

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 71

I glanced at the files in his arms and asked, "Aren't you going to work in their office?"

"Not here," he replied. "I ordered food to be delivered to our room. You can rest after you eat."

I was startled by his attentiveness. Nevertheless, I gave him a nod.

Our rooms were booked earlier. The bellboy brought us to our room and said, "Your meal has been delivered. If you need anything else, please call the front desk."

Although we booked two rooms, for our convenience, the lunch was sent to Nick's room. We thanked the bellboy and entered the room.

We had an early flight and immediately started working upon arrival. I was exhausted and hungry after a few hours.

I ate my share and got up, preparing to leave the room to Nick. He looked at me and said, "You can rest here. I'll leave after a while."

As he was still eating, I nodded in acknowledgment. The room was a suite, where the living room and bedroom were separated.

I entered the bedroom and switched on the air conditioner. Plopping on the bed, the last thought I had before falling asleep was to take a shower after Nick left.

When I jolted awake again, there was a blanket covering my body. I could hear someone flipping through files in the living room.

Stunned, I jumped up and walked out of the room. Nick was sitting on the sofa, flipping through the files and typing on his laptop occasionally.

It seemed like he had been dealing with work the entire afternoon.

It was unhealthy to sleep right after a meal. I sat on the bed for a while with a bloated stomach.

After a long while, I exited the bedroom. Nick was sprawled on the table, engrossed in a document. He didn't seem to notice I was awakened.

I poured a cup of water for him. "Why don't you take a break?"

He looked up and nodded, seemingly in a daze. After taking a sip of the water, his gaze cleared. "You're awake!"

I gave him a slight nod. Judging from the report on his laptop, I had to admit he was bold and efficient at work.

He soon finished the report and snapped his laptop shut. Leaning back on the sofa, he massaged his temples and shut his eyes. "Mr. Wrangler called earlier. He said he wants to buy you dinner later," he uttered in exhaustion.

"Okay," I replied. "Why don't you take a nap in the room?"

Glancing at his watch, he shook his head. "It's alright." He paused briefly before adding, "The financial report for the branch office isn't right. I wouldn't have found out about it if I hadn't looked closely. I think a manager embezzled the funds and made up a project to fool everyone else. A few million were gone. Take a look for yourself."

I opened the accounts and read them carefully. The branch office was operated based on Fuller Corporation's operating model. As it was doing well in A City, Ashton gave the president a lot of power.

He rarely interfered in the business decisions here. I scanned the accounts and realized a construction project that seemed odd. In usual circumstances, a minor construction site accident wouldn't cost millions. Even if they had to compensate the injured staff, it wouldn't cost that much. Obviously, someone had ripped us off.

"I think we need Howard to deal with this," I spoke, looking up at Nick. To my surprise, he was already asleep.

Getting to my feet, I went to the bedroom and got the blanket and put it over him.

We had two hours left until the next schedule. He could get some shut-eye before that. After all, we got home late last night.

I received a call from Macy after I sorted everything out.

When I answered her call, I could hear she was in a noisy setting. “Scarlett, I’m in A City. Send your location to me. I’ll be there later!”

“Oh! You’re in A City, too?” I questioned in astonishment.

Didn’t she says she’ll be traveling in H City? Why was she in A City all of a sudden?

“I saw your post, remember? I immediately booked a ticket to A City when I know you’re here. Send me your address. I’ll be there soon.”

I sent my address to Macy after the phone call. There were some unread texts, too. Scrolling down, some of them were from Stacey, reporting work stuff. There were also a few texts from Jared.

I nearly forgot about Jared. He had told me earlier he’d be in A City, too. Hence, I called him at once.

My call got through almost instantly. “Where are you?” Jared asked in his deep voice.

“You’re in A City, too?” What a coincidence!

“I’ve just arrived. I was about to call you, but you beat me to it. Which hotel are you at?” His voice was low, but his surroundings were noisy.

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My voice grew louder. “Winthem Hotel on Southfold Street.”

“Okay, see you later!”

