

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1721

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Chapter 1721 Broken Arm

John turned around and saw me getting seized by two men. He bit his lip, trying to pretend he was fine. However, he could no longer bear the agony in his arm. "Scar, please don't cry. Don't worry about me. I'm fine. I... Argh..."

Despite his pain, he did not seem to be intimidated. "Nathaniel! You'll regret what you did today! If I come out of this alive, I'll make sure you pay for this."

"John, please stop talking!" I bawled my eyes out as I pleaded. Please. For this once, please stop trying to be a hero.

Nonetheless, what I feared the most still happened in the end. John's stubbornness provoked the black man as the latter slowly lifted his steel pipe over his head.

Just then, the security from the residence and my house finally arrived at the scene. "Stop right there! What are you guys doing? Put down the weapons in your hands!"

As I heard those voices and the approaching footsteps, a ray of hope appeared in my heart. For a brief moment, I nearly believed John would be rescued.

However, I forgot that those black men were, in fact, a bunch of outlaws. Even though they knew they were about to get caught, they showed no intimidation. Instead, they all stared at the black man stepping on John as though they were witnessing a sacred ritual.

Crack!

A bone-cracking voice pierced through my ears. John's gaze went dark as his body collapsed heavily to the ground.

The entire world seemed to have paused at that instant. All I could see was John's bleeding arm.

The guards immediately engaged in a fierce battle with those black men. At first, they were at a disadvantage, and they had to call in for more backups. As the number of the guards increased, they eventually managed to hold down those black men.

As no one put their attention on me anymore, I slowly crawled to John's side without much trouble.

I held him in my arms and murmured, "Everything will be fine. It's just a scratch. You will recover soon. You'll be fine..."

At that moment, I was not sure if I was comforting John or myself. All I knew was that I did not dare to touch or even look at his broken arm. This reality was too cruel to be true.

Why would such a thing happen to someone so kind as him? He didn't do anything wrong but merely stood up for his sister. Why is this world so unfair?

The more I thought of it, my hatred toward Nathaniel grew stronger. How I wish I could end his life right now!

The emergency surgery continued for the whole night until the next morning. Finally, the red light went off, and the nurses pushed John out from the operating theater.

Lying in bed, John was covered in a thin hospital blanket, and a drip was hanging by his side. His right hand was bandaged by thick gauze.

I leaned against his bed and looked at him closely. Despite the few scratches on his face, his facial features still looked perfect. Those wounds somehow made him look more masculine.

All of a sudden, tears started welling up in my eyes. Taking a deep breath, I lifted my head and inquired the doctor, "Doctor, how's my brother's condition?"

The doctor looked exhausted after a long night's work. He nodded slightly and responded to my question, "He is no longer in danger. But..."

The doctor paused before continuing, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Stovall's right hand is broken totally. He will need to conduct bone-connection surgery after this. Plus, even though he was sent in here in time, a big part of the muscle tissue of the arm has died. Hence, even after he recovers, the nerve won't be able to function..."

"Do you mean that..." I swallowed and tried to recollect myself. "He won't be able to use his right arm anymore?"

The doctor let out a long sigh. "Based on our current medical technology, I'm afraid so. Please be mentally prepared for that."

Upon saying that, the doctor left with the nurse.

I froze on the spot, my mind went blank.

Just then, the clattering sound of high heels came from the corridor. Emery appeared at the door of the operating theater with a nervous look and put her hand on my shoulder. "Is he okay?"

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Chapter 1722 Utter Indifference

I could no longer hold back my emotion as I bawled my eyes out, hugging her. "John has lost his right arm forever. The doctor says it can't be cured! It's all my fault!"

Maybe, only when we see our beloved getting hurt and humiliated do we realize how useless we are.

The most helpless part of a human, besides love, is life and death. I failed to give my love when he needed it. And now, I even caused him to lose an arm. What a useless sister I am!

The next moment, Ashton showed up. I was never so disappointed and upset with him. I stopped crying instantly and treated him indifferently. "What are you doing here?"

Before he could respond, I spoke again, "Are you here to laugh at us on behalf of Nathaniel? If that's so, congratulations. You succeeded. Now, please get out of my sight."

I had been trying to rescue him from the hand of the devil countless times. Yet, now I was pushing him away from my life. My heart was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

I was left with no choice as I could not stand his indifference anymore, especially when John was still unconscious.

At that moment, I hated everyone in this world, including myself. In my heart, it felt like John was the only innocent person on this earth.

