

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 30

The man's face instantly darkened, and his eyes turned frosty. Evidently, he was mad.

"Can I help you, Mr. Fuller?" I didn't feel like I was Ashton's wife at all here, but rather, an outsider.

The more I felt this way, the more upset I became.

Even the way I gazed at Ashton was full of defiance.

"Apologize." His tone was completely commanding.

My brows creased as rage consumed me. "Have you lost it, Ashton? Why the hell should I apologize?"

"You pushed her," he replied grimly in his deep voice.

I pushed her? I laughed in anger. "You should get your eyes checked, Ashton!"

"Scarlett Stovall!" The man immediately addressed me by my full name. "Apologize to her now."

"And if I don't?" Suppressing my anger, I glared at him, unafraid of his glacier eyes.

With a frown and purse of his lips, a chilly air engulfed our surroundings. "Macy's bar seems to be doing a little too well these days, huh?"

I was instantly terrified. How could this man resort to such lowly methods just to get me to apologize to Rebecca?

I looked up at the man

's face. His lips remained pursed, and he had a bit of stubble, making him look unruly yet alluring at the same time.

But at this very moment, I couldn't admire that face of his at all. My heart growing cold, I stilled for a moment before speaking. "Fine. I'll apologize."

Breaking free of his grasp, I walked over to Rebecca. Suppressing all the wrath I felt, I gazed at her. "I'm sorry."

Rebecca looked incredibly helpless as though I had actually bullied her.

Meanwhile, Joe obviously had nothing better to do than to stir things up. "So you think you just have to apologize after hitting someone? In that case, I'll kill a guy and say sorry, and everything will be fine. Who needs the law, right?" he remarked with a look of disdain.

Holy sh\*t.

Once again, I resisted the urge to cuss him out. "What else do you want from me?" I turned to him and asked frostily.

He crossed his arms in a matter-of-fact way. "We buddies have a rule—whoever messes up has to apologize sincerely and hold a drinking session for everyone. When we're happy, you'll be forgiven."

You dipsh\*t!

How is THAT a way to apologize?

"Knock it off, Joe." Jared, who had been watching the whole time, furrowed his brows.

Joe didn't bother looking at him and glanced at Ashton instead. "What do you think, Ashton?"

Ashton's gaze on me darkened, and the crease between his brows deepened. After a long while, he turned to Rebecca. "What do propose we do?"

Rebecca lowered her head slightly. She spoke softly, but everyone could hear her. "Scarlett's your wife, so you decide."

You pretentious little b\*tch.

I held it in and turned to Joe. "So, where shall we drink?"

Jared walked up to me and frowned. "Have you got no fear?"

I knew what he meant. I had to be careful since there was another life inside of me. Who knew what would happen if I decided to drown myself in alcohol?

Joe obviously didn't want Jared to rain on their parade. "Stop meddling, Jared! Let's go, Ms. Stovall."

I followed them to their room.

As though afraid I wouldn't get knocked out, Joe ordered ten bottles of whiskey and two crates of beer.

"Think you can handle this, Ms. Stovall?"

"Ha!" I wanted to laugh. Does he think this is fun?

After filling ten glasses with beer, Joe said to me, "The rule here is that you can get anyone here to drink for you—anyone at all. But that depends on your own abilities. If you can't convince anyone to help you, you'll have to drink everything on your own."

Seeing the table full of glasses, I frowned as I subconsciously placed a hand over my belly. Hang in there, my baby, I prayed silently.

I picked up a glass and began to drink. Yet, my stomach began to churn from just a few sips.

"Ugh!" Unable to contain my nausea, I dashed toward the bathroom and retched over the toilet.

Jared followed me from behind and stroked my back. "Show Ashton your vulnerable side and ask him to help you. You're his wife, after all. He won't let Joe do as he pleases."

I smirked coldly. Unlike Rebecca, I wasn't someone who could captivate the hearts of men just by shedding a few tears.

Not responding to that, I asked him, "Is there anything that can reduce the side effects on the baby?"

He nodded. "But drugs are drugs. They can't undo all the harm."

"That's fine. Please get me some later."

I left the bathroom. Joe had put on a song and was casually singing when I made my way back. "What's wrong? Can't even handle one glass?"

Not bothering with him, I glanced at the table. Apart from the glass I had drunk from, all the others remained untouched.

Ashton and Rebecca sat close to each other. I watched as the woman muttered something to him, and he responded with a slight nod.

The man's gaze darkened upon seeing me, but he soon looked away.

Feeling my heart ache, I walked to the table and glanced at Joe. "I hope you won't go back on your word, Mr. Quinn."