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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1686

Chapter 1686 The Type To Forgive And Forget

Ashton glanced at his younger brother. I knew he, too, was wondering just what game Nathaniel was trying to play.

Having received no response, Quince's smile slipped off his face. Sulking, he took a gulp of drink and slammed the glass on the table in a display of displeasure.

Rebecca immediately sidled up to him. "Mr. Quince, forget about that guy. Here, let me have a drink with you," she said, throwing a flirtatious smile at the man and raising her glass at him.

Placated, Quince's expression eased.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel placed the champagne flute on the table and turned to look Ashton in the eyes. "I love new year's eve," he drawled as if he was only making small conversation. "It's such a great occasion for new and old friends to gather, isn't it? Speaking of, I happened to run into an old friend of yours today, Ashton."

The latter said nothing and merely narrowed his eyes. The icy aura around him, however, spoke volumes about what he thought of the other's remarks. Under normal circumstances, the dark look was enough to shut a man up instantly, but Nathaniel remained unfazed.

"Aren't you curious as to whom it was?" he asked my husband with an expression of picture-perfect innocence. "Well, I know you'd want to meet him, so I took the liberty to invite him here. You aren't going to blame me, are you, my dear brother?"

"Out with it," I snapped, sick with his baiting. "Who else is coming here today?"

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Nathaniel smirked, eyes flashing behind his glasses. "Ah. My apologies. I should've known that you'd be more eager to meet that friend, Scarlett."

He glanced at the doorway and called out, "You can come in now. Scarlett doesn't seem to be holding a grudge."

A grudge? What is he saying? I followed his line of vision and saw a man in his fifties stepping inside hesitantly.

Dressed in plain and unassuming clothes, the man bent his head in a subdued manner. "M-Mrs Fuller. You look well..." he mumbled timidly.

"I'm sorry... Do I know you?" I asked, bewildered.

While I had no idea who this man was, his face seemed to have rung a bell for Rebecca. She regarded him with a pensive look. "Have we met somewhere before?"

"Oh, you don't remember? This is Mr. Roger Melton," Nathaniel told me. "Back when the Fuller Corporation was expanding, Mr. Melton's company, Vista Sun Corporation, was the first to be acquired by your husband."

Okay, so what? Fuller Corporation has acquired countless companies over the years. I certainly don't know all of them. Not to mention that the mergers and acquisitions don't even fall under my jurisdiction. How am I to know who this so-called Mr. Roger Melton is?

At my blank expression, Nora chuckled, though it was not a kind sound. "Well, Scarlett, you really are the type to forgive and forget, huh? I'm impressed."

The mocking tone had me frown in vexation. She used to be a straightforward and open character. It was as if her sarcasm grew in direct proportion to her antagonism toward me.

I ignored her and instead turned to Ashton for a clue of the man's identity. He usually had an eidetic memory. I was certain he would know who that man was.

My husband sent me a soothing look before his gaze turned steely on the rest. "Vista Sun was already on the decline back then. It was only a matter of time before it would be flushed out of the race. If anything, the acquisition helped their business."

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In a way, what Ashton said was true. Times were changing, and businesses that could not keep up would inevitably fold as they lost their competitive edge to others. As a business leader, Ashton was only doing what he had to do to ensure the survival and growth of his own company.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1687

Chapter 1687 A Wet Blanket

Roger Melton looked ashamed. "Mr. Fuller is right," he said ingratiatingly. "My company was already struggling. Even if it weren't taken over by Fuller Corporation, it would be snapped up by another corporation. The fault was on me; I didn't manage my business well. But I didn't realize it at the time and went on to commit a mistake that I'd come to regret even till this day..."

He fell to his knees, expression wild with desperation and remorse. "Mrs. Fuller, please, I'm so sorry for what I did to you back then! I'll do whatever you want, but please don't go after my family. I'm begging you!"

I was becoming more bemused by the second. "Hold on... I'm not even sure what you did. What did you do that has you begging for my forgiveness?"

