

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 468

I sighed. Wouldn't that be nice? But John was family to me after all.

"Hannah is a really good woman," I said. "Once John loses her, it'll be forever."

Leaning his head on my shoulder, Ashton said moodily, "What can you do then?"

"If Uncle Louis finds out, perhaps he could let Hannah into the Stovall family." John had always been respectful to Uncle Louis.

He lifted his head to stare at me thoughtfully. "You've investigated Hannah's past?"

I frowned, confused about his question. "Even if her background's inferior, Uncle Louis isn't one to be bothered about it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have acknowledged me publicly and entered me into the Stovall's family register."

He raised his brows and said, "Louis may not care about the girl's family background, but he'll care about her personal experiences. These past thirty years, you've had a clean record being the Moore family's daughter, my wife, and a graduate. These could make Louis accept you, but Hannah doesn't have those."

"Even though she didn't graduate college nor marry into a wealthy family, she's elegant and dignified. That alone will satisfy Uncle Louis."

Holding me, he smiled weakly. "Things aren't always as simple as it seems, Scarlett."

Out of nowhere, Summer ran over and insisted that Ashton play with her. Unable to decline her, they left alongside each other.

I remained seated in the chair, uncertain what sort of past Hannah had that could make Uncle Louis unable to accept her.

In the evening, at the villa's entrance, John stared deeply at me and said, "Since you're back to K City, you should take Summer home. After all, you and Mr. Fuller are divorced. The longer you stay here, the more tongues will wag."

I blanked out slightly. Deep inside, I knew he was unwilling to see me and Ashton living together without clearing up our situation.

Ashton didn't say a word as he sent them off politely.

Having played for an entire day, Summer was exhausted and fell asleep right on the living room floor.

I was then backed into the doorframe and caged in by him. "Four years ago, I didn't sign the divorce agreement. We're still lawfully married. Is it not okay for a married couple to live under the same roof?"

Looking at his willful appearance, I burst out laughing. Tilting my head, I said, "It's fine, that's why I'm staying."

He smiled softly, his eyes reflecting his happiness. Had it not been for Summer waking up groggily in the living room, he probably would've been unable to restrain himself.

Fall in K City was occasionally gloomy and uncertain.

On Tuesday, I had stayed in the villa revising for several consecutive days, bored from having been alone for some time.

After getting a change of clothes, I went to peel some fruits in the kitchen before sending them to Summer at her school. However, I was denied access and had to send them to Ashton at Fuller Corporation instead.

The skies were overcast. Luckily, Ashton had given me a car to drive and the traffic was relatively smooth.

When I arrived at Fuller Corporation, I stopped to allow myself to take it all in. Four years ago, it was merely one of the many inconspicuous companies in the industry. Yet now, it had turned into a multi-story building with its name hanging strikingly on the front.

As soon as I found a parking lot, a bolt of lightning struck and rain began to pour. I initially thought the rain wouldn't be heavy and carried the lunch box with me while I headed toward the Fuller Corporation building. But when I finally made it after a sprint, I had gotten fully drenched.

The dark skies lit up whenever lightning struck. The bad weather didn't seem to be stopping any time soon.

A group of passersby was taking shelter right at the entrance when I squeezed past them to make it into the lobby.

Having learned my lesson, I didn't approach the reception but pulled out my phone to give Ashton a call.

Several missed calls showed on my phone screen, all of which were from Ashton while I had been in the rain. Before I could call him back, the phone rang again. I moved aside in order not to block the path and answered it.

"What happened?" His deep voice sounded hurried as if he had been anxious.

Watching the heavy downpour outside, I said distractedly, "Nothing."

All of a sudden, an ear-splitting clap of thunder rang out, so deafening that the surroundings shook.

Through the phone, Ashton coaxed in a low, soothing voice, “Don’t be afraid, I’ll be right there.”

“Mr. Fuller, this will—” It sounded like it was Joseph beside him.

“Postpone it!”

Standing in the lobby, I froze, momentarily forgetting to move. “Are you in a meeting?”

“Mm,” he hummed in response. When another clap of thunder sounded, he spoke again, “I’ll be home in fifteen minutes.”

It seemed he remembered that I was afraid of thunders. But having lived through R Province’s unpredictable weather for four years, I had long gotten used to it—having spent many nights embracing Summer through them. Although I was still scared, it was no longer a crippling fear.

Hearing his anxious tone, I couldn’t help but assure him in a light voice, “I’m alright, you—”