

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 401

Despite the eagerness of his advances, his movements were gentle and elegant.

Holding me in his arms, his breathing was calm and his voice raspy. "Did you miss me?"

As he thrust forward, I felt a painful sensation, causing me to tighten my grip on him and burying my nails into his skin.

He recoiled in pain and stopped. The next moment, he was staring at me in amusement. "If you continue to scratch me like that, I will hardly have any skin left in the end."

I blushed in response. "You deserve it."

He couldn't help but laugh. "Since when do I deserve to be punished for sleeping with my wife? Hmm? You little kitten."

After a long while, I finally fell asleep in exhaustion as with my body sore all over.

Perhaps it was because Ashton was by my side, I slept exceptionally well. By the time I woke up, it was already the next morning.

The moment I opened my eyes, I saw him lying beside me, beaming. He was wearing a bathrobe which obviously meant he had woken up before this.

When he saw that I was awake, he asked in his magnetic voice, "Are you hungry?"

I nodded. When I tried to stretch, I could feel excruciating pain radiated through my body after what he did to me last night.

When he saw me furrow my eyebrows, he raised his and stroked my belly. "Does it still hurt?"

I nodded.

“I’ve ordered room service. Once we have eaten, you can get back to rest.”

When I saw him turn on his computer and tidy up his documents, I was surprised. “Do you need to work today?”

Grinning, he gave me a peck on my forehead. “Yes!”

Right after his reply, he gave me another warm sloppy kiss on my lips. “However, you’re still more important.”

As I tried to wiggle my body, I realized I could hardly get up. I requested, “Carry me to the bathroom.”

Laughing, his eyes glistened as he picked me up. Once we entered the bathroom, he put me in the bathtub. “Can you bath on your own?”

I nodded. When I noticed the agenda hidden behind his gaze, I quickly understood and blushed. I reprimanded, “Ashton, you pervert!”

He chuckled in response. “I just wanted to help wash your face. What were you thinking about?”

Leaning closer to me, he lowered his voice. “Besides, it’s not like I haven’t helped you bath before. Hmm?”

Suddenly, the doorbell rang and he answered it. It was room service.

After washing up, I came back into the room to see that he had prepared all the cutlery. When he saw me, he raised his eyebrow and asked, "Did you come here without packing anything?"

I nodded. My face was feeling dry as I didn't bring along my usual toiletries. He gave me a knowing look and gestured to a pack by the bed.

When I turned to see, I realized it was a set of toiletries and makeup. They were all what I usually used back home.

I couldn't help but turn toward him, "You..."

"Come and eat after you're done," he interrupted.

He was indeed a boar of a man as he didn't even give me the opportunity to express my affectionate thanks.

The food in M Country didn't look appetizing. When he saw me staring at the steak, he likely read my mind.

He asked, "There's a place that serves food from our country but it's far from here. Let's make do for the time being and I'll take you there tonight, hmm?"

I nodded. "Don't you have to work? Do you have time to accompany me?"

Smiling slightly, he took over my steak and cut it before handing it back to me. "Joe will deal with it."

After finishing the steak, I returned to the bed as I was still aching all over. As I already had a good night's sleep, there was no way I could sleep any further.

Hence, I brought out my unfinished books from the plane while Ashton was busy at the computer with his work.

"So who is the killer in the end?" Before I realized it, he was sitting by my side and leaning over.

Caught by surprise, I turned toward him as he pulled me into his embrace and gave me a peck on my cheeks.

Somehow, I noticed that he was obsessed with kissing me.

"I haven't finished it yet—just about to." Just as I spoke, I buried my head in the last few pages.

When I realized the conclusion didn't state who the killer was, I was stunned. Turning back the pages to check, I raised my gaze at him. "The author didn't say who it was."

He couldn't help but laugh. "Why don't you deduce it?"

"Everyone on the island is dead but the murderer still hasn't appeared..." I had a sudden realization and exclaimed, "The murderer had feigned death?"

He raised his eyebrows and scratched the tip of my nose. "Looks like you're sharper than I thought."



Stunned, I still couldn't guess who it was as I looked at him. "But who is the murderer?"

In "And Then There Were None," the author didn't spell out who the murderer was in the end.

He couldn't help but smile. "Rack your brains a little. Who has the greatest access to resources and information?"

Pursing my lips, I pushed him away. "The judge?"

He nodded. When I saw his gaze deepened, I almost broke down. "Ashton, you..."

"It's been a long time already."

"Didn't we just do it last night?"

"It wasn't enough!"

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Suddenly, I remembered that he needed to rest after his vasectomy.

“Ashton, you are supposed to rest for a month!” Despite me pushing him away, it was to no avail as his hug was too tight.

“I’m fine. It’s not affected at all.”

Frowning, I couldn’t help but push him away. “Do you no longer care for it? Give Jared a call and ask him.”

When he saw how adamant I was, he had no choice but to sit up and call Jared.

When the call got through, Jared asked, “It’s the middle of the night. What’s wrong with you?”

As I was close by, I could hear him clearly.

Ashton’s expression darkened as his voice was soft. “By doing it, does it have any impact?”

Jared didn’t understand what Ashton was babbling about and snapped, “What are you doing in the middle of the night that will impact it?”

Ashton snorted, “What else can be done in the middle of the night?”

Jared wasn’t dumb as he quickly understood what it was about.

He couldn’t help but purse his lips and retort, “Can’t you endure for a month?”

I lowered my gaze and felt my cheeks burn.

Previously, I had not thought about it but only realized after the fact.

When Ashton saw me blush, he sneered into the phone, "Cut the crap! What impact does it have?"

"What else can it be? Can't you feel it yourself?"

Ashton hesitated. "I didn't feel a thing!"

"Ha!" Jared laughed.

Ashton had lost his patience. "Fine. I'm ending the call now."

"Go and get yourself checked at the hospital. Don't say that I didn't remind you."

"I know."

After ending the call, Ashton chucked the phone to a side as he looked at me intently.

Looking at him, I asked, "Did Jared not come along with you on this trip?"

He nodded. "Someone needs to stay back and hold the fort."

I nodded. After a slight hesitation, I asked, "Did Uncle Charlie and Aunt Helen used to have a daughter?"

He furrowed his eyebrows and gazed solemnly at me. "Who told you that?"

"No one. I'm just asking." To be honest, I wasn't trying to probe into his past. It was just that I had doubts that needed clearing up.

Pulling me into his embrace, he had a grave look on his face. "Don't go asking about the past anymore, alright?"

I nodded before getting up and heading into the bathroom.

I wondered why he didn't like talking about his past with Jared. Sometimes, he seemed to care, but other times, he didn't.

Coming out of the bathroom, I saw him talking on the phone on the balcony with a solemn expression. I wasn't sure if it was about work.

When he saw me, he gave out a few more instructions before ending the call. Walking toward me, he pulled me into his embrace again.

"I won't be able to go on a walk with you later as there is a signing ceremony at the company. Do you want to come along?"

I shook my head. "No, I don't feel like going. I prefer to rest in the hotel as I plan to return to J City tomorrow."

“Is there something you need to do?” he asked in a low voice.

“Not really.” I came to M Country to see him on impulse. Now that I have done so and we had made love, there was nothing else left to do. Hence, it was time to go home.

Hugging me, he whispered, “Next time, don’t go running off on your own like that. There can be no repeat of this, hmm?”

Nodding, I raised my gaze at him. “When will you be back?”

“Once we sign the contract, I will be able to return.”

I nodded but suddenly felt a little heavy-headed. When he saw the change in my expression, he furrowed his eyebrows. “Are you alright?”

Laying back on the bed, I closed my eyes and replied, “Just a little tired. Let me lie down for a while.”

As Ashton had to rush to the office to sign the contract, so he left shortly after comforting me.

While I was lying in bed drowsily, I was jolted awake by the ring of my phone. Answering it, I realized it was Camelia from the airport.

“Hi, Scarlett! It’s Camelia. Do you still remember me?”

I nodded but realized she couldn’t see my actions. I then replied, “I do! Camelia, how are you?”

“Are you free now? I would like to invite you to dinner. I don’t have any friends here and my fiancé is busy. It just feels so boring staying here alone!”

Looking out the window, I saw that it was already dark and the clock showed that it was eight.

If I slept then, I figured I would wake up at dawn.

After giving it some thought, I replied, “Mmm-hmm, I’m at Clark Hotel. What about you?”

She was delighted to hear my answer. “I’m at the winery. I’ll be there in a while. I’ll give you a call when I arrive.”

Nodding, I grunted in acknowledgment. After making some small talk, we ended the call. When I stood up, I realized I didn’t bring a change of clothes.

I hated wearing clothes that had already been worn. Hence, I gave Ashton a call.

When he picked up, I could hear him whisper. “Scarlett.”

When I heard the noise in the background, I was stunned. “Are you in a meeting?”

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He replied, "The signing ceremony. What is it?"

Worried that I was disturbing, I murmured, "Nothing, just calling for no particular reason. I'll call you back later."

Before I ended the call, he added, "It's no problem at all. Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Can you get me a new set of clothes? I'm going out to meet a friend."

"Sure," he answered before hesitating a moment. "Who are you going out with?"

"Someone I met on the plane. You don't know her but don't worry. I will be careful."

After a brief silence, he replied, "Alright, remember to drop me a message when you go out. Also, send me the address so that I can pick you up."

I grunted in acknowledgment and ended the call.

Not long after, someone knocked on the room door. It was Joseph.

His expression was as icy as usual. When he saw me open the door, he explained, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller had me bring these clothes for you."

I nodded and received them. "Thank you!"

He left after acknowledging my thanks.

Back in the room, I got myself changed.

Soon, Camelia gave me a call, informing me that she was in the hotel lobby.

Once I was ready, I headed downstairs where I was stunned to see a black Bentley parked at the hotel entrance.

As the window went down, I saw Marcus coldly looking in my direction.

Feeling familiar and distant at the same time, I wondered if he was the same Marcus that I knew.

“Scarlett!” Camelia who was sitting at the front passenger seat called out. “Quick, get in!”

After regaining my senses, I got into the car.

“What were you spacing out for? You didn’t respond to my repeated calls.” Camelia turned to the man beside her and introduced, “This is my fiancé, Marcus White. On my way to see you, he coincidentally finished work. I hope you don’t mind him joining us?”

Still gaping from the shock just now, I shook my head. “No... Not at all.”

The moment I saw Marcus, I suppressed the burning questions I had as Camelia was present.

At the restaurant.

Camelia seemed to be in a good mood. She held Marcus’ hand and suggested, “Marcus, why don’t you order? I always enjoy whatever you choose.”



Marcus plainly grunted and raised his eyebrow at me. "Ms. Stovall, what would you like to have?"

"I'm fine with anything," I replied. Faced with someone I thought was dead and watching him act as if nothing happened, I couldn't even begin to describe what I was feeling.

Throughout the dinner, Camelia had a lot to say. However, Marcus' responses always lacked enthusiasm. As I didn't have much of an appetite, I hardly touched the food.

"Don't you like the food, Ms. Stovall?" Marcus asked in a distant tone.

Surprised, I shook my head at him. "Oh no, I just had dinner at the hotel before I came, that's all."

Raising his eyebrows, Marcus pointed out the elephant in the room. "Ms. Stovall, you seem to be afraid of me."

Stunned, I exchanged glances with him before I shook my head. "No, Mr. White..."

"That's right. I noticed it too, Scarlett. When you saw Marcus, your face lost all color. What's wrong?" Camelia asked inquisitively.

Won't you also be afraid to see someone rise from the dead in front of you?

Suppressing my emotions, I shook my head. "It's not that. I'm just feeling under the weather. Why don't both of you go ahead? I'll take my leave first."

Just as I spoke, I stood up and prepared to go.

However, Marcus blocked my way. He was a whole head taller than me. As his gaze deepened, he gave Camelia a sullen look. “Camelia, go and get the bill. I’ll escort Ms. Stovall out.”

Slightly stunned, Camelia nodded and complied.

Pursing my lips, I sidestepped him and headed for the exit. He followed me from behind without saying a word.

Outside the restaurant, I raised my hand to hail a cab while he stood beside me in silence.

Suddenly, my phone rang. When I answered, I realized it was Ashton. “Where are you? Are you coming back? I’ll come to pick you up.”

“I-I will be back in a short while. You don’t have to come.” I wasn’t sure how Ashton would react if he saw Marcus, hence I chose to lie to him.

The voice over the line fell silent. “Alright, I’ll wait for you at the hotel.”

After ending the call, I stared at the oncoming cars with only a single thought in mind—return to the hotel as soon as possible.

“It’s not easy to get a cab here. Why don’t I give you a lift?” Marcus finally spoke after a long silence.

“No, thank you.”

“Huh,” Marcus sneered. “Scarlett, this isn’t like you—to ask no questions.”

I pursed my lips. “Mr. White, lying is the worst of all sins between men.”

“Lying?” He scoffed, “Since when did I lie to you?”

I didn’t reply. When the cab arrived, I got in and gave the driver my hotel’s address.

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By the time Camelia came out, the cab was already long gone. All she saw was Marcus frowning in frustration.

I didn't want to know what happened to Marcus after the accident. Since we were leading our own separate lives, I felt it better to keep it that way.

What I was angriest about was how he treated everyone else like fools. Perhaps he saw himself as the audience who was watching the drama unfold.

Back at the hotel, I saw Ashton waiting for me in the lobby. He was dressed in a sharp black suit and polished black shoes. With a hand in his pocket, he was standing upright in the hotel lobby.

Standing there, my heart was filled with a myriad of emotions. Should I tell him about Marcus?

He, too, saw me and took a stride in my direction. As I watch him approach, I was suddenly reminded of the Sun.

Before I could even say a word, he pulled me into his embrace.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and buried my cheeks in his chest. Taking in the scent of his cologne, I managed to calm myself down. With my eyes closed, I called out softly, "Hubby!"

Jolted, he tightened his arms around me. "What happened?"

I shook my head. "Nothing."

As there were many passersby in the hotel, they would stare at us. Hence, Ashton led me back into the hotel room.

Back in the room, I saw the dining table filled with food from back home. Taking off my jacket, I couldn't help but look at him. "Have you not had dinner?"

He smiled faintly. "I was waiting for you to have it together."

I was stunned. "You know that I would have eaten while I was out."

Grunting in acknowledgment, he settled me into my seat and served me food. He explained in a gentle voice, "I know you don't like the food here. So, you must be hungry when you return."

Camelia did take me out for local food, but I looked at him, stunned. "How did you know I went out for local food?"

The food on the table felt like it had just arrived as it was still warm. After serving me, he took a bite himself and replied plainly, "There's a bodyguard watching out for you."

Because of what happened last time, he had arranged for bodyguards to be by my side. I was aware of it but had gradually forgotten about that fact.

After a brief silence, I looked at him. "Did you see him?"

Ashton raised his eyebrows with an indifferent gaze. "Who?"

"Marcus!"

He grunted in acknowledgment as if it didn't matter. "Let's eat. Or else the food will get cold."

With that, I buried myself in the food and didn't discuss the matter further.

After dinner, it was already late. Ashton looked busy as his phone rang incessantly.

When the hotel staff came to collect the food, I was lazing on the sofa watching TV. However, I couldn't focus at all.

After he ended his call, he took a seat beside me and pulled me into his embrace. He asked in a gentle tone, "Do you want to go for a walk?"

I shook my head. "What's wrong?"

He smiled plainly. "I was worried you might get indigestion. Or perhaps we can try some other form of exercise."

"Let's go!" Getting up, he tried to pull me toward the bed.

"No, I want to watch TV!" I protested while keeping my eyes on the TV.

Bringing his lips close to my ear, he whispered, "We are going back to J City tomorrow. Don't you want to go out for a walk?"

"No, I don't."

I didn't feel like going out as I had just returned and it was cold outside. Although I know he meant well, I really didn't feel like it.

Given how lazy I was, he decided to let me be and returned to his work. I laid myself in bed to finish my book as my aching back was still killing me.

Perhaps I had exposed myself to the cold for too long, my back felt exceptionally sore. I tried to massage it with my hands from behind, but it felt awkward to do so.

Ashton got up and came to my side. "Where does it hurt?"

"My back. It's really sore!" He massaged the part underneath my scapula and asked, "Is it here?"

"Closer to the center."

Probably because he had not done this for a lady before, he didn't mind his strength when he massaged me.

Hence, his force aggravated the pain, causing me to flinch. Chucking my book away, I glared at him. "Do you think you're kneading dough?"

He couldn't help but laugh. "Did I hurt you?"

I pursed my lips. "What do you think?"

Reaching out, he pulled me back into his embrace and grunted, "Why don't we try again?"

Why does he make it sound so provocative?

I tried to push him away but to no avail. His hug was too tight to break away from.

Noticing the physiological change in him, I couldn't help but glare at him. "Ashton, you..."

"I can't help it."

How brazen can he be?

Pursing my lips, I kept a lid on my anger and snapped, "Dr. Crest said that if you don't discipline yourself, you will inadvertently destroy it."

He protested with a faint smile, "But it's not within my control!"



## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 405

I tried to push him away and told him sternly, "Be good and turn in early. We still have a long journey back to J City tomorrow."

He did not budge and continued to keep me inside of his embrace.

"No funny business, Ashton!"

The man held on, but stopped misbehaving.

We stayed that way for a while more before he made his way into the washroom. He looked more like himself after he reemerged.

Perhaps it was his presence, that enabled me to sleep soundly. I awoke the next morning, greeted by an M Country shrouded by thick layers of snow.

I had half-expected that the flight would be delayed, but my concerns proved to be unfounded.

Joe did not seem happy to see me at the airport with my hand in Ashton's. "You both are together twenty-four seven and could not even be apart for just a few days' work-trip. You're practically joined at the hips. Anyone would have mistaken you for Ashton's mistress had they not known any better."

My lips were pursed in embarrassment.

Ashton shot him a look. "If you have so much energy to expend, might as well use it to find yourself a wife."

Joe pulled a long face before he turned to collect the air tickets.

Ashton led me straight to the boarding gate. The timing of our arrival was perfect as we did not need to wait long.

Once inside, we made our way to the spacious seats in first-class. He then asked the flight attendant for a blanket. Concerned that I might be bored, he had also the screen for in-flight entertainment lowered.

The man wrapped his arms around me while his body laid next to mine. "The flight would take ten over hours. Is there anything you would like to see?"

I was not much into show binging, but one particular series did come to mind. It was one that Macy would stay up all night to watch during our college days.

"Shall we watch some Koandrian drama? How about this one?"

His brows perked up. "Well, sure!"

We located the title on the menu and started from the first episode. It was a rarity that he would watch it with me, so I was not bored at all.

Joe looked a little miffed when he entered. "Go home and get a room, you two. Mind you, this is a public space!"

Gianna Jun had just encountered Professor Do in the elevator when I redirected my attention onto Joe. "We're watching a Koandrian drama. Would you like to join us?"

Joe's gaze fell upon Ashton as he twitched his lips. "You are done for, Ashton."

Ashton lifted his eyes into a glare. "Stop bothering us if you aren't going to watch!"

Joe offered no retort.

The man must have gotten bored himself after we took to the air, as he too turned on his own screen. He looked sideways at me and asked, "What are you watching?"

"My Love From The Star," went Ashton's quick reply.

That made Joe pause.

"A human falling for an alien? No way this is going to end well." His cynicism did not prevent him from searching for it.

Perhaps the ability to keep ourselves entertained made it easier to pass the time over the ten-over-hour journey. Soon, we were almost reaching J City.

It was timely too, as the scene where Professor Do was preparing to depart had me choking up.

Ashton passed along a piece of tissue. "Don't worry. They'll be together in the end."

I looked up at him with eyes reddened. "How do you know that?"

He raised an eyebrow. "That's how these stories always end."

That had me positively flabbergasted.

At the J City airport.

It was into the wee hours when we stepped outside the terminal. As my eyes were glued to the screen throughout the flight, I found myself overwhelmed by fatigue.

Ashton had already arranged transport beforehand. I could barely keep my eyes open when we got in, so he held me close and motioned for me to rest.

I had no idea how we got to Peakville Estate.

When I came to the next morning, he was not beside me, and it became chilly under the sheets.

I got out of bed and freshened up.

Downstairs, Mrs. Eriksen was busying herself as usual. The sun would usually rise around seven or eight in J City, and with it, came the moderation of the temperature.

“Oh, you’re up, Letty. Come help yourself to some breakfast while it’s still hot.” Mrs. Eriksen hummed a little tune while she cleaned the table.

Settling myself down to sample the food, I found them quite appetizing.

Most of the major companies had begun to wrap up for the year. Richard sent quite a few messages to ask when I would be returning to K City.

With the upcoming product launch just around the corner, I suppose I ought to head back within the next two days.

“At what time did Ashton leave the house this morning, Mrs. Eriksen?” I asked as I had another spoonful of soup.

“As soon as dawn broke. He left in quite a hurry too.” She paused briefly while she looked at me. “I’ve learned just a few days ago that it would seem that we are mistaken. Rebecca isn’t actually from the Moore family.”

I was stunned. Is this the reason why Ashton went out?

I did not probe further. My initial plan was to return to K City together with Summer, but I had to leave her in Jackson’s care as I had not been feeling well.

At Glenwood residential area.

Nick was in the kitchen when I arrived. Jackson approached me with Summer in his arms. “I thought you’ve gone and bailed on me. Some mother you are.”

That left me a little apologetic. “I’ve just returned from M Country last night. How has Summer been these few days? Has she been a good girl?”

He nodded and passed her along when he saw the girl extend her arms toward me. “This little imp would not drink from a bottle after she had a taste of breast milk.”

Summer indeed felt lighter in my arms. I settled down on the couch and watched as Nick focused on his task.

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Turning to Jackson, I asked, "Are you planning to go back to K City?"

"Are you?" he frowned as he countered my question with one of his own.

"The White Corporation has an upcoming product launch that I've been overseeing. It doesn't seem right for me to stay away."

His gaze shifted onto Summer. "Do you plan to take her with you to stay in K City?"

"Yup!"

He fell silent before he looked to Nick. "How about you?"

Nick stilled his hands and turned to regard me. "Both Harrison Credit and my family are in J City. If I'm going to be in K City, it'll only be for work."

He appeared thoughtful before he continued, "You could resign from White Corporation and come back to J City. The Fuller Corporation is almost completely managed by outsiders currently. Since you are the young lady of the house of Fuller, it should not be controversial for you to take over the reins at the company."

I pursed my lips and wanted to turn him down, but he carried on, "Ashton has a lot of ambition, but J City is both Fuller Corporation's place of origin as well as its base of power. It would be preferable for it to be in the hands of family."

I gave it some more thought before I replied, "The reason why I left Fuller Corporation was because of failure. If I want to make a return now, I'd have to demonstrate that I'm able to deliver outcomes first. The AI development in White Corporation is in my charge. If I were to leave before we see results, how would that be different from my departure from Fuller Corporation in the first place?"

“So, what’s your plan then?”

“I would like to wait to see the results of the AI market. That aside, I’ve met Marcus.” I felt a tug at my sleeve and looked down at Summer. She must be hungry.

Nick’s brow’s knitted. “You mean Benjamin’s only son?”

I nodded.

Jackson was confounded. “Didn’t he die in a car accident?”

“I saw him in M Country. I’m not sure what’s going on as I have no idea what really happened to him back then either.”

With that, I carried Summer into the room to feed her.

I spent the rest of my day there without incident.

My intention was to ferry Summer over to Peakville Estate, but Jackson did not feel safe having me alone at the wheel. It was agreed then that I should return with Ashton for her on another day.

The sky was still bright after I left the apartment, so I decided to head over to the cemetery to visit George, Grandma, and Macy.

My car got stuck in traffic en-route. Fortunately, I was not trapped on the freeway.

As it had not cleared up after quite a while, a number of drivers alighted to investigate.

One of those who came back sighed in resignation. "It's pretty bad up ahead. The youngsters these days are so reckless. There was even a heavily pregnant woman in the car. It was a real close call for her."

"The Maybach's driver is in his twenties and doesn't look like some ordinary spoiled brat. I'd say sloppy driving is what it was. It looks like we might be stuck here for a while," another chimed in.

With a quick glance at the time, I reckoned that I would not be able to make it to the cemetery when this was resolved.

With little else to do, I got off the car. In the corner of my eye, I spied the vehicle at the heart of the accident. It was a black Maybach.

The number plate struck me as oddly familiar.

An alarm went off in my head when I realized that it belonged to Ashton. My legs gave way beneath me and left me slumped onto the floor.

"Are you alright, Miss?" An onlooking cab driver reached over and helped me up.

He massaged my temples with his thumb and that offered some relief.

I blinked as I looked at him. "Thank you!"

"You're welcome." He continued to support me. "Do you have low blood sugar? Do you need me to send you to the hospital?"



Shaking my head, I replied, "I think I'm okay now. Thank you."

I steadied myself as I trudged forward.

Because the congestion went on for some distance, the accident area was packed with onlookers, which impeded the ambulance's advancement.

I waded in through the crowd.

Amongst them, I spotted a man in a crisp black suit. He had a solemn look as he stood protectively over the woman next to him. With his cellphone in hand, he appeared to be seeking emergency services.

The ground was saturated with blood from the conceiving woman. There was someone administering aid to her and other medically trained personnel helping to clear out the crowd on site.

My gaze fell upon the heavily pregnant woman's bloated belly. The trail of crimson extended onto her legs. The sight jolted like a bolt of lightning.

I subconsciously held a hand over my own abdomen which was suddenly hit by spasms, and slowly backed away.

Ashton, who was on the phone, appeared to have seen me. His eyes darkened as he approached.

The color fell from Rebecca's face behind him.

“What are you doing here?”

My abdomen hurt so much that I furrowed. “I was just passing through. Are you alright?”

He shook his head and lifted me into a cradle in his arms when he saw how pallid I was. “Where’s your car?”

“Back there.”

Once inside my car, I managed to recover a little to my own relief.

“Why are you hurting all of a sudden?” he asked.

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I could not explain that either. "It started after I saw the pregnant woman just now. I guess it must be a repercussion of what happened the last time."

After a brief pause, I regarded him. "What are you doing here?"

Rebecca came over to us. It had only been a few days since, but she looked visibly sallow and seemed to have lost considerable weight.

Ashton was calm. "I was sending her to the hospital when I lost focus and ran into someone."

There may be more to this than what he described, as he had always been a cautious driver. It was unlikely that the cause had been a loss of concentration on his part.

I glanced over to Rebecca's pale facade and puffy eyes.

They were filled with hatred and resentment. Did I somehow offend her again lately?

A siren filled the air as the ambulance approached. Ashton ran his fingers through his own hair and swept it behind his ears before he whispered, "Don't worry about it. Wait for me at home. I'll be back when this is settled, alright?"

I nodded in acknowledgement.

It was a matter of life and death that he should see to it without delay.

As I watched him depart, Rebecca glared at me. "You should have died!"

Those words were as chilling as they were perplexing.

I was seriously baffled as I was certain that I had done nothing recently that might have roused her ire.

Ashton followed in the ambulance when it took the pregnant woman away. The disruption was cleared for traffic to resume.

I had lost half the day and might not have enough time to safely make the return trip from the cemetery before dark. This would be particularly risky, as I would be by myself.

After some deliberation, I thought I might as well drive down to the hospital to see how the conceiving woman was doing.

At the hospital.

It would appear that the woman got out of it unscathed. She had a fright, which made her water broke.

She had been sent into the delivery room by the time I got there. Her family was present as well.

Joseph had taken over Ashton's duty to communicate with her family. Rebecca sustained light injuries and was taken in for observation.

Once that matter was settled, Ashton finally found time to sit down. I regarded him silently for some time. "You've always been careful at the wheel. What happened back there?"

There were mixed emotions in his gaze which instilled a sense of foreboding within me.

Indeed, he said, "Rebecca was arguing with me in the car!"

The scent of iron and copper which filled my nostrils brought my attention to a soaked patch against his black sleeve.

"Are you hurt?" I asked as I reached out for it.

He intercepted my hand with his. "I'm fine!" There was a profound look in his eyes.

My lips pursed as my long-suppressed emotions surged to the surface. "Do you think neglecting to take care of your wounds somehow makes you manlier? What's wrong with you?"

He was taken by surprise by my unexpected outburst, and my glare shut down whatever response he had in mind.

I reached over to remove his coat. That was when I noticed a lengthy cut over his arm. The blood had caked over time and the color of his clothing made it hard for anyone to tell that he was injured.

Were I not close enough to smell the blood, I might not have noticed either.

Upon seeing my distress, he said in a comforting voice, "It's no big deal. Just a scratch."

"Shut up!" I was upset. Whether it was because he was with Rebecca, or because he did not take care of himself—I was not sure.

All I knew was that I was mad as hell.

The nurse was brought in to help clean up his wound. He was frosty when his exquisite, limited edition shirt was cut open.

Unfamiliar with his ways, the fingers of the youthful nurse trembled at his cold demeanor.

A frown creased upon his face before he lifted his eyes. "You do it!"

Her hands stiffened and the alcohol soaked wad fell upon his wound.

Ashton reiterated himself aggressively, "Let her do it!"

I exhaled before I took the bottle from her. "Thank you. Let me handle this."

A weight seemed to have been lifted from the young nurse's chest as she nodded profusely. "Alright!"

After she had gone far, I regarded the man with severity. "I'm not as gentle, so you better not be whining."

He pursed his lips. "What's with the temper?"

I quietly wiped the cotton wad over his wound. It was fortunate that the cuts were superficial in spite of its goriness.

With a bit of cream, it should heal in a couple of days.

Once done with the dressing, I got to my feet and started to clean up. "Why were you arguing in the car?"

I knew him well enough that he would not have gotten into an accident otherwise.

He bit his lip and did not seem intent on speaking. A voice then cut me off before I could say anything else.

"About you, Scarlett Stovall. You jinx!" Rebecca stepped out of the ward after she had her injuries attended to.

Hers was a look of antagonism.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 408

When Ashton saw that she was alright, he said, "That's enough. Go home!"

"Hmph!" Rebecca sneered. "How long do you think you can continue to keep this from her?"

I looked to Ashton, confused. "Is there something I should know about?"

The man seemed distant when his gaze fell upon Rebecca. He then turned to Joseph who had just settled things on the other front. "Send Ms. Larson home."

The other man nodded, but Rebecca pushed him away when he tried to put a hand on her. "Do you think no one else is going to talk just because I won't?"

She turned to regard me scathingly. "You're a pathetic idiot—being happy and contented when everyone's taking you for a ride."

"Get her out of here!" Anger permeated Ashton's voice.

Joseph got a hold of Rebecca in an attempt to have her forcibly removed.

I looked into her wild eyes and asserted myself, "Let her speak."

I approached and pushed Joseph off her. "What was it you wanted to say?"

Rebecca replied with a smirk, "Ask your husband. You are going to love the surprise if you got it straight from him."

"What's going on here?" I asked Ashton.

"I'll tell you when we get back!" He rubbed his forehead in fluster.



The man pulled me into the elevator and prepared to take me away.

Hesitantly, I stood my ground.

He did not look pleased. "Let's go home first, alright?"

I paused momentarily before I followed him in.

I waited by the hospital's entrance while Ashton went to fetch the car from the parking lot, all the while preoccupied with thoughts about what I was being kept in the dark about.

My phone then chimed a couple of times in a row. Messages had come in, with attachments.

They were from an unknown number, and the first opened to reveal a photo of a baby.

The baby looked to be a newborn. It was tiny, with patches of red and green on its forehead. The eyes were closed.

The rest of the photos were, as far as I could tell, also of the same baby. There was also a video that featured it inside of an incubator.

My limbs went limp, as though struck by a ray of enfeeblement. The phone fell loose from my hands and onto the floor.

My mind droned on—filled with scenes of what I saw inside of the warehouse and my inability to deliver the baby before its fragile little life was snuffed out of existence.

I felt a moment of asphyxia. By my own admission, I was weak, or should I say, a coward.

I had not seen that child even once before Marcus buried him. I feared that if I did, I would be scarred for life.

Never had I thought that I would be able to see him under these circumstances. He had the same features as the child in my dreams.

Rebecca came down the steps shortly after. “What sort of face is this? Did Ash not tell you everything? Do you realize what a fool you’ve been, allowing yourself to be strung around in circles the way you did?”

My head throbbed as I looked at her. I was speechless.

She seemed to relish the expression on my face. “How does it feel to have your own mother kill off your offspring?”

I conjured the remnant of my strength. “What did you say?”

“So, he hasn’t told you yet, huh? You are Cameron Anderson’s real daughter. It was Ash who passed the sandalwood box your Grandma left for you to that woman. It was Ash who told her that it was mine, and also he who swapped our DNA samples.”

She continued, "Do you not see how far he went to get me into the Moore family so that I may enjoy the luxurious life of a wealthy young lady while you remained an impoverished nobody? This is proof that he doesn't love you, and never will."

My body felt like it was no longer anchored as I staggered backward and sat slumped on the floor.

The demise of my child, my own close brush with mortality, and Macy's death. Were all these of Ashton's machinations?

"Why?" I asked. From whom was I seeking the answer from, exactly?

Rebecca laughed coldly. "What do you think? Because he has never loved you. I'm the one that he wants to protect and provide the best for. What other evidence do you need of that?"

I was dumbstruck. Then I abruptly broke into hysteria. "So his affections were feigned, just like everything else."

She was conversely delighted. "Yes. All of it were lies."

The people who passed between the hospital doors cast looks of bafflement my way as I sat there.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 409

Rebecca leaned in and breathed in a sinister tone. “Did you really think he did not know about the child? If your child didn’t die in your mother’s hands, he would have been smothered by the prenatal vitamins that Jared gave you. The man closest to you is more frightening than you could ever imagine.”

My stomach churned. A metallic taste cumulated inside my mouth before I retched blood.

Rebecca’s eyes widened as her delight grew. “You’ve lost—utterly and completely.”

She stood up and loomed over me briefly before she made her exit.

When Ashton returned, I was in a daze as I stared at the pool of claret on the floor. The only sensation I felt was pain—in my chest and in the very fibers of my being.

“What happened here, Scarlett?” he said as he extended his hand to lend support.

Slap!

That backhand, rendered with every ounce of energy that was left inside of me, seemingly had no effect whatsoever on him.

The man’s slender frame stiffened as he tried to suppress his anger. “What’s going on?”

I suddenly found him extremely revolting. “Get out of here!”

He furrowed in response and swept me into his arms before he took me back inside the hospital.

I was examined and made to undergo numerous tests.

Upon completion, I lay on the hospital bed and stared vacuously at the pitch-black screen of the LCD television. “Let’s get a divorce, Ashton!”

It would be best if we went our separate ways.

The rage he tried to force down boiled over. "Do you know what you are saying?"

I lowered my puffy eyes and lifted my hands to soothe them. "It was a mistake right from the beginning. Right now, it's still not too late to split up and start over."

"Hmph!" he sneered. "Mistake? Starting over? Are you condemning me, Scarlett?"

I did not waver as I looked at him. "I'm returning everything that belongs to the Fullers, including whatever shares in HiTech that Grandpa left me. Consider this my repayment for the debt of gratitude that I owed him."

His eyes narrowed and his thin lips trembled as he struggled to contain himself. "Your reason being?"

Reason?

I smiled a slight smile. Having gone through and endured so much along the way, I had become dead and putrid inside.

"I've been married to you for three years. I also know from when I stepped into the Fullers that Rebecca will always be special to you. I've already mentally prepared myself for the day that you would leave me for her."

Against his darkened eyes, I could not muster a smile. “You couldn’t protect me and love me, nor was I able to make you. That is my failing, for which I have only myself to blame. However, it doesn’t justify you taking advantage of my foolish affections to hurt me and our baby for Rebecca’s sake.”

His mouth was agape. “What did she tell you?”

My fingers gripped against themselves and dug my nails into flesh so as to alleviate my anguish. “She told me whatever there was to tell. I’ve never actually thought about reconnecting with my birth parents. I’m not upset about you wanting Rebecca to steal my identity so that she may have a brighter future, but you shouldn’t have dragged me down. I’ve told you before that if you chose to divorce me, I would leave with the child and make a life for ourselves. Both of you could then use the Moore family’s connections and lead your own lives.”

“Scarlett...” his voice held a multitude of emotions.

I took in a deep drawl. “But why must you ruin my life? Why must you make me suffer the pain of separation over and over, and even bring harm to the people around me? What did I ever do to you to make you hate me so much that you must keep me around and keep torturing me this way?”

“I...” He sounded a little choked up. Exhaling, I tried to laugh, but could not even manage that. “I will find someone and work out the divorce agreement. This will be the last thing I ask of you, Ashton. Let me go.”

His eyes were bloodshot when he regarded me. I could sense the pain that percolated within.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. “Please leave.”

Grandma said that life was short. Some would muddle through it, and others would go through it with clarity. Either way, one must live as one deemed fit.

Having stumbled my way through so many years, it would take a tremendous effort for me to try to turn things around.

His gaze remained transfixed upon me. The lights in the ward were simply too bright. It stabbed at my eyes and forced them shut.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 410

In the end, I pulled the blanket over my face and shut myself off.

Cameron and Zachary rushed over and were met with the sight of a dejected Ashton standing by the bed.

The older woman turned her attention to me. "Why did you vomit blood? Were they able to find out the cause?"

I did not answer, as I had neither the strength nor the desire to.

Ashton looked at them but continued to keep mum. It was the beginning of a prolonged silence.

In the days that followed, Ashton, Cameron, and Zachary all visited in turn. It was as though they had a mutual agreement to maintain the placidity.

As it was not any serious affliction, I was discharged after three days.

Ashton came to fetch me and brought me to the villa.

The quietude almost felt like second nature to me. One look at everything in the bedroom had me feeling what a joke this life of mine had been.

I did not have much that I needed to take with me, as everything that came into my possession since my marriage into the Fullers was purchased by Ashton. Apart from my identity card and graduation certificate, I had practically brought nothing along.

"It's already late and won't be safe for you to go out now. You should rest for today." Ashton reached out from behind me and held down the hand I was packing with.

With my lips pursed, I withdrew and regarded him staidly. "That won't be necessary. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Fuller."



His brows folded into a deep frown. "Must we go down this path, Scarlett? It doesn't have to be like this."

"Yes. We didn't. But why have I come to see this as the only way out?"

His expression was wrenched in despondency and misery. "I'm sorry!"

"If you could bring back my child and Macy, I'd gladly accept your apology." To believe that a simple apology could erase his sins was sheer mockery.

It was a grey day in February. A slight drizzle tapped icily against the other side of the fogged-up windows as I took my luggage from his hands.

When I left the bedroom behind and stepped outside the doorway, I breathed a sigh of relief. At long last, it was over.

Jackson turned in. With his hair cropped short, he looked energetic as he loaded my bags into the trunk.

He then looked me straight in the eye. "Let's go!"

Ashton was by the entrance to the house as I got into the car.

This was goodbye, and may be forever.

We had gone far, yet he remained where he was. His tall and slender frame subtly faded into the distant mist.

"Perhaps it wasn't so bad that it could not work out!" Jackson said.

I held the divorce papers in my hand. “At times, even when the flesh wounds heal, the trauma remains.”

Am I not able to let go?

From the fate that befell my child to learning about Macy’s death—I kept searching for excuses. I heaped my hatred and indignation upon Cameron in an attempt to absolve Ashton of all blame.

He really was an innocent party—helpless to do anything about the child and unable to look out for Macy. He took care of Rebecca out of a sense of obligation and responsibility. That was what I kept telling myself—over and over again.

I was not that petty. I could have accepted everything if he only cared about me.

What I had not expected was that he knew exactly what he was doing because he knew that Cameron and Zachary were my parents. I did not hate him for not telling me. Neither did I hate him for swapping the DNA samples of Rebecca and myself.

What I could not come to terms with was how he allowed Cameron to hurt me and for my contempt for her to fester in spite of him being aware that we were related by blood.

He could have let me go right from the start. He could have agreed to divorce when I first proposed it. I could have taken Summer and Macy to Q City and had my child there. We could have found sanctuary there.

In spite of foreseeable struggles with my finances, I could have raised the two children and lived out the rest of my life alongside them. Anything would have been better than contending with the loss of a child and my best friend.

At Glenwood Apartments.

Nick stood by the doorway with Summer in his arms. He paused when he saw Jackson and me. "The food's ready. It'll be served in a while."

Inside the house, he passed the little girl along to Jackson before he returned to the kitchen.

Summer had been well behaved. It softened my heart just looking at her. I reached out and held her little hands in mine and played with her.

This went on for a while more before Jackson spoke up, "What's next?"

"I'm going to take Summer to R Province," I replied after giving it some thought.

I then turned to regard him. "Help me make some calls. I'd like to sell the apartment that I have here at Glenwood."

"Are you short on cash?"

"No! Macy and I bought one unit each back then. With the proceeds from the sale of the bar, I could get another in Q City. Couple that and the remaining one here, Summer should be set for the future."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 411

As for myself, I have made a considerable sum from my time at Fuller Corporation as well as from the deal with OrbitTech, so I feel pretty safe going forward.

I would sell off the property I own in Glenwood Apartments and acquire a smaller unit in R Province. That would be where Summer and myself would reside.

The man was silent for some time before he regarded me. "Is there no way back for you and Ashton?"

I merely smiled. "I'd been deluding myself for far too long. Before this, I used to see that baby in my dreams, calling out for me to save him. The birthmark on his forehead was stuck in my head. Yet I keep telling myself that Ashton had no choice, that it was not what he wanted. At some point, Jackson, everyone has to face up to reality."

He pursed his lips. "What about the Moore family? And the Stovalls? Have you thought about them?"

Summer held on tight and refused to go.

That put a smile on my face. "I had never thought about the Moores, but I'm sure Uncle Louis would understand."

I took in a deep drawl. "John and Cameron were closely aligned back then. If Ashton knew, why do you think John would not? He knew I'm Cameron's daughter, and knew what Ashton did. Who knows, maybe he might be in on it too. Cameron and Zachary are not foolish. How could they not know the DNA samples were tampered with?"

Jackson pursed his lips and held his tongue.

Spring arrived early in J City. After a few torrential showers, some trees had begun to sprout.

Summer had grown a few more inches. She now liked having adults bounce around with her.

Ever the efficient worker, Jackson managed to find a buyer for my unit in Glenwood Apartments within a couple of days.

When I purchased the unit years ago, I did not pay too much for it. Most of my spending went into the interiors and furnishing.

The prospective buyers were easygoing. Even though I was in a hurry to sell, they did not try to bargain and offered to take it off my hands at the market rate.

The paperwork would take some time to settle. I had wanted to go to the cemetery to visit George and Grandma for a while then.

Over the weekend, I headed out early. As Summer was still little, I did not want to take her there.

Hence, I drove down alone.

We were almost into March. The morning sun was mild. Perhaps owing to the rain, the environment glistened with dew.

Since it was still early, there were not many visitors at the cemetery. Those present stood on the slabs and paid respects to their dear and departed.

I spaced out before Grandma's grave, transfixed upon the photograph that had been weathered brown upon the headstone.

"I've almost lost my way when all of you left me on my own, Grandma. Please take care of my baby on the other side..."

I breathed in deep and held my pain and my silence. May the dead be at peace, and the living be well.

The presence I sensed behind me made me froze. Without guessing, I knew it was him.

Some time had passed before I exhaled. I turned and made straight for the outside of the cemetery without acknowledging him.

As I brushed past him, my wrist was seized upon. It caught me off guard, albeit momentarily. I twisted out of his grasp and regarded him without emotion. "It's fine even if you won't sign on the papers. Once we're separated for three years, our marriage will be dissolved automatically."

"Is there no way back?"

I collected myself and scoffed, "You should have thought about that when you decided to deceive me."

"Do you hate me?"

"I don't hate you, Ashton. But that's all about it."

I felt like I have turned the corner and was ready to move on.

Physically distancing from him, I broke eye contact. "If you have ever felt anything for me at all, let me go so that we may both go our own ways. That would be for the best."

I turned around and exited the cemetery. It was dusk by the time I returned to the Glenwood Apartments.

A voice emanated from within as I stood outside. It was Cameron's.

I opened the door and entered.

As expected, Cameron and Zachary were seated inside the living room playing with Summer. They sat upright, seemingly as startled as a deer in the headlights.

"Y-You're back!" Cameron was first to speak. Hers was a bundle of nerves.

I nodded. It appeared that Jackson and Nick were not around. "Did they go out?"

"No," she replied. "Mr. Kane's in the nursery, and Nick's gone out to get something."

I nodded and left it at that.

Summer extended her arms toward me. I took the opportunity to take her off their hands before I settled myself on the couch.

Cameron and Zachary exchanged awkward looks with each other.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 412

They might have something they wished to say, but I did not prompt them and focused my attention on Summer instead.

When Cameron finally had enough of the inertness, she looked to me. "I heard from Nick that you are getting a divorce from Mr. Fuller."

I nodded to that but merely grunted under my breath.

She was stunned and did not know how to respond.

It was Zachary who got a little agitated. "Good riddance to him. Having a scheming man like him around will sooner or later lead to our ruin."

Cameron frowned slightly, momentarily at a loss. She looked at me and exhaled. "Where will you go from here?"

I pursed my lips. "If you have something to say to me, just get to it."

They were dumbstruck. "Have you found out about the swapping of your DNA samples, Scarlett?"

"I have. I was brought up by Grandma and never needed my birth parents for so many years. When you abandoned me back then, you should have been mentally prepared that I'm not likely to acknowledge you."

Cameron was taken aback. She paused briefly before she cried into her own hands. I took a moment before I continued, "After everything that happened in the last year, the most I could do is not to accord hate or blame. So from now on, we should all keep our distance and lead our own lives."



Her eyes were reddened and moist when she looked at me. "My dear, I understand if you are upset. But you can't possibly not acknowledge us as you are our flesh and blood. How would I have harmed you if I knew this right from the start?"

"So if I were Rebecca and not your own child, you would harm me without restraint? Where in the world are there people without enmity? But if enmity justifies murder, then what would become of humanity?"

"I made a mistake!" Cameron burst into tears. "I've been reflecting a lot about the path I've gone down recently and realized how wrong I was. In the end, I was punished for them!"

Zachary looked a little downcast as he pulled his wife into his arms and comforted her, "There, there. It's all in the past."

He turned to me. "My child, I understand your sentiments. It's okay if you don't want to return with us, but as parents, we can't possibly let you endure hardship outside."

The elderly man retrieved a black card from his suit pocket. "Hang on to this. You will always be the young lady of the Moore family, no matter where you are. There's no spending limit on this card. I won't try to dictate the future that you choose. I only ask that you take care of yourself."

Cameron's eyes widened. "What do you think you are doing? Now she can only depend on us as she's divorced from Ashton. Where do you expect her to go? I can take care of her if she comes with us. What's more, how is she to cope with a child on her own?"

Zachary exhaled. "It would be better if she doesn't get embroiled in our troubles. I'm sure she has her own plans and the right to choose something better."

Cameron lowered her head and finally relented and regarded me with eyes reddened. "Do take care of yourself outside, and come back to us anytime, whenever you are ready."

I did not accept the black card. "I appreciate your concern. Though I may not be well off, I've enough savings over the years to raise my girl. Please bring that back with you."

With that, I got to my feet. "It's getting late and Summer is hungry, so I must excuse myself."

When I carried Summer into the room, we bumped into Jackson at the door. He blinked before he eked out an awkward smile. "You go ahead. Let me make myself scarce."

He stepped away from the bedroom before I closed the door behind him and tended to Summer.

It was not long before Jackson knocked upon the door. "Are you done, Scarlett? Can I come in?"

I laid down the sleeping child and went to the door. "Summer's asleep. Let's go outside."

He nodded.

In the living room.

He extended a palm toward me. "Give me your hand!"

"What for?" I asked with a frown.

He looked at me and did not answer.

When I grudgingly did as asked, a black card was placed on my palm. He stopped me just as I was about to protest. "Keep it. It'll make them feel better."

I pursed my lips and remained silent.

“No one wanted this. Nothing could be undone, but we can all move forward. And this is what we can do in the here and now to facilitate that process.”

I understood his intentions. “Don’t get all righteous on me. I’m not as vindictive a person as you might think. The present isn’t too bad, all things considered. So let’s try to do better.”

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 413

It was the start of Spring.

It was drizzly at times in J City, and the sun was high on others. The greens along the scenic areas within the city center invariably started to explode in a dazzle of hues.

Peach blossoms had also begun to flower in more than a few tourist attractions too. Once I have tied up the loose ends in J City, I brought Summer along to book tickets for K City.

At the airport.

Jackson and Nick insisted on seeing us all the way to the boarding gate. Jackson looked particularly reluctant to part from Summer as he held her. "I don't understand why you have to leave when you could make as good a life for yourself here in J City."

"I distinctly remember someone saying yesterday that it's important to not part on bad terms. Are you worried about leaving Summer with me?"

"You're her mother, so what's there for me to worry about? Go on then. Stop being an eyesore and get out of here."

I had just one carry-on with me as I did not own much, to begin with. It would be a hassle to lug the rest of my things around with Summer in tow, so I packed only her bottle and diapers with me.

Nick had instructed the flight crew so everything was loaded on board beforehand.

Seeing that it was almost time, Jackson apprehensively asked, "Are you really not going to say goodbye to Ashton?"

I shook my head and merely smiled.

He exhaled. "This is some major beef with the Moores, so he must have his hands full trying to stave off Zachary's wrath. I'm doubtful that he'll be able to make himself available to see you off anyway."

I made no comment. With the air tickets in hand, I watched him wave to us. "Take care of yourselves!"

The man choked up as he was missing Summer already. "Send me a message when you've settled down. We'll come to visit."

I nodded. Nick had one hand in his pocket. "See you!"

"Bye, you guys!" I smiled.

Once inside the first-class cabin, the air stewardess brought a baby-sized bolster for Summer and had a child safety seat set up next to me.

Flying for the first time must have been very exciting for Summer as she did not sleep a wink in four hours.

Her endearing appearance ensured that some air stewardesses would come by and interact with her from time to time, all the way to K City. It was only when we disembarked that the little one fell asleep on my chest.

Outside the airport, I planned to hail a ride to take us directly to the hotel. This was when John's call came in.

I switched off the phone and turned my attention toward looking for a cab instead.

As I waited, a black Bentley rolled to a halt in front of me. Then the window winded down.

John seemed to have thinned out since I last saw him several days ago. His facial features had become gaunter.

“It’s hard to catch a ride at the airport, and traffic is going to get crazy near peak hour. You should hop in!” he said.

I noticed a cab turn in not far behind, so I ignored the man and walked toward the hired car instead.

When I got in, I cited the destination. The driver was curious to see a child with me. “Are you here in K City to visit?”

I shook my head and softened my voice as Summer was sleeping soundly. “I’m here to settle some business.”

The driver smiled as he engaged the engine. “Is it work related?”

I nodded. “Yup!”

“My daughter’s about the same age as you are. It’s tough on young people like yourself, having to bring your kid around for work!” he lamented as he glanced up at the rear-view mirror.

What he observed put a frown between his eyes. “I don’t know what’s the deal with this Bentley behind us. It’s been on our tails since the airport. Do you know who’s in it?”

“Nope!”

Thankfully, we eluded the jam and made it to the hotel in forty minutes. When I alighted, I went straight inside.

John was still following. As I was checking in, the lady at the front desk occasionally stole glances at the handsome chap with a hand in his pocket standing behind me.

As I was carrying both the child and a bag, the woman asked, "Would you like for us to assist with your luggage, Miss?"

"It's fine. I'll bring her up!" John got in before me.

The lady was astounded. "Mr. Stovall!"

John nodded. He picked up the bag that I had left on the floor and grabbed the key card directly from the woman before he made a beeline for the elevator.

I frowned, but did not voice my disapproval.

Inside the room, when he ascertained that I was unwilling to converse, he went on to survey the interior to ensure that it was secure. Once satisfied, he called for service.

As it was a long day, I was a little exhausted. The man did not seem like he was going to leave. "If there's nothing else, I'd like to rest!"

His dark eyes seemed to light up when I took the initiative to talk to him. "I've ordered some food. You should have some before you turn in. I promise that you won't even notice that I'm here."

Oh, forget it. I went inside the washroom to freshen up and got out Summer's bottle and diapers.

I would feed her as soon as she was awake, and give her a change of diapers.

Room service arrived shortly. The food he laid out was mostly lighter on the taste buds and suited for my palate.

I looked at him. "It's been delivered. Now go!"

He tried to say something but changed his mind when he saw that my daughter had roused. "She's up, so it'll be easier if I attend to her while you eat. I'll leave as soon you're done!"



## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 414

I was indeed famished so I made no protest, and ate some of it before I had the food runner clear the table.

Summer kept crying, the cause of which I attributed to being in an unfamiliar environment. I proceeded to change her diapers.

I would not usually use the water from hotel rooms. After some consideration, I looked to John. "I will need some warm mineral water."

He nodded and figured out what it was for, and left the room.

In his absence, I fed Summer. That got her to quiet down.

When John returned, he had someone ferried in a water dispenser and a barrel of mineral water, as well as a new basin.

"You could use that to bathe Summer later as her skin is sensitive..." He then looked at me attentively.

I nodded and poured some water to wipe down Summer's face. Having slept enough and ate her fill, she looked to be in fine spirits.

John had my daughter in his arms when I dozed off on the couch.

It was night when I came to. I shot up when I saw that Summer was not beside me.

The blanket put over me slid off as my eyes darted around the room. Summer was nowhere in sight.

I managed to keep my wits and fished out my phone to call John.

Before the call went out, the door opened.

In came John with a baby cart. Summer was fast asleep inside.

He was surprised when he saw me covered in cold sweat. "I noted that you traveled light from K City so I got someone to get you some clothes and essentials. K City is much colder than J City, so it would be more convenient in case you need to launder!"

Upon seeing Summer, I sat back down. "Thank you. It's getting late so you should get going!"

He appeared tentative. "I know that you are resentful of me, so it's fine if you want to take it out on me. But you can't possibly keep me away as I'm your brother. Both Summer and yourself need someone to care for you."

My eyes narrowed. "Leave! I can take care of her myself!"

"Why are you so stubborn? What's done is done. Have you thought about Summer's future, pushing all of us away like this?"

