

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 849

As John spoke, he passed me the tablet menu for me to order.

I ordered some dishes and handed the tablet over to Ashton. After that, I looked at John. "How's your kid doing these days? And how's Hannah?"

"Don't bring her up. How annoying!" he huffed. It was obvious that he was extremely upset. He looked at Ashton and asked, "Mr. Fuller, do you want a drink? They serve good Scotch Whiskey here."

Before I could stop them, Ashton nodded and answered calmly, "Sure, let's try it!"

John snapped his fingers. Before long, an adorable and gorgeous lady walked in, looking aesthetically pleasing to the eyes. John said, "I want to order some Scotch Whiskey. Wait, you know what, just bring me the whole bottle. I'm getting drunk tonight!"

The lady nodded in acknowledgement and left.

I had no idea what happened to John. I wanted to comfort him but I didn't even know where to start. Therefore, I had no choice but to wait in silence.

Not long after, dinner was served along with a few bottles of Scotch Whiskey.

John immediately opened the bottle of whiskey. He didn't even bother to pour it into a glass. Instead, he put the whole bottle of whiskey in front of Ashton and said in a rough manner, "Mr. Fuller, let's leave those drinking etiquettes aside this time. Come on! Bottoms up!"

My eyes widened in shock. "John, are you out of your mind? This is hard liquor, it's not a beer. Are you trying to kill him or something?"

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“Come on, don’t be such a killjoy. It’s just a few sips. You’re just worried about your man, aren’t you? Fine! I’ll drink it myself, then.” John then pursed his lips and cursed at Ashton, “Such a sissy!”

I was at a loss for words. What’s gotten into John recently? Did something happen? What’s with the radical change?

Without any hesitation, Ashton immediately clinked his glass and started drinking. I was about to stop him but he interrupted, “It’ll be fine. It’s just an occasional drink.”

With that, the two men started downing bottles of whiskey together. As for me, I was completely bewildered by them.

I could tell that something had been bothering John. After all, men tended to drink alcohol or smoke cigarettes during their stressful times. On the other hand, women usually reduced stress by crying or expressing their feelings verbally. Either way was fine as they wouldn’t affect physical and mental health.

At that moment, I thought I finally figured out why men often died earlier than women. It was because they were more likely to drink alcohol in excess and smoke more than women.

They drank quite a lot. John was getting himself drunk on purpose. Therefore, he kept gulping down the whiskey until he almost lost his consciousness. Not long after, he staggered to his feet and started swaying.

I was shocked when I saw how Ashton’s face was flushed red after drinking. Reckoned that he was tipsy, I raised my hand to stop him from grabbing his glass again. “Ashton, listen to me. You don’t have to keep on drinking. It’s not good for your health.”

He raised his eyes and looked up at me. With a gleeful grin, he said, “It’s no big deal!”

I furrowed my brows as I couldn’t seem to persuade him. Anger began to surge within me. “Ashton! You...”

Seeing that, he hurriedly put down the glass in his hand. A faint smile appeared on his handsome face and he said, “Alright. I’ll stop now.”

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Meanwhile, John was buzzed. He rested his head and arms on the table, staring at us and mumbling with a nasal sound. "Are you guys done? I'm drinking my sorrows away here and I could use a little sympathy. Why can't you guys give me some comfort?"

Ashton raised his brows and did not bother to respond. He rested his head on one side of his hand and looked at me as if he was enjoying the view.

I averted his gaze and looked toward John. I asked, "Did you and Hannah get into a fight? Or did you do something horrible?"

He clicked his tongue. Apparently, he was displeased. "What do you mean I did something horrible? What can I do?"

I raised my brows silently and glanced at him with an impassive expression.

He fell silent for a while. After that, he sighed slightly and took a sip of whiskey. He lowered his head for a long while and said, "Hannah wants to leave and I have no idea what I should do with the kid..."