I hung up and prepared to take a shower. We were going to dinner later, so I knew Macy would ask me to go shopping with her.

It was nice to walk around. After all, I hadn’t done that in a while.

I wanted to return to the other room to take a shower, but I couldn’t find the other room card anywhere. Since Nick was asleep, I didn’t wake him up and took a shower right in this room.

It should be fine. I was not going to shower in front of him, anyway.

I felt really sticky all over. After taking a shower, I felt so much better.

I blow-dried my hair, changed into a new outfit, and put on light makeup. When I emerged from the bathroom, Nick was talking to someone on the phone.

"Hello? Who is this?" he uttered sleepily.

The person on the other end of the phone said something, so he replied, "She's taking a shower. You can call her later."

He ended the conversation with a murmur and hung up.

Exiting the bathroom, I saw him lounging on the sofa lazily.

He yawned after seeing me. "Why are you all dressed up? It's just dinner."

I ignored him and noticed he was holding my phone. Recalling the conversation he had earlier, I realized he had answered my phone.

Shocked, I questioned, "Did you answer a call meant for me?"

He nodded and straightened his back. Flinging my phone to me, he replied, "It kept ringing and woke me up."

I caught my phone and went through the call records. The last call was from Ashton.

When I tried to call Ashton, his phone was switched off.

Glaring at Nick in frustration, I asked, "What did you say to him?"

He rose to his feet casually. "Nothing. Ashton asked me where you are, and I told him you are in the shower. Then he asked if I was in the same room with you. I replied in the affirmative, of course."

Giving me an innocent look, he quipped, "I was telling the truth. I did nothing wrong, did I?"

All I wanted to do was to beat him up. "Yes, you're right," I replied sarcastically.

His words were very misleading!

I tried calling again to no avail. But then again, I didn't think Ashton would be that petty.

By the time I gave up and pocketed my phone, Nick had just come out of the bathroom. His hair was wet. He must've washed his face back there.

Drying his hair with a towel, he said, "Come on, let's go. It's getting late."

As we walked out of the hotel, I texted Macy and Jared. Macy had just arrived at the hotel, so she told me she'd take a nap first and come later. Jared informed me he had something on for now.

I replied to their texts briefly and went to the restaurant Howard had reserved.

Howard was an efficient man. When Nick and I arrived, the others were already waiting for us.

In the VIP room, Howard introduced us to everyone and made some small talk.

The others were all higher-ups from the branch office. Nick chatted with them casually before delving into work-related matters.

They were conversing pleasantly when I left, but there was a slight change in their tones when I returned.

Nick said to Howard, "Mr. Wrangler, you're a shareholder of Fuller Corporation. It was listed two years ago and doing well currently. If someone embezzles a few million, it won't affect the company much. But if it happens frequently, one day, it might sink the ship we're all on."

Howard was confused. He raised his glass politely. "Mr. Harrison, you're young and capable. I don't understand what you mean by that."

"Then read your financial reports closely!" Nick raised his glass, too. "Cheers!"

Before I could reply, he had downed his drink. He took my glass and added, "I know you can't drink. Let me drink on your behalf."

The other higher-ups were scowling at Nick's words. The manager of the Finance Department spoke, "Mr. Harrison, cheers. Thank you for auditing the branch office personally."

The other higher-ups came to toast with Nick one after another, and soon enough, Nick got drunk.

At the end of dinner, I struggled to bring Nick into a cab. I had a splitting headache by then. Why was he so fond of drinking when he was not good at it?

Macy's call arrived. When I answered, she asked cheerily, "Where are you? Come, let's go shopping."

I looked at the unconscious drunkard beside me and sighed, "I have to take care of a drunkard. Can't come now."

"Damn it!" Macy cursed. "This is no fun."

Staring at Nick, I resisted the urge to pinch him as I replied, "I'll still be here tomorrow. If possible, I'll finish work in the morning. We can go shopping after that!"

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"Fine. Tomorrow, then!" Macy replied and hung up at once.