Nothing was going to shake my resolve in this regard. "That's right. We can't change the past. All I want is to have some peace and quiet. Is that too much to ask?"

He was taken aback and responded with a shrug. "Okay. I'll leave you to it then."

My purpose for being in K City was firstly to fulfill my responsibility by wrapping up the AI development project that I had been overseeing for White Corporation.

The other being to bid Louis farewell. As it may be hard for me to travel with Summer, I expected to be staying put in R Province for a couple of years, at least.

Once the matters in K City were settled, we moved on to a new place and thus a new chapter began.

Four years later.

Time flew by in the blink of an eye. We moved into an old property located in one of R Province's alleys.

That being said, it was not exactly old, as it had been revamped previously. At first impression, it would not look markedly different from any newer property.

There were two stories and four rooms. It was not particularly big overall, but the yard was comparably spacious. The walls enclosed our area and separated ours from the neighbors'.

The environment and weather in R Province were pretty decent. Apart from the locals, most of the residents who lived here were retirees, seeking to enjoy life in the countryside.

With the huge yard, Summer had more space to be active in. I watched as she tottered until she grew to become swift and steady on her feet.

The longer the days, the more there was for remembrance.

Summer was not able to adjust to life in R Province when we first arrived. She used to cry in the middle of the night and nothing that I tried, worked. As the frequency grew, I often found myself crying alongside her.

I ended up very sick on one occasion. When she turned one, she became more obedient once she was able to comprehend my moods better.

R Province was a very remote place, and I only started job hunting when she turned three.

On her first day of kindergarten, she tugged at my hand. "You have to come to pick me up in the evening, Mommy. I'll be waiting."

In the three years that came, Summer healed me. She helped me recover from my longing for my lost child, and to forget everyone in K City and J City.

It was as though our lives no longer had anything to do with them.

I held her close and kissed her. "Mommy will be here on time!"

This child had already melded with me into one inseparable entity.

There were basically no listed companies in R Province and no tech companies which developed advanced technologies here either. The first job I could find as a single mother was the position of dishwasher at a small family restaurant.

In the corner to the back of the eatery, I scrubbed down the utensils. While the revelry went on around me, I enjoyed in solitude the comfort which the soft foam brought me.

Though this way of life lacked the grandeur and excitement that K City offered, it was where I felt most at ease.

At five in the afternoon, I went to pick up Summer and brought her over to the restaurant where she would help with the dishes at the back.

She would often ask this of me, "Do I have a father, Mommy?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 415

“Do you want a Dad?” I asked her.

Surprisingly, Summer was more sensible than I expected. She shot back, “What about you?”

I smiled lightly. The darkness slowly descended over the city. On the way home, I gave her a bag of freshly baked chocolate buns.

The buns tasted delicious as we savored them, sitting on a stone bench in the yard.

Sometimes, I would dream of a young Macy running towards me with her arms full of mangoes.

We would slice the mangoes up and mix them with sugar. Our entire afternoon would be dedicated to doing only that.

I started sleeping better after Summer had gotten used to living in R Province. In fact, the sun was usually already high in the sky whenever I woke up.

There was a resort next to the R Province lake that was constructed about half a year ago. After finishing work at the restaurant, I headed over to the hotel to start my janitorial job.

The job was relatively easy. I only took up the job because it was near Summer’s school, so it was convenient for me to drop her off and pick her up.

It was late evening when I finished cleaning the hotel and changed into a set of new clothes, preparing to pick Summer up from school.

“Going to pick your daughter up?” Colin asked, leaning against a door frame.

Colin was the hotel manager—a tall, broad man in his late thirties with a handsome face. I turned to look at him, nodding. “Do you need me to help pick Michael up too?”

He chuckled and shook his head. "I intend to go together with you."

Colin was the one who interviewed me when I first applied for a job here. Looking confused as he read over my resume, he had asked, "You graduated from a reputable university, so why are you applying to be a janitor?"

"I believe all work is equal." I shrugged. "Besides, the salary of a janitor isn't that low."

He had raised an eyebrow, smiling in amusement. It was true that the rest of the job positions in the hotel had trial periods and promotion periods, with everyone sharing the same low salary in the beginning.

However, the janitor position was different, and it had a fixed, above-average salary.

It might have been fate that brought the two of us together. We eventually became closer after learning that we were both single parents.

Due to his job as a manager, there were times when he couldn't pick his son up from school and would occasionally ask me to pick his son and Summer up together.

We left the hotel premises in his car. The drive to school took less than ten minutes.

Many parents were waiting outside the kindergarten entrance. There were also several senior citizens in the crowd, sitting in the rest area outside the school.

"We still have five minutes. The sunshine is really bright today, so why don't you sit down over there for a bit?" Colin pointed to an empty seat under the shadow of a large tree.

I laughed. "I'll be fine! Five minutes isn't that long." Perhaps it was the postpartum side effects, but my body was easily prone to becoming sore and tired in recent years.

He chuckled and decided not to push the topic any further, glancing at his watch. “There’ll be an opening for a position with an attractive salary package. The only downside is that you will have to make business trips. I can talk with the higher-ups and make some arrangements for you if you’re interested.”

“I can’t go on business trips. Summer gets scared when she’s home alone.” I refused, shaking my head.

“I knew you’d say that.” Colin wiped at his forehead and grinned. “There are not many business trips to attend to. Besides, you will receive two paychecks—another one as a receptionist. After all, R Province is a small city. There wouldn’t be many business trips or reception. So, the company believes that they could get one person to take up two roles.”

I blinked owlshly. The offer did sound tempting. “How much is the pay?”

“Eight thousand!” He paused briefly, then said, “You’re a graduate of a well-known university. Being a janitor is a waste of your talents. Plus, living costs are going to increase as Summer grows up, and your current salary isn’t going to cut it.”

He wasn’t wrong. The expenses and cost of buying a house after leaving J City had left me with little savings.

Summer was already five years old, and most kids started developing hobbies and interests at her age. I was considering signing her up for an art class just a few days ago.

I thought the idea over, looking up at Colin. “Are you sure?”

“I promise!” He nodded.

“Then, could you please make the arrangements for me? Thank you!”



“Of course,” he promised. “Just a thank you won’t suffice, though. You’ll have to treat me to dinner someday.”

“No problem!”

The gates to the kindergarten swung open, and the teachers brought students out class by class.

Summer and Michael were in the same class. Bright smiles were plastered on their faces as soon as they spotted us.

“Mommy!” Summer squealed, looking up at her teacher. “Ms. Nikki, Michael’s and my parents are here! We’re leaving now, bye-bye!”

The sentence barely left her mouth before she grabbed ahold of Michael and took off dashing towards us.

Hugging my legs, Summer pleaded cutely, “Mommy, I invited Michael to eat with us today because we both think your cooking is yummy.”

Then she leaned in close to my ear and whispered, “Don’t embarrass me, okay?”

I laughed awkwardly, turning to the young boy. “Would you like to eat at our place tonight, Michael?” my?

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Michael was an introvert. He gripped his father's hand tightly as he stared at Summer and nodded. "Mhm. Thank you, Ms. Stovall!"

"Let's go, then!"

At home, Summer and Michael busied themselves with picking produce in the backyard while Colin left to purchase fish.

Meanwhile, I started washing vegetables in the kitchen.

For the past four years, I had made a habit of personally cooking for Summer so as to ensure she had a balanced diet. As a result, my cooking skills had improved greatly.

After I'd washed the vegetables, the two kids came stumbling into the kitchen, each carrying a small basket.

Michael's basket was filled to the brim—some of the vegetables inside threatening to spill over.

Summer's basket only had several miscellaneous vegetables. It looked like she had been walking behind Michael and carefully picking up anything that had actually fallen out of his basket.

"We're back, Mommy!" Summer proudly held her basket high up in the air, her face streaked with dirt.

I took the basket from Michael, hurriedly wiping away the sweat on his face. "You should share some with Summer next time. It's too heavy for you to carry yourself!"

The boy grinned, his eyes soft and full of affection as he looked at Summer. "She's too small to carry this!"

"That's right, Mommy! I asked Michael to help me carry these because I'm not strong enough!" Summer giggled. I couldn't help but wonder if she had learned this shamelessness from Jackson.

Furrowing my eyebrows, I scolded, "If you bully Michael like this again, I'll make you water all the vegetables in the backyard by yourself."

"I don't care. I won't be by myself, anyway." She pouted.

This little...

Michael had always rushed to help her whenever she was receiving punishment. It would seem that she had gotten used to his company, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Colin came back, having bought some carp fish and shrimp.

Summer picked up one of the shrimp and started chasing poor Michael around with it in the yard.

Taking the basket of produce from me, Colin said, "I'll wash these. The fish have been cleaned, so you can cook them straight away."

I nodded.

Soon, the two kids smelled the food and gathered around the stove, staring up at me as their stomachs grumbled.

"Go and set the table, you little wolves!" Colin ordered them, putting down the clean vegetables next to me.

Just like I'd expected, Michael went off to take out the plates and utensils while Summer didn't budge an inch.

Colin laughed, picking her up in his arms and setting her aside. "Be a good girl and take the fruits by the sink and place them on the dinner table. We'll start eating soon, I promise."

She nodded, whining in my direction, "Hurry up, Mommy! I'm hungry!"

Nodding, I plated up the dishes and Colin served them up.

A giggle escaped me when I spotted the kids were already waiting eagerly in their seats. "You guys go ahead. My vegetable stew's not done yet."

"We'll wait for you, Mommy!" Summer suggested, grinning in anticipation at me even though she was starving.

After dinner, Colin and Michael washed the dishes while Summer and I went to the yard to pick some fruits.

I had scattered lots of watermelon seeds in the garden last spring and bought several peach trees when I first moved to R Province. Now, the yard would bless us with an abundance of fresh fruits every year at the height of summer.

A basket in one arm, Summer picked up some peaches from the ground, asking, "Mommy, do you like Mr. Johnson?"

I cracked up with laughter, pinching her tiny nose. "What are you trying to say, sweetheart?"

She held her chin, deep in thought. "I was thinking if you could make Mr. Johnson my Daddy."

“Do you want a Daddy that badly?” I did a double-take.

Summer tilted her head, scrunching her face up in contemplation before solemnly saying, “Not really. But, I like Michael. If you got married to Mr. Johnson, then I can get married to Michael too.”

“You can still get married to Michael without Mr. Johnson marrying your Mommy!” A deep, loud voice called out from behind us.

The both of us whipped around in surprise. Summer gasped and ran as fast as her short legs could take her. “Mr. Jackson!”

His arms opened wide for Summer to run into them, which she happily did. “If you really want a father, why don’t you call me Daddy, Summer?” he suggested.

She was quiet for a moment before replying, “But my friend said that a Daddy is someone who sleeps on the same bed as Mommy.”

She...

Jackson pursed his lips, glancing over at me. “Your daughter knows too much.”

Guffawing, I held the basket in one arm and a watermelon in another as I walked towards him. “Why are you here? Didn’t you say that you were busy?”

He let go of Summer, taking the basket and watermelon from me. "I figured that the fruits in your garden would be ripe by now, so I plan on staying over for the next few days to eat some. Is that okay?"

"Of course!"

Jackson had opened up a counseling clinic in J City, and things were going swimmingly for him these past few years.

He had come to visit us quite frequently when we first moved to R Province. However, those visits were reduced to only once per year due to how busy he was getting.

The sky was dark after we had fruits for dessert, and Summer insisted on going out to take a walk.

Not having much else to do, everyone subsequently tagged along and headed out.

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Both sides of the street were lined with rose bushes that were always in full bloom during this time of the year. Summer liked playing here, and she liked dragging Colin and Michael along here with her as well.

Every time she came here, she would ask for an ice cream cone, and Colin would buy one for her.

Colin exited a shop, handing one ice cream cone each to Summer and Michael before giving me one as well.

I chuckled. He's treating me like a child.

Summer carefully licked at her cone, lifting her head up to look at Colin. "Mr. Johnson, why do you always buy ice cream for Mommy too? Mommy says that only kids eat ice cream, and adults don't."

"Your Mommy is a kid, just like you," joked Colin.

Summer glanced at Jackson in confusion, going on to ask, "Mr. Jackson is the same age as Mommy, so does that mean he's a kid? Why didn't you buy ice cream for Mr. Jackson?"

Jackson nearly spat his water out. "That's because I'm a manly man. I'm not a kid, so I don't eat these kinds of things. Your Mommy and I are different—no matter how old your Mommy gets, she will always be a child."

Summer nodded, although it didn't look like she understood a single thing he'd said.

As the sky grew darker and darker, the street lamps suddenly lit up. I couldn't help but gasp at the sight. Nick and I had walked through a street that looked similar to this one in the past.

That street had also been filled with rose bushes, but this one didn't have a night market, nor a barbecue stand.

"What are you thinking about?" Jackson nudged me, jolting me from my daze.

I realized that Summer and Michael had already run off a good distance away. Colin was following closely behind them.

I shook my head slowly in response to Jackson's question.

His eyes darted between Colin and me, raising an eyebrow. "He's quite alright—personality-wise and looks-wise. Other than being a little older, he'd be a good choice."

His sudden comment took me aback, and I furrowed my eyebrows as I turned to him. "Huh?"

"Trying to find you a good partner!" He shrugged.

"I take it you're not so busy with work after all," I teased.

He sighed, saying casually, "I just think he's a good guy. He treats you well and has been helping to look after Summer these past few years. Besides, you're thirty years old. Now that you've moved on, you should start rebuilding your life and find someone so that you'll feel less lonely when Summer grows up."

I rolled my eyes and decided to ignore him, heading towards the kids.

"Don't roll your eyes at me. I'm being serious!" Jackson chased after me, ranting on, "Ashton is already planning on getting engaged. You should really start to think about your own future as well."



A chill ran down my spine, and I stiffened for the briefest moment. Taking a few seconds to process the new information, I glanced back at Jackson. "Engaged?"

He nodded. "With Rebecca. She is his responsibility, after all. Even if there's no love between them, he has to take responsibility for her, so getting married isn't that big of a deal. You, on the other hand, should honestly consider Colin."

I sighed, walking away. The night had turned darker than I last remembered.

That's right.

It's been four years. Ashton starting to live his own life shouldn't have come as a surprise.

We were now strangers to each other. I should be wishing him well.

Quietly finishing my ice cream under the dim glow of the street lamps, I suddenly felt like this street resembled my life's journey.

Summer was sound asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow at home. Colin had brought Michael home as well, and Jackson stayed up chatting with me for a while longer before retreating to his guest room.

In my bedroom, I hugged my hurting stomach for a long time, unable to move from the pain. Even after four years, I would still suffer from horrible cramps every time I got my period.

And to top it all off, I had also eaten ice cream today.

I'd thought that I could sleep off the pain, just like I used to, but I didn't expect to lose consciousness in the middle of the night.

When I came to, I was at the hospital. Jackson's arms were crossed as he glared at me. "Don't tell me you didn't know you're not supposed to eat ice cream while on your period."

I sighed weakly, licking my dry lips. "It doesn't hurt anymore."

He huffed, his eyes slightly swollen and red. "Summer was so scared that she burst into tears and refused to leave your side. I was in the next room. You could have called me or shouted out. Why did you endure the pain by yourself? Since when you started not telling others whenever you're hurting?"

He has a point.

Since when had I started to keep all my pain to myself?

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me," I chuckled lightly, shaking my head.

Sensing that I wasn't taking any of his words to heart, Jackson stormed out of the hospital ward, clearly pissed off.

Colin helped me with some of the hospitalization procedures, looking apologetic as he turned to me. "I'm really sorry. I should have noticed sooner!"

"I was craving a sweet treat, so it wasn't your fault," I reassured him. "Has Michael already gone off to school?"

“Yes, and so has Summer. Though, she’s still very worried about you. I’ll make a trip to the school later and tell her that you’re doing better.”

“Thank you.” Summer and I were co-dependent on each other. I couldn’t leave her, and she couldn’t leave me.

“You’re welcome.” He smiled like he wasn’t sure what to do with me. “You need to rest here for two days while I handle things at the hotel. You can pause your janitorial job for a while and focus on your new job. Hopefully, that’ll take some of the burdens off of your shoulders.”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 418

Afraid that Colin would think I was a broken record if I thanked him again, I just laughed self-consciously. "I'll leave that to you."

He set the hospitalization form down on the bedside table, sighing. "You shouldn't try to shoulder everything yourself."

I pursed my lips.

As it turned out, I was not in a serious condition. Jackson stayed accompanying me. There was someone to take care of Summer, and Colin would visit me sometimes.

I had been busy with work and taking care of Summer every day for the past four years. It felt strange to have a few days of free time with nothing to handle or manage.

Jackson looked at me as we were packing my things before getting discharged from the hospital. "The doctor says that you developed this illness as a result of giving birth. You better take good care of yourself from now on. You're only thirty years old, so don't end up looking like a hag by the time you turn forty."

I hummed, changing the topic. "Summer wants to eat fried chicken. Let's drop by the supermarket on the way home."

He rolled his eyes and shrugged. "Of course. That's your top priority."

I picked up my stuff and headed downstairs without another word.

Colin had kindly offered to drive us and was already waiting for us in the parking lot. I didn't have a good reason to refuse him, so I got in his car.

After buying chicken at the supermarket and sending Jackson and me home, he went back out to pick Summer and Michael up from school.

My days returned to their ordinary, mundane routine. I recalled how I used to dream about if, by some miracle, I could spend the rest of my life with Ashton.

Perhaps I was a more family-focused person. My ideal life was to take care of my children, learn new recipes, and make sure that my children and husband were healthy and happy.

But life doesn't always work out the way you want it to. I had let go of many things in the past four years. Yet, I always found myself thinking that maybe Ashton had his own grievances. Maybe he had his reasons for lying to me and hurting me.

Because I loved him too much, my hatred and anger towards him were poisoned with love. As time passed, those opposing emotions canceled each other out and dissolved into nothing. No matter what happened, we were now two separate people leading two separate lives.

Colin worked efficiently to secure me a spot in the office, but it was hard for me to get used to having a job that gave me so much free time.

As a result of that free time, I distracted myself by listening to some gossip and rumors that were going around the office. Apparently, someone in the hotel had committed suicide by jumping off a building because they were facing relationship troubles.

Some people in the office debated over the issue.

"I heard that the girl's parents are ministers from K City. I know that our hotel had no part in her death, but it still happened on our hotel grounds. I have a bad feeling about this."

“I know, right? We had put so much effort into helping the hotel recover, but now, it looks like we’ll have to look for new jobs again.”

“Ugh. I also heard that our parent company is super well-off and doesn’t care about the profits our small hotel is making. Those snobbish higher-ups probably don’t want to waste money on handling the situation. In fact, they might just shut down the hotel.”

“That means, we’re going to become unemployed... To think that I went through so much trouble to work here—where the pay is actually good and the environment is alright. I can’t believe I’m losing my job because of this.”

Some of the hotel receptionists stood near me and chatted as I subtly listened in on their conversation. They did have a point. R Province was a small city without any large corporations. Instead, it only had some factories and smaller companies.

This holiday hotel was already considered large compared to the other hotels in the city, with a better salary and working environment. If it shut down, I would have to look for a new job all over again.

It would be hard to find a job that paid even three thousand monthly. I couldn’t help but sigh internally. It was just my luck that this would happen right before I was about to get this month’s paycheck.

Colin walked in, furrowing his eyebrows as his stare swept over the gaggle of receptionists. “If you have time to stand around moping, I’d rather you use that time to think about the work you have done.”

The young women jumped, instantly scattering.

Colin headed towards me, noticing that I was staring blankly at my computer screen. “What are you doing? It’s nearly time to get off of work. Do you want to go pick up Summer and Michael together?”

I nodded on reflex before remembering the work I still had left. I frantically shook my head. "Please help me pick Summer up. I haven't finished my tasks yet."

Glancing at my computer screen that displayed an incomplete table, he laughed and walked away without another word.

The group of receptionists from before started whispering among themselves as soon as he stepped out the door, turning their focus to me.

Joyce stared me down with disdain. "Hey, Scarlett. How did you turn from a janitor into one of the most laidback workers at this hotel in charge of two positions overnight? What's your secret?"

Her tone sounded weirdly sharp and icy as she spoke. Someone else, adding fuel to the fire, chimed in, "Tell us, Scarlett. You seem so much prettier and wiser with experience compared to us. I'm sure you know some tips for sweet-talking people."

Joyce scoffed, flipping her hair over her shoulder. "Sweet-talk? More like sleeping around! I heard that women turn into hungry cougars when they become thirty years old, and it looks like Mr. Johnson couldn't escape this old witch's clutches either! Her method of using sex to benefit herself is much more convenient compared to our way of working hard day by day to get to where we are now!"

I looked up at them as they continuously spat out terms like "old witch" and "sleeping around."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 419

Immense envy for youth surged through me. The leniency that came with being a juvenile meant Joyce could speak without reservation and lash out at people as she pleased.

My gaze settled on the glass of water on the table. I stood up and approached her. There was no anger in my voice, but a cold indifference seeped through my words. "Indeed, I'm thirty now. That's four to five years older than you. I wonder what I was up to when I was your age."

Quirking an eyebrow, I continued, "I was a newlywed at that time, and my career had just taken off. The work culture back then was a lot more complicated than what you're experiencing now. I, too, had my fair share of interactions with some older girls at my workplace. They were all my superiors, but I focused on working hard to reach their status instead of sabotaging them."

"Witnessing your insolent behavior gave me an epiphany—that good upbringing is crucial. My parents taught me to look up to those who are better than me and follow in their footsteps, not defame them. Ms. Newton, your upbringing sure is... Disappointing."

Objectively, these were not harsh words, but it was a different story altogether since I involved her family and character.

Joyce was still young and easily incensed. Fuming, she raised a hand to slap me.

I was not a naive lady in her twenties. In one swift motion, I intercepted her swinging arm, picked up the glass of water, and mercilessly threw the water in her face.

"Ms. Newton, you'll get your tongue severed if you don't watch it well. Remember to choose your words wisely the next time you decide to run your mouth." I was in no mood to finish the forms and promptly left the office.

An enraged shriek pierced the air. "Scarlett, you vile woman! Just you wait and see!"

I could hear her having a mental breakdown behind me, but I paid her no heed and returned home.



Colin had brought Summer back. The young girl had been acting as my shadow lately, trailing behind me wherever I went. Perhaps my bout of illness had worried her, so she took to following me around for fear that something would happen to me.

Halfway through our meal, Colin suddenly looked at me and said, “A developer from K City will be checking in at the hotel tomorrow. You may need to entertain him on my behalf and plan an itinerary for his stay at R Province, which will last for a few days. The higher-ups decided that it would be best for him to take over the hotel after the incident.”

I paused momentarily before voicing my confusion. “Why is a developer taking over a hotel business?”

Colin smiled wryly. “The land around the hotel is undeveloped. As you rightly suspected, these developers have no interest in the hotel itself. Instead, they have plans to start up new projects near the hotel. R Province has been doing well in the past two years. Paired with the fact that we have beautiful scenery and a good number of foreign visitors, it would only take a couple of years to develop R Province into a tourist destination.”

His reasoning made sense. R Province was not huge, but it had picturesque scenery. Every year during spring, the daffodils surrounding the city would be in full bloom, making it appear as if the nondescript city were floating on a sea of yellow.

There were also numerous natural waterfalls and minorities living at the edge of the province. Recent trends showed that more and more people from busy, bumbling cities wished to live in a tranquil environment after retirement. R Province, with its peaceful surroundings, would be an ideal spot.

“What time will he arrive?” I inquired as I piled Summer and Michael’s plates with vegetables. The two children had identical preferences for food—both being meat-eaters with a strong aversion to greens. Their picky appetite warranted force-feeding to ensure that they get their nutrients.

Colin finished his food and set his utensils down. “Around noon. Make sure to dress professionally.”

I nodded in understanding. While I had never been a hostess, I had been on the receiving end a few times before, back when I held a high position in Fuller Corporation.

I had a good idea of how things worked.

The following day, I donned the clothes I brought with me from J City. I intentionally selected the outfit with hopes that I would appear presentable when I greeted the esteemed visitor. I barely bought any clothes in the last few years I lived in R province, and on the off chance that I did, the clothes were cheap items from night markets. It had been long since I last wore branded clothing, let alone customized outfits.

The outfit I had on was a customized piece by a renowned Italian designer, courtesy of Ashton. A plethora of similar clothing hung in my wardrobe. Back then, I was carrying Summer and had thrown on this formal attire for convenience when I left.

After arriving at R Province, the outfit had been shoved in a box, never to see the light for years. The attire that was worth tens of thousands now smelled vaguely of mold, but its exceptional workmanship shone through. Even years of neglect could not dim its excellent quality.

I stood waiting at the entrance of the hotel.

Coincidentally, Joyce was the receptionist on duty for today. When she glimpsed my luxurious attire, she could not help but make a sarcastic remark.

“Is seducing the manager not enough? Are you targeting the developer now? You’re a mere sparrow hoping to be a phoenix. Do you have no shame at all?”

Taking into account that we were in public, I refrained from commenting and gave Joyce the side-eye.

Our relationship had grown tense after the dispute the day before.

It was known to all that she had a beef with me.

A black Mercedes-Benz pulled up at the entrance. It might very well be the best vehicle in R Province.

Upon noticing the developer's arrival, Joyce averted her eyes and plastered a cordial smile on her face as she took her post near the door.

The hotel staff gathered at the entrance and stood in a line to welcome the distinguished guest.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 420

I walked toward the car and bent down to open the door.

However, I was interrupted before my hand made contact with the cool metal.

“Please, allow me!”

The man’s low, clear voice was familiar to me.

I reflexively lifted my eyes. A wave of astonishment washed over me as recognition clicked in my head. I realized in a split second that the developer in question was none other than Ashton.

Joseph appeared to be taken aback too. He flinched when he met my gaze before withdrawing his hand. He backed away and gestured toward the car. “Please.”

I went rigid. It would be a lie to say that I was unruffled, but the shock only lasted for a brief moment.

I quickly regained my composure and opened the car door with deference.

A pair of polished leather shoes appeared, followed by the man’s slender physique. He stood tall, his gaze shrewd but indifferent.

He glared frostily at Joseph, his imposing voice brimming with displeasure as he spoke, “Joseph, you...” He faltered midsentence. His hands, which were straightening his suit moments ago, froze in midair as if someone had cast a spell on him.

His sudden silence garnered the attention of everyone present, and they peered over with curiosity.

I frowned, loathing the unsolicited spotlight.

It took a while for him to collect himself. The hotel staff began to fidget uneasily, suspecting that they had butchered the welcome somehow.

Joseph knew him best. When he noticed the depth of Ashton's gaze on me, he cleared his throat and broke the awkward silence. "Mr. Fuller, let's head into the hotel to get some rest!"

Perhaps it was a hallucination, but I could sense his body quivering ever so slightly—whether it was due to excitement or ire would be a mystery.

After a long standstill, he tore his eyes away from me and wordlessly entered the hotel, escorted by a swarm of people.

He exuded a unique aura that made him stand out no matter where he went.

I watched his broad back and sighed. This is a reunion of sorts, but we are nothing more than strangers. The bitter irony was not lost on me.

The throng of people that surrounded him was so thick that I barely managed to squeeze past them to press the elevator button—a feat that would have been impossible had it not been my status as the hostess.

I was not paying attention to where I was going and tripped on someone's feet. I lost my balance and fell face-forward to the ground.

My knees hit the ground with a thud, and the pain shot up my thighs, spreading through my whole body. A hiss of agony escaped my lips.

In any other situation, my embarrassing predicament would have blown over quickly. After all, it was understandable that one would fall over in such a hectic environment.

However, I never expected Ashton to stop in his tracks and approach me. He pulled me to my feet without hesitation.

Time had been good to him. He had grown even more handsome in the past four years. "Are you hurt?"

I shook my head and found my footing. Retracting my hand from his grip, I gave him a faint smile. "I'm fine!"

Faking a tough exterior, I endured the pain in silence as I staggered to the elevator.

Colin introduced me to Ashton once we stepped into the elevator. "Mr. Fuller, this is Ms. Stovall, otherwise known as Scarlett. She is in charge of reception at the hotel and will be arranging your itinerary for the next few days. Please feel free to approach her if you have any inquires."

Ashton's eyes riveted on me as he replied impassively, "Alright."

I would have believed his calm facade had I not noticed the tremble in his hand, which was shoved in his pocket. The movement was so imperceptible that it almost escaped my notice, but it was hard to miss when I had my head down the whole time.

Colin swiped the key card to the room and left to attend to other matters. Joseph looked at me and spluttered, "Mrs. Fu— Ms. Stovall, you can go over Mr. Fuller's schedule with him. I have some tasks to do!"

I pursed my lips. Under normal circumstances, shouldn't I be arranging Ashton's schedule with Joseph? So why am I going over it with Ashton himself?

Joseph scuttled away, leaving the two of us in the room. Ashton reclined on the sofa, looking weary and worn out.

Work was work, and I had my responsibility to fulfill. The silence stretched on, but Ashton seemed reluctant to talk. I figured he was tired and did not want to discuss work at the moment.

"Mr. Fuller, you must have had a long day. Why don't you rest for now? I can go over your schedule with your assistant later," I suggested.

After saying my piece, I turned to leave.

His sonorous voice sounded behind me. "We've already met, so why are you still trying to avoid me?"

Stunned by his candor, I came to a halt. I turned to look at him and replied serenely, "You're reading too much into it, Mr. Fuller. You're our guest, so it is customary to let you get some rest before discussing work."

His obsidian eyes bore into me, complex emotions lurking in the depths. Curving my lips in a smile, I continued, "Please rest well, Mr. Fuller. Should you have any problems, feel free to approach me during my working hours."

With that, I left the room. I was not escaping him, truly.

I knew since the day I left J City that our paths would cross sooner or later. I had accepted the inevitable and braced myself for this day.

Everyone carried their own baggage. There was no reason why I should be weighed down by mine.

My knees were throbbing in pain when I got back to my office. I pulled up the hem of my slacks to reveal a huge bruise that looked rather swollen.

“It’s such a rarity to see you so elegant and poised, and yet you’ve injured yourself. Don’t wear heels in the future,” Colin chastised as he entered the office, not bothering to conceal his concern for me.



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 421

The rest of the staff filed into the office. They caught sight of Colin passing an ointment to me but ignored us promptly.

Since it wasn't a serious injury, I shooed Colin away. "I'm fine. Go and do your work!"

Thinning his lips, he glanced at me, then at the female employees who were staring in our direction before complying.

Just then, Joyce returned to the office as her shift had ended. When she noticed the medical plaster on my knee, she mocked, "The sight of a wealthy and influential person must have weakened the knees of an uneducated peasant like you. Such a disgrace!"

I pressed my lips together but did not retaliate. Although I was in a rush just now, I knew the true reason I had tripped.

I knew everyone working in the hotel, and there had only been a few people around me at that time. It made sense that Joyce, who had been standing closest to me, was the culprit behind my injury.

After tending to my bruised knee, I walked to the water dispenser and filled a cup with boiling water.

I neared Joyce and asked coolly, "Your face or hand — what's your choice?"

Her face turned a ghastly white when she noticed the hot water in the cup. "Scarlett, what are you trying to do? I'm warning you. My father is the county mayor of R Province. If you dare lay a finger on me, I'll make sure you regret it for the rest of your life."

I nodded nonchalantly, unfazed by her threats. "I suppose I'll just wait and see!"

Before she could react, I seized her arm and poured scalding water on her porcelain skin. She screamed in agony, but I kept my grip on her and emptied the cup.

As she thrashed around in pain, I said emotionlessly, "Ms. Newton, please plan your schemes better next time. I will let you off easy this time, but I fear your pretty face will have to bear the consequences if this happens again."

"You—"

I cut her off as a thought struck me. "By the way, since you claim that your father is such an important official, it might be good for him to retire now. After all, R Province never flourished under his management despite its advantageous environment. Our economy has been stagnant for the entire time he was in office. It's about time he stepped down."

With those parting words, I took the ointment and left the office.

By the time I reached the ground floor, Colin had pulled up at the entrance. "Get in!" he beckoned.

I raised an eyebrow and was prepared to reject his offer when I remembered my limping gait. Resigned, I slid into the car and put on my seatbelt.

His gaze swept over me. "I'll drop by the pharmacy to buy medicine before sending you home," he announced.

I looked down at my ankle, which had almost doubled in size by now, and did not protest.

"You and Ashton know each other?" Colin blurted after we had long since left the hotel.

I froze before chuckling humorlessly. "Do I look like someone who has connections with the filthy rich?"

He pursed his lips and contemplated solemnly. "Yes!" There was a lapse before he continued, "He was staring at you the whole time just now. It looks like things are complicated between you two."

Smiling, I didn't admit nor deny his speculation.

By the time I reached home, I had given up battling my swollen ankle and slumped unceremoniously in a rattan chair.

Unexpectedly, I fell into a slumber, only to be awoken by a loud knock on the door.

Streaks of tears wetted my face.

It had been a long time since I last cried or dreamt of that child. He had grown up well. He looked healthy and was heavier than I remember.

The incessant knocks on the door urged me to hurry up. I wiped away my tears and splashed some water on my face to wake myself up.

I swung the door open.

To my surprise, Ashton appeared in my line of sight. Backlit by the sun, a golden halo surrounded his lean frame. His expression was somber, and his dark eyes were deep as ever. His Adam's apple bobbed when he saw me, giving away the churning emotions within him.

A large hand grasped mine before I could utter a word. "I can't do it. I can't act like I don't know you. I've tried to let you go for the last four years, but you're stuck in my head. I can't forget you," he admitted.

He has changed!

He's not the same anymore. The Ashton I knew would never say anything so corny.

I sighed softly and withdrew my hand. "Mr. Fuller, please come in for a seat," I offered, my tone courteous but distant.

I suppose I wasn't too astounded. This encounter was not filled with heartache and yearning as I had imagined. Four years was enough to heal a lot of wounds.

Even my resentment for him had faded into nothing.

He stepped into the yard and sat on the rattan chair. I offered some fruit I had picked the day before as I would any guest. A smile stretched across my face, but my tone was detached. "This is home-grown. The texture is lovely if I do say so myself. Please have a taste."

He stared at me, his gaze deep and unwavering. After a long moment, he nodded and took a small bite of the peach.

He savored the fruit before looking at me. "It's sweet," was his earnest compliment.

I nodded in response. Four years had stolen my love for chatter.

At that moment, Colin came home with Summer and Michael. He faltered when he saw the man in our yard. However, as a man of culture, he quickly composed himself and bowed his head in greeting. "Good evening, Mr. Fuller!"

Realizing that Ashton had no recollection of Colin, I interjected, "He's the hotel manager."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 422

My prompt registered immediately. Ashton stood up and proffered a hand, suave and refined. However, his gaze lingered on Summer and Michael when he noticed them.

Michael seemed to be a late bloomer, at least in comparison to Summer. Both of them were five years old, but Michael appeared a year younger.

Ashton's expression darkened, but I waved it off. "What would you like to eat?" I directed my question to the children.

Summer seemed to be in a foul mood. While her eyes were still on Ashton, she replied, "Anything you make is fine, Mommy."

Michael caught sight of my injured ankle and suggested, "Let Daddy cook for us tonight."

This was nothing out of the norm, but Michael's words were piercing to Ashton's ears.

I offered no clarification. Instead, I looked at Colin and teased lightly, "Looks like it's your turn to show off your cooking skills tonight."

Colin could be rather tactless at times, and his ability to read the room was failing him at the moment. Though he was taken aback by Ashton's presence, he invited graciously, "Mr. Fuller, please stay for dinner with us. We cook with homegrown produce. You should try some."

Ashton masked his emotions and nodded, his eyes dark and unfathomable.

I glanced at the children and instructed them as usual, "Both of you pick some vegetables from the back garden. Summer, don't bully Michael, understand?"

Summer pouted but nodded obediently. "You're so unfair, Mommy. You always help Michael."

Amused by her childish accusation, I explained, "Michael is already shorter than you. If you continue to bully him, he'll never grow taller!"

“Okay, okay, I won’t bully him!” Summer picked up both baskets and told Michael indignantly, “Mommy says that I can’t bully you, so I’ll help you carry your basket, okay?”

Michael, the small gentleman he was, corrected Summer, “Daddy says that I’m a strong man, and strong men should protect girls. You’re not bullying me. I’m protecting you!”

The two children walked toward the back garden, bickering all the way.

I shook my head in resignation, but my lips curled upwards involuntarily. I had always worried that Summer would feel lonely, but seeing how Summer and Michael were closer than biological siblings put me at ease.

As I retracted my gaze, I felt someone’s eyes on me, snapping me back to reality. I turned to find Ashton burning holes in me with his scorching stare. A myriad of emotions flashed in his dark eyes.

Stunned by the intensity of his gaze, I blurted, “Please make yourself at home while I check if my help is needed in the kitchen.”

Long fingers wrapped around my wrist, pulling me back. His voice seemed to rumble in his chest as he asked, “Have you been well all these years?”

My heart skipped a beat at the simple question. I met his gaze and replied with conviction, “I’ve been good. These four years have been the most peaceful years of my life.”

Pain flickered in his eyes as he chuckled ruefully. “Yeah, you do look happy.”

I nodded slightly. "Make yourself at home while I help out in the kitchen," I repeated as the conversation ran dry.

"Can we be friends?" Ashton asked timidly, his voice helpless and distant. "I've tried numerous ways to numb out in the past four years, but my mind has been cruel to me. The more I try to forget, the clearer the memories become. It's all engraved in my brain. It's impossible to erase."

I heaved a sigh, wishing I had the right words to console him. I turned to look Ashton in the eye. "Mr. Fuller, you'll have to move on someday. I'm doing great here. Staying by your side only filled me with hate and resentment. It would break me. Perhaps it might have seemed like I had plenty of friends and family in J City and K City, but I was dying inside. There's no way I can come to terms with my suffering. R Province is my home. Here, I can be the person I aspire to be. I hope you understand my choice, Mr. Fuller."

Ashton held my gaze. His eyes were gentle yet pained, reflecting the conflicting emotions within. A loud silence fell upon us. Seconds ticked by before he finally spoke. "Fine!" The weight of a single syllable pressed down on both of us.

He left soon afterward. I exhaled heavily as I watched his retreating back. Everyone's biggest enemy is themselves.

I entered the kitchen to find Colin preparing the ingredients. He stilled when he saw me. "I can handle this myself. Go and keep Mr. Fuller company."

"I can wash the vegetables," I insisted.

He quickly declined when he glimpsed my ankle. "It looks swollen again. Go and rest!"

Colin could be stubborn at times. Realizing that I wasn't going to change his mind, I surrendered and returned to the yard where I found Joseph waiting for me, expressionless as always. His back was stiff, and his eyes followed me as I approached him.

“Mr. Campbell, is there something I can help you with?”

He handed me a plastic bag and explained, “Mr. Fuller told me to pass this to you. It’s medicine for your injury.”

“Please relay my thanks!” I accepted the plastic bag with a nod.

Joseph mirrored my action. He thinned his lips before divulging, “Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller has been waiting for you. He knows well that he could have easily found you in the past four years if he wished to, but he’s afraid. He’s afraid that you still hate him and that you would push him away. So he’s been patiently waiting—waiting for you to let go of the pain... Waiting for you to come home.”

A faint smile played on my lips. Though heartfelt, Joseph’s words did little to sway me. “Help me thank Mr. Fuller,” I responded. “Please tell him that each person has their own path to take. There’s no need to stay entangled in the past.”

Joseph opened his mouth to reply but stopped when he heard the finality in my words. He sighed, perhaps in disappointment, and left.

The next day, my ankle had healed significantly. After dropping Summer off, I headed to the hotel.

At the entrance, I ran into Joyce, who was flanked by two burly men.



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 423

I coldly stared at her while suppressing my rage.

“Scarlett, if you kneel and beg for my forgiveness, I might consider letting you off for hurting me and let you continue working in the hotel. Else...”

“Else what?” I asked.

She scoffed, “Else, your daughter would be the one to suffer.”

I frowned. Being youthful was supposed to be a beautiful thing, but she just made it really annoying.

My gaze fell on the man behind her. “You can try.”

Her temper sparked from my remark and said, “Alec, David, did you hear what she just said? Show her what you’re capable of. I want to see if she’s still haughty then?”

Status was everything in this tiny city. There weren’t many wealthy people here. Even if there were, they wouldn’t even concern themselves with these folks.

Joyce’s arrogance was partly attributed to her father’s position. He had maintained his position for so many years that he was considered the local tyrant.

Seeing the two men approached me, my brows snapped together, and I scoffed, “Joyce, didn’t you investigate one’s background first before you offend the person?”

Joyce sneered, “Investigate? What is there to investigate about you? You’re just a nobody.”

I pulled out my phone and called Louis while keeping my gaze on her. “I’ve warned you before. Because of you, your father would lose his position, and you deserve it.”

Her face darkened at my warning, then she ordered angrily, "I want her dead!"

Once the call connected, Louis asked, "Scarlett, did something happen?"

I pressed my lips together and answered, "Uncle Louis, the R Province's county mayor Stanley oppresses and exploits its residents. He pocketed the funds used to alleviate poverty. Please send someone here to investigate!"

Louis grunted in acknowledgment and reconfirmed, "Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine. They wouldn't dare to do anything to me!"

He continued, "I'll drop by later tonight, so be sure to take care of yourself. Leave the rest to me."

I nodded and ended the call.

Joyce paused briefly, then scoffed, "Scarlett, didn't you only have a mother who's in dire straits. Why are you acting like some rich man's daughter?"

She demanded, "Alec, David, take her to a desolate area and torture her. Don't worry if she dies in the process. I'll bear the responsibility."

Alec and David still had their wits about them. They stared at me with hesitation and asked, "What's your family name?"

I arched a brow. "Stovall. Didn't Joyce tell you my name?"

The two men were dumbfounded and exchanged glances. "We know there's a Louis Stovall among the higher-ups. We even met him the other day when Uncle Stanley went to the city for a meeting. I heard that he was going to be promoted again."

Joyce mocked, "Oh please! She has been in R Province for four years. If she really does have connections with some powerful figure, she wouldn't have stayed here all these while with no visitors."

"It looks like you won't believe it until you see it."

The voice came from Joseph, who was leaving the hotel, followed by Ashton. The latter's eyes were cold.

Joyce was taken aback by their appearance. "Mr. Fuller and Mr. Campbell!"

Ashton didn't spare a glance at her and instead focused his gaze on me. "Are you feeling better now?"

I only nodded in reply.

Joseph glanced at the two brawny men by my side. "It would be best for the both of you to quickly apologize and return home to discuss a way out of this mess."

Both men were not dumb. They noticed Ashton had an elegance, similar to those born in upper-class families.

They hung their heads and swiftly apologized. "Ms. Stovall, sorry for the trouble. We hope that you could forgive us and let it be water under the bridge."

“Leave!” said Joseph as he waved his hand dismissively.

Before they left, both men persuaded, “Joyce, don’t do anything rash. You better hurry home as well!”

Joyce’s face turned red with rage. “Scarlett, aren’t you just good at seducing men? Maybe...”

I wasn’t in the mood to fight with her, so I ignored her and entered the hotel, but she held on to me, not letting me leave. “Why are you running? Didn’t you say you know someone powerful? Well, where is he? Aren’t you going to investigate my father? I’m waiting!”

My brows drew together, and I fixed my gaze at her. “Ms. Newton, I was curious from the start as to why a county mayor’s daughter was working the front desk in a hotel. But now I understand. Your father is smart enough to know you’re dumb. So, instead of letting you hold any important position, he asked you to work here. Else, his future would’ve been shot.”

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 424

“You...”

I pushed her away then headed straight for my office in the hotel.

...

Finally, it was afternoon.

There was no more trouble from Joyce since the morning. It could be that she had left work early due to being in a bad mood.

Deep in thought, I didn't notice Joseph standing at the entrance to my office until I heard the excited screams from my female colleagues.

“Ms. Stovall, may we speak in private?” inquired Joseph.

I felt the prying glances from all around me, so I nodded uneasily. “Sure!”

We left my office and came to a quiet area. “Mr. Campbell, is there anything I can help you with?”

He pressed his lips into a thin line. “Mr. Fuller wishes to see you.”

I instinctively wanted to reject but nodded after some hesitation. “Where is he?”

“The hotel's parking lot!”

I nodded. “Okay!”

When he saw me walking back towards my office, he continued, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller is already waiting for you downstairs."

I turned to look at him silently before saying, "I know. I need to get my purse."

Baffled by my answer, he acknowledged, "Then I will wait for you here."

"Fine by me."

These two had worked together for many years, so their behaviors were getting more and more similar.

Once I had my purse with me and exited my office. He let out a relieved sigh. He acted as if I would turn around and leave right away.

Moments later, we arrived at the parking lot.

When Joseph noticed the door to the black Mercedes-Benz was left open, he immediately turned and left with a feeble excuse.

I got in the car and saw Ashton was reading a document intently and elegantly.

"It's two o'clock. I still have to work later," I reminded.

He paused briefly, snapped the document closed, and focused his gaze on me. "After lunch, I'll send you back here."

R Province was small, so there weren't many good-quality restaurants around. However, Ashton managed to find one and a Chinese one at that.

Since it was pre-booked, once Ashton and I were seated, the dishes were served promptly.

I glanced disinterestedly at the view outside through the window. Time passed by so fast, and it was already July. Soon, summer would end in a blink of an eye.

He kept silent and placed some food on my plate. He halted once my plate was full.

He glanced at me and said, "Try it. These are all your favorite."

I lowered my gaze, looking at the table. Indeed as he said, all of them used to be my favorite dishes.

However, as time passed and people changed, my taste changed after I had left J City. So I sat still, staring at him, and said, "Spicy food is bad for health, so I've adapted to a light diet."

Since young, Summer wasn't able to eat spicy food, so I stopped eating too. I would even skip garlic and ginger in my cooking because they would be spicy.

He gulped to keep his emotions in check. After a while, he nodded and said gently, "I'll change the food!"

He waved down a waiter and asked for all the dishes to be changed to light food.

I wanted to stop him but felt that it wasn't necessary, so I stared indifferently at him and let out a sigh.

The waiter served new dishes and changed the plates. He continued to place food on my plate. "Eat more. You seemed thinner."

My mouth set in a hard line. I stared at the mountain of food on my plate without any appetite.

Four years had passed, and I became more taciturn. In the past, I would have taken the initiative to ask him for my purpose here.

But now, I didn't want to talk much, so I ate in silence.

He placed a glass of water in front of me. "Eat slowly. There's no rush."

I lowered my gaze in silence.

Half an hour had passed when lunch ended. He didn't touch any of the food, only stared as I ate.

When I put down my cutlery, he questioned, "Finished?"

I nodded and wiped my mouth.

I noticed the time was already half past one. "Thank you for the meal. It's late now, so I have to return to work."



I excused myself from the table and left the restaurant.

I wasn't acting cold towards him, nor was I pushing him away. I only wanted to leave the past, in the past.

He followed me out. "Let me send you back."

I nodded because flagging down a taxi in R Province was difficult.

The whole car trip back was silent.

He noticed that I had no intention to speak, so he spoke up. "Let me handle Joyce. You only need to focus on your job."

My brows knitted into a frown. "There's no need!" I already got Uncle Louis to help, so I didn't need to involve Ashton.

Moreover, Louis was investigating corruption cases all over the country, so I was only helping him.

Ashton lowered his gaze and didn't reply further.

Once we reached the hotel, I said, "Thanks for the ride!"

He nodded, being the gentlemen he was, and kept his good manner and elegance.

Louis arrived shortly at the hotel at five in the evening. An hour later, the county mayor and mayors of neighboring cities arrived one after another as well.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 425

They were joined by a few local wealthy businessmen.

Louis arranged for someone to run a check on the county mayor and dismissed the rest.

He glanced at me and sighed, "Scarlett, you've gotten thinner."

I smiled faintly. "Are you hungry? Why don't you come over for dinner? You can visit Summer as well."

He chuckled, "I thought you would never ask! I'll be more than willing to join you."

I gave a vague smile. "I hope the food would be to your liking!"

He frowned. "Scarlett, what are you talking about? You are registered under the Stovall family register, so you're my daughter. Since when did our relationship distance to this extent?"

And so I brought him to my house.

Earlier, I had asked Colin to help pick Summer up. When Louis and I arrived, Colin and Summer were already home.

Summer lifted her head and stared at Louis. "Uncle, I've seen you on Mommy's phone before."

Louis and I were bewildered by her remark. "Do you recognize me then?"

Summer nodded. "Yes, you catch bad guys."

I quickly realized that she probably saw Louis in the news because, at times, I would pay special attention to K City's happenings when I watched the evening news, so naturally, Louis would appear then.

Summer had an excellent memory, so it wasn't unusual for her to remember him.

Holding on to Summer, I said, "Summer, let's be polite and call grandpa."

Summer lifted her head again to look at Louis. "Grandpa, could you help me catch bad guys?"

Louis bent down slightly and said, "Who is the bad guy you need me to catch?"

Summer thought about it for a while and answered, "The bad guy in Mr. Johnson's hotel always scolds my mommy. She also calls me a bastard."

Children were pure in nature. I had brought Summer to the hotel for housekeeping before because I was worried about leaving her alone at home. We would occasionally bump into Joyce, and she would even curse at children.

I thought that Summer wouldn't remember such a minor detail, so I wasn't expecting her to expose Joyce under such circumstances.

I smiled as I held on to Summer. "Summer, grandpa is here for dinner today, not for work. So catching bad guys would have to wait. I'm going to give you a small task. Why don't you and Michael bring grandpa to the back and see what he likes and bring those back?"

Summer nodded. "Sure, mommy!"

She paused briefly as if she remembered something and tugged Louis. "Grandpa, let's go. The grapes Mommy grew around the fence are ripe now. Let's pluck them."

Summer had forgotten all about catching bad guys and was already tugging Louis to the back.

Colin noticed my unusual mood. "You're Louis Stovall's daughter?"

How should I explain this?

"Four years ago, he acknowledged me as his daughter by fate. So yeah, I'm his daughter."

He went silent and didn't pursue further.

The optimal relationship between people was by maintaining a polite distance and not probe for one's secrets.

Mid-way through dinner, the doorbell rang.

Being the active little girl Summer was, she ran to get the door once she heard the bell rang. I got up and followed her.

Summer's words reached me before I could understand the situation. "Mommy, there is a bad guy outside our door!"

I jumped in shock and rushed towards Summer. I saw Joyce barging in with red, puffy eyes and a haggard look.

Before I could react, Joyce dashed towards me. She held on to me and knelt.

She sobbed. "Scarlett, it is all my fault. My father is innocent, so do whatever you want to me, but please let me father go."

Hearing her words, I was able to guess what happened. Louis was efficient in his work, and there weren't many who would doubt his decisions.

I thought the investigation would take place the next morning since Louis had just arrived at R Province.

Just a few hours had passed, and Joyce was on her knees begging in front of me.

I pursed my lips while I removed her hand and took a few steps back to keep my distance from her. "Ms. Newton, I think you're mistaken. Why are you on your knees begging me for help here? This is not a church or temple."

Hearing the commotion, Louis and Colin came to see.

They were baffled at Joyce's appearance, then frowned at her behavior.

Joyce surprisingly recognized Louis despite not watching the news often. She came up to him and sobbed. "Mr. Stovall, please let me father go. He was just an average person. He has always been an honest man and followed the law strictly. It was me who caused trouble. I shouldn't have behaved arrogantly.

"Please, it is all my fault. If you're taking revenge on me by abusing your power, please don't involve my father. Mr. Stovall, you're a person with high status. I know you're not afraid of anyone, but we're

different. All these years, my father had abided by the law. He had never done anything bad. He was only a petty official. Every step forward was difficult for him. He couldn't win against you."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 426

These words imply that we're abusing our power to oppress others.

Her words angered Louis, who had always been a principled and honest person, and he ignored her.

He looked at me instead. Obviously, he wanted to know her identity.

Biting my lips, I responded, "She's the only daughter of Stanley Newton."

Louis' expression darkened as he fell silent.

I said to the calm and composed Colin, "Carry on eating with the kids and Uncle Louis. I'll handle this."

Colin glanced at me but did not say much. After muttering something to Louis, he brought the two kids inside.

As an esteemed official, there were things that Louis could not say openly. He looked at me briefly, then followed suit, leaving behind Joyce and myself.

Not wanting to speak rashly, I remained indifferent while looking for a place to sit.

Joyce's expression was awful. She probably felt frustrated at not being taken seriously despite making a big fuss for a long time.

She pulled herself together and looked at me. "Scarlett, what do you want me to do?"

With a faint smile, I chose my words carefully. "Had it not been for the men standing behind me at this moment, it would have been me begging for your mercy now, right?"

She had it all planned out when she found two sturdy men to give me a hard time. Thankfully, I escaped death and avoided the tragedy of being chucked away as a corpse in a deserted area.

Undeniably, the relationship between humans is extremely important. It can help save a life or get even with another person for a private grudge.

Suppressing her rage, she looked at me. "What are you going to do?"

Smiling, I said, "Nothing." I pursed my lips. "I've done all that I could. The rest is up to your father. If he's innocent, no one can press any charges on him. Otherwise, he'll be in trouble. I've recorded every single word you said to Mr. Stovall. From a legal perspective, the way you've alleged him for misusing his power for personal gains is regarded as defamatory statements. I hope things won't look too embarrassing for you when we meet in court."

"You..." she huffed. "Scarlett, you're despicable!"

Staring at my gorgeous garden in full bloom, I was not in the mood to argue with her because that would affect my quality of life. Hence, I simply replied, "Ms. Newton, you should leave now. Staying here doesn't help and it will put your father in jail."

Even the silliest person on earth would weigh both pros and cons to avoid any disadvantages. She didn't know the people around me back then. Therefore, she couldn't care less about what I did or said to her.

Now that she knows, she'll surely think hard before she acts. After Joyce's departure, I stayed in the yard and sunk into deep thoughts.



I've stolen four years' worth of time. With all of them turning up at the same time, I'm afraid it's hard to seek peace.

Louis was picked up by his assistant after dinner whereas Colin left with Michael.

