

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 901

Linda frowned at Rachel's words. She didn't know anything about the underground warehouse. Wanting to defend the Murphy Corporation, Linda opened her mouth, but she couldn't think of anything to say because she witnessed all these before her eyes.

On the other hand, I remained silent before saying, "These are all larger-sized equipment. Are those that launched overseas smaller ones?"

Rachel rolled her eyes and pursed her lips while speaking in a disdainful manner. "Well, duh!"

Even so, I thought little about it and turned to Ashton. "What should we do now?"

The man scanned the items in the underground warehouse and made a decision. "Contact the reporters and lawyers. We'll have to file a lawsuit against the Murphy Corporation." Giving a cold look, he was emotionless when he said that.

Upon hearing his words, Linda started panicking. She stopped Ashton and tried to reason with him. "Mr. Fuller, aren't you burning the bridge? Mr. Murphy is still locked up in Moranta. Shouldn't you at least give him a chance to explain? This is way too sudden, and I believe Mr. Murphy doesn't know about this. The architects and engineers were in charge of the construction, while he never took part. Maybe he was in the dark all along."

I pursed my lips. If I didn't go through the life-and-death situation in Moranta, I wouldn't even know that Armond was a two-faced person or suspect that he was behind this. However, now that I knew what kind of person he was, I believed he had planned this for a long time.

At that moment, I was wondering if he was also behind my participation in the Fuller Corporation's bidding. It would make sense if he had probably planned everything from the start. After all, the Murphy Corporation had been dominating the AI technology field, and it wasn't a desirable outcome for them if Fuller Corporation's AI technology rose to fame.

The man wanted to use this chance to gain benefit from the Fuller Corporation's downfall. He was playing the long game.

Recalling the time I almost got into trouble in A City, my trust toward Armond was broken. To delay time, he even laid his hands on me and set Nora up. This man was way more scheming than we thought.

I said, "Linda, let's leave that to the police, okay?" Everything that happened after I met Armond surfaced in my mind, and instantly, I felt the temperature dropped a few degrees.

The woman looked at me and stayed silent for a while. "Let me call old Mr. Murphy. This matter involves the entire Murphy family, so I have to inform him about this. I'm sorry, Scarlett, but the Murphys mean a lot to me."

I nodded. "Alright. Go ahead."

At the same time, the Murphys were in a frenzy at the moment. Hence, when Robert picked up the call, he directly asked Linda to handle the situation on-site. "I'll leave it to you. Just try to minimize Murphy Corporation's loss."

Upon hearing his commands, Linda was stunned. Then, she nodded and said, "Okay."

After hanging up, Linda looked miserable. She then glanced at me with a troubled expression. "Scarlett, tell me. What happened to the Murphys?"

I figured she didn't know about the incident in Moranta. It was a lot, so I collected my thoughts before telling her. "The gas released from the chemical factory under the Murphy family in Moranta was carcinogenic, and Armond was involved in a murder case. That was why he couldn't return to A City to take care of these matters. Furthermore, the police officers were now investigating the Murphys' property, so old Mr. Murphy had his hands full with that, and he could only leave this to you."

Linda was rather intelligent, so she knew someone was behind this. "Is the Fuller Corporation involved with the incident in Moranta?"

I didn't intend to hide it. "The Murphy family wanted the import and export trading rights, but the Taylor family had passed the rights to Ashton. Armond then kidnapped Ashton and forced him to give it up. However, he failed, and the police officers are running an investigation on him."

Upon hearing my words, Linda's face was as pale as a sheet. Knitting her brows, she was at a loss for words.

Rachel glanced at Ashton with concern and turned to Linda. "It seems the Murphy Corporation doesn't have boundaries as long as it makes them money."

Hearing that, Linda stayed silent. After a long while, she looked at Ashton and said, "Mr. Fuller, I know I can't hinder your decision, but I'll do my best to protect Murphy Corporation's project in A City."