Ashton did not bother my attitude as he uttered gently. "He acted too harshly."

"What do you mean?" Overwhelmed with emotions, I was utterly upset with Ashton's inconsiderate comment. Without hesitation, I rebuked with an aggressive tone. "Do you mean John deserves to be beaten up?"

Ashton bit his lip and did not reply to me while Emery tried to ease the tension. "Scarlett, please calm down."

"How could I possibly calm down after what happened?" At that instant, desperation filled my heart as I felt no one could understand how devastated I was. I knew I should not cast harsh words toward Ashton to release my anger, but I could not act as if nothing had happened.

On the other hand, I feared that I might ultimately push Ashton toward Nathaniel if I spoke harshly. I also feared that my selfishness might cause John's sacrifice to be wasted.

Looking at Ashton and Emery's expressions, I knew they did not share my feelings. One was still indifferent, while the other seemed to pity me. I had never felt so lonely.

"Forget it." I sighed with disappointment as I stared into Ashton's cold gaze. "You said John was acting rashly. How about you then?"

I leaned toward him closely. "After all these years, you still like to act alone. Do you think everything is still the same as before? Are you trying to be a hero?"

My voice echoed through the corridor, yet Ashton did not react. A while later, he opened his mouth. "You're right. It's different now. I'm no longer interested in being a hero. I only came here for the kid's sake. Regardless of what you think about today, Nathaniel's warning is clear. Please ask your family to stop making meaningless struggles. I doubt he would show any mercy even if it is the mother of my kid."

Ashton sounded like a complete stranger. I could not find any other word to describe him.

How could he treat my trust toward him with such coldness?

I let out a desperate laugh. "So, do you mean that I should be grateful that John is not dead? Should I thank you and Nathaniel for ruining my husband and my daughter? And is it out of mercy too that you've only broken one of John's arms?"

Ashton did not rebuke as he uttered indifferently, "You need to rest."

He turned to Emery and instructed, "Please take care of her."

Upon saying that, he turned and left abruptly.

Losing my calm, I rushed toward him. "Stop right there! We're not done talking here! You bast*rd!"

Emery immediately stopped me from running after Ashton. As Ashton's figure disappeared coldly into the elevator, I fell decadently on the bench in the corridor, sobbing desperately.

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Chapter 1723 Apology From Benson

That morning, John's body temperature turned extremely high probably due to complications after the surgery. The medical staff panicked. They tried numerous methods and eventually used hormone injections to get the temperature under control.

Looking at John's pale face, I felt my heart crushed by a heavy stone. After making sure John was asleep, I walked out of the ward to catch some air.

It was quieter over here compared to the general ward. There were a few family members of some patients around, all looking depressed just like me.

The news broadcast in the hall could be heard clearly.

"There have been many cases of missing and kidnapped children today. At present, the police are making every effort to investigate suspicious persons. Please get in touch with the task force immediately if you have relevant information..."

It seemed like the safety of the whole city was at risk. Somehow, I felt I was not suffering alone.

Fortunately, regardless of Ashton's plan, it was clear to me now that he would not risk the kids. Or else, Nathaniel would have gone after Audrey and Gregory instead of John.

Deep down in my heart, I knew Nathaniel was trying to crush my spirit by going after John.

He figured he could manipulate me easily once my mental state was down. He was trying to control me like what he did to Ashton.

Is Ashton entirely controlled by him now?

I was too overwhelmed with emotions back in the operating theater. Now that I thought of it, Ashton did not need to show up, actually.

I realized that Ashton was trying to remind me to be careful. All his coldness might be a disguise of his care for me.

Without realizing it, I had reached the corridor of the general ward. Before I turned around, I spotted Joseph coming out of a ward.

I was stunned momentarily. The next second, I recalled Wilson was being hospitalized there.

Could it be...

When I was about to open my mouth to call him, he vanished from the stairs. With that, I had no choice but to drop the matter.

After getting back to the ward, I ran into the cops who were there for investigation. As John was still unconscious, they asked me to give a brief statement.

Based on their tone, I realized that only the black men who got apprehended would face justice. There was no way they could get to the real culprit.

After the cops left, Benson suddenly appeared at the nearest emergency exit. He was wearing a robe and an army cap.

We exchanged our gaze to greet each other, and he seemed to know what happened to John.

I asked him to sit down at the bench. "John has not woken up yet. Please wait here. Sorry for the inconvenience."