Without her playmate, Summer went to bed early.

I could not fall asleep easily as I age. The beautiful midsummer night sky was full of stars.

The crescendo of high-pitched buzzing produced by cicadas was the characteristic sound of late summer. It made the night less lonely.

At midnight, there was a loud knock at the door. I got up to answer it. It was Ashton.

Under the dim street lamp, the man's eyes looked even deeper. His slender body stood like a statue at the entrance.

Before I could react, he held me in his arms quietly. A faint smell of alcohol lingered around us.

I assisted him into the yard. "You drank?"

Hugging me, he remained silent as if he had fallen asleep.

It was quite chilly outside so I took him back to the bedroom.

The moment we stepped in, he pinned me against the wall and cupped my face.

I tried to push him away to no avail. "Ashton, let go of me!"

He refused. A rarely seen sorrowful expression appeared on his handsome face. "It's been four years. I thought I could walk out of it, but it only gets rooted deeper over time. In times like these, I could only numb myself with alcohol."

His words were confusing. One could not help but notice the pain in his voice.

"You'll feel better after a good night's rest." I placed him on the bed. Some people acted like a child they were drunk.

He was reluctant to lie down on the bed. Instead, he ran his hands around my waist and lay his head on my lap. Moments later, I could hear his breathing sound.

I sighed and asked calmly, "Are you really drunk?"

Saying nothing, he continued embracing me.

I should know better. If he was truly wasted, he wouldn't be able to get here.

I propped him up and put him on the bed before leaving the bedroom to pour him a glass of water.

When I returned, the good-looking man was still on the bed with his eyes shut.

“I have a child at home. Should you come again next time, do so during the day. Summer is a light sleeper; any slight motion or noise will wake her up easily.”

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 427

He opened his bleary eyes slowly and fixated his gaze on me. Elegantly, he asked, "Are you mad?"

I shook my head without much emotion. "Not really. Drink some water and rest well."

I can't bring myself to be a stranger, albeit not having anymore feelings toward him. After all, we were once lovers.

I walked out of the room and went to bed in another one.

As the gentle morning sun gained ascendancy, its soft rays enveloped the entire R Province and flooded in between the dense fog engulfing the city.

If one climbed up the mountain at dawn, one could catch a glimpse of a mesmerizing view straight out of dreamland.

I woke up early because Summer had to attend school. Standing before the bathroom mirror, I observed the reflection of my barefaced. Since when did the grievances on my face disappear?

Maybe it was when I left everything behind, and came to R Province. Indeed, this is my healing place.

Ashton had already woken up. He seemed to be in deep thoughts standing under the almond tree.

I took a peek, but did not disturb him.

He turned back and called out to me, "You're up."

I nodded. "What would you like to have?"

"Anything."

Without saying much, I felt like I was becoming more and more even-tempered as the days went by.

Summer was surprised to see Ashton. She asked innocently, "Mr. Fuller, why are you here at my house?"

Kids would always say the darnest thing.

Ashton curled his lips. "I don't have a home to go to."

His unintentional reply was rather intriguing as if he wanted me to read between the lines. Lowering my eyes, I did not take it seriously. As years go by, my heart is like a bleak pool of dead water where no breeze can raise a ripple.

On the other hand, Summer was very chatty and continuously asked Ashton many weird questions.

He answered all of them patiently.

Then he looked at me and uttered, "The matters at the hotel are almost done. I'll be going back to K City for a few days."

I nodded and did not continue the conversation.

He stared at me deeply and said, "Take care."

Joseph drove him off. When he left, he said nothing else besides reminding me to take care of myself.

I sent him off with a calm heart. Just like that, he came and gone.

The presence of Louis was a like breath of fresh air to the province. Finally, Stanley was removed from his position.

People at the hotel more or less knew about my relationship with Joyce.

When I was in the bathroom, Jackson sent me a text message, saying that he had returned to J City and would visit in the next few days.

I gave him a short reply.

When I was about to get out of the cubicle, I heard someone gossiping.

“Have you heard? Joyce’s father got into trouble. Not only was he sacked, he’s also been arrested. Rumor has it that the procuratorate has seized an exorbitant amount of money from his house.”

“I’m sure they did. He’s been involved in acts of corruption for years and eventually receiving the punishment that he deserves. Remember how disdainful was Joyce? Look at her now! How shameful.”

“I heard that this has got something to do with Scarlett? How did the old witch in her thirties do it?”

“She’s probably a sugar baby!”

“I doubt it. I heard that she’s the daughter of Louis Stovall. That’s why...”

I decided to get out of the cubicle. They were startled when I opened the door and immediately, the tittle-tattles stopped.

Not knowing how to wriggle their way out of the quagmire, everyone looked at me and blurted the most awkward greeting, "Oh, you're here, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded, washed my hands, and left in a flash.

In life, one may get very affected by gossips, especially during the younger days. In retrospect, it boils down to how capable a person is.

Rumors shouldn't make a person with strong abilities feel insecure because trivial talks don't matter, what more when spoken by insignificant people.

As long as it's innocuous, don't mind it. Who hasn't been talked about or passed on an unsubstantiated hearsay within a lifetime?

When I got back to my office, Louis called to inform that he wanted to visit the city. Everything in the R Province was almost settled.

The deputy county mayor had been maintaining law and order for a few days. Everything would resume to its normal operations when the new county mayor arrived.

Since he was my relative, I sent him off. There was no airport in R Province, so they had to take a drive to the city.

We exchanged pleasantries before bidding goodbye.

Everything happened expeditiously and seemed to return to a normalcy. I felt so surreal as if everyone had never appeared before.

It was the summer festival.

Though R Province was small, it was a vibrant place. I was on leave, so Colin suggested visiting a famous temple on the outskirts of town. There was a nice hiking trail where the kids could have some good fun and enjoy what nature offered.

The Lotus Temple was situated at a mountaintop in the province. Since many flooded the city center for more festive gaieties, there was only a small crowd worshipping at the temple.

It was nice to start the journey early in the morning when the children were so energetic and did not need any assistance throughout. We laughed and chatted all the way until we reached our destination.

The statue of the deity was enormous. Colin helped Summer to light the candles that she had obtained from the counter. The small-framed body then prayed sincerely.

“Look at how solemn she is. Doesn’t look like a child at all!” Colin whispered and sighed, “She’s too mature for her age.”

I pressed my lips into a straight line and stared at the bronze statue blankly. Thirty years of my life have passed me by and I’ve experienced quite a bit of the cycle from birth, old age, sickness, and even death. I’ve even lost a few closed ones along the journey.



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 428

Seems like I haven't lost much.

"People say that wishes made at the Lotus Temple will come true. Do you want to try?"

Arching his brows, Colin handed me some candles.

I did not take it. "I don't have any special wish to make besides hoping that the living is well whereas the dead rests in peace. Everything is fated and pre-destined."

Summer came running towards me. "Mommy, do you have anyone you long to meet? You can ask for your wish to be granted in your dreams."

I chuckled and took the lit candle from her hand to place it on the incense burner. "I don't need to ask for that, Summer. I can see whoever I want to see in my dreams, always."

Tilting her head, Summer did not quite understand what I said. She gazed at Colin. "Mr. Johnson, what about you? Have you made a wish?"

"My wish is for you and Michael to grow up happily." Colin grinned with a candle in his hands.

Right when we were leaving, sullen dark clouds gathered along the horizon while cold wind blew in our direction.

Colin offered me his jacket. "Your body is weak, don't catch a cold."

I declined with a polite smile.

He frowned and then covered me with his jacket nonetheless.

Grabbing Michael by the arm, Summer asked softly, "Michael, does your father not like me?"

A boy of few words, he lifted his head to look at Colin and then shrugged. "I don't know."

A child would never beat around the bush.

It brought a smile to Colin's face. He did not clarify.

I took a quick glance at the jacket on my shoulders. My heart did not skip a beat. It's just a regular care and concern gesture from a close friend. Nothing more than that.

We had something to eat before the children dozed off. Colin drove us back under the grey, inclement sky.

When he pulled over at the yard, he wanted to get down and carry Summer into the house.

I interrupted his action. "I'll do it. It's late, you should get going with Michael."

He was slightly taken aback before regaining his senses and obliged. Although he was already in his forties, Colin still carried himself like a young man in his twenties.

Declining him politely and respectfully served as the best form of reply to his genuine heart.

Romance in the twenties was passionate and romantic. However, for the middle-aged, it was nothing more than predictable daily meals and a gentle nod or a polite smile.

With Summer in my arms, I sent him off. Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Ashton. I shifted her to the other hand before answering his call.

“Is it too abrupt for me to show up now?” a low, sexy voice asked.

Subconsciously, I scanned the yard and found a familiar silhouette under the dim street lamp. He was in his regular, elegant suit.

His Mercedes-Benz was parked beside him. I could sense a pair of eyes staring at me, reserved yet intense.

It’s been four long years. He’s become even more impressive and dependable, exuding an effortless charm, and is still as attractive as ever.

“I need you to help me carry Summer,” I said over the phone. With the keys in my bag, a child falling asleep in one arm, and holding a phone on the other, I could not reach for the keys.

I could hear him chuckle before hanging up. As he approached nearer, I noticed a bouquet of pretty flowers in his hands.

He took over Summer single-handedly while handing the bouquet to me. Grinning from ear to ear, he greeted, “Happy summer festival.”

Admiring the flowers, I smiled bashfully. I knew he would be back, but I didn’t expect it to be so soon.

Perhaps having a joyful heart is better than falling in love.

I fished for the keys and opened the door. The moon was like a pearl adorning the dark blue night sky.

I directed him to Summer's room. When he came out, his shirt was wrinkled. Yet, he still looked dapper in it.

"Do you mind if I stayed the night?" he asked with a smirk.

I looked down. Saying nothing, I searched for the needed amenities and handed it over to him. He accepted it and then habitually made his way to the guest room.

Joseph did not seem to follow him here. It's not hard to guess that he's not here on a business trip; he came because of me.

I tried not to overthink things. He remained a gentleman throughout his stay at my place.

Somehow, his presence deterred Colin's frequent visits to the house.

He had been dropping Summer off at school and picking her up at the end of the day. In addition, he also started joining me in meal preparations. He would even do the laundry!

Life went on peacefully along with other daily activities. We had a ton of fruits picked from the yard, so I brought some with me to the hotel.

Joyce was still working at the hotel. The only difference was her attitude. She no longer put up an arrogant front. In fact, she was mostly quiet when we met.

I guess that's a good thing. Being a civilized acquaintance with no common topic is better than being a hypocrite with an ulterior motive.

During lunch, she took the initiative to ask me out, but I turned her down. "I'm going home to eat."

She did not look offended. "You don't have to avoid me. My father is in jail and I'm no longer a threat to you. I know I used to be very snobbish and stepped on the toes of many. That's why everyone loathes me. However, live and let live. This is my workplace. I don't want to strain the relationship even further and make it difficult or awkward for everybody."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 429

“We just need to be seen sitting down and having a meal together. I’m not asking for us to shake hands and make up. It’s just an act.”

I pursed my lips and smiled. “You’re very straightforward.”

She shrugged. “Well, there’s nothing else I can do at this point besides compromising.”

“Sure!” I agreed, thinking that it was just a simple gesture.

There were not a lot of good choices when dining out in R Province. Joyce found a restaurant with comparatively good atmosphere and placed orders for food.

She looked at me sharply. “Since you’re Louis’ daughter, why don’t you date Ashton openly?”

Her sudden question dumbfounded me. “What do you mean by that?”

“Don’t you know that the fiancée and wife of the president of Fuller Corporation have always been the talk of the town? It’s a major focus in K City.” She looked at me in disbelief.

I sipped my drink. “Whatever is the status of our relationship, it’s got nothing to do with an outsider like you.”

She made a face. “It’s fine if you aren’t willing to tell me. I just feel that it’s such a shame to be in a secret relationship with someone and not publicly acknowledge it. It’s embarrassing. It can also hurt the reputation of a dignified lady like you.”

Wow. I didn't like that comment.

My frown deepened. "Go ahead and read the tabloids if you like to be entertained by gossips and scandals."

Having lost my appetite to eat, I rose to my feet and left right away.

She came running after me and snapped in an unfriendly tone, "You're jealous of how Ashton keeps on protecting Rebecca. You also hate the fact that Nancy is the one who accompanies him to all kinds of events. Just because you can't win him over from those girls, you release your anger on me. How could you fear the strong but bully the weak? Scarlett, why did you channel your grievances to me?"

Her words depicted Ashton as a womanizer and also implied that I was a worthless third wheel. I knitted my brows. This is getting interesting.

I stared at her in the eyes. "If one only knows how to pass the blame to others without reflecting on oneself, one will end up bearing the pain and shame as a total failure."

I was reluctant to meddle in the affairs of others. All I ever wanted was to live life according to my preference.

When I got back to the house, Ashton had already picked Summer up from school. She had plucked a lot of fruits and was enjoying the watermelon scoop after scoop.

Summer was extremely excited to see me. "Mommy, you're back!" She put her watermelon aside and dashed over to hug me.

"Mr. Fuller said he's making chicken wings for dinner. We're just waiting for you."

Having not seen Ashton around, I asked, "Where's he?"

She pointed at the backyard. "He said that you have some clothes that can't be washed by the machine, so he's washing them by hand."

Astonished, I walked to the backyard. Which of my clothes is not machine washable?

I saw him squatting beside the tub and scrubbing the clothes. He changed from his regular dark colored suit into the beige casual pajamas I bought for him from the city.

I never thought he would wear anything other than high-quality tailored clothing.

I was mortified to see him washing my undergarments from last night.

He turned and cast a gentle gaze at me. "You're back? Just wait for a moment. You can have some watermelon prepared by Summer, just don't eat too much of it till your stomach hurts."

I don't know how a blissful life looks like, but I think it's similar to this.

I did not answer. Instead, I approached him and took over the washing. Blushing, I told him I would do it myself.

His brows furrowed. "I'm almost done. Just leave it to me."



Then he nudged me with his elbow. Seeing Summer was just around the area, he insisted, "Bring your mommy to have some watermelon."

This is not the Ashton I know. Come to think of it, he's about thirty-five or thirty-six now. He's becoming more dependable as he ages.

Knowing that he had the upper hand, I went back to the main house feeling a little uneasy.

I've roughly read some from the internet regarding what Joyce said today. News travel fast, especially the juicy ones revolving around the prominent figures in K City.

Nowadays, rich and handsome bachelors are more appealing than young teen idols.

With the media and paparazzi zero in on his private life, it's inevitable that they would dig out something sensational. Rebecca's existence doesn't matter to me.

As for Nancy, she rose to stardom two years ago and her popularity continues to soar with each drama she stars in. Fuller Corporation invests a lot in her, so there're no qualms for Ashton to bring her along in some social events.

As time goes by, these topics and highlights are magnified by the media. The truth doesn't matter anymore.

I live in R Province with Summer. I won't reject his visit and neither will I keep him when he leaves. There're many uncertainties in life. There's no disappointment if I don't put any hope in it.

Soon, it was dinnertime.

Ashton cooked and plated the dishes. Suddenly, we heard someone knocking on the door. Summer darted across to open it.

It was none other than Colin and Michael.

The father and son brought some freshly caught lobsters.

Entering the house, Colin was briefly surprised to see Ashton. He handed me the lobsters and said, "I bought it from an elderly man when I was picking Michael up this afternoon. Michael is allergic to lobsters, but Summer loves them. Keep them now and cook for her tomorrow."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 430

I nodded and took the lobsters from him. Then I ushered him to take a seat.

This was their first official meeting, though both Ashton and Colin had met each other before. They were about the same age.

After shaking hands and exchanging smiles, they sat down and talked about the economy.

Ashton turned to me with a smile. "You have alcohol at home?"

I nodded. "Is wine okay?" We had too many grapes, so I used some and made them into wine.

He chuckled. "Sure. It's impolite not to serve our guest with a bottle of wine."

Colin was rather stunned by his statement.

I laughed. After getting the wine, I went back to the living room and found the two chit-chatting away harmoniously. Their topic seemed to be revolving around me.

I took my seat. Colin said, "I've known you for so long but never knew you can't consume shrimps."

I cast a look at Ashton, who was uncorking wine collectedly.

Transferring my gaze from him to Colin, I clarified, "Not exactly. Summer likes it, so I eat it too sometimes."

I developed a condition during postpartum. Having seafood sometimes makes me sick, so I try to avoid it whenever I can. However, it doesn't mean that I can't eat it totally.

Colin curled his lips upward. Ashton poured him a glass. "Thank you for taking care of Scarlett all these years."

I haven't told anyone about my relationship with Ashton. Colin suspected it before, but as a gentleman, he never asks. Hence, I never told him.

Both men enjoyed their wine merrily.

After a few glasses, they became friendlier with each other and their pool of common topics grew larger.

Ashton was a legendary businessman in K City. If his business decisions and activities in J City were considered reserved, then his development in K within the last four years had fully showcased his ability and potential.

Under his leadership, Fuller Corporation propelled into an excellent listed company within a short span of four years. He had boldly invested in a plethora of projects across all industries, with a lucrative return in investments.

A man like him was very much desirable amongst the ladies and well-liked by the men, too.

The children went to bed early. Summer had gone back to her bedroom whereas Michael slept soundly on Colin's lap.

Seeing that, the men did not continue their conversations.

After Colin left, Ashton washed the dishes and cleaned the table. I complimented him, "Ashton, you've become really dedicated and steadfast."

He teased, "How should I praise you in return? You've become gentle?"

I burst out laughing while bringing the table cloth back to the kitchen.

He collected the utensils and took the cloth from me. "I'll do it. Go ahead and wash up, then go check on Summer."

He insisted. I obliged.

When I came back from Summer's room, he had finished cleaning up and was lying down in the living room. His eyes were shut and his breathing was slow. He seemed to be asleep.

I took a blanket from the bedroom and put it on him. Accidentally, my hand brushed his shoulder and woke him up.

As we stared into each other's eyes, I did not know what to do and found myself lost in his.

There was a twinkle in his eyes. "I saw you in my dreams a few times, but you weren't there when I opened my eyes. Each time that happens, I'm left with a void in my heart."

I was distracted by his words. The weight of his intense gaze made me flush.

I avoided eye-contact with him and sat on the sofa. Checking the time, I reminded him, "It's late. You should go back to the guest room."

He reached out to me and placed my hand on his palm. "I've contacted the school in K City. If you will, bring me and Summer along," he uttered.

I smiled. "You don't need me to bring you there."

He continued to stare me in the eyes. "Wherever you are, I'll be there."

I felt so uncomfortable and covered his eyes with my hands. "We'll talk about this in the future."

He acknowledged and then pulled me closer. Burying his head in my neck, he exclaimed, "You smell good."

Before anything could happen, I stood up and said quickly, "Go to bed early."

During his stay here, we had been very cautious in our interactions. He remained a gentleman and nobody crossed the line.

The next day, we seized the opportunity of having the weekend to rest and relax.

Summer wanted to go out and play. R Province was a small place with limited options for amusement parks. Ashton drove around the city center as we shopped and wandered around.

I was not very happy that he bought Summer so many things. "It's not good for you to spoil her."

There're many ways to show affection to a child. It's not wise nor beneficial to pamper her blindly.

He pressed his lips into a thin line. "I've missed four years of her childhood and couldn't control myself. Sorry."

I was shocked to hear him apologized but accepted it anyway.

Summer wanted to eat fried chicken. It was her monthly request, so I agreed.

The big screen at the mall was advertising the jewelry commercial endorsed by Nancy.

Sitting at the restaurant, we could see the screen clearly. Tabloids about her were also published in the magazines displayed at the reception counter.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 431

Basically, all the gossips revolving around Nancy was related to Ashton. Anyhow, the magazine did not publish his front profile blatantly.

He was looking at Nancy with his back at the camera. It seemed like a photo taken during an event.

Obviously, the reporters did that to boost the sale of the magazine.

“It’s all nonsense,” he said abruptly.

Startled by his words, I withdrew my gaze from the magazine and looked at him. “What did you order?”

“A family bucket, ice-cream, hamburgers, coke, and French fries.” Summer was thrilled!

I frowned. “Can we finish them?”

She sulked. “Mommy, I can only eat this once a month. I must satisfy my cravings.”

Ashton concurred with her logic and it made me upset. “Summer, eating and working are the same, don’t bite more than you can chew. When you can’t finish it, you waste money. When you can’t deliver a promise, there’s a price to pay and you might even lose the person you love. Do you understand?”

A crease formed between Ashton’s brows. “She’s only four!”



“It’s the same even if she’s a year old. There’s no need to wait until she’s eighteen to understand the principle that she can learn now.” I might have sounded harsh, but I strongly feel that these are things that Summer needs to grapple with at an early age.

He sighed and indicated for us to wait at our table.

Summer seemed to have realized she over ordered. She kept silent for a while and then approached me. “Mommy, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

I nodded. My eyes were fixed on Ashton as he walked toward us.

He put the food on the table and told Summer, “Eat whatever you like and enjoy yourself.”

She waited for my approval before digging in.

I did not have much appetite. The big screen caught my attention. It was still broadcasting the videos of Nancy promoting the jewelry.

“Whether it’s Rebecca or Nancy, to me, it’s all for show. If you mind, I won’t bring along a female companion to any social events.” He sounded firm.

I heaved a soft sigh. “You don’t need to do that. I’ve found my life’s goal and I know what I want. You don’t have to worry about what I think.”

He grimaced. “So, you’re mad at me?”

I denied because I did not care. “Regardless of who you’re with, these are just tactics used by the media to entertain its audience. They can do that at our expense, but we shouldn’t dwell in it.”

A warm smile settled on his face. “I’ll cook tonight.”

I chuckled.

“Huh? Didn’t we plan to dine out tonight? Are we still going for a movie later?” asked Summer with a greasy mouth.

Her reaction made us laugh. Ashton cleaned her mouth and replied gently, “Whatever you say.”

Summer made the call for the rest of the outing and the day seemed so perfect.

When we returned home, it was already late. The exhausted Summer fell asleep on Ashton.

Maybe we walked too much the entire day. My previously injured foot started throbbing painfully.

Post injury effects?

Ashton sent Summer back to her room. When he got out, he saw me pouring hot water into a bucket. Without hesitating, he took over and tested the water temperature.

Seemingly, the water was too hot. Thus, he added some cold water. Thereafter, he untied my shoelaces, intending to wash my feet for me.

I blocked his hands and refused. "I can do it on my own."

He was adamant. "The old injury hasn't healed completely. Apply some ointment after soaking your feet in the hot water."

As he spoke, he immersed his long fingers into the water.

Some fates are inextricably intertwined. I can't seem to get rid of him.

He helped me massaged my ankle. "There must be many happenings going on in K City. You've been staying here for a long time. It's time to go back."

He lifted his head. "Are you asking me to leave?"

"It's a suggestion."

He kept quiet as he continued to massage my ankle attentively.

It had almost been two weeks since he came to R Province. I know how busy it could get at Fuller Corporation. He was always seen engaging in virtual meetings on his laptop and settling a lot of documents.

Even so, the heart of Fuller Corporation was in K City. Clearly, his stay in R City would never be a viable long-term solution.

I was so used to having three meals a day and managing major and menial tasks in the yard. Therefore, I was reluctant to live with him in K City and surrounded by the hustle and bustle.

It may seem that his subtle intrusion into my life has portrayed a harmonious union between us two. It's actually just an illusion because he will leave ultimately.

It was a starry night. I could not fall asleep as I pondered over Summer's future.

I knew better than anyone that she didn't belong in R Province. I might have found my peace and my pace of life, but she was only a child who needed exposure and a better environment to learn and enrich her life.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 432

Although I loved being in R Province, I should never affect Summer's future.

With a buzzing sound in my head, I lay on the bed, unable to fall asleep. Overthinking things was giving me insomnia.

I got up for a glass of water and admired the gorgeous moonlight.

Standing in front of the window looking out at the scenery, I was lost in my thoughts. This journey of life seems too long. It's not easy to live from day to day peacefully.

The next day, as much as he was unwilling to, a few phone calls forced Ashton to leave.

"I'll be back as soon as I settle the matters in K City." His gaze mesmerized me. Why is this man always so charming?

I nodded. "Take care and drive safe!"

Without saying goodbye, I sent him off.

As his car sped off, I went back to the yard and fetched my phone. The notification caught my eyes.

Death at Fuller Corporation's construction site four years ago. Family of the deceased child hasn't received any compensation after three years of postponement.

It was difficult to ignore the leading headline.

Four years ago?

Death of a child?

I recalled reading the news back then, but had no idea how Ashton eventually settled the matter.

It has resurfaced again. It's apparent that someone is trying to find fault.

Could it be Jared or the Moore family?

I stopped thinking about it since it had nothing to do with me.

In the absence of Ashton, both Summer and I returned to our tranquil life.

At the hotel, rumors about Colin and me had been brewing. Some even had the impression that we lived under one roof.

I did not mind it since it was untrue. If I did, it would only add to my worries. Thankfully for the relationship I had with Louis, most staff did not portray any malice or hostility.

Some wanted to butter me up. Then again, with a personality like mine, it was hard for people to get close to me.

It was payday in mid-August.

Colin passed me the pay slip and said, "You should treat me a meal."

Looking at my salary which had doubled, I agreed. "Anything you want to eat? My treat."

Somebody heard our conversation and chimed in, "Since it's on you, you can't just treat one person, can you? Scarlett, you should celebrate your promotion with all colleagues."

"That's right. I'm dead bored. I haven't been out for two months."

Colin just smiled and did not make any comment.

I suggested, "Shall we all have dinner and drinks tonight?"

"Wow, sounds like a plan!"

The young girls were over the moon. Feasting and having fun were their weekly themed activities.

When the frenzy died down, Colin laughed at me. "With a total salary of eight thousand, you'll be left with nothing after treating over twenty colleagues to dinner and drinks. Dinner will most probably cost one or two thousand, excluding the expenses at the bar."

I grinned. "It's okay. I don't spend much anyways. Let's just hang out and have some fun as long as everyone's happy."

"All right. I'll let my mom look after Summer and Michael this evening in case we get home late. What do you think?"

I agreed.

The restaurants in R Province were relatively cheap. I found a big one and made a reservation for two rooms on the first floor.

A few colleagues were busy ordering food while someone teased me, "This must be the best restaurant in R Province since it's picked by Scarlett. An average expenditure per person here is about two hundred. How generous of her!"

"Indeed. Half of your pay will be gone after this meal."

Someone else added, "Why are you worried? Ms. Stovall doesn't depend on her salary alone, so why should you feel bad for her?"

It was Joyce. Without saying anything, I smiled as they continued placing orders.

There was no need for any introduction since everyone knew one another. Chats were heard immediately when all sat down together.

Someone asked, "Scarlett, do you plan to settle down in R Province? Or are you here temporarily?"

I answered, "I haven't decided."

"I heard that the two young heirs of Fuller Corporation in K City and White Corporation are locking horns in the corporate world. They both plan to get support from the Stovall family. Scarlett, can you share some inside news with us?"



Their topic could never go beyond gossips. "I only stayed in K City for three years, so I'm not too familiar with all the happenings there."

Joyce had always been in the limelight. Conversely, she was no longer the center of attention without his father's backing.

She jeered. "You want to hear something interesting? I recall Ms. Stovall having a four-year-old daughter. I wonder why a person born with a silver spoon like you would run all the way to a rural province and hide with a child. May we know why?"

That was a massive piece of gossip.

Instantaneously, everyone fixed their eyes on me curiously. "Scarlett, we've not heard you mention anything about the father of your child."

I took a sip of the wine and pursed my lips. Right then, the waiter served us food. I quickly changed the topic. "All of you must be starving. Let's dig in."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 433

I don't like to gossip about others and I don't like to be talked about either, especially when the topic is brought up intentionally by Joyce.

People from a small province may be kind-hearted, but due to too much free time on their hands, they tend to be very nosy.

A topic like this should either be clarified or forever kept under wraps. There's no way I can clear the air right now, so I can only choose not to mention it at all.

Seeing that I had no intention to explain further, they did not pursue the matter. The dinner ended pleasantly around nine o'clock.

As the host, I had promised everyone to hit the bar for some drinks. I could not go back on my words.

We went to a bar in the city center.

It was quite crowded. We picked a good seat on the first floor and had a great view of the stage performance on the ground floor.

The latest songs were being played on the screen while three men, who seemed to be in their thirties, were performing a soundcheck.

After ordering some drinks and snacks, we continued yammering on. The place was not too noisy but very lively.

With flashing lights and the upbeat music playing in the background, men and women danced merrily and bobbed their heads to the rhythm.

Colin sat beside me. He leaned over and asked, "Is Ashton Summer's father?"

His unexpected question stunned me. I looked at him; we both smiled.

Adults would let it slide, and we both left the question unanswered.

It was quite dull to just sit and drink, so we ended up playing some games. Colin did not touch a drop of alcohol because he had to drive.

I was not a big fan of drinking games. After a few rounds, I lost quite a bit and had to down a couple of glasses.

Feeling rather tipsy, I saw a bouquet of flowers appearing in front of me.

At that moment, everyone was observing me with anticipation.

A boy in his early twenties introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Matthew. Can we be friends? You're the nation's sweetheart, Nancy, right?" His bashful expression could be seen even under the dimly colored lights.

I froze for a few seconds. "I'm not Nancy. You're mistaken."

He was quite persistent. "How could it be? You are Nancy. Although you look slightly different without make-up, your beauty is ethereal. You just stand out in a crowd!"

Hmm.. how should I put it? It's great being young and reckless.

I thought about it for a while and came up with an idea to debunk the boy's perception. I showed him my identification card. "See, I'm not Nancy Goldstein."

He scrutinized my photo with disbelief. "You both look alike."

I replied politely, "There're indeed many doppelgangers in this world."

Blushing, he presented me with the bouquet. "This is for you, Ms. Stovall. You're very pretty. I don't think I'll ever see Nancy in person within my lifetime."

With that said, he left.

The group of colleagues started clamoring for attention. "Scarlett, you really look like Nancy, especially your eyes. I was also mistaken when I first met you."

I let out a faint smile in response.

It seems like I have a lot of look-alikes. In the past, people said I resembled Joyce, and then it was Cameron. Now, I'm apparently a twin of a top celebrity.

"Don't take it seriously. Beautiful faces are mostly similar," said Colin as he switched the glass of wine from my hand to a glass of fruit juice.

I was not bothered. "It goes to show that I'm quite good looking."

It was a harmless joke after all. The effects of the alcohol started to kick in and I felt a little dizzy. After footing the bill, I left with Colin.

He drove me home. "Let Summer stay with my mom tonight. I'll take her to school tomorrow morning."

I rubbed my temple and nodded. "Okay, I'll head in."

Colin continued to be caring toward me, albeit the presence of Ashton in my life. However, his concern gradually feels like how an elder brother would dutifully take care of his sister.

Adults are good at weighing pros and cons. Ashton is a steady and trustworthy man. His style of doing things is unconventional as compared to most people.

On the other hand, Colin respects me as an individual, but he also knows his place.

The way he treats me started off as a man caring for his beloved woman and it slowly changes its form to sibling love. This is probably the best ending for the both of us.

I was searching for the house key in my bag when John showed up. His car lights were exceptionally bright, contrasting the dim street lamp in the alley.

I could recognize his black Bentley and the number plate.

My guess was right.

He turned off the engine and got down from the car. His casual attire complemented his chiseled good looks.

I remained silent and gazed at him at the door.

The towering figure came forward. "I was so surprised to learn that you'd returned to R Province when Uncle Louis told me you're here. I thought you'd choose to settle down in a county within Q City after leaving K City."

"Come have a seat inside."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 434

I turned on the lights and served him a glass of water. Sitting down on the rattan chair, I tried to sober up.

He stared at me meaningfully and asked, "Have you returned to the family home?"

I hesitated. "Twenty years have gone by. It is probably demolished or completely renovated."

I did paid the family home a visit when I first came to R Province with Summer. In fact, I like to bring her there and stroll around. Although it has been largely modified, many interior items still remain.

He continued looking at me. "I only replaced what was broken. I didn't change the rest."

I was taken aback when I realized he bought the family home.

Except for nodding, I refrained from saying anything. "It's getting late. Let's catch up another time, you should go home and get some rest."

There's no need for him to stay over since he's got a house in R Province.

He quietly made his way to the door.

I followed him from behind until we got to the main entrance.

Out of the blue, he turned around and hugged me. I was stunned at first, but calmed down within the next minute.

“I miss you, Scarlett,” he said hoarsely in a childlike manner.

I stood still and patted his back. In a light voice, I said to him, “Summer is already four. Come over and visit her whenever you are free.”

There’s no need to brood over it because time will heal it all.

The next day, John went looking for me at the hotel.

During Ashton’s absence, rumors about Colin and me spread like wildfire amongst the hotel staff.

Some accused him of bootlicking me in order to gain Louis’ favor. Some criticized us for being scandalous albeit having our own families.

I was so used to all these unfounded speculations that I had grown numb to all the talks.

John’s sudden appearance at the office was like the grist for the mill as far as the talk in the workplace was concerned. Immediately, there was a pin-drop silence.

I was busy arranging the files and did not notice that he was there.

I noticed something strange when the girls who were discussing lipsticks and cosmetics quieten down.

I turned around and found a handsome man standing upright before me.



His unannounced presence clearly surprised me.

“You... Why are you here?”

He withdrew his gaze from my computer screen and looked at me. “I’m taking you out to breakfast.”

It didn’t sound like an invitation.

Even though John was not as well-known as Ashton, being a businessman from the Stovall family had earned him some fame.

Those who recognized him were excited to see him in person.

I checked on some pending work on the computer. “You might need to wait for a while, I have to finish some work.”

He nodded and then found a place to settle down. He seemed to be at ease.

With a good-looking man sitting in the office, the ladies were so distracted and started idling.

Someone curiously asked, “Who’s this man? What’s his relationship with Scarlett?”

“I think he’s the president of an electronic technology company, John Stovall, the son of Louis Stovall.”

“So, they are siblings?”

“Seriously? I haven’t heard anything about this before.”

“What’s so strange about it? We didn’t know that Scarlett was Louis’ daughter too.”

Shutting down my computer, I said to John, “Let’s go!” Though the ladies huddled together and talked in hushed voices, they were not entirely inaudible. Disliking what I heard, I left the place quickly.

John sought my opinion once we got out of the hotel. “What do you feel like having?”

“Anything.”

He picked a restaurant. It was not the most fancy one, but it was the best in the province.

We sat opposite each other. “What would you like to eat?”

“You go ahead and order.”

Without further ado, he ordered two steaks and said to me, “You lost weight.”

I chuckled. “Are you here on a business trip?”

“I’m here to see you!” He was very honest. “Uncle Louis told me you’re in R Province, so I came.”

I simply acknowledged and kept quiet thereafter.

Time flies, he’s already in his thirties.

“When will you be going back to K City?” He posted a direct question to me.

“I don’t plan to return.”

He frowned. “What about Summer’s future? She could enjoy a better school and a plethora of resources. Why would you say no to that?”

The weather was very humid. I rubbed my forehead and replied impatiently, “John, can’t we just sit and eat?”

Que sera sera. We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it. What’s the use of discussing in advance?

He fell silent at that and watched me eat, but consumed nothing himself. It was a weird habit of his.

I would not step foot into such a good restaurant on my own. It’s too expensive for my limited salary.

As we left the restaurant, I looked up at the scorching sun. The heat was unbearable in R Province, and it could easily make someone snappy.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 435

“Shall I take you home?” he asked.

I squinted my eyes at him. “Going to see Summer?”

He was surprised. “May I?”

“Why not? You’re her uncle.”

He beamed with joy but tried to suppress it.

We went to pick Summer up from her school.

She had not seen John even once during the four years here in R Province. However, she was not too shocked to see him as we had been having many visitors recently.

Summer and I took the back seat. She turned her head to and fro to look at John and I. “Mommy, is Mr. Stovall your friend?”

I nodded. “Summer, he’s your Uncle John.”

“Uncle?” she gasped.

John thought she was calling him and he immediately turned around gleefully.

“Watch out!” I yelled upon seeing the cars coming our way.

Luckily, his quick reflexes in maneuvering the steering wheel prevented a car crash.

He pulled over and cast a serious look at both of us. With anticipation, he asked, “Summer, call me again.”

I...

Summer was flabbergasted but did as he said. “Uncle John!” she addressed him sweetly.

A delighted smug settled upon his face. He exclaimed ecstatically, “Did you hear that, Scarlett? She called me ‘Uncle John’!”

I could totally feel him. He’s just like me, lonely on the inside and always searching for a sense of belonging.

A simple greeting from Summer made John feel joyful. It gave him the warmth that he had been yearning.

He was very happy. At the same time, he also had a complicated feeling toward others.

When he sent us home, I noticed that his gaze was fixated on Summer for a very long time. He looked like he was in deep thoughts.

Something’s not right.

As soon as we reached home, Summer went to pluck some fruits. I asked, "Is there anything bothering you?"

He came back to his senses. "Scarlett, what would you do if you're pregnant but the father of the child wants you to abort the baby?"

I narrowed my eyes. "Well, since it's your child, there's no reason for you to abandon it. John, don't disappoint the person who holds you in her heart dearly."

Feeling rather embarrassed and shocked, he clarified, "I didn't say it's my child."

I found it amusing. "When you stared at Summer, you're imagining if the child would be as adorable as Summer, given the chance to be born into this world. Am I right?"

He hissed and sat down on the rattan chair in sizzling annoyance.

Holding his head with both his hands, he seemed lost.

I squatted down next to him and shared my two cents. "Regardless of the situation, if that's your child, you can't leave it alone nor cut off ties with it. John, don't do something you'll regret."

He abruptly got up from his seat. Looking slightly dazed, he left me a sentence before leaving the yard. "I'm heading back to K City. I'll come see you again in a few days' time."

Seeing him walking away, I could not help but smile. People will always be healed, whether through an eventful life or the existence of a child.

Summer came out carrying a watermelon with all her might. She scanned around for John. "Mommy, where's Uncle John?"

I took over the watermelon from her and put it aside. "He's left." I sighed. "Summer, the fruit will rot if we don't finish it quick enough."

She lowered her head. "I wanted to eat it with Uncle John."

I stroked her hair and sat her down on the rattan chair. "Summer, do you want to live in the city where Grandpa and Uncle John are?"

She tilted her head, looking confused. "Will Michael be there too?"

Gosh!

I was rendered speechless and struggled to come up with a reply. "No, he won't. Michael will stay here with his daddy."

"Oh, I see." She was disappointed. "If I'm gone, Michael won't have any friends left."

Pondering over the idea, she asked, "Mommy, will I have a daddy if I go live with Grandpa and Uncle John?"

I felt uneasy. All children would want their fathers to be by their sides. Summer is no exception.

I felt sorry for her. "Summer, do you want a daddy that badly?"

She bit her lips and thought hard about it. "Yes, if I have one, I could go out and play on weekends, just like the outing we had with Mr. Fuller. Daddy will be just like Mr. Fuller who buys me yummy food, tells me stories, and piggybacks me."

I listened to her without responding.

I had never thought of telling her about Macy. Similarly, I never wanted Jared to know where Macy was.

This girl has become a part of me since four years ago. I can't allow her to live with Jared. I don't feel good about that option.

Yet, I can't give her a father.



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 436

I choked up while hugging her. "I'll bring you to K City to see Daddy. You'll be just like your little friends, spending time with Daddy every day, okay?"

Bewildered, she widened her eyes. "Really? Mommy, you're not lying to me, are you?"

"When have I ever lied to you? Hmm?"

"Then, can we bring Michael along?" She gave me those puppy-dog eyes.

"Summer, Michael needs to live with his daddy. If he follows us to K City, he has to part ways with his parent. Do you want to see him live separately from his daddy?"

She shook her head. "No!"

"Each of us has something that we hold close to our hearts. We get what we ask for."

She fell silent for a while, then lifted her head to stare me in the eyes. "Mommy, I'll go with you to K City."

I nodded my head as a response to her decision. We all have different needs and wants. Hence, our priorities are different.

I had not fixed a date to return to K City. First, I needed to ensure that all tasks in R Province were completed thoroughly.

Thanks to the back-to-back appearance of the Stovalls and coupled with the special treatment from Colin, I was ostracized by others at the hotel.

Where there are more girls, there are more dramas.

When I was in the bathroom, I heard some people talk behind my back.

“Who do you think is the father of Scarlett’s child? Would it be John’s?”

“That’s highly unlikely. Aren’t they siblings?”

“There’re a series of scandals swept under the carpet amongst the rich and famous. Otherwise, why wouldn’t she stay in K City and enjoy a lavish life as a Stovall? Don’t you find it strange that she came all the way here to a small county with a child?”

“That’s true. We’ve never heard her mentioning the father of the child, let alone meeting him in person. Could it be that it’s John’s daughter?”

“Probably a case of incest. She got pregnant and hid herself here in a small county to avoid speculations.”

This is ridiculous. I cringed. Such was the frightening effect of gossips.

A girl ran into the bathroom frantically. “Oh my, I think I’ve got my period. Who has a sanitary pad?”

“No, not me.”

“What should I do? I forgot the date and wore a white skirt today. I’m afraid I’ll stain it later.”

She was in an awkward position.

I pushed the cubicle door open and handed a pad over to her without saying a word. Subsequently, I washed my hands and left.

My abrupt appearance caused a few peeps to feel extremely uneasy.

Anyhow, I was so used to all these talks and had heard different versions of them.

I returned to my desk and continued arranging the files. I wonder how I should tell Colin about my resignation.

“Excuse me... thanks for helping me out just now.” The embarrassed girl placed a glass of milk on my desk as she whispered into my ear.

I looked up and was met with a blushed face. It was the girl whom I met in the bathroom.

“Save it,” I blurted subconsciously and then felt it sounded a tad bit harsh. So, I added, “It’s just a small matter.”

Biting her lips, she looked down. “So sorry, I...” she faltered.

It seemed like she could not squeeze the rest of the words past her lips.

I guessed she wanted to apologize for gossiping.

I stopped what I was doing and gazed at her. "Don't worry about it, I didn't take it to heart."

Indeed, I'm not bothered by the vast rumors about me that I've heard thus far.

"Abby, what we said is true. Why are you apologizing? The fault isn't ours," someone retorted.

Abby?

I've been working in this hotel for almost two years and I don't remember a colleague with that name.

I studied her name tag carefully. Abigail Schoot.

Panicked, Abigail turned to the other colleague, who snapped back at her. "Don't say anymore."

Feeling bad, she turned to me again. "I'm sorry!"

She then returned to her desk.

At noon, Abigail took the initiative to approach me.

"Scarlett, let's go for lunch together."

I was surprised at her invitation and checked the time, only to realize that it was already lunch hour.

I wanted to decline, but changed my mind when I saw she was looking forward to an affirmative response.

“Sure, let’s go.”

There were not a lot of restaurants nearby the hotel, besides some fast-food joints and small eateries.

She chose the latter. We ordered and found a table for two.

She looked like she had something to say.

I sipped my tea indifferently.

“Scarlett, sorry about this morning. I’m really sorry. Please don’t take it seriously.”

She paused before continuing, “Also, thank you.”

I accepted it with a smile. “It’s fine. It’s all tittle-tattles. I’m used to it by now.”

She felt so guilty. “Why don’t you explain to everyone?”

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 437

I raised my brow. "What is there to explain?"

"Your daughter's identity and your relationship with Mr. Johnson," she stated seriously.

I grinned. "It's up to others however they want to perceive it."

"If you don't clear the air, they will think that their speculations are correct." She started getting anxious.

I asked her, "Do you think that it's true?"

She froze for a while and replied timidly, "It does feel like it's a true story after hearing it umpteen times."

I maintained my composure. "I like the environment here in R Province and brought Summer here to start our new life. I didn't think much about it."

"What about Summer's father?" Abigail was a curious young girl.

The waiter served our food. "It's rather late. Let's eat and go back soon."

She stopped asking me questions.

I buried myself with work when we got back to the office. Although it was a small hotel, my to-do list seemed endless, with me wearing two hats at the same time.

When I focused on my work, I would usually neglect the surroundings, be it a severe cough or a pin drop silence.

About ten minutes later, my shoulders felt tired. I got up and was about to fetch a glass of water.

As I turned, I was startled by the man behind me. "Since when did you get here?"

I regretted the moment those words left my lips because the tone was too casual. It would definitely suggest an unexplainable affair between us, as others had perceived.

"A while ago." Ashton cast a gentle gaze at me. "Go get some water."

When I came back to my place, he had already pulled a chair next to mine and was skimming the documents on my desk. A myriad of expressions showed up on my colleagues' faces, from surprised, perplexed, to curious. Some kept staring at us, whereas the others tried to peek from their seats.

He took the glass from me and drank from the same spot I did. Someone coughed at the sight of it. This feels odd.

I frowned, but did not voice my disapproval. I returned to my desk and attempted to finish my work.

Rather than interfere, Ashton waited quietly beside me until I paused.

"Are you done?" he finally spoke.

Nodding, I kept the files.

"What do you want to have for dinner?" He asked outrightly as if he had not noticed the strange looks on my colleagues' faces.

I'm pretty sure he did it on purpose. With this, I'm certain that the gossips will only get juicier about how flirtatious I am.

“Anything.” It was about time to get off work.

Colin delivered some documents to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, these files contain all the information about the hotel’s operations in the past two years. Please have a look.”

Ashton acknowledged. He did not read the documents, but passed them to me instead. With an arched brow, he ordered, “Take a look.”

Colin chuckled. “Mr. Fuller and Ms. Stovall seem to have known each other for a very long time.”

Did he say that intentionally?

Ashton gently brushed the stray hairs from my forehead to the back of my ear. “Yes, we’ve been married for seven years.”

No one expected that, including Colin. I could hear many gasped in disbelief. They were probably shocked to the core.

Ashton did not seem to be bothered by their reactions. He smirked when he noticed that I was glaring at him. “What’s wrong? As your husband and the father of Summer, am I so hideous that you have to pretend not to know me?”

He definitely did it on purpose.

My body stiffened. I pursed my lips shut.



Murmurs could be heard from every nook and cranny in the office. "She's Ashton's wife! Oh my goodness..."

It soon sent the entire office into a frenzy. Simultaneously, it also dismissed all sorts of rumors and unfounded claims.

I sighed. I'm pretty sure Colin must have said something, which caused him to make a trip to the office today and performed the surprise act.

"Are you done with work?" Ashton asked while holding my hand.

I nodded as I rose to my feet.

He looked at Colin. "Shall we have dinner together?"

Colin declined, "I'm talking Michael to see my mother tonight. You guys go ahead. We'll meet next time."

Then, we left the hotel and got into the car.

I stared daggers at him. "When did you arrive?"

"Not too long ago."

We chatted casually throughout the journey and everything seemed the same as before.

At the school, Summer was carrying her bag and standing in line when she saw Ashton from a distance. Her face beamed with joy.

She waved at him excitedly. In response, Ashton smiled and waved back at her.

“How’s Dr. Crest?” I brought up a name I’ve not mentioned for a long time.

With a stern look on his face, he held my hand. “He’s gone to W City and might settle down there.”

“Is he married?” It had been four years, and Macy was just like a passerby in his life.

“Probably not.”

“There’s someone he couldn’t forget?” I was eager to know.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 438

“Mr. Fuller!” Summer interrupted our conversation.

He carried her into the car. “What would you like to eat?”

“Ice-cream and a family bucket!” the munchkin blurted at once.

Ashton took a peek at me and said under his breath, “You might want to check with your mommy first.”

Knowing what my answer would be, the sulky smart girl tried her luck by rephrasing her request, “Mommy, what do you want to eat?”

Dining out in a heatwave wasn’t an appealing choice. I pondered slightly and said, “Let’s eat at home.”

Feeling let down, Summer replied unwillingly, “Okay.”

Ashton changed his route and drove us all home.

I made a few simple dishes since nobody had a voracious appetite in this hot weather. After having only a few bites, Summer went to pluck a watermelon again.

She came back with a large one. “Mr. Fuller, let’s eat this together. I wanted to have it with my uncle the last time but he left early.”

Ashton turned to look at me. “Uncle?”

“It’s John.” I had no intention to hide it from him.

He nodded, took the watermelon from Summer, and broke it in half. The ones we planted in our yard were not big, but very sweet.

The man held a big piece and the child, a small one. It was so cute to see them both sharing a fruit.

“Your father tried to match make him, so he came here to look for you and visit Summer?”

He continued looking at me, waiting for an answer.

I was taken aback. “He didn’t escape that because of me. I could tell that he’s fallen for someone but he hasn’t realized it. So, he came to me.”

Speaking of which, I wonder who’s that girl.

Ashton did not ask further. He scooped a spoonful of watermelon from the center of the fruit and sent it to my mouth.

I was forced to have a bite. “I don’t like to eat watermelon.” That’s why Summer always serves our guests that. She loves having a company while eating watermelon.

When night fell, Joseph came by. Ashton stood up and hugged Summer. “It’s getting late. You’d better go get some rest.”

“Aren’t you...” Staying over? I was baffled, but decided not to finish my sentence.

I’ll welcome him if he stays; I won’t keep him if he plans to leave.

Perplexed, Summer asked, “You’re not staying in our house, Mr. Fuller?”

He leaned over and explained, “I have something that I need to attend to. I’ll come visit you next time.”

Summer was dismayed.

“Go to bed early,” he reminded me.

I remained quiet when we sent both Joseph and Ashton off. The heat in August was unbearable.

Looking at the calendar, Summer would be turning five soon.

The next day, which was a weekend, Joseph came by.

I was not surprised to see him but was quite astonished to see the loads of goods he brought over.

There were a lot of organic vegetables, just like the types I had in my yard. It’s redundant for Ashton to make Joseph send these over, especially when he knows that I don’t lack any.

“Mrs. Fuller.” Joseph looked exhausted with two obvious dark circles and a croaky voice. He probably did not sleep well last night.

“What’s wrong?” I prompted him to enter the house, but he stood on the spot and handed over those items to me. “Mr. Fuller has been attending quite a number of business events in K City these few days.

He had a bit too much to drink and had a stomach ulcer. Last night, he didn't want you to be worried so he put up a night at the hotel."

I waited for him to finish.

"He doesn't allow me to tell you and isn't willing to go for a checkup. If this drags on, I'm afraid his condition will get worse. Can you persuade him to go to the hospital?"

Feeling like a cat on hot bricks, I tried to suppress my anxiety with a faint smile. "How long has he been like this?"

"Since you left four years ago. From the outside, he looks like he's devoted all of his time and energy to his work. In actual fact, he's driving himself to a point of no return. Sometimes, he would drink throughout the night and resulted in several hospital visits due to a stomach ulcer. The doctor has advised against alcohol but he never listens. Mrs. Fuller, you know how significant you are in his life, better than anyone else."

I accepted the vegetables he brought. "I'll head over in a bit. Please give me his room card. You should go get some rest and take care of yourself."

His face instantly brightened up like a child as soon as I agreed to see Ashton. "Please go see him as soon as you can."

I spaced out when he walked away. After all these years, some people are treating their wounds, whereas some are still struggling in hell.

From a woman's perspective, a man is said to be very much in love with a woman if he's lost without her.

Yet, it's different with Ashton. He seems to have turned over a new leaf by putting an end to his reckless years. What emerged after four years of transformation was sophistication and maturity.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 439

Having met again after several years, he did not overwhelm me with his eagerness to reconcile, but carefully invading into my space and slowly entangled his life with mine.

Although he was not aggressive, it was hard to reject or refuse him.

I made some soup for him. When I arrived at the hotel, he was resting on the bed with one hand placed on his forehead.

I got quite emotional when I saw his pale face. I put the soup aside and sat next to him.

If we've made the right decision from the beginning, perhaps we wouldn't have landed ourselves in this situation. We're looking forward to the future, yet we act with caution when around each other.

I held his hand gently in order not to wake him up.

My effort was in vain. The light sleeper was alerted a few seconds later. When he opened his eyes and saw that it was me, a smile appeared on his face.

"Isn't it the weekend? Why did you come over on your off day?" He sounded hoarse and tired.

"You're sick, that's why I came." I withdrew my hand and wanted to reach for the bowl of soup, but he got hold of me.

"Joseph told you?"

I nodded. He propped himself up and frowned. He seemed to be in pain.



“Have you had your medication?” I scanned the room but did not find any medicines.

He smiled. “It’s just a small matter. I’ll be okay once I’m rested.”

I was slightly upset by what he said. “If it can be cured without taking any medicine, you should have fully recovered a long time ago.”

I pulled my hand away from his, but lost my balance and fell into his embrace.

His body was so warm, exuding a strong masculine scent.

“I’ll drink the soup later. Lie down with me,” he whispered.

No, I shouldn’t let him be. He’s sick, and he needs to get well.

Knitting my brows, I cast him a look. “Drink the soup and take your medication before you continue sleeping, okay?”

He burst out laughing and then stoked the tip of my nose affectionately. “Since when did you become so domineering?”

“Health comes first.” He probably won’t want to take any injection. We shall see how things go after taking some meds. I got up and called Joseph to send the medication over.

After hanging up, I scooped a bowl of soup for him. "Drink it while it's hot."

"Would you get mad at me if I want you to feed me?" He tested the waters.

I was briefly surprised at his request, but did it anyway.

He did not expect my response when I fed him. He removed his gaze from me and drank the soup.

I sighed as he continued to finish the soup.

"How's the taste?"

"It's very sweet," he answered instantly.

"I put a dash of salt, not sugar." He's obviously distracted. Otherwise, how can he not know how does soup taste like?

He smirked and then uttered in a low voice, "It's just sweet."

Joseph came with the medication and heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed that Ashton finished the soup. "Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

I did not say much.

Joseph left. Ashton took his medicine and refused to let me go. I sighed. "It's time for you to take a good rest."

He shook his head. "Lie down with me." Worried that I would reject him, he bargained, "I'll sleep better when you're beside me."

I leaned next to him. The air-conditioning made the room nice and cool, a complete opposite to the scorching heat outdoor.

I wanted to leave the hotel room once he fell asleep, but ended up dozing off myself.

By the time I woke up, it was already three in the afternoon. Luckily, it was not a working day.

