

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1161

The phone call from Emery was supposed to be a sign of hope, but I felt like I had fallen so far down an abyss of self-doubt to the extent that I was unable to muster any energy for the rest of the day.

I did not expect Ashton to show himself, but at eight in the evening, he and a bodyguard walked in with dinner. I sat sluggishly on the couch and stared whilst they made preparations.

There was no expression on Ashton's face. He walked over to me and helped me to the dining table. Like every expecting father, he held his wife and took small and measured steps.

We sat across from each other at the table. Ashton looked as if he was busier than before; he spent the entire meal replying to messages. I tried to engage him in conversation but did not manage to find an opening to.

After a half hour, the messages finally stopped coming in.

I set aside my cutlery and was about to speak when brash and insolent footsteps came from the door.

"Wow, Ashton. Are you sure that this dead slump is the home of the president of Fuller Corporation?" Holden did not seem very different from the last time we met. He was still the same delinquent clad in an expensive suit. Somehow, he had managed to make the suit look cheap.

Holden paused in the middle of the living room and took a look around. He caught my eye and went on spewing insults without a pause. "For someone who doesn't know you, they'd think that what you've constructed here is some sort of a private prison. I already feel like I'm in jail just by being here thirty seconds. Scarlett, this has got to be your idea, isn't it? You wanted to meet me, didn't you?"

Well, I stand corrected. I'm not the only one unafraid of death. He was another one brazen enough to flirt with Ashton's wife in front of him. It was difficult to find another scoundrel as despicable as Holden.

I felt angry at how he spoke to me but noticed out of the corner of my eye that Ashton seemed to have expected him. He chewed placidly as he watched the scene.

Holden exhausted all of his theatrics. He pulled out the chair next to me and held his forehead in hand in a pretense of sorrow. "To be honest, I can sense how much you are missing me. However, I've been really busy recently to come to you. You wouldn't blame me, would you?"

I was rather embarrassed. "Can we help you, Mr. Taylor?" I asked pointedly.

Holden had just taken over the Taylor family. He would have been busy culling out those who stood against him; thus, he must want something for him to be here instead of busy doing that.

Holden wasn't happy when I refused to play along. He pulled a face and resumed his infuriating behavior. "How dreadfully boring. If this is how you plan on receiving your guests, don't bother inviting me over again."

I had no way of dealing with his tricks. I glanced at Ashton for help.

Ashton was calm the entire time. After his last bite of dinner, he turned his dark eyes up at me and spoke calmly. "You wanted to look for someone in M Country, didn't you? Holden's men have gone on your behalf. You can relax now."

"You?" I said incredulously, skeptical of Holden's abilities to do what needed to be done.

"What's wrong? You can't accept this arrangement?" Holden said smugly. "Don't you know that the Taylors control the flow of information in K City? If my men couldn't locate your fellow, you can consider him dead."

"How could you say something like that?" I demanded hotly, though I was delighted to hear that his family had access to that much information. However, I still wasn't convinced. "Besides me, Marcus had not communicated with anyone else. How sure are you that he wouldn't avoid your men?"

Marcus was at M Country, the home turf of GW Group. He was already at the edge of the lion's jaws. It was no doubt that he would be extremely careful if he wanted to stay alive to rescue Camelia and their child. This was possibly why he wouldn't even make any contact with his employees.