

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 919

I was momentarily taken aback by Kristina's sudden confrontation and grasped for a reply. Finally, I said, "I'm not a fan of getting involved in other people's drama."

Kristina sniggered. She dried her hands and leaned against the sink, her arms akimbo. Gazing intently at me, she scoffed, "Don't act so high and mighty. You were clearly eavesdropping. If you want to laugh, go ahead. I don't care."

Nonetheless, I merely clenched my jaw and turned away. I had nothing to say to Kristina.

Seeing that I was planning on ignoring her, Kristina raised her voice and challenged, "Haven't we been friends for a long time, Scarlett? Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Since we've bumped into each other, let's spend some time catching up. How can you walk off like that? By the way, how's Jared's daughter doing? He's been in prison for a while now. His daughter should be missing him quite a bit."

I frowned, then turned and stared Kristina down. "Kristina, I don't know what your outlook on life is like. I know, however, that we're not the same. Since you've already found someone, please live out the rest of your life peacefully. Stop interfering in others' business! Besides, Summer is my daughter. Jared isn't good enough for her, and neither are you. If you do anything to her, I guarantee that you'll spend the rest of your life miserable."

Kristina threw her head back and guffawed. "Are you threatening me now? I'm not interested in Summer. I was merely trying to be kind and remind you that things aren't that simple. I thought Jared would confess everything to you at least, but it seems now that he fully intended on keeping you in the dark. If that's the case, I'll keep my mouth shut as well. It seems that no one appreciates it."

At that moment, I could hear the edge in Kristina's voice. Bemused, I asked, "What do you mean by that?"

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However, Kristina waved my concern off dismissively. “Nothing! I’ll be off then. See you around, Mrs. Fuller!”

She then sauntered off with a clack of her high heels. I remained rooted to the spot, gazing after her absently. Though unwilling, I had to admit that what Kristina had said threw me off slightly. I was still taking our conversation apart and puzzling it over in my head as I slowly exited the bathroom.

In fact, I was so utterly occupied with my thoughts that I didn’t notice Ashton waiting out in the hallway. Walking straight into his arms, I gave a loud yelp, but it was already muffled by his broad arms and chest encircling me. I then looked up at him in a slight daze. “Why are you here?”

Ashton reached out and brushed my hair aside tenderly. “I was worried that something had happened to you, so I came over. What’s wrong? You look shellshocked.”

I shook my head vigorously, partially to clear the thoughts that were clamoring in my brain. “It’s nothing. I ran into someone I know. Let’s go back and continue with dinner!”

After that, I yanked Ashton back in the direction of our table. As we walked past a private room, there suddenly came the sound of glass violently shattering. Ashton and I both froze and peered in. Seated around a table was a group of middle-aged young people, as well as one familiar face.

I gaped at Ashton, then whispered tentatively, “Is that Joe?”

Ashton pressed his lips into a thin line but said nothing.

We were just in time. As we watched, a woman with her back towards us vehemently slapped Kristina, who was sitting beside Joe. It sounded like the cracking of a whip. At the same time, Ashton and I instinctively winced from the sound of it.

Kristina, however, showed no discernible sign of weakness. She merely gave a dry laugh and gazed back at her assailant defiantly. Her hands moved to clutch Joe’s arm as if holding onto a trophy.

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This move clearly enraged the other woman even further. She raised her hand in the air, prepared to deal a second blow.

"Isn't this exciting? Mr. Quinn, how's your food?" Unable to witness this any further, I charged into the room with Ashton in tow.

At the sound of my voice, the entire room turned towards me. The face of Kristina's attacker was now visible. I realized, perturbed, that it was Rebecca.

Rebecca's eyes widened slightly when she saw Ashton beside me, then hurriedly composed herself. She now rearranged her features in a pitiful expression, looking every bit like a defenseless victim. "Ash, why are you here?" Rebecca whined.

Ashton glanced at her, then announced curtly, "To eat." With his brows furrowed, he looked at Joe, then at Kristina, who was still holding onto Joe's arm tightly.

"What's going on?" Ashton demanded.

Joe said easily, "We're having a meal together. It's nothing much."

"What do you mean, nothing much? Joe, just be honest with me about what you're planning to do. Don't make me sick by flirting with all these other whores," Rebecca retorted, her voice trembled with barely suppressed anger.

Kristina was not one to be beaten. She bellowed at Rebecca, "You'd better watch your mouth! What whores? And how much better do you think you are?"

The two women looked strained, and they were ready to fly at each other. At that, I bit my lip and said calmly, "That's one hell of a meal. You'll have the entire restaurant in here at the rate you're shouting at each other. Mr. Quinn, don't you think you're airing your dirty laundry a little too publicly? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

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Rebecca glared menacingly at me. “Ms. Stovall, since when did you become such a busybody?”

“Go home and argue!” Ashton broke in icily. The steely look that he fixed on Joe was frightening. “You may think nothing of these women, but spare a thought for the Fuller and Quinn Corporations.”