"Okay." Benson cast a glance inside the ward. "Luckily, he is still alive. Ms. Stovall, don't worry too much."

Those words sounded extraordinarily warm coming out from Benson's mouth.

"Thanks." I bit my lip, trying to suppress my tears. "Officer Zimmerman, you didn't come here just to visit, did you?"

I knew a military seldom had any private time. Plus, my relationship with Benson was hardly close enough for a leader like him to visit me personally. With that, I knew his purpose must be something more.

"I can't say this is about work either." Benson was being utterly honest. "Ms. Stovall, you hoped to get the military protection from us, and our superior had agreed to it. However, we can't expose our men easily, so we can only monitor far away from the Fuller residence. I didn't expect those men to be so sick that they even dared to make a move right outside your gate. It's our fault for not being able to protect your family. Thus, I came here to apologize."

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Chapter 1724 Real Purpose

I did not know how to react to his apology. They did not owe us anything, and they had even agreed to protect us as a tactic to gain our trust. In other words, it was just business. Now that they failed to protect us, they would not be able to make any request either.

Despite that, I still expressed my dissatisfaction. "If your men opened fire in the last few seconds, John would still have his arm."

Benson did not seem to be bothered by my statement. "The black man did not have any weapon, and he did not harm the victim's life. According to the law, we can't open fire."

That was the part I hated the most about the military. They were always bound by the rules. I feigned a smile. "I understand. You're also in a tight spot."

Benson did not respond to me as he shifted his gaze elsewhere.

After a while, he finally cut to the chase. "Ms. Stovall, do you know about Ashton Fuller's recent activity?"

As Benson was in charge of the drug enforcement at the border, I understood his purpose right away.

It looked like Nathaniel had led Ashton astray far beyond the trade of counterfeit money.

Ashton had caught the military's attention right after he started doing business. It seemed like he could not hide the traces in whatever he did.

No wonder he's been addressing me as Ms. Stovall but not Mrs. Fuller. He's been trying to draw the line with me.

I adjusted my posture to make myself look more relaxed. "I didn't notice much. He's been busy with the company, and he's been flying overseas a lot. Why?"

Upon saying that, I sensed a sharp gaze coming from Benson.

I swallowed and bit my lip, trying hard to hide my nervousness.

The few seconds felt like a century. To my relief, Benson eventually turned his head elsewhere.

"Since it's business, please remind Mr. Fuller not to get too greedy. The profit of the foreign business is indeed high, but the risk is equally high. It's not worth it to lose the entire enterprise for a small profit." Evidently, there was a hidden meaning within his words.

I continued to act dumb. "He is always too confident with himself and thinks that he can handle everything himself, but he always makes mistakes. After the crisis ends, I will go back to the company and manage it. Nonetheless, earning foreign currency is indeed a good way to profit. However, it is more important to contribute and help to boost the country's economy. I understand that."

I figured it was typical for companies that do foreign business to go under the radar. After all, the government would not wish to see resources going to the other countries. If one were able to prove its patriotism, the officials usually would not nitpick the company. I thought it was appropriate for us to express our stand.

Benson nodded slightly. "No wonder Mr. Louis thinks so highly of you. You're such a wise woman with a wide vision."

So he only approves me because of Uncle Louis.

Anyway, things went smoother than I expected. After all, I found it hard to accept what Ashton was doing either. "You're very generous with your praises."

Benson stood up and got ready to leave. "Say hello to Mr. Louis for me then. I still have something to do at the office. I shall go now."

"Sure." I stood up to escort him out. "Have a great day."

After seeing him entering the elevator, I immediately texted Joseph.

Where are you? Call me now!

There was no response from Joseph. Emma showed up instead.

John's incident got to the news headline. Even though his name was not revealed, Emma managed to find out what happened after asking around. With that, she rushed to the hospital.

Initially, I planned to inform Emma after John recovered from his fever. I did not want her to worry too much. As she barged in suddenly, I stood up immediately, dumbfounded.

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Chapter 1725 A Good Wife

However, Emma did not pay much attention to me as she went on to check on John. She let out a sigh of relief after confirming he was still alive.

"You should have told me yesterday." She kept her voice down as she did not want to wake John.

I was not sure if she was blaming me. I lowered my head guiltily. "I'm sorry..."

"I'm his wife." Emma stared at John, who was in bed. Her gaze had a trace of affection, even though her face looked calm. "If he knows I came so late, he will nag me."