Ashton was not in the room. The wrinkled sheets were the only traces he left behind.

Some noises were heard coming from the living room. It sounded like someone was having a conference.

I rose to my feet and walked out to have a look.

"We shall fight the White Corporation till the end." Ashton was resolute and unswerving in his decision.

Had I not witnessed this scene with my own eyes, I might have forgotten his true colours.

In the last four years, I heard a lot about how brutal he was in K City.

Hearing my movements, he lifted his eyes. In a flash, his sharp and cold gaze turned into a warm and gentle one. "You're awake?"

I nodded while taking a peek at his laptop screen. He was having a video conference. I stood still and told him to carry on with his work.

He shut his laptop and strode across the room to hold me in his arms. "Why don't you sleep for a while more?"

I looked at the view outside of the hotel windows. What was originally acres of land overrun with weeds had been cultivated into fertile loess.

"Are you feeling better?" I focused on him and used the back of my hand to feel his forehead. The temperature felt normal, indicating he was not down with a fever.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 440

"I've recovered the moment I saw you." I could hear him chuckling.

He buried his head against my neck. "Scarlett, love shouldn't be a burden. In the last four years, I've imagined myself pampering you countless times. I was overjoyed when fate brought us together again in R Province. I'm dying to hold you dearly and never let go, but I know this is too much.

"I don't want to scare you away. How many four years do we have in life that we can afford to live recklessly? I had to play hard to get. I didn't expect much when Joseph went to look for you. I thought to myself, if you came, it means that you still love me. Scarlett, I don't want to go through another four years repeating the same mistake."

I let him hug me. My heart wrenched as I listened to him. I know I'm standing on quicksand. I buried everything safely in my heart for the past four years, thinking this too shall pass as long as I don't ever revisit the old memories.

I've thought about our meeting again and he would treat me like how he used to.

Never have I expected the changes in him. He's become very sensitive and thoughtful. He now cares for my feelings and the way he shows affection is very different.

He didn't join me as I fall apart. On the contrary, he remains objective and gently pulls me out of this pit I'm in. He does it step by step so that I won't get hurt.

"Your life might be complete if you've never met me." He was supposed to marry Rebecca seven years ago. If he did, he's probably enjoying a blissful marriage, a successful career, and building a happy family now.

He held my hands. "If I hadn't met you, I'd probably not know what love is, let alone feeling happy."

Joseph told me that the skies in R Province stay very calm. Even the clouds move at an extremely slow pace. Love and affection take its own sweet time to develop, but they are genuine and real.

“Why did Rebecca and I swap in the first place?” I’ve always wanted to ask this question since the day I discovered I was Cameron’s daughter. I was a coward four years ago and didn’t have the courage to find out his answer, so I chose not to know.

Now, I believe I’m strong enough to bear the consequence. As long as I know I have a place in his heart, the answer doesn’t matter anymore.

He tightened his embrace. “If you went back to the Moore family back then, would you have divorced me without hesitation?”

I was ready to separate with him, even in the absence of the Moore family.

Moments later, I spoke, “It’s got nothing to do with the Moores. Without them, I’d still go ahead with the divorce.”

He jeered at me, “Divorcing me isn’t easy without the backing of the Moore family.”

That’s true, moreover, I was pregnant then.

He sighed and smiled wryly. “All of this happened because I was as stubborn as a mule.”

“How did John get involved?” I know John cares for me, but why didn’t he want me to return to the Moores?

He paused. “The Moores are too unpredictable. If nothing happens, good, but when something goes wrong, the entire family perishes. They have offended too many people over the years. Without their protection, how do you think you can survive?”

That's why John made use of Marcus to help me get connected to Louis, in the hope that I could gain support from the Stovalls or Ashton if the Moores lost their power one day?

As I connected all the dots, I realized they were all trying to protect me. However, unfortunate circumstances occurred along the way by mistake. The death of Macy and my poor child couldn't be avoided.

I sighed as I stared at the big blue sky. There's a serious void in my heart. How long has it been? I almost forgot who I used to be.

Four years can heal a wound, but can it really reunite two hearts? It's not as easy as it seems.

"Come home to K City with me. We'll have our very own wedding. I've been preparing for it for four years. I'm just waiting for you to come back," he persuaded me.

I did not agree right away. Taking a glance at my watch, I realized it was getting late. I got out of his embrace and said, "It's almost time to pick Summer up. I'd better get going."

Biting his lips, his gaze darkened. "Let me go with you."

I shook my head and pointed at his laptop. "You're still in a meeting."

He left in the middle of the meeting, and that must have disrupted the plans of the top management of Fuller Corporation.

He was not bothered by it. "Let Joseph send you back."

I was adamant about declining his offer, but figured he would surely insist. So, I decided to go along with it.

On the way home, Joseph seemed to have something to say.

I looked out of the window. He's most likely trying to convince me to get back with Ashton.

I took a deep breath. "Fuller Corporation is at its prime time now. Do you have any kids?"

I recalled that he's married.

He faltered before answering, "Yes, my child is two years old now."

"That's great!" Everyone is moving on with their lives.

Holding onto the steering wheel, he looked at me and hesitated. "K City has undergone vast development over the years. Would you like to pay a visit?"



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 441

Should I go back? Is it too early?

Seeing that I had fallen silent, Joseph took that as a sign that I refused to return. Sighing, he said, "Mrs. Fuller, who's going to feel the pain if Summer falls down?"

Startled, I glanced at the man who was driving seriously and said, "Although we're not biologically related, we have spent the last four years together. She's a significant part of my life. It hurts me to see her suffering in pain."

He brought the car to a halt when the traffic light turned red. Staring at me in the eyes, he asked, "Then, can you imagine the sort of pain he has to go through over the past four years? Mr. Fuller was afraid you would be irked by his presence. In order to oppress his affection for you, he spent most of his time working and getting himself drunk."

Halfway through his orated speech, Joseph paused. "On the first winter you left, he passed out on the streets in the middle of the night. As a result, he caught a high fever. However, he said he had the best time of his life because you showed up with a bright grin in his dream.

"He was the person in charge of Fuller Corporation by day, yet he would turn into a drunkard when night falls. His intestine started bleeding internally as a result. If he couldn't get himself drunk, he would approach me and ask me if he should approach you just to keep an eye on you. As soon as he sobered up the next day, he would become the indifferent man again.

"Undeniably, he did a great job keeping his emotions to himself, but at the end of the day, he's but a human. He suffers from mental breakdowns as well. Mrs. Fuller, you should move on from the past and appreciate your future with him. Since you have a thing for him, why don't you stop torturing yourself and Mr. Fuller?"

I was in a state of bewilderment when the traffic light turned green. It was a surprise since an outsider had brought up everything about Ashton in front of me.

Perhaps Joseph's right. The past is in the past.

After picking up Summer, I brought her back to the yard.

Prior to his departure, Joseph peered into my eyes with his lips pursed. "Mr. Fuller will be heading back to K City tonight."

With that, he departed immediately.

I decided to send Ashton a simple message, wishing him a safe flight.

Seconds after I dropped him the text message, he called and asked in a gentle tone, "Have you had dinner?"

He seemed to be boarding the plane soon. Nodding, I looked up and gazed at the pitch-black sky. "Yes."

"I'll be back soon. Take good care of yourself when I'm away. And don't forget to have your meal on time," he replied in a hushed voice.

Through the phone, I heard the announcement urging him to board the plane. Immediately, I said, "I'll talk to you soon! See you!"

"Okay!"

After hanging up the call, I lost myself in another train of thoughts because I was overwhelmed by Joseph's words.

It's true that the ones we love hurt us the most.

I used to think I was head over heels in love with Ashton, but I slowly figured out it was nothing much. The moment that I figured out that I was pregnant, I started planning my escape. When I lost my child, I knew he was in great pain as well, yet I still resented him.

The moment he tried to explain the reason why he swapped the DNA samples, I left without allowing him to explain himself. Perhaps my selfishness was the reason why the two of us had ended up like this.

A week after Ashton's departure, I quit the job at the hotel.

When Colin received my resignation letter, he asked with a straight face, "Have you informed Mr. Fuller?"

"I'll get in touch with him soon."

He fell silent. A few seconds later, he nodded and acknowledged my resignation.

"What are you going to do from now onwards?" he asked, looking slightly sullen.

"Well, nothing for the time being." Since John and Ashton had shown up one after another, I was pretty sure others would start talking behind my back again.

He nodded. "Keep in touch with me, okay?"

Smiling, I said, "I still need someone to look after the plants in the yard." I had no intention to sell my place in P Province. Should Summer further her study at the university and start a family, I might make my way back in the future and spend the rest of my life there.

He nodded and replied with a grin, "Let's catch up over a meal soon. Michael has no idea you guys are leaving. I believe we should allow the children to bid farewell to each other."

After we wrapped up the conversation, I returned to the yard. It was already the last week of August. Therefore, most of the crops were ready for harvest.

Usually, I would cultivate a new batch of crops, but I stopped because we would be leaving soon.

I only packed a few sets of clothes for Summer and myself.

Colin and I had agreed to meet up for a meal over the weekend. I told Summer beforehand that we would be leaving soon so that she could prepare herself. Nonetheless, she couldn't help feeling sentimental when the time of our departure neared.

The usually mischievous little girl started behaving herself and shared the things she liked with Michael. She said, "Mommy said we wouldn't be able to bring this away with us. Can you keep this on my behalf? I'll retrieve it once I'm back."

Michael, who had always been a little boy of few words, looked at me in the eyes and asked, "Ms. Stovall, when are you coming back with Summer?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 442

My mind went completely blank. I gave it a thought and said, "We'll be back every now and then. Perhaps we'll make a trip back during the next festive season."

Michael smiled when he heard that. "Then, Daddy and I will be waiting for you and Summer to come back to R Province to celebrate the festive seasons!"

For a moment, I was flustered because I almost forgot there was another joyous occasion around the corner. Seconds later, I nodded and said, "Summer and I will be back soon."

The children were equally thrilled when they heard my words of assurance.

On the other hand, Colin, who had been quiet all this while, broke the silence and queried, "Are you going to K City?"

Shaking my head, I stated, "Not for the time being."

I never had the chance to bring Summer back to J City when she was an infant. Now that she was slightly older, I wanted to bring her back to visit Macy. I felt quite lost because I never mentioned Macy over the years.

Summer snuggled in my arms after we bade farewell over the meal and made our way home. She was melancholic because we would be leaving soon.

After I tucked her in, I called Ashton.

The moment he picked up the call, his hoarse and seductive voice could be heard. "I was about to call you, yet you got ahead of me. It's almost like our thoughts are connected."

I responded with a smile and looked out the window. Staring at the bright moon, I said, "I just resigned."

"Well, it was inevitable since staying at that hotel would be a waste of your talent," he replied nonchalantly as though he had been anticipating my departure.

I smiled, wondering whether his words counted as a compliment.

Once again, he broke the silence and asked in a gentle tone, "Where are you planning to go?"

"I haven't made up my mind." R Province might have much to offer. However, when I took Summer's future into consideration, I thought she deserved better things in life.

"No matter where you're going, I'll always have your back. Don't forget I consider Summer as my daughter," he asserted in a calm and collected manner.

I was dazed for a moment before I nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

Compared to the way we interacted with one another in the past, I enjoyed our current relationship more. Now, he wouldn't make the call on my behalf and instead, he would simply provide his opinion and guidance.

After I hung up the call, I purchased the air tickets to J City. It took me an hour to reach the central business district to purchase the tickets because there wasn't any airport in R Province.

In September, I brought Summer to J City with me. It was her first visit there. The moment she walked out of the airport, she swept her gaze around and shared her joy with me. "Mommy, this is such a huge airport!"

I responded with a smile and brought her to Glenwood Apartments. When I left the city, I bought myself an apartment and kept one of Macy's apartments for Summer.

Since there were photos of Summer and me in the apartment, she returned with a photo after roaming around the house. She asked, "Mommy, who's the woman beside you in the photo?"

Seeing how Summer had directed her question at me in such a sincere manner, I suddenly felt a heart-wrenching sensation.

I took over the photo and noticed the photo was taken in the year we graduated. Back then, Macy already started working in the bar.

After she got her wages, she insisted on having me join her for a photoshoot in a studio. She said we needed a photo as a keepsake of our best time in life. Otherwise, age would catch up to us soon and we would forget what we looked like in our prime.

I was grateful she insisted because the photo was something that could remind me of the most carefree period of my life.

"Mommy, why are you crying?" Summer asked in a mellifluous tone. I crouched in front of her and cradled her in my arms, shedding tears of grief.

“Summer, let’s pay this aunt a visit tomorrow, okay?” It had been four years since my last trip back. I couldn’t help but wonder if things were fine on her end.

Summer nodded and stared at Macy in the photo. Shortly after, she wiped my tears off my face and said, “Okay!”

Holding the little girl in my arms, I suppressed my emotion and announced, “Summer, she’s an important friend of mine and an important figure in your life. Can you promise me that you’ll address her as your mom instead of your aunt in the future?”

Confused, the little girl asked, “Why? Michael said an ordinary family consisted of only one father and one mother. If I’m addressing her as my mother, how am I supposed to address you?”

“Summer, we’re all special in our own ways. In short, you’re different from Michael as well. He’s a boy, but you’re a girl. He only has a mother, but you have two mothers. Macy is someone that’s important to me. Can you promise me that you’ll keep that in mind?”

I couldn’t bring myself to tell Summer she wasn’t my biological daughter, yet I was afraid of completely detaching her from Macy. She may not have any memory of Macy in the four years of her life, but from now on, I wanted her to know about Macy.

Summer was perplexed, but she nodded when she saw how serious I looked. “I’ll listen to you and address her as mommy Macy in the future.”

I nodded.

After we had settled down, I hailed a cab and brought Summer to the cemetery with me on the next day.



Compared to my last visit, the cemetery seemed to be relatively spacious. It must have expanded again.

Judging by the number of tombstones that were erected over the past four years, I couldn't help but wonder how many people had lost their loved ones.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 443

When the middle-aged florist in charge of the store not far from the cemetery saw us, she asked, "Do you need a bouquet of white chrysanthemum?"

Smiling, I shook my head and brought Summer into the store. "Is it fine for us to pick the flowers?"

The florist was stupefied for a short while before she nodded in return and asserted, "Of course!"

Macy once told me she was never a fan of chrysanthemums. She would get irked by the melancholic and monochromous colors. Instead, she was thrilled whenever she received sunflowers.

After I got a few stalks of sunflowers, I asked Summer to hold on to it because I needed to get Old Mr. Fuller a bouquet as well. In the end, I got the reliable man a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

Grandma had always appreciated the bunch of celosia by the edge of the yard in R Province. The ornamental amaranth was no match for other species in terms of look, but it could brace itself through harsh weather and flourish in harsh conditions.

As a result of the cemetery's expansion, there were a lot of stairs. Walking through the steps amid the heavy morning fog, I was grateful there were signs everywhere. Otherwise, I would have lost my way.

There were a lot of people there to visit their deceased loved ones on that particular day. After dropping by the two seniors' graves, I brought Summer to visit Macy's grave.

Another tall man with a callous look could be seen in front of her grave. After four years, he was no longer the gentleman I used to know.

People would mature at different ages, but most people would turn into gentle adults as they got older. However, there were also some cases where certain adults might develop the other way and fall into the vicious cycle of despair due to their awful memories.

I wasn't sure if Jared was the former or the latter category. After all, after four years, I still had no idea the sort of relationship he had with Macy.

Staring at the bouquet of balloon flowers in front of the tombstone, I was dumbfounded for a short while.

Balloon flower had two kinds of meaning—eternal love and eternal despair.

At the end of the day, we would be overwhelmed by the things we owned in life if we failed to practice moderation in life. It would be better to appreciate things than constantly asking for more.

“Mommy!” Seeing how I was standing rooted to my spot for a while, Summer broke the silence. When she saw the photo on the tombstone, she asked, “Is mommy Macy dead?”

Her mellifluous voice caught Jared's attention. He turned around and gave me a wide-eyed stare when he saw me.

When he noticed I wasn't the one talking, he turned his gaze to Summer.

The man and the little girl exchanged glances. He pursed his lips with his brows furrowed. Perhaps they were meant to cross paths in life to sort out the complications behind their relationship.

A few seconds later, he looked at me and asked, “Is she—”

Before he could finish his question, I cut him off and instructed Summer, “Summer, can you please place the bouquet in front of mommy Macy's grave?”

Macy would never want Summer to spend her time by Jared's side. I happened to share a similar vision and would never allow that to happen.

Summer nodded; the little girl had no idea the emotions an adult had toward the deceased ones. After she placed the bouquet in front of the tombstone, she gazed at the photo.

She was about the height of the tombstone. When she caught a glimpse of her biological mother, torrents of grief streamed down her face.

"Mommy said you're an important figure in her life. If that's the case, I'll always keep you in mind."

Although the little girl's words seemed to make little to no sense, others would feel wistful when they heard her mellifluous voice.

Jared wasn't a fool. He was aware of my miscarriage back then. Therefore, he could easily rule out the possibility that Summer was my daughter.

Judging by his look and response, I knew he had figured out Summer's identity.

I had never once told him that Macy had passed on. Since he was here now, I reckoned it must be others who shared the news with him.

He asked, "What's her name?"

It was evident he was talking about the little girl. "Summer Stovall." I looked at the photo on the tombstone while replying.

As I watched Summer's attempt to wipe the photo clean, I could feel my heart breaking into a million pieces.

Jared nodded and replied with a quivering voice, "That's a great name."

I pursed my lips and felt a prickling sensation behind my eyes.

Occasionally, she would show up in my dream with a little boy waving at me. She would say, "Scarlett, I'll take good care of him on your behalf."

I started weeping because I wasn't given the chance to spend time with the little boy. Sometimes, I would imagine how our son would turn out since Ashton was such an exceptional man.

On several occasions, I would get overwhelmed by a plethora of emotions. Fortunately, Summer was by my side to keep me company. I was able to move on from the mortifying past because of her.

As we were no longer in the same realm, the only thing we could do was to take care of each other's loved ones on the other party's behalf.

Once the fog subsided, a woman's voice could be heard from behind. "Jared, shall we go home?"

I found the woman's voice familiar. When I turned around, I was stupefied for a few seconds because the woman turned out to be Kristina.

After four years, she had turned into a gorgeous and mature woman as compared to the childish young woman a few years ago.

She was equally surprised when she saw me. When she caught a glimpse of Summer, her eyes flickered in confusion.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 444

A few seconds later, she approached and greeted me, "Hello, Ms. Stovall."

"Hello," I replied flatly. To be honest, I hadn't moved on from the past, but I was no longer haunted by the things that had occurred ages ago.

It only took me a few seconds to figure out she had conceived Jared's child when I saw her baby bump.

As a surge of anger welled up within me, I scoffed and glared at him. "Jared, you shouldn't have brought her here..."

What the heck is this? Is she trying to assert dominance over Macy?

Kristina rebutted, "Ms. Stovall, please don't blame Jared for this. I was the one who insisted on tagging along."

I found the duo hilarious and fell silent. Staring at her baby bump, I asked rhetorically in a sarcastic manner, "How dare you show up in front of her? Aren't you afraid of her paying you a visit in the middle of the night to get her revenge?"

Kristina was one of the main reasons Macy had passed on back then. Since she had the audacity to show up in front of Macy's grave, she must be having a great time over the years.

With a frightened look, she cast her gaze on Jared. She seemed to be afraid of Jared instead of Macy.

What a joke! It seems that Jared was never made aware of the truth behind Macy's death.

“Ms. Stovall, I know you’re a close friend of Macy’s, but we can’t possibly bring the dead back to life. Do you really want us to spend the rest of our life in sorrow?”

I couldn’t believe she had the guts to pick on me in such a righteous manner.

If I wasn’t conscious of her past doings, I would definitely think of her as a noblewoman with a positive mindset.

“We can’t bring the dead back, but we can always ensure justice is served!” I looked at Jared with a scowl and asked, “Have you never wondered the reason behind Macy’s death?”

“Ms. Stovall!” She yelled to stop me in the nick of time because she didn’t expect me to be so frank about it. “Macy died because she couldn’t handle the news of your incident! Why are you bringing this up again?”

Why?

As I looked at her baby bump, I changed my mind about saying the truth. After all, the child had nothing to do with the feud.

Seeing that I fell silent, Jared probed further, “What are you talking about?”

“It’s nothing. Why don’t you send someone to get to the bottom of this if you’re curious? You need to stop behaving like a fool. Otherwise, others won’t stop taking advantage of you.”

At the end of the day, there were a lot of parties involved in Macy’s death. Although Kristina was one of them, if I brought the truth up when she was the most vulnerable, it would simply make me another vicious woman like her.



“Summer, it’s time to go home.” As we departed early in the morning to reach the cemetery on the outskirts, the little girl started spacing out as she stood in front of the grave.

Summer nodded and paused. Looking at Jared, she bade him goodbye. “Goodbye, Uncle!”

Her words took me by surprise. Similarly, Jared’s body stiffened because he too was taken aback by her response. He replied with his voice quivering, “G-Goodbye!”

I carried Summer on my back and made our way down the stairs because it would take me a lot of time to walk her down.

Halfway through the seemingly endless stairs, I asked, “Summer, do you like that uncle?”

I knew Summer better than others—she wouldn’t greet a stranger unless instructed to do so. To my surprise, she took the initiative and greeted Jared who was a complete stranger.

“Not really. It just feels like he’s different from the other uncles.”

I chuckled lightly as I wondered if it had something to do with the fact they were biologically related.

“Mommy, do you hate him?” Seemingly exhausted, the little girl placed her head on my shoulder.

After some consideration, I shook my head and shared my feelings. “I don’t really hate him, but I don’t like him either. He’s heavily indebted to an important person in my life.”

She yawned, “O-Oh...”

By the time we walked out of the cemetery, Summer had fallen asleep on my back.

I ended up standing by the road for some time because it wasn't easy to hail a cab.

Just then, a black Jaguar pulled up in front of me. As soon as the window was wound down, Jared's gorgeous face could be seen.

"I'll give you a ride home."

I shook my head and turned his offer down. "Thanks, but no thanks. I prefer hailing a cab and making our way back on our own."

Kristina leaned over and added with a courteous smile, "Ms. Stovall, it's not easy to hail a cab around here. Why don't you get in the car and allow us to give you a ride home?"

Pursing my lips, I said flatly, "There's no need." I had no intention of continuing the conversation with her.

Staring at Summer behind my back, Jared instructed, "Do you want the child to sleep behind your back until you get a ride home? Just get in the car already!"

I furrowed my brows because the duo was slowly getting on my nerves.

Thankfully, a cab showed up from afar just then. I waved at the driver and cast an indifferent glance at the duo. "Thanks for the offer, but my ride is here."

Summer continued sleeping soundly after we boarded the cab. I tucked her in when we reached Glenwood Apartments. After packing my stuff, I reached for my phone to order something to eat.

I noticed I had a few missed calls from Ashton and Jackson. I was supposed to tell Ashton that I had arrived safe and sound, but I completely forgot about it since we touched down late in the night.

Seeing that it was a weekday, I knew Jackson should be in the middle of work. Hence, I dropped him a text and told him I had reached my destination.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 445

The moment I gave Aston a call, it was picked up almost instantly. The man on the other end of the line asked, "Are you busy?"

I stuffed the clothes we had changed out of into the washing machine. After all, the cemetery was built on a hill and there were muddy stains on our clothes.

"I brought Summer out for a walk with me." Halfway through the call, I heard noises coming from the bedroom.

Thus, I walked over to check on Summer because she seemed to have roused from her sleep.

"Do you have anything on your schedule in the afternoon?" Ashton asked.

"Perhaps I'll take a stroll around." Summer was indeed awake. She sat on the bed, playing with the lamp on the nightstand.

When she saw me, she called out, "Mommy, I'm hungry!"

I nodded and told Ashton, "I need to make Summer something to eat. I'll talk to you later."

"Sure," he replied in a gentle tone.

After hanging up the call, someone rang the doorbell. I thought it was the food I had ordered, but I saw Jackson the moment I opened the door.

He showed up with a bunch of different things. As it took me some time to answer the door, he asked, "Were you sleeping?"

"No. Why are you here when you're supposed to be working?"

He brought the things he had into the kitchen and heaved a long sigh. "How am I supposed to work when I know there's nothing in your refrigerator? I can't possibly allow you and the child to starve, can I?"

He was spot on because Summer had wrapped her arms around his leg, stating she was hungry.

He showed her the desert he bought her and offered, "Why don't you finish this while I make you something to eat?"

Once he dealt with Summer, he looked at me in the eyes and queried, "Where have you been?"

As I helped him put the things he bought into the refrigerator, I told him, "I dropped by the cemetery. Ironically, I ran into Jared and Kristina."

I hesitated for a short while but decided to tell him the truth after much consideration. "Kristina seems to be pregnant."

Jackson paused before turning around and asked with a frown, "She's pregnant with Jared's child?"

"Maybe?" I shrugged and replied with a rhetorical question because I wasn't sure either.

He looked at Summer and said in a hushed voice, "I want you to keep Summer's existence a secret."

I pursed my lips. "There's a possibility that he has already figured out her identity. After all, Summer sort of resembles him in terms of look."

"So what? As long as you keep him in the dark and deny it, he won't be able to bring her away!" Jackson was getting slightly worked up. "If it wasn't because of Kristina, Macy wouldn't have passed on due to hemorrhage!"

Summer was munching away at the food Jackson bought her in silence because she was famished.

Since Jackson was there, there wasn't anything much for me to do in the kitchen. After a moment, I received a text from Ashton. Ashton: It's raining in K City. Is it raining on your end? Remember to bring an umbrella with you if you're heading out.

I found him adorable and couldn't help but smiled. Scarlett: Alright, I'll keep that in mind.

Ashton: Remember to put on a few jackets when you're out. I'll drop by and visit you once I'm done with my business.

Scarlett: Okay!

Ashton: Do you miss me?

Scarlett: I do.

Ashton: Me too.

By the time I wrapped up our conversation, Jackson had our meal ready. I put my phone aside and brought Summer to the kitchen to join him.

In the afternoon, Jackson said he wanted to bring Summer out for some fun with him.

I was slightly worn out. Thus, I decided to take a break and told them to go ahead without me.

After the duo departed, I noticed I had a hard time falling asleep. By the time I woke up, my body ached due to the awful sleep.

I got slightly depressed when I caught a glimpse of the gloomy weather. Perhaps it wasn't a great idea to stay back on my own.

After washing up, I brought an umbrella with me and made my way out.

J City was shrouded in rain and mist. When I passed by Fuller Corporation, I noticed a lot had changed after four years.

The entire building was renovated. There were all sorts of skyscrapers, including malls and offices around the building. I reckoned that particular area would be the brand new city center in the future.

As I stood in front of the majestic building, I lost myself in a train of thoughts. It's been four years, huh... I noticed I was not the same person anymore.

It was still early. As I sat in the middle of the square staring at the passerby, I could see couples with bright grins on their faces as well as elderlies who were just taking a stroll.

Time seemed to pass by in the blink of an eye. When Ashton showed up and took a seat by my side, I was startled for a moment. "Aren't you in K City?"

Smiling, he asked in return, "Aren't you supposed to be in R Province? Since when have you made your way back to J City? Why haven't you mentioned anything about it?"

I leaned over and placed my head on his shoulders. "I was about to tell you, but I changed my mind when I thought you were still in K City. My initial plan was to get in touch with you the moment I reach K City."

He nodded and wrapped his arm around me. "No matter where you are, you have to let me know. I need to know that you're safe."

I responded with a nod. Staring at the bustling crowd on the streets, I asked, "How did you find me?"

"Why don't you give it a guess?"

I shook my head. As I looked into his eyes, I could see the warmth in them. "Perhaps, this is fate."

"Mmm!" He nodded and kissed me on the forehead.

The sudden kiss took me by surprise because it came out of nowhere in the middle of a bustling street.

The drizzle didn't seem to affect the amorous kiss at all. Gasps could be heard as the surprised passersby stopped and stared at us.

Perhaps some of them recognized who Ashton was. The passersby couldn't move their eyes away from us. They seemed to be shocked and curious at the same time.



## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 446

Those who recognized Ashton started taking photos with their phone.

I looked him in the eyes with my face flushed red. "It's your fault that others are staring at us!"

Smiling, he cradled me in his arms. "I'm sorry."

Just then, a black Maybach pulled over by the street. Joseph alighted from the car and approached Ashton after showing me the way to the car.

After Ashton whispered something in Joseph's ear, he joined me in the car. He looked at me and asked, "Do you have any particular cravings?"

By the time I returned to my senses, I noticed we had been there for a few hours.

"Anything will do."

J City had gone through drastic changes within four years.

In the end, we went to a nearby restaurant that he had always frequented.

We were seated on the roof of a skyscraper in the middle of the city overlooking the entire cityscape.

Before we could place our order, we encountered a close acquaintance of ours; to be precise, a close acquaintance of Ashton.

Nancy, the renowned celebrity, had put on her best fit and dolled herself up ostentatiously. She became the center of attention the moment she showed up from afar.

When she saw me, her smile froze, seemingly thinking about something.

The odd expression merely lasted for a few seconds, however, and she greeted Ashton courteously, "What a surprise! I thought you were busy with your work, who knew you'd be here meeting with a friend."

"Are you here alone?" Ashton asked flatly.

"I'm here with a friend to talk about HiTech's promotional clip. I need to find myself a suitable photographer for the job."

Ashton nodded and said, "If that's the case, you should get going then."

Hearing that, Nancy was rendered speechless with an awkward look on her face. She looked at me and asked politely, "Aren't you going to introduce us to one another?"

"She's my wife, Scarlett Stovall." After he introduced me to Nancy, he pointed in her direction while looking at me. "She's an artiste under the management of Fuller Media."

I could hear Nancy's heart breaking into pieces by Ashton's indifferent introduction. Her emotions were written all over her face with a rigid smile, but as a veteran artist in showbiz, she initiated a handshake.

"Hello, Ms. Stovall. My name is Nancy Goldstein. Please feel free to address me as Nancy."

I returned the favor and nodded with a smile, introducing myself, "Hello, Nancy. Ashton and I used to be husband and wife."

Shocked by my remark, she stared at me openmouthed. "Used to be? Does that mean you're no longer Mr. Fuller's spouse?"

I nodded and said, "It has been four years since our divorce."

Nancy seemed to be surprised by the news, but she did a great job at keeping her emotions to herself. "Well then, please enjoy yourselves. I'll head over and join my friend now."

Being a man of few words, Ashton simply responded with a nod while I smiled in return.

After Nancy departed, I felt a chill running down my spine because of Ashton's glare. I took the initiative and asked, "You're not going to ruin such a great evening, are you?"

He chuckled out loud at my words. After dicing his serving of steak into bite-size pieces, he swapped it with my plate of steak.

I was never a huge fan of steak because it was a hassle to eat it. On top of that, Macy used to tell me having a steak felt like dissecting a corpse.

She told me that society had gotten used to having their meals with cutleries because raw food was the only source of protein back in the day. Therefore, cutleries were essential to savor the food.

I didn't bother to check whether what she said was real, but I couldn't deny the fact that I was bothered by it.

Nancy was seated a few tables away from us. Thus, she could easily catch a glimpse of our interaction.

“Here, have a glass of juice before your meal.” By the time he finished his sentence, he had already passed the glass to me.

I was forced to finish it. I had the urge to laugh because I knew it was a deliberate move on his part to intimidate Nancy.

“I can help myself, okay? Don’t you think you’re overreacting?” I wasn’t playing hard to get, but I couldn’t get used to Nancy staring at us throughout our meal.

“Since we’re in the middle of a date, don’t you think we’re supposed to behave intimately?” he asked in a pretentious manner.

I sighed in response. What a petty man.

He continued feeding me another bite of steak. “Hey, I really can help myself, okay?”

Frowning, he insisted, “But I enjoy feeding you.”

After we finished our meal and made our way out of the restaurant, I shared a trivial incident with Ashton. “When I was at R Province, a man called Matthew thought I was Nancy and confessed the affection he had for her.”

I wasn't particularly interested in Nancy, but I couldn't help but feeling perplexed when others brought up the fact that we resembled one another over and over again.

As such, I kept glancing at Nancy throughout our meal, observing her. Indeed, we resembled one another in terms of look, especially our facial features.

Ashton started the car and replied with a smirk, "There are plenty of people who looked alike in this world. But one thing they can't ever change or mimic is the way they carry themselves. In short, you will never be able to find one person that is the exact replica of another."

I simply smiled in response and fell silent.

After spending a day with him, I was completely worn out. When I woke up from a short nap, I noticed we have pulled over in front of a villa.

Albeit sleepy, I asked, "Where are we?"

"We're home." He leaned over and unfastened the seatbelt for me.

I peered into his eyes and felt slightly confused. A whiff of tobacco could be detected from his heavy breath.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 447

I looked away and avoided his gaze, but he took me by surprise with an amorous kiss.

It took me a short while to pull myself together. “Summer is still in Glenwood Apartments! I need to return to her!”

Staring at me, he said, “I have gotten in touch with Jackson. He told me he would look after Summer. Since you’re back, don’t you think you’re supposed to live with me?”

My brows furrowed. “But we’re already divorced!”

“I have never signed the agreement.” He uttered in a hoarse voice.

He then lifted me up and brought me into the villa against my will. It was only then that I noticed we had made our way back to the villa at Peakville Estate.

Apart from the exterior of the villa, nothing much had changed over the past four years.

I felt uncomfortable being carried by him. Hence, I insisted, “I can walk on my own!”

“It’s fine. Just close your eyes and take a break.”

I found his words absurd because it was only a short distance that would take me a few minutes at most.

The moment we entered the living room, I was caught off guard by the presence of Sally and Nancy.

It had been four years since I last saw Sally. In spite of her pale and haggard face, it didn't impact the noble presence she was blessed with since birth.

The fact that we showed up in such an intimate manner startled the duo who was drinking tea in the living room. They jumped up from the couch.

Sally's displeasure was written all over her scrunched-up face. Staring at Ashton, she asked petulantly, "Why have you brought her back? You—"

Similarly, Ashton replied with a frown, "Aunt Sally, I believe that's none of your business." His tone was flat and emotionless, indicating to her that she should stop poking her nose into his business.

Sally was on the verge of losing her cool. "Ashton, since you guys are divorced, why can't you move on? It has been four years—"

"Aunt Sally, it's getting late. I believe it's time for you to leave!" He made himself clear that he wanted his aunt to get out of his sight at once.

Ashton lowered his gaze and looked at me before uttering in a gentle tone, "If you're sleepy, go ahead and take a nap."

I couldn't help but sigh when I realized I had indirectly offended Sally once again.

He brought me upstairs and asserted, "I have everything you need in the bedroom. Nothing much has changed."

I caught a glimpse of Nancy's dejected look. She seemed to be having a hard time pulling herself together.

As a fellow woman, I knew the emotions associated with that look—I was certain she was head over heels in love with Ashton.

Nonetheless, I couldn't be certain of the sort of relationship she had with Ashton over the past four years.

"Mr. Fuller!" Nancy called out, her voice echoed in the spacious living room.

"What do you need, Ms. Goldstein?" Ashton turned around and queried with a frown. It was evident he was irked by her presence.

Aggrieved, Nancy replied with her lips pursed, "I have something regarding the deal with HiTech to sort out with you."

Ashton knew the proper way to carry himself as a gentleman. Upon a simple glance, he replied in a callous tone, "Ms. Goldstein, it's nine o'clock in the evening. Fuller Corporation only operates from nine in the morning till six in the evening. Since we're three hours beyond work hours, don't you think it's rude to talk about work now? I'm afraid others are going to misperceive our relationship since you brought up such an odd request in the middle of the night."

Halfway through his orated speech, he cast a stern gaze at her and asked, "You're twenty-six-year-old, aren't you, Ms. Goldstein? I'm sure you know the appropriate time to bring work up, don't you? It doesn't feel great to have a stranger in the house. I'm not sure how you manage to gain access to my house, but I don't wish to see you here without my consent in the future. After all, I don't enjoy having others interrupting my quality time with my wife."

In spite of his carefully curated speech that had perfectly disguised his wrath, no ordinary woman could stand being stung by such harsh double innuendos.



It must be tough for her since the gentleman who happened to be her crush uttered such cruel remarks against her without a second thought.

Sally was infuriated when she heard her nephew's words. She reprimanded, "Ashton, that's too much!"

Meanwhile, all the colors had long since drained from Nancy's face. Nonetheless, she did her best to keep her emotions to herself after the awkward confrontation.

Sally consoled the helpless woman, "Nancy, you don't have to take Ashton seriously. He doesn't mean it. I'll get you a cab to send you back."

Nancy shook her head and denoted, "It's fine, Ms. Fuller."

Afraid of having eye contact with Ashton, she lowered her gaze while making her way out of the villa.

Sally went after Nancy to console her. Perhaps Ashton was infuriated because of the things Nancy had told Sally.

Although I couldn't be sure of the sort of relationship Nancy had with Sally over the past four years, judging by the fact she tried to defend Nancy, I knew things were not the same anymore.

Once Ashton brought me into the bedroom, he kissed me on my forehead and assured me earnestly, "You should call it a day."

He returned downstairs after he tucked me in.

I was sure Sally only nagged him because she cared about him as his senior. After all, after everything that happened, it was natural for Sally to reject the idea of us patching things up.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 448

If our roles were reversed, I would never allow it to happen as well. After all, we used to hurt one another. It would be close to impossible for us to patch things up, behaving as though nothing had occurred.

He switched off the light in the room because he wanted me to sleep, but I couldn't bring myself to sleep in the pitch-black room since I was afraid of the dark.

I sat upright on the bed and switched on the lamp on the nightstand. Since Summer wasn't around, I would need the aid of incense to bring myself to sleep.

When I walked out of the bedroom, I heard a commotion coming from the living room.

Ashton and Sally were in a heated discussion. Needless to say, I was the center of their discussion.

Sally reprimanded Ashton, "Why can't you move on from her? You're well aware of her background, don't you? There's no way things will work out between both of you! Why can't you give Nancy a chance?"

She got increasingly worked up and asked, "In terms of look, Nancy resembles Scarlett, yet she's way younger and better than Scarlett! Why don't you start a family with her? Since she's far more sensible than Scarlett, I'm sure you can focus on your career after getting married! Why can't you stop torturing yourself?"

To be honest, her words made a lot of sense because it would be better for us to move on and start a new life with a better half.

I thought Ashton would ignore his aunt, but he actually rebutted her. "She was merely twenty-two years old when I first encountered her in the library of J University. Holding on to Romeo and Juliet while making her way out of the library, Scarlett was engaged in a conversation with Macy. I couldn't hear

what they were talking about, but she said she would rather live a life like Juliet's, staying true to herself, forsaking her life for the sake of love."

He paused before adding, "Perhaps she had the best time of her life back when I first saw her. I knew she was an ambitious girl, yet Grandpa forced her to join the Fullers and insisted on having us married. I knew it was never her intention to get married to me. Therefore, I made the decision to call off our wedding. Unfortunately, Grandpa insisted and forced us to carry on with the wedding ceremony. On the day of the ceremony, I was determined to set her free if she truly desired to leave me. Over the two years, I stayed away from her and spent my time honoring Parker's final wish. However, my lust took over my rationality. When I got drunk, I accidentally forced her into submission and got her pregnant.

"Perhaps that was part of our destinies. Therefore, I changed my mind and started taking care of her with everything I had. I promised her a grand wedding ceremony and swore upon my name to take good care of her and our child. I was the only one she could rely on, and yet, I was the one who brought upon her misfortune. Over the past four years, I had been thinking over and over again. If it weren't because of me, could she have lived a completely different life?"

He looked at his aunt with a deprecating smile. "Aunt Sally, she's not the one who can live without me—I'm the one who can't go by a day without her. I ended up hurting her because I didn't learn to love her. After our encounter, she had become my one and only. No matter what lies in the future, I want to keep her by my side and let bygones be bygones. The future is the one that matters the most, isn't it?"

My heart ached when I saw the ring on Ashton's finger—he had never once removed our wedding ring.

On the other hand, Sally didn't expect Ashton would share his most inner thoughts with her. She stared at him openmouthed because she was at a loss for words.

When she raised her head and saw me, she shook her head before spinning on her heels and left.

I returned to the bedroom and noticed I had never looked at things from his perspective. Although I was conscious of the affection he had for me, it turned out to be more than I thought.

Lying on the bed, I couldn't fall asleep. When Ashton entered the bedroom, I was still wide awake.

I closed my eyes when I noticed he was about to enter the room, but he caught me red-handed and asked, "What's wrong? Having trouble falling asleep?"

After hesitating for a short while, I said, "Perhaps it was because of the unfamiliar environment." The moment I enunciated my reply, I regretted my words because it used to be my room four years ago.

Frowning, he took a seat by my side and cradled me in his arms with a bright grin. "Are you sure it's not because I'm not around?"

I was startled by his words.

It was early September. The weather wasn't as frigid, but it was a chilly night. I couldn't stand the cold anymore and I snuggled in between his arms to keep myself warm.

When he cradled me in his arms, I was overwhelmed by the uncertainties that were in store for us. In the end, I decided to appreciate the limited times we have.

...

I was roused from my sleep when the shaft of sunlight illuminated the entire bedroom.

In my groggy state, I saw Ashton by the edge of our bed, sorting out the documents he had.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 449

“Ashton!” I called out because I thought I was in a dream, but when he turned around and looked at me with his glistering pair of eyes, I knew then he was real.

He put his documents aside and leaned over to kiss me. “Do you want to join me on a trip somewhere?”

“Does it have something to do with your work?”

“It does, but it’s not just work. Since today is such a great day, let’s go for a walk.”

I nodded.

HiTech’s promotional clip was one of the reasons Ashton had returned to J City.

An outdoor studio was leased for the shoot. Ashton wouldn’t have to be there, but he brought me over because he thought I would enjoy a walk.

The staff in the spacious studio were dealing with their respective tasks. Before entering the studio, Ashton received a call that required his attention to sort out a certain emergency.

“Does that mean the things needed aren’t prepared beforehand?” He raised his volume because he was infuriated.

The person on the other end of the call was on pins and needles. “It’s one of White Corporation’s many projects. Mr. White insisted on dealing with you in person.”

Ashton was frustrated, yet he did a great job suppressing his emotions. Nodding, he asserted, “Fine!”

Once he hung up the call, he turned around and looked at me. I got ahead of him and announced with a smile, “Why don’t you tend to the emergency? If you’re here, I’m afraid others are going to talk about us behind our back again.”

Literally, everyone from Fuller Corporation was familiar with Ashton. Therefore, if others saw another woman by his side, the gossipmongers would start spreading rumors again.

He nodded and beckoned Joseph over to show me the way around the studio prior to his departure.

Joseph followed me everywhere I went. After a few steps, I turned around because I couldn't stand the awkwardness anymore. "I can take care of myself. Why don't you tend to the things you have on your plate?"

He shook his head and insisted, "I can be your guide!"

I rolled my eyes and chuckled helplessly. Actually, it wouldn't be much of a difference to have him or Ashton by my side.

When I saw the person at the entrance, I felt a sense of relief. After making sure that she was the person I had in mind, I approached her with a smile. "Stacey!"

After four years, she seemed to have been promoted to a higher position.

She was equally surprised when she saw me. Before I could grasp the situation, she had rushed over, firmly holding me in her arms. "What on earth happened? Where have you been over the years? It has been such a long time since I last heard from you!"

"I'm back!" I replied with a smile. When I left, I got everything changed, including my contact number.

In other words, it would be tough for others to reach me.

Stacey took a breather and stared at me with her eyes widened when she saw Joseph behind me. "Are you here with Mr. Fuller?"

I nodded and explained, "I'm just here for a walk. Why don't you show me around?" Glancing at Joseph, I asked, "Mr. Campbell, is that fine with you?"

Since I had made myself clear, Joseph couldn't possibly turn me down. He nodded and said, "I'll leave you guys alone then. Please contact me if there's anything you need."

After he departed, I told Stacey, "I am so grateful you're here! Otherwise, your colleagues are going to talk about me behind my back again."

She nodded and added, "Although Mr. Campbell is merely Mr. Fuller's assistant, his presence is still going to attract other's attention. Allow me to show you around instead."

After we took a few steps, she turned around and teased, "You don't have to worry about attracting others' attention because I'm merely a manager in the Planning Department."

As Stacey showed me the way to the studio, she introduced Fuller Media to me and asked me to tell her the things that had occurred over the years.

It was a pleasant moment to be around Stacey.

"Ms. Holmes, those from the Publicity Department said Nancy wouldn't be able to join the shoot because she had fallen ill. What should we do? We have everything ready, but our lead actress isn't here." A lady showed up and asked anxiously.

Surprised, Stacey frowned and asked, "What happened? How could she be so irresponsible and call it off at the last minute? It took us an entire week to get the required setup ready! Not to mention, the weather today is perfect for the shoot!"



Just then, a few other people in charge of the production gathered around. They were equally flustered. “We need the teaser for the promotional clip tomorrow because we have gotten in touch with the media way beforehand. If we can’t keep our words, I’m afraid Fuller Corporation’s image is at stake.”

“That’s right! We can’t afford to delay the production any further! The production fee is nothing serious, but Fuller Corporation’s share price will take a heavy blow!”

“I think Nancy is deliberately playing hard to get! Does she really think she’s a bigshot in the showbiz just because she was Mr. Fuller’s partner for a few official events?”

“Let’s forget about the things she has done in the past, but how could she be so irresponsible when she’s involved in such an important project?”

The anxious bunch couldn’t do anything else apart from complaining about the things they had been keeping to themselves.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 450

I was dumbfounded when I saw Stacey staring at me with an odd grin. “What’s up?”

“Don’t you think you look like Nancy?” she asked, pursing her lips.

She was so loud her fellow colleagues could hear her. I was rendered speechless because I was aware of the fact I resembled Nancy.

I looked her in the eyes with a frown. “So what?”

Stacey cast a sincere gaze and begged, “Scarlett! Can you do me a favor?”

I was confused for a few seconds. “What sort of favor do you need?”

She hesitated and had a hard time bringing up the request. Thus, those around her got ahead of her and said, “She does resemble Nancy in terms of look, but the vibe she’s giving off is far more exceptional than Nancy’s!”

All of a sudden, someone looked at Stacey and stuttered, “M-Ms. Holmes, are you going to—”

Stacey nodded and glanced at me. “Scarlett, Nancy could never be a match for you. I need to get the promotional clip produced today. Otherwise, Fuller Corporation will sustain a serious loss. If Mr. Fuller confronts me, I’m afraid I’m going to lose my job for good. Can you please help me with the promotional clip?”

“A promotional clip? Are you sure? I’m a complete rookie with zero exposure to the things you’re talking about.”

Stacey assured, "It's fine! It's not a big deal! As soon as you got changed and dolled up, the photographer will take over!"

When I saw the beads of sweat streaming down her forehead, my resolve wavered.

After hesitating for a short while, I nodded and gave in to her request.

Her colleagues heaved a sigh of relief because they managed to resolve the emergency. Stacey dragged me away and said, "Thank you so much!"

She showed me the way to the dressing room, asserting over and over again, "You have no idea how grateful I am, Scarlett! I was afraid you would turn me down because Mr. Fuller might not want you to show up in the limelight. My last option was to get down on my knees to acquire your consent."

I thought she was exaggerating things and assured her once more, "It's not that big of a deal. There's no need for that."

"You have no idea how impactful this seemingly trivial favor of yours is going to help me!"

After we got into the dressing room, the stylists and makeup artists had everything ready. As soon as Stacey delivered the instructions, she returned to the studio for the setup.

When I took a seat in front of the dressing table, the makeup artist couldn't help but exclaim, "Ms. Stovall, you really do resemble Nancy!"

I responded with a faint smile and brushed her off.

Someone interrupted and said, "Their facial features are the only things that are the same, but Ms. Stovall's ones are way more natural. I can't help but wonder if Nancy is trying to mimic someone."

The makeup artist started dolling me up. They started gossiping in front of me without holding back because they thought I was just another substitute for the role.

“Do you think she’s trying to mimic Rebecca? After all, Mr. Fuller has been protecting Rebecca all this while.”

“I think you’re right! Rumor has it that Ms. Larson was Mr. Fuller’s mistress. Over the years, he had been keeping her in his villa, afraid of exposing her to excessive risk.”

“Are you serious?”

“Do you remember the time I was dispatched to doll her up for the auction? Oh, God! If you tell me Nancy is Ms. Larson’s twin, I won’t doubt it at all!”

While the duo was engaged in a hectic discussion, I thought Ashton must have been keeping Rebecca away from the public as part of his duties.

The duo continued gossiping. “I heard Mr. Fuller would get engaged to Ms. Larson soon! Someone told me they had been having a great time together!”

“Really?”

“Of course! Someone uploaded photos of Mr. Fuller and Ms. Larson kissing in the middle of the square and said the woman she saw resembled Nancy! However, only the woman’s back could be seen in the photos!”

I was astonished when I heard them talking about photos of Ashton kissing with another woman in the square.

Another person interrupted and said, "I don't think that woman is Ms. Larson nor Nancy because it's impossible for them to show up on the streets when they have garnered the attention of the public. On top of that, Nancy's clothes have always been designer's items, but the woman's clothes are merely from a fast-fashion brand."

Someone wanted to say something, but they were interrupted by a commotion coming from outside the dressing room.

The makeup artist gaped at me in silence after she dolled me up. "Oh, my! Ms. Stovall, you have such flawless facial features and skin!"

All of a sudden, a bunch of people barged into the dressing room under the guidance of a middle-aged woman in her early forties.

She seemed to be frustrated and yelled, "Nancy isn't here yet! Who gave you the permission to proceed with a substitute?"

Isabelle, the person in charge of the Publicity Department, rebuked, "Vanessa, didn't you say Nancy has fallen ill? Since she's not coming for the shoot, we need to get someone else to carry on with the production!"

Vanessa scowled at me and announced, "It's true that Nancy is not feeling well, but since when has anyone mentioned anything about not coming? Do you really think this woman here is able to take over Nancy's role? She's nothing close to Nancy!"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 451

As soon as Vanessa made herself clear, she beckoned the assistants behind her over and instructed, "Please go get Nancy over and get the rest of the team ready. We're going to doll Nancy up for the shoot."

The team of stylists and makeup artists was put in a tight spot. One of them said, "Vanessa, our supervisors have instructed us to get Ms. Stovall ready for the shoot. I'm afraid the shoot will be delayed if we start all over from scratch."

"Are you trying to say we're wasting your time? Is it really that tough to get everything ready from scratch? Do you really think this substitute over here qualifies to be involved in such an exclusive promotional clip?" Vanessa looked at me with a scornful look.

Sneering, she said, "Does she really think she's a match for Nancy in terms of look just because she resembles her? Has she no shame at all?"

The middle-aged woman started picking on me.

"Vanessa, since when have you become such a vicious woman? Who are you calling a shameless woman?" Stacey, who had rushed into the dressing room, patted me on my back and asked, "Are you okay?"

I shook my head because it wasn't a big deal. I had long gotten used to this kind of situation since four years ago.

Vanessa sneered when Stacey showed up. "Ms. Holmes, why is the person in charge of the Marketing Department interfering with the affairs of the Publicity Department?"

"What about you, Vanessa? Who gives you the right to poke your nose into the internal affair of Fuller Corporation? At the end of the day, I'm a staff, but what about you? According to Mr. Fuller, you're merely Nancy's manager, aren't you? In other words, you're not really affiliated with Fuller Corporation."

“Y-You—” Infuriated, Vanessa started panting heavily. “Are you calling off the collaboration with Nancy? I guess this necessitates a session with Mr. Fuller to figure out if Nancy is a member of Fuller Corporation or not!”

She seemed to have misperceived Stacey’s words. Nonetheless, Stacey couldn’t be bothered by Vanessa anymore. She instructed the photographers, “Since everything’s ready, I want everyone to start with the shoot! Please ensure that there isn’t any non-relevant personnel in the studio!”

Vanessa had never gone through such humiliation. When she was about to lose her cool, Nancy showed up and entered the dressing room.

She had put on a white tulle dress with her long hair cascading down her shoulders. Her already miniature face seemed even more delicate.

It was the third time we encountered one another. Upon a simple glance, she was startled by my presence.

Vanessa got ahead of Nancy and instructed, “Nancy, since you’re here, let’s get you ready for the shoot!”

Nancy ignored Vanessa’s instruction and looked me in the eyes, asking in a callous tone, “Ms. Stovall?”

I nodded and replied with a faint smile, “Hello, Nancy.”

She sized me up and had her eyes glued to my face. Frowning, she raised her volume and asked, “Since when have you been chosen to take over my role?”

Stacey rebutted, “Ms. Goldstein, didn’t you say that you couldn’t make it because you’re sick?”

“So what about it? Are you trying to tell me you can always get another person from the streets to replace me?” Nancy countered.

Vanessa played along with Nancy and grumbled, “Do you really think a random woman can take over Nancy’s role? She merely resembles Nancy, but she’s nothing close! She should know her place and get lost already!”

“If you can’t mind your words, please get out of the studio at once!” Stacey couldn’t suppress her wrath anymore. “I’m sorry, but we’re not looking for a nitpicking model to represent the company! We’re searching for an ambassador who can carry herself in an elegant and humble manner!”

“Who are you calling a nitpicking model?” Vanessa had enough of beating around the bush. She yelled at Stacey, “You’re merely a manager from the Marketing Department! Do you really think you’re able to make the call? If Nancy wants you to get lost, do you think you’re able to keep your job?”

Stacey almost burst into laughter. “Ha! Since when has Nancy become the person in charge of Fuller Corporation? Why have I not been made aware of the change?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Nancy has been by Mr. Fuller’s side over the years! How dare you get so full of yourself in front of us?” Vanessa insinuated the sort of relationship Nancy had with Ashton was beyond their expectation.

Although the onlookers weren’t particularly fond of Nancy, they dared not pick on her after Vanessa indicated the former was related to Ashton.

Stacey, being the strong and stubborn woman that she was, had no intention to give up just yet. She found Vanessa’s words hilarious and scowled at Nancy. “Vanessa is not aware of the relationship you have with Mr. Fuller, but what about you, Ms. Goldstein?”



