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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1675

Chapter 1675 A Sea Of Red

Horace scoffed at my firm statement and said sarcastically, "Mrs. Fuller, that's rather bold of you to threaten someone in front of the police. Did you forget about the oaths you took when you became a lawyer?"

Threaten someone? I guess he's right.

I had no qualms about "threatening" people if it meant protecting Summer.

With a smile that did not quite reach my eyes, I replied stiffly, "Whatever you say, sir. I'm sure it would be difficult for any mother to stay calm when her daughter is in trouble. So sue me."

I paused and turned toward the reporters. "Though, if memory serves me right, you can't open a case without the victim's agreement. Would any of you like to pursue this matter?"

The silence that greeted me was deafening.

Realizing that he had lost this round, Horace waved his hand in a dismissive gesture and said impatiently, "Forget it. I'm not going to waste time on useless chitchat. Rich people like you always think that you're better than everyone else, but I believe everyone is equal before the law. You better start praying that your walls don't crumble under our investigation. All I need is a little piece of evidence to send you to prison for the rest of your life!"

With that, he roared, "Raid this place!"

A horde of officers swarmed the wine cellar at his orders.

There was no way I could stop their advance. Oh well. At worst, I'll drop by the police station with Summer. Our innocence will prevail. The police doesn't have hard evidence on

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Summer's direct involvement in smuggling luxury wines. They can only detain her in the station for two days at max.

I vowed to myself that I would do everything in my power to prevent Summer from shouldering the blame in Quince's plan.

I owed it to Macy to support Summer as best as I could. My failure to be there for Macy in the past hung heavy over my mind.

At the door to the cellar, I patted Summer's hand comfortingly, silently telling her to stay calm. No matter what happened, I would be there with her every step of the way.

"Open it." Unsurprisingly, Horace had pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

The staff holding the key to the cellar glanced at Summer and me. Upon our nods, he inserted the key into the keyhole.

The minute he turned the key, we heard an ear-splitting crash from within the cellar. It sounded like glass shattering.

The door between us and the cellar could not diminish the impact of the crash.

The police officers whipped out the guns from their holsters almost simultaneously, training their barrels on the cellar door in preparation for combat. Horace pulled our staff aside and exchanged glances with his officers before kicking the door open.

Slam! The door slammed heavily into the wall, revealing a cellar that reeked of alcohol.

The cellar was flooded with wine, threatening to flow over the doorstep at any moment. Meanwhile, crates that used to hold the wine bottles lay scattered around the room in disarray. Glass shards glistened faintly from beneath the inches of wine submerging the floor.

Ashton stood in the middle of it all, his trousers half-soaked in wine. His blazer was missing, leaving him in a white shirt and a loosened tie hanging crookedly around his neck. I thought I spied red wine stains on him.

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He only whirled around to face the door upon hearing the commotion of the police officers. As he did so, he revealed a half-empty bottle of whiskey in his hands. Ashton swigged a gulp of liquor nonchalantly in front of his audience.

He then threw the bottle at the wall, just as Horace roared, "Stop!" to no avail. Alas, time did not freeze simply at his orders, and the whiskey bottle shattered loudly, its carcass joining the rest of the broken bottles on the floor as it left behind a large alcohol stain on the wall.

Horace had gone green around the gills, and I could see him clenching his jaw in silent fury.

Ashton, however, was the perfect picture of innocence as he wiped his mouth and drawled, "What's wrong? Why did we trouble so many police officers to visit our cellar today?"

I did not know whether to laugh or cry at his pretentious behavior.

Hurriedly, I swallowed my laughter and offered, "Someone reported us for alleged smuggling, and they even got themselves a warrant to inspect our cellar."

"I see," Ashton replied lightly. "How unfortunate. There's been a slight mishap, and all the wine is gone."

With that, he paused and turned his attention to Horace. Pointing at the mess on the floor, Ashton added, "Help yourselves if you don't mind."

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