

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 501

My hand felt warm in his. Looking over at the bags placed by the side, I said somewhat awkwardly, "It's just a few pieces of clothing."

Emery chuckled jovially. "And a pair of shoes for me," she added.

Emery took a few tentative steps, then turned to me and marveled, "These shoes are fantastic! Much better than high heels."

I smiled at her.

Ashton looked at me and raised an eyebrow. His grip on my hand tightened somewhat as he picked up the bags from the floor and pulled me along with him.

"Hey Ashton, are you blind? There are some more bags here," Emery yelled after us. She was seething.

Ashton said nothing. Paying no heed to Emery's indignant cries, he dragged me headlong towards the mall's exit.

I stopped short in my tracks. "We left some bags behind?"

Ashton furrowed his brow. His gaze settled on something beyond me.

I turned to see Hunter Zane striding towards us. Recognition dawned on me, and I followed Ashton obediently.

Ashton had parked his car just outside the mall. It was a black McLaren sports car and looked tremendously flashy.

"Why did you choose this car today?" The car was impressive, but I had rarely seen him driving it.

We placed our bags in the trunk. I noticed that they were all the items that Emery had picked out for me. How did Ashton know that?

“I just randomly chose this one,” Ashton answered shortly. He pulled me into the car. “What would you like to eat?”

I suddenly recalled the incident with Joe in the mall and exclaimed, “Mr. Quinn wants to have dinner with us!”

Ashton bit his lip, his eyes darkening.

“OK,” he replied briefly, while fastening my seatbelt.

Emery and Hunter had followed behind. Emery called to us from afar, “Scarlett, I’ll be enjoying a candlelight dinner with my husband tonight. I’m afraid I won’t be able to join you. Thanks for the shoes though, I absolutely adore them! I’ll treat you to a good meal next time.”

I smiled at her and waved goodbye. Ashton had secured my seatbelt, then abruptly bit me on the chin.

I cried out in pain and looked at him in bewilderment. “What’s wrong?”

“You’ve never given me anything!” Ashton retorted hotly. At that moment, he sounded rather pitiful.

Seeing his forlorn look, I couldn’t help but give in. “I’ll buy something for you another day, OK? Is there anything you like in particular?”

Ashton grinned. “I’ll be happy with anything as long as it’s from you.”

What?

The wise person who said that men are just like children must be a woman! Who else would be able to come up with such an accurate observation?

Joe had made dinner reservations under his name at a private room in a restaurant specializing in pasta dishes.

It wasn't the first cuisine that sprang to mind when one considered the winter cold, but the pasta they served here was al dente and surprisingly flavorful.

There were five of us present. Besides their usual trio, Joe had brought Rebecca along while I accompanied Ashton.

As we took our seats, Joe broke the ice, saying genially, "I sourced for this place a few days ago. It's received multiple smashing reviews online, let's if it lives up to its name."

Ashton had always been a man of few words. He merely nodded in reply.

Jared said nothing either, knocking back a glass of water.

Ever since that day, Jared had never returned to the villa to see Summer. Ashton must have said something to him.

We ate our meal in a silence that seemed weightier than usual. Joe had initially intended the meal to be an occasion for them to pick up where they had left off before. The situation, however, was far too awkward to even consider that possibility.

We decided to call for the waiter to serve the drinks.

The waiter swept away the tea and juice on the table. When he approached me, intending to come for the glass of juice in my hand, Ashton stopped him. "She doesn't drink."

The waiter froze for a moment, then moved on to the others.

Joe gave us a questioning look but said nothing else.

Jared was also gazing evenly at me. It carried a vague sense of dissatisfaction.

Who knew where the source of his unhappiness lay? Not me. However, I had a sense of foreboding about it all the same.

"Does everyone remember what occasion it is today?" Joe asked in an attempt to liven things up.

Ashton frowned as if deep in thought. Jared transferred his intent gaze towards Joe, remarking, "Did you go to visit him?"

Joe nodded. "I went last week. J City isn't experiencing much cold at the moment. I delivered some fruits to him."

I had no idea who they were referring to.

Rebecca had been quiet up to this moment. She now looked at Ashton and said, "Ash, I've sold my brother's house in J City. I want to stay in K City."

Ashton seemed unbothered by that disclosure. Matter-of-factly, he replied, "OK, you can decide for yourself. You can look for Joe if you need anything. He'll help you out."

That effectively brought that conversation to an end.

Rebecca lapsed back into silence.

Jared sniggered. The contempt in his voice was evident to everyone present.

Joe quickly jumped in to salvage the situation. "Ashton's been busy lately. I'll look out for Rebecca. Ashton, go ahead and focus on whatever you need to."

Ashton remained unconcerned. The tension was rapidly mounting at the table. Each of the individuals sitting around it remained stubbornly unyielding. Nobody moved to speak.

It was unbearable I stood up and announced, "I'm going to the washroom," before leaving the table.

While I was washing my hands, Rebecca burst in. She leaned against the wall with her arms crossed against her chest. Contemptuously, she said, "Are you happy now that things between Ash and Jared have gotten to this state?"