

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1675

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

Chapter 1675 A Sea Of Red

Horace scoffed at my firm statement and said sarcastically, "Mrs. Fuller, that's rather bold of you to threaten someone in front of the police. Did you forget about the oaths you took when you became a lawyer?"

Threaten someone? I guess he's right.

I had no qualms about "threatening" people if it meant protecting Summer.

With a smile that did not quite reach my eyes, I replied stiffly, "Whatever you say, sir. I'm sure it would be difficult for any mother to stay calm when her daughter is in trouble. So sue me."

I paused and turned toward the reporters. "Though, if memory serves me right, you can't open a case without the victim's agreement. Would any of you like to pursue this matter?"

The silence that greeted me was deafening.

Realizing that he had lost this round, Horace waved his hand in a dismissive gesture and said impatiently, "Forget it. I'm not going to waste time on useless chitchat. Rich people like you always think that you're better than everyone else, but I believe everyone is equal before the law. You better start praying that your walls don't crumble under our investigation. All I need is a little piece of evidence to send you to prison for the rest of your life!"

With that, he roared, "Raid this place!"

A horde of officers swarmed the wine cellar at his orders.

There was no way I could stop their advance. Oh well. At worst, I'll drop by the police station with Summer. Our innocence will prevail. The police doesn't have hard evidence on Summer's direct involvement in smuggling luxury wines. They can only detain her in the station for two days at max.

I vowed to myself that I would do everything in my power to prevent Summer from shouldering the blame in Quince's plan.

I owed it to Macy to support Summer as best as I could. My failure to be there for Macy in the past hung heavy over my mind.

At the door to the cellar, I patted Summer's hand comfortingly, silently telling her to stay calm. No matter what happened, I would be there with her every step of the way.

“Open it.” Unsurprisingly, Horace had pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

The staff holding the key to the cellar glanced at Summer and me. Upon our nods, he inserted the key into the keyhole.

The minute he turned the key, we heard an ear-splitting crash from within the cellar. It sounded like glass shattering.

The door between us and the cellar could not diminish the impact of the crash.

The police officers whipped out the guns from their holsters almost simultaneously, training their barrels on the cellar door in preparation for combat. Horace pulled our staff aside and exchanged glances with his officers before kicking the door open.

Slam! The door slammed heavily into the wall, revealing a cellar that reeked of alcohol.

The cellar was flooded with wine, threatening to flow over the doorstep at any moment. Meanwhile, crates that used to hold the wine bottles lay scattered around the room in disarray. Glass shards glinted faintly from beneath the inches of wine submerging the floor.

Ashton stood in the middle of it all, his trousers half-soaked in wine. His blazer was missing, leaving him in a white shirt and a loosened tie hanging crookedly around his neck. I thought I spied red wine stains on him.

He only whirled around to face the door upon hearing the commotion of the police officers. As he did so, he revealed a half-empty bottle of whiskey in his hands. Ashton swigged a gulp of liquor nonchalantly in front of his audience.

He then threw the bottle at the wall, just as Horace roared, “Stop!” to no avail. Alas, time did not freeze simply at his orders, and the whiskey bottle shattered loudly, its carcass joining the rest of the broken bottles on the floor as it left behind a large alcohol stain on the wall.

Horace had gone green around the gills, and I could see him clenching his jaw in silent fury.

Ashton, however, was the perfect picture of innocence as he wiped his mouth and drawled, “What’s wrong? Why did we trouble so many police officers to visit our cellar today?”

I did not know whether to laugh or cry at his pretentious behavior.

Hurriedly, I swallowed my laughter and offered, “Someone reported us for alleged smuggling, and they even got themselves a warrant to inspect our cellar.”

"I see," Ashton replied lightly. "How unfortunate. There's been a slight mishap, and all the wine is gone."