I was stunned for a moment. After a few seconds, I said seriously, "John, are you concerned about Hannah leaving? Or are you worried that the kid would grow up without a mother?"

John didn't utter a word but gulp down a few more sips of whiskey. He sighed weakly, "The latter. The child is too young."

I frowned. I was slightly irritated. "John, Hannah spent most of her life with you. She even gave you all her love over the years. In the end, what does she get in return? You only wanted her to stay because your child needs a mother. Then what about you? What is she to you? Is she only a tool to carry and give birth to your child? Don't you think she had done everything a wife should?"

He looked at me with a helpless expression. He was confused and at a loss. "I've given her what I can, and what I should. I will not get married. Despite not being legally married to me, I have given her all I have, especially money. So why isn't she satisfied yet? She is never going to get what she owns now from another person in her life."

I stared at John. All of a sudden, I was speechless. Perhaps, from his point of view, he thought that what women really wanted in a relationship were material things. Men should

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fulfill women's wants and needs. However, every individual was different from the others. Maybe, what Hannah really wanted wasn't just his money.

But, I didn't know how to explain it to John. His way of thinking was totally different from mine. There was no right or wrong. We just didn't share the same values.

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I couldn't help but look over at the silent Ashton. "It's getting late. Shall we head home?" I asked.

Ashton gave a curt nod as he stood up to drag me away by arm.

"I go out of my way to invite you here, and you're leaving before you've even finished your meal?" John said with obvious displeasure.

"We're going back to take care of our kid. I'm sure she must be starting to get lonely by now!" Ashton said with a smile on his face.

John glanced between Ashton and me but decided to hold his tongue. "Fine, fine. You two can stop making a show of it and go back," he finally uttered exasperatedly.

We didn't wait for him to change his mind and left immediately. I helped Ashton to the passenger seat as he was in no condition to drive after the drinks that he had. After that, I sat in the driver's seat. Ashton must have had a little too much to drink as he closed his eyes to rest right after settling down.

I started the car and couldn't help but think of looking for Hannah one of these days to check up on her. I'd wager that she finally left John after all these years due to the disappointment building up over that period of time.

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Ashton suddenly opened his eyes when we were at the traffic light. "You're going the wrong way!" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean? We're on the way home!" I replied with some confusion.

"Or are you heading to Moore Residence?" he said as he turned towards me.

I was stunned by the question for a moment before coming to my senses and remembering that I had promised to go back to his place earlier this afternoon. "We're going to pick Summer up. Isn't she still with my parents?" I answered.

He raised his eyebrows in response. "Let Summer stay at the Moore Residence then. With everything going on recently, I could use some time alone with you. Or would you not like that?"

He was obviously fishing for an answer with that last remark.

I could only nod in agreement as I didn't really have a choice in the matter. The traffic light turned green, and I went against where I had initially wanted to go and headed back to Ashton's villa.

It really had been a long time since I'd been to this villa, but it was still all too familiar. Ashton was obviously drunk and needed help to get on his feet, so I had to carry him all the way to the fingerprint lock to open the door. With Ashton slumped on my shoulder, it took quite some time and effort to make it to his bedroom, where I laid him on his bed before starting to leave. Suddenly, Ashton rolled over, pinning me under him. "Where are you going?" he asked drunkenly.

"We're already home. You just lay down and rest while I go get some honeyed water," I said with pursed lips.

The moment I tried to get up, Ashton shifted all his weight on me to stop me from leaving. "I don't need any all that crap. I just need you here!" he said with a sly look on his face.

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A sudden flash of anger rose through me. John could have gotten completely wasted for all I care, but he just had to drag Ashton into this. "Alright, I'll be with you in a moment. Just drink some honeyed water, or you'll just feel worse later, OK?" I sighed.

"OK!" he said while struggling to keep his eyes open.

Even though he had agreed to let me go, he was still holding onto me with the same amount of strength as before. I tried pushing him off but to no avail. "So, are we just going to stay like this all night?"

