

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 576

I lifted my head and looked at Ashton. He did not seem to be bothered by Joe's reaction.

I thought of consoling the drunk man but was afraid that I might burst into laughter.

Ashton grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. "Let him be. He'll be fine when he's sobered up."

I whispered, "Does he always get drunk?"

Ashton tapped his slender fingers on a glass of water and placed the glass by his sensuous lips.

"Sometimes," he said. He then looked at me and realized I was staring at his lips. He put down the glass, smirked, and let out a deep grunt.

That had instantly snapped me out of my daze. I cleared my throat and tried to hide my awkwardness. "Oh."

My heart was still racing like mad even though I had looked away. What is he? God of lust and seduction? Argh!

Joe had soon quietened down. He collapsed on the couch and fell asleep.

Ashton looked at him for a while before saying, "Come. Let's go home."

I nodded. But before leaving, I asked, "Should we send him home?"

Ashton shook his head. "Let's just bring him down to his chauffeur."

He stood up, placed his arm around Joe's neck, and held that drunk man's wrist. "Let's go."

At the entrance of the Imperial Hotel, his chauffeur came up and carried Joe by his arm. He then left after thanking Ashton for his help.

Ashton left his car in the car park, so he looked at me and said, "Wait for me. I'll go and get the car."

"I'll go with you." The car park in the hotel was large, and it would take him some time to get to his car. I just wanted to accompany him.

But he stopped me. "It's cold outside. You wait for me in the lobby. I'll be here soon."

He then called one of the front desk staff members to bring me in.

At his insistence, I returned to the lobby and waited.

Suddenly, Jackson appeared with a woman in his arm, and I was surprised.

A line formed between my brows. I had never seen him with a girl before. After seeing how close he was with Nick, I assumed he had no interest in women. I was utterly dumbfounded by what I saw right now.

The hotel might be enormous, but it was not difficult for me to spot a familiar face from afar.

He was stunned for a moment after seeing me in the lobby. He let go of the woman, walked in my direction, and smirked. "Don't tell me you came here alone."

"I'm here with Ashton." I could not help but turn my attention to the woman beside her. "She is..."

He grinned, "A friend who helps me release my tension. I heard you let Summer and Jared go to W City. I told you Macy doesn't want Summer to be a part of the Crest family. Do you still remember?"

I nodded. "I know, but some things are beyond our control. Besides, Jared only brought her to W City to have some fun. That's all."

"And you think the Crests would not take this opportunity to approach Summer?" Jackson sneered, "Jared might be a gentleman, but you can't assume people around him are just as nice."

Somehow, I felt he knew something that I was not aware of. "What do you mean?"

A corner of his lips quirked up. He once again wrapped his arm around the woman's neck. "Well... I don't know. My instinct tells me something's going to happen. You know what, Scarlett? I feel we're slowly drifting apart."

"I don't understand what you're trying to say, Jackson." Why do I feel like I don't know this man anymore?

He grinned but kept mum. He raised his hand and pointed, "You better go and check on your man. A bitch is trying to tackle him right there."

I knitted my brows and turned around. Ashton had arrived, and he parked his car right at the entrance of the hotel.

A woman approached him as if she was trying to flirt with him.

I paused for a moment before turning my attention to Jackson. "Let's have dinner when you're free."

He raised his brows, grabbed the cigarette from the woman's hand, and puffed at it. "Sure. You make the arrangement then."

His unruly behavior rendered me speechless.

I turned around, walked out of the building, and overheard Ashton's conversation with that woman.

The woman clung tightly onto him and said in a shivering voice, "I've been with you for two years, Ashton. You should know I'm so much better than Scarlett!"

It was Rachel's voice. I could recognize it from afar. She seemed to be drunk as she kept leaning against Ashton.

Ashton had always been a gentleman. Otherwise, he would have flung her away without hesitation.

Ashton controlled his anger and raised his voice. "Get off!"