

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.”

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.

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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.

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!”

“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.”