He got the hint after that and immediately let me up.

After pouring the agreed-upon beverage for him and feeding him it, Ashton closed his eyes and lay down. I wasn't sure if he actually fell asleep by the time I got up, but seeing as it was getting late, I made a call to the Moore Residence.

The phone rang for a little bit before Cameron answered. "Scarlett! Are you coming back soon? Summer has a fever, and I was just about to call to tell you!" she said anxiously.

"Mom, we're not heading back there tonight. Ashton and I are already at the villa, so we'll have to leave Summer to you. She's probably feeling ill from the changing of the seasons. She always gets a fever around this time due to the temperature difference throughout the day," I reassured.

Summer is probably so frail due to being a premature infant. At least it's fortunate that she always recovers after a few days into the new season.

Cameron could only give a little nod on the other end of the phone. "Yeah, I was thinking if it was because of the seasonal change as well. However, she has been getting recurrent fevers for a while, and the fever medicine only seems to help for a little. Even our family doctor has been here to prescribe some medicine for her, but she never fully recovers. Letty, are you two busy tomorrow? Why don't you bring Summer over to the hospital for a check-up? Honestly, I'm a little worried," she muttered quickly.

"Sure, Mom. I'll go over first thing in the morning to take her to the hospital," I said as I gave a nod. A little fever for children is no big deal usually. But I guess a recurrent fever that doesn't go away is a little worrying.

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I continued with some small talk before hanging up the phone.

Ashton seemed to have fallen asleep, so I went to wash up in the bathroom before getting a wet towel to wipe him down before going to bed. However, just as I was getting ready to do so, Ashton suddenly woke up and tugged on my hand with a serious expression on his face. "Scarlett, how about a kid?" he said.

I was stunned by the sudden question and couldn't find the words to answer him. A twang of pain rose in my heart, and I could only furrow my brow and look on in silence. He must be thoroughly drunk if he's asking me this.

Finishing his question, Ashton just closed his eyes and drifted to sleep.

I sat quietly by the bedside, unable to process what he just asked. Emery had asked me a similar question before, that if I wanted another child besides Summer. But all I wanted to say at that moment was that I wanted a child that was both mine and Ashton's. But of course, it just wasn't possible for my wish to come true, so I just stayed silent.

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I had thought that Ashton had already forgotten about the matter of having our own kid. But little did I expect, he would bring this up again when he was drunk. Obviously, a kid was something, or someone rather, that would be with you your entire life. Who wouldn't want their own flesh and blood?

After a long silence in my own thoughts, I went and lay down beside Ashton. "Ashton, do we really need our own child?" I asked with a hoarse voice.

I couldn't be sure whether he had heard me or not since all he gave in response was a subtle wiggling of his eyebrows amidst his slumber.

He really did have a lot to drink.

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The next day, the morning light had already shined through the yellowing leaves onto the ground when Ashton woke me up.

I slowly opened my eyes and saw him laying next to me, with a smile on his face.

“You’re awake!” I hoarsely exclaimed after rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

“Yup!” he answered with a nod and a smile.

“Does your head still hurt?” I asked as I couldn’t get what happened last night out of my mind.

He reassured me with a slight shake of his head and scooted closer to me. “Did you help me undress?” he whispered.

“Yeah, what’s wrong?” I queried with some confusion.

I couldn’t help but follow his gaze onto his well-sculpted body. To my surprise, he was only dressed in his boxers and nothing else.

On top of the silence, my flushed cheeks didn’t do me any favors in hiding the awkwardness radiating from me. Trying to break the awkward atmosphere, I muttered, “Don’t get your hopes up. Nothing happened between us last night, and I didn’t do anything to you. You...”

“What about now?” he interrupted with a mischievous look on his face. Time felt like it stood still while he stared deeply at me with his jet-black eyes.

My heart skipped a beat, and without waiting for a response, he put his giant palm on my waist and got on top of me. I knew he would do this!

