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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1672

Chapter 1672 An Empty Handed Return

Summer's decision to procure the wine company in Q City was a last-minute idea, and not many knew about it. Yet, Quince had somehow managed to figure out her plan and even got here before us. He was obviously not a simple-minded man.

"You must be Ms. Stovall." The manager got up at once and greeted Summer, mistaking me for her secretary. "I've heard that you're young, but you're way younger than I imagined. So young, yet so promising! Come in and have a seat."

Summer shot me a glance, waiting for me to speak.

However, before I could do so, Quince's broken Chanaean sounded. "Isn't there a Chanaean saying that goes, 'keep calm and take things as they come'? Or are you still afraid, Stovall?"

Hearing that, Summer immediately took my hand and led me to our seats with large, confident strides. Maintaining a calm composure, she addressed the room with a smile, revealing not the slightest hint of fear or doubt.

The manager seemed especially excited to collaborate with Fuller Corporation. "It's our honor to collaborate with you, Ms. Stovall, and yet you came over here to meet us in person. You're much too kind and sincere. Besides, Mr. Quince and I hit it off right away as well. With the three of us working together in the future, we're definitely going to create a whole new empire in the wine industry, and Luscious Wines can see themselves out!"

He was obviously already a little inebriated, but his words were still making sense.

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From the looks of it, Quince had stood in as a collaborator of Fuller Corporation and reached a verbal agreement with the manager about a future three-way collaboration before we arrived.

Throughout the entire meeting, neither Summer nor I mentioned a word about procuring the wine company represented by the manager. Not only did our intention to settle things quickly not work out, but we ended up also feeling intensely humiliated by the way things had turned out.

The manager drank so much he ended up drunk as a skunk, and someone immediately came to pick him up once the meeting ended. Quince walked us to the door and asked to speak to me privately when we were about to get in the car.

"I hope what happened today will never happen again, Stovall. Talk to Fuller when you get back and have him sign the contract with us as soon as possible. Don't spoil things for us now after we've been so happy working together."

Being shorter than me, he gazed up at me with his eyes rolled up. It was indeed a rather frightening sight.

"There must have been a misunderstanding. We've never been collaborators, and I'm hardly one to dictate Ashton's actions and decisions."

Quince shook his head as I spoke as if he was running out of patience. "No, this is nonsense. There's been a bond between us ever since I bought that painting of yours. So don't even think of ditching us to work alone, understand?"

Shooting a vicious glare at me, he turned to walk away but doubled back only after a few steps. "Don't mind me giving you a little trouble if you really don't appreciate what we have between us."

With that, he turned and strode away.

Watching his rather comical figure leave, I could not help the smirk that crept onto my lips.

That man had no idea about the amount of trouble I had dealt with in my life. His minor threat meant nothing to me.

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Nevertheless, Summer and I were indeed feeling quite down to return empty-handed. Spotting Ashton waiting to pick us up at the arrival gates, we could only manage a mere smile through pursed lips.

I told Ashton about our fruitless venture on the way back, feeling somewhat helpless. "We'll probably have to abort our plan of procuring Q City's wine company for now. If Quince thought of Q City as well, then we can assume he has informants in most other companies in the country, too. We'd have to think of another solution."

Ashton was driving, and his expression remained placid as he listened to me. "There's no rush."

After a moment's silence, he asked in the same calm tone, "Would you like to go straight home to rest or grab a bite on the way?"

"Both are fine with me. You decide." I could not get the thought of how Quince had just played us out of my mind, and it was sending waves of anxiety through my heart.

Before he could answer, however, Summer spoke instead. "Drop me off in front, Daddy. I think I'll head to the club first before going home."

Ashton cast a glance at her through the rearview mirror. "You sure you're not too tired?"

Summer shook her head. "Not really. Q City's not that far away. Quince's men have been loitering in the club frequently lately. I'm worried the employees wouldn't feel too comfortable about that without a boss around."

Without answering, Ashton made a U-turn at the next bend and drove toward the club instead.

"Thanks, Daddy," said Summer. Then she gazed out of the window gloomily, saying nothing else for the rest of the journey.

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