Emma had always been a strong and independent woman in my eyes. However, at that moment, she looked utterly gentle and vulnerable.

I could somehow comprehend how the two of them got along well. Emma was like a safe harbor to John in his unstable life.

She did not blame me or even complain to me as she knew John would not treat me as such. Her gesture wiped my initial worries off.

I displayed a bitter smile as I thought I underestimated her heart. After all, she was someone who helped John to search for me for over six years. I thought I should have trusted her more.

“You can go back now. I’ll stay here with him,” Emma uttered. “You must be tired.”

As she mentioned, a sense of fatigue began rising within me. I figured I should give them some private time after all. With that, I shared a few reminders with her and left.

It was already bright outside. As the car went past the accident scene, I could still vaguely see the tire scratches on the road. John’s bloodstains had been cleaned up, but I could still smell the blood in the air.

After getting home, I took a hot bath and intended to get a good sleep. However, as soon as I closed my eyes, the scene of John getting beaten up appeared clearly in my mind.

I failed to sleep after struggling for hours. In the end, I decided to get out of bed to prepare some food for Emma and John. John was very picky in terms of food, as he particularly preferred the food I cooked to the delicacies from the restaurant.

It took me two hours to finish preparing the food. Before I departed, I checked my phone. Still, there was no reply from Joseph. I was unsure if he did not see my message or ignored it.

Neither one was good.

By the time I arrived at the hospital, the anesthetic effect had passed. John was teasing Emma. “I’m so lucky to have a wife like you. Thanks for serving me. I have no regrets in this life...”

As usual, Emma did not buy into his wise words. “It looks like your suffering is not enough.”

Thank God. He still can joke.

I took a deep breath and walked in with the thermal container in my hands. “It sounds like you don’t need me anymore since you’ve got your wife. That’s somehow heartbreaking. Do you know how much time I spent preparing your favorite dish?”

As I placed the food on the table, I sensed both John and Emma were staring at me. The atmosphere got awkward instantly as my fake smile froze.

I could no longer suppress my guilt as I lowered my head, not daring to look at John.

John was the one who broke the awkward silence. "Why are you keeping quiet? It's not like I'm dead."

"Ouch!"

As soon as he finished his sentence, Emma slapped his thigh fiercely. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

John furrowed his brows innocently. "Can you be gentler with me? I'm a patient, after all."

Emma ignored him entirely as she picked up an apple and started peeling it.

John shrugged and turned to me. "Just let her be. She is jealous of us. What have you prepared for me? Let me see."

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Chapter 1726 Pessimism

I hurriedly raised the overbed table and took out the food. "I've made chicken soup and some vegetables. The doctor says you can only eat healthy food."

It seemed John would have to keep a strict diet for the next few months.

Nonetheless, he did not show any displeasure, but he picked up the spoon and started eating. I knew he was trying not to make me feel guilty. "Wow. You're becoming better at cooking. I should hire you to become my chef now that I am hospitalized."

I tried hard not to let my tears fall. "All right. I will prepare your food every day."

John accepted it casually. "Thank you in advance then. Haha..."

Emma shook her head while provoking, "You don't allow others to bully your sister. Yet, you're the one who keeps taking advantage of her."

John was not offended at all as he let out a chuckle. "Haha. If you want to cook for me, I don't mind humbling myself and taking advantage of you."

Emma cast a furious look upon hearing that. John ignored her deliberately and continued to drink his soup.

The atmosphere was extremely relaxed, as though nothing had happened. It was as though John had not been in the accident, and his hand was still intact. He was still the same arrogant man who would stand up for me whenever I got bullied.

Deep down in my heart, I knew it was their way of being considerate to me and showing me moral support.

When I thought it was our mutual understanding, so I avoid talking about the sensitive topic, John went in the opposite direction.

"D*mn Nathaniel. How dare he play dirty. I won't let him off so easily next time." John got upset, and he spilled his soup slightly on his shirt.

Emma sighed helplessly as she wiped his shirt roughly that he leaned backward.

"Don't move." She eventually used both her hands to wipe his shirt forcefully, and only let go of him when she was happy with her work.

John furrowed his brows and continued to provoke. "They should have checked my background before they attacked me. Do you have any idea how I managed to survive until today? And those black men. They will pay for what they did."

Emma blocked his mouth with the apple. "When are you going to learn from your mistakes? Do you want to lose your left hand as well?"

