

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 390

Joe was impeccably dressed, and his hair specially styled, rendering him extraordinarily robust. From his looks, it seemed as though he was here to discuss business.

Pursing my lips, I threw a placid glance at him. "Your life is rather colorful as well, Mr. Quinn." After all, there are only a few possible people who'd come out to talk business during the new year.

Sure enough, the person following behind him was Rebecca.

Surprisingly, she blanched upon seeing me. She said nothing to me, merely tugging at Joe's sleeve and urging, "Joe, the food is here, so let's go!"

Taking her hand, Joe murmured in a gentle voice, "Wait for just a moment." Then, he shifted his gaze at me and proclaimed, "You're quite strong mentally, Ms. Stovall, to eat out and chat with another man after experiencing such a monumental event. Looks like Ashton has been worrying for nothing."

I frowned even as I suppressed my fury. "Do you always speak without thinking, Mr. Quinn?"

At this, he sneered, "Are you hurt? Ashton has been tolerating and indulging you time and again, drinking himself to oblivion when you get upset and throw a tantrum. Worried about your health after suffering a miscarriage, he had a vasectomy for your sake despite his pride. And look how you repay him now. Not only have you cheated on him openly, but you've started eating out with another man in just a few days. Do you know how many people will ridicule him if photos of this get out?"

His expression was wintry even as he stifled his emotions to the point of indifference. "Scarlett Stovall, do you never consider other people's feelings before acting? He's your husband, yet what do you take him for? A dispensable stranger?"

Stunned, I only snapped back to my senses after a long while. "What did you just say?"

He sneered as his eyes brimmed with disdain. "Do you know what a vasectomy means to a man? He doesn't even mind forgoing having his own child because of you and the child of your so-called friend. Isn't it ludicrous?"

For a few seconds, my mind went blank as my gaze remained fixed on him. "Why?" My voice was a smidge hoarse.

At this, his expression turned apathetic and mocking. "Why? He's afraid that you'll suffer the slightest pain and agony – afraid that you'll again be put through the terror of having a child and that you'll worry that he won't be able to regard Summer as his own child. He has considered almost everything for you – all that is pertinent. Yet, what have you done for him?"

Not knowing what to say, I pursed my lips while a ball of distress lodged within me.

Upon hearing this, Rebecca couldn't resist scoffing, her voice anguished and austere. "It's ludicrous. It's truly ludicrous."

Finally recalling her presence, Joe looked back. As soon as he glimpsed her pale face, he called out, "Rebecca!"

Looking up at him, Rebecca appeared wretched and pathetic as tears trickled down her cheeks. "You know what? From the day I met him, I'd always felt that he'd protect me forevermore. How ludicrous!"

Perhaps Joe didn't want me to witness her sorry state, for he supported her before casting me a meaningful glance. Then, he turned around and left with her.

When John returned with a huge container of lobsters, he threw a look at the two people who'd just left.

Placing the lobsters on the table, his gaze was a touch gloomy when he turned to look at me. "Did they pick trouble with you?"

I shook my head. When I saw the server serving the food, I blurted, "Can we have it to go?"

At this, John pursed his lips. "What's wrong?"

"I..." All of a sudden, Joe's remark of "do you never consider other people" flashed across my mind, and I swallowed the words that were right on the tip of my tongue at once. Gazing at him, I replied, "I was just thinking that Uncle Louis probably hasn't eaten, so why don't we bring some food back for him?"

Taking his seat, he countered, "No, it's fine. The maids will cook at home." As he said this, he lifted his hand and waved the server out. Subsequently, he looked at me and declared, "I've bought lobster with garlic butter. Try some and see whether it's to your liking."

I nodded even as I opened the container. It was very fragrant, but I just hadn't the appetite when something was troubling me.

When John noticed that I stopped eating after a few bites, he asked, "Do you not like it?"

"No, I just don't feel like eating it all of a sudden," I replied.

At this precise moment, my phone vibrated with a text message from Ashton: Where are you?

I replied: Outside.

Ashton then asked: When are you coming home?

I texted him back: I'm coming back in a while.

At this, Ashton responded: I'll be waiting.

To which I replied: Okay.

I looked up after replying to his text message, only to be greeted by John's unwavering stare. "You've got to leave?"

"It's rather late, so I should go back now." I nodded my head.

Pursing his lips, he murmured, "Okay."

We basically ate nothing, for I packed everything up to go.

In the car, John opened his mouth to say something upon seeing that I hadn't spoken much. Yet in the end, he said nothing even after a long time had passed.

It was only when we had finally arrived at Peakville Estate did he look at me and questioned, "Is your plan to return to R Province after the new year still on?"

I was stunned for a while before replying, "Yes."

At this, he nodded. When the car had come to a stop, he turned to me and urged, "Go on in."

When I stepped into the hallway, the lights in the villa were still blazing. Ashton was reading on the sofa, and he glanced over his shoulder upon hearing movement.

Subsequently, he placed the book down and focused his gaze on me.