“Y-You—”

Stacey sneered and announced, “Haven’t you undergone plastic surgery based on another woman’s look? I’m sure Mr. Fuller has gotten sick of you after spending his time with a doppelganger over the years! Besides, I doubt you even know who you are anymore after mimicking a person so hard over the years.”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 452

Stacey's remark was a vital blow for a celebrity in showbiz. On top of that, she exposed the fact that Nancy had undergone plastic surgery in front of others.

If there were any paparazzo nearby, the news would definitely make it to the headline within several hours.

I did, however, noticed the similarities between Rebecca and Nancy when I heard Stacey's remarks. Both of them seemed to enjoy putting on monochromous dresses. If I hadn't run into her before, I would have mistaken Nancy for Rebecca.

"What sort of nonsense are you spouting?" Enraged, Vanessa pounced on Stacey and pinned the latter to the ground. "Stacey, don't you dare abuse your authority as Fuller's Corporation staff! I can file for defamation against you!"

I rushed over and helped Stacey up. She tapped on my hand and assured me, "It's fine! It's nothing big!"

After she brought herself up, she glared at Vanessa and smirked. "Are you infuriated because I touched on your nerves?"

"Y-You—"

Vanessa could barely keep her composure. She rushed over and pushed me aside before slapping Stacey in the face.

I didn't expect the middle-aged woman would go berserk out of the blue. As a result, I staggered and fell, knocking my arms on the edge of the dressing table.

An intense fight broke out between Stacey and Vanessa. The onlookers dared not interfere and simply shouted in an attempt to stop them. "Stop it!"

Unfortunately, their yells were of little to no effect at all.

Nancy crossed her arms and stared at me with a deadpan expression all the while Stacey was being beaten to a pulp.

Stacey, who had long hair and a pair of heels on, was an easy target.

When I saw Vanessa started scratching at Stacey's face, I sprinted over to stop the former's brutality. Vanessa pushed Stacey aside, aiming at me the moment I reached her. She seemed to be anticipating me all along.

Because I was not prepared, I couldn't defend myself against her slap when I reached her. Hence, I braced myself through the impactful slap.

For a few seconds, my ears were ringing and I could feel the racking sensation from my swollen cheek.

Yelling, Stacey threw everything she could get her hands on from the dressing table in Vanessa's direction. "Have you lost your mind? How dare you slap her?"

Initially, the spot that I was standing at made sure I won't get caught in the line of fire. However, someone pushed me over to take the blow on Vanessa's behalf.

Stacey gaped in silence and looked at Nancy in disbelief. "You despicable woman! How could you push her?"

Nancy jeered and asked, "She's merely a substitute of mine, isn't it? Is it worth making a fuss because of her?"

Joseph rushed into the dressing room when Stacey was about to go berserk.

He brought everyone to a halt and gaped in silence when he saw my pathetic state. “W-What’s going on?”

Stacey stepped forward and complained, “Nancy and her manager are causing a ruckus! I asked Scarlett to help me with the production of the promotional clip, but they started a fight because they were against it!”

She made it sound as though the other party was the one at fault.

Joseph was on pins and needles when he saw my pathetic state. He glared at Nancy and announced, “Ms. Goldstein, I don’t think it’s necessary to have you in the showbiz anymore since you can’t even get the job done.”

He was Ashton’s assistant. In other words, to a certain extent, his instructions could be Ashton’s instructions.

Nancy paled upon hearing that. She looked at Joseph and asked, “Mr. Campbell, don’t you think you should listen to the other party’s story as well?”

“That won’t be necessary!” Joseph wasn’t the one who answered the question. The voice belonged to Ashton who had just made his way in.

He approached me and had his eyes narrowed into a slit when he ran his fingers across my swollen cheek.

Shooting daggers at the rest in the room, his tone was icy when he asked, “Who’s the one behind this?”

“Ashton!” Nancy was thrilled by the man’s presence.

He ignored her and peered into my eyes. “Who did this to you?”

The crowd fell silent as they exchanged glances, speculating about the sort of relationship we had.

Stacey, whose hair was completely messed up, glared at Nancy and said, “It’s Ms. Goldstein’s manager, Vanessa! I believe Scarlett is injured elsewhere as well!”

It was evident that Stacey was trying to get the better of the vicious duo. I pursed my lips in silence.

Ashton frowned and had his eyes glued to me. He uttered in a hoarse voice, “Are you hurt anywhere else?”

I shook my head and flashed him a faint smile. “I’m fine. Have you sorted out the emergency?”

By now, the room was so silent to the extent I could hear others breathing. Some were surprised, some were thrilled, but most were confused.

Ashton had no intention to let them off the hook just yet. He caressed my swollen cheek and glared at the rest.

“Who’s the fool that dares lay a finger on the woman I have been looking after with utmost care?” As he spoke, he emanated a strong murderous intent.

Nancy's knees turned to jelly. She took a few steps back as all the colors drained from her already pale face.

Similarly, Vanessa also noticed something was wrong. Her face paled and she stared at Nancy with a confused look, wondering how Ashton was associated with me.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 453

I knew Ashton was infuriated, but this was ultimately still his company. There was no need to make a ruckus here. Besides, knowing his personality, Nancy's showbiz career was probably over.

"I'm fine, it's just a small injury. Speaking of which, what shall we eat?"

He took a few moments to compose himself. While holding my hands, Ashton proclaimed reassuringly, "You're my woman. You don't need to give in to anyone."

His obsidian eyes bored into Vanessa menacingly. "It's basic courtesy to return one a favor."

Upon hearing his words, she collapsed to the ground, begging repeatedly. Her voice quivered. "Mr. Fuller, I know my mistake! I didn't do it on purpose, I'll apologize to her! I beg you, please let us off this time."

Her words fell on deaf ears. With his unchanging look, he continued, "Can an apology resurrect the dead?"

Vanessa knew there was no getting through to him. She wiped off her tears and turned towards me. "Ms. Stovall, I didn't mean to hurt you! Hit me back all you want. But just this once! Please convince Mr. Fuller to let Nancy off the hook."

Ashton remained unresponsive. He turned towards me, his expression softened. "Will your palms be ok?"

He took my hands in his as he spoke, gesturing for me to open up my palms. Then he looked right at Vanessa.

Taking it as her queue to come in, she stood up and stopped right in front of me.

Slap! It happened in a flash. Before my brain could process anything, Vanessa was already bleeding from the corners of her lips. Although Ashton had led my hands, I had almost no part in this. The brute force came entirely from him.

It did nothing to reduce his rage. The air remained stale and grim.

He glared at Vanessa, voice cold, "Don't let me see you ever again."

Next, he stared at Nancy. Although he said nothing, it was enough to convey his hatred towards her.

With my hands still in his, Ashton reminded, "Next time, don't show any mercy. There's nothing to feel bad about." Just then, he remembered the other two present in the studio. Stacey and Joseph's failure to protect me had earned them a resentful stare.

I knew Ashton was worried for me, but he shouldn't blame them for my grievance.

Now that the score was even, I tugged on Ashton's elbow and asked, "Are you done with work? My stomach's growling."

He chuckled lightly before giving a light tap on my nose. He had no qualms about showering me with affection in front of a crowd. "All right. Let's go grab something delicious."

Ashton led the way out of the studio. Once outside, I let out a sigh. Looks like Fuller Corporation will go into a frenzy.

The prediction was realized sooner than expected. Behind me, there were loud murmurs. "Who is this woman?"

"So who exactly is the replacement here?"



Only after we got in the car, then there was finally some respite. I turned over and asked, "Do I really look like Nancy?"

He smiled as his fingers trailed down my cheeks. "No. She's not worthy to be compared to you. You're way better than her."

Upon hearing his words, I pursed my lips in embarrassment. Did he become gentler? The truth was, Ashton had not. He had only gotten more ruthless over the past four years. What made the difference was, he was now good at concealing his emotions. The only ounce of warmth he had left was all reserved for me.

Back at the villa, Summer was having fun with a furry little dog.

I was surprised to see her here. I turned and asked, "Were you the one who brought her here?"

Ashton nodded. "Once everything is settled, we'll return to K City. I've already chosen the school Summer would be attending. Meanwhile, let her enjoy herself first."

Noticing our arrival, Summer ran excitedly towards me with expectant eyes. "Mommy, can we keep it?" She pointed at the brown fluffy dog behind her. It looked to be approximately three months old.

I reflexively frowned at her request. Just as I was about to say no, Ashton interjected. "When we're busy, this little buddy here will make a good companion for Summer."

I did notice. Back in R Province, with Michael by her side, she had been an unstoppable chatterbox. But ever since our return, Summer had mellowed down considerably.

I could not blame her. It was a new environment, and she had no friends. I guess a dog will make a good companion for her.

I caved.

Back inside the villa, dinner was being prepared. Due to Mrs. Eriksen's old age, she had retired. Ashton found a new housekeeper to replace her duties.

She was a woman in her mid-forties. Her name was Susan Madden.

While waiting for dinner, Joseph had arrived at the villa. He was greeted by Ashton, who was sitting placidly in the living room.

He mustered up his courage and said, "Mr. Fuller, what happened just now was due to my negligence. What shall we do with Nancy?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 454

Ashton continued tapping away at his phone, his demeanor languid. “She’s no longer carrying herself the way a celebrity should. Four years of being in the limelight is enough. It’s time to make way for the new generation.”

“I understand. What about her mother, Vanessa?”

“You make the call. Also, find another celebrity to replace Nancy. This time around, get someone decent.”

Joseph nodded. He gave me a quick look before leaving.

Back in the living room, Summer was chatting happily away with her dog, Snowfluff. It was indeed a wonderful companion for her.

Meanwhile, I tried placating Ashton about the incident earlier on. “There’s really no need to go this far on Nancy!”

He responded with an enigmatic smile. He proceeded to blow on the hard-boiled egg Susan had cooked before gently placing it on my bruise; this helped ease blood circulation.

It was not as serious as Ashton had made it out to be. The marks were barely visible now.

“She needs to learn her place. There are some people in this world she can’t afford to offend,” he said indifferently.

Before I could respond, Ashton noticed Susan had finished preparing dinner. He took my hand, carried Summer in one arm and led the way into the dining room.

Soon, the weekend arrived. Ashton had booked an early flight for us to return to K City. Summer was still fast asleep in his arms.

It was only in the waiting area that Summer had woken up. She noticed beside her, there was a kid approximately seven or eight months old being cradled in by his mom.

The vivacious child was moving about spiritedly. When he saw the donut plush Summer was holding, he reached out his tiny set of hands. Conflicted, she looked at her precious donut, and then at the kid's expectant pair of eyes.

After some moments of deliberation, she walked towards the child's mom. "Miss, can he play with this?" Summer gestured at her plushy.

The woman understood her grand gesture and nodded appreciatively.

Seeing her donut given away, Summer surpassed the sad longing that was welling up within her. She ran back to Ashton and me before asking, "Mommy, will you give me a brother in the future?"

Clearly, Summer did not understand the complexities of her words. Ashton chuckled before pulling her into his arms. "Not so fast, brat. Your mommy is going to give me a child."

It was amusing to see him take her seriously.

Summer pursed her lips, looking serious. "Then, will you marry Mommy?"

"Of course!" Ashton proclaimed. His gentle gaze looking right at me.

Feeling satisfied with his response, Summer asked chirpily, "Mommy, once you're married to Mr. Fuller, will I have a daddy? Will I also have a brother too?"

I could only answer with a helpless smile. Noticing the clock, I stood up. "It's time for boarding. Let's go."

Summer felt unsatisfied with my answer, but just like a child of her age, she was quick to forget.

Fast forward in the cabin, Summer had fallen sound asleep. Ashton chose this time to pick up where they left off earlier. "How about we get married in October?"

That's next month!

This was happening all too fast for me. "Ashton, let's just take things slow."

Compared to marriage, Summer's future was my priority once we returned to K City.

Despite my rejection, he replied patiently, "Ok. I'll wait until you're ready."

I slept throughout our four-hour flight.

Upon touchdown, Ashton received a work call. As the chairperson of a listed company, it was natural for him to be busy.

He glanced at his watch before saying, "I'll get the chauffeur to send you and Summer back to the villa first. I'll be back in time for lunch."

"What time will that be?"

"Half-past twelve." With that, he gave a light peck on my forehead before sending us off.

Approximately forty minutes later, Summer and I arrived at the villa. Ashton had been living here for the past four years, and even the housekeeper had changed.

The chauffeur carried our belongings in and gave the housekeeper a few instructions before he bade farewell.

After a tiring flight, Summer was sound asleep on the sofa. I was fiddling with my phone, getting bored with reading the same old news on the internet.

Unexpectedly, I chanced upon a headline mentioning both Fuller and White Corporation. Both companies had been engaged in a long-standing rivalry with each other for the past four years. Neither side seemed to be giving in.

In fact, rather than it being a rivalry between corporations, many would see it as a personal competition between Ashton and Marcus.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 455

Both men had a brilliant mind for doing business.

There was a question lingering at the back of my mind. White Corporation had always been under Sally's control. When did Marcus come into the picture? What exactly happened in these four years?

As I was lost in my thoughts, time flew by. It was soon after noon. Summer had just woken up. In a half-asleep state, she asked, "Mommy, is Mr. Fuller busy with work?"

"He'll be back soon. Let's freshen you up and wait for him together."

It was pretty obvious she had taken a liking to him. Whenever he was not around, she would ask for his whereabouts.

Yet, I couldn't help but worry about the possibility of Jared taking Summer back to the Crest family. If that day ever comes, what should I do?

After Summer had freshened up, she was in high spirits. As this was her first time here, she started exploring parts of the house. First, it was the living room, then she proceeded to the yard.

Meanwhile, I sat in the yard patiently for Ashton to arrive home. Joseph had carried Snowfluff over to Summer.

He continued standing, looking anxiously at his watch.

I assumed he had something to say to me. "What's wrong?"

“Erm... Mr. Fuller might be running a little late. There is traffic.”

Oh right. It was two minutes before the agreed time. Understanding the likelihood of Joseph’s words coming true, I unknowingly stopped smiling.

Immediately after, there was the sound of hurried footsteps approaching the yard. Next, a voice started, “There was a traffic jam, but nothing I can’t handle!”

Ashton walked right up to me. There was a sheen of sweat on his forehead; he had rushed home. His pair of obsidian eyes glistening. “Made it in time, just a minute before half-past twelve!”

It was adorable to see him put in the effort to keep his promise. I reached for his forehead and started dabbing the sweat off. “There was no need for you to rush home in this hot weather. Look at you now, all sweaty.”

As I spoke, Ashton removed his outerwear. With a boyish grin, he said, “Just a workout!”

“In the future, there’s no need for you to rush back. It’s not like I’m going anywhere. I’ll always be here.”

“I know. But, I just wanted to see you earlier!”

Hearing his sweet words, I broke into a smile. Summer, too, was delighted to see him. She ran over and hugged his leg. “Mr. Fuller, are you not feeling well? Why do you need to work out?”

Ashton picked her up into his arms. “My body has always been in tip-top condition.” While saying that, he looked suggestively at me.

After their meal, Ashton took a bath and came back down with a file in one hand.



He handed it to Joseph. "Once Summer's school application is processed, you can start sending her to school."

Joseph took the file and was already on his way to complete his task. Nearby, Summer had heard everything. She looked at the floor and pouted sadly.

Naturally, Ashton had noticed. "Summer, do you not want to attend school?"

She started shaking her head. "It's not that I hate school, but I don't know anyone there. I'll be alone."

I knew it was daunting to be alone in a new environment. I chuckled lightly. "That's normal at first. But I believe you, my dear, will make some new friends in no time!"

She continued pouting, seemingly considering my words.

Ashton had handled Summer's school matters perfectly. There was nothing much for me to worry about.

That night, I started unpacking some clothes I bought from R Province. Although they were cheap and well-worn, they felt comfortable.

While folding halfway, Ashton, who had finished his work, walked to my side. He took the half-folded clothes from my hands. "I'll do it."

I couldn't help but noticed his long and slender hands, and on his wrist was a watch that was priced in the millions. Just closing a deal with these hands would guarantee me a worry-free life for the rest of my life.

"What're you thinking?"

I kept the clothes he had folded into the closet before suggesting, "Now that Summer's school is settled, it's time for me to find a job."

Although he nodded, his words said otherwise. "I think you should rest a few more days."

"It's been two weeks. I've had plenty of rest."

"Then, how about working at Fuller Corporation?" While suggesting, he kept the rest of my clothes in the closet. He took a sweeping look and presumed they were not to my liking. He continued, "Also if you don't like these clothes, I'll get you new ones."

"There's no need. Some of these clothes were specially designed for me, they did cost quite a bit. Also, I feel comfortable wearing them now. Anymore would just be a waste of space."

Ashton had no qualms about my decision. Instead, he pulled me to the center of the bed, voice hushed and sincere, "Give it some thought. I really want you to come work for Fuller Corporation."

I knew that a straightforward rejection would not convince him. "Ashton, I don't want this to be just a job. If it was in the past, I would be more than happy to work a stable nine-to-five at Fuller Corporation. Now that I have you supporting me, I want to work on something I am passionate about."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 456

He smiled in amusement. "What do you want to do?"

"I've always wanted to study law at K University, but my college entrance examination results were not so good. So I stayed at J University. Now that I have time, I want to apply for a postgraduate program at K University and continue to study law," I replied. It was my childhood dream. Being able to pursue it again at the age of thirty would be a great blessing.

He nodded in understanding and teased, "Okay. Do you need a tutor? I can ask Joseph to find one for you."

Chuckling, I raised my head to meet his gaze. "Doesn't this feel like you're raising two daughters?"

He laughed and stroked my hair. "It's my pleasure to help you to do the things you're passionate about."

As I rested my head on his chest and listened to his heartbeat, I felt at peace. No one knows what the future holds. All we can do is to live in the moment.

September in K City was neither too hot nor too cold. Staring up at the ceiling in the dimly lit room, I could not fall asleep, probably because I had napped too long during the day.

Ashton had been busy with his paperwork in the study. I saw the light in the study was still on when I got up in the middle of the night to have some water. So, I poured a glass of water and entered the room.

In the study, I saw that the computer was switched off and the documents on the desk were neatly stacked. It seemed that he was done with his work.

Ashton was sitting in his seat with his eyes closed. When he heard me walking into the room, he opened his eyes and asked, "Can't sleep?"

I nodded in response and put the glass of water in front of him. Leaning against the desk, I looked at him. "It's late. If you've finished your work, you should turn in early." We're no longer young. Staying up all night can be taxing on our bodies.

He narrowed his eyes and smirked. "Is that an invitation?"

It took me quite a while to realize the meaning behind his words. I could not help but blush at the innuendo. "Just go to bed earlier."

Then, I got up and headed back to my bedroom. Ever since we met at R Province, he had treated me like a gentleman and respected my boundaries. If it were not for the look of desire in his eyes just now, I would have forgotten this matter.

I had barely taken a few steps before he suddenly grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, have a chat with me."

Feeling bemused, I looked back and saw that he looked worn out. I realized that he was probably troubled with work-related issues.

Feeling sorry for him, I went near to his side and put my hand on his brow. "When's the last time you had a good sleep?"

He glanced at me and pulled me into his embrace. Resting his head against my stomach, he mumbled, "Four years ago."

It was a simple statement, yet it stunned me utterly.

As he held me in his arms, he said wearily, "I need you by my side."

Stroking his hair, I realized that his hair was longer than before. "You need a haircut."

"Uh-huh."

He sounded sleepy. Glancing at the clock, I realized that it was past midnight already. "Ashton, go to bed and sleep."

He muttered an answer and took me back to the bedroom with a tired face.

We originally slept separately, but he pulled me onto his bed and held me tightly.

Seeing how exhausted he was, I did not have the heart to wake him up, so I closed my eyes and fell asleep in his arms.

That night, I slept soundly and woke up the next morning feeling groggy. I peeked out from Ashton's embrace and found that he had not woken up yet.

Staring at his face, I was once again mesmerized by his good look. Currently, his dark brown eyes were closed and his curly eyelashes were particularly good-looking. He seemed to be sleeping well. Unlike his usual demeanor, he looked exceptionally gentle and peaceful when he was asleep.

Feeling tempted to touch his eyelashes, I raised my hand. The moment my fingertips grazed them, he woke up instantly.

Locking his eyes on me, he said with a raspy voice, "You're awake."

I nodded in reply and tried to wriggle myself free from his grasp, but he stopped me. "It's still early. We can sleep more."

I looked up at the clock. Normally, he would be out at this hour. "Don't you need to go to work?"

He smiled and said, "It's okay to be late."

But of course, the boss doesn't need to worry about being tardy.

However, even if I continued to stay in bed, I could not fall asleep again. So, I told him honestly, "I can't sleep anymore."

He nodded, but he did not let go of me. "Stay with me for a while."

In the end, I acquiesced to his request and stared at the ceiling. But a moment later, I turned beet red. "Ashton, you..."

"It's a normal reaction. I have it every day!" He gave me a side-eye. "Scarlett, I'm a man. This is extremely normal."

I knew it was normal but I couldn't help but pursed my lips and uttered, "Let go of me. I want to get up."

He did not budge and his breath turned slightly ragged. "It'll be fine in no time."

At a loss for words, I looked away in resignation and lay stiffly beside him.

After a long while, he finally got up and went to the bathroom.

He eventually came out, looking calm and collected. When he saw my flushed face, he grinned and asked, "Did I scare you just now?"

Blushing again, I quickly shook my head in denial. "The housekeeper came up just now and said that our breakfast is ready."

He nodded in response and motioned for me to go freshen up.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 457

Although we did not file a divorce, four years of separation was considered a divorce. Both of us knew that getting back together now was a bad idea.

While we were having breakfast, Summer appeared anxious about going to the new school.

So, Ashton and I went to the kindergarten with her to ease the butterflies in her stomach. When we arrived there, the teacher-in-charge was waiting at the gate. She looked about twenty.

Upon seeing Ashton, bewilderment was written all over her face. Letting her emotion get the better of her, she blurted out, "Mr. Fuller is married? And even has a child already?"

The moment the words left her mouth, she regretted it. She hurriedly bowed and apologized for her lack of courtesy just now.

Ashton did not reply, so I smiled and said, "It's okay. Your reaction was understandable."

In the past four years, Ashton had spread his influence all over K City, exhibiting his talents. Besides his outstanding ability, his striking looks alone were enough to make women swooning over him.

Moreover, in recent years, he was only seen with Nancy on public occasions and there was no news about his marriage. Since then, many people have thought that he was still an eligible bachelor, which caused more women to fantasize about him.

Back then, Summer was registered under Ashton's name. Hence, by law, she was his legal daughter.

After we dropped Summer off, he had pressing issues to attend to at work. So, he asked the driver to bring me home and kissed me goodbye.



When I went back to the villa, I began to read through the admission requirements of K University. The application for the program would open in November, so I had three more months to prepare for what was needed.

Later, in the middle of the day, I received a call. It was an unfamiliar number. Looking at my phone, I wondered whether to answer it or not.

The phone continued to ring several times, leaving me with no choice but to answer the call.

A female voice came through the phone. "Scarlett, it's been a while."

It was Rebecca. Even after four years, I could still remember her voice.

I stopped what I was doing and remained silent.

She did not seem to mind my silence as she continued, "I'm outside the villa now. I need to talk to you, but the security guard won't let me through."

Is she here for Ashton? I quickly closed the book in front of me and went out to the balcony. Peering across the courtyard, I could not see her outside the gate due to the high walls.

"What do you want to talk about?" I asked. It had been four years since I last saw her. I had no idea what we could chat about.

"Anything will do. We can go out for a coffee," she suggested.

She sounded collected and mature. It seemed that everyone had changed in the past four years.

Lowering my gaze to my watch, I fell silent for a moment before agreeing. "Okay. Give me a moment."

Having a chat outside the villa seemed inappropriate, so I tidied myself up and went out of the villa.

Rebecca stood outside the gate, leaning against a white Corolla. She wore a white suit with a pair of black high heels, and her hair was curled. She looked drastically different from the time I last saw her.

Before I could greet her, someone approached me. It was Joseph. He had been staying in the villa these days.

I did not ask much about him. But Ashton told me to contact Joseph whenever I need help. It seemed that he had become my personal assistant.

“Mrs. Fuller, are you going out?” he inquired before glancing at Rebecca, who was standing outside the gate.

I gave him a nod. “I’m catching up with an old friend.”

“Alright. I’ll go with you then.”

I did not understand his intention at first, but as my gaze landed on the cars not far away from me, I realized that he wanted to protect me.

Ashton was no longer the same as before; everything he did attracted the attention of the media. Joseph wanted to follow along because he was worried about my well-being. After all, I was Ashton’s partner, so he needed to watch out for any possible danger I might encounter.

So, I nodded quietly.

Just then, Rebecca turned and saw that I had arrived. “Scarlett, long time no see.”

I gave her a wistful smile. She had become more mature and charming. Now, she was an attractive woman with a great career. The woman in front of me was no longer the one who was heavily dependent on Ashton four years ago. Her radical change was very unexpected, but I felt no envy.

“Good to see you,” I replied.

“Let’s go to the café downtown.” Glancing at Joseph who was standing on the side, she continued, “It’s a discreet place.”

I nodded in response and followed her to the car. Before I could get in, the cars that I saw before came toward us and blocked Rebecca’s car. To my surprise, the people who got out of the car were not paparazzi, but a group of sturdy bodyguards.

Joseph immediately became alert and stood in front of me. With a low voice, he looked at the two of us and said, “Why don’t the two of you have your chat inside the villa?”

Rebecca clearly did not expect a group of people to appear so suddenly. She stood dumbstruck for a second before narrowing her eyes at Joseph. “No, we don’t have to talk in the villa. I’ll just speak a few words and leave.”

After a slight pause, she scoffed. “Looks like someone wants to see you more than I do.”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 458

Sparks fly whenever love rivals meet, I guess. I pursed my lips in silence.

Rebecca threw her phone into her purse and looked at me with her arms crossed. "Since both of you are divorced, why are you back now?"

How straightforward of her! Indeed, she has changed a lot in the last four years. Averting my gaze from the bodyguards, I replied monotonously, "It's none of your business, Ms. Larson."

She snickered in response. "How is it not my business? For four years, I've worked hard and changed myself for the better. All I ever wanted was to be the one to stand by his side. But your sudden appearance just made all my effort go down the drain."

Ashton had arranged a lot of bodyguards at the villa. They were now gathered at the gate, staring coldly at the men from the cars.

I looked back toward Rebecca and replied, "If you're really meant to be with him, you wouldn't need four years to try and get together with him. A year would have been more than enough."

Her expression immediately turned cold. "Scarlett, you've ruined my love and my family relationship. Do you think that I'll let it slide? If I can't be with him, I would never let you and Ashton have an easy life either."

Her words did not upset me. Standing from her point of view, I could understand her obsession and love. In fact, it was quite inspirational how she had fought to get what she wanted.

I nodded in response and saw a black Bentley coming to a stop at the roadside. "I couldn't care less about what you want to do with your grudge against me. But I'd like to remind you to cherish what you have now. After so many years, you should know better than I do that's it's impossible for you to be with Ashton. Do you plan to continue spending the next four years for your futile love? You could do everything for love when you're a youngster. But at the age of thirty, you should know that life is more important than love. Rebecca, you're pretty and talented. Even if you can't find someone like Ashton, you should have many good men around you. It's okay to settle for the next best thing."

What I said was the truth, but I was not the suitable person to speak those words to her. Any proud woman would not like to be humiliated. Naturally, Rebecca became infuriated.

When she raised her hand to slap me, Marcus hurriedly strode forward and stopped her. After such a long time, his expression was still as sullen as ever, and his hostility became even more frightening.

“This shall be the first and the last time I see you doing this. If you do it again, I’m not sure if this hand of yours would still be attached to your arm.” He spoke in a hushed tone, but his words were full of menace.

With that, he flung her hand away.

Cradling her reddened wrist, she sneered. “What a fickle woman you are, Scarlett. You’re even more repulsive than I thought. You have another man other than Ashton. You’re disgusting!”

Pursing my lips, I said nothing to her accusation.

Marcus, however, opened his mouth and responded frostily, “Disgusting? What’s disgusting? Do you feel disgusted just because you can’t get what you want? She is worthy to be loved by several people. What does that have to do with you?”

As always, Marcus was able to say the cruelest words.

His words had affirmed his feelings for me. Rebecca’s upper lip curled in disdain, but the jealousy in her eyes was crystal clear.

Looking at Marcus and me, she snorted and said sarcastically, “Does your fiancée know about your love for Scarlett?”

He frowned. “That’s none of your business.”

She went silent for a while, but she refused to admit defeat. "Indeed, it has nothing to do with me. But I'd like to give you a piece of advice. Scarlett, you should know that there are things you shouldn't do. If your relationship with Ashton and Mr. White is accidentally exposed to the public, what kind of consequence would you face?"

I could tell that she was trying to threaten me, and I admired her courage. But it doesn't matter. The moment her threat reached Ashton or Marcus, she would just be digging her own grave. Marcus had heard it now and Joseph would eventually pass every word of hers to Ashton as well. I was initially a tad bit envious of Rebecca, but I guess I was wrong; there's nothing about her for me to be envious about.

Marcus was downright furious. Grabbing Rebecca's wrist, he said sinisterly, "You should be thankful that I'm not a man who hit women, otherwise..." He then shoved her, causing her to stagger backward and bumped into her car.

Rebecca immediately went pale and winced in pain as she held onto the car to support herself. She was a girl after all and being treated this way was physically and mentally distressing.

Marcus was not a gentleman. He looked at her indifferently and warned, "You'd better stay away from Scarlett. You're not qualified to even talk about taking revenge on her."

She seemed to be in a state of shock as she remained quiet and entered her car.

After Rebecca was gone, I turned toward Marcus. Seeing him after four years, I did not feel particularly touched or sentimental. I just felt that time had flown so fast. Now that he was in front of me, I did not know what to say.

After a moment, he broke the silence first. "You're divorced. So why are you still living with him? You can live outside. I bought a house for you. It's decorated with everything that you liked before."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 459

I wanted to laugh at his words, but I could not. Looking at him, I remained calm and said, "Even if I'm divorced, at least I could stay at his place as his ex-wife. But if I live at your house, what reason should I use?"

Frowning, he looked slightly desperate to convince me. "It's okay. You can use whatever reason you want. As long as you're willing to move out of here, I'm fine with anything."

I smiled. "Even if the reason is me staying as your wife?"

His body stiffened upon hearing my words. "If you want, I'd be more than happy to comply."

I sighed. "Marcus, you're engaged. And Camelia is a good girl. Don't drop the gem in your hand to pick up a stone. That's really foolish. Four years ago, I'd said clearly that we could only be friends. I love Ashton. No matter how much time has passed, it will only be him. Life is too short and I can't cater to everyone's needs. I want you to be happy, but I can't be the one who makes you happy."

I was not sure if he understood what I wanted to convey, but at least I had clearly refused him.

He was silent for a moment, but there was no disappointment written on his face. Instead, he was as calm as ever. "I don't ask you to love me. I just need to know what I want in my life."

He came closer to me and spoke in a hushed tone. "I regret it. Four years ago, I shouldn't have left without gaining anything on that night."

I was dazed for a moment before anger rose in my gut. "It was you?"

Four years ago, on the night of new year's eve, I was on the way to pick up John at the airport when I got abducted. The Fullers were somewhat famous at that time, but their influence was limited. Fortunately, they had some power in J City.

So, the incident was not made known to the public. However, neither the Stovalls nor the Fullers could discover the person who took me away that night and Sally became the scapegoat.

She was imprisoned for two years and Rebecca was kicked out of the Moore family. Later on, I left J City and the incident was then forgotten. If Marcus did not reveal the truth just now, I would have thought that it was Sally who kidnapped me for the rest of my life.

No wonder Sally's doing everything possible to separate me and Ashton over the past four years. It's because she hates me.

"My original plan was to make you and Ashton part ways, but I didn't expect that your relationship would get better after the incident. What's more surprising was that it was him who caused both of you to separate four years ago." He landed his gaze on me. "Since both of you have separated, why don't you have a clean break with him?"

Looking at him, I realized that the person in front of me was no longer the person I knew. The affection between us was gone. What was left was his unwillingness to accept reality. I sighed as I could not help to get rid of his obsession. I looked up at the blazing sun and said, "Marcus, I want to live my own life."

I was indebted to him; I could not tell him anything that was too vicious or harsh.

Pursing his lips, he fell silent. After a long while, he finally said, "I can give you the life you want."

Sighing at his stubbornness, I realized I could not continue talking to him. "It's getting late. I should go back now."

As I turned around, Joseph walked toward me and quietly breathed a sigh of relief, as if he was worried that I would leave with Marcus.



However, an obsessive person would not let go easily. Marcus pulled me by my wrist and said, "I took a video that night. You said that people would eventually change in four years. I didn't force you four years ago because I wanted to win your heart. But since you refuse to be with me, I have to do it my way. I know that love can't be forced, but I don't care. If Ashton does not care about his reputation, I don't mind ruining it."

I looked at him in stunned silence. I had always believed that humans were good by nature. At that moment, I wondered why things had turned out this way.

So, I asked him, "Marcus, why? You don't love me, so why do you want to ruin me? I've never harmed you in any way."

I was always grateful to him for being the one who saved me when I was on the brink on the death. So why? Why did we turned out like this?

He snickered. "Didn't you say to destroy the unattainable?"

I was dumbstruck, and my mind couldn't formulate a response for a while. Shaking off his hand, I said, "I'd rather die four years ago."

After I returned to the villa, thoughts buzzed around in my mind. I couldn't understand why Marcus wanted to harm me. If he likes me, why does he want to hurt and destroy me? If he doesn't like me, what is his purpose in doing so?

Ashton's forehead was covered in sweat when he entered the villa. He looked as if he had come back in a hurry.

When he saw me sitting on the sofa, he heaved a sigh of relief and pulled me into his embrace. "Be careful when you're out next time."

I nodded in response and said, "Marcus came by just now."

“I know.”

Right, Joseph probably told him. Changing the topic, I asked, “Ashton, does Aunt Sally reside in J City now?”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 460

Taken aback by the change of topic, Ashton paused for a moment before nodding his head. "Marcus forced her out of White Corporation, so she went back to J City."

Marcus was traumatized by the death of his parents. And now, he was threatening me with the incident from four years ago. I wonder if his goal is to have me or to make Ashton suffer?

Leaning against his chest, I asked wearily, "Did something happen between you and Marcus?"

He froze for a second and held my shoulders. "Why?"

I looked up at him and said, "He's a completely different person now. He even threatened me with a video from that night four years ago. I don't understand why he did that. He's no longer the person I knew."

He pondered for a moment and sat me down on the sofa. Then, he held my hand and confided, "Back when Aunt Sally was in charge of Fuller Corporation, he came back from M Country and wanted to take back White Corporation from her. It was supposed to be easy for him to do so, but Mr. and Mrs. Bauman suddenly heard of the truth behind their daughter's death. And someone from the Fuller Corporation even leaked the news of Sharon's infidelity to the media. In the end, the elderly couple could not accept the news and passed away."

It took me a while to digest what he had said. Then, I asked, "Who did it?"

Ashton avoided my question. "And that's how the rivalry between the Fuller family and the White family started. I knew he was the one behind the incident that night. All these years of business feud benefit no one. I guess he wants you to be with him because he wishes to join hands with the Moore family."

I sighed, feeling a little frustrated. Resting my head against his shoulder, I had no mood to speak further on this matter. Before this, I thought things would be over after four years. But I guess everyone is different. Some people just can't let bygones be bygones.

I was a little surprised when Sally came to find me. Recently, Ashton had been very busy with his work, and I started my preparation for the admission test.

The guard let Sally in, and the housekeeper told me at the entrance of the study that Sally was waiting for me in the living room.

I nodded blankly and went downstairs.

The last time I saw her was about half a month ago. Now, she was modestly dressed as usual. But at the age of forty, signs of aging had appeared on her complexion.

She slowly took a sip of tea and looked at me. "Charlie and Helen immigrated two years ago, so I'm the only elder left here in the Fuller family now. You and Ashton were once husband and wife. Since both of you have parted ways, it's always good to have a clean break. When you left four years ago, you didn't take anything from us. Now that you've come back, I'm guessing you probably want something from the Fuller family, so don't hesitate to tell me. We'll do our best to give you whatever you want."

It was obvious that she was here to tell me to leave. After a brief moment, I replied, "Are you chasing me out, Ms. Fuller?"

She shook her head and gave me a faint smile. "No. I just think that as the adopted child of the Stovall family and the biological daughter of the Moore family, you must know that if some unpleasant news of you is spread out in the future, it wouldn't be good for your reputation. Am I right?"

Each and every word of hers sounded as if she was being considerate of me. But I did not believe so. Since she had blatantly expressed her intention, she left me with no choice but to leave.

Hence, I stood up and smiled politely at her. "Thank you for your advice, Ms. Fuller. You're right. I shouldn't be living with Ashton since we've been separated. It is inappropriate for me to stay here."

I then continued, "Thank you for your kind words. I'll pack up and leave immediately."

I had always been a straightforward person, so I swiftly turned around to go upstairs. But she stopped me and smiled. "You're definitely an impatient child. I've only been here for five minutes and you're suddenly trying to leave. Wouldn't this be an outright indication for Ashton that I'm the one who chased you away?"

I raised my brows in response. "Isn't that so?"

The smile on Sally's face immediately turned into an awkward grin. "Of course not. I'm just doing this for your own good. A girl needs to have a good reputation, after all."

I smiled back. "Thank you again, Ms. Fuller."

She shook her head in response and the awkward look she had on her face faded. "You don't have to be in a hurry to move out now. Actually, you can discuss this with Ashton first. You know how unreasonable he can be at times. So, why don't you find a reason to leave him and move out later? This is for the good of you and him."

Is she saying that I should pick a quarrel with Ashton so it seems like I'm the one who wants to move out?

I almost laughed out loud at her suggestion. Being born with a rebellious temperament, the more she did not want it to happen, the more I was motivated to do it.

Looking at her, I said, "There's no need for so many excuses. I have no intention of staying here for long anyway. It's just a matter of time before I move out."

As soon as I finished speaking, I went upstairs and put all my clothes in my suitcase. When I came down, Sally looked nervous and she blocked my path. "Scarlett, you don't need to rush."

I beamed at her and said, "It's alright. I'm free today."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 461

Joseph had been staying in the villa these few days. So, when he saw the luggage in my hand, he immediately called Ashton.

Then, he halted me in my tracks and gave me a perplexed look. “Mrs. Fuller, are you going somewhere? Why don’t I give you a ride?”

I shook my head. Smiling faintly, I said, “It’s alright. I’ve already called a cab. It’ll arrive soon.”

Indeed, the car arrived soon after.

Sally probably never expected me to leave so hastily. So, when she saw the car, she panicked and turned pale. Tugging on my hand, she hurriedly said, “Scarlett, no. You don’t need to leave so soon. I...”

“What Ms. Fuller said was true. I should have known better.” I cut her off. With that, I got into the cab.

Joseph was puzzled, but he could not stop me by force. In the end, he hopped into his car and followed me.

Previously, John had given me a house in K City. I thought I would never use it, so I had never gone there. Now that I was in need of a place to stay, I hailed a cab and headed there.

The house was located some distance away from the city center. The place was spacious with a stylish interior design. However, because it had been unoccupied for quite a number of years, it inevitably had a musty smell.

I did not expect the first person to visit my new place would be Marcus. When I saw him, my expression immediately turned cold.

I looked at him in disdain and spoke in an irritated tone. "Why are you here?"

He seemed to be happy to see me here. Glancing at the room behind me, he nodded approvingly. "Do you feel comfortable living here?"

I pursed my lips and ignored his question. "What do you want?"

He was completely unaffected by my unfriendliness. He grinned and asked, "May I come in?"

I pondered for a while before stepping aside. He came in and sat on the sofa in my living room. I did not serve anything to him, not even a glass of water. If it wasn't for our friendship in the past, I wouldn't even let him in. After our last encounter, the relationship between us is no longer the same.

"Four years ago, after we parted ways in M Country, I came back not long after. After knowing that you'd left the Fuller family, I looked for you everywhere. I always wondered if you're fine and where you'd gone. Every year, I wander in various cities to search for you. But at the same time, I was afraid of meeting you." He spoke calmly and gently, unlike the way he had talked that day. "Scarlett, you have no idea how much I missed you."

If we reunited four years ago, I would calmly ask him how the accident happened, why did he go to M Country, and why didn't he come back after he survived the accident. But I'm no longer interested to know any of the answers. Now, I just want him to leave.

I took a deep breath and said, "I don't know your purpose in pestering me. But if you're planning to use me to join hands with the Moore family, I'd like to tell you that it's not going to work. Four years ago, I didn't acknowledge them as my family. What makes you think that I'd return to them now? As for the Stovall family, I think John hates you as much as Ashton despises you. As such, he is even less likely to cooperate with you. What I want to say is that bothering me would not bring any benefit to you."

Since he's a businessman, I shall analyze the benefits for him.

Silence filled the living room momentarily. He then reached out to take my wrist before pressing my palm onto his abdomen. What I touched was his scar. "Four years ago, I brought you back to Clermont



from the hospital. You were mentally unstable after you lost your child. And you would often sit on the balcony alone, staring blankly into the distance. If there was no one around you, you'd try to jump out of the window. Afraid that you'd hurt yourself, I locked all the windows in the villa. Later on, you would wake up in the middle of the night to look for a knife and cut yourself. One time, you almost hurt yourself. I went to grab the knife in your hand and let you stab it into my body. The moment you saw my blood, you fell unconscious for several days."

He was as cool as a cucumber, but I felt a sudden wrenching pain in my heart. It had been so long that I have almost forgotten that period of time.

He continued, "After you woke up, I asked the housekeeper to store away all the knives and sharp tools in the house. I thought that without these things, you couldn't hurt yourself anymore. I never expected that you would bang your head against the wall to kill yourself. In order to make sure you're safe, I forced myself to stay awake so I could watch over you every night. I was afraid of losing you."

people would always choose to forget the most painful moments in their life. For me, that period of time was the most torturous moment of my life that I would choose to forget.

As he recalled the moments that we shared, my heart ached terribly. But I could not bring myself to speak a word to interrupt him.

I withdrew my hand and wanted to say thank you to him, but it sounded too shallow at this moment. So, I chose to remain silent.

He was still smiling, but there was now a hint of hostility in the way he was looking at me. "You got better day by day after that. And I naively thought that you would not have any hope in your relationship with Ashton again. Scarlett, I know you don't love me. But so what? We have a long time to bring love and joy into our relationship. However, you still choose to be with him in the end."

He then laughed sarcastically and mocked, "Scarlett, you never learn your lesson, do you?"

I had nothing to refute him. Pursing my lips, I fell silent.

He scoffed. "I didn't want to hurt you. But Scarlett, do you know how I got through the nights after my parents passed away? Every night, my parents would appear in my dreams. My mother would yell at me, saying that she was cold while my father would tell me that he was lonely. Then, I'd be wide awake for the rest of the night, haunted by those dreams. How I wish you're by my side to accompany me like how I'd taken care of you back then. But every time I opened my eyes after the nightmares, there's no one else but me in my lonely, hollow room."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 462

As Marcus looked at me, I could see his expression darkening. "Do you know how it feels to struggle alone in the darkness?"

I pursed my lips. I wanted to apologize but the words were stuck in my throat.

"Scarlett, I used to love you. But now, I hate you as much as I loved you in the past."

I couldn't believe these words would come out of Marcus' mouth. Stunned, I was lost in my thoughts for a long while.

When I was back in high school, I learned about the law of conservation of energy in physics. Later, I learned that in political materialism, it was also believed that conservation was everything.

Back when we were young and naive, we thought that everything we learned in school was purely about astronomical geography. Thinking it over then, I finally came to the realization that we had actually learned life lessons throughout those years without even noticing it.

There was no such thing as unconditional love in this world. It was impossible for love to exist without attached conditions. In fact, love was all about to give and take. The relationship between two people was designed to be an exchange process. If you enjoyed receiving all the love and affection from your partners without making any effort to return back, the uneasy feeling in your heart would never fade away.

I would probably never be able to face Marcus in my lifetime.

He's right. He was the one who got me out of hell. So why didn't I reach out my hand when he was in hell?

After he left, I stayed up all night sitting in the living room. I was in no position to judge Marcus. Every step he took was him trying to find peace in his heart.

September in K City was neither too cold nor too hot, but the cool breeze in the middle of the night was enough to keep people awake.

It was a sleepless night for me.

After I had left Ashton's side, it didn't take him long to show up. It wasn't something beyond my expectation. Hence, I wasn't surprised at all.

I didn't have to worry about Summer as the housekeeper and driver were responsible for taking care of her.

Ashton came at seven o'clock in the morning while I was still sitting on the sofa. I had no idea how long I had been sitting there, but it was probably a few hours since my body felt stiff and numb.

I opened the door when I heard the doorbell rang. It had only been a night since Ashton and I last saw each other. As our eyes met, I noticed that there was stubble on his chin. He looked haggard as if he had gone through the vicissitudes of life.

"Can I come in?" He sounded distressed.

I nodded and made way for him.

He looked at me with a gentle gaze. "I'm sorry."

I smiled faintly. "I'm not mad." After all, Sally was the elder in the Fuller family. There was nothing much he could do.

He pulled me into his arms, enveloping me in the tobacco smell on his body. "It won't happen again."

It sounded like a promise, as well as an assurance.

I hummed faintly in response. At that moment, I felt a sense of peace and relief to be able to lean on him.

I began to feel sleepy. I closed my eyes and asked, "If you're not busy today, can you stay with me for a while?"

He answered with a slightly indulgent smile, "I'm not busy. We have all the time in the world."

I knew that there was no way he wouldn't be busy. After all, Marcus had the intention of targeting Fuller Corporation. He was dying to see the downfall of Fuller Corporation. Hence, he would not miss out on any opportunity to pick on Ashton.

Even though I knew that he was lying, I simply pursed my lips and smiled faintly. It didn't matter. Life was a long journey. At some point in our life, we just had to live for ourselves, even if it was just for a few days.

It was actually quite a good option if we could just live our lives in peace and serenity like that.

By the time I woke up, night had already fallen. Unknowingly, I had slept for the whole day.

Ashton was leaning on me. He chuckled softly when he noticed I was awake. "What were you dreaming of?"

"I dreamt of a beautiful sea of flowers." I dreamed quite often recently. In my dream, Macy, Grandma, and Grandpa were there, as well as my child who had grown up.

Noticing how absent-minded I looked, he reached out and pulled me into his arms. "Initially, I kept the villa just for you. If it triggers some bad memories, how about we move to a new one?"

I was amused. "How bold of you. Aren't you afraid of being captured by the paparazzi and being branded as a spendthrift?"

He rested his chin on my cheek, his stubble prickling me. "I don't mind being the subject of some gossip for you."

I stopped teasing him and simply smiled in response. Then, I got up from bed. There was nothing much in the house since I had just moved in.

Hence, I decided to order a takeout.

In the living room, he was working on his laptop, while I was studying some documents. The atmosphere was peaceful and harmonious.

Not long after, Joseph sent Summer over and he brought some daily necessities as well.

While the two of them were talking about work in the study, Summer was leaning in my arms. She raised her head and looked at me. "Mommy, I think I got myself into trouble today!"

I was shocked for a moment before I put down the book in my hand and looked at her. I asked in a gentle tone, "What happened?"

Looking like she was on the verge of tears, she pursed her lips and said. "I accidentally pushed a kid down the slide. I didn't mean it! It's just that he had been sitting there for a long time, and many other kids were waiting to play on the slide. So, I nudged him gently. I never thought he would lose his balance and fell down."

“How is he now? Did someone send him to the hospital?”

She nodded. “Mr. Campbell sent him to the hospital. He gave them a lot of money as well. Mommy, I know I was wrong.”

“It’s not right to hurt someone and we should always apologize for our mistake. But Summer, I knew you meant well, it’s just that the way you handled the situation was wrong. Have you thought about how you are going to deal with the situation if the same situation were to happen again in the future?” Since it had already happened, there was no point in me to keep blaming her. What I could do was to let her know that we must take responsibility for our actions.

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Summer lowered her eyes and thought about it seriously. After a while, she answered, "I will tell him that he shouldn't sit there and block other people's way. We must play together with the other kids. Also, I shouldn't push him."

She paused for a while and asked, "Mommy, how much do I owe Mr. Campbell? Is it a lot?"

From Summer's point of view, the money that Joseph had spent didn't belong to her. Subconsciously, she probably doesn't treat Ashton as her family.

I pondered about it for a while and said, "I will pay Mr. Campbell back. But Summer, remember this, as you grow older, so will I. There will come a day where you have to learn how to deal with your problem wisely. Okay?"

She nodded. I could tell she was feeling rather guilty for hurting people as she was leaning in my arms silently.

By the time Ashton and Joseph came out, Summer had already fallen asleep. Joseph greeted me before leaving.

Seeing that she was asleep, Ashton wanted to carry her back to the bedroom. However, the moment he touched her, Summer woke up.

Perhaps she was still feeling groggy, Summer didn't notice Ashton right away and she said, "Mommy, I saw Uncle John at the hospital today. He was with a lady."

I was stunned for a second. I couldn't help but look at her. "Do you know what they are doing at the hospital?"

After blinking a few times, Summer finally saw that it was Ashton who was carrying her. She couldn't help but feel shocked. She then greeted, "Mr. Fuller."



Ashton nodded. Then, he carried her back to the sofa and gestured for her to carry on answering my question.

Summer thought about it for a moment and said, "Uncle John said he brought the lady to see the baby. There's a baby in her tummy!"

I suddenly recalled John's condition in R Province last time, I already had some guesses by then. However, who was the lady?

It was getting dark. Summer fell asleep soon after she had her dinner. I couldn't sleep as I had been sleeping a bit too much during the day.

Ashton received a call. It seemed that something urgent had come up at Fuller Corporation. Thus, he had to rush over to handle it.

After saying goodbye, he left.

The following day, after knowing that she had been blacklisted by Fuller Media, Nancy Goldstein was on her way to the top of Fuller Corporation's building to attempt suicide. She even made up false stories about the past between me and Ashton and spread them to the media.

Thanks to her, Ashton and I had turned from being a divorced couple after years of marriage to me being an easy-going sl\*t who wouldn't stop pestering Ashton for the sake of money.

Everything from my past four years ago were all revealed as well.

The media wouldn't say no to any news related to Ashton. According to Nancy's statement, there were many versions of what had happened between Ashton and me, and it was all a mess.

I didn't care about those news at the beginning, but I had neglected Summer.

Whenever Ashton and I picked Summer up from school, we would always keep a low profile. Nonetheless, it was inevitable that we would catch the attention of other people eventually.

Kids were pure beings by nature. However, it was unavoidable that they would imitate whatever they saw or hear from the adults.

Summer was already in the hospital when I received the call.

It wasn't until I got to the hospital that I found out Summer was upset because someone had been bad-mouthing me. Therefore, she got into a fight with them.

Since it was a brawl between kids, it was not a serious fight. They were simply pushing each other when they ended up hurting themselves accidentally.

There was gauze wrapped around Summer's forehead. She looked lost as tears streamed down her face. The moment she saw me, she sobbed while hugging me tightly. "Mommy, they are all bad people. I don't want to go to school. They are all bad people."

We had underestimated the influence of an artist, as well as how terrible the consequences the rumors could bring.

I didn't know how to make Summer feel better besides holding her in my arms. My heart ached to see the little girl crying like that.

Four years ago, I was filled with resentment. In the end, my parents were the ones who got hurt. Hence, I left K City and went to R Province.

Now that I was back after a long time, I couldn't believe that my kid ended up being dragged into this mess. If I continued doing nothing, I would probably bring more harm to Summer.

I was holding Summer in the cab while calling Marcus.

When he picked up the call, I could tell that he was busy by the sounds of his computer clacking away from the other side of the line. Despite that, he answered in a gentle tone, "Have you eaten?"

"Let's meet up," I said while heading to White Corporation.

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds. Then, he answered, "Sure."

The car stopped outside White Corporation's building. Summer had long since fallen asleep after crying on my shoulder.

I was at the large waiting area of White Corporation. There were two good-looking receptionists at the front desk.

I didn't approach them as I knew Marcus well. He would come down himself.

About five minutes later, he came downstairs.

He knitted his brows when he saw Summer sleeping. He reached out to carry Summer but I avoided him. "Let's talk somewhere else. Or should we just stay here and talk?" His presence had already caught the eyes of many people at the company.

He frowned. "Let's go to my office. There's a lounge there. Summer can have a rest on the bed."

I nodded in agreement. I wasn't willing to let him hold Summer. I followed him upstairs by using his personal elevator.

I hadn't been here for almost four years. White Corporation seemed to be twice larger than before. Even the president's office had been upgraded to a two-story office. It looked atmospheric and luxurious.

After laying Summer down on the bed, I took a seat in the conference room. He instructed his secretary to pour me a cup of tea. Since it was my first time to be there, the secretary couldn't help but take a few more glances at me. I could imagine people were trying to find out everything about me at the moment.

"Would you like something to eat later?" It seemed like he didn't care about why I was there. Instead, he was more concerned about what I wanted to eat.

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I pursed my lips and ignored his question. "I would willingly accept if you want to take revenge against me, or even humiliate me. But, Marcus, the kid is innocent. I only have one purpose for coming back to K City. All I want is a bright future for Summer. She is just a kid, and she doesn't know anything at all. However, you're an adult. You have to understand that you shouldn't hurt innocent people even if you have some evil thoughts in mind, especially a kid."

He furrowed his brows and was baffled. He was clueless about what I had just told him. "Revenge? Humiliate you? Why would I do that?"

I shrugged. "The only reason I can think of is that you hate me. I understand that, and I'm willing to accept it. But the kid is innocent. I don't want to drag her into this mess."

After a moment of silence, he raised his eyes to look at me. "You think that I was the mastermind behind all these? You think I was the one who held the press conference when Nancy attempted suicide?"

"Isn't that so?" There weren't many people around me. There was nobody else who had the ability to persuade Nancy to give up her own future by framing me. I couldn't think of anybody else, except for him.

