

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 919

I was momentarily taken aback by Kristina's sudden confrontation and grasped for a reply. Finally, I said, "I'm not a fan of getting involved in other people's drama."

Kristina sniggered. She dried her hands and leaned against the sink, her arms akimbo. Gazing intently at me, she scoffed, "Don't act so high and mighty. You were clearly eavesdropping. If you want to laugh, go ahead. I don't care."

Nonetheless, I merely clenched my jaw and turned away. I had nothing to say to Kristina.

Seeing that I was planning on ignoring her, Kristina raised her voice and challenged, "Haven't we been friends for a long time, Scarlett? Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Since we've bumped into each other, let's spend some time catching up. How can you walk off like that? By the way, how's Jared's daughter doing? He's been in prison for a while now. His daughter should be missing him quite a bit."

I frowned, then turned and stared Kristina down. "Kristina, I don't know what your outlook on life is like. I know, however, that we're not the same. Since you've already found someone, please live out the rest of your life peacefully. Stop interfering in others' business! Besides, Summer is my daughter. Jared isn't good enough for her, and neither are you. If you do anything to her, I guarantee that you'll spend the rest of your life miserable."

Kristina threw her head back and guffawed. "Are you threatening me now? I'm not interested in Summer. I was merely trying to be kind and remind you that things aren't that simple. I thought Jared would confess everything to you at least, but it seems now that he fully intended on keeping you in the dark. If that's the case, I'll keep my mouth shut as well. It seems that no one appreciates it."

At that moment, I could hear the edge in Kristina's voice. Bemused, I asked, "What do you mean by that?"

However, Kristina waved my concern off dismissively. "Nothing! I'll be off then. See you around, Mrs. Fuller!"

She then sauntered off with a clack of her high heels. I remained rooted to the spot, gazing after her absently. Though unwilling, I had to admit that what Kristina had said threw me off slightly. I was still taking our conversation apart and puzzling it over in my head as I slowly exited the bathroom.

In fact, I was so utterly occupied with my thoughts that I didn't notice Ashton waiting out in the hallway. Walking straight into his arms, I gave a loud yelp, but it was already muffled by his broad arms and chest encircling me. I then looked up at him in a slight daze. "Why are you here?"

Ashton reached out and brushed my hair aside tenderly. "I was worried that something had happened to you, so I came over. What's wrong? You look shellshocked."

I shook my head vigorously, partially to clear the thoughts that were clamoring in my brain. "It's nothing. I ran into someone I know. Let's go back and continue with dinner!"

After that, I yanked Ashton back in the direction of our table. As we walked past a private room, there suddenly came the sound of glass violently shattering. Ashton and I both froze and peered in. Seated around a table was a group of middle-aged young people, as well as one familiar face.

I gaped at Ashton, then whispered tentatively, "Is that Joe?"

Ashton pressed his lips into a thin line but said nothing.

We were just in time. As we watched, a woman with her back towards us vehemently slapped Kristina, who was sitting beside Joe. It sounded like the cracking of a whip. At the same time, Ashton and I instinctively winced from the sound of it.

Kristina, however, showed no discernible sign of weakness. She merely gave a dry laugh and gazed back at her assailant defiantly. Her hands moved to clutch Joe's arm as if holding onto a trophy.

This move clearly enraged the other woman even further. She raised her hand in the air, prepared to deal a second blow.

"Isn't this exciting? Mr. Quinn, how's your food?" Unable to witness this any further, I charged into the room with Ashton in tow.

At the sound of my voice, the entire room turned towards me. The face of Kristina's attacker was now visible. I realized, perturbed, that it was Rebecca.

Rebecca's eyes widened slightly when she saw Ashton beside me, then hurriedly composed herself. She now rearranged her features in a pitiful expression, looking every bit like a defenseless victim. "Ash, why are you here?" Rebecca whined.

Ashton glanced at her, then announced curtly, "To eat." With his brows furrowed, he looked at Joe, then at Kristina, who was still holding onto Joe's arm tightly.

"What's going on?" Ashton demanded.

Joe said easily, "We're having a meal together. It's nothing much."

"What do you mean, nothing much? Joe, just be honest with me about what you're planning to do. Don't make me sick by flirting with all these other whores," Rebecca retorted, her voice trembled with barely suppressed anger.

Kristina was not one to be beaten. She bellowed at Rebecca, "You'd better watch your mouth! What whores? And how much better do you think you are?"

The two women looked strained, and they were ready to fly at each other. At that, I bit my lip and said calmly, "That's one hell of a meal. You'll have the entire restaurant in here at the rate you're shouting at each other. Mr. Quinn, don't you think you're airing your dirty laundry a little too publicly? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"