

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1496

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“By the way, Mr. Fuller’s new girlfriend seems familiar. Where have I seen her before?”

Ashton and I ignored them and marched out. When I looked up, his lips were curved up as though he was recalling something delightful.

When Joseph opened the car door for us, I immediately released Ashton and climbed into the car earnestly.

I was acting this way as though releasing his arm earlier could even the odds.

Ashton stood by the car for a while with his eyes narrowed. He didn’t seem furious, but still he took his time to enter the car.

Once he shut the door, he immediately ordered his chauffeur. “We can leave now.”

Before I could react, the chauffeur did a U-turn and drove to a corner on the right-hand side of Fuller Corporation’s building.

There, we could see the cars driving out of the underground car park.

Soon, a red flashy sports car drove out of the car park.

Immediately, I recognized the sports car as I saw it in Tiffany’s villa last time. Hence, she should be the one behind the wheels.

Tiffany had just been promoted to be the acting president, so she should be swamped with work now. It seemed strange for her to leave the company now.

Ashton’s deep voice rang out. “Follow her.”

He stared ahead and seemed to understand my confusion. "An excellent hunter will create an opportunity for its prey to leave the safe area willingly."

I gazed at his side profile as the light illuminated his figure. Right this moment, it felt like he hadn't suffered from amnesia at all.

He was still the calm businessman who had total control.

Tiffany drove to a villa in the suburbs.

The neighborhood was occupied by the rich and powerful, but it was still lacking compared to the neighborhood she lived in.

Ashton's chauffeur was careful enough to stop fifty meters away from Tiffany's destination. There was a wooden gate between Tiffany and us. She could see our car, but wouldn't realize it was us.

Soon, Tiffany alighted from her car hastily. She even forgot to lock the doors before knocking on the villa's door.

The door opened to reveal a bearded man. They talked for a while before the man stepped aside to allow Tiffany to enter the villa.

"Who is that man?" I couldn't hide my curiosity.

Ashton couldn't conceal his delight. He acted as if everything was under his control and replied calmly, "No idea."

Before I could say anything, he added, "But I will find out soon."

"Joseph," he called.

Joseph immediately reminded the chauffeur. "Drive back home."

I was utterly confused. Did Ashton actually lose his memory?

If he didn't lose his memory, why would he allow John and me to nitpick on him? Even the kids could bully him.

If he had lost his memory, how did he predict Tiffany's next move, then?

The more I thought about it, the more frustrated I became. When we arrived home, I couldn't hold it any longer and stopped Ashton before he could get off the car.

When I tugged at his sleeves, he leaned back into his seat and turned to face me, the joy in his gaze evident. "We're home. Audrey's here, so cheer up."

I couldn't bring myself to smile as I demanded, "Did you lie to me again?"

His grin widened in response. "What lie?"

As I didn't expect him to throw the question back to me, I parted my lips, but nothing came out in the end.

Ashton patted my back comfortingly. "Don't worry. I don't remember anything, so it's easier to lie to me. Honey, did you lie to me?"

His teasing voice stabbed at my heart.

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Indeed, I lied to him, fooled him, and distanced myself from him. His family was the reason I had to lie in bed for six whole years while being separated from my children. Couldn't I avenge myself?

I merely wanted him to side with our family for once even though he had lost his memory.

Tamping down my irritation, I flashed a smile while shaking my head. "No. We're married, and you're my closest partner. Why would I lie to you?"

Ashton held my hand tightly. "That's right. Let's go home. Audrey must be missing me by now."

I joked, "John has been with her all the while, so clearly she can survive without you."

As I said that, I tried to get up by pulling on his hand. Suddenly, Ashton's expression turned grim and yanked his hand away.

I heard him snorted above me before he stalked away angrily.

I pressed my lips in frustration seeing how unpredictable his temper was.

It was Joseph who helped me out of the car.

"Mr. Fuller has forgotten about a lot of things. That's why he feels uneasy and keeps losing his temper. Don't take it to heart."

Suddenly, it hit me that Joseph had spent a lot of time with Ashton, hence he should know the latter well.

Coming to a stop, I asked, "Does your boss really not remember anything?"

