

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 867

“Damn!” Holden almost swore. “Are you showing off your wealth?”

He then raised his hand and placed three cards face down on the table, then looked at Ashton. “Go. I’ll take care of your wife. I promise to protect her well!”

Ashton smiled slightly and kissed me on the cheek before he said, “Go ahead and play. I’ll be back soon.”

I nodded. Although I was tempted to ask him what he was busy with, I stopped myself. When Ashton left, Holden looked at me and smiled. “You’d better not cry. I don’t know how to coax women. He said he’d be back, so he definitely will. You can stay here and play with peace of mind.”

I raised my eyebrows slightly and said in a solemn tone, “Betting money is a little too boring. Let’s bet on something bigger!”

He was stunned for about two seconds before he suddenly laughed. “Damn, are you two-faced? You seem to know how to play around. Hmm, this is interesting. Tell me, what do you want to play?”

“How about roulette?” I said, raising my eyebrows and narrowing my eyes at him.

The men in the room started to yell excitedly. Holden snapped, “You even know this? I’ve really underestimated you.”

He then turned to the ladies who were standing to one side. “Did you guys hear that? Do as Mrs. Fuller says. Let’s play something exciting.”

Two of the ladies nodded and left the room. Soon, they returned with a large roulette and placed it on the table. Holden grabbed the dice that were on the roulette and raised his eyebrows. “How do you want to play?”

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Looking at the vulgar numbers on the roulette, I said lightly, "We'll spin to number seven. If I lose, Ashton will give you Fuller Corporation's investment rights in Moranta. How about that?"

He narrowed his eyes as his originally cynical expression changed to something a little more solemn. He replied seriously, "What if I lose?"

I looked at him and said, "Stop working with Abe. Let him go back to Venria the same way he came here. What do you think?"

He looked at me as his pupils constricted. "I have indeed underestimated you!"

I kept silent, looking at him expressionlessly as I waited for his decision. His dark eyes swept across the roulette as his lips started to curl up. "I have to say that your condition is very interesting indeed. How fascinating!"

Then, he raised his hand and snapped his fingers as he kept his eyes on me. "Let's play. But since you're a woman, I can let you win one round."

I gave him a faint smile as I calmly replied, "It's alright. Let's just play a fair game."

As he walked over to one side of the table, he raised his eyebrows and said, "Let's start!"

When I made my way to the opposite side, he gestured politely for me to begin as he said, "Ladies first!"

Making myself comfortable, I pressed the button in my hand slightly, and the roulette began to spin. The pointer spun around the ten numbers endlessly, and as I predicted, it soon landed on the number seven.

I smiled and looked at him. "I guess I must be lucky."

He shrugged and replied calmly, "Does it look like I'm about to lose? I could say the same for myself!"

As he spoke, he threw the playing cards in his hands at the roulette's pointer. It spun rapidly again and soon began to slow down to stop on the number eight.

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At that moment, the onlookers all let out a sigh as if they were regretting the outcome. However, Holden was not the slightest bit anxious. He simply looked at the roulette casually as if he did not care about the result. Then, two seconds later, the pointer stopped swinging and landed on the number seven. It was an unimaginable feat.

He looked at me, pretending to be full of pity. "It fell on seven. What a shame, you almost won!"

I pressed my lips together as I studied the roulette. Then, I suddenly realized that no matter what we bet on, the game would always come to a tie in the end. After all, he was the owner of the casino, so it was a lot easier if he wanted to manipulate something.

Looks like he's definitely not willing to have a chat with me!

I put down the cards in my hand before I sat back down. Looking at him as I raised my eyebrows. "Mr. Taylor, do you not intend to have a chat with me?"

He leaped onto the table and looked at me carelessly. "Chat about what? About love?"

He narrowed his eyes at me and tutted, then continued, "I have to say, you're getting old, but you still look really charming. I heard that Ashton suffered a lot and had to run around everywhere just for you. Let me ask, is true love supposed to be like what the two of you are doing? You run while he chases you?"

I pressed my lips together in silence, ignoring the disdain and ridicule in his words.

Then, I said, "Looks like you're not that willing to talk to me."

He raised his eyebrows but did not deny it. He was basically silently acknowledging my words.

Since that was the case, I did not try to strike up a conversation anymore and simply sat there quietly while waiting for Ashton to return.

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Just a few seconds later, I realized with a start that something was amiss. I leaped to my feet and dashed out of the private room. Meanwhile, Holden raced after me, but my rapid acceleration had already placed me beyond his reach.

The lobby looked just as it had when we'd first entered. Even the people lounging around lazily were the same. Out of the corner of my eye, however, I felt the combined gazes of those who had been playing poker at the side suddenly turning towards me.