With that, he paused and turned his attention to Horace. Pointing at the mess on the floor, Ashton added, "Help yourselves if you don't mind."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1676

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

Chapter 1676 A Risky Bet

With the wine bottles destroyed and their contents spilled across the floor, any evidence of the alleged smuggling activities was gone. Entering the flooded cellar at this point was a lost cause and frankly disgusting.

Horace glared at Ashton sullenly before reholstering his gun. He turned around to leave.

He had barely taken two steps before he whipped around suddenly and said cynically, "I must say, Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, the two of you make such a lovely pair. Your teamwork is admirable, and I'd be hard-pressed to find another pair who were more in sync with one another!"

He did not fool me with his thinly veiled attempt at accusing us of being criminal accomplices.

How good can he be if he's so intent on painting our family as villains over some baseless accusations?

I played dumb and replied sweetly, "What a lovely compliment. I'm sure the two of us will enjoy a long life together over your blessings!"

"Hmph!" Horace scoffed and said, "Let's see if you'll still be smiling like this during our next encounter!"

He left in a huff with the other officers in tow.

Horace's behavior made it seem like we were his mortal enemies, and I could not help but wonder if everyone else harbored this feeling of prejudice toward all businessmen. He was so ready to pin the blame on us even before obtaining any evidence, almost as if he's confident that none of our profits come from legal means.

Ashton waited for the officers to leave the vicinity of the cellar before coming out. The sound of rhythmic crunching greeted our ears as he walked over the glass shards littering the floor.

The wine cellar had no heating, and the chill sent me scrunching my neck into my collar. Hastily, I added, "You're going to fall sick if you stay in those wet clothes. You should clean up in the restroom."

"I'll be fine," Ashton replied. He looked at Summer grimly and added, "Get someone to move the rest of the wine away. Keep it in a discreet location; we might have some use for it in the future."

Summer and I turned to look at the half-open crates in the cellar, paling in unison.

It turned out that Ashton had not destroyed all of the wines. It was all an act, and most of the smuggled wines were lying intact in their original crates. Had the police officers been more determined to venture into the cellar for a better look, they would have the evidence they needed to make a case.

Ashton's risky gamble thankfully paid off.

Worried that the officers could return at any minute, I urged Summer, "Quick, follow your dad's instructions."

Summer nodded somberly and summoned the staff who had unlocked the cellar door earlier. She ordered, "Get all the staff in here right now, except the security guards at the door or the cleaners in the hall. Be discreet; we don't want to alert any of the reporters outside."

"Right away, Miss." The staff immediately set out to carry out her orders.

She turned to me next and apologized, "Mommy, I'm sorry for troubling you all today. You should head to the manager's office with Daddy and get some rest. I'll have someone send a set of clean clothes up in a bit. Once I've settled everything here, I'll head up to brief you all on the situation."

Instead of answering her, Ashton left quietly, and I shot a look of reassurance at Summer before following him.

We passed by staff heading toward the cellar on our way up.

As we waited for the elevators, I saw Ashton casually glancing toward the main entrance. I supposed he was checking to see if the police cars had left.

Ashton had just come in after a shower when Summer showed up. She wore a remorseful expression on her face as she approached the two of us on the couch. Summer launched into her apology immediately, "I'm sorry, Daddy. I was negligent in my hiring practices, and I almost ruined the project. I take full responsibility for all the consequences."

She sounded as logical and distant as before, and I found myself in awe of her iron-clad control over her emotions.

I was struck with an epiphany then — all my efforts in the past were for naught. Summer's calmness and indifference were bone-deep, and she was not one to wear her heart on her sleeve.

Alas, she inherited a part of Jared, after all.

On the contrary, Ashton seemed unbothered by her distant behavior. He was only concerned about the matter at hand as he questioned her, "How do you plan on solving this?"

Summer mulled over his question for a while before answering, "I'll fire the manager involved and blacklist him from any future hiring. There will be background checks on all current staff to make sure nothing like this happens again. Next, I'll upgrade our surveillance systems so we're better prepared for emergencies like this in the future."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1677

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)
Chapter 1677 Confrontation

I nodded silently. Indeed, it certainly isn't an easy task to consider the issue from three perspectives in such a short time.

