the club?"

Nodding, Summer gazed back at him innocently. Then, as if struck by a thought, she hurriedly took out her phone and checked through her messages to make sure she had not missed anything. Only then did she answer, "Yes, there were only a few trivial matters, all of which I'd dealt with before boarding the plane."

Ashton merely responded with a nod and asked no further questions. Just then, the lights turned green, and the car started moving again, going at a significantly faster speed than before.

I snuck a glance at him. His expression remained indifferent, but I could sense a hint of nervous energy radiating off him.

We arrived at the club in no time at all. Stopping the car at the entrance, Ashton did not even bother removing the car keys from the ignition but hopped off the car at once and entered the club with us.

Seeing that Summer was back, her assistant came out to greet her at once. "Welcome back, Ms. Summer."

Ashton moved past him and went straight in, his expression cold as ice.

It was his first visit to the place, but the assistant recognized who he was in an instant and froze unwittingly as he strode past, stunned by the powerful aura he exuded.

"Did those black men find trouble here just now?" Summer interrupted his train of thoughts.

"No, they didn't even come today." The assistant came back to his senses and flashed her a grin. "Only Lucas and a few of his guys dropped by earlier. Otherwise, there hasn't been a single black guy in this area today."

Most of Lucas' men came from the mafia and carried fierce vibes. Their mere presence was terrifying, and the employees were always nervous around them. Naturally, they were happy and relieved that none of them had appeared today.

However, Summer caught the most crucial point of the assistant's statement. She halted her footsteps, asking sternly, "What was he doing here?"

"He came to deliver our wine. Did the manager not report this to you?" The assistant was visibly surprised. He swiveled backward and yelled for the manager, "Ms. York? Are you there?" He turned back, puzzled. "That's strange. She was just here a moment ago. I wonder where she's gone."

Seeing this, we all sensed that something was amiss.

Summer's face darkened instantly, and she sounded exceedingly displeased when she spoke again. "What just happened here?"

As someone who was usually pleasant and agreeable, Summer rarely ever showed others this powerful and authoritative side of herself. Shocked, the assistant immediately minded his behavior and relayed the entire incident seriously.

“Lucas came here with Mrs. Fuller to deliver the wine just now. He said you had agreed with it. We were initially reluctant to accept it, but Mrs. Fuller said that we were all disrespecting her and was going to fire all of us. So Ms. York made the call and accepted the stock.”

Mrs. Fuller?

I knew for sure that I had said none of those things.

Besides, I had been busy helping out in the club for the past few days. How could anyone have mistaken another person for me?

Slightly angry, I snapped at him, “Think carefully. Are you sure it was I who made you accept those wines?”

Hearing that, the assistant smiled flatteringly. “Oh, it wasn’t anything like that, Mrs. Fuller. You’re always in a good temper and obviously wouldn’t have put us in such a spot. I was actually talking about the other Mrs. Fuller.”

“Does she look a lot like me?”

I suspected it was Nora running about scamming others and being up to no good under the guise of being me. Since we both shared the same look, other than people who were close to us, no one else could possibly tell us apart.

“Huh? How is that possible? No, that Mrs. Fuller wasn’t half as attractive as you. She looked like a cheap internet influencer at most—” Suddenly realizing that he had misspoken, he hurriedly changed his words. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to criticize Mr. Fuller’s taste.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1674

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I came to realize that listening to the assistant’s verbal report was more frustrating than I had expected, as his speech somehow never seemed to be going anywhere. It was no wonder that he had never been promoted to a higher position despite working with us ever since Wenville.

Fortunately, Summer was skillful in grasping the main point. “Where’s the wine now?”

“It’s in the wine cellar,” the assistant answered calmly as he stepped aside, allowing us to pass through to the basement.

Before Summer could even take a step, however, police sirens suddenly blared from outside.

In a moment, police cars flashing red and blue lights stopped at the club's entrance, and a few uniformed police officers came out of them, making straight for us.

The police officer in lead flashed his badge and search warrant in front of us. His ID showed that his name was Horace Wicke. "This club is suspected of illegal trading and smuggling. We'll need to do a full search of the place. Who's the person in charge here?"

I immediately stepped forward, blocking Summer. "I am."

In that instant, Macy's disheartened voice suddenly echoed in my mind. It was hard to believe that after so many years, the same situation was repeating but on Summer this time.

I knew there was only one possible culprit behind such a dirty act.

After all these years, even after Summer had grown up so much, that woman still had not changed a bit and had no other tricks up her sleeves other than planting illegal goods on others.

The wine used in the club was expensive and worth an astronomical amount, considering the large bulk in store. They far surpassed the cost of the drugs planted on Macy back then. If the police caught us with those illegal wines, Summer, as the legal owner of the club, was bound to be taken away and detained.

Horace gave me a once-over and went on coolly, "Please cooperate and come with us as we search the place."

Just then, the sound of cars screeching to a halt pierced through the air as several cars stopped at the roadside outside the club. The next thing we knew, reporters were swarming toward us with microphones held out.

Concerned with maintaining order, the police immediately blocked them from entering, and a huge crowd of reporters immediately formed at the club's entrance.

"Mrs. Fuller, what comments do you have regarding your daughter's smuggling?"

"What a young age to break a federal law! Is it because she was raised abroad that she turned out so bold and uncouth?"

"Ms. Summer, did you choose to start your business in the entertainment industry because the pleasure-seeking nature of the industry appeals to you?"

"Can the police disclose the duration of the sentence Mr. Fuller's daughter is expected to face once this case is substantiated?"

The questions were endless.

Men and women, both young and old, waved their microphones and cameras at us madly, condemning Summer in the name of justice without knowing that they were, in fact, the greatest evil present at the scene.

“That’s enough!” I shouted, losing control. “What do you even know about my daughter? Who are you guys to comment on her?”

The rowdy crowd immediately fell silent. Most of them were terrified after my outburst, but there were still a few who fearlessly directed their cameras at me.

I knew they could not wait for me to break down and lose my temper. I could already guess the headline they were hoping to publish— “The Unknown Dark Side Of Mrs. Fuller.”

Unfortunately, I was dead serious at that moment. Not only was I not the least bit afraid of being caught on camera, but I looked straight at the largest camera among them and raised my voice.

“I don’t care which news company you come from, but I’m only going to say this once. Whether or not anyone in my family has committed a crime will naturally be determined by the police. If anything concerning my family leaks out or appears on any news channel, I promise I will sue your company to bankruptcy.”

By the time I ended my speech, all the reporters had meekly shut their camera lenses except for one that was still aiming right at me.

I gazed into the camera lens, smirking derisively. The female reporter hiding behind it poked out her head and met my gaze.

Seeing that, I went on in an even more domineering tone, “I fully support that reporters should have freedom of speech, but anyone who dares to harm my daughter in any way will be up against the entire Fuller Corporation.”

With that said, I pursed my lips, smiling at the camera with my eyes slightly narrowed.

After staring at me for another five seconds, the female reporter finally gave in as she slowly turned off the equipment she was holding.