Marcus sneered abruptly in disdain. "Scarlett, what kind of person am I to you? It seems like I am just a joke to you. How ridiculous! Since when have I become such a despicable person?"

"It's not despicable. As a businessman, you are not short of money. People spend half of their lifetime, greedily chasing for something they couldn't get. I am willing to accept your aggrievements and resentments. Besides, it was obvious that you are using Sally to chase me out of the Fuller family. That's why you've been keeping Sally with you for years. Honestly, you don't have to do that. Even if I couldn't stay at the Fullers, Ashton and I can still be together somewhere else. Ashton may respect Sally since she was his aunt, but there's a limit to a man's patience. If you crossed the line, we both know what he would do."

Marcus snickered. His laughter was rather cold and mocking. He fixed me with a dark and piercing stare. "Scarlett, you are way smarter than you were four years ago."

I pursed my lips. I didn't take his words as a compliment.

He paused for a moment before continuing with his legs crossed, "It's true that I've given Sally a hint. My intention was simple. I don't want you to live together with Ashton because I'm jealous. As for what happened to Nancy, I'm not that kind of unethical person to cross someone's limits as you thought. This has nothing to do with me. Believe it or not, that's all I have to say. I understand how much Summer means to you. So, I won't do anything to hurt her. Rather, I will protect Summer. I don't want you to be upset and heartbroken. Scarlett, I love you. I was in love with you four years ago, and I still love you now. As for Nancy, I will take care of it. As long as you agree to separate from Ashton, trust me, your life would be better. I will even pave the way for Summer's future."

I frowned. His words sounded off to me. I answered indifferently, "There's no need..."

"Ms. Alvarado, you're here!" There was a voice coming from outside the door.

The voice interrupted me.

It's Camelia!

I was stunned for a moment, and my heart dropped. I turned around and saw Camelia with her blonde hair. She was standing at the door and I had no idea when she had come in.

She looked different compared to the first time I met her. She had gained some weight now and her tummy was slightly swollen. It seemed like she was pregnant. She pulled up her blonde hair into a ponytail and stared at me with her blue eyes in surprise. She was at a loss and didn't know what to do.

Subconsciously, I got up and greeted, "Camelia."

She looked at me in disbelief and tears started to well up in her eyes. "You and Marc know each other?"

She looked at Marcus. Her voice became hoarse, "So, the room that you have been stopping me from going in was hers? She is the woman that you're willing to protect with your life? The name that you've been calling out in the middle of the night is hers? Is she the reason why you couldn't return to your senses every time you're woken up by your nightmare?"

Marcus furrowed his brows with a displeased look on his face. "Who let you in?" His voice was filled with displeasure and disdain.

Camelia smiled, but her eyes were overflowing with tears of grief. "You want me to get lost? You want me to leave, so you can live happily ever after with her?"

I pursed my lips and heard some noise coming from the lounge. Summer might have been awoken by their voices.

I wasn't planning to explain. I stood up and looked at Camelia. "I'm sorry to be here. I shouldn't have come. I have my own family and kid, and there is someone that I love."

As soon as I finished speaking, I turned around and headed to the lounge. Summer was indeed awake. She got down from the bed with her fluffy hair looking a bit messy.

When she saw me, Summer ran toward me immediately before she could even steady herself. "Mommy, did you quarrel with someone because of me?"

Stunned, I shook my head as I scooped her into my arms. "No, Summer. I didn't. It has nothing to do with you. It's something else that I need to deal with as an adult."

Summer seemed to be blaming herself. She buried her head into my chest and mumbled, "Mommy, did I cause you a lot of trouble?"

I shook my head once again. It killed me to see her like that. I started feeling lost. The purpose of me bringing Summer back to K City was to give her a bright future. But things didn't go as planned. Did I choose the wrong path?

After coming out from the lounge, Camelia was obviously not in a good mood. The way she stared at me was not the same as four years ago.

“Since you already have your own family and child, why are you still in his life? You have no idea that your presence has shattered my happily ever after, do you?”

Marcus was displeased. He gave Camelia a cold-eyed stare. “Enough! You’re in White Corporation. This is not a place for you to cause troubles.”



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Camelia sneered. "I'm causing trouble? I didn't know you were so concerned about your reputation. Marcus, you were the one who courted me. You even told me you want to get engaged with me. I've been longing for love and marriage for four years. But my hopes were all dashed. You ruined my life! I had the most terrible experience with you. And now, you find me annoying because I keep pestering you?"

Summer was hiding behind me as she was a little afraid to see Camelia screaming.

Seeing that I had said what I had to say, there was no point in me staying there anymore.

I left with Summer, not wanting to get involved in their drama.

We headed back to the residence. Just as I reached the entrance, I heard the sound of someone coughing from the stairs.

It sounded familiar to me.

Summer could recognize the sound right away. She let out a smile immediately. "Mommy, it's Mr. Fuller!"

Then, she let go of me and ran toward the stairs.

I followed behind her and caught Ashton stubbing out the cigarettes in his hand. He looked pale and haggard.

Summer was quick to wrap her arms around his legs as she greeted him.

He carried Summer up and noticed the wound on her forehead. Ashton's gaze darkened instantly. "Did something happen in school?"

Before I could say anything, Summer answered right away, "They were talking bad about Mommy. So, I got into a fight with them."

Ashton pursed his lips as an icy gaze flashed across his dark eyes. His voice was deep and magnetic when he said, "Good girl, Summer. Next time, you can fight but you can't hurt yourself, understand? You must learn how to protect yourself."

Summer nodded. She probably thought that Ashton was right. Besides, he didn't blame her for getting into a fight. Hence, she answered cheerfully, "Got it! I'll make sure to protect myself if I got into a fight in the future."

I was speechless.

I couldn't help but look at Ashton, "I've never seen anyone who teaches their daughter to fight."

He raised his eyebrows. "Sometimes, fists hurt more than words. Summer is turning five years old soon. It's time for her to learn martial arts. I'll get Joseph to get in touch with some instructors."

I pursed my lips and remained silent. For some reason, I thought what he said made sense.

Back in the house, Ashton was accompanying Summer while I was busy preparing a meal. None of us brought up the topic about Nancy.

After we finished eating, and Summer had fallen asleep, Ashton looked at me intently before pulling me into his arms.

He asked in a hoarse voice, "Where have you been?"

I leaned into his arms, allowing him to hold me tight. I was silent for a moment before answering his question. "I went to look for Marcus at White Corporation."

His body went slightly stiff upon hearing my words. He then asked again with his deep voice, "Why are you looking for him?"

"Just to have a little chat." I didn't know how I should tell him. I couldn't find the appropriate words to say. Hence, I chose to avoid it.

He didn't try to force me. He fell silent for a moment and said, "No matter where you're going, remember to bring your phone with you in the future. Also, make sure I can reach you by phone."

I froze for a second. I suddenly realized that my phone was out of battery during the day. Therefore, it must have switched off by itself after I reached White Corporation.

I looked up and responded with a faint smile. "Alright!"

He wrapped his arms around me. Looking solemn, he said, "I will deal with Nancy. Scarlett, no matter what others tell you, you must remember that I'm your husband. I am the father of your kid."

Seeing how stern and serious he was all of a sudden, I couldn't help but feel shocked. "To be honest, I don't care about what other people say. I'm just worried about Summer. She still has to go to school. Besides, she is quite sensitive. I'm afraid that she will be affected by those nonsense in school."

He buried his face into my neck, his tone was laced with guilt as he uttered, "I won't let something like this happen again."

I smiled faintly. He was a man who was standing at the pinnacle of success. He had always been high-profile. If he could accept the compliments and admiration from people, he should also learn to deal with rumors and all the criticisms. It was natural and inevitable.

The news about Nancy was soon covered up by other news releases within a few days. It was all water under the bridge. After all, everyone had their own lives to live. Nobody would waste too much of their time on rumors about someone else.

It was mid-September. Ashton redecorated the villa in order to let Summer grow up in a better environment. He even transferred her to another school.

I found out later that the initial preschool that Summer went to had been shut down by the Education Ministry. As for what the reason was, I had no idea.

However, those matters had nothing to do with me.

On the weekend, Ashton got Joseph to help me out with moving. Summer's stuff had already been moved.

As for myself, there was nothing much for me to pack. I was basically just changing a place to live. It was almost of no difference to me.

We finished moving in the evening. Then, I received a call from Ashton. His tone was gentle as he said, "Joseph will send some ingredients over later. You might need to prepare some dishes."

I responded in acknowledgment. Ashton had dismissed the housekeeper due to Sally's surprise visit last time.

Now, only part-time cleaners would come over during weekdays to tidy things up. They would only cook occasionally. Both Ashton and I knew how to cook. So, we would do the cooking on our own if we got the time. Days like these were rather carefree.

He paused for a short while and continued, “No, scratch that, you might need to prepare more dishes. I’m still in a meeting. So I’ll get Joseph to help you. There’ll be guests joining us for dinner tonight.”

Surprised, I asked, “Is it someone I know?”

He hummed a response, “Yes. We’re family. Some simple home-cooked meals will be fine.”

After hanging up the phone, I started getting confused and curious. I had just moved into a new place. Who would come over to have a meal?

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Joseph delivered several dishes over and saw me while I was arranging the books in the living room. As he moved, he asked, "Are you preparing for the exam, Mrs. Fuller?"

I nodded. "I've wanted to take the exam for a while but had to postpone it after everything that's happened. Now that I finally have the time to, I might as well do it."

He smiled. "That's good. It's nice to be able to do the things you like."

It was rare to hear a typically aloof man like Joseph uttering such words.

When Ashton returned with Summer, I was just about to cook after having washed the vegetables.

Noticing me in the kitchen, his slender figure came up to me from behind and held onto me clingily. "Each time I see you in the kitchen, I think I'm the world's luckiest man."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Don't be silly. Who's coming over later?"

"John and his fiancée, who's also your future sister-in-law," he said with a smirk, leaning down to kiss me on the lips when he caught me giving him a sidelong glance.

I swerved in time to avoid it, chiding, "Stop it. Joseph and Summer are around."

"Just five seconds," he said in a husky voice.

But it was never only five seconds with him. Had it not been for the vegetables in the frying pan, it would've taken several more five seconds than one hand could count.

Just as I was done cooking, the sound of a car engine sounded from the outside. Hearing that, Summer dashed energetically toward it.

When she saw John get off the car, she jumped on him without any consideration and shouted in excitement, "Uncle John!"

He walked over to the passenger side and pulled open the car door with Summer in his embrace.

I never imagined that the woman who would appear in sight was Hannah Anne.

Having only met her a few times four years ago, it seemed like she hadn't changed much. She was as gentle and elegant as she used to be, albeit instead of the tight-fitting dress she used to love, she now wore a loose-fitting one.

Well, I guess she's not a stranger.

She turned toward me and smiled faintly. "Ms. Stovall, it's been a while."

I returned to my senses and approached her, taking her hand in mine. "It's been a while indeed. The dishes are ready. Let's eat first."

As the four of us took our seats, John glanced at Ashton for a bit before resting his gaze on me. "If you're used to living in the apartment in the city center, then don't shift anymore. A house shouldn't be left vacated for too long anyway."

I froze. It was obvious he was indirectly telling me not to live with Ashton.

Ashton naturally understood as well, knitting his brows slightly as he placed a slice of meat onto my plate. He smiled faintly. "Eat more. You seem to have lost weight these days."

It was meant to imply that I had lost weight from living alone with no one to care for me.

I pursed my lips silently. I had originally thought the two of them could have a meal in peace. It seemed that was merely my wishful thinking.

Needless to say, Summer was unable to understand the adults' conversation. Perhaps children tend to gravitate toward expectant women as she had been chatting with Hannah.

At times, she could be particularly precocious. She tugged at Hannah and said softly, "Ms. Anne, do I have to call you Aunt Hannah in the future?"

As soon as she said so, it drew John's attention away from me. He looked at Summer and said, "Be good, Summer. Let me know what you want to eat. Don't bother Ms. Anne too much."

Persistent, Summer tilted her head and asked, "Uncle John, Mommy says once you get married, I'll have to refer to your wife as Aunt. Are you and Ms. Anne getting married?"

John frowned, pursing his lips. "Kids shouldn't talk so much during mealtime. Eat your food."

He clearly didn't want Summer to probe. At that, everyone at the table paused.

Hannah smiled bitterly. As a mellow and docile woman, she merely lowered her head and kept quiet, bottling her feelings to herself.

I furrowed my brows. The way John was behaving was incredibly hurtful. No matter what, Hannah was already pregnant. He shouldn't be unbridledly hurting her that way.



“Summer, be good and eat your food,” I said. Looking at John, I scooped some dishes onto his plate and questioned, “Do you still remember you picked up a puppy in the field when I was eleven?”

He seemed to be taken aback at my abrupt change of topic but still responded, “Yes. It was such a long time ago.”

“Do you still remember what happened to the puppy?”

He thought about it for a moment. “I let you keep it, but you only raised it for a couple of months before giving it away when you had to go to school in the county.”

I nodded. “At that time, I thought it was troublesome to bring it with me. Hence, I gave it away. But when I tried to look for it later, I couldn’t find it anymore. All these years, I’ve always wondered—if I hadn’t sent it away but let it stay in the yard to accompany Grandma, perhaps I won’t feel so guilty every time I’m reminded of it.”

He remained silent for a while and filled my plate with some meat before muttering, “It’s all in the past.”

“Mommy used to have a puppy? Was it like Snowfluff?” Summer interrupted, staring at me curiously.

Smiling, I nodded.

“Then I won’t lose Snowfluff next time. I’ll take care of it well so that I won’t have any regrets in the future,” she stated proudly.

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My smile faltered as I subconsciously turned toward John and said, “John, even Summer could understand the theory. Stop living in a world of your own.”

He pressed his lips together and didn’t respond.

As a normally quiet person, Hannah never spoke much either.

After the meal, when we moved to have tea in the yard, Summer pestered Hannah to look at the flowers at the rear of the house.

As I sat across John, I decided not to beat around the bush. “When do you plan to hold the wedding?” I asked.

He furrowed his brows. “What wedding?”

“Your wedding with Ms. Anne, of course. Are you planning to get a marriage certificate after she has given birth?”

He shrugged nonchalantly and replied, “I don’t plan to get married. I do want the child since it’s mine, but I have no plans to marry her. After the delivery, I’ll give her a sum of money and transfer the guardianship of the child under you. It’s the same thing as when Summer was transferred to you.”

Listening to him, I was momentarily speechless from the wave of anger. Had it not been because the tea in my hands was scalding hot, I would have splashed it right in his face.

“John Stovall! Do you have any idea how irresponsible you are? I already feel sorry for Summer, yet you’re planning to let your child be born into a single-parent family? Moreover, what’s so bad about Hannah? She’s elegant and magnanimous. The only reason you could degrade her this way is because she loves you. Don’t wait for the day when she has given up that you realize what exactly you did wrong!”

Indifferent, he sipped his tea and leaned against the chair, speaking in a leisure tone, “She wants money—I’ll give her money. She gives birth to my child, and I give her money in return—is that not taking responsibility? Besides, I’m sure you’ll dote on the child the same way you love Summer.”

I—

Unable to hold back, I splashed the cup of tea in my hand in his direction and yelled, “Stop dreaming! I won’t raise your child. Since you’ve decided to keep it, as a man, you have the obligation to make her your wife!”

I was infuriated beyond reason. In an attempt to suppress my anger, I whirled around and headed toward the rear of the house.

It had been a long time since I last got that agitated. Bumping into Ashton, who had just come down from the second floor, he questioned, “What happened?”

“Men are all good-for-nothing!” I answered furiously, having yet to calm myself down.

Ashton was speechless. A short while later, when I’d calmed my emotions, he chuckled. “Not mad anymore?”

I nodded, looking at him somewhat awkwardly. “Earlier—”

“I get it. Was it about John and Ms. Anne?” He smiled in understanding.

“For a woman such as Hannah, once he has missed it, he’ll never find it again. Rather than cherishing the gem he has, he’s decided not to get married. Sc\*mbag!”

With an arm outreached, he took me aside to rest on a chair and said gently, “Are you mad because he doesn’t know how to cherish her or because of how he feels toward you?”

I was stunned for a minute when I glanced up into his fervent gaze. It took a while for me to find my voice and said, “His feelings for me aren’t romantic but like siblings. It’s just that he’s yet to realize it.”

I understood precisely how well John treated me. All these years, he had considered everything about me in his heart. In outsiders’ eyes, it seemed to be no different from a relationship between man and woman. But having gotten involved in a real relationship, how could I not know what John’s feelings were for me? We knew each other since we were young and lived through the hard times by each other’s side. Having spent those years together, how could I not differentiate between family and love?

We were both lonely at heart. Without Grandma and Macy, the only person we had to depend on were each other.

If he were to feel romantically for me—based on his personality—he would’ve made a move a long time ago.

Ashton watched me for a long time without saying a word.

Standing in his shoes, I could understand what he was worried about and said in assurance, “I was mad because he couldn’t see through his own feelings. I fear it’ll take him losing the most important person to him before he finally gets himself together. I was mad about how clueless he was.” Pausing, I grabbed his hand and got serious. “Ashton, we’re not kids anymore. Having lived for nearly half my life, I’m clear about what my heart wants. I merely don’t wish for John to live in regrets, that’s all.”

Despite all that I said, Ashton only stared at me dispiritedly, staying quiet. I searched his face but couldn’t figure out what his true thoughts were. Believing that he was mad, I added, “Ashton, you can’t be this petty.”

His lips curved, a hint of amusement shining in his eyes. “What do I have to do to not be considered petty?”

Realizing that he was teasing me, I shot him a glare and refused to communicate further.

Before I could stand up and get away, he plopped me down onto his lap and encircled my waist, his voice laced with amusement. "How about we let them handle their own problems while we live our own lives?"

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I sighed. Wouldn't that be nice? But John was family to me after all.

"Hannah is a really good woman," I said. "Once John loses her, it'll be forever."

Leaning his head on my shoulder, Ashton said moodily, "What can you do then?"

"If Uncle Louis finds out, perhaps he could let Hannah into the Stovall family." John had always been respectful to Uncle Louis.

He lifted his head to stare at me thoughtfully. "You've investigated Hannah's past?"

I frowned, confused about his question. "Even if her background's inferior, Uncle Louis isn't one to be bothered about it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have acknowledged me publicly and entered me into the Stovall's family register."

He raised his brows and said, "Louis may not care about the girl's family background, but he'll care about her personal experiences. These past thirty years, you've had a clean record being the Moore family's daughter, my wife, and a graduate. These could make Louis accept you, but Hannah doesn't have those."

"Even though she didn't graduate college nor marry into a wealthy family, she's elegant and dignified. That alone will satisfy Uncle Louis."

Holding me, he smiled weakly. "Things aren't always as simple as it seems, Scarlett."

Out of nowhere, Summer ran over and insisted that Ashton play with her. Unable to decline her, they left alongside each other.

I remained seated in the chair, uncertain what sort of past Hannah had that could make Uncle Louis unable to accept her.

In the evening, at the villa's entrance, John stared deeply at me and said, "Since you're back to K City, you should take Summer home. After all, you and Mr. Fuller are divorced. The longer you stay here, the more tongues will wag."

I blanked out slightly. Deep inside, I knew he was unwilling to see me and Ashton living together without clearing up our situation.

Ashton didn't say a word as he sent them off politely.

Having played for an entire day, Summer was exhausted and fell asleep right on the living room floor.

I was then backed into the doorframe and caged in by him. "Four years ago, I didn't sign the divorce agreement. We're still lawfully married. Is it not okay for a married couple to live under the same roof?"

Looking at his willful appearance, I burst out laughing. Tilting my head, I said, "It's fine, that's why I'm staying."

He smiled softly, his eyes reflecting his happiness. Had it not been for Summer waking up groggily in the living room, he probably would've been unable to restrain himself.

Fall in K City was occasionally gloomy and uncertain.

On Tuesday, I had stayed in the villa revising for several consecutive days, bored from having been alone for some time.

After getting a change of clothes, I went to peel some fruits in the kitchen before sending them to Summer at her school. However, I was denied access and had to send them to Ashton at Fuller Corporation instead.

The skies were overcast. Luckily, Ashton had given me a car to drive and the traffic was relatively smooth.

When I arrived at Fuller Corporation, I stopped to allow myself to take it all in. Four years ago, it was merely one of the many inconspicuous companies in the industry. Yet now, it had turned into a multi-story building with its name hanging strikingly on the front.

As soon as I found a parking lot, a bolt of lightning struck and rain began to pour. I initially thought the rain wouldn't be heavy and carried the lunch box with me while I headed toward the Fuller Corporation building. But when I finally made it after a sprint, I had gotten fully drenched.

The dark skies lit up whenever lightning struck. The bad weather didn't seem to be stopping any time soon.

A group of passersby was taking shelter right at the entrance when I squeezed past them to make it into the lobby.

Having learned my lesson, I didn't approach the reception but pulled out my phone to give Ashton a call.

Several missed calls showed on my phone screen, all of which were from Ashton while I had been in the rain. Before I could call him back, the phone rang again. I moved aside in order not to block the path and answered it.

"What happened?" His deep voice sounded hurried as if he had been anxious.

Watching the heavy downpour outside, I said distractedly, "Nothing."

All of a sudden, an ear-splitting clap of thunder rang out, so deafening that the surroundings shook.



Through the phone, Ashton coaxed in a low, soothing voice, “Don’t be afraid, I’ll be right there.”

“Mr. Fuller, this will—” It sounded like it was Joseph beside him.

“Postpone it!”

Standing in the lobby, I froze, momentarily forgetting to move. “Are you in a meeting?”

“Mm,” he hummed in response. When another clap of thunder sounded, he spoke again, “I’ll be home in fifteen minutes.”

It seemed he remembered that I was afraid of thunders. But having lived through R Province’s unpredictable weather for four years, I had long gotten used to it—having spent many nights embracing Summer through them. Although I was still scared, it was no longer a crippling fear.

Hearing his anxious tone, I couldn’t help but assure him in a light voice, “I’m alright, you—”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 469

Before I could finish my words, he had come out of the president's personal elevator and zoomed through the crowd hastily. His typically refined and imposing self was sweating in a panic.

His good looks never failed to make him stand out in the crowd.

Lowering the phone, I headed toward his direction and fell into his embrace, my arms finding their way around his waist. I leaned against his chest and said, "I'm alright. I don't fear the thunder."

It had been years since. Witnessing him being so worried caused my heart to clench.

Surprised by my unexpected appearance, he pulled me in and gave me a tight hug. But when I returned to my senses, I couldn't help but be embarrassed as I recalled that this was the Fuller Corporation lobby and I had dashed into his embrace in the presence of everyone.

My face flushed when I lifted my head and realized all the pairs of eyes that were staring at us. "I was bored alone at home so I brought you some fruits."

He chuckled, tucking a stray of hair of mine behind my ear as he held me. "Let's go to the office and eat them then."

Under the gaze of others, I entered the elevator with him, sighing on the inside. Gossip was bound to spread within the Fuller Corporation's employees in no time.

Joseph had been teetering anxiously when we reached the office area. At the sight of Ashton's return, his face broke into a wide, relieved grin. "Mr. Fuller, will you speak with the Starlight Group? Mr. Parker is exceptionally difficult. Since they initiated the meeting, they must be planning to collaborate with the Fuller Corporation."

As he was only an assistant, all he could do was make suggestions.

I had already known he was in the middle of a meeting. Seeing as Joseph had asked, I turned toward Ashton and said, "I'll wait for you in the lounge."

He glanced at the weather outside, seeing that the rain had reduced to a drizzle. Turning his head back to me, he lightly tapped me on my nose and said, "All right. I'll be back very soon."

There were two floors dedicated to his office. With the meeting room being on the other, I headed into the visitors' room.

Approximately five minutes later, Joseph came in with some fruits and tidbits. "Mr. Fuller doesn't usually eat these, so there aren't too many of them in the office. Feel free to have whatever you like while you wait."

As it had been years since we last met, I had a distinct feeling that Joseph was no longer as small-minded as he was before.

Smiling, I accepted them with both hands. I was aware Ashton didn't like eating fruits. If it weren't a must for him to eat them, he wouldn't have touched them at all.

Therefore, not having fruits nor tidbits in the office was very normal.

About twenty minutes later, Ashton returned and saw that I had peeled the fruits on the table but hadn't eaten them. He furrowed his brows. "You didn't like it?"

I shook my head, picking up a piece of fruit with a toothpick before holding it by his mouth. "I was waiting for you."

He reached out to cuddle me, looking slightly apologetic. "The meeting later could take a while. Will you be bored alone here?"

I knew he was busy. This trip was meant as a stroll with no intention to disturb his work. With a smile, I said, "Not at all. I'll go fetch Summer from school later."

He nodded, planting a kiss on my forehead. Feeling slightly fatigued, he held me and shut his eyes to take a short rest. No words were needed to be spoken between us. As time passed, our love had integrated into the little details. Mutual understanding, care, and tolerance between each other were the crux to spending a long life with your partner. To rip into each other's throats would only end in tragedy.

When Joseph knocked and entered, Ashton had already been asleep for an hour. He studied Ashton's closed eyes and steady breathing. In a hushed tone, he said, "He's asleep?"

I nodded. "Is it time for the meeting?"

He hummed in response, lifting his wrist to check the time on his watch. "There's another meeting in M Country ten minutes later. Mr. Crest has just arrived," he said with urgency.

Mr. Crest?

"Jared Crest?" I asked instinctively.

He nodded.

Didn't he say he was going to W City for development?

"If you're tired, then rest in the lounge," Ashton said, his voice slightly hoarse. It took me a second to realize he had awoken and was smoothing out his clothes.

With no concern of our presence, Joseph said directly, "The company in M Country has sent all the information to me. Mr. Crest has handed both the hospital and film matters to me. As of now, everything's on stand-by for you for handover."

Ashton stood up after taking care of his clothes. "Everything that's handed over from Jared, pass them to Joe. Let Joe handle them."

"Got it."

Seeing as he was about to leave, I stood up and called out, "Wait!"

He smiled as he watched me walk toward him. "Can't bear for me to leave?"

I shot him a playful glare and chuckled. "Your hair's tousled and your necktie's slanted." I lifted a hand to fix them.

He smiled. "Jared's about to go to W City. The handover work is complicated, so it'll likely take some time. If you need anything, look for Joseph."

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I nodded my head and pushed him forward. "Go!"

Rushing for his meeting, he left without another word. I decided to read for a bit in the office as I was bored.

Suddenly, I could hear the noises of an argument outside. Curious, I got up to see what the commotion was about.

It turned out to be Nancy whom I hadn't seen in a long time. She looks different today. Her hair is a mess and she looks haggard. Although she's dressed in branded clothes, they always look cheap on her for some reason.

Two secretaries were barring her from entering the huge office area. "Ms. Goldstein, we can't let you in if you don't have an appointment with Mr. Fuller."

Despite her image was utterly ruined, Nancy showed no signs of giving up against the secretaries who blocked her path. She screamed hoarsely, "Tell Ashton I want to see him right now."

A commotion like this wouldn't solve anything. After all, this was a huge company, and the secretaries had other work to do.

I shouldn't meddle in this though. Joseph just left and I'm unaware of the proper protocol.

So after some thought, I turned and prepared to head back to the office to kill time.

"Scarlett, stop right there!" I'd only taken a few steps when my name was called.

Turning back, I caught Nancy's gaze on me. She was still fuming as she spat out, "Aren't you so pleased with yourself right now? You think you're better than the rest of us just because you married into money."

I furrowed my brows in displeasure.

My gaze fell on her disheveled clothes. It's going to be exhausting if I talk to her from here. Since she's already seen me, I guess I should just confront her.

I walked forward and stared at her calmly. "Ms. Goldstein, try not to lose some sense of elegance even if you've fallen on hard times. Don't you think you're degrading yourself like this?"

She actually has decent qualities—she's young and pretty with a great educational background. Even if her path to stardom has become hopeless, she'll still have many opportunities. She wouldn't find herself in dire straits.

She laughed coldly, a hollow gaze in her eyes. "Degrading myself? Are you talking to me from a winner's perspective right now?"

I shrugged. "Think what you please."

She sneered, "Ashton treated me like a substitute. How well do you think he'll treat you, huh? No one will ever match up to that crush of his."

She's just degrading herself by being caught up in this whole idea of who among us is the substitute. What's the point in bringing up this issue now? She's just doing this because she can't accept defeat.

As I stared at her, I couldn't help but say, "Although I have no clue how you appeared in his circles or caught his attention, it's meaningless now for you to be fixated on this idea of which one of us is the substitute. I would've helped you if your words were kinder, Nancy. But if you can't at least be civil, then I'll have to return an eye for an eye. The baseless rumors you spread about me last time gave me a lot of trouble. As the victim, it's only right that I take steps to defend my name."

Nancy's expression darkened. "Who can you blame but yourself for your promiscuity? Everything I said was true."

I nodded, though I wasn't yet enraged at her words. "My marriage to Ashton seven years ago was a valid union. I don't know who tipped you off about that incident four years ago, but it only takes a bit of common sense to understand what really happened. Just because I didn't make a fuss about it doesn't mean I'm weak. I merely thought it wasn't worth my time and effort to deal with such matters."

The two secretaries who'd heard my every word couldn't help but exchange loaded glances. They seemed shocked, likely by the news of Ashton and my marriage.

I looked at Nancy and continued, "One must always think of the repercussions before taking action. If I were you, Nancy, I'd pack my bags immediately and bring my mother to a safe place where we could live quietly for some time. Maybe spend some time planning my future and stop pestering the Fuller Corporation. Ashton's patience is limited. Once he's concluded his business, no one can guarantee how brutal he can be when it comes to tying up loose ends."

Nancy's face paled. "What do you mean?"

"She has explained it so well! Ashton only killed your dreams of stardom instead of forcing you into a dead end. If you continue creating a fuss like this, he might get annoyed and ruin your entire future." A woman's voice cut in.

I was startled for a moment and turned around. I didn't know when Emery had shown up. Dressed in a stylish black suit, she stood next to the lift with her arms crossed.

Cheekily, she watched my reaction to her arrival with a barely discernible smile on her face. Her lips curved upwards as she laughed out loud. "I haven't seen you in four years and you seem fatter now."



I-Isn't she being too straightforward? Who starts a conversation like that!

I couldn't help but laugh as I replied, "The environment in R Province is great."

She shrugged and walked towards me. "I guess that's true. Your complexion does look amazing."

She paused for a moment and looked at Nancy, who hadn't recovered her composure. "Hey Miss, you're twenty-six this year, right? Think you're such a hotshot after being a celebrity for a couple of years? Oh right, weren't you in the news a couple of days ago for climbing to the top of that building? But nothing happened? I guess you were just making a scene!"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 471

She still speaks as recklessly as she did four years ago.

Nancy's face was pale as she pursed her lips. "What does that have to do with you anyway? And who are you? Why are you sticking your nose into other people's business?"

"Pfft!" Emery sighed, "Looks like the Moore family has been a bit too under-the-radar these few years." She turned her gaze towards the two secretaries standing to the side, raising her eyebrows in a taunt. "You two would know who I am, would you?"

Both secretaries shook their heads and replied hurriedly, "Ms. Moore, surely you jest."

Emery nodded and looked back at Nancy. "I guess I should've expected your ignorance. After all, actresses aren't really invited to important events to socialize with businessmen or politicians, much less the ones like you. "

"Y-You—" Nancy stuttered furiously at her mockery.

Emery sneered, "Looking at your current state, I'd say you haven't seen much during those years you were hanging around Ashton, yes? Do you think Scarlett isn't a worthy match for Ashton? I'll bring you up to speed then, so you don't harbor any regrets when you meet your maker."

"You b\*tch!" Nancy yelled. "You just own a few small companies and you really think of yourself as some bigshot."

I used to think Nancy was pretty cute and innocent sometimes. Knowing that Vanessa was her mother, and after observing her this whole time, I realized that they really were pretty alike. She takes after her mother after all!

Emery scoffed coldly, bored at her antics. But since she's already taken the shot, it would be more fun to take her down a notch or two.

She planted herself on the secretary's chair and propped her chin up to stare at Nancy. "You've never heard of the Moore family of K City, but what about the Stovall family? Ms. Goldstein, do you really think Ashton would just marry a nobody?"

Stunned, Nancy asked, "What do you mean?"

"What I'm trying to say is that you're not only inferior to Scarlett in terms of looks and talents but also your background. Look at your mother's character. Now, compare that to Scarlett's father. Don't you have any idea at all of the difference in your standings? If I'd been the one dealing with your slander towards Scarlett, I'd have hired someone to teach you a lesson. But Scarlett was the bigger person and chose to let it go. I did hear, however, that her godfather Louis can be very protective towards his own despite his strict beliefs in the law. I also know that your mother is a convicted felon. All he needs to do is find a small transgression to send both you and your mother back into prison. You'd be lucky to get out after that!"

Emery was obviously intimidating Nancy, and the latter appeared to hang on her every word. Pale-faced, she asked, "Did you say that Scarlett is Louis Stovall's daughter?"

Emery shrugged. "Have you never watched the news in the past? I'll give you a tip—you just need to search for news dating back to about four years ago, and you may be able to learn something useful."

"Impossible!" Nancy looked flustered. "Sally said Scarlett is an orphan. Wasn't she only married to Ashton because old Mr. Fuller liked her? How can she be Louis' daughter?"

"Aha!" Emery looked at me and raised her brows. Laughingly, she asked, "I'll say, why does she know so many things about you? Did you offend Sally? How did you do it this time? Aren't you away for four years? How'd you suddenly gain an enemy once you came back?"

I shrugged. "It's hard to explain. All I can say is it's ancient history now."

She scoffed and looked at Nancy disdainfully. "Sorry to disappoint, but her parents are alive and well. You should use your brain cells more often or you won't even know when you're being duped."

She looked at the two secretaries and frowned. "Are you two planning to stand here and watch this little show for the rest of the day? Are all the employees at Fuller Corporation this incompetent? You couldn't stop a person from barging into the president's office, yet you failed to call security for help. Is this your way of telling Mr. Fuller that he should be replacing his secretaries?"

The two secretaries were technically the receptionists to the president's office. At Emery's words, they quickly apologized and called for security immediately.

Perhaps Nancy had really taken Emery's words to heart as she left absent-mindedly with the security escort.

Only Emery and I were left. She hugged me while frowning. "You left without a word and now you're back the same way you left! Some friend you are!"

I was surprised at her words. "I left in a hurry and didn't think too much of it. I've also just returned to K City, so--"

"Fine!" she pouted. "I've heard bits and pieces of that incident. I don't think anyone else would've reacted differently. But what's going on between you and Ashton? Didn't you get divorced? What's going on right now? What are you thinking?"

How should I put this? I don't really know how to answer her either.

Met with my silence, she sighed and stopped asking questions. She followed me to the visitors' room and took a seat. She asked, "The Moore family knows you're back. What is your plan? Are you just going to pretend that nothing happened between you and the Moore family?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 471

“There isn’t any relationship between the Moore family and me, to begin with. I came back to K City to give my daughter a better future. I haven’t thought about anything else beyond that, and I really don’t plan to!” If it wasn’t for Summer’s future, I would’ve stayed in R Province forever.

Emery knitted her brows and appeared displeased. “But you’re the Moore family’s daughter. No one can change that.”

“So what?” I looked at her, feeling somewhat agitated. “I never plan to acknowledge them as my biological parents. Since they’ve already adopted Rebecca formally, then Rebecca can just carry on being the official daughter of the Moore family.”

She sighed as she commented, “You’re still not over it then.” She paused for a moment before staring at me. “By the way, I’m getting married in October. Make sure to be there!”

I was stunned. “Who are you marrying?”

“A man! You’ll know who he is if you attend the wedding.”

I-

Ashton’s meeting had just ended. Seeing as it was late, and he still had things to discuss with Emery, I decided to fetch Summer from school alone.

As I exited Fuller Corporation, it was just my luck to bump into Jared.

I wanted to avoid him but he already spotted me. Waving at me enthusiastically, he asked, “Where are you going? I’ll give you a lift!”

“No need!” After the incident with Macy, my impression of his character had fallen significantly. I had no interest in hearing his side of the story. All I knew was that he shared half the blame for Macy’s incident.

His brows furrowed as he followed me. “It’s raining right now. I’m free and I can drive you.”

I stopped and turned around to look at him. “Do you want something?”

He frowned before nodding. “I want to have a meal with her.”

He was referring to Summer.

I pursed my lips. Summer is his kid after all...

After a moment of silence, I replied, “Fine, but just this once.”

He was surprised that I agreed to his request. His smile was bright as he stared at me, seeming somewhat in a daze. “That’s great!”

“Let’s go then, I’m picking her up in a while. We can go together,” I said before getting into my own car.

He quickly entered my car. It was drizzling just like he’d said. Traffic jams were a common sight in K City, and they became worse during rainy weather.

The car inched slowly along the jammed roads. I kept my mouth shut, unwilling to initiate a conversation. So he decided to start one himself. “I didn’t know she was pregnant. If I had known, I’d never have let her leave.”

I frowned, choosing not to comment on his relationship with Macy.

“What’s her favorite food?” he asked, sighing lightly.

Evidently, his interest would be in knowing her favorite food.

“She’s not picky—anything is fine!” Summer had never been a picky eater. If I had to pinpoint a specific food, her favorite food would probably be sweets like most kids.

Finally, realizing that I had no intention to carry on a conversation with him, he remained silent for the remainder of the car ride.

We reached the school gates half an hour later after the classes ended for the day.

Just as I parked the car, I saw Summer walking behind a teacher as she looked around for me.

Once she saw me, she tugged on her teacher’s clothes and said goodbye to her teacher before running towards me.

“Mommy, is Mr. Fuller busy today? Why didn’t he come to fetch me?”

These days, Ashton and Summer were behaving more and more like a father and daughter. Summer had grown to depend on him.

I took her school bag from her and said, “He has a lot of meetings to attend to, so he couldn’t come today.”

Summer pouted but accepted my answer without making a fuss. She lifted her head and stared at Jared, who was standing beside me.

After some thought, she asked, "Aren't you the man standing in front of mommy Macy's tombstone that day?"

I was shocked at Summer's memory. She actually remembers him after seeing him only once.

Jared nodded as a small smile grew on his face. He stared at her intently.

After getting into the car, Jared suddenly appeared nervous and at a loss for words. He just continued staring at Summer.

I quickly asked Summer, "What would you like to eat?"

Summer thought for a while before replying seriously, "This morning, Mr. Fuller said he would bring me to eat steak. Mummy, are we going to meet Mr. Fuller later?"

I was momentarily stunned. I totally forgot that Ashton had mentioned his intentions to bring Summer out for a meal this morning.

Jared let out a cough before saying, "I'll give Ashton a call. We can eat together later."

I nodded but didn't say anything else.

Ever since Macy had entrusted Summer to my care, I had never planned to reunite Summer with Jared. Though this had indeed been Macy's last wish, I also had my own selfish reasons.



Ashton was late to the restaurant because of his meeting. We waited at the restaurant for half an hour before he finally arrived.

After we ordered, Summer climbed into Ashton's lap and jabbered incessantly to him. It was obvious that she was clingy towards him.

Jared made a few attempts to engage Summer in a conversation, but she always replied politely before turning her focus back to Ashton again.

I could empathize with Jared's feelings at that moment. To prevent the situation from getting more awkward, I asked, "I heard that you're planning to move to W City."

Jared nodded. "That's right. W City is where the Crest family first laid its roots. It's past time for me to return anyway."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 473

I heard about the Crest family from Ashton. Though the Crest family had begun as a family of academics, its subsequent generations had made exceptional achievements in various fields ranging from business to medicine. They were well-known everywhere.

Over the years, the Crest family had gained extensive control over W City. Jared's return to W City would thus serve two purposes—he would be able to spend more time with his family as well as partake in his family's business.

This is all well and good, but what about Kristina?

Just as my thoughts drifted in that direction, Kristina appeared as if my mind had summoned her out of thin air. There weren't many customers in the Ferropian restaurant, so her arrival was hard to miss.

After all, an impeccably dressed pregnant lady who still emanated a youthful air was an eye-catching sight.

I wanted to ignore her presence so we could have a peaceful meal.

However, it seemed like she had purposely dropped by to look for us. After she passed the front counter, she headed immediately for our table.

She looked at us with a sweet smile pasted on her face. "Jared, you're eating here too?"

It may look like a coincidence, but it's starting to seem more likely that she planned this. After all, why would a pregnant lady come all the way to a restaurant to eat alone?

Jared frowned as he nodded. His expression was wooden. "You're here alone?"

She nodded and answered in a velvety tone, "I got bored at home, and you weren't answering my calls. So, I decided to come out myself."

"Have a seat then," Jared spoke flatly as he ordered a steak for her.

When the steaks were served, Ashton carefully placed Summer on the seat next to his before gracefully cutting the steak.

Summer didn't know how to cut a steak, and I was too lazy, so I usually let him do it for her.

Jared placed some cut pieces of steak on Summer's plate as he spoke to her gently, "Summer, do you mind eating the ones that I've cut?"

Summer hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Kristina was cutting her steak and frowned at the sight of Jared's actions. She seemed displeased. She transferred her steak to Jared's plate and smiled at him. "Jared, my arms have been feeling so sore these few days. Won't you help me cut my steak?"

Jared's brows furrowed as he ate a bite of his steak. He looked around for a waiter and waved one over.

The waiter arrived at the table and inquired politely, "Sir, is there anything I can help you with?"

"Could you please cut this steak up, thank you."

Oh wow, he's actually asking a waiter to do it.

I chanced a glance at Kristina, who had paled and appeared humiliated.

Since it was requested by a customer, the waiter could only smile meekly as he cut up the steak.

The atmosphere instantly became awkward.

Ashton seemed to ignore everyone else at the table as he carefully placed cut pieces of steak on my plate. He spoke gently, "Just eat. Don't get distracted."

I nodded as I tore my attention away from them.

Summer looked at me, then turned to look at Kristina. I had no idea what was going on in that head of hers.

She suddenly asked, "Mr. Crest, do you not love this lady?"

I almost spit out the water I had drank. This kid doesn't have a filter at all.

Kristina's face paled as she lowered her gaze and chewed her lips. She looked utterly humiliated but somehow managed to squeeze out a smile.

Jared raised his brows and looked at Summer. "Do you know what love is?"

Summer nodded. "Uncle John told me. He said that if a boy loves a girl, he'll take care of her. Just like how Mr. Fuller loves my mommy. He always takes care of her by helping her cuts her steak or cooks for her. He also calls her a lot to check if she's ok."

Looks like John literally teaches her everything.

At her words, Ashton's lips curved upwards in a smile. "Your Uncle John has pretty good observation skills."

Heh!

Summer nodded and continued earnestly, "Of course. He said that I need to learn to be observant so that I'll know if a boy loves me or not. Only then can I be happy."

"Summer, less talking, more eating," I cut in after seeing Kristina's dismal expression.

Pregnant women are prone to mood swings. I don't particularly like her but I'm not going to agitate or provoke her on purpose.

Summer hummed in acknowledgement and started eating.

Jared's gaze fell on Summer as he appeared to be deep in thought. I didn't know if it was on purpose or not, but he suddenly blurted, "That candor! Just like her!"

I frowned, knowing that he was referring to Macy. It's a bit pointless to be bringing that up now, though.

I made an excuse and left for the restroom.

Humans are strange beings. We don't appreciate things when we have them, yet we scramble for scraps when what we have is truly gone. What an irony.

Kristina followed me to the restroom with an upset expression on her face. "Since you've already adopted her, why must you parade her around and ruin other people's lives?"

Shocked, I turned to look at her. I asked with a frown, "Ruin people's lives?"

I couldn't help a mirthless laugh from escaping. "First of all, let's be clear that you won't meet anyone who's more reluctant to let him meet Summer than me. As for today's meal, he begged me to let him eat with Summer. And now you're blaming me?"

She looked at me as she sighed, "I hope we can avoid each other from now on. You can live happily with this child in K City. Just don't appear in my life ever again."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 474

I began to pity her. She'd become a bundle of nerves over the appearance of this kid. I scoffed, "Biological relationships are such fascinating things. No one can predict how they'll play out in the future, so here's a piece of advice for you—just focus on the baby in your belly and live your life without worrying about every little thing."

Jared obviously doesn't love her at all. The only bargaining chip she has is her unborn baby.

I didn't want to continue debating such meaningless topics with her, so I quickly entered the restroom.

Suddenly Stacey was calling me. I was reluctant to pick up the phone but decided to answer the call after some thought.

"Are you busy? Can we grab a bite together tomorrow?" She worked at Fuller Corporation, and I knew she was busy as she frequently commuted between K City and J City.

After some thought, I replied, "Tomorrow's the weekend. I may need to bring Summer to the book store. I can't confirm if I've any free time yet."

"We can just grab a quick dinner. It won't take long." She paused for a moment before continuing, "I know you have some misgivings about me, but Scarlett, you need to hear me out. We always have to put ourselves first. Besides, she deserved it."

Stacey's accusation against Nancy on the filming set—whether intentional or not—wasn't a big deal to me. But I do have the right to choose my own friends, and I'd rather spend my time with people who share my values.

"Alright, see you this weekend then." Phone calls were devoid of visual cues and could often be misleading.

She answered, "See you!"

As I hung up, I exited the restroom and noticed that Summer wasn't at our table. Only Ashton and Jared were there. I frowned as I asked, "Where's Summer?"

"She wanted to pick a dessert; she went to pick it out with Kristina," Jared replied.

I was worried and a little angry, but I couldn't take it out on Jared. I looked at Ashton and said, "Summer's a cheeky kid, and Ms. Ludwick's pregnant. How can you let her follow Kristina?"

Ashton sensed my panic and stood up, holding my hand. "They're just in the restaurant. Don't worry, they'll be back soon."

I shook off his hand and walked towards the dessert area. It's not that I don't trust Kristina. It's just that her character is unreliable. Summer's very existence is a threat to her unborn baby. There's too much risk involved.

The restaurant was huge, and I walked a whole round before seeing Summer. She was busy choosing desserts from the display counter.

I let out a sigh of relief when I saw that she was safe. Then I noticed that Kristina was taking a photo of Summer on her phone. I frowned and strode forward, snatching the phone from her hands to delete the photos.

"Ms. Ludwick, that is my daughter. You can't take or distribute photos of her without my permission."

My sudden appearance surprised her. She appeared chagrined as she looked at me. "Scarlett, don't you think you're overreacting? I just thought her expression was adorable when she was choosing desserts, so I wanted to take some photos. I don't have any ulterior motives. You can't possibly think that of me."



"I can and I will!" I replied coldly as I walked towards Summer. Pulling Summer towards me, I looked at Kristina. "For your own safety, please stay away from my daughter!"

Her smile was chilling as she kept her phone. "If she was really your child, I'd understand the extent of your concern. She's not really yours though. And yet, you're devoted to her. Don't tell me the rumors are actually true? Is Mr. Fuller barren? And that's why you're treating someone else's child like the apple of your eye?"

My expression darkened. My tone was simmering with anger as I replied, "If you don't use your mouth for anything else, I'd suggest sewing it up so you can't spew any more nonsense."

"So? Are the rumors actually true? Ashton can't have any children of his own?" she sneered.

She'd come closer to me and whispered this last bit into my ear. No one else around us would've been able to hear her.

I lowered my gaze. Raising my hand, I slapped her without a hint of hesitation. It wasn't a hard slap, but it was good enough to teach her a lesson.

She held her cheek as she glared at me. "What? Is no one else allowed to mention it?"

"Try again if you dare," I said calmly.

Slapping someone in a restaurant would inevitably invite attention. Ashton and Jared soon showed up.

At the sight of the two men, Kristina immediately switched on the waterworks.

"Jared, I only brought Summer here to pick out desserts, but Ms. Stovall didn't want me to touch her child. She even slapped me! That's too much!"

I pursed my lips and stared at her coldly. My anger hadn't subsided. "Kristina, if you're going to be this pretentious, I won't mind sending another slap your way. Don't think you're untouchable just because you're pregnant. If you like to act the victim, I can play along and be the villain."

Jared frowned as he looked at me. "We can talk things out calmly. There's no need to get physical."

He'd uttered these words nonchalantly before turning towards Summer. "Summer, is there anything else you'd like to eat?"

Summer lifted her head to look at me before she turned to stare at a weeping Kristina. She apparently knew what was going on. "She made mommy angry. That's why mommy hit her."

Jared was stunned by her answer. He smiled meekly and nodded. "I know. I'm not blaming your mommy."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 475

Nodding, Summer passed the desserts she'd picked out to Ashton and said softly, "Mr. Fuller, let's go home. Mommy's upset."

Ashton's knowing gaze had never left me though he had yet to utter a single word.

Jared, on the other hand, appeared unconcerned over Kristina's feelings. His whole attention was on Summer. He had been trying to start a conversation with her even until we had already exited the restaurant.

Indifferently, we bid them farewell as we boarded the car. Summer fell asleep soon after.

When we stopped at a red light, Ashton reached out and held my hand. "Are you feeling better now?"

Slightly surprised, I shrugged. "I felt better a long time ago."

He smiled gently. "So, what did Kristina say to piss you off?"

He lowered his gaze and stared at my hand. He appeared to be suppressing his laughter as he asked, "Does it hurt?"

"I'm the one who slapped her. Why would I be hurt?" I removed my hand from his hold as I recalled Kristina's words. I couldn't help my gaze as it traveled towards Ashton's lower body.

Apparently, I wasn't as subtle as I thought. Ashton narrowed his eyes as he asked doubtfully, "What's going on?"

Aware that my staring was inappropriate, I quickly turned my gaze away. After some thought, I asked, "Did y-you take it out yet?"

He appeared shocked at the question, and it took him a moment before he was able to compose himself. The light turned green, and he began to drive forward. "Yes?" he answered confusedly.

Four years ago he had a vasectomy. I haven't been with him for four years; I wouldn't know if he'd reversed it or not.

Based on Kristina's words, maybe he hadn't reversed the vasectomy. This then became fodder for the rumors that were swirling around.

"Take what out again?" He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, a questioning gaze in his eyes.

Blushing, I said, "The vasectomy clips. Did y-you take them out?"

His shock soon morphed into laughter. He looked at me with his brows raised. "If you want to have kids, I'd be happy to remove them."

My brain stuttered as I pouted. So, did he take them out or not?

"You'll become infertile if you keep the clips on for too long!" Four years was a long time. I didn't know if his fertility was already affected.

He laughed lightly. "Don't worry. Your husband is a healthy man. If you really want to have kids, I'll be up for it too. Any number is good."

I didn't want to continue bantering with him over this. Adopting a serious tone, I said, "Let's make an appointment tomorrow and get the clips removed."

Even if we're destined to leave each other in the end, I don't want him to ruin his chances of ever having kids in the future.

He looked at me and laughed. "We're not in a rush to have kids."

In the end, we didn't manage to arrange for an appointment to reverse Ashton's vasectomy due to his busy schedule.

But little did I expect that I was the first person to be notified about Nancy's death.

It was the end of September when the autumn rains came frequently. I rarely left the house as I was busy preparing for my exams.

When I received the text, I was surprised. It was a short one: Turn on the TV. Wait for her death.

The message seemed like nothing more than a horrid prank.

I frowned and switched off my phone, turning my attention back to my revision.

Suddenly Stacey called, stumbling over her words. "Was it Mr. Fuller?"

I knitted my brows in confusion. What does she mean by that?

"What happened?"

As if sensing my confusion, she replied, "Nancy was apparently murdered in her own home. The police are investigating now. I heard that it was an ugly scene."

I was paralyzed with shock. My hands, however, seemed to move on their own accord as they closed my books and switched on the TV.

News of Nancy's death was being reported on every channel.

"Isn't Mr. Fuller with you?" Stacey asked.

I frowned and recalled the first thing she'd blurted to me when I answered her call. I answered coolly, "Ashton wouldn't stoop to such a level."

She probably heard the anger in my tone and quickly apologized.

People change. She'd spent so much time in the murky waters of the business world that she'd become a ruthless woman.

Now though, we no longer crossed paths. I hung up and looked at the text I'd received earlier.

The call didn't connect when I dialed the number listed as the sender of the text. I pondered for a moment and decided to call Ashton.

The call went through, and I heard some background noises. It sounded like he was in the middle of a meeting. "Scarlett, what's up?"

He didn't speak loudly, but the background noises disappeared once he spoke.

"What happened to Nancy?" I asked, not meaning to interrogate him. Realizing my tone was off, I composed myself before saying, "I received a suspicious text just now."

“You don’t have to worry about her since her contract with Fuller Corporation has already been dissolved. Her future actions have no bearing on our corporation. Don’t overthink things,” he said, sounding soft and a bit hoarse.

I paused for a moment and nodded to myself. There wasn’t anything else to say, so I hung up.

I was still weirded out by the text I’d received out of the blue, so I decided to try my luck and dial the number again.

The phone still appeared to be switched off.

The doorbell of the villa rang. I went downstairs and opened the door.

Sally was here.

I’d just opened the door and could barely react when she slapped me.

Slap! She’d landed a solid one on my face.

My head was stinging from the impact, and I had to take a moment to compose myself. Blood trickled out from the corner of my lip.

I looked down at her as I attempted to suppress my rage. “Ms. Fuller, have you always been this brash? Why are you slapping people for no reason?”

She let out a cold laugh and sneered, “Reason? Nancy’s death is reason enough. Scarlett, I thought you’d know your place by now after being gone for four years. Clearly, I’ve underestimated you. After all, how

good can a woman be if she can even destroy the reputation of her own birth mother? Nancy merely admired Ashton. If you weren't happy with that, you could hit and berate her. Why make her die such a painful death?"



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 476

Did she think I murdered Nancy?

I almost laughed out in disbelief. Looking at her, I scoffed, “Ms. Fuller, you’ve actually overestimated me. If I were that ruthless, that slap would never have made it to my face.”

She said disdainfully, “You can drop the act. I know Nancy slandered and humiliated you before, so you’ve been vengeful all this while! It’s not impossible to get rid of her. After all, you have the backing of the Stovall family or the Moore family. It should be easy for you to get rid of an actress without leaving a single trace behind. I never took you to be this cruel, Scarlett!”