Ashton glanced at her before turning to Rachel. "Contact the reporters and lawyers."

With that, he led me out of the base, and we walked all the way to his car.

In the car, I kept quiet for a long time. However, I failed to suppress my curiosity and blurted out, "Ashton, did you know there was an underground warehouse before?"

Although Rachel said that the back wall was damaged by accident because of the malfunction of the machines. However, Armond had made the area behind the base off-limits to anyone else. No one would drive the excavator to the back unless someone actually planned to enter from the back.

The man continued driving and kept his eyes on the road as he smiled. "I knew it ever since you told me there was something wrong with the structure."

I pursed my lips. "Then why did you only expose it now?"

Upon that, he glanced sideways at me and explained, "If I expose him back then, he'll only change his plans to oppose me. I needed time to find his flaws, so I went along with it. With this, I'll know what he was going for."

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Seeing how he was looking at me while driving, I yelled, "Eyes on the road!"

After pausing for a bit, I continued, "You knew that Armond was going to set you up in Moranta. That was why you wanted to come back as soon as possible when you heard that he was heading there."

The man nodded. "But I never expect him to take action so quickly."

No wonder Armond was completely unbothered when he was making a bet with Abe in the casino. He knew the latter wasn't his opponent. Thinking about Abe, I couldn't help but ask, "Do you think that Abe's really dead?"

The man pursed his lips. "According to the police report in Moranta, the corpse's DNA matches with Abe's."

I was stunned by his words. "Armond actually killed Abe?"

It was way too sudden. I initially thought that Armond faked Abe's death with a corpse to confuse us. However, I was too naïve. He actually killed his partner.

Ashton parked the car as soon as we reached the villa. Since we hadn't been there for some time, Ashton hired a helper to clean the house. Right when we got off the car, the helper was done with the chores and was about to leave.

When she saw us, she looked at Ashton and reported, "Mr. Fuller, a tall and muscular man came and looked for a woman called Scarlett. He asked me to relay this message to you guys: Be careful."

He's looking for me?

I stopped the helper from leaving and asked her about the man's features. After a series of questioning, I couldn't think of a person I knew who matched her description, so I let her leave.

Then, I went to the living room and sat on the couch, thinking of the man the helper described earlier. Ashton looked at me and said, "Now that Abe's subordinates know that he's dead, they might be

misguided by Armond and come looking for trouble. So from now on, you'll have to report to me whenever you leave the house."

I nodded, as I knew how dangerous it would be.

Suddenly, a man's name came to my mind after I heard him mentioning Abe's subordinates. My body trembled in shock as I sat upright and looked at Ashton. "I know who that man is now. He's Danny, one of Abe's subordinates. I helped him in Venria before. When he followed Abe back to the country, I gave him my contact number and address in case he needed my help. However, I forgot about this after I returned to K City."

With these thoughts in my mind, I immediately called Nora. She answered after a while, and her voice was hoarse. "What's wrong, Scarlett?"

Hearing her voice, I was concerned. "Where are you? Why is your voice so hoarse?"

She answered weakly, "I'm in Moranta at the moment. For some reason, I couldn't get hold of Armond, and you guys were already back in K City. I miss him so much, so I came to see him. I'd just arrived and didn't have any sleep last night, so I'm at the hotel trying to catch some sleep. What's wrong?"

I froze for a while as I was shocked at what the woman told me. "You're saying that you go there by yourself without knowing where he is staying? Do you know how dangerous it is?"

Realization dawned on her, and she was stunned for a while. "Oh yeah, I was just about to ask you. You guys stayed in Moranta for such a long time, so you know where he's staying, right? Can you send me the address later?"

I pursed my lips as I didn't know how to tell her about the incident in Moranta. "Do you believe me if I tell you we don't?"

She replied, "Hmm... Yeah, but it's so frustrating, knowing that I have to look for a needle in a haystack."