However, Ashton seemed to be still dissatisfied with her answers as he raised his brows and said in a slightly overbearing manner, "That's it?"

Upon hearing that, dumbfoundedness flashed across Summer's eyes instantly. She furrowed her brows temporarily before relaxing them in the next second. With apparent helplessness in her tone, she replied, "I'm sorry, Daddy, but I still couldn't figure out the others at the moment."

She had asked Ashton's forgiveness twice in less than a minute. The atmosphere grew relatively tenser at that instant. Ashton had always subconsciously put his employees under tremendous pressure, and now, he applied it to Summer as well.

Knowing how hard it was to notice a subconscious habit, I could only interrupt jokingly to ease the tension, "All right, it's all in the past. Why are you so serious in a family conversation? Summer is still young and lacks experience. You're superior in this, so don't keep her in suspense."

As soon as Ashton looked at me with his dark eyes, he understood immediately. He then softened his expression before uttering, "I'm not asking you how to deal with the aftermath. What I'm trying to bring up is that what you plan to do after being schemed?"

Does that mean that he wants Summer to counterattack?

Seemingly, Summer also caught on to the meaning behind his question. However, she seemed to be in a dilemma as she stammered and answered evasively, "Of course, I-I'll not suffer in silence. In my opinion, warning the employees, drawing the line with the men, and inhibiting them from entering the club should be effective enough..."

At that, Ashton took in a deep breath meaningfully and lowered his eyes slowly before asking, "After getting beaten by someone out of no reason, instead of starting a row with the wrongdoer, you restrain yourself and put up with it. Who taught you this? John?"

Yet, it didn't make any sense. According to John's personality, he would give it back to them at least tenfolds if they set him up. For him to swallow his grievances and repay a grudge with favor, dream on!

"No." As if worrying about something, Summer scrunched her face and lowered her eyes, avoiding Ashton's stern gaze.

Nevertheless, her action couldn't escape his sharp eyes. "What are you worrying about?"

After a moment of silence, Summer raised her head but didn't answer his question. Instead, she looked at me worriedly.

Feeling baffled by her gaze, I shifted my posture instinctively and tucked some stray strands of hair behind my ear. "Why are you looking at me like that? Is there anything on my face?"

A gleam flashed across Ashton's intelligent eyes as he noticed that something was off. He then asked blatantly, hitting the nail right on the head, "Is the reason you don't dare to take your revenge is because of Scarlett?"

Only then did Summer nod slowly. She then pulled out a photo from her pocket and handed it to Ashton respectfully.

Expressionlessly, he tossed the photo to me after glancing at it. Next, he crossed his legs and smirked, asking, "What is in your mind? Do you think that I've betrayed your mom and the family?"

It was a photo of Ashton and Rebecca like the one shown by Quince and the others when they visited the Fuller residence previously, but, this time, it was more ambiguous.

Back then, I'd hid the photo the moment Summer showed up, not wanting her to overthink it. Yet, I still failed to keep it from her in the end.

Well, there was no escaping the inevitable. We would need to solve the issue, eventually.

Summer answered tactfully, "I'm a junior, so I've no right to comment about the relationship issue between you and Mommy."

It wasn't uncommon for a man to have good relationships with women outside despite having a wife in a prominent family. Growing up surrounded by rich second-generation children, Summer would naturally hear much about it. Perhaps, in her eyes, both the facts that Ashton and I were affectionate and Ashton had a mistress secretly were true.

To put things plainly, she believed in Quince's sowing discord attempt.

Nonetheless, it was expected. Ashton had always been a disciplined man, with the only exception being Rebecca. Previously, she was the thorn in our relationship. Thus, it wasn't weird for the outsiders to use it to provoke us at all.