Nothing I say will make her change her mind. Plus, she didn’t come here to ask if I murdered Nancy. She doesn’t even care who really did the deed since she’s already fixated on me being the perpetrator.

No one else was at home, and I didn’t want to continue talking to her. So I said, “You’ve already slapped me and scolded me; you can go back now, Ms. Fuller.”

But alas, if it was that easy to deter Sally, I wouldn’t have been forced into tight corners by her several times.

She ignored me and entered the villa. Plonking herself down on the sofa in the living room, she tossed a folder on the table. Her voice was full of hatred and disgust as she said, “Scarlett, if you have any feelings for Ashton at all, you should leave him. Don’t drag him into this mess.”

I frowned and opened the folder she’d tossed on the table. As I flipped through the photographs that were inside, a cold sweat broke out on my body.

These photos were taken before Nancy’s death. The faces of the men who were in the photographs couldn’t be seen clearly, but Nancy’s tortured expression was distinctly captured.

I lifted my gaze and looked at Sally. “Why are you showing me these photos?”

She returned my gaze as her expression darkened. “The police have begun investigating the scene. Just how long do you think you can keep this under wraps? Since your return to K City, Nancy’s had her contract with the Fuller Corporation dissolved, and she also slandered you when she attracted media attention for her little stunt on top of that building. Now, she’s dead. Who else can be responsible for her downfall?”

She paused as she attempted to control her emotions. “I don’t know if this is revenge or just pure hatred. Frankly, your actions have nothing to do with me. But you must leave Ashton. He cannot have his reputation sullied by a wife like you. Just one misstep and it could destroy him and the Fuller Corporation. You will only ruin him if you stay by his side.”

I almost laughed out loud at her audacity. “What makes you think I did it?” You didn’t even get any facts right, and you’re placing the blame on me already?

She sneered, “The Moore family has had its fair share of dirty dealings. Do you think Cameron hasn’t seen the news? To them, Nancy’s worth less than a dog.”

I laughed. “And what does that have to do with me? Ms. Fuller, my patience is limited. I’ve tolerated you many times in the past because you’re Ashton’s aunt. After all, we’re taught to respect our elders. But if our elders cannot behave rationally or reasonably, I think there’s no longer a need for tolerance. Please leave my house right now!”

She was frozen in shock, not expecting me to retaliate. She looked furious. “Just who do you think you are, Scarlett? This house belongs to the Fullers. What makes you think you can kick me out?”

“She can because she’s my wife!”

I was surprised at Ashton’s sudden appearance. He walked into the living room and stood beside me.

He glared at Sally with barely concealed anger. "You may be my aunt, but I expect you to know your place better."

"Ashton! Are you going to cut ties with me over this woman?"

"If you continue acting like this, it wouldn't be impossible." Ashton was usually calm, and his emotions were hard to discern. Now though, his anger was palpable. As he stared at Sally impassively, he asked, "Do you need a lift home?"

As he uttered his words, it was painfully obvious that Sally had overstayed her welcome. With her chest rising and falling rapidly with anger, she glared at me fiercely before leaving in a huff.

Staring after her as she left, the pain in my head intensified. I also felt frustrated.

Ashton pulled me down onto the sofa. Already in a sour mood, I blurted, "What's with Nancy's death?"

He glanced at me. "Her mother owed a lot of money to the loan sharks. They probably knew she'd gone into hiding, and that it would be impossible to get the money back. So, they took drastic measures."

Frowning, I asked, "But murder's a little extreme, isn't it? Someone obviously wanted her dead. Did the Moore family have a hand in it?"

He chuckled, "Why didn't you guess it was me instead?"

"You wouldn't!" I said resolutely.

This stunned him. "You're that sure," he said as he raised his brows.

"Nancy may be a hateful woman, but you wouldn't stoop to murder. You have your morals. Plus, there are more than enough things in the company that deserve your attention compared to some C-list celebrities like Nancy. This whole crime reeks of revenge. That's something you'd never do." I didn't even wish Cameron dead for what she did in the past, and that was worse than anything Nancy has ever done.

I also knew that Ashton and I shared somewhat similar beliefs, and this further convinced me that he would never murder Nancy.

He paused slightly before pulling me into his arms. His chin rested lightly on my head as he spoke in a rumbling tone, "I didn't know your impression of me would be that honorable. I'm about to burst with pride."

I didn't banter with him but continued to ponder the situation, which felt strange to me. "The Moore family wouldn't do this. Let's exclude Cameron first and consider Zachary. He may have dallied with the mafia for years, but he wouldn't just end someone's life so carelessly."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 477

He nodded and whispered, "Don't worry about that. Focus on your coming examinations."

Indeed. Why bother? That was none of my business anyway.

Independence Day holiday.

Thanks to Emery, I got to sit in on classes at K University. That would really help with my revision for the examinations.

I met Emery's fiancé, Hunter Zane, as I got out of class. He was a tall, soft-spoken, bespectacled man, every inch of him was gentlemanly.

He was the one who wrote the recommendation for me to attend classes at K University. "Prof Zane!" Waving my arms, I called out to him from afar.

He saw me, smiled and stopped in his track.

I went up to him and saw he was holding some law books. He must have just finished his class. "Anymore classes later?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I am done for the day. What about you? How was the English class?"

"I have learned a lot!" I replied as we walked out of campus together. "Are you going to Clermont later in the day?"

"I may not be able to make it. I have guests coming, so I have to pick them up. Please help me get a message to Emery—ask her to join us for dinner tonight." Hunter replied.

"Sure! Your parents are coming?" I probed. He smiled and nodded.

Hunter's from J City. Since it was nearing their wedding date, I supposed the family came for the wedding.

We parted at the car park as he had to rush off for his next appointment.

I walked to and from class most of the time as K University was not far from Clermont. The weather was refreshing, perfect for a nice and relaxing stroll.

I did not notice the black Bentley that stopped by the side of the road until someone blocked my path.

It was Marcus.

"What's up?" I grunted.

"Where are you heading? Let me give you a lift." He stood there leisurely with a hand in his pocket and a cigarette between his long fingers.

A chance meeting? Or maybe he had it all planned out?

Well, it did not matter.

"That's not necessary. I am just a short distance from home," I replied with indifference.

"Home? The home with Ashton Fuller?" he responded sarcastically with a frown.

I had no intention of elaborating. I just stood and stared at him with impatience.

"Scarlett Stovall, how foolish can you get? If he is true to you, he would not have kept your relationship a secret."

“That is between the two of us. Please mind your own business. If that is all you have to say, then I will take my leave.” I brushed him off.

“Are we worse than strangers now? We went through so much together in that one month. Does that mean nothing to you at all? Am I so repulsive that you would not wish to even talk to me?” He held me back and lashed out.

I let out a sigh and asked, “Camelia should be due soon, right?”

He was stumped. “Is that what is bothering you?” He paused and then continued, “That was an unplanned pregnancy. If that bothers you, I will send her back to M Country after she gives birth. She will not come between us.”

I pushed him away angrily. “What do you mean she will affect us and you want to send her back? Marcus White, do you know what sets Ashton apart from you? Ashton takes responsibility in a relationship. Even if he does not love someone, he would not hurt her. He may be a little clumsy when it comes to love but he shows respect to the other party.”

I took a deep breath to calm myself before continuing, “I know I have no right to criticize you. Four years ago, what I did was not to one’s satisfaction. I will make it up to you. You can state your demands. Just don’t ask me to love you. As for you, please man up! If you are not in love with Camelia, why did you cozy up to her? How could you be so callous now? What has she done wrong? The only mistake she made was to fall for you.”

That was the problem with most of us. The grass would always be greener on the other side. We would fail to treasure the relationships we have and long for the ones who left. How tragic.

Marcus contemplated for a moment. “You will fulfill any demands I have?” he asked.

“Anything, other than to love you.” Sometimes, one just got to bite the bullet and face the consequence.

“Come work at White Corporation, move out of Ashton Fuller’s place, and do not see him ever again.”  
Marcus listed his demands.

“I will be having my examinations next month so I can’t take on any work for now. As for my relationship with Ashton, that is none of your business. Marcus, please quit pushing my buttons!” I was annoyed.

“No to everything? So that is what you mean by fulfilling any demands?” he sneered.

“I... I can agree to work at White Corporation. Just not now, since I am having my examinations soon. That is something beyond my control.”

Marcus deliberated over it. “Since you have your examinations coming, I wouldn’t get in your way. Let’s do this instead. Come to Moonlight Bay and cook for me every day. Take that as repaying me for saving you back in those days.”



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“For how long?” I sulked.

“One year!”

“Marcus White, I have my life to live too! Don’t push it.” Just my luck to have met him.

“Half a year!”

“Half a year of cooking in exchange for the one month that saved your life. You got a good deal.” He looked towards me confidently.

“Deal!” I was tired and flustered. All I wanted was to end the episode and move on.

He did not stop me as I walked away. He just stood behind me and said, “The best way to handle a bully is to give them an eye for an eye. If you want Sally to disappear, just let me know. I can make her vanish from your sight.”

I was baffled by his words, so I turned around for clarification. “What do you mean?”

He shrugged and nonchalantly declared, “Nothing much. I just felt sometimes you are too indecisive. Some people are plain revolting. Their existence is a mistake in the first place.”

“You are the one behind Nancy’s incident?” I instantly pieced the puzzle together.

He stubbed his cigarette and replied impassively, “She asked for it.”

“Marcus White!” I was aghast at the person he has turned into.

“She serves no purpose anymore. She will only get in the way,” he spoke without any emotion.

Slap! I hit him so hard my hand hurts.

A man jumped out of the black Bentley and darted in front of me to shield him from any further strikes.

Marcus pulled the man aside and unperturbedly wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth. "You feel for her? Or are you disappointed in me?" he probed.

I took a deep breath and stepped back in despair. "Marcus, don't go overboard."

"So Ashton Fuller will toe the line? Do you think he is really the generous, forgiving gentleman you think he is? Have you seen how he deals with his business competitors?" Marcus accosted me.

He bent towards me and uttered gravely, "I am no match for his ruthlessness, Scarlett. There is more to him than meets the eye."

"That is enough! I gotta go." Disturbed by his words, I hurried away.

I was relieved he did not come after me. How did one become so incorrigible?

Ashton was not home when I got back. What Marcus said gave me the chills. I bundled up in a blanket and stayed in bed.

Ashton called in the afternoon and said he was going out of town for business. He had a hectic schedule. Sometimes, he even brought work home.

His busy schedule did not bother me as I have my hands full as well.

Alas, there was always a curve ball in life.

The following day, I was supposed to go to my class at K University. When I woke up, there was a crowd gathered outside the gate.

Paparazzi! Ashton's villa was in a secluded location. Not many people knew about this place.

Obviously, someone has maliciously spread the news and attracted the paparazzi's attention.

I grabbed my phone to call Ashton.

From the pop-up screen of my phone, I saw a photo of Marcus and me. It looked like it was taken when we met yesterday.

Whoever leaked the photos did it with ill will as all the photos published hinted at an intimate relationship between Marcus and me. The earlier incident with Nancy had barely blown over and now a scandal with the CEO of White Corporation made headlines.

I was sure the affair between Ashton and I would be uncovered too.

Guess I would have to lie low for a couple of days.

Ashton called to comfort me. "Fret not. I have tightened the security at the villa. Those paparazzi would not dare to trespass. You just stay put at home till I come back."

Surprisingly, I was not worried, even though this was the first time I had to deal with such a crowd. "Ok. You get on with your work. I can do my revision at home." I calmly reassured him.

There was sufficient food at home so it would not be an issue to be trapped in the house for a few days.

I grabbed some food and sat down to surf the headlines. The keyboard warriors were indeed impressive. Details of my background and the incidents that happened four years ago all surfaced.

Luckily, my relationship with the Moore family was not exposed. The affairs at the Stovall's were a little complicated and touchy so the paparazzi did not go big on that. They probably would not want to risk getting into legal trouble with the Stovall family.

So the focus was on my love affairs with Marcus and Ashton.

I was expecting the paparazzi to hound me for a couple of days. Surprisingly, when I peeked on them in the evening, more than half of the crowd has dispersed.

I could not be sure what happened to the paparazzi. I assumed Ashton was helping with the damage control. Summer was not able to come home to me. John had to bring her to the Stovall residence.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 479

I was just about to call Ashton for updates when the phone rang. It was Emery on the line.

“How did it go? Have you decided how you are going to thank me?” She was never someone who beat around the bush.

I have not the faintest idea what she meant until I glanced at the small crowd of paparazzi still waiting outside. “You are the one who got rid of paparazzi?”

“Oh my! Don’t you read the news? Such major news and you are still oblivious?” she exclaimed.

Indeed. I went back to the sofa and turned on my tablet. Professor Marrying Up! The Moore Heiress Engaged To A College Professor! That was headlines all over the town.

“You are behind that news?” It was an extremely demeaning headline. Hunter may not have come from a rich and influential family, but he worked his way up and became a professor at a renowned college. His personal accomplishments and capabilities were widely recognized.

“Hunter was the one who told me to do so,” Emery revealed. “You know I hated the idea of being under public scrutiny, so we have never planned to go public with our wedding plans. However, your scandal with Marcus was obviously orchestrated. Not only were juicy details leaked, but the spotlight was also shone on the incident that happened four years ago. It would have been easy to deal with if those were blatant lies. Unfortunately, most of the information exposed was somewhat true. Both the Moore family and Ashton wanted to protect you from this unwanted attention. We could not think of a better way to divert the public’s attention other than releasing news of my wedding.”

That made sense. K City had just a few paparazzi and they had been hounding the same few big shots and celebrities. They likely ran out of gossip subjects.

Emery was in her thirties but her family never pressured her to wed.

However, in the public's eye, she was the "It girl" who had it all—looks, wealth, capability. The city was awash in speculation that she would marry into another influential family. After all, it was common for moneyed families to use marriage as a means to strengthen the clan.

Once news of Emery's wedding was out, it became the talk of the town. No wonder the paparazzi left me alone.

"What do you and Hunter plan to do now?" Once the news went out, it meant they would not be able to have a low-profile wedding anymore.

Emery seemed to take it in her strides. "All we need to do is to make public our wedding details. Poor Prof. Zane will have to get used to his newfound fame."

"I am sorry... Yesterday's meetup with Marcus was unplanned. I did not expect someone to be stalking and prying into our relationship."

"It's no big deal. It will blow over." She went on to remind me, "but don't forget our dinner date. You have to make time for it."

"Of course! I will not miss that," I cheerfully replied.

Night fell.

I was fast asleep and did not notice when Ashton got home. I woke up to the sound of running water from the bathroom.

I lay in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, still groggy from sleep. Ashton came into the bedroom, wrapped in a towel. He did not switch on the lights for fear of waking me.

I leaned over to switch on the bedside light and turned around to find him looking at me. He was wet, fresh out of the shower.

“Did I wake you?” His handsome face had a smile on it.

I shook my head. I had always been a light sleeper and would have woken up anyway.

By the time he came to me, he had already wiped his body dry. His hair was dripping wet though. I sat up, took the towel from him, and started drying his hair.

“Are there any more paparazzi outside?” I asked. Although most of them had shifted their attention to the Moores, there were still a few hanging around.

He grabbed me and sat me on his lap, his chest still cold from the shower.

“They have all left.” He sounded tired and rested his chin on my collarbone.

“No! That is ticklish!”

“Where is your itch?” he murmured.

I pursed my lips bashfully.

“Have you taken your dinner?” His voice was mellow and subdued.

“Yes,” I replied with a nod.

He bent and suck hard on my neck. “Little liar! The food in the fridge was untouched.”

I did not expect him to be so attentive and observant.

“I was not hungry. I snacked.” It was the truth. I seemed to have put on some weight since I came back to K City.

“How can you consider snacks as a meal?” he grumbled.

“Of course, we can!” It’s true, especially for ladies.

He would have none of that. After I dried his hair, he carried me and made his way downstairs.

It was dark. I clung to his neck for fear of falling. “Ashton, where are you bringing me to? It is late. Aren’t you tired?” vall residence.



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“To grab some food,” he uttered.

For me?

“I am really not hungry. I swear.” I was not a little kid anymore. I could have fixed myself a meal if I was hungry. Alas, he ignored me and continued making his way down. I had to plead again, “It is late. I would get poor digestion and suffer badly tomorrow.”

With this, he stopped and fixed his gaze at me. “Are you sure you are not hungry?”

“Yes, I am not,” I replied affirmatively.

I breathed a sigh of relief when he finally put me back in bed. Late night meals would really be bad for health.

He lay on top of me, with no intention of leaving. His deep-set eyes gazed into me, his eyes betraying nothing.

“Yes?” I was perplexed.

“I’m hungry.” His Adam’s apple moved sensuously as he murmured.

I fell silent, then said, “Why don’t you go downstairs and grab some food?”

“No need. Here is good.” He leaned closer to me, breathing heavily.

I was feeling uneasy being pinned down. “Please let go,” I pleaded.

Our eyes locked. I blinked awkwardly and he kissed me, catching me off-guard.

I was so shocked I forgot to breathe. He let go of me briefly only when my eyes popped from holding my breath. "You plan to keep me monk-like forever?" He seemed amused by my expression.

"I'm sorry, Ashton."

Abstaining from sex for four years may be unthinkable for some people. To me, it was liberating and empowering instead.

I managed to get over the sorrow and painful memories and got myself back on my feet in these four years. However, I had yet to recover from the trauma my body endured.

Ashton was still asleep next to me when I woke up. He would usually be up and gone.

I propped myself up and studied his face. Memories of the past seven years flashed by.

It seemed the time of tribulation was coming to an end. I hoped what followed would be some peace and serenity.

However, I was afraid of getting my hopes up somewhere deep in me.

I was lost in thoughts and did not notice Ashton was awake. I only snapped out of it when he spoke. "Are you hungry?" I turned to meet his eyes. His smiley face was gorgeous.

"No." I shook my head.

He pulled me into his arms and said, "You've lost weight. You gotta eat more." His voice was manly.

"You know I had put on weight instead!" I smiled. I felt secure in his embrace.

Joseph brought us quiche for breakfast. It was simple but tasty. However, I had no appetite and so only took a few bites.

My stomach was churning. I bore with it until Ashton left. As soon as he left, I went to the bathroom and threw up whatever I ate.

Maybe I never really wanted to eat in the first place.

There was a small handful of paparazzi still waiting outside the gate. More details about my affairs with Ashton and Marcus were uncovered. As I had expected, I was portrayed as a slut.

I had to quit reading too much into what was being written as it would have been too draining. With so much negative publicity around, I had to do self-study at home since I could no longer attend classes at K University anymore.

Unable to catch hold of anyone after a few days of futile wait, the paparazzi finally gave up and left. It had just blown over so I would not be heading out anytime soon. I was a little traumatized after being hounded for the past few days.

We were no divine beings and thus, could not remain unaffected by the gossips.

Summer came back after staying with the Slovals for the past few days. She immediately threw herself in my arms and asked, "Mommy, is it true you do not want me anymore? Why did you leave me at Grandpa's place?"

I was stumped. “Mommy had to attend to some matters, and I could not pick you up. What is wrong, my sweetheart?”

“I was told you do not want me anymore and I am not your real daughter, so you will send me away once I grow up.” An innocent kid would not lie.

There were not many people at the Stovall residence. The most likely person to have spoken such nonsense to Summer would be the nanny.

“Grandpa was very busy and he worked late every day. Uncle John too, although he would tell me bedtime stories when he got home. Mrs. Dune cooks for all of us! She was the only one I can play with.” Summer’s words confirmed my speculation. Only Mrs. Dune would have spoken those nasty words to her.

“Summer, sweetheart, Mommy would never leave you or send you away. You are mommy’s dearest daughter. In the future, if anyone says otherwise, you just ignore them, ok?” I gave Summer a big hug and comforted her.

She nodded and went out to the yard to play. She did not take that gossip to heart.

I wanted to call John but decided otherwise after some deliberation.

Ashton called in the evening. “Have you taken your dinner?” He sounded husky. He must have had a long day.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 481

If not for Summer's return, I would never have cooked dinner. I looked into the kitchen, saw that dinner was not yet ready, and said, "Not yet!"

"Let's go downtown to eat tonight. I'll go over to pick you and Summer up later. Remember to dress warmly." There were sounds of Ashton sorting out documents, which meant that he was still at work.

Having not gone out in a long while, I was worried, and asked, "Will going out suddenly attract unwanted attention?" After all, a storm had just passed.

"Don't worry, I've booked a private room in the restaurant. It'll be fine." He paused for a while, then continued, "Jared's back from W City. He wants to see Summer."

I frowned at the thought of Summer interacting with Jared.

Ashton must have sensed something amiss in my silence. He suggested gently, "If you don't want Jared to meet Summer, we can still go out. Just the three of us."

"It's fine!" No matter what, Summer was still Jared's daughter.

Half an hour later, Ashton pulled up at the gates. Summer and I got into the back of the car.

Ashton frowned slightly as he turned around. He asked, "What's the matter?"

Shaking my head, I then untied my scarf. The car was hot and getting quite stuffy.

Summer talked throughout most of the car ride, leaving me to my emotions. I remained quiet, feeling a little gloomy.

Jared was already inside the restaurant's private room when we arrived. He was alone.

A smile appeared on his face when he saw Summer and he started to ask her various questions.

Ashton grabbed my hand as I moved to take a seat. He whispered, "In a bad mood?"

Pressing my lips together, I shook my head and whispered back, "I'm fine."

A waiter soon arrived with the food. As Summer and Ashton chatted, Jared continuously glanced at her.

After a while, I turned to Jared. "Kristina should be giving birth soon. You..."

"She aborted the child," Jared replied coldly. His face was expressionless as he kept his eyes on Summer.

Did I hear that wrong? I could not help but ask, "What?"

He turned to me with a serious gaze. "The fetus was in an unstable condition. Even if she gave birth, the child would not live for very long."

Ashton paused and looked over. He frowned as he asked, "What's going on?"

Jared straightened his posture, then replied, "She didn't tell me that she got pregnant and lost her child before. She also had to go to the hospital quite a few times due to her unstable emotions. She eventually had to abort it."

He spoke in an indifferent tone. It was as if this matter was insignificant.

I composed myself, then asked, "So what are you going to do now?"

Instead of directly answering my question, Jared suddenly narrowed his eyes at me and asked coldly, "Does Kristina have anything to do with Macy's death?"

The fork fell from my hands.

Stunned, I looked at Jared's cold expression. "I'm not sure."

I'd always thought Macy's death was because of me. Cameron purposely got Macy to come to K City just to lure me out of the villa. If I hadn't left the villa that night, maybe things would have been different.

The entire series of events afterward had all occurred because of that one incident.

I was unsure of how much Kristina's words had affected Macy. Although Jackson was with Macy then, he did not fully hear their conversation either.

Jared sneered and turned to look at Summer. "I won't marry Kristina. Summer's a daughter of the Crest family. One day, she'll have to return."

I was taken aback. Never would I have expected him to speak so straightforwardly.

I looked at him helplessly, but could no longer suppress my emotions. "Jared, Summer won't return to the Crest family. This is both Macy's and my decision. I've grown to love her as my own these past four years. I'll fight to the end if you want to take her away from me."

Ashton was displeased as well. He said in a cold voice, "Summer will never go back to the Crest family. You agreed for her to live with us back then."

Jared scoffed and looked at Ashton. "You'd also promised to take good care of Mia. Look what happened in the end."

Mia? Who's that?

Ashton grew serious. "You know exactly why things turned out like that back then. Do you really think that Macy's and Mia's deaths are both just accidents?"

Jared's expression darkened. He turned to look at Ashton with hurtful eyes. "So? Are you trying to blame me for everything now?"

Ashton frowned and pinched between his eyebrows. They needed to have a proper talk. "Scarlett, take Summer out and wait for me downstairs."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 482

I nodded, already intending to do so. Jared simply stared as we left.

On the ground floor, I rushed out of the restaurant and sat down beside the car, afraid that someone would recognize me.

Although Summer was young, she had still understood the conversation to some extent. She sat down next to me and asked, "Mommy, why does Mr. Crest want to bring me away?"

I was beginning to have a headache and my stomach felt uncomfortable. Pressing on my abdomen, I replied, "Mr. Crest also wants to have a daughter like you."

"But doesn't that lady also have a baby? Mr. Crest will have his own baby too!"

I could not speak from the discomfort. Before I knew it, I had thrown up whatever food I just ate.

Summer was shocked. "Mommy, what's wrong?"

I continued to dry heave for a while before composing myself. I then took Summer into my arms.

Kristina appeared out of nowhere, though I was not surprised. She looked more haggard compared to the last time we had met.

She had probably witnessed me vomiting. "Nausea and vomiting? Are you pregnant?"

She suddenly laughed and continued sarcastically, "Ashton is infertile, but you're pregnant? Is the child Marcus'? And I thought you were supposed to be a good girl!"

I held myself back, not wanting to argue with her in front of Summer. Just then, Ashton arrived.

He walked over and noticed my vomit. He then turned to Kristina and asked coldly, "What did you do?"

He looked frightening. Kristina backed away and replied with a trembling voice. "I didn't do anything. She was feeling unwell."

She then rushed into the restaurant. Ashton turned to me with a concerned look in his eyes. "The food didn't sit well with you?"

I shook my head and replied weakly, "Let's go back."

He agreed, carrying Summer into the backseat, then placing me in the passenger seat.



Devoid of energy, I simply leaned back and stayed silent.

Soon, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was the middle of the night. Ashton was nowhere to be seen, so I went to Summer's room.

She was sleeping soundly in the lovingly decorated room. She looks like an angel.

I stood, watching her silently. Only some time later did I realize that Ashton had been standing behind me.

Looking at my dazed expression, Ashton pulled me into a hug and we then left Summer's room.

Back in the bedroom, I asked, "What did Jared say to you?"

I did not get the chance to ask him on the way home.

He pursed his lips in silence, then replied, "It's about Summer. The Crest family knows about her. They want her to return to their family."

The bedside lamp fell to the ground with a crash. I replied angrily, "I won't allow it."

Ashton sighed and moved to pick up the lamp, then cleaned the glass shards with his bare hands. I simply sat there, annoyed.

When he was done, he looked up at me calmly. "If you don't want Summer to go, I'll try to convince Jared. But we should ask Summer for her opinion too."

"She's so young, what do you want her to say? We've only had each other to rely on for the past four years. She's part of my life now. I won't let Jared take her away. No matter what happens, I'll always put her needs in the first place. How do you know whether or not Jared will take proper care of her? What if the Crest family treats her unfairly? Who does he think he is, simply taking away my child?"

I won't let Jared take Summer away from me. Never.

Ashton sat next to me and took my hand in his. "No one can force you to do anything you don't want to. It's getting late, let's go to bed first."

There was a nagging feeling in my heart that Ashton was keeping something from me. However, I could not put my finger on it.

I had just dropped Summer off when Marcus called. Although reluctant, I picked up.

"Why are you calling?"

Since the previous incident had only just passed, I did not want to have too much contact with him.

He spoke in a low voice, "Don't you keep your promises?"

I thought hard about what he could be referring to but came up with nothing. Frowning, I asked, "What did I say?"

"You are supposed to come to cook for me this month, remember?" he said, slightly angry.

I froze. I had been so busy that I forgot all about it until he mentioned it.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 483

The issue with the reporters had just passed and I was busy dealing with Jared. I still had to think of ideas to ensure that Summer would stay with me. I had no time to go cook for him.

Back then, I only agreed to his request so that he would stop pestering me. I never expected him to take me so seriously.

"Marcus, I'm really busy. Please just let me off." I felt as though I was being forced into a dead end with no other way out.

There was silence on the other end of the line. Then, he scoffed, "Let you off?" Since when did I even force you?"

My head started to hurt, so I stopped the car by the roadside and hung up, then turned off the phone.

Finally, I felt better after some rest. What's wrong with me? I'm either suddenly nauseous or I feel helpless and get depressed by every little thing.

Perhaps it was due to everything that had happened recently. I got off the car and went for a walk to relax my mind.

Unexpectedly, I met Kristina. She was wearing a long tan trench coat and came over. "What a coincidence. Shall we have a chat?"

I shook my head and turned to leave. "I know you don't want that kid to return to the Crest family. I don't either. Can we talk?"

I hesitated, but eventually agreed.

We then went to a nearby café. Kristina looked pale, but her makeup brought some color to her face.

She got straight to the point. "Believe it or not, I've nothing to do with Macy's death. Her hemorrhage was really just an accident. I know you don't believe me. I wouldn't either. All of you think that I said something to provoke her, causing her death."

I pursed my lips and kept quiet. Then, she continued, "Since you won't believe me, I won't waste my breath anymore. That child has been with you for four years. I know you won't let her be taken away. I also want a stable status in the Crest family, so I need to give birth to my own baby. Hence, I don't want her back in the Crest family either."

"Just tell me what you want," I said impatiently.

She paused, taken aback by my bluntness, then replied, "The two of you have been together for four years. You're basically her mother now. Jared and Ashton's friendship should still be fine after this matter is settled. Since you're legally married to Ashton, you can make it public that both of you are infertile. This way, you can then adopt that child. But the two of you just can't have your own children in the future."

Kristina continued, "You should know the law better than me. Based on your background, it should be easy for both of you to adopt her. It just depends on whether or not you're willing to give up your reputation and the possibility of having your own child in the future."

I calmed myself down before looking at her and breaking out in a smile. "Kristina, do you really think that Ashton would be afraid of Jared in an argument?"

She shrugged. "Of course not. Judging by his social status, Mr. Fuller won't be scared of Jared. But what about public opinion?"

I... Ashton indeed didn't need to be afraid when it came to background and power. He has the ability to keep Summer by his side. But once the Crest family blows things up, what would happen to Summer? It'd be fine if both her parents were dead, but I wouldn't have the right to adopt her since her dad is still alive.

I was getting frustrated. Instead of actually discussing proper matters, Kristina was just trying to agitate me.

I stood up abruptly and looked at her with a straight face. "If this is all we're going to talk about, I think I'm done with this conversation."

She spoke as I turned to leave. "Think about what I just said."

"Get lost!" I could not help but say. Soon after I left the café, I felt sick in the stomach.

I bent over and threw up, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

I was becoming more lethargic each day. When I got back to the villa, I simply sat on the balcony and enjoyed the breeze for the rest of the day.

Ashton's return was what pulled me out of my thoughts.

He carried me back to the bed and covered me up with a blanket. Ashton was furious. "Are you still a kid? Don't you know how to take care of yourself?"

I looked at him in a daze, then remembered that it was already late autumn in K City so the weather was getting colder.

Feeling upset, I hugged his waist and leaned into him, then said in a quiet voice, "Ashton, please sit with me."

His gaze turned warm and he asked, "What's wrong?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 484

I sighed even as a throbbing headache assailed me. "It's okay. Just sit with me for a while."

Initially, I thought everything would take a turn for the better after returning to K City from R Province, but I'd forgotten about Marcus and Jared.

After raising Summer for four years, I'd naturally regarded her as my own child from the bottom of my heart, and her existence almost had me forgetting about how my own child died. However, after returning to K City, it was as though everyone was reminding me of my bitter and agonizing past with Ashton.

He seemed to be able to understand my feelings, hugging me tightly in his embrace as he echoed my silence and stillness.

In the passing of time, we were often drained of courage by memories as we embarked on the road that led to doom, step by step.

Jared often came to visit Summer, and every time he did so, the distance between them reduced.

I was too afraid of Summer, so I tacitly acquiesced to Jared's visits in the beginning. But as the frequency grew, I then made to leave with her.

As November came, the weather in K City grew increasingly chilly. In the evening of a particular weekend, Summer played with the dog in the yard after Jared had left.

At that moment, I gazed at Summer, my emotions indescribable as I sat beside her and watched the interaction between her and the dog.

When she noticed that I'd been sitting there for a while, she glanced over her shoulder at me, her eyes bright. "Mommy, come and play with Snowfluff together, okay?"

I shook my head while looking at her, my gaze radiating a faint sense of tiredness. "I'll just look on as you play with it."

Upon seeing my dispirited demeanor, she was no longer all that eager to play with the dog. Rather, she got up and stared at me while leaning her tiny body against me, her entire person soft and pliable. Resting her head against me, she queried, "Are you sick, Mommy?"

I shook my head as I hugged her, with relief slithering into my veins. "No. I'm just exhausted," I replied.

At this, she nodded before exhaling on a soft sigh and remarked, "You seem to be quite tired recently, Mommy. Are you exhausted because exams are coming soon?"

Flashing her a faint smile, I murmured, "I suppose so."

When the little girl heard this, she seemed to be racking her brains for a solution. After some time, she fixed her gaze on me and ordered, "Wait a moment, Mommy!"

Then, she ran into the villa. I remained sitting there, watching Snowfluff roll about on the grass. All of a sudden, a wave of pain assailed me. If my child had lived back then and Macy hadn't died either, would we now be sitting here together, chatting as we watched over our children?

At the thought of this, my mood soured.

Clang! A loud crash rang out in the villa. I was stunned for a moment before I promptly rushed in, only to be greeted by the sight of shattered glass all over the kitchen floor. Meanwhile, Ashton, who sprinted over from the main house, had yanked Summer away, his swift movement appearing a touch rough.

Summer was still in a trance, and it was only about two seconds later did she abruptly burst into tears from fright.

Racing over, I scooped her into my arms. At the same time, Ashton turned off the stove in the kitchen.

When he'd ascertained that everything was secure, he walked over. Staring at me, he couldn't help asking, "Why did Summer come into the kitchen?"

I shook my head as I hugged her. It was only after I'd mollified her for a long time did I manage to calm her down, and I breathed a sigh of relief after confirming that she wasn't hurt.

When she'd quietened down, I inquired, "What happened? Why did you suddenly come into the kitchen?"

Judging from the situation in the kitchen, she probably placed the glass bowl over the stove, triggering an explosion.

While Summer was no longer crying, her tiny body was still trembling, making it glaringly obvious that she had suffered quite a fright. "I wanted to cook some eggs for you, Mommy. My classmate claimed that eating eggs keeps the doctor away."

When I took a closer look, I finally noticed two eggs beside the stove. All at once, my emotions turned turbulently indescribable, complicating the only word left in my mind.

As I cuddled Summer, my heart clenched tightly. She only thought that I'm sick because I've often been distracted from Jared's visits these few days.

"I'm sorry, Summer. I..." I trailed off without finishing my utterance. Right at that moment, anguish had engulfed me, making my eyes sting.

Ashton looked at us as flashes of complex emotions manifesting on his alluring face. Walking over, he reached out and embraced us both, his voice low and steady. "Alright, everything's fine now. Next time, make sure to prioritize safety over all else in everything."

I pursed my lips as my stomach roiled at this precise moment. I suppressed the nausea several times, but in the end, I still had to make a mad dash to the washroom.

All the contents in my stomach were emptied in just a blink of an eye. When I'd finally stopped hurling, Summer and Ashton were both staring at me at the door, their gazes brimming with worry.

"Mr. Fuller, is Mommy sick?" Summer asked as her big eyes turned red.

Ashton merely pursed his lips, the expression on his striking face making it known that he was stifling his emotions. After a long time, he shifted his gaze to her and told her to go and play with Snowfluff in the yard.

After wiping my hands dry, I exited the washroom. When I noticed that he was still standing by the door, I instinctively hesitated and parted my lips to explain, but he spoke before I could do so.

“Let’s head to the hospital!” After saying that, he strode out while dragging me along.

Frowning, I pushed him away since I was in a bad mood. “I’m fine. Perhaps my stomach isn’t so great lately, so I get nauseous easily.”



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 485

Ashton's eyebrows scrunched together, and his eyes were blazing scarlet. "How long has it been?"

How long? At this, I hesitated. Mulling it over, I realized that it'd been quite some time. Ever since I encountered Marcus, I've been seemingly nauseous out of the blue. Every time my mood takes a nosedive, the urge to vomit grips me.

"It's been a while." Perhaps I'm truly sick. Jared's recent visits to see Summer, in particular, has such an occurrence transpiring all the more frequently.

Upon hearing this, his brows furrowed. Although he concealed his emotions well and kept them from showing on his face, I could sense that he was in a foul mood.

"Let's make a trip to the hospital and have you checked out," he suggested in a deep and aloof voice. His emotions were indiscernible unless one listened closely.

Irritated, I shoved him away since I wasn't in the mood to bicker about this. My voice was a few decibels higher when I snapped, "I said I'm fine! I'm perfectly fine! Why can't you get that into your head?"

At this, he froze, and I likewise reacted similarly. After all, this was the first time I'd ever spoken to him in such a manner after returning to K City, and my voice was even threaded with a hint of abhorrence.

All at once, I didn't know what to do, so I opened my mouth to say something to salvage things. "I..."

However, I couldn't utter a single word after an eternity had passed. Worse still, my stomach was suddenly churning all the more.

At this exact moment, Joseph arrived. When he came in, he was greeted by the sight of me and Ashton in a stalemate. Ashton subsequently looked at him and ordered, "Call and ask the deputy director of Medwin Hospital whether he's free to attend to a patient now."

Joseph nodded. As he clocked the odd atmosphere between me and Ashton, he fished out his phone to make the call.

The reins on my emotions snapped right then. I didn't want to go to the hospital, so I snatched the phone from his hand at once.

Then, I roared uncontrollably, "I said I don't want to go to the hospital! What are you two doing?"

In the next moment, I swung my gaze at Ashton and howled at the top of my lungs, "Ashton Fuller, just tell me directly if you want to send Summer away! I'll leave with her, going to a faraway place instead of staying and being an eyesore to you! Why must you allow Jared to visit her every day? She's my daughter! It is I, who raised her from young to this very day, watching as she babbled when learning to speak and toddling when learning to walk. Why should I give her away? I'll never hand her to him even if it means my death!"

I was overly emotional, even a tad manic, but I didn't realize all this.

Watching as the look in Ashton's eyes turned painful from the initial surprise, followed by distress, my brows creased as understanding eluded me.

I then shifted my gaze to Joseph, but the look in his eyes was also different; it was stained with a hint of sympathy and anguish.

What's wrong with me?

I couldn't calm down at all as my emotions held me captive, giving me no way out. The only consciousness I had was to curl up on the floor and clutch my head tightly while yanking at my hair.

I'm not sick! I'm really not sick!

It was an hour later when I was again in possession of my mental faculties, and Ashton was keeping watch beside me. My eyes darted around as I searched for Summer, but I saw no sign of her.

Thus, I tugged at him and demanded, "Has Summer been taken by Jared?"

Pulling me to him, he shook his head, his gaze tender. "Nope. She's asleep in the bedroom." Then, he hugged me tightly, his voice deep and enticing. "Jared won't take her away. She's forever our daughter, and she'll always keep us company by our side. Don't worry, for she'll never leave."

With that promise, I calmed down and listened to his heartbeat while nestling in his embrace. At the same time, a long silence ensued.

Meanwhile, he patted my back as though in consolation. "I'm sorry. I've been too busy lately that I neglected you. This is all on me for having failed to take good care of you."

At this, I shook my head even as I pursed my lips, saying nary a word.

He then heaved a sigh before speaking in a soft voice as though discussing the matter with me. "Scarlett, let's make a trip to the hospital tomorrow, okay?"

I instantly stiffened in a seemingly instinctual reaction, but he sensed it and simultaneously hugged me all the tighter.

"Don't be afraid. We'll just go and see what the doctor says," he assured, his voice threaded with a hint of comfort.

I pursed my lips and remained silent. After a long while, I finally nodded in acquiescence.

Going to the hospital might make it clear that I'm sick. I thought I've shaken it off within the past four years and had let the past go, rendering myself fully cured. Yet, never had I imagined that the truth was the polar opposite.

That night, I didn't lose any sleep nor get irritable. Ashton, on the other hand, didn't go to the office and stayed by my side.

The next day, Joseph came early in the morning and took Summer away. I watched her leave, only snapping back to reality after a long time had passed.

Snagging his keys, Ashton took my hand and gripped it tightly. Then, he murmured, "Summer will be back at night, so don't worry."

I nodded and followed him into the car. As I sat in the car, I became restless and even felt inexplicably irritable.

Earlier, I thought that he would bring me to a public hospital, but unexpectedly, he brought me to a private one instead.

As soon as we arrived, we didn't choose a department or specify my illness. Rather, he pulled me all the way to an office before asking me to take a seat and wait.

He stayed and kept me company, but no one came. Looking at him, I inquired, "Why are we here?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 486

Ashton patted my hand in consolation. "To consult a doctor. Just chat with the doctor later and try not to overthink things. Just answer whatever the doctor asks, okay?"

I nodded, but a feeling of suffocation assailed me in this cramped space.

About ten minutes later, an elderly man in a white coat walked in. He looked like he was in his sixties.

Glancing at Ashton, the elderly man flashed him a faint smile and inclined his head a fraction in greeting. Subsequently, his gaze alighted on me.

Shortly after, a few seconds at most, he turned his gaze on Ashton. He said nothing pertinent, merely questioning mildly, "Are you staying, Ashton?"

Ashton nodded.

At this, the doctor pursed his lips and cocked an eyebrow though he didn't comment further on this matter.

He glanced at the document in his hand before focusing his gaze on me. "How's your sleep recently?" he asked.

"Not bad," I answered. Inwardly, however, I was already feeling a tad irritable – for I hated such a cramped space and chatting as though I was being interrogated.

As my stomach roiled, I abruptly bolted to my feet and rushed to the washroom without waiting for his next question.

There was nothing else for me to puke, so I vomited blood in the end.

The moment I glimpsed the flash of red, I myself was stunned. Why is there blood?

After a while, we didn't continue with the subsequent questions. As the doctor looked at me, his gaze radiated worry, and he asked me to stroll for a bit in the corridor or downstairs.

Taking my hand, Ashton urged me time and again, "Don't wander around. Wait for me downstairs or in the corridor, but don't go too far."

I nodded before flashing him a forced smile.

At this, his grip on my hand tightened considerably. Shifting his gaze to the doctor, he suggested, "How about this? I'll come over another day when I'm free, and we'll talk in detail. For now, let's call it a day."

The doctor cast a glance at me. Then, he nodded and sighed softly without saying anything.

Ashton then led me down the stairs. When we had gotten into the car, I stared at his slightly pale face. "Is my condition very severe?"

He flashed me a faint smile even as his profound gaze alighted on my face. As he caressed my face with his long and slender fingers, he answered in a gentle voice, "No. Don't think so much. Perhaps your stomach just isn't feeling great, so we'll have Joseph come over later and prescribe you some medicine."

It was clear as day that he was merely placating me with such a remark. As my gaze remained locked on him, I went silent.

In reality, both of us knew full well what was happening here, but neither was willing to spell it out.

When we returned to the villa, he hugged me tightly as though reluctant to step away for even a single second.

I was feeling exceedingly drowsy, yet my sleep remained shallow.

Nonetheless, I felt very safe, knowing that he'd be keeping watch beside me. When I woke up after dozing off for a bit, I seemingly saw him talking on the phone on the balcony.

Although his voice wasn't loud, I could still hear him.

"She isn't sick. She's just too tired lately." His voice was rife with barely restrained emotions as he countered whatever the person on the other end of the phone said.

His profile emanated a faint sense of isolation and obstinacy. "No, thanks. I'll take good care of her."

The person on the other end seemed to be persuading him, for he went silent for a while.

When he spoke again, his voice was low as he tried his best to sound unaffected. "I won't have her undergoing psychotherapy. She won't be able to reveal her pain before someone else, nor will I subject her to that. I've waited and wasted four years. When I saw her at R Province, she'd buried all the trauma and distress deep within her. Summer is the only thing keeping her alive, and I know her concern. As long as I can keep her happy, I'm willing to do anything at all."

Getting up, I walked over to the balcony. I could hear the voice from the other end of the phone, and it seemed to be Jackson's voice.

Jackson's voice was colored with a trace of anxiety. "Indeed, you're willing to do anything at all, Ashton Fuller, but have you ever considered those who love her and want to keep her safe? You know full well that one never fully recovers from depression. In the four years she'd been in R Province, she'd focused all her attention on Summer, so much so that her condition has deteriorated this badly at just a hint of news that she'd be leaving. Have you ever thought about what you're going to do when Summer grows up and leaves in the future? Are you going to just look on as she goes completely insane?"

Silence hung so thickly in the air that a sense of suffocation pressed in. At that point, Ashton's back was quivering ever so slightly. Seemingly an eternity later, he spoke sorrowfully. "I'll always stay by her side."

Exasperated that he couldn't get through to him somehow, Jackson snarled, "Ashton Fuller, you're not protecting her but consigning her to doom!"

"I'm hanging up," Ashton blurted, his voice terse.

As I stared at his broad back while standing behind him, my heart constricted painfully. I thought I'd let go of the past and recovered in the past four years, but never had I realized that I'd merely buried my pain.

Sensing a presence behind him, Ashton turned around, his striking face stained with angst and anguish.

In the blink of an eye, however, his expression was again as tender as ever. Gazing at me, he smiled faintly. "You're awake. Are you hungry?"

I shook my head as I slowly walked over to him and burrowed into his embrace in search of a sense of safety. "I'm fine, Ashton." I'm truly fine. I merely can't control my emotions occasionally.

As he hugged me, he patted my back gently as though mollifying a child. "Yeah, I know. You'll be fine after you have a good rest. Everything will be fine."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 487

The row between Ashton and Sally was something I'd never expected.

Ashton didn't go to the office for several days, so he handled all his work over to Joe.

When Sally came, I wasn't in the living room.

Initially, they merely chatted, but out of the blue, they started arguing for some inexplicable reason.

I actually didn't want to poke my nose into it, but I couldn't resist leaving the bedroom to see what had happened upon hearing the commotion.

"She'll ruin you! All the ladies from wealthy and noble families in K City are outstanding, so why her? You've been at odds with Marcus for years when the two of you could've prospered together as allies to attain greater success. Why must you be at loggerheads with him because of a woman?" Sally bellowed.

"I love her!" This remark came from Ashton. His back was ramrod straight, and I couldn't discern his emotions or expression since he had his back to me.

It was just three words, yet it was more than sufficient to stun me for a long while. After all, I had never heard him saying "I love you" throughout the past seven years.

This was the very first time...

Ashton's voice was low and determined as he spoke to Sally. "In this relationship, it's not her clinging to me, but it's me who can't lose her. Even if she truly becomes a lunatic who has no sanity left, I will still stay faithful to her. As long as she stays by my side, I'll take care of her no matter what."

Upon hearing this, Sally shook her head in disbelief.

Ashton, however, continued in a low voice, "You have no idea how bright and vivid she was when I met her at J University, nor do you know how sweet her smile was when she married me. In the past seven years, it was me who turned her into her current shell from a young and dazzling girl. Anyone else can abandon her, but not me."

"You're simply hopeless!" Sally was infuriated. "Have you ever considered your children in the future when you keep such a person by your side? Her condition is already severe, that with her inability to control her own emotions. Have you ever considered what she'd do to a child once her condition flares? Putting it bluntly, she might actually kill the child and commit suicide herself!"

Despite that, Ashton wasn't at all bothered. "We won't be having another child. I'm registered as Summer's legal guardian, so she's my daughter in the eyes of the law."

"But she's not of your blood!"

"What does that matter?" Ashton pursed his lips. "I'm not having any other children; Summer alone is enough."

The moment Sally heard this, she almost burst a blood vessel. Staring at him incredulously, she blurted, "Have you gone mad, Ashton? You're the only heir of the Fullers! How could you do this to your grandfather who's in heaven?"



Ashton didn't say anything to this, for he'd glimpsed me standing at the landing when he stood up.

His initially grim expression gradually turned tender. As our gazes locked, the corners of his mouth lifted, and he beckoned to me gently, his voice amicable. "Come down."

As I looked at him, my heart clenched slightly.

Meanwhile, Sally wore a forbidding expression that appeared to conceal much hatred. When she saw Ashton holding my hand, she snapped with barely restrained fury, "Scarlett Stovall, must you keep pestering him so that you can ruin him? You have your choice of the Moore family or the Stovall family, so why do you insist on clinging to him? Do you know how badly the initially fine and dandy Fuller Corporation had been hit time and again from the rumors and scandals revolving around you ever since your appearance? Do you know why Ashton has been so busy?"

"That's enough!" Ashton wanted to stop her tirade, but I held him back. Staring at her, I murmured in a placid voice, "Go on."

"White Corporation has snatched away several contracts that Fuller Corporation had already signed, and in just a month, the shares of Fuller Corporation had plummeted to rock bottom. He's willing to withstand anything for your sake, but why must you be so selfish and pester him time and again? "Plus, Summer belongs to the Crest family. Never mind if you don't want to give him any child, but why must you make him a joke in the eyes of others? The price of him fighting the Crest family for Summer is his friendship with a good friend and the reputation as well as prestige he'd accumulated in K City throughout the years. Do you truly intend to ruin him, Scarlett Stovall?" she sneered in disdain.

I shook my head as I tried my best to rein in my emotions. Never had I thought of ruining him!

Sensing the trembling of my hand in his, Ashton turned to her and demanded caustically, "Get out!"

Momentarily stunned by his sudden wrath, Sally instinctively backed away several steps before she snagged her handbag and left.

All of a sudden, I shivered all over. It was late autumn, yet I couldn't stop perspiring. Ashton hugged me tightly, his voice low and restrained. "Don't listen to her, Scarlett. Nothing will

happen to either Fuller Corporation or me because of you. You're my lawfully-wedded wife, so no one can separate us. I'm invincible as long as you remain by my side. Trust me, won't you?"

I nodded, but still, I trembled greatly.

Why did things come to this?

It was a long time before I finally calmed down. Nonetheless, I remained curled up like a ball in his embrace, wishing to keep myself surrounded by his presence so that I would have a sufficient sense of security.

As I rested against his chest, I murmured in a hoarse voice, "Ashton, I may truly forget everything one day, so... it's not worth staying faithful to a lunatic like me."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 488

I'm scared more than anyone else. If I can't remember anyone or lose the ability to take care of myself one day, I might as well die early. At least in his memory, he won't remember me as a lunatic.

Right then, Ashton put his arms around me and tightened it. His voice was as gentle as always, "No, Scarlett, I will be with you. I will not let Summer leave you. No matter what, we will be fine."

These words sounded like he was comforting himself rather than me. It appeared that I had been a burden to him.

Looking up at him, I ran into his boundless eyes, my heart aching with each passing second. "Wrong, I was wrong from the beginning. I should have never married you. No matter what I tried, it is impossible to let go of the death of Macy and the child. You can get rid of Rebecca, but I cannot get rid of Marcus. What you owed Rebecca was a promise, and I owed Marcus a life. Unless I die, I can't pay it off. So Ashton... let's... break up."

If I end up crazy one day, I know he will take care of me and still be with me. But if he devoted the rest of his life loving and caring for a lunatic, it would ruin him. Sally was right. He deserves better.

I didn't know if it was my imagination running wild or it was real. But I swore, at that moment, Ashton's eyes were bloodshot as if they were stabbed by thousands of glass shards. In fact, it looked like he was in great pain.

His handsome eyebrows narrowed to hide his agony, and he laughed at himself. "Scarlett, it's not you. It's me. You're right. I can cut loose from Rebecca's debt, the Fullers' involvement, and all the responsibility... all except you."

I pursed my lips with my jaws tightly clenched. At that moment, it was so hard to breathe that I couldn't even say a single word.

There were many ways to choose in love, but he chose the most difficult one.

That night, I went to sleep like usual. At one point, I could feel his soft lips against my cheeks. His sultry voice whispered beside my ears. "Scarlett, let us go to R Province and never come back again."

This sentence struck me like a dream as I really missed those days back in R Province.

The next day, K city was already getting colder. Ashton didn't go to the office that morning as I could still feel his slender body wrapping around me, giving me a complete sense of security.

I then woke up from my dream, my body comfortably warm albeit the cool weather.

Right at that moment, I could feel his heartbeat through the back of my shirt, beating in a sturdy and rhythmic pattern.

If I could stop time, I could live in this moment forever. But both of us understood what we had to face after we left this bed.

"Ashton!" I uttered with my back still facing him. "Is it about to snow in K City?"

I remembered that the snow came earlier than expected in K city four years ago. It was just like the current situation, with the weather suddenly cooling down. I guess it really is going to snow soon...

Right then, he tightened his arms around me. With his magnetic voice, he said, "Yeah... do you like watching snow fall?"

I replied softly, "Mm-hmm... Winter in R Province always comes late, and it hardly snows. Even if it snows, the snowflakes melt right away. It's not like the entire area will be covered with thick snow anyway."

He moved his warm body and placed his chin on my shoulder. "I will watch the snow with you this year. And maybe we can head to the north together. The scene is even prettier over there."

I smiled and closed my eyes as imagination filled my mind. "I once dreamed that I went to the north, but it was summer."

"Was I in that dream?" he asked with his voice lowered.

I shook my head. "It's been too long. I can't remember."

Without a warning, his hands flew towards my underarms, tickling me. Laughing hard, I turned to face him and said, "It's true. It's been so long that I forgot."

He stopped himself soon after that. With a smile on his face, his pair of dark petting eyes were locked onto mine. "In that case, you'd better face my wrath."

I smiled lightly. Approaching him, I kissed the corner of his lips with a stingy amount of passion.

As he continued to hold my chin, I could see a smile rippling in his eyes. His thin lips started depicting my lips for quite a long time, whereas his dark eyes were deeply infiltrated as he looked at me. "Scarlett, getting Ashton's heart is easy for you."

Some words fell into one's heart without being noticed. When I thought about it later, true happiness would be defined as all warm moments gathered throughout the years. These meant so much more than those glorious moments.

Just like that, time ticked past, and it was already in the afternoon. We would probably still be in bed if Joseph hadn't called to inform us that Fuller Corporation's stock had plummeted.

At the dining table, he remained as calm as a cucumber. Instead, he had breakfast with me just like any other day as he continued to pamper me with his words. "You're going to have an exam soon. If you're feeling anxious, why don't I write you a letter of recommendation?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 489

I guess it just slipped my mind that he was an outstanding student at K University. After graduating for many years, he had donated numerous funds to K University.