Our cab rolled to a stop in front of the hotel. I paid the fare and got out with Nick. Glancing at the stairs in front of us, I couldn't help but sigh in exasperation.

What a strange five-star hotel... Was there a need to build these stairs right at the entrance?

Complaining silently, I helped Nick up the stairs slowly. Luckily, it wasn't tiring at all as I was wearing flats.

Halfway there, my phone started ringing. I put a hand into my bag to grab it, but Nick's hand snaked around my waist.

I instinctively shoved him away. Alas, I forgot we were climbing the stairs.

Nick promptly tumbled down the stairs.

I froze in my tracks, utterly dumbfounded. It wasn't until the security came to help him up that I snapped back to my senses. "Hurry, send him to the hospital!"

Hopefully, he did not hurt himself...

With the security's help, Nick and I arrived at the hospital smoothly. After running the necessary checks, the doctor confirmed Nick had only sustained injuries to his head. He had to be hospitalized for a few days.

After all the hassle, Nick was still unconscious. The doctor couldn't be sure what went wrong, so he told me he'd be back tomorrow morning when Nick regained consciousness.

Nick's wound had been bandaged. The doctor said someone had to stay with him, so I remained there.

When Macy called again, it was dawn. I was nodding off on the bench outside Nick's ward.

"Scarlett, let's go shopping!" Macy declared once I picked up. I knew at once she was tipsy.

It was already dawn, so I yawned and sat up. "Macy, where are you?"

Did she drink alone again?

"Southvale Avenue. Come, let's go shopping together!" she announced drunkenly.

I couldn't help but worry as she was drinking alone in a foreign city. As Nick was still hooked on an IV drip, I couldn't leave right now.

I thought about it and consoled Macy over the phone. After cutting the line, I called Jared.

"Hello?" Jared answered sleepily. I seemed to have woken him up from his sleep.

Feeling apologetic, I inquired, "Dr. Crest, can you do me a favor? My friend is on Southvale Avenue. I think she's intoxicated. Can you help me pick her up? I'm currently busy."

After a brief pause, Jared responded, "Sure. Send me her number. I'll be there in a while."

Sighing in relief, I proceeded to thank him profusely. I immediately sent Macy's phone number to him.

After all the hassle, I made myself comfortable on the bench and fell asleep promptly.

The next day, when Nick woke up, he asked me, "Why am I in the hospital?"

I smiled awkwardly. "You drank too much last night and fell down the stairs. I brought you to the hospital after that."

Frowning, he asked, "I fell down myself?"

I nodded guiltily.

Suddenly, he broke into a grin. "Scarlett, I remembered it was you who shoved me down the stairs. Why are you feeling guilty, huh?"

I couldn't talk back to him. "Why did you get drunk in the first place?" Glaring at him, I added, "Use your brain. If you're fine, we can go back now."

Our business trip was a short one to begin with. As he was in the hospital, our work had to be delayed.

The doctor examined again and announced he was fine. He could leave right after changing the dressing. After his discharge, he shamelessly insisted I had to take responsibility for what I've done to him.

I had no time for his antics. We went to the office and showed Howard the evidence about the embezzlement.

Howard was shocked to hear the news. He hastily ordered a thorough investigation of the Finance Department and other relevant departments.

It wasn't a huge issue. After Nick prepared the final statement, I scanned through the overall operation of the branch office and listened to some reports. As there were no other problems, we ended our business trip.

We were supposed to go back to J City, but Nick insisted we should eat something good before returning. So, we ended up at the biggest food hall in A City.

I called Macy to invite her out. She only picked up after several rings. "Hello?" she uttered sleepily.

How could she still be asleep at this hour? "Are you awake? Wake up. I'm at the food hall now!"

"Mm!" Macy replied. "You go ahead. I'll be there soon."

I was about to hang up when a man spoke, "You're awake?"

Damn it!

Did she get herself a man last night? I thought she was wasted!

"Ms. Markle, pray tell. What's going on?" I couldn't stop myself from asking.