After pondering for a while, I said, “Nora, just think of it as going on a vacation in Moranta. Maybe Armond didn’t contact you because he was busy. There are a lot of things going on with Murphy Corporation recently, so I think he doesn’t have time to meet you. Anyway, you should return as soon as possible. It’s dangerous to be alone over there.”

However, the woman was stubborn. “I know he’s busy, so I’m here to see him. Just for a bit, and I’ll go back. Oh, right! Why did you call?”

I replied, “Oh, I wanted to ask if a tall and muscular man come to find you these days.” Before I left A City, I reminded her to help Danny if he came to look for her.

She said, “Nope. No one came to see me recently.”

I figured Danny had followed Abe to Moranta, so I nodded and reminded her, “Don’t stay in Moranta for too long. I’ll give you a number, and just in case you need help, you can call this number. Don’t wander around there and always be careful.”

Nora hummed in reply and hung up after that. After a while, I sent her Holden’s number and texted Holden, asking him to take care of her.

Moranta’s security wasn’t that good, so at least Holden could help her if she got into trouble.

After that, Ashton went to the study on the second floor, while I went to my bedroom. It was at this moment when I realized that Renee had given me Sasha’s journal when I was at the hospital.

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I wanted to read the journal, but I couldn't find it anywhere. Right when I was scratching my head in frustration, I realized I had left the journal in another bag as I was in a rush when packing my stuff.

Well, I guess there's nothing I can do with that.

Without Armond's participation, the lawsuit went on smoothly, while the cooperation between the Fuller Corporation and the Murphy Corporation could only be called off. Besides, the product launch was delayed, and it had affected the Fuller Corporation's profits.

Rachel had paid a lot of effort on the project, so she was reluctant for it to end that way. After discussing with Ashton, he agreed to hold a public tender in A City to look for a new business partner.

On the other hand, I had nothing to work on at the Murphy Corporation anymore. But because of the public tender, Ashton and I continued to stay in A City for the time being. Meanwhile, Holden called me once and told me that Nora almost got into trouble at the hotel, but he took her to his villa.

When I heard that, I was relieved as that was something to be happy about.

For the following days, Ashton and Rachel were busy with meetings for the new public tender. On the other hand, I was looking for Danny in A City, and it was rather difficult to do so, as he didn't give me his contact number.

What surprised me the most was Tessa contacting me personally. She asked to meet as she had some matters to discuss, but I was reluctant to see her because I had nothing to discuss with her.

However, she was determined to meet me. Bringing up the incident in Venria, she insisted on inviting me out for a talk, so I had to agree.

We agreed to meet at a café. It was November, so the weather in A City was chilly. Tessa wore a stylish orange coat with a green turtleneck. As she was rather chubby, the turtleneck covered her neck and made it seem shorter.

I sat at the seat in front of her. She looked frazzled as if she had been staying up late for a long time. The heavy makeup didn't do her face justice, either. It seemed dirty and made me feel uncomfortable just looking at her face.

"What would you like to drink?" She asked and sized me up.

I answered, "Anything would do."

The woman nodded and fell silent for a while before saying, "Long time no see. You've become prettier."

I was stunned, as I didn't expect to hear compliments coming from her. I looked at her for a while and went straight to the topic. "What do you need from me?"

She shrugged and refused to answer my question. "Why don't we have something to drink first, and we'll talk later? After all, we're friends, so don't treat me like an enemy. Ashton is irresistible, but since I can't make him fall for me, I might as well give up. Besides, it's not worth offending you because of him."

Listening to her words, I knew she was up to something.

After staying silent for a while, I urged, "What do you want me to do? I'll help if I can."

She looked at me and still didn't tell me her intentions. Placing a glass of fruit juice in front of me, she smiled faintly and said, "Here, have a drink. Like I said, we're not enemies, so there's no need to rush."

I didn't know what she was trying to do, so I could only take a sip of the fruit juice. Maybe it was because she had touched the glass that there was an unfamiliar scent coming from the fruit juice. I had heard from Laurel that Tessa had a praying hall in her house, and she would always light sandalwood incense inside it.