As for what happened next, let’s just say that Ashton’s vigor in the morning really was outside the realm of my expectations.

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After I had woken up for the second time that day, I caught Ashton coming out of the bathroom in a superbly jovial mood. "So, will you come with me to the office later?" he said.

"I can't. I promised my Mom that I would bring Summer to the hospital for a checkup as she has been getting recurrent fevers that won't go away!" I said begrudgingly while still on the bed.

"I'll go with you!" he responded with furrowed brows.

"It's alright. It's just a checkup at the hospital. Just head on over to the office yourself. I'm sure there's a lot on your plate over there, and you don't need to be distracted right now," I persuaded. Even though I only said it so that we could finally get a move on with our day, I knew that all I said was true. Things at the Fuller Corporation hadn't settled down, and I had a nagging feeling that bigger and worse things might be waiting for him.

Ashton was deep in thought contemplating what I had just said, and after a brief pause, he nodded his head in agreement.

"OK. But what about..." he tried to ask before being interrupted by his phone ringing.

I motioned for him to answer his phone, and with a curt nod, he gave my forehead a quick peck before answering his phone on the balcony. Seeing as he was occupied, I took this chance to head on over to the bathroom.

After I finished my morning routine, I noticed that Ashton had left the clothes from the night before in the bathroom, so I picked them up and took them to the laundry room. However, upon placing his clothes into the washer, I heard a clanking sound coming from his pile of clothes. After a brief investigation, I found the source coming from his trouser pocket and found what appeared to be some vitamins.

Upon closer inspection, I saw that they were vitamin A tablets. Why is he taking vitamins? Has he been feeling unwell lately?

Thinking it was nothing of big importance, I returned to the bedroom only to find Ashton hurriedly putting on his clothes halfway out the door. "What's wrong? Did something happen?" I asked instinctively.

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"It's nothing. It's just something at the office. Nothing to worry about!" he reassured with a smile.

After finishing his piece, he resumed his exit through the door, but not before doing a double-take. "I'll come back for dinner! Wait for me!" he said cheekily.

Seeing him leave in such a hurry only worried me further, so I decided to call Joseph to ask what actually had happened. However, try as I might, his phone was constantly engaged.

After contemplating my options, I decided to give Rachel a call. However, my phone rang before I had even dialed the first number. It was Emery.

"Are you OK? Where are you?" she asked immediately after I picked up.

"I'm at home right now. Why? What happened?" I answered with confusion.

"Heavens! Do you never check your phone? The entire web is abuzz with the news about Fuller Corporation, and you're still in the dark?" she practically screamed.

Checking my phone was not a habit that I had, so I really was in the dark about anything and everything that morning.

However, her hysterics made it clear that I should check my phone now, so I did.

The headline on the news website could not be any clearer: Listed company caught infringing! Will the law treat the powerful Fuller Corporation the same as everyone else?

The headline got me in a daze, and I subconsciously clicked on it. What I found inside was that during the Lavelian Village project, the trending AI technology that was exhibited by Fuller Corporation had actually debuted in Western Europe a month before the exhibition by Fuller Corporation. Their unveiling was not well-received by the mainstream audience only because they were a small company.

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However, Fuller Corporation's AI technology had been hyped up in its initial stages, and everyone had thought that it would send Fuller Corporation which was already at its peak to an even greater stride. Now it seemed like everything was not as simple as we had thought.

Their press conference was over a month ago. This meant that Fuller Corporation would allegedly be sued for plagiarism. Normally, a hefty fine would be imposed under these circumstances, but that would only be a minor problem. The major problem would be whether Fuller Corporation's reputation could survive this crisis.

Ashton had ventured into AI to diversify the projects that they could take on in the future since the market was an ever-changing tapestry. The real estate market that George built his empire upon was already a red ocean. The best that they could do was only to sustain the business and, at best, earn meager money from it. Ashton foresaw that it would be near impossible to achieve greater strides in the same sector. Hence, Fuller Corporation's investment in AI technology aimed to better serve the ever-developing market.