Roger faltered. "I-I can't say it..." he mumbled in apprehension, refusing to look at me in the eyes.

I raised a brow. Thinking that he was being unnecessarily melodramatic, I could feel what remained of my patience quickly evaporating. "If you aren't even going to elaborate, then please kindly leave."

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As if it's not enough that all these people are here to ruin the dinner I'm having with my family. I now have a random man begging for my forgiveness for something I have no recollection of!

I motioned for the maids. "Escort this gentleman out, now."

Two of them stepped forward at once and tried to drag him away.

Roger appeared even more panicky than before. He broke free of the maids' hold and fell once more to his knees. "No... Please don't turn me away, Mrs. Fuller! I'll talk..."

He took a deep breath before continuing. "It's true that I didn't manage my company well back then, but my employees were loyal to me, and I had hopes of toughing it out with their support. But Fuller Corporation took an offensive approach and orchestrated a hostile takeover, and I was forced to sign over my company in less than a month. I was resentful, so my friend suggested that I find some way to take revenge. I wasn't thinking clearly at that time and actually did what he said, which was to hire some thugs t-to—"

"Shut up!" Ashton roared.

I snapped my attention to him. What's going on?

Roger's mouth clicked shut at once. A tense silence descended upon the room. From my peripheral, however, I could see the corners of Nathaniel's mouth curling upward into a small, satisfied smirk. Was it his goal all along to bring Roger here to spite Ashton?

"I'm only going to say this once—you need to leave, now," Ashton said in a calm voice, but there was a tempest brewing in his eyes.

"I..." Caught in a dilemma, Roger cast alternating glances at me and Ashton.

I was about to ask my husband to let the man finish his story when Rebecca spoke up. "We're all waiting to hear what happened next. Don't be such a wet blanket, Ashton." The way she spat out his name told me that all of her love for him had warped into hate.

Smiling, she walked up to Roger, who was still kneeling. "Come on, let's hear it then. What did you do to Scarlett? I'm dying to find out if she's really the type to forgive and forget."

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1688

Chapter 1688 Riled Up

Rebecca was looking at me strangely. It was a mixture of condescension and glee and something else I could not pinpoint. What I did know, however, was that it was making me uncomfortable.

A loud bang suddenly echoed in the room. Ashton had stood up so abruptly that the chair had tipped over and crashed to the floor.

He went to Roger in large strides. Before I could react, he was already pulling the other man up by the collars. In one swift motion, he slammed the latter against the wall.

“Ashton!” I exclaimed, hurriedly pulling the children to my side while covering Audrey’s eyes. “The children are watching!”

He might have mellowed over time, but ever since the incident at the club, where he had smashed all of the alcohol on purpose, I knew that no amount of mellowing would change who he was at the core—brisk and authoritative. He would always be a man of action and, regrettably, impatience.

It was why I knew that he would most definitely punch Roger if I did not say anything to stop him.

Ashton paused briefly. When he moved next, it was to fling Roger by his collars in the direction of the doorway.

The latter stumbled and fell, wincing at the pain but not daring to say a word.

“Get lost,” Ashton said with a tone of finality.

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Roger scrambled.

“Wow, I’ve never seen you so riled up before, Ashton,” Rebecca said airily. “I wonder why is that? Oh, could it be that you’re afraid of us knowing that your precious wife turns out to be damaged goods, just like me?”

As soon as those words fell, a pair of large hands wrapped themselves around her neck and squeezed.

Rebecca choked and struggled, clawing at Ashton’s arm in a feeble attempt to make him let go, only to have those fingers tighten around her throat even further.

From the way her face was slowly turning purple, I guessed that she would last another ten seconds before she ran out of air.

Instead of begging for release, however, Rebecca remained staunchly defiant. There was even a hint of a smirk on her face as she gasped for breath like a dying fish. “Sore, aren’t we?” she croaked out each word with difficulty. “You didn’t want me but still ended up marrying damaged goo—ah!”