The smell of sandalwood always lingered on her body, and that made me feel uncomfortable.

"I heard that Nora went to Moranta. Why is she there?" She brought up Nora suddenly.

I replied indifferently, "I'm not sure." Since she didn't want to tell me her intentions, then there was no point in asking. Thus, I put up with her and waited.

As expected, she finally got to the point after talking about a lot of unrelated stuff. "I heard that Mr. Fuller is going to hold a public tender to look for a sponsor for the AI project. Has he found a potential partner already?"

I furrowed my brows slightly. "I know little about this. Plus, he's preparing to hold a public tender, and this will have to be a fair competition. I can't help you with anything related to this."

Hearing that, she chuckled. "There's no need for your help. I'm just introducing someone to you." Listening to her words, I got sleepy suddenly.

My eyelids got heavy and were trying to shut themselves uncontrollably. However, I tried to pinch my arm to wake up. The pain inflicted upon my arm made me snap out of my stupor. I looked at the glass of fruit juice and noticed something was off. "What did you make me drink?"

She smiled faintly and said, "Nothing much. It's just something that will make you... sleepy."

As soon as I heard that, I immediately got up, trying to leave. However, my body felt weak, and before I could regain my consciousness, I had fallen asleep.

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When I woke up, I initially thought I would be in an abandoned factory, but to my surprise, I was in a room that was tidy and looked as if someone stayed in here before.

I got up from the bed and went to the living room. No one was there, but I heard a woman reciting her prayers in another room.

Heading toward the room, I halted when I was at the entrance. A few statues and books in Sanskrit characters were placed in the smoke-filled room, whereas Tessa was kneeling and putting her hands together as she recited her prayers.

When I saw her, I knew running away was impossible, so I went to the living room and sat on the ground. The apartment was comprised of three rooms and a living room. She stayed in a room, and the other room was used for her prayers and worship, while the third room was for storage.

There was nothing in the living room except for a coffee table, and it didn't even feel like home. Laurel once told me Tessa was in her forties, but she wasn't married and lived alone.

Seeing that the apartment was rather empty, I figured she didn't have a boyfriend and was staying by herself.

After a while, she came out from the worshipping room with prayer beads in her hand and looked at me. "Would you like some tea?" As she spoke, she sat at the coffee table and started boiling a pot of water.

I pursed my lips and asked, "What do you want?"

"Call Ashton and tell him to withdraw his lawsuit against Armond. Then, let Armond return from Moranta." She cut to the chase and took out some tea leaves to brew me some tea.

I pursed my lips and looked at her. "You're doing this for Armond? How surprising! When did you guys get so close?"

She shrugged and wore an indifferent expression. "As the saying goes, money makes the world go round. Mrs. Fuller, you're used to living comfortably, so you won't understand our lives."

I asked, "So, how much did Armond give you?"

The woman looked at me and laughed out suddenly. "Why? Are you going to say that you'll give me double the amount he gave? How great it is to be rich! You guys take care of everything using money."

I pursed my lips and waited to see what she wanted to say next.

After a while, the woman continued, "Forget it. Now that I've done all of this, I have no intention of backing out now. If you don't wish to trouble Ashton, you don't need to call him. However, you'll have to stay here for a few days. Let's see what Ashton will do to find his missing wife."

I was puzzled at how calm and poised she was. Something was odd about how she brought me here directly without leaving any traces.

Hence, I was reluctant to do as she said and was just waiting for the time to pass. The sky was getting dark, and throughout this period of time, she drank some tea and recited her prayers. Meanwhile, I got more and more suspicious of how she remained that calm all the time.

If she just wanted me to call Ashton, she could've resorted to violence or used some extreme measures to force me into doing it. However, she did nothing to me and was just waiting calmly.

