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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1781

Chapter 1781 Growing Interest

“What did you think?” Nathaniel asked.

“Nothing.” I deliberately averted my eyes from his eager ones, pretending not to realize that he was starting to be interested in me.

As if he had been humiliated, Nathaniel questioned, “Did you think that I can’t read your mind?”

“So you can read my mind?” Despite knowing that he was warning me, I amped up my ridiculous act and leaned closer to him. Resting my chin on my hand, I continued, “But so what? The better you know my aim, the faster you’ll realize not to keep this up, right?”

According to the rules of the game, Nathaniel could not stop me even if he knew that everything I did was to test his limits.

Falling for someone was akin to a moth flying toward the flame. Even if one knew that a pit of fire awaited them, they would still jump down.

After hearing my words, Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. The fire in his eyes slowly faded away, and what replaced the angry look was a mysterious smile.

However, seconds later, his expression changed again—this time, his face was devoid of emotions. “That’s right. Interesting. You’re making me see you in a new light.”

“Can I assume that means you’re starting to get interested in me?” I asked with a smile.

After briefly studying me, he lowered his eyes and left the room silently.

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Is he too annoyed to explain, or does he not want to admit to what he's feeling?

Confidence still coursing in my vein, I decided that the latter was likelier.

My stay in the hospital lasted for a week. Nathaniel came to visit me almost every day, but he had become much more cautious. Other than watching me finish the food he brought to me, he did nothing else.

It seemed like he was determined to make us partners in a game instead of two people with a budding relationship like the start. It was as if he was trying to numb and remind himself we were only playing a game.

My discharge from the hospital was an abrupt one. I informed no one but Millie about it.

There was no one in the house at all. The silence amplified the sense of loneliness, and I could not help but think about the memories in this house. In fact, I could remember everything that happened in every corner of this house—Ashton playing action figures with Audrey, Gregory using his laptop on the couch, and Audrey coming up with all kinds of ways to mess with Shaun.

All of those things felt like they had just happened the day before, but in the blink of an eye, they were all gone.

Nathaniel was to blame.

"You shouldn't overexert yourself right after your discharge from the hospital. Do sit down," Millie reminded.

At that, I took in a deep breath to calm myself down and nodded before letting her help me to the couch in the living room.

After sitting down, I took out my phone and tapped into my conversation with Nathaniel. I then tossed the phone to Millie.

"Compose the message with my style and send him my schedule bit by bit today."

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Millie did not know what was going on, but she did not ask any questions before taking the phone and doing as I said.

Less than a minute later, she threw the phone back to me. "Done."

I leaned back on the couch, not wanting to even open my eyes to catch the phone. Instead, I slowly moved my hand around to search for the phone. Just as I found it, the phone buzzed.

A glance at the screen told me that Nathaniel had returned the message.

Nathaniel: I'm not interested in these boring things.

Millie sent two messages. "I'm out of the hospital" and "I've reached home."

True disinterest was to not reply instead of returning an annoyed message like Nathaniel had done so. The mere act of him returning the message told me what I needed to know.

Without spending too long mulling over it, I texted back: Is that so? I thought you'd want to know what I'm doing.

Two minutes later, no replies came back from him. Perhaps he was fuming from how I had read his mind.

That was what I wanted.

There was no reason for me to suffer the pain of having my family separated while he enjoyed the time of his life. After all, karma was always waiting around the corner.

After recomposing myself, I then decided to find out more news about Ashton through Holden. Although the latter might not reject lending me a hand to avoid crossing Nathaniel, money was what made the world go around. I was certain that there would be no deal he would not take up as long as what he was going to get was good.

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1782

Chapter 1782 Calling Holden

Nevertheless, no one answered the call when I dialed his number.

After a long moment of contemplation, I decided to show him the card up my sleeve on WhatsApp. "Five percent of Fuller Corporation's shares. This is the highest price I can offer to you."

Unsurprisingly, the person I could not get through earlier instantly called on WhatsApp.

The moment the video loaded, I was greeted by Holden's greedy grin. "My, my, look at me. I've been so busy that I missed Ms. Stovall's call. What's the matter? It seems like you're interested in talking business with me."

A question that he obviously knows the answer to.

Although we used to be on good terms, we were no best friends. Moreover, I had a favor to ask, so I was in no position to point out that he was playing the fool.

"I want to know whether Ashton is dead or alive," I told him.