There was a murderous glint in Ashton’s eyes as he squeezed just a little harder.

I could not care less about Rebecca’s life, but I was not about to have my husband commit murder. While what Roger had said did seem to imply that I had been assaulted, I knew for a fact that it did not happen.

“You’re wrong,” I told Rebecca tonelessly. “Ashton was and still is the only man I’ve ever been with.”

She widened her eyes incredulously at my words and tried to swivel her head to look at me. The action only caused her greater pain and discomfort, however, and she started struggling anew.

Ashton did not let go. His grip was firm all the way until Rebecca’s eyes began rolling up the back of her head.

He’s really going to end her. I immediately grabbed his arm. “Ashton! Let go! You’re going to jail if you do this! Do you want to leave me behind to raise the children on my own?”

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The effect was instantaneous. It was as if I had slapped him awake. Ashton's grip loosened, and Rebecca collapsed to the floor, gasping and coughing.

"No... You're l-lying!" Her voice was completely hoarse. "You can't be... that lucky!"

I was abruptly reminded of what John had told me. He said Rebecca had a baby as a result of sexual assault. She must have felt that this marked the beginning of her downhill relationship with Ashton and her fall from grace.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1689

Chapter 1689 Tell Me The Truth

After she knew how I had experienced the same disgusting treatment, she thought she could finally drag me into hell with her. The hatred in her heart could only disappear when I became an abandoned pawn everyone looked down on.

However, she seemed to have forgotten that God would not turn a blind eye to her evil deeds, and today was no different.

After pushing Ashton's hand away, I stared down at Rebecca. Without wasting my time on her, I ordered the maid, "Bring her out."

Turning around, I scanned the messy dining table and added, "Mrs. Eriksen, take the children upstairs to sleep. You can wake them up to watch the fireworks at midnight."

"Yes, Mrs. Fuller."

Although the children seemed unwilling to head to bed, they sensed the weird atmosphere and headed upstairs obediently.

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The reunion dinner on New Year's Eve was ruined just like that.

At that moment, Nathaniel took off his napkin and shot me a look. Then, he pulled the chair out for Nora and walked toward the door.

Nathaniel tried to pat Ashton's shoulder when they passed by but was avoided.

Despite getting ignored, Nathaniel did not get angry but changed the subject. "Ashton, do you still remember your real self?" Without waiting for an answer, he turned around and grinned. "You should be able to recall now. Haha!"

After saying that, he left swiftly hand-in-hand with Nora.

It was annoying how no one could blame him despite causing all the drama and leaving right afterward.

Turning around, I realized that Ashton's expression was dark, seemingly on the verge of losing control of his emotions.

Is it worth getting so emotional over Rebecca's words? People would probably think that he still has feelings for her.

Taking a deep breath, I lowered my eyes and swept a glance at the two figures. How can they be so ignorant not to leave in this situation?

Since the children were out of their reach, I dragged Ashton upstairs and ignored them.

After sitting him down on the sofa, I sat on the coffee table and sent an interrogative gaze at him.

Initially, Ashton was still able to meet with my gaze. However, as time went by, he drooped his eyelids unnaturally.

Okay. I can confirm that he has something regarding Rebecca hiding from me.

"Talk." After experiencing many difficulties in life, I was no longer scared to face reality.

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Ashton feigned ignorance. "What are you talking about?"

"The secret you're hiding." With a half-smile, I poked a finger at his chest and tried to ease the atmosphere by cracking a joke. "I already noticed that something is off. You, Rebecca, and Mr. Melton must have something going on that I don't know. If you tell me the truth, I'll let you off easy. Otherwise, who knows what'll happen."

However, Ashton tried to prove his innocence and stared at me. "You already heard what happened. It's like what you said. Mr. Melton tried to force himself on you but failed. I only got angry because Rebecca slandered you right in front of the kids."