Joseph knew I was suspecting him and hurriedly clarified, "No, he doesn't. Ms. Sto..." He paused and hurriedly corrected himself. "No, Mrs. Fuller. I've explained everything to him for the last two days. Nothing out of the ordinary happened."

After John moved in, Joseph realized I was merely pretending to have lost my memories. He started treating me respectfully like he used to do in the past. It didn't seem like he was lying to me.

Clearly, I couldn't get anything else from him.

Sighing, I stepped into the house and cursed silently, Sly fox!

John was nowhere to be seen while Ashton was standing by the couch in the living room, watching the kids' antics patiently.

Gregory was scheduled to learn the global financial news online from a lecturer using the tablet every day at this hour. If Ashton wasn't home, he would secretly use his father's laptop. The little boy was particularly excited if that was the case.

I had witnessed a few times myself how Gregory split the laptop screen in half. The upper part was the lecturer's figure, while the

bottom part would be his coding program. He would even ignore me as he was too engrossed.

Women were prone to compete to get attention. As Gregory and Audrey were twins, she refused to leave his side.

Gregory's attention was focused on the screen, while Audrey was waiting for him with her doll in her arms. Soon, she started fidgeting. "Greg, how long do I have to wait? When will you play with me?"

"Greg, let's buy lots of dresses for my doll, okay?"

"Greg, why are you ignoring me?" She seemed close to tears.

Gregory's reply was calm. "Wait a bit more."

Audrey pouted unhappily.

Right then, Ashton went over to her and picked her up.

Audrey giggled once she realized it was him. "Daddy!"

Ashton's lips curled up as his gaze softened. "Do you want me to play with you?" he inquired softly.

As soon as he finished his words, Gregory shut the laptop and stood up.

"Audrey, I'm done."

Immediately, Ashton's gaze darkened, the delight on his face gone. He glared at Gregory as though warning his son not to compete with him.

Alas, before Gregory could change his mind, Audrey had already hopped out of Ashton's arms and led Gregory away from the living room. Ashton was still rooted to the spot, utterly dumbfounded.

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I was stunned and couldn't help but laugh when I snapped back to my senses.

Ashton just got ignored!

Upon hearing my laughter, he shot daggers at me and I instantly felt his intimidating aura.

I quickly acted as though nothing had happened and walked towards the kids confidently.

Gregory was the first to notice me and he quickly strode towards me. "Mommy, you should bring us out next time. It's so boring to stay at home. I want to spend time with you."

Audrey then added, "Me too! I want to go out too! Mommy..."

Left without a choice, I could only agree for the moment. "Alright, alright. I'll bring both of you out next time."

A certain someone was still angry as he sat on the couch. It's okay. You can treat me like I don't exist all you want. I'm invisible after all.

Gregory, Audrey, and I played all afternoon and I only realized that John wasn't home during dinner.

I was about to give him a call when he appeared at the entrance.

"I'm back." John took off his coat and handed it to a maid as he walked over as if the place was his own home. "Hey, Audrey. Do you miss me?"

"Yes, I miss you!" she replied without any hesitation. "Come have a seat, Uncle John. Let's have dinner."

He had a huge smile on his face and he took a glance at Ashton as he pulled up a chair. His grin widened when he saw that the latter wasn't smiling at all.

“Where have you been today?” I asked as I scooped some soup into a bowl for him.

“I went out to settle some stuff,” John replied. He took a sip of the soup and smacked his lips in satisfaction. Then, he asked while staring at his bowl of soup, “This tastes familiar. Did you make this?”

I smiled in response.

I muddled along the days I spent with my children with no thoughts of tomorrow but I still hoped that I could take care of them as much as possible. That was why I had decided to make them a few dishes myself.

He finished up his bowl of soup once he was done speaking and handed me his bowl. “Another bowl, please. I’ve been craving this soup for six years.”

Ashton then joined our conversation, “You couldn’t even satisfy your craving in six years. I wouldn’t mind giving financial aid to the Stovall family if you don’t have enough money to hire a chef.”

Oh no... I was rendered speechless at that.

Have you forgotten that you’re the son-in-law?

Are you out of your mind? Giving financial aid to the Stovall family? How are you even going to do that when you’ve left the Fuller Corporation with nothing?

I shook my head and I couldn’t help but pity him for being so innocent. He was such an outstanding man, yet he ended up being so dim-witted now.