"That's all?" Holden asked with a smirk.

"Of course not. I'm sure you know that's not enough to cover the shares I'll be giving to you." We were talking business, after all, so I saw no need to be too polite with him.

"Go on." Although Holden was a sweet-talker, he knew how to read a room well. When he realized that I was not in the mood for jokes, he quickly stopped the teasing tone.

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"I haven't thought of anything yet, but I'll tell you when something pops up. I hope that it won't be that difficult to reach you when that time comes," I said.

Holden visibly stiffened, but he soon put on a look that told me he was going to start appeasing me. "My, what are you talking about? I'm always available to both you and Mr. Fuller."

"I hope so." Not wanting to look at his pretentious face, I then ended the call.

Minutes later, I received news about Ashton. However, it was not from Holden but from a tabloid magazine. Journalists truly had remarkable instincts sometimes.

With whom Ashton was, he would naturally be the focus if he were to appear in a magazine.

The title of the article was rather direct too. The President Lowering Himself And Falling For A C-List Celebrity.

In other words, Ashton had accompanied Rebecca to her filming site.

The media were all over it. To the public, Ashton was a well-loved bachelor who, for some reason, had to have Rebecca, a woman who had fallen from grace.

A famous celebrity even commented: Not sure who's the victim here.

After throwing the magazine on the table, I called for Millie, ready to leave the house.

"Where to?" she asked.

I took out a baseball cap from its dusty corner before putting it on and looking at myself in the mirror. Then, I replied, "To the filming site."

I could only be at ease after seeing Ashton with my own two eyes.

The filming site was also in the suburbs, but it was not in the same direction as the Fuller residence. Furthermore, it was the weekend. Thus, we only reached our destination when it

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was evening. The film crew that Ashton was in was popular even at the filming site, so we soon found out where they were at from a production assistant.

When we reached where the film crew was, they were filming an outdoor scene. Coincidentally, both Ashton and Rebecca were in that scene.

The gist of the story was that Ashton was playing the role of a minor character who was confessing to the main character for the third time but was still rejected.

Ashton was a professional, so despite his minor role in the story, his eyes were bright as he asked, "Josie, will you accept me now?"

The perfect appearance, along with his faithful character, would surely win over the audience's hearts.

However, Rebecca had set herself up to be the kind of character who would pick a bone with others. She was completely unfazed by Ashton's pleading eyes. "Save it. I have told you I don't love you. Even if all the men in the world are dead, I still won't choose you. The very look of you disgusts me!"

Slap!

All of a sudden, she slapped Ashton.

It seemed like Rebecca had used all her strength in that slap, for Ashton's head was tilted to the side by the force.

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1783

Chapter 1783 Ad Lib

For a moment, the entire film crew went into an uproar. They were all discussing among themselves who Rebecca truly was.

“Who is she to have the guts to hit the richest man around?”

“She might not necessarily have someone to back her up. Maybe he just can’t resist her.”

“He can’t resist her? Is this your first day here? Do you not know that Ashton’s partner is Scarlett? I was even there at their wedding. How long has it been since then? The old town is still there, and the video is still circulating around, but the people in it have changed. I’d say Vivian bewitched Ashton!”

“Oh please, do you know how to whisper? If Vivian hears it, the whole film crew’s going to suffer with you.”

“What are you afraid of? Are you telling me she has the guts to do it but not the guts to hear the people talk about it? Look at what Ashton has been doing recently! He’s acting so strange. It’s truly a case of those who sleep with dogs will rise with fleas.”

Gossips would always happen in places where people crowd, but they had no idea that the one they were talking about was right beside them.

Nevertheless, their words did not bother me; my focus was entirely on Ashton.

I could not believe that a prideful man like him had no reactions to such a humiliating moment. He only lowered his eyes and recollected himself before quietly leaving the place and disappearing into a studio.

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No staff members rushed to console him. Instead, the director ran toward Rebecca and began buttering her up. “Vivian, you’re such a great actress. That adlib was fantastic!”

Rebecca rolled her eyes but did not answer. Ignoring the way the director’s smile froze, she asked the makeup artist to continue touching up her makeup.

Embarrassed, the director instantly scowled and sarcastically uttered, “Actors and actresses are really getting more and more disrespectful of the script nowadays. They’ll change it on the spot whenever they want to. Are they looking down on the scriptwriter and the directors?”