John took a bite of the apple and wanted to argue further. However, something came across his mind the next second, and he swallowed back his words.

Even though I knew Emma did not blame me, I was sad about John's right hand.

Eventually, Emma seemed to be influenced by our pessimism as she let out a long sigh. "Losing a hand is better than losing a life, isn't it?"

In Emma's eyes, it was considered fortunate that Nathaniel did not decide to take John's life this time. Nevertheless, we should never underestimate Nathaniel. If we continued to act rashly, we would lose even more.

John did not argue anymore. He lowered his head and stared at his right hand, covered in gauze. His gaze darkened as his mind sank into deep thoughts.

"Emma's right. The most important thing now is to recover. Everything else can wait." I immediately weighed in and tried to drop the subject. "All a patient should do is to eat and rest. Don't worry about anything else!"

I put on a calm facade, but my heart was filled with uneasiness. I feared that John would heed Emma's advice and insist on taking revenge against Nathaniel.

To my relief, he smiled and joked. "Eat and rest. How am I different from a pig then?"

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Chapter 1727 A Bad Actor

"You got the point," Emma teased. "Indeed your intelligence is similar to a pig's, despite your good look."

John rolled his eyes helplessly. "Can you treat a patient more nicely?"

Emma replied without hesitation, "No."

I burst into a chuckle. My heart secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

No one could predict how many dirty moves Nathaniel still had in his pocket. Hence, the safest way was to wait and do nothing. Even though John did not agree directly, I was sure he would not act rashly anymore.

After leaving the hospital, I kept dialing Joseph's number, but all the calls failed to go through.

In the end, I asked the driver to head toward the headquarter of Fuller Corporation. Luckily, the second I walked into the lobby, I saw Joseph talking with clients.

I got near him and waited for him. When he was about to stand up and leave, I called him. "Mr. Campbell."

Joseph turned around and noticed me. He walked toward me composedly and greeted, "Mrs. Fuller."

He bowed to me politely just like old times.

He was the one who spent the most time with Ashton. Thus, I trusted him the most, and I thought maybe I could get some news from him. "Can we talk?"

Joseph did not show any reactions. He scanned the surroundings and nodded slightly. "Okay, Let's go upstairs."

I agreed without hesitation, eager to find out the truth.

Joseph personally made tea for me. It was my favorite tea.

"Thanks." I took a sip of it. The familiar taste made my heart somehow relax.

After all these years, Joseph had become like a family. I put down the cup and cut to the chase. "Did you notice that Ashton was acting strangely recently?"

Joseph was stunned momentarily and gave a seemingly official reply. "I'm not sure about it. In terms of business affairs, Mr. Ashton has always handled it very well. As for private affairs, you have a higher security clearance than me."

I was quite disappointed with his response. I thought after so many years of friendship, he would be more honest with me. Apparently, I overestimated my place in his heart.

Luckily, I was well prepared for that. With that, I wrapped up my disappointment and went with my move. "I saw you at the ward this morning. Why did you go and see Wilson and the rest?"

He was left speechless briefly as he did not expect me to know that. A few seconds later, he acted like it was not a big deal. "As his special assistant, I should confirm personally if there was a chance for a truce."

He paused and added, "I should thank you for taking care of my part. However, it was their fault, actually. So, you didn't have to compensate them such a huge sum of money."

If I did not observe Joseph's expression closely, I would have lost my courage to move on after hearing his words. For a second, I nearly thought he had become a heartless man who treated money above human life for a second. I nearly thought he had become just like Ashton.

Nonetheless, Joseph's acting was not as good as Ashton's. There was a slight trace of concern in his eyes. That was enough to make me regain my trust toward Ashton.

At that moment, I even forgot to hide my delight as my lips curled into a smile.

Joseph immediately cleared his throat as he noticed his genuine emotions were exposed. "Mrs. Fuller, let me kindly remind you. It is normal for a man to pursue different things at different ages. Maybe you should give Mr. Ashton more trust. He was the one who founded the company. There is no way he will destroy it."

Staring at his stern look, I somehow found it amusing.

After being kept in the dark for so long, I could not help but provoke, "So do you mean I should not stop Ashton from doing business with Nathaniel?"

Joseph was stunned momentarily, but he did not deny it. "Mr. Ashton will make sure you and the kids have the best life."

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Chapter 1728 A Small Celebrity

"The best life?" I asked.

"Yes." Joseph nodded right away.