There was no time to explain everything to Emery. I hung up the phone and went over to Fuller Corporation immediately.

Once there, I noticed that reporters from various different media outlets were already crowding the Fuller Corporation building. It was impossible for me to drive past the crowd. Hence, I got off the car and planned to sneak inside the building.

However, to my dismay, someone in the crowd suddenly exclaimed, "It's Mrs. Fuller! She's here!"

The exclamation sent the crowd into a frenzy. Before I could react, blinding flashlights hit my face as the reporters began to throw questions at me.

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“Mrs. Fuller, are you aware that Mr. Fuller had plagiarized the product of CBU?”

“Is this Mr. Fuller’s doing, or is the whole Fuller Corporation also involved? How much do you know about this?”

“Mrs. Fuller, it’s rumored that you’re not working in Fuller Corporation, but your company is collaborating with your husband’s company for this project. Did the two of you conspire to anticipate huge earnings in the local market after the AI technology has been launched?”

“Mrs. Fuller, rumor has it that you’re managing all assets registered under Mr. Fuller’s name. I’d like to know, given that you’re the wife of the man who tops the billionaire rankings every year, does he extort it all from the public?”

The questions got increasingly crude and demeaning. Swarmed by the reporters, it was impossible for me to make my way through the crowd. Exasperated at the flashing cameras that were hurting my eyes, I could no longer hold myself in. “Please do not accuse my husband and me of anything without any concrete evidence. Otherwise, I will give everything in my power to sue every single one of you for defamation!”

Seeing that my path was blocked and that there was no place else to go, I could only use my hands to shield myself from the glaring flashlights. Unfazed by my threat, a reporter provoked, “Is that your guilt talking, Mrs. Fuller? Even though we do not have any concrete evidence in hand, there is no smoke without fire. If Mr. Fuller is truly innocent, then he’d have no fear of us accusing him of such, unless he’s truly done something that he shouldn’t have. Are you putting up a farce because you know you’re in the wrong?”

Someone in the crowd pushed me, and I was knocked to the ground. Before I could react to the sudden turn of events, my hand was stepped on by someone, and I gasped from the pain.

There were just too many people around. I tried to get up as I feared being trampled over. However, no matter how hard I tried to stand back up, it was as if the swarm of people was united in their attempt to keep pushing me back down each and every time.

After a few tries, I was trampled over and suffered a few kicks here and there. All of a sudden, the reporters swarming me fanned out, and the air grew still.

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I lifted my head in response and fixed my gaze on the entrance of Fuller Corporation. Ashton walked out of the entrance with a cold, hard look on his face, flanked by the top management of Fuller Corporation.

As the reporters had fanned out all at once, I was left sprawled on the ground in everyone's plain sight. It wasn't hard to imagine how disheveled and shabby I looked to him and everyone else.

The surrounding temperature dropped several degrees with the frigid look on Ashton's face. The man was burning with fury as he approached me. He shot his icy gaze at the reporters surrounding us, eliciting gasps from the crowd.

He pulled me up from the ground and held me in his arms. His usual gentle voice rang in my ears, "Are you alright?"

I nodded. "I'm fine!"

He nodded as well before he scanned the surroundings with his dark eyes. It was apparent that he was demanding retribution from the demeaning crowd.

"I am very honored that you guys had taken the time and effort to crowd the building of my company. However, there is no good reason for all of you to inflict injury on my wife, and I expect an explanation from all of you for that. Please go back. You guys are only qualified to interview me when you have a job." Ashton did not raise an octave, nor were his words crude, but it was obvious that his words were a warning to them. Even though I did not quite understand what he meant, I could tell that the lot of reporters had picked up on what he was trying to say judging by the looks on their faces.

With that, Ashton took my hand and headed for his office. he then ordered Joseph to fetch him a first aid kit. He got me to sit on the sofa and tended to my wound in silence.

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