

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1643

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Males of all creatures could always sense the danger within the shortest time possible.

The black man was evidently wary of Ashton, for he did not comment on Ashton's action. His arms remained outstretched in front of him, but he shrugged and took two steps back.

"Come on, Fuller. We're buddies. Don't get so mad." The black man smiled as he let his arms return to his side. Then, he politely reached out a hand and introduced himself, "It's me, Lucas. We should've met earlier."

Ashton's eyes swept past his hand before he pressed his lips together. "I don't remember you."

Ashton never once planned to shake hands with him.

In the end, Lucas awkwardly retracted his hand as an embarrassed look crept upon his face.

However, Ashton ignored him. He turned around and escorted me to the couch as he asked John, "What's going on?"

John took in a deep breath before gesturing to the side. "This is Lucas and that's Quince."

It was then we noticed that Lucas was not the only important figure there. On the couch was a shorter black man. As he was much thinner and smaller in size, his subordinates had blocked him from our vision, and that was why we did not notice him until then.

He must be Quince.

After a pause, John added, "They're the leaders of M Country's number one gang, Skull."

God. This can't be the Skull I know, right? Is this the horrendous gang that commits numerous atrocious killings? Even the authorities in M Country can't do anything about them.

Clinging to hope, I glanced at John hoping to see a hint telling me that he was not serious. Sadly, no miracles happened.

The only things behind the friendliness of strangers are money and power. It was easy to guess what they were at our place for.

The rich and the powerful were easy targets. Fuller Corporation was the largest company that had managed to expand its business into five countries, and many were eager to cut a piece of Fuller Corporation for themselves.

Those who took the legal route would come to Fuller Corporation with business proposals, hoping to be the lucky one among the millions. Regardless of everything, Fuller Corporation remained the one to decide.

However, it was apparent that our guests were not going to do things by the book.

Nevertheless, Ashton was unfazed. He looked at John serenely, signaling him to provide a longer explanation.

John was half-slumped on the couch, and his head rested on his arm. He made a circling motion around his temple with his other hand and said, "Isn't Summer about to open a club? I don't know where these two guys got their news from, but they want to be in it."

They're here for Summer?

Is the number one gang from overseas that short of money?

Let's put the issue of whether or not Summer's club will succeed or fail aside first. Even if it does open up for business, it's only within K City. It'll be a small business, and they'd essentially be stealing from a kid. Aren't they embarrassed?

"Where's Summer?" Ashton asked.

“She isn’t back yet,” John told him. “Summer’s a busy girl now.”

Good, I thought. There was a lack of shame and morals in the underground world, so it was better for the child to avoid dealing with them.

While they were not paying attention to me, I sneakily tugged Ashton’s sleeve, wanting him to not let Summer deal with them.

Ashton gave me a barely-discernible nod before hinting to me not to get anxious. It seemed like he had a plan.

With that sign, I relaxed a little. Then, a thought popped into my head, and I hurriedly called Joseph to my side. “Mr. Campbell, come over for a second.”

Joseph, the smart man he was, knew that I did not want to catch anyone else’s attention, so he hunched over to get closer to me.

“Guard the door. Once Summer is back, let her return to her room via the side door,” I whispered to him.

“Understood,” Joseph replied before walking toward the door.

Quince noticed Joseph’s action, and he narrowed his eyes and let them trail Joseph to the doorway.

Fortunately, we were at the Fuller residence, so he did not act on his observation. However, when he noticed my gaze, he curled his lips into a smile that did not reach his eyes. That smile sent shudders running down my spine.

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I averted my eyes before remembering about the spying Audrey upstairs.

That girl’s really brave, huh? A normal kid would start crying for their mother at the sight of a foreign black man in the house. Not

only did she not cry, but she's even spying from behind the baluster.

Carefully, I chanced a glance at where Audrey had been earlier, glad to see that it was empty.

She must have listened to me and gone back to my room.

John had raised Audrey abroad all along, and she was the apple of his eye, so she had a little stubborn streak of her own. Fortunately, she was still an obedient child when she was with the family.

"Okay, Stovall, Fuller. Let me tell you my plan!" Lucas was vastly different from Quince. First of all, he was much taller and cruder. Furthermore, he was rather enthusiastic and immersed in his own world. "You'll be the ones in charge of opening the clubs, starting from K City to the rest of the country. You can leave the security details to us. The headquarters of Skull will be based in K City. As for the deal with the Chanaean police, we'll go into more details later."

"Stop," Ashton interrupted Lucas' train of thought. Immediately, the room fell silent.

Fortunately, it seemed like they had learned about Chanaea's way of hosting guests before they came, so they were not angry about his interruption. Instead, Lucas beamed and gestured for him to speak as he patiently waited to hear him.

"The club isn't planning to take over the country nor do we have any plans to collaborate with others," Ashton said, dismissing Lucas' entire plan.

However, Lucas thought Ashton was not done with his piece, for he continued to smile and wait for him to continue.

Once he was done, Ashton pressed his lips together and fell silent. He did not have any thoughts of trying to soften the revelation for the other man at all.

As seconds ticked away, the atmosphere turned tenser and tenser, and the smile on Lucas' face faded away.

"Mr. Fuller, what do you mean? Do you think that our organization isn't fit to do business with your daughter?" Quince questioned.

I knew it. I knew he was up to no good. I'm right all along! He's waiting to stir things up all this time.

Nevertheless, who was Ashton? Even when he was powerless in J City, he had already made his move against Cameron and Zachary. The word fear was never in his dictionary.

