

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 918

“You didn’t say that the last time,” Justin finally managed uncertainly. He looked immensely vulnerable, his heart having been promptly ripped to shreds before an entire crowd.

Stella looked at him coldly. “What else did you want me to say, then? I thought I’d refused you obviously enough. Couldn’t you tell?”

At that, Justin hung his head, deflated. Even the vibrant bouquet he’d brandished confidently before now hung crumpled before him. Justin had bitterly wrung it in his despair. “Why? Is it because I’m not rich enough? Or that I...”

“It’s none of those reasons! I don’t love you. It has nothing to do with your money or your abilities at all. I don’t love you, pure and simple. You can go now. I’m begging you, please don’t embarrass me like that ever again, OK?” I’d only ever been exposed to the sunny, endearing side of Stella. Thus, I was rather startled to see that she was capable of such harshness as well.

I dragged Ashton with me out of the lobby, then sighed longingly. “After so many years at university, no one has ever confessed their love to me so grandly before. It only works if the person you’re proposing to love you back, of course. But I rather like this heady rush of emotions and romance.”

Ashton’s grip on my arm tightened slightly. “What do you like?”

Glancing at his sober expression, I laughed. “I like the impulsive, romantic ways of these youths. Since we’ve gotten older, I haven’t been feeling many strong bursts of emotions. Life doesn’t seem as exciting anymore.”

Upon that, Ashton pulled me to face him. Gravely, he asked, “Are you tired of me because I’m old?”

Is Ashton approaching menopause? I wondered wryly.

I smacked my forehead in exaggerated frustration. “I didn’t say you were old. I meant that I admired youths for their wholehearted and energetic approach to life. I’ve been motivated to live my days in the same way, rather than always dragging my feet around. Ugh... Stop twisting my words!”

Ashton waggled an eyebrow at me. "What wholehearted and energetic things do you plan on doing?"

Instantly, I became speechless at his words. I should have known better than to talk about things like romance with an old pedant like him.

After a while, I laughed a little too brightly. "Let's not dwell on such things! It's getting late, and John should have already arrived. We shouldn't make him wait."

I then wrenched my hand away from Ashton's steel grip and forcefully terminated the conversation.

A question lingered in my mind, however. Stella's blushing, rosy face resurfaced in my mind, and I couldn't help but ponder. Does Stella already have someone she loves? Is that why she rejected Justin?

At that time, John had indeed already reached the restaurant and was midway through his meal. Looking at the half-eaten dishes spread out over the table, as well as the nearly empty bottle of wine, I cried ruefully, "Mr. Stovall, you're really getting more and more impolite."

John looked at me in amusement and sniggered. Then he called for a waiter to bring another round of dishes. "I had to fill my stomach first before the sight of you two behaving all lovey-dovey made me nauseous."

I shook my head wordlessly at John, then sidled into the seat opposite him. "How's Uncle Louis?" I asked.

John shrugged. He filled Ashton's glass with wine, then answered, "There's no concrete evidence. His superiors are biased against him. Uncle Louis has always lived an open, honest life. All the ammunition that those green-eyed monsters have against him are their own baseless rumors. There's nothing for them to uncover. Uncle Louis should be able to return within a few days."

I nodded. The waiter laid out another round of dishes, and we tucked in eagerly. Ashton and John fervently discussed the state of the market between glasses of wine. I had planned on asking John about his relationship with Hannah but refrained as Ashton disapproved of gossip.

Midway through the meal, I rose to go to the bathroom. When I emerged from the stall, I heard a woman's voice saying, "Don't you pity Rebecca? Her ex-boyfriend got stolen from her, and now her current partner's cheating on her. She's really unlucky!"

Another voice answered, "I don't know about that, but I heard Mr. Quinn's woman used to be with Mr. Crest. Clearly, Mr. Quinn isn't too picky. After all, he's even willing to accept his friend's hand-me-downs! It's strange, but there you have it."

"That's right. Don't forget, Rebecca was tossed aside after Mr. Fuller got tired of her too. These rich people have no morals at all. They treat women and clothing alike, to be used and then cast away."

I furrowed my brow, looking over at those two women airily gossiping away. Judging by their elaborate outfits and appearance, they were probably socialites. I wasn't part of that circle and naturally didn't like to concern myself with their affairs.

Yet, I was bothered by what those two women had just said.

Mr. Crest? Jared?

Had he ever taken a woman for a ride? Who was it?

No one came to mind. However, Joe was practically groveling at Rebecca's feet, so deep was his affection for her. Having gotten this opportunity to prove himself to her, why had Joe ended up offending her instead?

Bang! My deep reverie was abruptly interrupted by the sound of a door being flung open. A woman dressed entirely in black strode out from a stall.

I automatically looked up, then started in surprise.

Kristina? Isn't she in W City? Why did she come back?

Our eyes met. A glimmer of hesitation appeared in Kristina's gaze before she looked away. Sauntering towards the sink, she asked icily, "Don't you think it's a joke?"