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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1041

“Scarlett, how dare you threaten me? Who do you think you are? What right do you have to boss me around and meddle in my life...” Countless life experiences taught me not to waste my breath on quarreling with b\*tches as I would only be degrading myself by doing that.

After hanging up the call, I turned off John’s phone and turned around to go back to the bedroom. That was when I saw Ashton leaning against the door frame, looking at me. His arms were folded across his chest and there was a smile playing on his lips. “It seems like you really went easy on Rebecca back then.”

I rolled my eyes at him and said indignantly, “Were you eavesdropping on me? Mr. Fuller, since when have you stooped so low?”

He cracked a grin at me and walked to my side. Draping a muscled arm over my shoulders, he led me out of the guest room and into our bedroom. Then, he pressed me on the bed and stared at me fervently. “Shall we continue where we left off?”

I looked at the clock on the wall and reminded him, “It’s already well past midnight, Mr. Fuller. Don’t forget how much work you have to do tomorrow!”

He raised his brows and leaned forward. His warm breath tickled my ear as he continued seducing me. “But if I don’t settle things now, I’m afraid I won’t be able to concentrate on anything tomorrow.”

This man!

I found myself unable to resist his temptation and relented, “I need to shower first. I’m all sticky with sweat after going out the whole day.”

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He didn't object, but after pulling me up from the bed, he looked at me with a devilish glint in his eyes. "Let's shower together, hmm?"

I was rendered speechless, but knowing his temperament, there was no way he would allow me to refuse.

...

When I woke up the next day, Ashton wasn't in the villa anymore.

There were too many matters he had to settle at Fuller Corporation, so it was expected that he would leave early.

However, what I never expected was seeing John—a wealthy and influential man—making breakfast in the kitchen with an apron wrapped around his waist so early in the morning.

It took me quite some time to snap out of my daze and formulate a sentence. "Mr. Stovall, it seems like you've been dealt quite a heavy blow, huh?"

Hearing my voice, he looked over his shoulder at me. Perhaps it was because he had slept his hair the previous night, a section of it was curled up at a funny angle on the back of his head. Compared to his usual cold temperament, he looked a lot softer around the edges right then.

"Go wash up first, then come and eat breakfast," he instructed with a spatula in one hand, seemingly in the middle of frying some eggs.

I was initially going to say something, but seeing the look he was giving me, I glanced down and realized that I was still in my nightdress. Hence, I quietly turned around to go upstairs and change my clothes.

By the time I came downstairs again, he was already done making a breakfast consisting of toast, bacon, and eggs. I had to admit that he did quite a good job.

"Try some and see if it matches your taste," he urged, adding another egg to my plate.

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I bowed my head and took a bite, seriously savoring the taste. Then, I looked at him and sincerely expressed my appreciation. "Wow. It's really delicious. Do you make eggs often?"

He shook his head and I noticed the hint of sorrow in his eyes. "I learned it just recently. When Hannah was pregnant, she always said that she wanted me to try my fried eggs, but I didn't know how to fry eggs. Later on, I managed to learn it, but I didn't get the chance to cook for her. So I thought I might as well cook for you today. Anyway, eat up."

I sighed and looked at him. "She said she doesn't hate you but is very grateful to you. You were the one who gave her a different life and she doesn't regret meeting you."

He nodded. "I know."

Seeing his lonely and sad figure, I pressed my lips together and added as an afterthought, "Yvonne called you last night. I answered it for you. You're not actually planning to marry her, are you?"

He nodded indifferently and responded, "Mm."

Faced with his lukewarm response, I couldn't help from prodding further. "You're not really going to marry her, right?"

He grunted nonchalantly again, as though he didn't care about this matter whatsoever.

Bang! I slammed down my cutlery and pinned him a stern stare. "John, I don't care why you want to marry Yvonne. I will never agree to it. You obviously know how scheming and manipulative she is. If you let her marry into the Stovall family, how are you going to face Kiki in the future? Marriage isn't something to take lightly. I'm not against you marrying another woman. You should consider properly what kind of woman you want to build a family with. Not to mention, you have a son—a son whom you share with Hannah. If you marry a woman just for the sake of marrying, have you ever thought about how it'd impact Kiki's life?"

Taken aback by my abrupt outburst, he met my gaze. "It doesn't matter who I marry. It makes no difference!"

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“Yes, it makes no difference, but if you bring back a conniving woman like her into the Stovall family, when Uncle Louis gets older in his years, can you really feel at ease placing Kiki in Yvonne’s care? Can you guarantee that she won’t find ways to get herself knocked up and do something malicious to Kiki? Even if you want to get married, at least think about what kind of woman you need in your life. Don’t just settle with whatever is convenient. All I can say is that you cannot marry Yvonne. I won’t allow it and if you insist, then this is the end of our sibling relationship.”