Without any changes in his expression, he let his right leg cross his left and adjusted himself into a more comfortable position. Only then, he nonchalantly replied, "Kids have their own ways of doing things, and we've got to give them an opportunity to try things out. If you'd like to talk business with me, then you're always welcome. However, if you're thinking of laying a finger on my daughter, then you should turn right once you're out of the house and take a left turn at the sixth traffic light."

"What do you mean?" Quince asked.

"That's one of the jurisdictions of K City's cops," John said with a half-grin. Clearly, he was enjoying the show, and the look in his eyes would infuriate anyone it was directed to.

Lucas and Quince took two seconds to figure out what he was talking about. Once they realized what cops were, Lucas slammed his hand on the armrest and jumped to his feet. "What do you mean, Fuller?"

People like them hated the police the most. Of course, that excluded the ones who worked for them.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere in the room turned tense. The few underlings behind Lucas had also sneakily put their hands into the pockets of their suits.

Ashton still had a cold look when he raised his head to stare into the other's man frenzied eyes. In a flat tone, he said, "I meant what I said. There's a saying in Chanaea that I'd like to enlighten you with—thieves are the only ones who come uninvited."

To my surprise, Lucas shrugged and put on a hurt look. "Why do you say that? Your woman has told me that visiting foreign friends brings joy. I thought you'd be happy."

"My woman?"

"His what woman?"

Both Ashton and I spoke almost simultaneously. Then, we shared a look before quietly turning back to Lucas, waiting for his answer.

"Larson, isn't it?" Lucas hastily explained. He then snapped his fingers at one of his subordinates behind him, and one of them fished out a stack of photos to hand it to him.

Lucas then threw the photos onto the table and said, "Look, isn't this you?"

I did not know why he was abruptly furious. Bewildered, I stepped forward to take the photos before sitting back on the couch to examine them with Ashton.

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Once we went through the photos, we realized what was going on.

While Rebecca and Ashton were indeed in the photos, the photos had been photoshopped.

They were various photos of Ashton and Rebecca, who had undergone plastic surgery, in different places. I could see that Rebecca was the one initiating the intimacy between them.

It was not the first time I had seen such photos, but the last time I saw it, Rebecca still had her original face.

Hence, I realized what happened right away. Rebecca had gone overseas and used Ashton's name to trick the gang members before throwing the responsibility to us.

She was right; she had successfully disgusted us.

What ill fate.

Ashton took the photos from my hands, put them back on the table, and pushed them to Lucas. Then, he said in a solemn tone, "I don't know this woman."

"You don't know this woman?" Clearly, Lucas did not think well of his reply. "Are you saying that we're trying to trick you?"

At the end of the day, the matter started because of us. At this point, regardless of whether Ashton and Rebecca were associated or not, Quince and Lucas had come for Ashton's influential power. That was something we could not deny.

It was apparent to me from Lucas' earlier attitude that he wanted something from me too, and I had realized that I had to set things right. Hence, I interrupted, "Calm down, Mr. Lucas, that isn't what my husband meant. However, since we're both saying two different things, it has become important for us to find out the authenticity of these photos. Mr. Lucas, you have many talented men with you, so I'm sure you'll be able to have someone authenticate them, right?"

Although Rebecca's move in framing us for this was an excellent one, she had forgotten something important. In K City, she was a dead woman. Having a new start with a new face meant that the woman who once had a relationship with Ashton was no longer around.

Both Ashton and I knew what the results of their authentication would be, but letting them do it would convince them better.

Although people like Lucas earned their money through illicit means, they were rather reasonable and strict with their own rules. Even if they were to lose their dignity, they would not fly into a rage when faced with the truth. Hence, I was certain that things would not go out of our control.

Indeed, Lucas frowned after hearing my words. He paled as if I had caught him red-handed, and he stammered, "O-Of course."

At that, Ashton and I exchanged a glance, and the both of us knew that things were going our way.

"Well, then, do ask your men to authenticate the photos. Once the results are out, we'll all know the truth, won't we?" I said softly with a smile.

They were coming after Ashton's assets and power. In other words, they were coming after the entire Chanaea's grey area businesses. I was almost sure that she must have tempted them with the idea of a bright future in a gilded empire. That idea must have then been so enticing that they only thought of meeting their future business partner and neglected the need to authenticate the photos. It was only after hearing our words, then did they finally realize that they had been tricked.

Despite that being the fact, I knew it was not a good idea to embarrass them by being too frank about it.

After all, a cornered animal would bite back and the force behind that bite would be unimaginable.

Therefore, despite everything, Rebecca had indeed sent us a bomb.

Lucas was blinking, clearly thinking of how to proceed with everything. Unfortunately, his brain did not seem to have grown with his body size, for he could not come up with anything. Slowly, a stumped look crept upon his face.

However, I knew Lucas was not the terrifying one between the two.

As I expected, the smaller man—the slyer one—spoke again, and he threw the blame on Ashton. "That's just a trivial matter. We've come from a faraway land with nothing but sincerity. Even if the photos turn out to be fake, are you still not planning to work with us, Fuller?"

If I were someone else, I would have applauded him for his well-chosen words. He had made me and Ashton, become certain

that Quince was the brains of the organization. Unlike Quince, everything Lucas thought about was written on his face.

Nevertheless, there was something I could not wrap my mind around about.

Why would a scheming, witty man like Quince be willing to share his power with someone simple-minded like Lucas?