"Eat some noodles. Who knows what Ashton would do to me if he heard that you were starved." The woman cooked some instant noodles and added some vegetables. I didn't have an appetite, so I looked at her indifferently. "When will you let me go?"

She raised a brow at me and asked, "Are you going to call him now?"

I frowned. "I won't do that since Armond deserves to be punished. Ashton can give you the money you want, so there's no need to waste my time like this."

Despite my offer, she continued eating her noodles calmly and smiled faintly before looking at me in the eyes. "As expected of Mrs. Fuller. You're so generous. I'm sorry, but have you heard of being in the same boat? I believe in karma, so even though I dislike Armond for being two-faced, I'll have to help since I have promised him. So, Mrs. Fuller, you only have one choice here."

I pursed my lips as she continued eating her noodles slowly. Annoyance settled itself in my heart as I figured I couldn't negotiate with her.

After hesitating for a moment, I asked, "I'm curious. When did you guys get so close?"

The woman raised her brow and told the truth. "We got to an agreement after returning from Epea."

"Why?" I pressed on the matter while Tessa grew impatient. "I said it before. Money makes the world go round."

I asked, "If that's the case, why won't you take Ashton's money? Is there any difference between getting money from Ashton or Armond?"

The woman raised her eyebrows and said, "There is!"

The sky was getting dark, so I decided to call Ashton. Taking out my phone, I dialed his number, but the call was left unanswered.

I looked at Tessa, but she was just minding her own business. Left without a choice, I continued calling Ashton, yet no one answered.

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Suddenly, I looked at her, puzzled. “We can’t make calls from here, can we? You didn’t mean for me to call Ashton at all. You were just trying to stall for some time, weren’t you?”

Slowly, she lifted her eyes to look at me while raising her eyebrows. She had nearly finished eating her noodles, and the foundation on her face was flaking off. Right then, she looked absolutely hideous. “You’re right. Based on my calculation, it will be over soon. Even as we speak, Ashton should be on the way to pick you up.”

I was upset at her betrayal, but I took a deep breath, knowing that it was useless to rant. Gazing at her, I said, “You have planned it well. It looks like I’ve underestimated you.”

She shrugged and laughed softly. “Don’t be angry. In the future, we’ll have lots of opportunities to compete against each other!”

I nodded, “Yes, but I’d like to remind you to try and get better makeup. After all, you are making money from this. Also, as a woman, I would remind you that it’s okay to take care of yourself. You are not even forty yet, but you look sixty. Do you know why Ashton doesn’t even want to look at you? It’s because your face looks disgusting. It is torturous for any man to spend one day with you, not to mention a whole lifetime. Even for me, just today alone is torturous enough.”

“You...” Her face became more and more hideous by the minute, and she looked at me chillingly, “Scarlett, I should have killed you earlier so that I don’t need to be disgusted by you now.”

All women were concerned about their looks no matter what age they were. Hence, naturally, if anyone were to insult them, they would have a meltdown. Tessa was the same.

Watching her hideous face, I said calmly, “Please don’t be angry because I’m just being truthful. Don’t you ever look at yourself in the mirror? You actually have the money to buy all those branded clothes. So why don’t you spend some on skincare products? Oh, besides, you should probably lose some weight, because you really are... hmm, how should I put it... fat and ugly. Most men won’t look twice at women like you.”

She was so angry that, after finishing her noodles, she tried to throw the bowl at me, which I had fortunately avoided. Infuriated, she then picked up the fruit knife on the table and headed towards me. She seemed to be completely infuriated by my remarks.

Bang! The door was suddenly kicked open. Ashton came in just on time to see Tessa holding up a knife in front of me. He quickly picked up the vase behind the door and aimed right at her head. Upon the impact, Tessa dropped down with the vase onto the floor.

Almost immediately afterward, Ashton embraced me and asked, "Are you okay? Did she injure you?"

I shook my head and noticed that several policemen had followed him in. Some policemen helped Tessa up from the ground and handcuffed her immediately.