Joe gritted his teeth, palpably displeased. “Enough. Can’t I even eat in peace now? Damn it!” He shook off Kristina’s hands violently, then immediately got up and stalked out of the room.

The others around the table had been shrinking down in their seats ever since the conflict began. Subdued, they now quietly filed out and dispersed. Rebecca had dashed out in chase of Joe, whereas Kristina alone remained in the private room.

I tugged at Ashton’s sleeve and fretted for a moment, then turned to Kristina. “Don’t get Joe riled up. You know better than anyone why he allows you to get close to him.”

Having dispensed that word of warning, I then made to leave with Ashton. Kristina’s next question, however, halted me in my tracks. “Why are you helping me?”

I glanced over my shoulder at Kristina, then replied, “I’m not helping you. It was meant to be a reminder.” Joe’s feelings for Rebecca weren’t to be sniffed at. No matter what had happened, Joe had remained steadfast by Rebecca’s side without considering anyone else. It was obvious that Joe was making ruthless use of Kristina to make Rebecca jealous.

At that moment, Kristina’s smile looked more like a grimace. “It doesn’t matter,” she said bitterly. “Money is all that matters to me. Whatever happens between Joe and Rebecca is none of my business.”

I shrugged, then replied shortly, “Good luck, then.”

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It was none of my business either. As a matter of fact, I had done more than my part in even mentioning the facts of the matter. Whether Kristina was receptive towards what I'd said was no longer my concern.

After all that drama, Ashton and I walked out of the private room and back to our table. John must be wondering what on earth we've been up to! I mused inwardly.

"Jared sent Summer to a factory in the suburbs. You can check, but I don't suppose Jared was planning on that child surviving. I don't know what he did to her there. Who knows what kind of scars that experience left behind?" Kristina's voice rang out from behind us.

A shiver ran down my spine. I whipped around immediately, but Kristina was already strolling off into the distance, bag in hand.

Then I turned to Ashton, distressed. "When you found Summer back then, did you notice anything strange?"

Ashton shook his head. "I'll send someone to investigate. Don't worry."

I nodded, but there was already a tumult of uneasiness stirring up within me.

Meanwhile, John saw that Ashton and I had slowly approached the table and slide back into our seats. Pursing his lips, he complained, "What on earth were the two of you up to? Didn't you come here to eat with me? Was the lack of intimacy really that unbearable?"

Ashton ignored him. Taking stock of the empty plates on the table, he asked me apprehensively, "Is there anything else you'd like to eat?"

I shook my head. "I'm not hungry. We should leave soon."

John, on the other hand, was outraged at having been ignored. "Can the two of you stop tormenting me like this? Is there a need to hurt my feelings in this manner? Didn't you come out to chat with me? Or am I here to serve as an audience for your relationship?"

Frustrated, I turned to John and shot back, "What's going on between you and Hannah?"

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John lowered his gaze, then muttered thickly, "Nothing much." He clearly wished to evade both my question and the topic.

After that, I instantly turned back to Ashton and said briskly, "Let's go home then."

Just as the two of us had gotten to our feet, John clamored noisily for us to sit down. "Hey, are the two of you even sincere about meeting me? Shouldn't you behave as if you're interested in me, at least? How can you just get up and walk off like that? Both of you look like you just came here to do your business and left!"

I was a little offended by John's choice of expression. Somberly, I told him, "Mr. Stovall, can you be a little less crude?"

John chuckled. With a resigned air, he said, "Fine, I'm tired of watching the two of you act all lovey-dovey anyway. I'm going back home to sleep off my meal."

With that, Ashton and I hurried off in haste. Kristina's announcement had unsettled me, and I was terrified of something happening to Summer. Ever since she had returned to K City, Summer seemed to be in a state of near-constant illness.

"Do you think Jared would really hurt Summer?" I asked Ashton. I didn't think anyone could bear to hurt their own child, but Kristina's accusations had taken root in my heart.

At that time, Ashton was paying the bill for our meal. When he was done paying, he replied slowly, "Let's wait for the results of the investigation. We can bring Summer to the hospital for a thorough examination in the meantime."

I nodded feebly. Then, a thought struck me like a bolt of lightning. "Should we visit the prison and ask Jared himself?"

Ashton didn't speak. Instead, he fixed me with an unfathomable gaze, his dark eyes seeming to pierce through me almost.

Upon his burning gaze, I looked away. However, I chanced upon John drawing himself up in the distance. He'd clenched the two hands that had been hanging by his side into fists. The man looked absolutely incensed.

"John..." I was about to call out, but Ashton silenced me with a sharp yank. He motioned for me to keep silent and follow after him as he stepped forward.

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I only noticed the pair facing John when we arrived next to him. I recognized the woman even though a considerable amount of time had elapsed since I'd last met her. She wore a pink jacket with leopard prints that contrasted nicely with her creamy skin.

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