Rebecca instantly understood what the director meant. She sneered before turning around. “You there. Are you talking about me?”

The rudeness of her tone was a clear display of how pompous she usually was in the crew.

When the director heard that, he instantly turned cowardly as he smiled apologetically at her. “Of course not. I’m telling the rookies that. Vivian, everyone knows how capable you are! All right, all right. This part of the filming is over. Let’s take a rest for now, everyone. We’ll be starting again in half an hour.”

With that said, the director turned and left to retreat to his breakroom. The very second he turned around, he dropped the smile and cursed at her under his breath.

Millie then led me to the break room that Ashton was at while avoiding Rebecca.

When we entered, Ashton had his back against the door in silence. I did not know what was on his mind. His broad back had blocked out all of the light from the lamp above, making him seem larger than he usually was.

Thinking that it was the assistant, Ashton growled, “Spit it out and get lost once you’re done.”

It had only been one week, but it seemed like ages since I had heard his hoarse voice.

The longer I stared at his back, the more I wanted to rush forward and give him a hug.

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That was exactly what I did.

However, Ashton was far too wary. He thought that I was a stranger with wicked intent, so the moment I touched his body, he instinctively moved to the side and put a gap between us.

When he spun around and saw that it was me, he furrowed his brows. "Why are you here?"

Nathaniel was not around, so even if he tried keeping a sense of distance between us, I could still hear the gentleness in his voice.

"You never appeared in the hospital despite my long stay there, so I had no choice but to come to you."

The concept of yearning was so odd to me. When I could not see him, I could barely eat and sleep, but after seeing him, I miss him even more than when we were apart.

If only I were quicker. I would be able to hug him. I would be able to get some strength to stay afloat longer. A hug, and I'll realize that I'm not fighting this battle alone.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1784

Chapter 1784 Incoming Death

"Nathaniel's anxious about you. You'll be fine." Ashton lowered his eyes and avoided my gaze.

A fresh swell of hot tears brimmed in my eyes, and I laughed bitterly. "That's right. He's about to fall in love with me. A man as smart as you is slowly creeping into my life. What do you feel about that?"

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"If I were you, I'd be happy. At the very least, this shows that you're currently safe." Ashton's tone was still as flat as ever, so I could not decipher what he was feeling at that moment.

Perhaps what he wanted to say was that all was fine as long as I was safe, but I was greedy—I wanted to hear something else other than that. "But you're not me. Otherwise, you'd know that the words I want to hear aren't these."

Ashton then glanced, almost unnoticeably, in the direction of the doorway. Despite how cautious he was, I noticed his action and informed him, "Millie's guarding the room outside. No one's going to come in. We'll be alone here."

I was telling him that we were in a safe spot, so he did not need to worry about Nathaniel's sudden appearance or him abruptly realizing something amiss.

However, Ashton was determined to play safe. "If I can say things that nice to your ears, we wouldn't be divorcing each other and fighting over the assets," he said, cold and ruthless.

Once that was said, he hurried to the door. However, right as he was by the doorway, he skidded to a stop.

"Time can change everything, and it can ruin everything."

Then, without sparing me another glance, he left the break room.

Although the heater in the break room was working, I found myself shaking from the cold, and I could not help but wrap my arms around myself.

Time can change everything. Does he mean it literally, or is he hinting me at something else?

I stayed in the break room for a long time, thinking about what Ashton had said last. Yet, no matter how much I mulled over his words, I could not wrap my mind around what he meant.

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The door creaked open. Thinking that it was Millie—that she had come to urge me to hurry—I muttered to her, “Millie, say, what do you think it means by time can change everything?”

However, when I lifted my head, what greeted me was the sight of Nathaniel’s too-pale face under the bright light.

It was at that very moment I realized what Ashton meant.

Nathaniel had been watching us for a long time. Even if we did nothing, our time spent alone in an enclosed space was more than enough to tell him about our relationship.

After all, how could two people who abhorred each other be able to peacefully stay in the same room for long?

Nathaniel studied me from head to toe. A beat later, he said with amusement, “It seems like Ashton is more determined to not love you than to love you.”

I froze before I belatedly realized what had happened—Nathaniel had assumed that Ashton’s last words were a rejection.

He had clearly come to rub salt on my wound.

It seemed like the messages in the morning had been a shock to his system.

