

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 869

Abe glanced at Ashton, then sniggered.

“What were you planning to do, Holden? Why did you bring her in?” Abe asked menacingly.

Holden, however, turned to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, it’s getting late. Mrs. Fuller looks a little tired. Perhaps you should be heading home to rest,” he suggested matter-of-factly.

“Holden Taylor, what exactly do you take me for?” Abe roared. With one swift motion, he furiously swept the cards off the table.

Holden, however, remained looking steadily in Ashton’s direction. “You’ll have to meet Dad tomorrow. You should get some rest tonight,” the man urged, a note of warning in his voice.

Indignant at having been ignored multiple times, Abe flew into a rage. He suddenly drew out a pistol and pointed it straight at Holden. “Taylor, let me ask you again, what do you take me for?” Abe bellowed.

The solid presence of the pistol immediately draped a dense cloak of tension over the room. Ashton silently shielded me with his body as he watched the situation unfold.

Holden, however, seemed accustomed to Abe’s behavior. He glared defiantly at Abe, then said coolly, “Mr. Abe, if you fire that pistol, I’m afraid neither of us will be walking out of Gold Star Casino tonight.”

Abe’s face had turned purple. He had evidently dedicated his full strength towards restraining his anger.

After what seemed like an eternity, Abe slowly lowered the pistol. He looked at Ashton and suddenly laughed harshly. “Mr. Fuller, perhaps some other day then. Don’t worry. There’ll be plenty of opportunities for us to meet again. Off with you!”

Nonetheless, Ashton’s gaze never wavered. He remained expressionless even as he nodded politely. “I’ll be happy to meet for drinks. As for other activities, I still abide by the same principle that I won’t do anything to hurt anyone else.”

With that declaration, Ashton grabbed my hand and practically hauled me out of the private room. I was utterly bewildered by the entire event and had so many questions to ask. My curiosity died on my lips, however, as I saw the urgency with which Ashton dragged me through the corridors of the casino.

The first floor was bustling with its usual activity. Ashton weaved through the raucous crowd with me in tow until we finally arrived at the exit. Zachary's appointed personnel were already waiting for us there. With that, we hurriedly linked up with them and got into the car.

Ashton had just started the car when a crowd of people swarmed out, forming a barricade on the road before us.

They weren't there for us. A few burly men had thrown a man out of the casino and were now determinedly laying their fists and kicks into him.

Their chosen target was screaming for mercy, but his cries fell on deaf ears. Only when they'd observed that the man was half dead did his assailants consider their mission complete. They headed back inside, none the worse for the wear.

Ashton coldly watched as the man convulsed a few times as he lay on the ground. He struggled to get up but crumpled to the floor each time. At last, he lay flailing on the floor like a trampled earthworm.

I felt a sudden surge of sympathy for the man. "Ashton, can we help him?" I asked impulsively.

Ashton clenched his jaw and said nothing. I didn't press the matter either. It was a casino, after all. It was not the place for kindness or pity.

The man, however, lay squarely in our path. Unable to drive away, we could only sit in the car watching him.

After a while, the man seemed to have exhausted all of his strength. He lay unmoving on the ground like a corpse. Ashton's eyes narrowed. He then stepped onto the accelerator as hard as he could. The sound of the engine revving was accompanied by the sudden lurching forward of the car. I was convinced that Ashton had made up his mind to run the man over where he lay.

The man, however, reacted to the firing of the car's engines as if he had been shot. He vehemently clawed his way up and sprawled onto the hood of our car. Blood still shone freshly on his face and from the corner of his mouth. The man then cracked a smile at Ashton and asked weakly, "Are you really going to stand by and let me die?"

Baffled, I turned to Ashton. Do they know each other? I wondered.

Despite that, Ashton continued looking straight ahead evenly.

The man laughed, but it came out as barely a wheeze. "You're both witnesses to the whole incident. Pity me and give me a ride to the hospital, won't you? My leg's broken, and I can't walk."

I found the man's utter nonchalance towards the danger he was in rather astounding.

Ashton, however, pressed his lips into a thin line. He barely spat out the command, "Get lost!"

Even so, the man shamelessly clung on. In fact, he'd almost clambered up onto the front of our car entirely. Lazily, he drawled, "If you aren't willing to let me into your car, I'll continue lying here then. I wouldn't want to frighten that beautiful lady next to you, either."

Ashton was already seething at that moment. Without hesitation, he stepped on the accelerator once again. The car surged forward, and the man lost his balance, rolling off the hood then landed with a heavy thud on the floor. Ashton, however, made no move to stop the car. He looked as if he fully intended to run the man over.

Fortunately, the man reacted with what would be lightning speed in his condition, narrowly avoiding being crushed by our car.

The man's violent curses followed us as we drove off. "You're insane! If you really ran me over, you'd have killed me!"

Yet Ashton paid no heed to him. After a while, his cries of abuse faded in the distance.

I was quivering from the aftermath of that encounter. My entire back was drenched in cold sweat. I looked out the car window, focusing on the light of the street lamps flashing past. After I'd calmed down considerably, I turned back to look at Ashton. His face remained as grim as it had been the entire night. I was compelled to ask, "Just what was going on tonight?"