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"Uh, bye. Talk to you later!" Macy cut the line abruptly.

Huh? What was going on?

Didn't I ask Jared to send her back last night? I couldn't believe she found herself a one-night stand in that circumstance!

Wait, was that Jared?

I proceeded to call Jared next. The phone rang for quite some time before someone picked up.

“Scarlett,” he answered in a clear voice. It didn’t seem like he was asleep, so I asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m driving. What’s wrong?” he replied.

Well, it looked like he wasn’t with Macy.

Chuckling, I told him, “I’m done with work. Are you free this afternoon? Let’s have lunch together.”

“Sure,” he agreed without hesitation.

When I hung up, Nick was looking at me, amused. “Scarlett, seriously?”

I shot him a puzzled look. “What’s wrong?”

He sighed, “Is it that bad to spend some time alone with me? You keep calling your friends and inviting them here!”

Ugh, how childish! I ignored his outburst and gazed at the bustling city. “A City is developing swiftly.”

Gazing at International Trade Center located right in the bustling area, I told Nick, “This is a tall building!”

He knew I was trying to change the topic and huffed, “Fuller Corporation’s building is taller than this. Plus, it houses different companies inside.”

“Oh? You seem to know it well.” I grew curious.

“Mm.” He grunted and added, “My mom bought this building with another tech company’s owner. She has a company inside.”

So this building was owned by Cameron. I couldn’t help but admire this capable woman. She was both wealthy and pretty.

I recalled her saying she had another daughter when we were in Pear Garden. “You have a sister?” I asked Nick curiously.

Nick seemed to hate this topic as his expression soured. "That's her daughter. It has nothing to do with me!"

I stopped talking about it at once. Looking around, I noticed a store selling cream puffs on the first floor of International Trade Center. Suddenly, I had a craving for it.

Turning to Nick, I suggested, "Why don't you wait for Jared and Macy in the mall? I'm going to buy something."

I ran toward the cream puff store right after that. Both Macy and I loved eating cream puffs. We had similar tastes in food.

After I ordered a few cream puffs, I stared into space blankly. My childhood memory was fuzzy by then, but I remembered how I loved eating cold and sweet stuff.

"Two iced cream puffs, please!" Suddenly, a deep male voice rang in my ear. It was so familiar and brought back some memories of the past.

If the store owner hadn't hummed in acknowledgement, I would've thought I was dreaming.

My reflexes always got the better of me. I didn't know when it started, but John had always terrified me. Once I sensed his presence, my skin would crawl.

The sun was shining brightly, but a chill was running down my spine, seeping into my veins. I started panting and trembling in fear.

Behind me, a man greeted me icily, "Letty, long time no see!"

My body stiffened as I panted with difficulty. The cream puff store owner handed me my order, but I couldn't bring myself to take it.

The man's hand reached out and took it. He pulled my hand naturally and placed the box in my hand. "Letty, your reaction is really upsetting me," he uttered menacingly.

It took me some time to calm down. I stepped away from him and choked out, "I'm sorry. You got the wrong person!"

With that, I fled the scene as fast as possible.

It had been five years since I last met John. He had once said he wouldn't come looking for me on his own. However, our next meeting would be the beginning of his new scheme.

I thought I wouldn't see him again after he left J City. After all, the world was huge.

Never in a million years did I think we'd see each other again in A City.

After escaping from John, I found Nick and Macy together. I stuffed the ruined cream puffs in her hands and pleaded in a trembling voice, "Macy, we need to return to J City now. Right now!"

Sensing my panic, Macy returned anxiously, "What's wrong?"

"John Stovall. I saw him here!" I mumbled fearfully.

Macy slumped into her chair in shock. It took her some time to process that piece of information. "Let's head back to J City now!" she urged.

Nick didn't know what was going on. His brows knitted together as he asked, "What is it?"

Macy took my hand, ready to leave. Nick tugged at my other hand in confusion. "Wait, what's going on?"

