

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1791

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

Chapter 1791 Family Business

Initially, I wanted to get to the bottom of what happened between her and Summer. However, she kept avoiding the topic intentionally. So I decided not to ask further.

After leaving The Jade, I went to Summer's club.

The servers were all Lucas' subordinates. They were all dressed in uniforms with bow ties on them. At first glance, they looked out of place. However, they somehow managed to hide their hostility underneath those bow ties. Along with the smiles on the customers' faces, everything looked surprisingly normal.

Although my arrival had put everyone on edge, they still escorted me to my seat politely. They even served me drinks while I waited for Summer.

Not long after, Summer showed up. "Mommy! What brought you here today?"

Being her usual self, Summer flashed a perfunctory smile.

Due to her decisions made, I was actually worried that it'd be awkward to see her. But she handled herself surprisingly well. In fact, her warm welcome made me feel like nothing had ever happened between us.

I smiled and blurted, "I was only passing by. Then I realized we hadn't had a meal together for some time now. Audrey and the others are missing you badly. Are you free to come home and have dinner with us?"

She took a short pause and agreed. "Yeah, sure. Shall we go buy some groceries?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure!" I nodded and accompanied her to the biggest mall nearby.

Summer was walking next to me with a cart. While she watched me pick out groceries, she occasionally put snacks for Audrey and the others into the cart.

After picking out everything we needed, we strolled around leisurely. When I thought the time was right, I casually mentioned Emery to her. "I heard from Aunt Emery that the club is doing well. Is there any new plan going forward?"

"Yes, there is," Summer said calmly. "Our marketing efforts have worked well. Hence, our cash flow has improved by quite a bit. Aunt Emery wants to use the money for investments. She said that by doing so, we'd achieve passive income."

"Well, that sounds like a good idea! Besides, she has an eye for investment. Do you think otherwise?" I stopped in my tracks and analyzed.

Summer stopped walking as well and smiled gently at me. "I do agree with her. It's just that I want to use the money to open up new branches. I have nothing against investing the money elsewhere. But it can wait."

"There's no right or wrong when it comes to business decisions. But Emery means well. If the two of you have any contradicting opinions, communication is key. Otherwise..."

"Mommy." Summer cut me off, and she suddenly held my hand. With a smile, she said, "Daddy has told me that I have the final say in managing the club. Hence, I'll do what's best."

I was shocked upon hearing that. I could only swallow whatever I wanted to say in the first place. Summer's words, glare, and action were her way of telling me to back off. I had no say in her decisions.

I had always felt there was a distance between us. But at that instant, she felt like a stranger to me.

Before I could react, Summer said, "Since you've said what you came here for, I shall make a move, Mommy. The club needs me."

After that, she let go of my hand and left without giving me a second glance.

The cart was full, and yet, all I could feel in my heart was emptiness. I took out my phone and called Emery. "I'm sorry. I couldn't get Summer to change her mind. If you're unhappy with her decisions, do whatever you feel is right. I'll understand."

In response, Emery chuckled. "Don't be silly. I won't be making a fuss out of it. Why didn't you tell me you were going to meet her?"

I let out a sigh and said helplessly, "I just don't want things to be difficult between the two of you."

"That's not going to happen. I've seen enough families ruined because of business matters to know that won't happen to us. Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on Summer. I guess she's just going through a rebellious phase. Soon, it'll all be all right." Emery wasn't bothered at all.

"Well, I hope so too." I could only helplessly wait and hope for the best outcome.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1792

/ [In Love, Never Say Never](#)
Chapter 1792 Compassion

"Hey, Scarlett?" Emery suddenly blurted.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Thank you."

I felt I didn't deserve her gratitude because I didn't confront Summer for her. I just wanted what was best for Summer. "That's unnecessary. Unlike Alexander, I can't be deceived by your sweet gestures!" I joked.

"Haha! Maybe you should learn a few tricks from me. That way, you can deceive Nathaniel and get him to be more invested in you!" Emery started joking around as well.

"He's already all over me!" I paused and continued, "However, I haven't heard from him since yesterday. I'm not sure what's going on."

"Be patient. He'll surely come back for you. All we have to do now is wait," Emery said convincingly.

"All right, I'll wait. Do you want to come over for dinner tonight?" I asked as I gazed at the full cart of groceries.

"Are you cooking?"

"Yes, I am," I answered firmly.

"Well, okay! I'll see you later."

I had prepared a variety of dishes for dinner. The kids were being supportive as well by eating more than usual.

Since Emery was around, Audrey didn't mention anything about Summer.

For the first time in so long, the atmosphere in the house was lively and warm again.

Late that night, the strong winter wind was blowing, slamming the windows every minute. I felt incredibly troubled and was unable to sleep at all. I got up with my blanket wrapped around me and sat by the window.