He's quite good of finding excuses, isn't he?

"Really? You're not lying to me?"

"That's all," he confirmed.

Standing up, I circled him. "Why can't I seem to believe it?"

After all, Rebecca's attitude was the same as before, so there was no need for him to get infuriated over it. Plus, his reaction was definitely not only because of anger.

To be precise, he seemed to be a bit embarrassed over it.

However, what was the reason over it?

Staring at his figure, I got lost in my train of thought. In the end, I could only sigh that I had gotten myself the most secretive man in the world. Thus, I could only solve it my own way.

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1690

Chapter 1690 Tracking Him Down

“All right, then. I believe you.” By saying that, I could let his guard down. This way, there would be more chances for me to find out the truth.

As it turned out, I was right.

After the fireworks performance around midnight, I accompanied the children to set up more fireworks. Ashton, however, was secretly phoning someone.

He thought he had fooled me, but he did not know that Mrs. Eriksen supported my plan of preventing an affair. Since she was well-acquainted with everyone in the household, Ashton’s every single action would not be overlooked by me.

Confirming that Ashton was hiding something from me, I purposely made an excuse that I would set things right with Summer. In reality, I hailed a taxi and waited for Ashton near our house.

The chauffeur was a middle-aged man that seemed honest and good at his job. Unexpectedly, he was quite a chatterbox.

“Miss, are you waiting for someone? How about you call and remind them? Since you’re being so anxious, perhaps your husband is having an affair?”

Finding it funny, I decided to laugh and admit to it. “That’s right. We had a pair of twins, but he got sick of me after they grew up. Now, he’s out to look for another woman...” While talking, I pretended to bury my face in sorrow. However, I did not avert my gaze from the same spot as before, fearing I would miss my target.

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"What a pity! However, you shouldn't be too sad about it. Men are all the same. You still need to endure it for your kids' sake..." Halfway through his sentence, he passed me a tissue box. "Here. Wipe your tears away. You do have it rough."

Right at that moment, Ashton's car suddenly passed by us at lightning speed.

"That's him. Quickly follow him!"

The chauffeur was taken aback and dropped the tissue box on the floor. "Are you kidding me? That's a race car you're talking about!"

Well, I did seem to be pushing it. "Don't worry. Just try your best. I won't blame you if you can't manage to catch up with him."

"Okay. Sit tight!" The chauffeur immediately turned around and switched gears, and the car speeded off.

I was hurled back onto the passenger seat by the strong impact. If I did not react quickly enough, I would have lost my balance and fallen.

The chauffeur was definitely not your normal taxi driver!

Thankfully, it was a lucky day for me as we managed to catch up with Ashton's car near a red light.

"Let's not be too obvious. Can you switch to the lane furthest from his?" As Ashton was a careful man, it was easy to give me away if I was not cautious enough.

"I understand."

We maintained a distance of two cars for about twenty minutes when Ashton's car finally stopped in front of a café.

After instructing the chauffeur to stop at the bank, I got off the car and hid behind a streetlight. There, I saw Ashton walking into the café.

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I managed to see his figure walking through a row of tables and sitting down through the glass window.

When I recognized the man sitting next to him, I was stunned and did not move.

My initial thought was that he was there to deal with Roger. Instead, he was meeting up with Nathaniel.

The atmosphere between them seemed off. In front of the pretentious Nathaniel, it was rare for Ashton to show signs of anger. His eyebrows were shooting up furiously.

Both of them were intelligent men who knew the easiest way to provoke each other.

As expected, Ashton jumped to his feet and left the café a few minutes later. Both of them parted on an unhappy note.

It seemed that Ashton was on the losing side.

I was not surprised, for Nathaniel was good in giving thinly veiled threats. Ashton was simply not a match for a person that could betray his own parents.

After seeing Ashton getting into his car, I dialed his number.

The call was quickly picked up, and his voice was slightly down. "Is everything going well?"

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