Tessa, who was still conscious, glared at the police in disbelief, yelling, "What are you doing? Why are you handcuffing me?"

One of the police officers said, "My apologies, but you are involved in kidnapping with the intention of hurting others. We have the right to detain you!"

"Hah! I didn't hurt her at all, and she is still unharmed. On what basis did you come to such a conclusion?" Tessa roared while struggling. Obviously, she was very reluctant to leave.

The police spoke with a cold glare, "Just so you know, Miss, attempted murder is a crime. Come with us!"

Before they left, Tessa glared at me and said in disbelief, "Did you plan this? You did this all on purpose, didn't you? Scarlett, I really underestimated you."

I looked at her, sank my body into Ashton's arms, and said, "Tessa, Tessa... I treated you as a friend, so I didn't expect you to drug me, kidnap me, and then hurt me. This time, I won't be so merciful to you, and hopefully, you will be punished by the law."

“You b*tch!” She yelled angrily and was taken away forcibly by the police.

After they left, Ashton and I returned to his car. That man had been cold and sullen the entire time, looking like a kid showing his temper. I knew that he was angry with me for coming out to meet Tessa by myself and almost getting hurt.

We drove for a while as I thought about how to coax him out of his mood. Holding my stomach, I started muttering, “Oh, my stomach hurts so much. I don’t know if it’s because I haven’t eaten for a whole day. Ugh...”

I pretended to be miserable while holding my stomach. Meanwhile, Ashton pursed his lips, and after looking at me, he said, “What would you like to eat?”

“Koandria cuisine!” I said, looking at him with a smile.

He looked at me without saying anything but just drove the car to the city center and got off. I watched him stand beside the car coldly, and with a pitiful voice, I said, “Ashton, I’m hungry. It’s been a day, and I was almost scared to death by Tessa just now. I can’t walk anymore. Can you give me a hand?”

He frowned and continued to watch my “act.” Seeing that I had refused to get down, he compromised a little and came to help.

I pursed my lips slightly and leaned my entire weight on him while looking at him shamelessly. “Can you hold me? I really can’t walk!”

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He pursed his lips, "Don't eat, then. We'll go back and get some rest!"

Hearing that, I immediately stood up straight and pouted. "C'mon. Let's go get some food." In just a few steps, I was inside the restaurant and had found us a seat.

He followed suit and looked at me coldly. Ignoring him, I ordered my food and rested my chin on my hand while looking at him. "Are you still angry?"

However, he ignored me.

I instantly understood how he felt, so I stopped talking. After a while, the waiter served our food. Feeling extremely hungry, I was really eager to dig in, but he stopped me. "Drink your soup first!"

At that, he placed a bowl of chicken mushroom soup in front of me. I knew he was afraid that I had been hungry for too long, and if I ate solid food right after that, my stomach would not be able to hold it.

Obediently, I drank the soup before starting to eat. He did not seem to be hungry or picking up his fork. Instead, he just looked at me gently, so I could not help but ask, "Ashton, has Armond been released?"

He pursed his lips and looked at me, "Eat your food and don't talk with your mouth full!"

As soon as he said that, I kept quiet. After I had finished my meal, I looked at him and spoke, "Today's incident happened because I was careless. I promise it wouldn't happen again."

He looked at me with a helpless gaze. "When have you ever kept such promises?"

Being a little speechless, I pouted and then quibbled, "I didn't expect her to drug me at the café so blatantly and take me back to her place. I will not be fooled by her again next time."

"Is there a next time?" He glared at me with a solemn expression.

I shook my head, declaring fearfully, "No, I hope this will never happen again."

His facial expression improved slightly, and then he looked at me. "Do you understand what you did was wrong?"

I nodded. "Yes, I do!"

"What did you do wrong?"

I spoke like a child owning up, "I was wrong in being too trusting. I was wrong in being so silly. I was wrong for not obeying you!"