There was still a tiny flame in the fireplace. The wind blew the embers onto the nearby rug and turned to ash.

Suddenly, I heard my phone vibrate.

I wondered who could be texting me at that late hour. Could it be Ashton?

Part of me was hoping it was him who texted. I got up quickly and fetched my phone.

It was Holden. He sent me a text through WhatsApp.

Drogawolf will be at Mr. Fuller's suburbs tomorrow. Thanks to Mr. Fuller, I found out that the famous Drogawolf is an extremely beautiful lady.

He could've just told me Ashton was going to meet up with a beautiful drug lord the next day.

I then replied to his text expressionlessly: What time? Where is Ashton now?

He texted me back almost instantly: It's ten in the morning, at Silverwood Court villa. We should settle the financial matters clearly. Have you decided on the terms you mentioned before, Ms. Stovall?

Five percent sure was a good rate! No wonder he was so anxious about it.

I replied: Not yet.

WhatsApp then showed that he was typing. But I didn't receive a reply for a good long minute. Instead, it showed that he was typing the whole time.

That whole time, it was like we were stuck in an awkward moment. While he was waiting for my decision anxiously, I refused to give in. Neither of us wanted to be taken advantage of.

However, I didn't want to miss out on Ashton's schedule for the next day. So I texted him: Your share will be sent to you soon.

Instantly, he replied: That's good then.

As I stared at his reply, sorrow engulfed me. With the social status and fortune I had, I wouldn't want to lose the humane side of me.

Perhaps he had his reasons for doing so. But I was just grateful that I wasn't that close to him.

Nevertheless, compassion was a must-have.

The next day, at eight-thirty in the morning, I was already waiting in the car at the entrance of Silverwood Court.

Ashton's car showed up fifteen minutes later. I waited for him to approach the entrance of the residence before driving toward him at top speed. I stopped my car right in front of him.

Before he could react, I opened the door on the passenger side and got in his car. After that, I fastened my seat belt immediately.

“What are you doing here? Get out!” Ashton yelled at me with annoyance.

“Whatever you’re going to do, I’m doing it as well. Just drive the car. I won’t cause you any trouble.” Then, I leaned back and showed no intention of getting out.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1793

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

Chapter 1793 Meeting Drogawolf

Ashton furrowed his brows and made to unbuckle his seatbelt. I knew he wanted to do this the hard way and pull me out of the car, so I stated, “It will be nine soon. Time doesn’t wait for anyone, so it isn’t easy to start all over again. Are you sure you want to waste time with me here?”

It was obvious that Drogawolf was a ruthless lady. If he wasn’t on time for their first meeting, he might miss the opportunity to establish connections with her.

Ashton shot me an exasperated look and gave up. “Stay in the car when we arrive. Don’t wander around and ruin my plan.”

I shrugged without bothering to reply. We’ll see.

Ashton immediately reversed his car and sped away.

Ten minutes later, the heater kicked in. As the temperature rose, the fragrance of the perfume intensified.

For years, Ashton still loved using the same perfume. I teased, “We’ve separated for a while, but you’re still using the same perfume. Quite the sentimental man, huh?”

Ashton gave me a sideways glance before saying, “Perfume and human beings are different matters.” His tone was insensitive.

Fine. I know you’re trying to avoid suspicion. Shut up. I refuse to listen.

I rolled my eyes and lost interest in teasing him. Silence ensued.

We finally arrived at the destination at nine fifty-five.

Drogawolf’s men had evidently prioritized this meeting, too. Besides arranging men guarding downstairs, there were also six cars parked outside.

“Stay here.” Ashton buttoned his suit, his expression stern. He then pushed the door open and stepped out.

I came to him to provoke Nathaniel. Though I had my own agenda, I didn’t want to land him in trouble. At the sight of the impressive display of force outside, I dispelled the idea of kicking up a fuss inside.

Alas, I had no say over my freedom here.

Less than five minutes after Ashton went upstairs, the bodyguard who was on patrol spotted me and forced me to get out of the car before bringing me to the abandoned building opposite.

On the second floor, I finally saw the woman Holden called Drogawolf.

Indeed, Drogawolf was an attractive lady. As she was around my age, she wasn’t stunningly beautiful anymore.

Drogawolf was clad in a simple white suit, emanating a professional and staid vibe. She was sitting across from Ashton with a pleasant smile playing on her lips. If we weren’t in an abandoned building, this would seem like a normal business meeting.

The bodyguard escorted me in, and Drogawolf’s features became clearer to me. The more I stared at her, the more I found her familiar.

Soon, Ashton realized I had been captured. He rose to his feet and explained, “Ms. Schmidt, she has no idea about our deal. It’s all a misunderstanding.”

