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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1738

Chapter 1738 Are They Really The Same Person

Ah, no. I can't do that. Joseph isn't in his right mind, and it's dangerous for him to be alone out there. Despite my resentment, I could only grit my teeth and retract my hand, watching as Ashton strutted away.

His back was no different from before, broad and solid. Yet, I couldn't help the grief welling up within me.

What exactly are you thinking about, Ashton? You should've kept those villains in line if you wanted to save Joseph. But then, why did you rush over if otherwise? I've got no choice but to admit that I really have no way of discerning the truth when he truly wants to hide his emotions.

After all, someone who naively thought that love would never change could only remain passively in a checkmate forever.

"Hmm? Why did he suddenly become so wily? Who did he learn it from?" Emery had no inkling of the changes in Ashton, so she assumed that they were having a fight.

When she received no response from me, she stepped forward and nudged me gently. Then she threw me a wink in feigned frivolity. "Cheer up. There are plenty of fishes in the sea, and you're a modern woman, so how could you be so crestfallen because of a man? I'll go about your business with you first, okay?"

Lowering my head, I chuckled bitterly before riposting her teasing despite my pain, "Tons of women would be ruined if you were a man since you're such an expert in mollifying others!"

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"That's great!" Emery took my arm with another step forward. As she walked out, she smugly declared, "I'll start with you, then!"

Millie's driving was fast and steady. Adding to the fact that we missed the evening rush hour, the trip that would usually take half an hour was shortened to just twenty minutes.

I waited anxiously after ringing the doorbell, but no one answered the door.

Don't tell me they didn't even show a woman and kids any mercy?

Unwilling to give up, I held my finger on the doorbell. The noise was so great that all the lights along the entire corridor lit up. Only then did a woman's soft voice drift out from within, asking, "Who's there?"

The rock that had been weighing on my chest finally lifted. Breathing a sigh of relief, I promptly inched closer and replied, "Are you Savannah Sullivan? I'm Scarlett Stovall. I suppose I can be considered Joseph's superior. Do you mind opening the door?"

No sooner had my words fallen than the door opened from within, revealing a woman's delicate face.

Savannah was wearing loose pajamas, and her hair was pulled back loosely in a ponytail with an elastic band, leaving long bangs falling down her forehead. She was tall yet slim, and her features were exquisite. On the whole, she was the type of person one would take a liking to at first sight. But perhaps because it was night, she looked rather pale.

Nonetheless, she still had a resemblance with Joseph that identified them as husband and wife at a single glance.

It seemed as though she wasn't at all surprised by my appearance. She politely inclined her head with a smile in greeting. "Joseph often speaks of you, saying that you're very nice to him, Mrs. Fuller."

If I were really all that nice to him, it would be the two of them standing at the door, greeting me right now.

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Flashing her an awkward smile, I pretended as though I knew nothing about the incident that happened that afternoon. I cast my gaze beyond her and peered into the living room, inquiring, "Are the children asleep?"

Savannah wore a smile on her face. "Yes. They're tired from playing today, so they went to bed very early."

At that point, she belatedly opened the door all the way and stepped aside, warmly inviting us in. "Look at my bad manners. I should've invited you all into the house first. Please come in and have a seat, Mrs. Fuller."

Since my purpose was to make sure that they were safe in the first place, I didn't want to keep them up late at night now that I had checked on them. Thus, I simply made up an excuse. "No, it's okay. I just happened to be in the vicinity and remembered that Mr. Campbell has done a lot for the Fuller family, so I dropped by to see whether there's anything I can help with."

Savannah was a little more awake right then, and her smile turned even gentler. "You're too kind, Mrs. Fuller. The high pay Mr. Fuller gives Joseph is enough for us to resolve all troubles and live a good life. We're very thankful, so how would we dare trouble you further?"

Her voice, gaze, and even gestures were sincere, giving others a refreshing feeling. My mind couldn't help drifting back to the woman's panicked yet restrained voice in Joseph's phone that afternoon. Are they really the same person? Putting it another way, can a housewife who has just experienced having men with malicious intentions barging into her house truly act as though nothing has happened in such a short time?

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