“That’s right. He’s good, isn’t he? He can stop loving someone right after declaring so. Yet, he can fall for another woman almost immediately after that. On the other hand, you, Nathaniel, don’t even know what it’s like to love someone,” I said with a small smile.

That was why people said not to cross a woman, especially a woman in one’s heart. Otherwise, one would only be hurting themselves when one hurt her.

I had managed to make Nathaniel drop his smile and begin scowling. His head was slightly lowered, and even the lights above could not help conceal the menacing aura he was exuding. “Have you forgotten what it’s like to infuriate me right after leaving the hospital?”

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Ruthless words from him, and I knew that he could do what he said. However, he had forgotten how much more annoying I could be when I put my heart to it.

"I didn't, so are you going to shoot me again? Aim well this time," I taunted as I pointed at my heart.

I was fearless, for the sledgehammer to my body was a sledgehammer to his heart.

At that, Nathaniel took in a deep breath to calm himself. He then muttered, "The reason that you can live is not because I didn't want you to die but because only I can decide when you should die. Do you know this, Scarlett? The grim reaper is going to knock on your door soon."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1785

Chapter 1785 Putting On A Show

"Really?" I put my hands down and walked toward him while refusing to believe in superstitions. Then, I walked around him in circles. Nathaniel's eyes were subconsciously glued to me.

I stopped right behind him. "In that case, wouldn't I die even earlier?"

While I was speaking, I reached out to touch his right hand.

The moment our skin made contact, Nathaniel's reaction was exactly the same as Ashton's. He pulled his hand away abruptly and turned toward me in shock.

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“What are you doing?” Nathaniel queried.

“I’m just doing what lovers should do to each other. Since you’re so clueless, don’t you think I should take the lead?” I stared at him affectionately as if I had fallen for him.

However, what I really wanted was to tear him apart.

Nathaniel was still in shock. His facial expression was of a person who had just gotten taken advantage of. Something remained unchanged, though. His eyes were still filled with evil intentions, and he was like an impatient monster ready to pounce at any moment.

Fortunately, it wouldn’t work on me. After all, once the monster was all softened up, it was harmless.

While he was looking at me, I stared back with a grin. “I’m guessing that you’ve never laid a finger on a woman before?”

Nathaniel shrugged. “You guessed wrong.”

I was wondering why he was speaking with such a snobbish tone. Or perhaps, that was just how men were when they talked to the opposite sex.

I shifted my gaze away and chuckled lightly. While acting like I was a bit riled up, I said, “Oh, I’ve underestimated you then. It seems like your experience in intimate relationships is far beyond my expectations.”

With that, I looked down and fiddled with my fingers. In my head, I was thinking about what could I do to make Nathaniel feel the greatest pain in the world. But the way I acted was as if I was a grumpy and jealous woman whining about her man having affairs.

With romance and the feeling of uneasiness intertwined, the atmosphere in the private restroom was getting more and more dreadful by the minute. So bad that it could make a person gasp for air.

After a while, Nathaniel cleared his throat and said, “I’m not as sleazy as you think I am.”

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Upon hearing that, my lips curved into a smile, and my eyes glistened with confidence. Why are you so eager to explain yourself, Nathaniel? Why are you so worried? Or do you want me to keep teasing you? Don't worry, Nathaniel. Nothing is going to happen to you. Not until you are totally enchanted, at least.

A few moments later, I raised my head, looked at him with wonder in my eyes, and asked, "You said that just to make me happy, didn't you?"

His brows furrowed. "What?"

Without giving him time to react, I looked down and mumbled, "It's okay. It's better this way, I guess. I understand that everyone has their own past. I have no right to ask anything of you."

My words had just implied Nathaniel's purity as a dark past which he couldn't bring himself to admit. Not only that, I'd said it in a way that portrayed myself as an inferior lady who craved for nothing but his love.

But in reality, I was only luring him closer, so I could cause him the pain he had never felt before.

After all, true hunters would often present themselves as prey.

"I..." Nathaniel was about to explain, but then he changed his tone and coldly said, "It's good that you know. I'm not a man that can be easily fooled by you."

Still refusing to give in, are you, Mr. Hall? But too bad, it's too late now. Once I heard he had the intention to draw a line between us, I stopped acting desperate and put on a straight face. I stood up bearishly and started walking out while saying, "Fine then. Treat it as I was overthinking."

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