

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 920

Rebecca glared menacingly at me. “Ms. Stovall, since when did you become such a busybody?”

“Go home and argue!” Ashton broke in icily. The steely look that he fixed on Joe was frightening. “You may think nothing of these women, but spare a thought for the Fuller and Quinn Corporations.”

Joe gritted his teeth, palpably displeased. “Enough. Can’t I even eat in peace now? Damn it!” He shook off Kristina’s hands violently, then immediately got up and stalked out of the room.

The others around the table had been shrinking down in their seats ever since the conflict began. Subdued, they now quietly filed out and dispersed. Rebecca had dashed out in chase of Joe, whereas Kristina alone remained in the private room.

I tugged at Ashton’s sleeve and fretted for a moment, then turned to Kristina. “Don’t get Joe riled up. You know better than anyone why he allows you to get close to him.”

Having dispensed that word of warning, I then made to leave with Ashton. Kristina’s next question, however, halted me in my tracks. “Why are you helping me?”

I glanced over my shoulder at Kristina, then replied, “I’m not helping you. It was meant to be a reminder.” Joe’s feelings for Rebecca weren’t to be sniffed at. No matter what had happened, Joe had remained steadfast by Rebecca’s side without considering anyone else. It was obvious that Joe was making ruthless use of Kristina to make Rebecca jealous.

At that moment, Kristina’s smile looked more like a grimace. “It doesn’t matter,” she said bitterly. “Money is all that matters to me. Whatever happens between Joe and Rebecca is none of my business.”

I shrugged, then replied shortly, “Good luck, then.”

It was none of my business either. As a matter of fact, I had done more than my part in even mentioning the facts of the matter. Whether Kristina was receptive towards what I’d said was no longer my concern.

After all that drama, Ashton and I walked out of the private room and back to our table. John must be wondering what on earth we've been up to! I mused inwardly.

"Jared sent Summer to a factory in the suburbs. You can check, but I don't suppose Jared was planning on that child surviving. I don't know what he did to her there. Who knows what kind of scars that experience left behind?" Kristina's voice rang out from behind us.

A shiver ran down my spine. I whipped around immediately, but Kristina was already strolling off into the distance, bag in hand.

Then I turned to Ashton, distressed. "When you found Summer back then, did you notice anything strange?"

Ashton shook his head. "I'll send someone to investigate. Don't worry."

I nodded, but there was already a tumult of uneasiness stirring up within me.

Meanwhile, John saw that Ashton and I had slowly approached the table and slide back into our seats. Pursing his lips, he complained, "What on earth were the two of you up to? Didn't you come here to eat with me? Was the lack of intimacy really that unbearable?"

Ashton ignored him. Taking stock of the empty plates on the table, he asked me apprehensively, "Is there anything else you'd like to eat?"

I shook my head. "I'm not hungry. We should leave soon."

John, on the other hand, was outraged at having been ignored. "Can the two of you stop tormenting me like this? Is there a need to hurt my feelings in this manner? Didn't you come out to chat with me? Or am I here to serve as an audience for your relationship?"

Frustrated, I turned to John and shot back, "What's going on between you and Hannah?"

John lowered his gaze, then muttered thickly, "Nothing much." He clearly wished to evade both my question and the topic.

After that, I instantly turned back to Ashton and said briskly, "Let's go home then."

Just as the two of us had gotten to our feet, John clamored noisily for us to sit down. "Hey, are the two of you even sincere about meeting me? Shouldn't you behave as if you're interested in me, at least? How can you just get up and walk off like that? Both of you look like you just came here to do your business and left!"

I was a little offended by John's choice of expression. Somberly, I told him, "Mr. Stovall, can you be a little less crude?"

John chuckled. With a resigned air, he said, "Fine, I'm tired of watching the two of you act all lovey-dovey anyway. I'm going back home to sleep off my meal."

With that, Ashton and I hurried off in haste. Kristina's announcement had unsettled me, and I was terrified of something happening to Summer. Ever since she had returned to K City, Summer seemed to be in a state of near-constant illness.

"Do you think Jared would really hurt Summer?" I asked Ashton. I didn't think anyone could bear to hurt their own child, but Kristina's accusations had taken root in my heart.

At that time, Ashton was paying the bill for our meal. When he was done paying, he replied slowly, "Let's wait for the results of the investigation. We can bring Summer to the hospital for a thorough examination in the meantime."

I nodded feebly. Then, a thought struck me like a bolt of lightning. "Should we visit the prison and ask Jared himself?"

Ashton didn't speak. Instead, he fixed me with an unfathomable gaze, his dark eyes seeming to pierce through me almost.

Upon his burning gaze, I looked away. However, I chanced upon John drawing himself up in the distance. He'd clenched the two hands that had been hanging by his side into fists. The man looked absolutely incensed.

"John..." I was about to call out, but Ashton silenced me with a sharp yank. He motioned for me to keep silent and follow after him as he stepped forward.

I only noticed the pair facing John when we arrived next to him. I recognized the woman even though a considerable amount of time had elapsed since I'd last met her. She wore a pink jacket with leopard prints that contrasted nicely with her creamy skin.