He grunted, looked at me and asked, "What else?"

His question had me stunned as I pondered over it and not knowing what else to say. Watching him cautiously, I asked, "What else did I do wrong?"

Unexpectedly, he got up abruptly from his seat and went straight out of the restaurant. I was a little dazed as I followed him, asking, "Ashton, can you quit losing your temper so easily? I really don't know what's wrong. Please tell me, so I won't repeat it next time. Ashton! Why are you doing this?"

Nonetheless, he did not listen to me at all but continued his way out. I followed him for a few steps but realized that I could not catch up with him, so I simply gave up and sat on the steps outside the restaurant, watching him walk away.

After a while, he had probably realized that I was not following him. Thus, he looked back at me and narrowed his eyes slightly. "Don't you want to go back?"

I pursed my lips, sitting on the steps desolately while looking at him. "What have I done wrong?"

He frowned. "We'll talk about this at home!"

Without moving, I sat on the ground and continued staring at him. "Tell me now, or we're not going back."

His expression seemed down as he looked at me and said, "Are you sure you want to talk here?"

I nodded.

I had thought that he would at least turn back and tug me by the hand. Unexpectedly, he got into the car, started it, and left without hesitation.

As I watched him driving further and further into the distance, I was stunned. I sat there for a long time, lost in thought. Did he really just left?

The apologies that I had prepared mentally in my mind turned into curses. The scene of him dumping me replayed in my mind over and over again.

Standing at the entrance of the restaurant for a long time, I decided to give Nora a call. The call went through, but it was Holden who answered it, "She's taking a shower. What's the matter?"

That came as a big shock, so I couldn't help but roar at him, "Holden, are you kidding me? I asked you to help me take care of her, not in this way! You're really... Ugh! I have nothing to say to you! There are lines that you cannot cross, Holden, and Armond's girlfriend is one of them! Is it that hard to understand?"

I admit that I was taking it all out on him. After all, I was furious with Ashton for dumping me, and I had nowhere to vent my anger. This man happened to pick up the phone, and so I acted accordingly.

On the other end, Holden was a little taken aback by my sudden outburst. "Excuse me, but you should calm down! I didn't touch her at all. You asked me to take her to my house. While she is taking a bath, the phone kept ringing, and it was bothering me, so I answered it. I didn't touch her at all, Scarlett. Can you get your head out of the gutter?"

Oh... Uh...

I was a little embarrassed, but at this point, I did not want to apologize. Hence, I said, "You think I don't know you? Don't you dare pretend to be such an upright person. I'm warning you; you'd better not do anything to her. If you do, don't blame me for taking action against you... Anyway, could you ask her the password for her place? I have to go to her house tonight."

"I knew it! This was all because of what happened between you and Ashton, yes? That's why you were so angry; even to the point that you wanted to leave home. But can't you at least leave me out of this? I didn't do anything wrong, so I clearly don't deserve this." Holden was scolded for no reason, so he started to complain.

After a while, his unhappy voice could be heard over the phone. "You've got a call. I swear, you women always take forever to shower."

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Obviously, these words were not meant for me.

Soon after that, Nora's voice came over on the line. "What did you say to him just now? Why is he so angry?"

I curled my lips and said, "I thought he was messing with you, so I gave him a piece of my mind. Anyway, enough about that guy. I was just calling you to tell you that I wanted to stay at your house tonight. Tell me the password so that I can at least have a place to sleep."

She sighed, "What happened? Did you quarrel with Ashton? Weren't you guys at A City for work purposes?"

In one breath, she asked so many questions that I felt dizzy.

Drawing in a deep breath, I replied, "We're here on a business trip. Just give me the password already. I'm outdoors, and it's freezing."

"The password's my birthday. But what happened between you both? Why did you quarrel?"

I was not in the mood to talk much, so I hung up the phone hastily after thanking her. After that, I called a cab and went to her place, which I had visited before. That was why I knew the address.