I shook my head and smirked. Honestly, in my heart, I was worried about Fuller Corporation's business. I couldn't stop fretting about it until I eventually asked, "Fuller Corporation's stock has fallen and suffered heavy losses. You..."

“Don’t worry!” He grinned. “I know what to do.”

Indeed, he had been in control of Fuller Corporation for many years. Hence, it was just as he said – he could handle trading in the market with ease. A single downturn in the market meant nothing for him.

When Joseph arrived, Ashton was feeding the soup delicately into my mouth. Joseph, who was initially in panic, became embarrassed when he saw the public display of affection.

In spite of that, Ashton didn’t seem to bother at all. He pulled a tissue and wiped the smudge at the corner of my mouth. “Marcus is behind this. He intends to drive me to worry so that I become unfocused. He didn’t mean to shake the stock market. You can deal with it in the same way as before. There is no need to be that worried.”

Joseph nodded but did not say much. He just glanced at me and then left after that.

After he left, I lazed on the sofa with a pillow in my arms and gazed at Ashton. “Joseph seems to be able to control everything one-handedly.”

He nodded as a recognition of my statement. Without saying much, he walked over to me and plopped onto the sofa with me. Needless to say, this was much smaller compared to the bed.

After that, neither Jared nor Sally seemed to come back to the villa again.

By the time Jackson came, it was already a week later. He was sitting in the living room lazily. “Why are you retaking the law school exams?”

I responded with a light smile. “My major was the law. Why not?”

“What are your plans after the exam? Where would you like to enjoy your holiday?” He shrugged and leaned back onto the sofa.

I shook my head as I was a bit taken aback. “I haven’t thought about it yet.”

“How about going to the north? I have been thinking about it for quite a long time now.”

“Why do you... “ Why would he suddenly want to go traveling? From what I knew, Jackson was a homebody. If there were nothing important, he would not go out, let alone travel.

He scrolled through his phone and thought for a moment. "As one age, the way one looks at things will be different, of course. Oh, I forgot to mention that I have moved my clinic to K City. If you have time, you can stop by. The environment is really pleasant there."

Counseling clinic?

I suddenly understood why he came over. "Why did you suddenly moved your office to K City?"

He had been in J City for four years, and his contacts and personal connections were basically built there. To come to K City now would be rather challenging.

Nevertheless, he did not seem to worry. "Nick intends to take over the Harrisons' business, and the headquarter is in K City, so I came."

I remembered that Cameron had always been the one who managed the Harrisons' heritage. Ah... so Nick's taking over now...

After a pause, I uttered, "That might not be such a bad idea. I'd probably see you often then."

He nodded. "Well, you can always pay a visit whenever you are free."

After that, we kept chatting until afternoon. I planned to let him stay for dinner at home, but Ashton had made a reservation in a restaurant. So we departed right away.

As soon as we arrived at the restaurant, I saw a lot of people who were already there. Earlier, Ashton had made me stay in the villa for a week. He picked up Summer every day and kept me away from outsiders. Thus, for the entire week, I was enjoying my life peacefully in solitude.

To my surprise, John and Hannah also came. I had not seen them for nearly a month. Hannah's belly had grown a lot, but her face appeared to be a little pale.

After meeting her a few times, I had become quite fond of her. She was quiet, elegant, gentle, and wise. Such a woman was probably the ideal wife in the hearts of all men.

I am sure John will have a happy life with her.

The moment she saw me, she had one hand on her stomach while intending to get up to greet me. I hurriedly stepped forward and helped her up. "You don't have to be so courteous. After all, you're pregnant, and every inch you move will be a great burden."

She grinned, pulling me to sit on a chair. "It's only seven months. It's okay."

Meanwhile, John looked at me and frowned. "Why have you lost weight again recently?"

Upon speaking, his sharp gaze had fallen on Ashton, apparently blaming him for not taking good care of me.

Even so, Ashton was not offended at all. He reached out to look at me, with his eyes overflowing with tenderness. "You are indeed skinnier now."

"I look better! But enough about me. Just look at Hannah! She has also lost some weight, and she's pregnant, for goodness' sake." I joked back at John.

He raised his eyebrows, glanced at Hannah lightly, and chose not to respond anymore.

In the meantime, Hannah lowered her head, smiled, and kept her silence.

Right then, I realized that the way they treated each other was rather odd.

I suddenly remembered what Ashton said to me last time. John would not have married Hannah as the Stovall family did not approve it. Besides, John's future had no place for such a woman.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 490

Gazing at Hannah's slightly bulging belly, I could not help but feel a little troubled. This child should come into the world honorably.

There was a sound advancing from the door. It was Nick, who was accompanied by a truly stunning young woman. The woman's beauty hit a nerve to others with such a flawless face.



By the looks of it, it should be an employee-employer relationship between them. The moment they walked in, Nick greeted everyone.

He spoke faintly, "I just came from the office. You guys won't mind that I bring an assistant, right?"

Everyone laughed, as naturally, nobody would.

After sitting down, Nick turned to me. "Scarlett, it's been a long time since I saw you." His words sounded solemn.

Seeing him holding a wine glass in his hand, I couldn't help but become as serious as him.

He continued to speak, "Mother handed everything from the Harrisons to me. Four years have passed since you left. You should go to the Moore Residence to visit her if you have time. After all, you are not the only one who was affected by this; she has suffered a lot more than you think."

I pursed my lips and could not help lowering my head. Humans are complicated creatures, and forgiveness is easier to be said than done.

I could understand everything she did, but there was no way to act as if nothing happened.

At one side, Emery was frowning. She probably thought it was inappropriate for Nick to say such things on this occasion. Hence, she raised her glass and touched his. "Well, today, everyone is here to have fun. Let's eat more food and chat about something interesting. Cheers!"

She swallowed the wine in the glass haughtily. Just then, Hunter thoughtfully put some fresh food on her plate. "Come on. Drink less and eat more!"

At that, Emery giggled playfully. Although she was usually bold, she appeared so gentle next to the person she adored.

Her giggle reminded me of Macy; she had such a bold and straightforward personality too.

While reminiscing the past, a feeling of distress started to engulf me. I bowed my head down, feeling a little depressed.

Ashton held my hand tightly and gazed softly into my eyes. "Eat more and gain some more weight." He instructed in his gentle voice.

At that moment, he had already loaded my plate with various dishes. Obviously, he expected me to consume them all.

I looked up at him and beamed.

Everyone here was close with each other. No one was bothered by Nick's episode. They continued to chat about all the exciting things they encountered in life and work.

Even Hannah, who was not usually chatty, opened up. "When I went for a maternity check a few days ago, an old lady around sixty stood in line with me. I thought she was lining up for her daughter-in-law until I went into the B-ultrasound room with her. It was then I discovered she was pregnant for six months... with twins!"

I was stunned and curious. "This is considered pregnancy at an advanced maternal age. Isn't it dangerous to give birth at such an age?"

She grinned. "Of course there are some risks, but I heard that her husband insisted. Their son had an accident two years ago and left. So the twins were a surprise gift for the old couple."

I nodded while sighing inwardly. We might see the faults in people and situations, but ultimately, one would have to decide how to view their own life.

After sitting for a long time, Hannah, as a pregnant lady, had to get up and take a walk. I reached out to help her up. On the other hand, John seemed to be busy with his phone.

Seeing that, I couldn't help but reminded him. "John, you should take Ms. Anne to have a walk."

"It's alright!" Hannah said with a polite smile. "I can go by myself."

She got up and paced outside alone. Meanwhile, John did not show a single sign of care.

No matter how people looked at it, it looked ridiculous. I pursed my lips, feeling frustrated, but it was not my place to say anything.

Thus, I walked out too. In her third trimester, her belly did not seem particularly obvious. It might be due to her loose clothing, which made it appear a little undersized.

Noticing that I had come out, she was a little shocked. "It's fine. I'll just walk around here. I'll go in a while."

The corridor of the restaurant was not so spacious. Besides, I did not have much appetite anymore, so I suggested, "Let me walk you down. There is a large garden with flowers behind this restaurant. Though it might not be the season to look at flowers, it wouldn't hurt to take a stroll there."

Without much hesitation, she went downstairs with me.

"Scarlett, don't you and Mr. Fuller plan to have another baby?" She asked as we were walking together. I knew it was inevitable to touch on family affairs while we were having a walk.

"When we adopted Summer, we decided only to have one child. If we have another child, we won't be able to focus that much on Summer, and we're afraid that it would upset her."

She frowned, a little puzzled. "Why would that be? If you have another child, Summer will be five years old by then. Wouldn't it be better to have a sister or a brother for her? She had all the love and care from her parents until she was three years old. A little kid won't have that many concerns."

After a pause, she continued, "Moreover, you have to think about it for Mr. Fuller and yourself. If Summer really goes back to the Crest family one day, it won't be easy for you to have another baby since both of you won't be as young anymore. Now is the time to have a baby! Although Summer is still young, I think she will understand."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 491 - 495

Indeed, even if I don't think for myself, I need to think about Ashton.

He's almost thirty-five, and it's a suitable age to have children now. If he wanted it after Summer is older, I'm afraid it'll be even more difficult to get pregnant.

Seeing that I was pondering, she patted my hand calmly. "There, there. There's no need to overthink things. I'm just giving my advice. Everyone has their considerations in life, but you need to leave room for maneuver."

When we reached the garden, we found a place to sit down. I couldn't help thinking about her and John. Thus, I ended up asking out of curiosity, "Is there a plan between you and John to get married?"

If they did not officially get married, what would happen to the child?

Although John apparently could solve it with some money, it was ultimately unfair to Hannah.

When she heard my question, she appeared a little dazed and gave a melancholy smile. "It is a great blessing to be able to have his child. As for the marriage, I'm afraid I'm not the one for him."

I frowned, somewhat displeased. "What are you saying? Why are you belittling yourself like this? You love him and are willing to bear his child. The Stovall family should definitely give you this status. If you don't consider it for yourself, think about it for your child!"

She smiled helplessly. "Scarlett, I am not you. If only I were an orphan like you, although my life would have been difficult, at least I wouldn't have grown up in such a lowly situation."

I was stunned for a moment, puzzled. "You..."

"I was born and raised in Southeast Asia. My mother was a woman who grew poppies in Kingcircle Town. You know, none of the kids who grew up there had a normal life. Before the age of twenty, I always thought that what we experienced back there were normal – killing, fighting, and substance abuse. It was not until I met John that I realized that girls could grow up in a much better environment without having to go through all these."

I could not imagine what kind of environment she used to live in. So for a while, I was unable to respond to her words.

She then touched her belly with a gentle expression on her face. "But fortunately, I can raise my child in a good environment. This blessing is already more than what I could ever deserve."

There was a moment of silence before I spoke my mind. "Maybe Uncle Louis wouldn't mind where you're from?"

Even if she had another nationality, it did not mean anything. She could not have decided on her birthplace.

She smiled and grabbed my hand. "Thank you, Scarlett. But even if they can accept me, I won't marry John. He deserves better."

After thinking for a while, I realized that it was their own business, after all. Therefore, it would not be appropriate if I intervened too much.

With that, I did not say anything anymore but just sighed.

We were in the garden for quite some time now, so I said to her, "Let's go back. Or else they might be searching for us."

She nodded as carrying a huge bump around was not that easy. Whether it was sitting or standing for a long time, she would have muscle soreness.

The ambiance along the stone path was a little quiet. Just then, a young woman's charming voice sounded abruptly from a distance away.

"Mr. Stovall, thank you for everything." The voice sounded unfamiliar.

I couldn't help but gave a side glance. At that moment, I saw a familiar face, and it was John. Standing beside him was that assistant who came along with Nick earlier.

I did not take a good look at her face when she came in. Hence, only now I realized this young woman looked familiar, but I could not remember where I had seen her.

I took Hannah over to greet them. But before we got close, I saw the woman leaning in towards John and said coquettishly, "Ah..."

Obviously, she had sprained her ankle, and John was gentlemanly enough to reach out his hand to help her.

That scene appeared to be normal at first, but that woman went too far. She was now practically lying in his arms. I could not help but frown at that. Subconsciously, I glanced at Hannah, but for some reason, she was expressionless.

Hannah is probably used to this.

Feeling uneasy, I voiced out, "Wait for me here."

Right then, John had noticed that I was nearing them and immediately pulled his distance from that woman. "It's cold outside, so don't be out here too long. It's easy to catch a cold."

I nodded and responded, "Your wife is right there. You should go and find her."

He frowned when he heard me calling Hannah as his "wife." Obviously, he seemed a little upset, but he was not able to retort at that moment. Hence, he nodded since there was nothing else he could do.

That woman who had been leaning on him was surprised to see me, and she stood up straight.

After John left, I, too, was about to leave since there was no point staying there anymore. It wasn't like I wanted to chat with that woman anyway.

"Ms. Stovall, do you remember me?"

Stunned for a moment, I turned my attention towards her. My gaze fell on her delicate makeup, but it did not ring a bell.

Nick was a workaholic, but he also always seemed to be generous to his employees. There were luxury brands all over her body, which all of them appeared to be of the latest trend.

"Do we know each other?" I really could not recall where I met her before. I just knew that I did not like her frivolous behavior with Nick.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 492

She smiled slightly with her attractive face. "We met four years ago in the capital. At that time, it was in Ms. Moore's nightclub. You and Mr. Stovall saved me."

Four years was a long time ago, so I could hardly recall that memory. "What's your name?" I asked.

"Yvonne Wilde." She introduced herself. "I was still in college four years ago. Mr. Stovall introduced me to the Harrison Credit to work for Mr. Harrison."

Gradually, I started to remember that John and I seemed to come across a bullied young woman at Emery's nightclub back then. At that time, we could not stand it, so we got ourselves involved.

It was also because of this incident that I met Emery. Later, it seemed like John had introduced this young woman to Nick's company. She used to be just a part-timer. But now, it appeared that she had worked her way up over the years.

I nodded and forced a smile. "Well, that's good!"

Right after that, I turned around and got ready to leave. To my dismay, she followed up and continued to chat with me. However, I did not particularly enjoy the conversation.

When we reached the room, John and Hannah had already returned. Seeing that Yvonne and I were together, Ashton glanced at Yvonne but said nothing.

He got up and said to me, "I ordered some soup for you. Drink some later to warm up your body."

It was freezing outside, and my limbs became stiff after standing for a long time. Ashton, being the darling he was, held my hand to warm me up.

Jackson scrutinized me, then at Yvonne. "Why are you both together?"

Yvonne explained, "I met her in the garden, and we had a short chat. I haven't seen Ms. Stovall for four years. I have always wanted to thank her."

"Since when did you know each other?" Jackson was puzzled.

"Four years ago!" she looked at John while explaining. "Four years ago, if Mr. Stovall and Ms. Stovall did not lend a helping hand, I wouldn't be able to survive. I am happy to be able to meet you two today and say thank you."

I had a feeling that her intention at the moment was not that pure, but I couldn't tell why.

John frowned as if he had forgotten her existence a long time ago. Nevertheless, he did not speak much and kept his thoughts to himself.

Meanwhile, Hannah hesitated for a while but remained silent once again.

Just then, Emery studied Yvonne and raised her eyebrows. "The two of you are truly kind. This girl's life was transformed because of you. Props to you two!"

Obviously, this phrase was meant for me and John.

After a pause, she continued, "Ms. Wilde, I'd reckon you to not worry about it since they probably had long forgotten about it as well."

Yvonne grinned and responded, "I was rescued, so how could I possibly forget about it?"

Hearing that, Emery teased, "In that case, you should give yourself to him!"

Yvonne blushed for a while and did not know how to react to this abrupt joke.

At that, Emery curled her lips. She had always been a very straightforward person. "The best way to be grateful is to leave your savior alone. Otherwise, it might be more like revenge, isn't it, Mr. Stovall?"

Why does it feel like there's another meaning to this?

Nonetheless, John continued to keep mum. Just then, the waiter had brought in the soup and placed it in front of Hannah, silently acquiescing to Emery's words.

After we finished dinner, it was already quite late. Since Emery always went to bed early, she dragged Hunter and left together instantly.

On the other hand, Jackson and Nick appeared to have some business, so they left, leaving Yvonne behind alone. She seemed to feel a little awkward.



Before Nick left, he asked her to take a cab. But it was a private restaurant, so it would not be easy to find a cab around the area.

At the same time, Ashton did not seem to care for that at all as he led me into the car and prepared to leave too.

I noticed Yvonne was saying something to John and Hannah at that moment. As soon as she finished, John nodded, appearing to agree about something.

Then Yvonne got in the car, and John got in too. The car left right away, but Hannah was left alone.

I was shocked by what I saw. What the heck just happened? Did they quarrel? How could he leave Hannah all alone?

“Turn around!” I pulled at Ashton’s clothes forcefully without hesitation.

Ashton glanced into the rearview mirror. He also frowned when he saw Hannah standing alone in the chilly wind.

Immediately, he turned the car around and head towards the restaurant.

As soon as we reached, I got out of the car and stared at Hannah. Her cheeks had become reddish due to the windy weather. “What’s the matter? Why are you still here?”

Hannah replied softly, “He’ll be sending Ms. Wilde back, and their chauffeur will pick me up in a while.”

I was left speechless at that.

Is John out of his mind? What the hell?

Trying hard to control my anger, I helped her into Ashton’s car and asked her to told the chauffeur not to come.

Then, I dialed John’s number furiously.

After a few rings, the phone connected. “Hey, Scarlett! What’s wrong?”

“John, are you freakin’ crazy? Did you just leave your wife all alone to send another woman home? What’s the matter with you?”

Hannah didn’t expect that I had called John. Clearly startled, she tried to stop me from saying anything further. “Scarlett, don’t. I’m alright.”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 493

I patted her hand and whispered, “It’s okay!”

On the other end of the call, John was taken aback momentarily. “I’ll send someone to pick her up. Don’t worry.”

I tried to keep my anger at bay, even though I felt that he had really gone overboard. “For goodness’ sake, John, this is your pregnant wife! What’s wrong with you?”

What on earth was going on in his head that made him leave his wife along the road while he sent another unknown woman home?

“Scarlett, I have no intentions of marrying her. She’s just a reproductive tool to me. You don’t have to treat her as you would a sister-in-law. Once I’ve met the woman I want to marry, I’ll introduce you to her. Besides, don’t worry, our chauffeur and maid will take good care of Hannah. I know how I should treat her too. Right now, I just want you to rest well and don’t overthink things.”

John may not have been speaking loudly, but Hannah was seated close enough to me that she could hear every word he said.

The call ended right after that, and I was left speechless.

I looked up at Hannah, whose face had drained of all color. She was clearly hurting on the inside, but she still put on a smile and reassured me that she was alright.

I could see tears welling up in her eyes as she averted my gaze and looked out the car window. Was she trying to hide her pain from me?

My heart went out to her as she reminded me of my old self.

Silence filled the entire journey as Ashton sent her back to John's villa. As soon as we reached, a maid came out to greet us and bowled us over with her impeccable service.

After saying our goodbyes, Ashton and I drove off. He realized how quiet and teary-eyed I was and got rather concerned. "What are you thinking about?"

His voice brought me back to my senses. Then, I leaned back in my seat and turned to him. "Ashton, do you still remember the day you picked me up from the hospital four years ago?"

He pursed his lips, gently tapping the steering wheel as he tried to recall. "Yes. I do remember."

When I didn't offer a reply, he added, "What about it?"

"I had just done my ultrasound scan that day, and the baby was six weeks old. I didn't expect you to be waiting to pick me up. When I got in the car, I kept wondering if you'd change your mind about the divorce if you had known I was pregnant. Then again, I was so conflicted about it. If I used the baby as a means to trap you in our marriage, that would have been highly unreasonable of me."

Not making eye contact with him, I lowered my gaze to my nails. They seemed rather long now.

I continued after a moment of silence, "After Rebecca had a miscarriage, I saw how you pampered and cared for her. I was determined to get that divorce and keep the baby, and so I faked an abortion. But little did I know that you would fall for me in the end, and..."

The car came to a gentle stop by the road. After that, Ashton tilted my chin up to meet his brooding gaze.

I was so stunned by the gesture that I didn't know how to respond.

His eyes darkened as he spoke in a low, raspy voice, "I wanted a divorce because I wasn't sure if I could take good care of you wholeheartedly. I didn't want to invest too much emotion in it, for fear of it hurting even more when we broke up."

Right then, his breath that landed on my face felt especially hot. "Do you blame me?" he asked.

I shook my head at that. "That's all in the past now. I was only thinking about how similar Hannah and I are, standing by someone who doesn't love us. How much lower can we go?"

Nonetheless, Ashton kept his gaze on me. "We'd be so lucky if we can be with our loved ones without hurting anyone else."

His words were mixed with self-reproach, and I could understand why he felt that way. I wrapped my arms around his neck and laid my head against his chest. "Ashton, I don't blame you," I said earnestly. "We're the same. We've never been taught how to love somebody else. Yes, we may have lost a lot along the way as we slowly figured things out. But fortunately for us, we finally understood the feelings we have for each other."

After a pause, I continued, "I hope John can soon figure out what his heart really wants."

After all, Hannah had been with John for ten years. During this time, she had never felt like she deserved to be doted on. She took care of John more than a mother would. He had many women come and go in his life, yet it never once bothered her. Whether he loved her or not, she could always convince herself to come to terms with it.

Even when she was hurting, she could hide it so well in public. She would suppress her grief, only to deal with it when she was all alone.

John was already used to her being around. Thus, if she were to leave one day, he might not be able to carry on.

In the meantime, the traffic had eased off a bit. Seeing that, Ashton planted a kiss on my forehead before driving off slowly.

Once we got home, Summer was already sound asleep. I checked in on her after I had washed up to make sure she was tucked in.

When I got out of Summer's room, Ashton had also just come out of the shower. He towel-dried himself and sat on the couch while looking at his phone.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 494

Seeing that it was already getting late, I told him. "Ashton, it's time for bed."

Ashton put down his phone. Just then, the corner of his mouth turned up in a small smile as he set his penetrating dark eyes on me.

I pursed my lips and looked at him. I had always found this smile of his far too charming to be real.

“Why are you smiling?”

His eyes lit up as he exclaimed, “I’m happy!”

Well, duh, but what about?

He didn’t elaborate anymore. And since I didn’t want to probe any further, I made my way to the bedroom.

The sound of footsteps behind me got closer, and I soon found myself in Ashton’s tight embrace. His voice was low and sensual as he whispered, “You’re so pretty when you nag.”

“Could you be any cheesier?” I mocked.

Seriously, though, why would anyone like to be nagged at?

Brushing away my sarcastic remark, Ashton cuddled me as we got into bed. He then moved his palm onto my lower abdomen and asked softly, “Does it hurt?”

I froze for a moment. I had genuinely forgotten about the pain I had to endure when it got to my time of the month. He actually remembered?

As I shook my head, I couldn’t help but laugh. “Can’t believe you remembered even though you’re so busy with work. Sorry to have worried you.”

He smiled faintly. “I peeked at the memo on the phone.”

Oh... clever!

As I thought about Hannah’s words, I turned around and met Ashton’s gaze. “Ashton, shall we go to the doctor tomorrow and remove the vasectomy clips?”

His smile faded. "What's wrong?"

I wasn't sure how to put it across. Previously, Jared had mentioned that keeping the vasectomy clips in for a long time would be bad for the body. It might even result in infertility. I really had expected Ashton to get them removed earlier. But so many years had passed, and he still hadn't shown any desire to do so.

"I... want a child of our own!" I exclaimed. Though that statement might not be entirely true, I just needed an excuse to get him to remove the clips.

He narrowed his gaze as he said solemnly, "It's not time yet."

"Why?" I raised a quizzical eyebrow.

"There are two reasons why Jared hasn't fought for Summer's custody. Firstly, you've raised her for almost five years now. Secondly, we have good financial and social standings to continue to care for Summer. If I reversed my vasectomy and got you pregnant, Jared would then have better chances of getting custody of Summer should he wish to proceed with it."

Ashton's voice was low and even. Even though he kept his emotions out of it, one could still hear a hint of helplessness within.

If both parties had similar financial and social standings, it'd be a fair fight in the eyes of the law. Hence, I could lose Summer's custody.

Seeing as how I remained silent, Ashton took my hand in his. "No hurry. We'll still have plenty of chances at having a baby in the future."

"But having the clips on for too long isn't good for your body. And besides, even after removing them, we don't have to try for a baby immediately." Even if Jared planned to fight for Summer's custody, we didn't have to use this as a means to stop him from doing so. In the worst-case scenario, I'd ask Louis for help. I was sure he'd have a way to deal with Jared.

He chuckled. "Worried for me?"

I pursed my lips before saying, "Ashton Fuller, I want you to think about this seriously. If we want children, we ought to do it soon. The older I get, the more dangerous a high-risk

pregnancy would be. If you lose both mother and child from that, you'd have to find yourself a new wife."

My words weren't entirely true, but I wouldn't rule out the possibility of having children. I knew he chose not to get the vasectomy reversal because of me and Summer.

He was aware of how important Summer was to me. If I lost her, my condition might worsen too. That was why he could bear with not having children of his own.

However, there was still so much to look forward to in our lives. Love felt forever only in the present moment, and no one could guarantee an eternity of it as time went on.

It would be nice to be honest with each other while we lived and loved in the present.

Ashton hugged me tightly. "Never!" he exclaimed, his voice low and magnetic. That single word was so ambiguous. Did he mean he would never lose me and our child or that he would never remarry?

I slept very soundly that night. Even though I had a few vivid dreams, I couldn't remember any of them when I woke up.

It was already nine in the morning when I opened my eyes. It really had been a long sleep.

I was surprised when I saw Ashton still in the room. "Don't you have to go to the office today?"

He smiled faintly, still comfortably dressed in his custom royal blue pajamas. "It's the weekend. I'm taking a day off to be with you!"

I smiled back at him and shifted slightly in bed. When I felt something wet underneath, my heart started to race.

I might have stained the bed, but I needed to be sure. As I gingerly touched the sheets, the dampness I felt confirmed my suspicion.

It felt like I had stained quite a large area which meant that the mattress would also need to be cleaned. This might be the heaviest flow I've had since coming back to K City.

Having noticed the change in my expression, Ashton couldn't help but ask, "Is your stomach not feeling well?"

I shook my head, trying to hide my embarrassment. "Summer should be up by now. Why don't you check on her? She must be hungry."

He nodded wordlessly.

I was so relieved when he finally left the room. But as I got out of bed and saw the state of the sheets, I gasped.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 495

What the heck? Did the pipes just burst or something...

The stain on the gray bedsheet was so large that it looked as if a bucket of water had been splashed on it. It was a frightening sight to behold – even for me.

I hurriedly got into the bathroom with a clean set of clothes to change into. It was only then I realized how badly stained my clothes were.

As I stepped out of the bathroom, I was shocked to see Ashton making the bed. He had already replaced the bloodied sheets with fresh, clean ones. Thankfully the mattress was waterproof, so it was easy enough to wipe it clean.

Just as Ashton was about to reach for the dirty sheets on the rug, I rushed forward and picked them up. "I'll do it!" I cried out, face red from the embarrassment.

He frowned and replied, "The weather's cold. Let me handle it."

"No... you don't have to!" No matter how close a relationship was, it was never appropriate to have someone else clean up this sort of mess.

Ashton gazed at me with an unreadable expression. "Don't worry about it. Just let me wash that."

Before I could open my mouth to protest against it, he had already grabbed the sheets.



Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that one of the most prominent businessmen in K City would be rolling up his sleeves and washing a bunch of dirty sheets in the bathroom.

The stained pajama pants soaking in the basin had also turned the water red. It was a sight that was hard to miss, and Ashton had clearly noticed it.

Despite so, he remained cool as a cucumber as he poured the dirty water away and added detergent. "Has your stomach been hurting these days?"

"No!" I shook my head. I had been in R Province for the past four years. Taking care of Summer had resulted in an irregular life with frequent long nights. As such, it was common for me to suffer from body aches and exhaustion. Apart from that, everything else was fine.

Seeing Ashton washing the sheets made me so embarrassed that I could feel my face burning up. After some hesitation, I decided to leave the bathroom.

At that time, Summer was practicing her cycling in the living room downstairs. It didn't pose much of a hindrance since it was a huge space.

Upon seeing me, her face lit up. "Mommy, look! I can cycle now!" she shouted in excitement.

She started cycling again to show off how good she was getting. That explained why she had been quiet all this time. She had been practicing really hard on her bicycle.

"Have you had breakfast?" I asked as I walked towards the kitchen.

Summer nodded, still preoccupied with her bicycle. "Mr. Fuller came by earlier and gave me breakfast and pastries. I've already eaten my share. He said you'd be coming down soon to eat, so I didn't call you."

I nodded. True enough, I saw the breakfast spread on the kitchen table.

We didn't hire a housekeeper, only a part-time maid who came punctually to clean up the place.

Previously, we had a housekeeper take care of Summer before we came back to the Stovall residence. But after hearing what she had been telling Summer, I became warier of outsiders.

Summer was still young after all, and it was important to watch our words around her. If we had an outsider live with us, I wouldn't be able to check in on her whenever I liked or keep track of what they had been telling her.

Hence, it just felt better to do it myself.

When I returned to the bedroom, Ashton had already finished washing the sheets and my pajama.

I stood silently behind him as he hung them up to dry. Right then, I could feel my cheeks flushing up again.

Realizing that I was there, he turned around and look at me with a gentle gaze. "Had your breakfast yet?"

I nodded and walked toward him. Wrapping my arms around his waist, I whispered, "Thank you!"

He grabbed some tissue to wipe his hand dry before focusing his attention on me. "What are you thanking me for?" He chuckled.

I tried to reply, but no words came out. My eyes were getting watery when I gazed back at Ashton. "Just wanted to thank you," I blurted out.

He laughed and pulled me in closer. "Don't go anywhere else today. Just have a good rest in bed."

As he said that, he swept me off my feet and carried me to the bed. Frankly speaking, I thought he was overreacting, so I giggled. "I'm alright!"

Ashton said nothing as he left me in bed and went downstairs. Even though he had taken the day off, he had been bustling around the house since morning. Work kept him busy, yet he still had to take care of me and Summer when he got home.

As I thought about that, I couldn't help but blame myself for having inconvenienced him again.

It was impossible to fall asleep now. It was cold outside, so going out was a no-no. But staying home sounded boring too.

With that, I made up my mind to head to the study. Reading to pass the time definitely sounded like a better idea.

I had only reached the bedroom door when I bumped into Ashton carrying a bowl of ginger carrot soup. I thought he had gone downstairs for breakfast, yet here he was...

Glancing at the bowl of soup in his hands, I shook my head. "I've only just had my breakfast. I don't have the appetite for anything else now."

I had stopped throwing up in the past few days, but I still had to watch my food intake. My stomach would churn if I overate, and I'd find myself dry-heaving.

Ashton knew that better than me and didn't force me to drink the soup. After that, he placed the bowl in our room and said, "You can eat it later when it's cooled down."

I nodded, knowing that he was just worried about me. "I want to go read in the study. Do you want to come along?" I asked.

He raised his eyebrows, took my hand, and led us to the study.

The decoration of the study in this new villa had taken Summer's needs into consideration, so it was vastly different from what we had in the previous villa.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 496 - 500

Ashton had designed this study to be extra-large. Not only that, but he also paid special attention to the selection of books and materials in it.

He was worried about leaving Summer alone downstairs, so he carried her up to the study as well.

A children's study with a starry night sky was even designed especially for Summer. It was dreamy and exquisite, truly a work of art.

Summer hadn't learned many words, so her choice of books was mainly comic or picture books.

I didn't want to put too much academic stress on a five-year-old. So instead of making her study more, I let her spend time pursuing her interests.

Initially, I had intended to let her pick up piano when she was three but was told that it might not be good for her joints as she was too young. As such, I let her attend dance and drawing lessons instead.

That entire time, we had a very relaxing and leisurely time in the study. However, even though Ashton had taken the day off, he still had work to tend to.

I had been reading for a while when I looked up, only to see him still busy with work.

Meanwhile, Ashton was typing away furiously at the keyboard with an unwavering focus. He looked especially charming when he was deep in concentration. It was as if he had been placed under a spotlight that accentuated his handsome face.

He paused to pick his cup up for a sip, only to realize it was empty. With a slight furrow of his brows, he placed his cup back down and went back to work.

I closed my book and went to get his cup. Upon that, he glanced at me and smiled. "I can do it later!"

"I just want to walk about." I smiled back.

He smiled again and went back to work. After refilling his water, I decided to check in on Summer out of habit.

She was lying on the rug, engrossed in her comic book. Her chin was propped up in her hands as she swayed her little feet.

That kid was devouring her book page after page, pausing for a bit only to lick her lips that had gotten dry.

I couldn't help but let out a chuckle upon realizing how alike she and Ashton were. At the same time, I decided to get her a cup of water too.

"Summer, remember to drink your water."

"Yes, Mommy!" she replied, her gaze still on her book.

She was really concentrated on her reading.

I went back to Ashton and saw that he was still hard at work at his desk.

Picking up the book I was reading, I walked toward his desk with a serious expression. Then I sat down beside him and continued with it.

His voice was gentle as he asked, "Are you hungry?"

I shook my head, resting it against his shoulder, and continued to read.

"What would you like to eat?" He stopped what he was doing and put his arm behind me. I could lean into him even more now.

I thought about it very seriously, only to realize there wasn't anything I wanted to eat in particular. "I don't think there's anything specific I want."

"Then shall we cook at home?"

With a big smile on my face, I nodded and answered, "But you have to do the cooking."

I said that only because I knew he was so much better than I was when it came to cooking.

“Sure!”

I then turned my attention back to the book as he took a look at what I was reading. “When did you buy this? ‘The Bossy President?’”

Following that, I closed the book to present the full title, “The Bossy President Falls For Me.” I couldn’t help but look at him with a smirk. “Macy bought this and kept it at Glenwood Apartments. It looked like a fun read, so I took it.”

“So? Is it good?”

I gave it some thought before nodding. “It’s okay.” After a pause, I added, “It just makes me wonder why this president has so much time to travel around the world with the female lead.”

In all the years I had known Ashton, he was busy almost all the time. He had endless meetings, a mountain of contracts, and various places to be.

He picked up on the slight annoyance in my words and chuckled. “How about I start traveling the world with the two of you?”

“No way. If you don’t work, we won’t have a breadwinner. Then I’d have to start working.”

I had my savings to fall back on during my four years in R Province, but there’d always come a day when we might deplete all the money. It wouldn’t be as easy to support an entire family if we were to work a nine-to-five job.

“The savings from Fuller Corporation will be enough to feed you for a lifetime. Why don’t you worry about how to spend all this money instead?” he teased.

Wow! Such arrogance.

After that, we spent the day in peace and comfort. I was starting to enjoy more of these simple, quiet afternoons with my family.

The time we had over the weekend seemed to pass more quickly when we found it enjoyable.

Ashton couldn't afford to get too many rest days either. Even taking one day off work was a luxury for him.

With Summer attending her various classes, I was the only one left at home.

Just then, Emery called, asking me to go shopping with her. Late fall in K City was considerably colder, so I didn't feel like going out.

However, being home alone stirred up feelings of loneliness and depression, so I gave in and decided to meet Emery at the mall.

I didn't drive but took a cab to the mall instead. By the time I got there, Emery had already arrived. She had two bags of pastries in her hand, which I guessed she had only just purchased.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 497

When she saw me, Emery chuckled and gave me one of the bags of pastries. "You're always dressed so frumpily. We're out to shop and have fun, all the more we should dress up and look pretty. With your looks, everyone's jaws would drop when they see you."

I smiled faintly. "I don't want to attract any unnecessary attention." It was true. Nancy had gotten unwanted attention a few times because of that. I would definitely stand out more if I cleaned myself up, but that was the last thing I needed.

Emery nodded in agreement and didn't probe further.

The mall was bustling with activity. However, I had gotten used to being alone, that the crowd and noise stressed me out, so I didn't like it at all.

Emery, on the other hand, was an extrovert. She made sure to browse each jewelry store we came to. Whenever she bought something she liked, she'd be like a kid in a candy store.

Like Macy, she'd get so incredibly excited whenever she got to eat delicious foods or buy her favorite things.

People said that only those with similar personalities could become friends. But Macy and I had known each other since childhood, so we still bonded despite our different personalities.

What I did find weird, though, was how Emery and I became friends.

When she saw that I was in a daze, Emery elbowed me and asked, "Is it so hard for you to pick a necklace? What are you thinking about?"

I looked at the two necklaces in her hand and remarked, "Both of them look good. Just get both."

"Damn, Scarlett. This is the first time you're behaving like a rich woman. I've always thought you were so timid and precious. Ashton got you the clothes and accessories you have on you now, didn't he?"

I nodded. "Ashton gets Joseph to buy me new clothes every season. I rarely shop, and I don't understand much about fashion. So, I wear whatever I have at home."

Hearing that, she gave me a thumbs-up as she curled her lips. "Spoken like a rich woman. Ashton has really spoiled you. But as a woman who doesn't like shopping or eating, what do you do in your free time?"

"I read at home!" I exclaimed. And that was the truth. When I stayed with Macy, I spent weekends going out to eat with her. This all changed when she left because I had no other friends to hang out with during the weekends.

She slapped her forehead and sighed. "I knew it. The only reason someone like Ashton fell for you was because of your looks."

Then she returned to look at the necklaces in her hand, seemingly deep in thought. "Oh, forget it. I'll get both. They add up to forty thousand but so be it. I'm the one wearing them anyway."

Hearing the price of the necklaces threw me off. Once I returned to my senses, I asked, "Wait... How much are these?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Forty thousand."



“Even if they’re made of gold, do they have to be that expensive?” I was dumbfounded. Even if the property prices in K City ballooned to ten thousand per square foot, that still wouldn’t have seemed as expensive. But a mere necklace for forty thousand? That was outrageous.

Emery hesitated as she glanced at the bracelet on my wrist. “You were the one who suggested buying both necklaces, but now you think they’re too expensive? This necklace was handcrafted by a famous designer in Ustrana and even has a diamond in the pendant. So it’s definitely worth the price!”

Regardless of the design and the material used, a necklace with a price tag in the tens of thousands still seemed too much of an extravagance.

I couldn’t help but sigh. “For the same price, you could get a two-bedroom in the smaller cities. How extravagant.”

Ignoring me, Emery paid for her necklaces and looked at me with annoyance. “What’s wrong with you, Scarlett? The bracelet you’re wearing is worth a few hundred million. So, why don’t you say that for the same price, you could get a villa in K City?”

I was taken aback by that and slowly shifted my gaze to my bracelet. This bracelet was given to me by Louis four years ago when he added me to the Stovall family register. I hardly wear it and had almost forgotten about it until I saw it a few days ago. To be honest, I wore it only because it looked pretty.

After all, I knew nothing about jewelry. I could only determine if I liked something or not based on how pretty it looked. Hence, I definitely wouldn’t be able to tell the good from the bad.

Now that Emery had told me about the bracelet, I felt even more pressure. “A bracelet worth a few hundred million? That can’t be possible!”

No matter how valuable it was, it was still just an inanimate object. If it really was worth a few hundred million, wouldn’t that make it an antique?

Emery rolled her eyes before pulling me away to give me a history lesson. “Your bracelet has quite a lot of history behind it. A hundred years ago after the civil wars had ended, one of the royal family members bought this bracelet and kept it with General Stovall for safekeeping. But General Stovall loved his wife so much that he gifted it to her instead. As time went by, this bracelet was supposed to be added to the museum collection. However, due to the

contributions the Stovall family had made toward nation-building, they were allowed to keep it. From then on, the bracelet had been passed down in the Stovall family from one generation to the next.”

After a pause, she continued, “This bracelet was originally meant for the next Stovall family’s daughter-in-law. But I suppose Louis felt generous and gave it to you instead.”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 498

Sometimes when a person says something, they do not have a specific intention. However, the person listening might read between the lines, and take it to have the meaning that they were hoping for. At that time, I did not know the whole story. Now that I do, I felt that I shouldn’t hold on to this bracelet.

I didn’t say much as I stroked the bracelet absent-mindedly. I just smiled faintly.

Emery’s phone rang. She answered it while I just stood and looked around the mall. The hustle and bustle made me feel suffocated.

It was kind of stifling.

Leaning against the railing and looking at the shops on every floor, I was reminded that R Province did not have shops like these. The vendors usually set up stalls along the alleys. You could just buy the items you wanted on the way home from there.

I was lost in my thoughts when Emery placed her phone to the side of my ear and teasingly said, “It’s for you.”

Taken by surprise, I took the phone by reflex and responded with an automatic “Hello?”

“It’s me!” a deep voice reverberated from the other end. The familiarity of the voice had me rooted firmly to my spot. “A-Ashton?”

A low chuckle could be heard. “Why is your phone switched off? Did you wear enough clothes to keep yourself warm? Ms. Moore said you are only wearing a thin coat. Do you feel cold?”

Despite being very busy, he still made it a point to call and check up on me. Only Ashton would be so meticulous when it came to caring for me.

My face reddened when I noticed Emery smirking at me. I hurriedly replied, "My phone battery died so it turned off completely. I'm absolutely fine. The mall has a heating system, so it's really warm in here."

"Good," he said, "I will come for you after work. I have transferred some funds over to you. No need to hold back. I am perfectly capable of letting you spend as much as you'd like."

I giggled, which attracted Emery's curious stare. Holding it in, I replied, "Okay, I'll hang up now. I'm perfectly fine!"

After I had hung up, I passed the phone back to Emery and said, "Thank you!"

She took her phone, shrugged her shoulders, and said with a grimace, "I feel like I've just been forced to listen to the both of you being all lovey-dovey."

I responded with a smile and didn't elaborate on it.

As we continued with our shopping, Emery suddenly said, "You know, Scarlett. Ashton really loves you."

I was stunned for a bit, not knowing where this came from all of a sudden. I gave her a side-eye glance and she continued.

"Three years ago, I saw him at the Imperial Hotel. It was 3 a.m., and he was awfully drunk. As he walked out of the hotel, I could see that he was holding a bottle of liquor in his hand," Emery recounted. "At that time, Nancy didn't really look like you. If one were to insist, you could only say that she had eyes that looked like yours. He looked at Nancy and called out your name again and again. He was crying like a child, begging you not to leave."

She paused as she said this, as if recalling what she had seen at that time.

I was quite shocked and at a loss for words.

She was silent for a while, then went on, "Well, he's the president of the Fuller Corporation after all, so I asked someone to send him home. The next day he came to me and asked if you were back. When he realized that he had mistaken someone else for you, he sunk into

deep despair," Emery paused for a bit and continued, "Nancy had her nose fixed to look just like you. After that, she frequently appeared around Ashton. Having a great body and features that were similar to yours, she had been cruising through life for the past three years. If only she had known her place, she would not have caused her own demise."

"Is there anything that you would like to eat later?" I interrupted. The past is in the past. Those who were constantly stuck in their own memories would only suffer. I did not wish to recall, nor did I wish to hear about others' memories.

Emery noticed my aversion to what she had said, so she didn't speak any further. We just continued with our shopping.

The mall was absolutely crowded. Therefore, when we ran into Joe and Rebecca, I didn't realize it at first.

Joe had an especially marked change. He had become more mature and composed. Perhaps it was due to this change that I failed to recognize him from the first glance.

In a tone that was quite neutral, Emery spoke first, "What a coincidence. The two of you are here to shop too?"

Joe's gaze landed on me, and he took his time to respond. After a while, he uttered a single "Yeah."

Rebecca was intimately holding onto his arm. Noticing this, I was fairly surprised.

Did this mean they were now together?

Since this was not really my concern anyway, I neither asked nor thought much about it.

"When did you come back?" Joe asked me.

I replied nonchalantly, "Some time ago."

We were acquaintances after all. It would have been too pretentious and inappropriate if I had acted as if I didn't know them at all.

"Let's have dinner later," Joe suggested. He hesitated a little and then said, "Ashton should be done with work soon. We should all meet up. I... I'll call Jared too."

I was caught off guard by Joe's invitation. My lips tightened into a line as I considered the situation. Because of Summer, Ashton had more or less become distant from Jared.

I fully understood Joe's intentions. He was hoping that the two friends could patch things up instead of letting a child interfere with their friendship.

"Sure!" I nodded, indicating my agreement as to his proposal.

Emery was looking at Rebecca. The two of them were not on good terms, so it was inevitable that some shots were fired.

"Wouldn't it be so much better if you knew when to give up and be contented?" Emery jeered, clearly taking a jab at Rebecca. "You just had to drag everyone else into the mud before finally knowing what's good for you."

Rebecca paled a little and glared at Emery. However, she did not scream and shout like she used to whenever she got angry. After a few years of not seeing her, it seemed that she had better control over her temper.

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Rebecca lowered her tone, but the coldness in her voice was unmistakable. "Your ability to stick your nose into others' business has gotten even better. You should really find yourself a new hobby."

Emery shrugged her shoulders. Not really angered, she retorted, "How I carry out my business is none of your business."

"If that's the case, just mind your own business and shut your mouth in the future," Rebecca retaliated with an icy glare.

The two of them were not fighting, but their rapid verbal exchange was not exactly comfortable for the people around them. In fact, it was quite childish.

I lightly tugged on Emery's sleeve, reminding her not to go overboard.

She pursed her lips. Without another word, she turned on her heels and marched into a jewelry shop away from the two of them. As a rule of thumb, nothing works better than retail therapy after an unpleasant encounter.

I gave the two familiar faces one last stare and took my leave as well.

When I passed by Rebecca, she grabbed my arm and stopped me in my tracks. "I will not give up, and I have no intention of giving up. Mark my words, Scarlett. If I cannot have him, you will not have him either."

I couldn't help but take back my earlier compliment, for I had overestimated her. Giving her a sideways glare, I raised an eyebrow and countered her in a challenging tone. "Ashton is not an item. He will not simply fall into your arms just because you want him to. He is a person. He has never, and will never love you. If you want to crush me, then bring it on. But if you plan to ruin him, I think you are digging your own grave. Considering everything you have now is given to you by him, including this man beside you; ruining him would only mean ruining yourself."

I did not fully understand the friendship between Ashton, Joe, and Jared, but I did know that it meant something to the three of them. If Rebecca were to try anything on Ashton, I suppose Joe and Jared would not turn a blind eye to it.

She scoffed coolly and let go of me. "We shall see."

In relationships, when you no longer care about someone anymore, that is when you can truly let them go. However, the feelings that Rebecca had for Ashton... It was weird.

At first, I thought it was love, but after a long period of time, I observed that it could be a form of dependence. Ashton took care of her for many years. She was used to being the only woman that he cared about. When this attention towards her had diminished, she could not take it.

Emery had already selected a few sets of clothing when I walked in. She raised a brow and asked, "Did she threaten you?"

I gave a light smile. Eyeing the new clothes that she put on, I inquired, "Didn't you say you wanted to buy some jewelry? Why are you shopping for clothes instead?"

She shrugged and scrutinized her reflection in the mirror. "I have noticed lately that my wardrobe is understocked. Besides, even though K City is cold, this should not prevent me from being my beautiful self."

I smiled at what she said. Throughout our whole lives, we girls have been relentlessly pursuing beauty. From being cute as a child to becoming sexy as an adult. As we approach middle age, we evolve once more to become intellectual and graceful. At each stage, women exude different forms of beauty.

After helping her select her clothes for a while, she noticed that I did not intend to get anything for myself. She lifted the corners of her mouth into a smirk and poked fun at me. "I guess Ashton's vast amount of wealth was accumulated by you being prudent?"

I paused for a bit and shook my head. "No, I just don't really like buying new clothes. Besides, I have enough of them at home."

My criteria for clothing was so long as they were sufficiently warm, I didn't really care about anything else.

Emery was speechless. "You are lucky Ashton protected you well. Otherwise, the media would have recognized you right away as Mrs. Fuller and criticized your abysmal taste in fashion."

She wasted no time in picking out a few outfits from the latest collection and ordered, "Go try these now."

"No, thank... " My feeble rejection barely got out of my mouth before I was forcefully interrupted by her. "You came out to shop, and you're not buying anything. Just what are you thinking?"

"But I really don't need it!" During my four years in R Province, I had already gotten used to wearing one outfit for many years. The joy derived from shopping was not exactly that gratifying for me.

Emery snorted in disapproval. "I suspect that you are not even a woman. A woman's wardrobe will always be lacking something. Stop dawdling, go get changed!"

Knowing very well I could not win against her, I entered the fitting room and tried on whatever she had picked out for me.

It was a knitted top and a pair of casual trousers. Maybe because I had lost weight, the trousers seemed kind of loose.

Noticing that I was taking a long time, Emery asked, "Are you done yet?"

I opened the door and tucked the top into the trousers. She inspected the ensemble, approved of it, and said, "There! This would be perfect with a camel toe coat. Your long hair can be tied up too."

With that, she reached out and put my hair into a topknot.

Emery was 170 cm in height, and she was wearing heels, which made her way taller than I was.

After she was done with my hair, she snapped her fingers to summon the sales assistant. "I'm buying those outfits that I selected earlier along with this one. Also, please throw away the clothes that she just changed out of. Thank you!"

I was startled and exclaimed with disbelief, "I can still wear them!"

She gave a nonchalant shrug, and said, "I know, they were all signature garments from high fashion brands a few years ago. However, they are all outdated by now, but you're still wearing them. Isn't it better to just wear the latest ones?"

I was speechless.

Those clothes were bought by Ashton four years ago and kept in the previous villa. After I came back from R Province, he had ordered Joseph to get me new clothes, but since this outfit was comfortable, I just wore it all the time and didn't really think of being fashionable.

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After hearing Emery's comments, I realized that I was indeed quite out of style.

Therefore, I complied with her wishes and bought many things. Right now we had a bit of a problem. I came over by taxi, and she had driven here by herself without a driver.



Looking at the assortment of big and small bags, we were at a loss as to what to do. She considered our situation for a while, whipped out her phone, and called Hunter.

Had I not heard her speaking so gently, I would not have believed that a tough woman like Emery could be as meek as a lamb when speaking to the one she loved.

"Hunter, I am at the mall in the city center. Please come over. There are too many bags and I can't carry all of them!"

I looked at the bags around us. Women are so dramatic sometimes. It's just clothes and jewelry. Sure, there's quite a lot, but it's actually manageable.

She hung up and noticed that I was looking at her weirdly. "Women need to show weakness at appropriate times," she pouted, "it's not that I can't carry the bags. It's only because I have him now. So sometimes I can't open water bottles, lift heavy things, or walk over rain puddles."

I chuckled at her confession. It seemed that in a relationship, women were the nurturers, while men were the providers.

Seeing that I was spaced out, she blinked a few times and made another call.

"Mr. Fuller, are you done with work?" The words she uttered successfully brought me back to attention.

I widened my eyes at her. How could she call Ashton?

She ignored my penetrative stare and continued, "The mall in the city center, come and help us carry our things."

She was the only one who dared to say something like this to him.

She hung up and looked at me with a raised brow. "Mr. Fuller said he will be here in ten more minutes."

I was quite amazed at her. After giving her a thumbs up, I found a place to sit down.

Relief enveloped me as I sat down after a long period of walking. Emery started massaging her feet as she plopped down next to me wearing her heels. "I'm not wearing these again next time. My feet are killing me!"

"You can just wear heels that are 5 cm or 7 cm. Wearing heels that are too high will hurt your feet no matter how good the shoes are," I said.

She tilted her head, propped her chin in one of her hands, and suddenly started laughing. "Scarlett, when did you start to consider me a friend?"

"Aren't we friends now?" I replied blankly.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "when I told you my feet hurt, you would just brush me off if we were true friends." She continued, "Instead, you just calmly gave me a suggestion. This shows that you think of me as an acquaintance and not a true friend."

I was a little dazed. I recalled Macy liked to wear heels. We weren't rich at that time, and the only pair of heels she had was very high. Hence, it was a pain to wear. Whenever she could no longer walk due to the pain, I would buy her a pair of slippers from a roadside booth. I would be making fun of her while forcing her to change into the slippers. She would change her shoes but complain that they did not suit her classy demeanor.

Thinking about it now made me feel as if these incidents happened ages ago, yet it also felt as if they just occurred not too long ago.

I stood up and said to her, "Just sit here and wait for me."

There were a variety of choices in the mall. Very soon I was back with a shoebox in my hand. I handed it to her and said with a faint smile, "I have taken note of your shoe size just now. Size thirty-seven should be just nice."

I could see that she was momentarily stunned. She took the box, opened it, and looked back at me with incredulity in her eyes. "You bought this for me?"

I nodded. "Although I do not know which design you prefer, I think it can still match your outfit. It isn't from a major brand, but it should still be wearable."

Her shoes cost an arm and a leg. Truthfully, I was a bit reluctant to spend that amount of money. Ever since I returned from R Province, I had not been working. I did not use the credit

card Ashton gave me at all. Instead, I was using my own savings. I intended to get a part-time job after becoming a postgraduate student. This way, my usual expenses would not become a problem.

Emery changed into her new shoes, and her amusement was apparent. "Did you know this, Scarlett? You are the first woman to buy me shoes," she said.

"My brother is a straight man, so he has poor taste. I always buy my own shoes and never allowed him to buy shoes for me. After that, I met Hunter, who is a hopeless straight male as well. For as long as I've lived, you're the only one who has ever bought me shoes."

I smiled lightly. The two elders of the Moore family were always overseas. Emery was the youngest daughter of the Moore family, so she did not know much about the Moore family's actual situation.

She only knew that she was siblings with Zachary. As for the rest, she did not really know anything.

"You should just wear this for now, as long as it doesn't cause pain while walking," I said. As I looked up, I immediately noticed Ashton among the crowd. With his towering figure dressed in all black and unrivaled handsome features, he demanded the attention of all the shoppers in the mall.

"This kind of masculine beauty is simply too conspicuous and would just lead to trouble." I heard Emery murmuring.

As Ashton came near, she said to him, "Mr. Fuller, I think you better be more low profile when you appear in public next time. There are already people snapping photos!"

Fortunately, the shoppers here seemed to be more of the rational kind. They did not swarm Ashton as if he were a celebrity.

Ashton gave a soft laugh, and his gaze landed on me. "Are you tired? What have you bought?" he asked gently.