As clever as Summer, playing games with her was of no use. Therefore, I could only look at Ashton, purse my lips, and raise my brows. Well, I can do nothing. It's your mess, so you should handle it yourself.

Upon receiving my signal, he tilted his brows and narrowed his eyes, signaling for me to stay calm. Only after doing so did he continue casually, "I can tell you that the photo is real."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1678

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)
Chapter 1678 Love

What?

I couldn't help but widen my eyes in surprise at his unexpected answer. Shouldn't he try his best to steer clear of it? Why did he admit to it right away? Did he no longer want to maintain the children's impressions of him?

Summer, on the other hand, was relatively calm. She listened to it silently without giving any opinions as though she would only have to accept it and didn't plan to judge him from the morality aspect.

In the end, she didn't care much about us. It proved that to her, Ashton and I were merely someone related to her by blood. Aside from that, we were no different from the outsiders. Hence, the issue of our relationship wasn't enough to cause her to lose her composure.

As the realization washed over me, I didn't know if I should be glad.

The house fell into a dead silence for half a minute before Ashton's low voice finally sounded. "She's my deceased friend's sister. I've always treated her as my biological sister, but I've cut ties with her now since she keeps crossing the lines and hurt your mom multiple times."

Summer remained silent even after that. However, judging from her expression, she did pay heed to his explanation.

Ashton then curved his lips and asked with an implicative tone, "You don't believe it?"

Eventually, Summer shook her head. "I do."

After pausing briefly, she raised her eyes and added, "I'll make her pay for what she'd done today."

"Okay." Ashton nodded. When something came to his mind in the next second, he remarked casually, "Ask the assistant to adjust your schedule. I need you to accompany us to J City tomorrow."

"All right," Summer blurted. After giving it a thought, she found his request inappropriate and voiced her concern. "But I'm afraid that if I'm away for a long time right after such a big deal happened to the club, they would..."

Yet, before she could finish her words, Ashton shook his index finger, cutting in, "Rest assured. Since they've achieved their goal already, they won't make a move for now. Thus, go ahead and make the arrangement."

"Got it. I'll do it right away." With that said, she bowed and left the room, not forgetting to close the door behind.

Once her footsteps receded away, I nudged him and asked, "Why are we going back to J City?"

With a hint of amusement in his eyes, he asked in return, "What do you think?"

Our hometown, J City, was full of our old acquaintances as well. Since Summer didn't live there for a long time and was still so young back then, she would most probably harbor no feelings toward it. In that case, there would leave only one possibility, and that was Macy.

"Indeed, we should be visiting her soon." Instantly, the realization caused a lump in my throat. Then, I lowered my eyes and continued mumbling under my breath, "And Grandpa as well. Audrey and Gregory haven't been to his tombstone yet."

Indeed, all the important people in my life got buried there.

At the thought of that, I couldn't help but realize how small and insignificant life was. It was like holding a handful of sand when we wanted to grab on something dearly. The stronger we tightened our grip, the faster we lost it.

When a barrage of emotions welled up, they were written all over my face.

Immediately, Ashton pulled me into his embrace. He then squeezed my shoulder twice with his large hand and comforted me, "As long as we are doing well, they'll be happy for us."

Despite knowing that he was attempting to console me, I couldn't help but feel emotional. As I leaned onto his chest, I sighed. "If it's possible, I want to return to how we were in the past. Even though we didn't love each other that much that time, at least everyone was still alive. They would not be the passerby in our lives that would disperse as soon as the wind blow."

Hearing that, Ashton took in a deep breath, causing his chest to rise and fall intensely. "You can only hold grudges against me then."

I got up and raised my head to look at his chin. "What nonsense are you talking about again? Didn't we make a promise before to never talk about what Nicolas Hall had caused before? So, why are you blaming yourself again?"

