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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1673

Chapter 1673 Dropping By At The Club

We were caught in a traffic jam when we were just a street away from the club due to the evening peak hours.

I watched glumly as the numbers on the countdown indicator of the traffic light ticked down at a snail's pace. Feeling restless, I decided to roll down the windows and gazed at the moving traffic on the opposite street instead.

Suddenly, I spotted Lucas' face through the window of a black BMW whizzing along in the traffic. I instinctively followed the car with my gaze until it reached the end of the road and disappeared around the corner.

I was not sure if it was an illusion, but I somehow felt as if I had seen the woman who was in the car with him before.

"What's wrong?" asked Ashton, sensing that something was up with me.

"I think I just spotted Lucas." I pointed to the left. "He just went that way. I think he's just been to the club."

"I see," Ashton responded shortly. With a slight glance toward the back seat, he asked, "Is everything okay at the club?"

Nodding, Summer gazed back at him innocently. Then, as if struck by a thought, she hurriedly took out her phone and checked through her messages to make sure she had not missed anything. Only then did she answer, "Yes, there were only a few trivial matters, all of which I'd dealt with before boarding the plane."

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Ashton merely responded with a nod and asked no further questions. Just then, the lights turned green, and the car started moving again, going at a significantly faster speed than before.

I snuck a glance at him. His expression remained indifferent, but I could sense a hint of nervous energy radiating off him.

We arrived at the club in no time at all. Stopping the car at the entrance, Ashton did not even bother removing the car keys from the ignition but hopped off the car at once and entered the club with us.

Seeing that Summer was back, her assistant came out to greet her at once. "Welcome back, Ms. Summer."

Ashton moved past him and went straight in, his expression cold as ice.

It was his first visit to the place, but the assistant recognized who he was in an instant and froze unwittingly as he strode past, stunned by the powerful aura he exuded.

"Did those black men find trouble here just now?" Summer interrupted his train of thoughts.

"No, they didn't even come today." The assistant came back to his senses and flashed her a grin. "Only Lucas and a few of his guys dropped by earlier. Otherwise, there hasn't been a single black guy in this area today."

Most of Lucas' men came from the mafia and carried fierce vibes. Their mere presence was terrifying, and the employees were always nervous around them. Naturally, they were happy and relieved that none of them had appeared today.

However, Summer caught the most crucial point of the assistant's statement. She halted her footsteps, asking sternly, "What was he doing here?"

"He came to deliver our wine. Did the manager not report this to you?" The assistant was visibly surprised. He swiveled backward and yelled for the manager, "Ms. York? Are you there?" He turned back, puzzled. "That's strange. She was just here a moment ago. I wonder where she's gone."

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Seeing this, we all sensed that something was amiss.

Summer's face darkened instantly, and she sounded exceedingly displeased when she spoke again. "What just happened here?"

As someone who was usually pleasant and agreeable, Summer rarely ever showed others this powerful and authoritative side of herself. Shocked, the assistant immediately minded his behavior and relayed the entire incident seriously.

"Lucas came here with Mrs. Fuller to deliver the wine just now. He said you had agreed with it. We were initially reluctant to accept it, but Mrs. Fuller said that we were all disrespecting her and was going to fire all of us. So Ms. York made the call and accepted the stock."

Mrs. Fuller?

I knew for sure that I had said none of those things.

Besides, I had been busy helping out in the club for the past few days. How could anyone have mistaken another person for me?

Slightly angry, I snapped at him, "Think carefully. Are you sure it was I who made you accept those wines?"

Hearing that, the assistant smiled flatteringly. "Oh, it wasn't anything like that, Mrs. Fuller. You're always in a good temper and obviously wouldn't have put us in such a spot. I was actually talking about the other Mrs. Fuller."

"Does she look a lot like me?"

I suspected it was Nora running about scamming others and being up to no good under the guise of being me. Since we both shared the same look, other than people who were close to us, no one else could possibly tell us apart.

"Huh? How is that possible? No, that Mrs. Fuller wasn't half as attractive as you. She looked like a cheap internet influencer at most—" Suddenly realizing that he had misspoken, he hurriedly changed his words. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to criticize Mr. Fuller's taste."

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