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"Stop dilly-dallying. We'll explain back in J City!" Macy pried his hands off before we left the mall. We hailed a cab back to the hotel, packed up, and rushed to the airport at once.

Macy and I held hands tightly during the three-hour journey back to J City.

After getting off the plane, we took a cab back to Glenwood Apartments. Back there, she proceeded to lock all the doors and windows before collapsing in a corner dejectedly.

A heavy silence hung in the air. Finally, she met my gaze, her eyes red-rimmed. "Scarlett, what should we do?"

I shook my head. The fear still lingered within me, and I was at my wit's end.

"He might not know we're in J City. We might be safe here," she continued. The next minute, she shook her head and wept. "We can't hide from him. He's an IT expert. It's easy for him to find us!"

I stared at her wordlessly.

We both knew John wouldn't let us off the hook easily this time. Back then, Macy and I had barely escaped from his clutches. If the same thing were to happen again, I wouldn't have the courage to save myself.

"Get Ashton's help!" Suddenly, Macy blurted out. "Scarlett, go to Ashton. He's capable enough to protect you. Plus, you're pregnant with his child. If you tell him everything, he'll make sure John stays away from you."

Macy grew increasingly excited and took my hand to leave her house.

I stopped her, my heart sinking. "Macy, calm down first. Let's think of something after we calm down, alright?"

Macy shook her head and bit her lip fearfully. In the end, she burst out in tears and wrapped her arms around me tightly. "How can I calm down? Huh? I've already forgotten about the nightmares after five long years. Why did he show up? Why?"

With Macy in my embrace, my heart was aching in sorrow. I had the same thought, too—we wouldn't meet him again, ever.

That night, Macy and I barely slept through the night. We kept jolting awake from the horrible nightmares.

Macy finally fell asleep at dawn. I couldn't sleep, so I returned to the villa when the sun came up.

Macy was right. Ashton might be of help.

Nevertheless, I didn't expect to be locked out of the villa. Previously, Ashton and I recorded our fingerprints so both of us could unlock the door at Peakville Estate.

This time, I tried a few times but failed to unlock the door. It took me a while to realize the lock had been changed.

I tried to call Ashton, but his line was busy. Obviously, he had blocked my number.

I didn't know what was going on, so I went to the company instead. It was still early, so the building was practically empty.

The executives in the Finance Department used to welcome me warmly, but today they kept whispering behind my back.

My brows snapped together. I didn't know what was going on, so I entered my office first. Stacey hadn't arrived yet.

I browsed through the files on my desk and signed every document that needed my signature. An hour later, Stacey arrived. She was taken aback when she saw me at my desk. Nevertheless, she greeted me with a polite smile.

Something was amiss. She took the files I signed and was about to leave.

Sensing her hesitation, I asked, "Is something wrong?"

Her expression turned awkward. "Ms. Stovall, are you seriously going out with Mr. Harrison?"

I didn't know what she was talking about. "Which Mr. Harrison?"

"Nick Harrison!" She looked at me curiously. "The news about you and Mr. Harrison had been circulating around for days. Last night, someone exposed a video of you entering the same hotel room with Mr. Harrison at A City. But Ms. Stovall, you've just suffered from a miscarriage. Plus, you're still married to Mr. Fuller. Why did you..." she trailed off.

I was still confused. "What happened these few days?"

She took out her phone and showed me the front page news.

I read carefully through the news. It started two days ago when Nick brought me to the city center for dinner in his flashy Maybach. Netizens started making up stories that got more malicious. In the end, I became a slut.

After reading the article, my head began throbbing in pain. So that was why those people from the Finance Department were staring at me strangely.

Was that why Ashton changed the lock of the villa and blocked my number?

When I recalled how Nick answered the call from him at the hotel, my headache intensified.

Why did everything come down on me, all at once?

My phone started buzzing. Seeing I was busy, Stacey left with the files.

I glanced at the caller ID. It was Nick. Feeling annoyed, I answered his call. "What is it?"

"Did you see the headlines?" he asked casually.

"Mm," I mumbled in response. "Yes, I did."