"That's not what I meant." Ashton chuckled. He then put his hand at the back of my head and pushed me back into his embrace. Gently, he brushed over my hair as he uttered, "It's because I can't bring myself to love you any lesser. Otherwise, we'll end up so much different today."

At his words, I felt calm washed through me at once.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1679

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)
Chapter 1679 Reunion

Perhaps he was right. Life and death were a part of nature, and everything had its destined fate. Should there be any wrong step in between, we would never be able to feel each other's warmth and heartbeat as what we were doing now.

Only after visiting the seniors of the Fullers and Winona did we depart to Macy's cemetery.

After years in and years out, the black-and-white photo of Macy at her best age at the tombstone remained undamaged.

Instantaneously, countless memories welled up inside my heart. I walked over, put the flower in my hand down, and crouched down. Then, I extended my hand to touch the tombstone with the hope of being able to feel her warmth again by doing so.

As I looked at the photo, I started to mumble uncontrollably, "It's been so long since I last visited you. I bet you must be mad at me, right? You should stay safe and live well in the other world. Stop worrying about me. Ashton's nice to me, and we have got a pair of adorable twins now. I'm sure that you'll like them once you meet them."

At the mention of the children, I raised my head to look at Summer before continuing, "Summer is fine as well. She's a Math genius and has started her business now. In the future, she'll surely be a lady boss of the bar that is much younger than you."

I sniffled to suppress my tears from rolling down my face. Next, I beckoned Summer to come over. "Come closer, Summer. Let Macy have a good look at you. Do you still remember that I brought you here when you were younger?"

"Yes." Summer nodded before approaching me and putting down the white Lily in her hands.

When she raised her head to look at the photo, a rare gentle smile bloomed on her face. Calmly and naturally, she continued, "I've never forgotten about it."

If Macy heard her remarks, she would surely feel comforted. Even if Macy couldn't live in Summer's memory as her mother, Macy would always have a special place in her heart.

Perhaps it was the telepathy between the mother and her daughter. After a mere two seconds, Summer touched the photo subconsciously and said absentmindedly, "Mommy, do I look a lot like Aunt Macy?"

I blurted out, "You do. You're basically a replica of her. When you were first born to this world, she adores you a lot, even making you her goddaughter. In fact, nothing is wrong if you call her mom."

Indeed, Macy had the right to hear Summer addressing her that.

Of course, it would solely depend on Summer's decision, as I couldn't force her into that. Moreover, I didn't want to hurt her by telling her about the old days. After all, those memories were too burdened for her.

Yet, surprisingly, Summer accepted my words without resisting.

As she cast her eyes on the photo, a smile lingered on her face, not fading even after quite some time. With a hint of wariness in her gentle voice, she called out, "Mommy, I'm here to visit you. Are you glad to see me?"

Despite the only reply she got was an endless silence, it was still a heartwarming sight to behold. How fortunate was the mother to reunite with her daughter to know that she was doing fine?

Macy could finally rest in peace down there.

At that moment, Ashton, who remained silent the entire time while standing beside, said suddenly in a low voice, "You've grown up and soon will have to stand on your own, so it wouldn't be appropriate if you keep bringing your teacher along with you as you go around. The others would mock you for being a dependent child. I've decided for you and dismissed Mr. Cress. He would be

leaving to Epea by taking the flight this afternoon and won't come back anymore in the future."

Before I could come to my senses at the sudden news, Summer sprang up in a panic. With a flustered look, she stood rooted to the spot in a dilemma.

She was able to remain expressionless when the police stormed into the club before, yet, at Ashton's announcement, she frowned with her emotions written all over her face.

A few seconds later, Summer finally noticed Ashton's stare at her. The moment her eyes met with his, surprise gleamed across her eyes. Only after that did she attempt to control her emotions subconsciously.

Eventually, after a great effort, she managed to revert to her calm, obedient self.

However, it was futile. When she tried to find an excuse to slip away, she accidentally exposed her real inner thought once again.