Seeing me getting all worked up, he released a chuckle and sighed helplessly. “Fine, I won’t marry her. Don’t worry about it. It’s so rare to see you this concerned about my personal life. From now on, Kiki will be under your care and guidance. I’ll just stay unmarried.”

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Now he’s just taking it too far. I was left speechless by his statement and wanted to advise him against that. However, after some deliberation, I decided to just let it be. Hence, silence stretched between us for a while. “Don’t contact Yvonne again from now on. We don’t even know how many men she’s slept with. It’d be troublesome if you get down with something because of her.”

When I picked up the call the previous night, I could clearly make out the sound of a man’s breathing on the other end of the line. I wasn’t an ignorant child or a brainless fool. Of course, I knew what was going on.

I can’t believe she had the audacity to call John when there was another man right beside her. Does she take John as a fool? Or does she think she’s some kind of hot stuff everybody wants a piece of even after being used over and over again?

Noticing the fury on my face, John sighed again and said, “Alright, alright. I’ll listen to everything you say from now on, okay? You can stop worrying now. I’ll make sure that woman stays far, far away from me.”

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Observing that he wasn't all that concerned about Yvonne, I released a sigh of relief and continued eating my food. He still had work to do at his company, so he left soon after.

I dropped by the hospital to visit Summer. Although the surgery was a success, it was a major surgery after all. Hence, I had to go to the hospital every other day to observe her post-operation recovery.

"She's recovering well. Let's try our best to maintain the progress. If she doesn't have a relapse within the next five years, she can be considered in the clear. Just be mindful to maintain a healthy daily routine, and she'll be fine."

The doctor gave a few simple instructions after examining Summer and left soon after. Cameron and Zachary sighed in relief. These days, everyone had their hearts in their throats, afraid that something undesirable might happen.

Seeing as Summer was out of danger, we gradually felt our nerves loosen.

"Scarlett, Nick is in K City. He wanted to meet up with you both if you have the time. Although the two of you aren't related by blood, you're still siblings in name and friends as well. Since you haven't been in contact for such a long time, you should invite him to your place for a meal and hang out with him more often." Cameron tugged me toward the door to the ward and spoke in a hushed voice.

I was surprised and asked, "He's in K City? Is he here for work?" Indeed, we haven't seen each other in a very long time. So many things had happened in the past few years that we gradually lost contact.

"Okay, mom. I'll contact him." There would be a lot of catching up to do. It also got me wondering if Jackson followed him here. After so many years, I had no idea how the two of them were faring.

John called me to invite Ashton and me for lunch later, saying that he wanted to thank us for taking him in the previous night. I immediately refused him, but like a child, he pulled the family card on me.

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Helpless, I ended up accepting his invitation. Done with her checkup, Summer went back with Cameron and the others. After seeing them off, I made my way back into the hospital and went to the washroom. When I came out, I accidentally bumped into someone and hurriedly bowed my head to apologize, "Sorry, I didn't look where I was going. Are you—"

When I looked up to see Kristina, I was visibly stunned and blurted out, "What are you... Are you sick?"

My eyes traveled to the medical report in her hand and I blinked in surprise.

She pursed her lips and shot me an indifferent glance before entering the washroom with a frosty expression, seemingly disinclined to talk to me.

Out of curiosity, I checked the department on this floor and furrowed my brows in perplexity. Internal medicine? What kind of illness does she have? After hesitating briefly, I didn't give the matter any further thought and prepared to leave.

I was so done with John. He offered to buy us lunch but asked Ashton and me to wait for him at his company, saying that his car was hit by someone and he needed to hitch a ride with us.

Well, I didn't believe him, not even for one second. God knows how many cars were in his villa's basement parking and could easily pick one. He's a nutjob.

Fortunately, Fuller Corporation wasn't very far from his company. Ashton and I drove there and waited for him in the driveway. After giving him a call, I recounted the encounter with Kristina at the hospital. Ashton wasn't interested in such things, but he still listened attentively and replied, "I don't find it that odd. Maybe she was down with gastric or something."

I gnawed on my bottom lip and mused, "She looked really pale and vomited pretty badly too. It seemed like she was pregnant, but not really either. If I'm not mistaken, she's Dr. Ludwick's niece and comes from quite an impressive background. Oddly, she looked like she was really short of money."

He frowned slightly and glanced at me. "That's her own business. You don't need to concern yourself over it."

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I twisted my lips together and eyed him. "Ashton, are you finding me a nuisance already? So much so you don't even wanna make casual talk with me?"

He squinted at me with an amused smile playing on his lips. "Am I not talking to you now?"

That was how women were. We liked to make casual talk about other people's lives, just for the fun of it. I gave him a sidelong glance and retorted, "Are you really? You're giving me half-assed replies and you're not even trying to hide it."

He stifled his smile and was contemplating what to say next, but my attention was drawn to the scantily-clad woman at the entrance to John's company. Although she was wearing a fox fur sweater, it barely covered her body. She was so exposed that if one didn't know any better, one might think she was from a brothel.

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