Yes, Drogawolf was none other than Freja Schmidt, the youngest CEO of Schmidt Pharmaceuticals.

I was shocked, for the businessperson who developed medicine was involved in an illegal drug deal. Freja’s family had been in the pharmaceutical industry for a long time, and they were influential in the industry. A few years ago, the previous CEO and his wife passed away in an accident, and their daughter, Freja, took over the company. As Freja was influenced by foreign consortiums and business philosophies, she resorted to extreme means to expand Schmidt Pharmaceuticals. Many shareholders were displeased at her actions, but that didn’t stop Schmidt Pharmaceuticals from becoming the top pharmaceutical company in the country.

Everyone needed medicine some time in their life. Freja was the owner of a lucrative business. Even if she closed the business down, the earnings would still be able to support her future generations. I couldn’t help but wonder why she ended up dabbling in illegal businesses.

I had met Freja at a banquet and talked to her briefly. Most wealthy ladies would only gossip about family affairs, so she was a rare presence, sophisticated and funny. I couldn’t relate her to Drogawolf.

Hearing Ashton's words, Freja didn't fly into a fit of rage. She came to me politely and greeted, "Ms. Stovall, we've met previously."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1794

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)
Chapter 1794 The Deal

I took her hand briefly. It was only a split second, but it felt like I had come in contact with a block of ice. My entire body shivered, but I held it back and forced out a smile. "Ms. Schmidt."

Pursing her lip, Freja glanced at the bodyguard who was pinning my hands behind my back. He promptly left as instructed.

Before I realized what was going on, Freja said, "I've heard a lot about you, Ms. Stovall. To be honest, I admire you for your willingness to sacrifice for love."

Why does that sound like an insult? I flashed an awkward smile and muttered, "You're flattering me."

"Please, relax. I mean every word I say." Freja chuckled and took my hand, patting it lightly. She acted as though we were close friends.

However, I felt a chill going down my spine. On such an occasion where we were meeting with brand new identities, anyone would feel uncomfortable seeing how relaxed she was. It felt like my trump card had been exposed in advance.

Calmly, Freja turned and returned to her seat. Crossing her legs, she said warmly, "Ms. Stovall, please take a seat."

I glanced at Ashton and received his approval before joining him.

After sitting, I looked up to see Freja scrutinizing Ashton and me. Her gaze was narrowed as she flashed a smirk.

"Indeed, you are a match made in heaven. Even though you're separated, you look every inch a couple. If we can collaborate, you'll be known as Romeo and Juliet in the industry," Freja complimented us in a flattering manner.

I thought she was trying to butter up to us, but Ashton seemed anxious. "What do you mean, Ms. Schmidt? Don't you trust me?"

"Mr. Fuller, calm down. I admire Ms. Stovall for her courage, that's all. After all. I'm merely thirsty for talents," Freja replied. Her smile faded away, but the glint in her gaze remained.

Ashton's lips curved into a smirk. "Ms. Schmidt, you should get rid of the unrealistic notions in your mind. If the Stovall family is that easy to trick, you won't know about Scarlett's deeds."

Obviously, Ashton wasn't praising me.

It looks like Uncle Louis didn't work in vain. Though he had retired, his name can still be used as a form of protection in such circumstances.

Ashton was right. No one could make him cross the line, for he had been adhering to it for his entire life. They had no idea how powerful his faith could be.

"We can't be sure about that, can we? There will always be a way," Freja said calmly, ignoring my presence as she winked at Ashton. I had no idea what she was trying to get at.

Ashton wore a frosty expression as he leaned back. "Don't ask me. You should ask Nathaniel about it." He sounded like he had nothing to lose.

Hearing his answer, Freja shrugged nonchalantly. "It was just a joke. You're too serious, Mr. Fuller. It's a bad habit that you need to change."

"I won't change it. I just want to know if you're capable enough of accepting the goods that we've prepared," Ashton said. He was clearly irritated, for his expression had darkened.

However, this was the Ashton Fuller that I was familiar with. He was serious, assertive, and dominant.

"Ha!" Freja chuckled lowly. "You used to be a smart businessman, but why are you so narrow-minded when it comes to another product? I might be easily satisfied, but there are millions of people in the country. Do you seriously think I can't sell the goods?"

Unfazed, Ashton continued, "When the cat is away, the mice will play. Do you think you can control your subordinates who aren't in K City? When one of them slips and gets caught, what should we do?"

"That won't happen," Freja replied confidently.

"I will only trust you if you provide me with all the information about your distributors. I need to check them out and confirm that they are trustable. Or you can take in my suggestion and assign my subordinates to each city. If something crops up, it'll be easy to rid of the trouble and save both sides," Ashton concluded.