The smile on my face disappeared as I stared at him emotionlessly. "With my net worth and the Stovall family as my support, there's nothing I can't buy. If all I want is money, I can achieve it by myself. Why would I need Ashton for that?"

Joseph was rendered speechless by my words.

However, I was not done expressing my thoughts. "Ever since he let Nathaniel go after John, it's over between us. The kids are the only reasons I'm willing to give him a second chance. If he remains stubborn, I might consider ending our marriage officially. Don't ever think of seeing the kids or me again!"

"Mrs. Fuller, please calm down..." Joseph did not know how to react to my sudden rage.

I stood up abruptly and cast a hard look at him. "I'm not joking, and I am no longer the same Scarlett from ten years ago. If he dares to push me away, I will never accept him again."

Upon saying that, I stomped my way out.

Ashton, let's see how long you can endure this.

The moment I opened the door, I ran into Rebecca, dressed up amorously.

"Why are you here?" A sense of disgust rose within me right away. Even though I was aware of her secret past, I could not hide my resentment for her.

Rebecca let out a chuckle as she lifted her head and stared at me as though she was looking at a clown. "Haven't you heard about it? Starting today, the entire entertainment resources under Fuller Corporation belong to me. Ashton has decided to support me."

It was normal for rich tycoons to hook up with female celebrities. In other words, a female celebrity belonged to whoever supported her financially. That was an unspoken rule in the entertainment industry.

My heart went cold instantly.

Just a few months ago, Ashton had just confessed his love for me in public. Yet, now he used all his resources to support an unpopular artist like Rebecca. Is he taking me as a joke?

Sometimes, things would never get back to the way they were.

This time, he had crossed the line completely.

Since he decided not to involve me in his plan, I figured I could react in whatever way I wanted.

If that's so, I have no reason to watch my husband spending all the shared assets on a worthless celebrity without any retaliation.

After pondering for a while, I cast a calm look at her. "Now I know. But..." I emphasized deliberately. "Have you signed the contract? You shouldn't trust a verbal agreement completely."

"Sure." Rebecca thought I was trying to mess with her. "I've got both the paper and the digital agreement. Are you planning to stop it? It's too late!"

Before I could respond to that, she spoke again. "I wonder why Ashton did not inform you earlier about this. Was he worried you might interfere? Or he didn't care about you at all. Hahaha..."

She meant that she had a more important place in Ashton's heart than me.

Nonetheless, I had no interest in competing with her on this matter. Since the agreement had been signed, she was officially an employee under Fuller Corporation. As a shareholder and an owner, I am obligated to take good care of her, am I not?

Even though Rebecca thought she was fully protected with Ashton on her side, her manager was wise enough to know that they should not offend me. With that, she pulled Rebecca's shirt nervously. "Vivian, mind your words!"

She nodded to me as well to show her good will.

For the manager's sake, I decided to give Rebecca another chance.

Just then, Joseph came out too. He furrowed his brows slightly upon seeing Rebecca. "Ms. Larson, you're here."

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Chapter 1729 Three Slaps

Rebecca rolled her eyes with irritation, pretending not to see Joseph.

I was left in awe upon seeing that. What's going on? Now that Ashton and Rebecca have buried their hatchets, Joseph becomes the one who suffers?

Noticing the puzzlement in my eyes, Joseph turned awkward as he immediately changed the topic. "Mrs. Fuller, let me escort you down."

Upon saying that, he made a gesture inviting me to leave.

I did not give it much thought as I followed him.

After I took a few steps, Rebecca suddenly voiced out abruptly. "Hold on..."

Joseph halted his feet and turned around. "Ms. Larson, is there anything?"

Rebecca uttered proudly, "Nothing, but my assistant is on leave today. I want you to take her place for today."

Joseph nodded. "No problem. Let me escort Mrs. Fuller down first, and I'll be right back."

Upon saying that, Joseph displayed a professional smile and intended to continue escorting me. Before he turned around, Rebecca lifted her hand and slapped him.

Joseph's face darkened instantly. Yet, he did not dare to resist due to his status.

If Ashton was like a wolf, then Joseph was like a mastiff. Even when he did not speak his mind, he had such a domineering charisma on him.

However, Rebecca showed him no respect as she walked up and poked at his forehead. "Who do you think you are? How dare you ask me to wait? I want you to take her place right now!"

Even Ashton would never treat Joseph with such humiliation.