Coincidence? Most probably not, I mused.

I surveyed the lobby. Turning around, I raised my voice and called towards Holden, who was just catching up, "Ashton had a great deal of faith in you. I was the one who had a bad feeling about you, so I kept an eye out. I didn't know whether the Moore family would be able to bankrupt you, but I'm pretty sure they can manage to humiliate you, at the very least."

Holden wrinkled his brow. With a glint in his eyes, he asked, "What do you mean by that?"

I scoffed, "Holden, you were the mastermind, so you should have thoroughly investigated everyone involved before proceeding with your plan. It was pure negligence on your part to underestimate me."

Holden bit his lip, his face growing darker. He then took a step forward, towered over me, and demanded, "Who are you?"

I shrugged, smiling faintly. "How shall I say this? Perhaps I should start from the beginning. My name is Scarlett. I was born in R Province, and my Grandma was the one who raised me. My parents searched for me for many years, and I only reunited with them recently. I only just found out that I'm Zachary and Cameron's daughter. They're giants in the commercial world, and I'm lucky to be their daughter. I have to admit that it's rather convenient for me to ride on their reputation sometimes."

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Hearing that, Hunter's frown deepened. "Wasn't Larson the last name of the daughter that Zachary brought home? You..."

He trailed off uncertainly. I bestowed a kindly smile on him, then replied, "Sorry to disappoint you. There was a bit of a mix-up. Afterward, we decided not to make a fuss of things in the interest of my safety."

Holden narrowed his eyes, a hint of suspicion still lurking in his gaze. I met his eyes without flinching, then said evenly, "Holden, you seem rather doubtful still. Why don't you bet on it then? Let's find out whether I'm speaking the truth."

Having thus issued the challenge, I immediately picked up my phone and dialed Zachary. The phone rang a few times before he picked up. "Hey, Letty, how're things?" Zachary inquired.

Holden's pupils constricted; there was still a glimmer of skepticism in his manner.

After a while, I continued in an innocent tone, "Dad, I'm still at the casino. Ashton isn't with me at the moment, but I'm with Holden."

Zachary answered pleasantly, "All right. Send my greetings to Holden."

I nodded, steadfastly gazing at Holden. "Sure!"

The phone had been on speaker mode, and Holden was naturally privy to the entire conversation. When he heard our conversation, he glanced at me, staggering slightly.

Ending the call, I then punched in another number. This time, the recipient answered the call almost instantly. "Miss, we're all prepared! We can make a move anytime."

I looked at Holden. At that moment, his face had grown thunderous. Through gritted teeth, he said, "Let's go and meet Ashton then."

At that, I smiled winningly at him, then instructed over the phone, "All right, wait out for a moment. If Ashton and I haven't left this place within half an hour, don't wait for me to call. Proceed immediately as we originally planned."

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My orders were readily received. "All right!"

After I'd hung up, Holden looked at me and begrudgingly admitted, "You've really planned everything out, I suppose."

I flashed him a sunny smile. "I don't have a choice. Besides, isn't it better to nip things in the bud? We can't go about placing our lives in the hands of strangers, can we?"

Holden snorted at my remark. He then brought me to another spot on the second floor, past multiple private rooms. At the last room in the back, Holden keyed in the password to unlock the door.

When the door slid open, I carefully assessed my surroundings. Nothing seemed particularly surprising as I had been in far more pressing situations than this.

This room was very much the same as any of the others. The typical furniture was present in its usual arrangement, with a poker table and surrounding sofas. The setting was made noteworthy by the fact that most of its occupants were people I knew.

I was mildly surprised to see Abe again. Oddly enough, he didn't appear out of place here at all.

Around the table, Ashton and Abe both held cards in their hand, seemingly in the midst of negotiating. When I suddenly appeared, all eyes were riveted on me.

Obviously, Ashton was taken aback. He put his cards face down on the table, then walked towards me. "Why did you come over?"

As he spoke, he shot a glance at Holden, who merely shrugged in return. "I had no say in this."

At the same time, Abe squinted at me, evidently bewildered. He didn't seem able to recall who I was. That wasn't shocking. However, considering the multiple women he'd encountered over the years, the women Abe had met probably numbered in their hundreds, even thousands. I was merely one among his many faceless victims. The only conceivable difference that set me apart from the rest was probably the fact that I'd managed to escape. I was lucky that he'd never gotten to torture me.

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Abe's eyes flickered with recognition. However, as he saw Ashton and me standing side by side, Abe gazed at me, then intoned in a low voice, "Is it you?"

I smiled at him brightly. "Long time no see, Mr. Abe."

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