"Daddy, I just remembered that I've something important that needs to be settled today in Wenville, so I want to leave first. Can I?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1680

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

Chapter 1680 She Knows

Summer was bold and honest as she said that. However, she instantly deflated upon meeting Ashton's sharp and intelligent eyes after she ended her words.

Even I was scared by his look. Thinking that there was a misunderstanding between them, I immediately stood up and held his arm to get the situation in control. "Please, speak properly. Don't scare the child."

Yet, he seemed to not hear what I said. Instead, his eyes were glued on Summer the entire time as though he planned to see through her cover.

As the time ticked by, Summer finally admitted defeat. Looking dejected, she lowered her head.

"When did you know about it?" Ashton asked coldly.

"What?" I was perplexed and was still clueless after shifting my gaze from Summer to him.

Summer, on the other hand, drooped her head lower as she attempted to change the topic. "What do you mean? Are we done visiting all the deceased? If so, I want

to go back first. After what had happened to the club yesterday, I don't want an accident to also occur in Wenville, so can you let me off?"

"Up to this point, are you sure you want to keep being obstinate?" However, Ashton was persistent and didn't plan to drop the matter at ease.

Even though I felt that he was being too overbearing, I couldn't help but notice something was off. Thus, I chose to stand aside to see what Ashton planned to do next.

Nonetheless, Summer knew how I could sway Ashton's decision at ease. Therefore, when she failed to persuade him, she changed her target to me.

"Mommy, both Wenville and the club are my businesses. I believe that you'll support me, right?"

"Of course." Without hesitation, I nodded in agreement. When I snapped back to my senses in the next second, I paused briefly before adding, "But your dad isn't an unreasonable person. Judging from his serious look, he might really have something he needs to discuss with you. Although your businesses are important, your family should be your priority. So, why don't you listen to what he plans to say first?"

Hearing that, Summer knitted her brows further, knowing that we wouldn't change our minds at that point.

I felt sorry upon taking in how distressed she was. Hence, I urged Ashton to quickly ask his questions to spare her from this awkward situation, "You always stop speaking halfway recently. Summer might be independent, but she's still not an adult yet. Don't treat her the same as you treat your business partner. It's quite a hassle to guess your words, so why don't you be straightforward and spit it out already?"

He seemed to be considering my advice as he narrowed his eyes.

Sadly, he decided to dismiss my words after a moment of consideration. When he once again opened his mouth, his voice still sounded cold.

While pointing at Macy's tombstone, he inquired, "Do you really not recognize the person lying there?"

At that, Summer's expression turned even bitter. The silence went on for a few more seconds before she suddenly bowed at us. "I'm sorry, Daddy and Mommy. I'll need to return to K City now."

With that said, she turned around and left. Her footsteps grew faster as she walked farther and farther away from us.

Just before she started to run, Ashton suddenly raised his voice, yelling, "Jared Crest doesn't plan to leave! No one is going to leave!"

As soon as his remarks ended, Summer halted in her tracks but refused to turn around.

Ashton took in a deep breath. Next, with a hint of helplessness, his attractive voice sounded in the quiet cemetery. "Just because Scarlett isn't your biological mother, no matter how good she does, you always keep your distance. Yet, when it comes to him, you lose your composure the moment you know that he's going to leave you. Summer Stovall, do you really feel no guilt at all?"

Worried that he would reveal the incident years ago, I quickly tugged at him with a disapproving look. "Ashton Fuller! Do you know what you're saying now?"

After saying that, my mind went blank for two seconds before the realization hit me hard. Dumbfoundedly, I turned to look at Summer, asking, "Y-You knew?"

Ashton would never say something he wasn't sure of. Hence, it could only mean that Summer had really known about her identity.

To hide what happened between Macy and Jared from her is a silent rule that everyone obeys. In that case, who is the one that wastes all our efforts?

Before Summer could answer him, he reminded again, "If you still acknowledge us as your parents, you better be honest."