After all, Joseph was a special assistant of the top rich man, and he was an extraordinarily smart man too. Yet, he chose to stay silent despite getting treated inappropriately.

I could not understand how Ashton could allow such a thing to happen to someone who had been by his side through life and death.

No matter what Ashton would think of this, there was no way I could accept this. "That's enough!"

Rebecca tilted her head and cast a glance at me. She shifted her gaze back to Joseph the next second, dripping with sarcasm. "What a loyal servant. Are you waiting for Scarlett to stand up for you? I guess you haven't figured out the reality!"

Slap!

"Do you understand now?"

Joseph covered his face with his palm, overwhelmed with disbelief. His gaze began to turn hostile. There was disbelief, as well as warning, in his eyes.

The tension in the air was positively volatile.

Just when everyone thought Rebecca would restrain herself, she cast another slap on him. "I'm asking you a question. Are you dumb? Answer me now!"

At that moment, I was sure that Rebecca was not afraid of Ashton at all.

Joseph's face was swollen after the three heavy slaps. He clenched his fists, trying hard to suppress his rage.

I ran to Joseph's front and pushed Rebecca away forcefully. "Enough of this nonsense!"

Rebecca staggered a few steps back as her manager immediately supported her. Utterly enraged, she scolded, "B*tch, it's none of your business! Do you think Ashton will still listen to you like before? Face the reality! How dare you push me? Did you forget how much I had suffered for you..."

Rebecca's manager was beyond panicked. She immediately tried to stop Rebecca. "Could you please calm down? It was not easy for us to finally get this deal. Please don't ruin your future..."

I crossed my arms indifferently. "You should thank Joseph for not saying anything. Or else I will call the cops. With my professionalism in law, I will have you locked up in prison!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1730

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Chapter 1730 Extraordinary Patience

"Sorry about that, Ms. Stovall. Vivian didn't mean it. She's having a bad day today. Please forgive her!" The manager tried to ease the situation.

She understood fully that business was all about earning money doing everything in harmonious ways. Yet, the celebrity that he represented did not seem to share the same view.

Rebecca was beyond exasperated seeing her manager was not on her side. She got rid of the latter and cast her a furious look. "Don't you dare to try to stop me!"

The manager froze on the spot helplessly. She had no choice but to give in to her arrogant celebrity.

By then, Rebecca seemed to have recollected herself a little. However, she acted ignorantly toward my threat as she approached me and leaned close to me.

"I'm not the same fool who was easily manipulated by you and Ashton back then. If you know the law so well, you should know there will be no case without a victim. Why don't you ask Joseph if he wants to sue me?"

Wow, since when does a useless parasite like her who used to rely on others know how to use her brain?

Just then, the elevator opened, and Ashton walked out. Behind him was Nora, who was leaning closely to Nathaniel.

"Just the perfect timing." Rebecca's eyes lit up as she shifted the blame first. "Ashton, what a great assistant you have. I merely joked with him slightly. Yet, he and Scarlett want to sue me? What are you going to do about that? Is this how you repay me?"

Ashton's gaze darkened, and he shifted his gaze toward Joseph. "What's going on?"

Joseph bit his lip and said, "Mr. Ashton, it's just a misunderstanding. I will apologize to Ms. Larson now."

With that, he bowed deeply toward Rebecca. "Ms. Larson, I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

I could not help but admire his patience. How could he do that after getting slapped three times? I couldn't do it if it were me.

He was indeed the best assistant I had ever seen.

Ashton should be grateful for Joseph's relent as it had saved him a lot of trouble.

However, Rebecca did not seem to appreciate Joseph's gesture. She walked toward the latter in a victorious manner and looked down on him.

"I know you're just like Ashton's friends. You guys think I'm just a promiscuous woman. In your eyes, only Scarlett deserves your respect and you'll only follow her words. Well, that's all right. You can continue to be her loyal dog. And I will make you pay for your contempt toward me."

I did not know why but I felt Rebecca had changed into a different person.

Her eyes filled with cruelty as she spat her words through her tightly clenched teeth. She was like a ruthless beast that intended to swallow Joseph alive.

People without principles were the most difficult to deal with, just like Nathaniel, whose existence was like a ghost.

At that moment, Nathaniel was merely watching with a smile, without any intention to interfere.

From Rebecca's stand, I knew she must feel that everyone in this world owed her something. A person like her would see everyone else as crazy, except herself. I knew it would be pointless to try to talk any sense into her.