“Hmph...” John scoffed coldly as if he wanted to make Ashton upset deliberately. Then, he reached out and handed me his bowl, insisting that I fill it up with soup. Only then did he finally draw back his hand.

He blew lightly on his bowl of soup as he insulted distractedly, “Letty’s my sister. No matter where I am or how much time has passed, I would remember the taste of her food and who she is

clearly. Unlike someone who vowed that he loves her so much but he ended up forgetting about her faster than anyone else.”

The moment he said those words, the atmosphere at the dining table turned so tense one could cut it with a knife. Ashton’s body exuded an aura that seemed to have lowered the temperature of his surroundings.

I had been paying attention to his eyes earlier. They were once calm and indifferent but they turned icy cold the moment John finished speaking.

This made me doubt that he had actually forgotten the past.

John, on the other hand, was acting as if nothing had happened even though he was the one who started it. He was still drinking his bowl of soup and was in an entirely different world as Ashton.

I rested my forehead in my hands. They were always in dispute and I wondered when it will finally end.

It would be a problem if they stayed in this tense situation and I was about to say something to ease the tension when a maid entered to inform us, “Mr. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller, you have a guest.”

“Please let them in,” I said.

There was finally something to interrupt their situation. I was so afraid that it would be like the day they just met when John pressed Ashton down on the ground. His injuries had just recovered not too long ago so it was better to avoid any confrontations for the time being.

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I wasn’t used to thinking for him subconsciously like this but I didn’t want to make this into a huge thing, so I just went with the flow.

Soon, the maid led the guest in.



The moment our eyes met, Thora's eyes widened as though she had seen a ghost and her brows were furrowed together.

As expected from a lady boss from K City, she managed to sort out her emotions in just a few seconds. After looking around the room, she glanced at Ashton and a laugh escaped her lips. A look of disdain similar to John's appeared on her face as she said, "I didn't believe it when I heard the news but I guess it's true. Who would've thought that you actually found a replacement? What a disgrace. She has such an ordinary face but she managed to sweep you off your feet? I have even heard that you resigned as the president of Fuller Corporation today? Do you even know the consequences of doing this?"

Her tone was adamant and it didn't sound like she was jealous at all.

Thora was always someone who wanted to be the best and was someone who was very business-minded. To her, the love between a man and a woman was no better than the dull love of a family. She was like this six years ago and had not changed.

These remarks were not so much to defend her authority but were rather a kind of motivation.

When Thora found out that our divorce was fake six years ago, she had never bothered us about it. She had the ability to let things go. I believed that she hadn't changed even after six years had passed.

I walked over and stood before her before saying with a smile, "Let's talk elsewhere, shall we?"

The woman was wearing a pair of twelve centimeters stilettos and her outfit made her look like she was full of authority in our house. She stared down at me with a disdainful look and said, "Do you think you have the right to do so?"

Upon hearing that, John slammed his bowl on the table as a warning.

However, Thora did not budge and she was still acting all high and mighty.

Instead of being angry, I smiled and asked, "You were a woman who dared to love and hate six years ago, Ms. Ziegler. You blessed someone else's wedding. Are you going to ruin our marriage now?"

Hearing this, she instantly lowered her gaze at me. Compared to when she entered earlier, the expression in her eyes was even more complicated as she questioned, "You're still alive?"

Only a handful of people knew the truth about the published news of Thora and Ashton's breakup. I was sure that she knew very well just who was standing in front of her at that moment.

I smiled but said nothing. Then, I took the lead and walked towards the study on the first floor. She stood rooted to the ground for a moment before finally following me.

I closed the door and got straight to the point, "Ms. Ziegler, I want to know the conditions given to you when you promised the Hall family to act as Ashton's fiancée."

Thora leaned against the desk and crossed her arms across her chest. She then scrutinized me with a very arrogant look. Her smile was only skin-deep as she said, "It's naturally something that I couldn't refuse. But I don't really have to tell you, do I?"

Frankly speaking, I could already guess that she wanted money, power, and fame without having her say it.

"You're quite a tough person. You've been through so many twists and turns in life, and you even faced death this time. I've got to hand it to you for that."

"Shouldn't that be a huge honor then?" Thora was never someone who lost to someone else's temper. There were only a small number of people who actually managed to impress her. That was why it was actually quite a high praise coming from her.

She shrugged and gave no reply.

The atmosphere was relaxed as expected since people who did not need feelings were always very outspoken.

I cut straight to the point and asked, "How well do you know Tiffany?"

"Are you trying to steal me? Do you really think I'm that disloyal?" she answered with a smile.

"Of course, I know." I looked up at her with a smile that didn't reach my eyes. "Aren't your own interests your strongest principles? You're a smart person. I don't have to teach you how to choose between the Hall family and the Stovall family, do I?"

Her smile faded and the look in her eyes was taken over by greed.

We got out of the study after our conversation and I almost bumped into Gregory.

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Luckily I reacted fast enough to prevent crashing into him.

"What are you doing here instead of eating your dinner, Gregory?" I bent down and asked.

However, he said nothing and was staring at Thora warily.

The latter shook her head, feeling disheartened as she said in a self-mocking manner, "Seems like I'll always be seen as the enemy in this kid's eyes."

Only then did I realize what was going on. Under the Hall family's arrangement, Gregory had to accept that Thora was going to be his future stepmother. He had been resisting it for so long and he was still feeling the same way towards her.

I quickly patted his head and consoled him, "Ms. Ziegler is my friend, Gregory. Don't be rude, alright?"

His brows furrowed together as he said, "What would happen to you when she becomes my mother, Mommy? I don't want her, I want you!"

Thora and I exchanged looks with each other, both of us feeling nonplussed.

After a moment, she mimicked me as she bent down and a rare look of adoration appeared on her face. "Hey, Gregory. I promise you that I would never steal your mommy's place. You have to be more magnanimous. Let's make peace, okay?"

"You're not lying?" The little boy remained headstrong.

She held up three fingers in the air and vowed, "I promise."

"Okay!" Gregory gave her a high five and said, "It's settled!"

The crisis had finally been settled and John called out from the dining room, "The dishes are cold. Can we eat now?"

"You don't have to eat it if you don't want to. No one's forcing you," Ashton said, deliberately going against him.

"Where are your manners? Is this how you're supposed to talk to your brother-in-law?"

"Right back at you. It's a first for me to see someone berating their father in front of their niece and nephew."

"Don't get on my nerves, Ashton!"

"That's great. I feel like doing that today."

John was rendered speechless at that.

Thora raised her brows and said to me, "Is this what they mean by 'lively' home?"

It was obvious that the experienced female president who started her career at the age of nineteen didn't quite understand what it was like to bicker at the dining table.

The corners of my lips curved up awkwardly as I didn't know how to explain it to her.

She took in a sharp breath and instantly strode towards the doors as though she was running from someone out to get her life. The woman didn't even turn back to look at us once.

"Hey! Don't leave in such a hurry! At least stay for dinner with us..."

Before I could even finish my sentence, the thunderous rumbling of a car engine sounded.

Thora would probably never yearn for the so-called warmth of a family anymore.

I turned back into the dining room and saw that John and Ashton were still bickering. They threw snipes and jabs one after another and none of them had any intention of letting the other party win. Where are the reputed business elites? They're obviously babies who hadn't even finished kindergarten!

Feeling pissed, I stomped my feet on the ground and shouted, "Enough! Both of you! Can't we just have dinner peacefully?"

The room fell silent in an instant. Even Gregory and Audrey didn't dare to move a muscle.

Their gazes were all on me and that made me uncomfortable.

Right then, it was as though Audrey had an epiphany as she pointed at John and Ashton and ordered, "Mommy's angry. Stop fooling around, John! And Daddy, be good. Don't make Mommy angry. You're going to drive me crazy!"

I wondered where she learned to call her uncle by his name. When Audrey saw that there weren't any reactions from them, she hopped down from her seat and pushed them down onto their own seats.

"Sit down. You won't be allowed to eat anymore if you continue this."

Ashton must've never expected a six-year-old to control him like this as his brows were knitted tightly and he had an annoyed yet helpless look on his face.

John, on the other hand, burst into laughter after being stunned for a moment. After that, he picked up his fork and started eating again.

The fight between the two men was resolved by Audrey just like that.