As soon as I reached her place, a stale odor came wafting to my nostrils. I guessed it was probably because she had not been home for quite a while.

While I was tidying up, my phone kept ringing. I took a look at the screen and saw that it was Ashton, so I did not answer. Instead, I turned my phone off instantly. One could say that this is unnecessary, but that is just how I am.

After all that, I lay on the bed with my restless thoughts, unable to fall asleep. After a while, the doorbell rang. I was taken aback at first, but then I guessed that Ashton had probably found me.

Thus, I got up to check, and it was indeed him. However, I just ignored him and pretended not to hear anything. Then, I went back to the bedroom to rest, but I underestimated how determined and stubborn this man could be.

Bang! With just a few kicks, he had broken down Nora's door. When I saw him in the bedroom, I was so angry that I threw the pillow at him and shouted, "Get lost, Ashton! Get out right now!"

He caught the pillow and looked at me. "I'm not the one at fault today!"

Upon his remark, I almost choked. "Excuse me? You're the one who abandoned your wife and left! If it's not your fault, then whose is it? Ashton, I initially thought that even though you're an insensitive prick, you're at least a gentleman. But, no... I guess I had really overestimated you. You're even worse than that! In fact, you're despicable."

Clearly stunned, he looked at me and said, "I didn't leave you behind. Joe told me that when a woman is angry, just get some cakes for her. She'll feel better after having dessert."

As he spoke, he solemnly handed me the box in his hand. "It's from the shop you like. It's matcha flavored!"

After hearing his explanation, I was exasperated. To be honest, I just wanted to ignore him. Then, I took in a deep breath and shouted at him, "I don't want this! I don't want to eat anything! As a matter of fact, please get away from me!"

Yet, he continued to stand there, unmoving. "It's not safe being alone out here. Cut this nonsense, and let's go home."

Throwing the pillow in my hand at him, I trembled with anger, "Ashton, don't you know me well enough? Am I a child? Don't you know why I am angry? I had already apologized to you, so why are you still holding it against me? Are you deliberately looking for problems? Getting cakes for me... hah! I think you were driving to leave, and then you were afraid that I would hold a grudge against you, so you went to get cakes!"

With a darkened expression, he frowned at me. I thought he was going to be like before – knowing that I would win the argument, he would slam the door and leave, but he did not. Instead, he put the box in his hand next to me and picked up the pillow on the floor. Then, he looked at me and said, “I am cross with you because you know that angering Tessa is dangerous, but you still did it. I am upset that you don’t put your safety first or take care of yourself. And no, I didn’t plan to leave; I just went to buy you cakes.”

Although he explained everything very clearly, I was still angry. Hence, I did not want anything to do with him, so I pulled the quilt over my head and said to him, “Okay. You can go now!”

Even if he had given a clear explanation, the anger in my heart still remained, so I could not think straight. I still wanted to fight with him because that was just how I was. I knew that, so I controlled myself and asked him to leave quickly.

However, he couldn’t get it, and that, I could only say, was the difference between a man and a woman. Not only did he refuse to leave, but he lay down beside me and said, “Then we will stay here tonight. Since the door is broken, I will get someone to fix it.”

I took a deep breath and held it. When I saw him crawling in next to me, I kicked him without even thinking. It took him by surprise, so he rolled off the bed and landed on the ground, his head hitting the corner of the bedside table.

Wham! A muffled knock accompanied his soft grunt. I was taken aback for a moment and subconsciously wanted to go down to help him, but I did not know what was going on as I watched him holding his head.

I refrained myself, sat up, and asked tentatively, “Are you alright?”

His pained voice could be heard, “It hurts!”

Since I was not sure if he was telling the truth, I replied, "I didn't do it intentionally. I didn't think you'd fall. C'mon, get up, and let me take a look at you."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 908

"It hurts!" He was still lying on the ground without moving and just complaining about the pain.

At that, I could not help being a little worried, so I got down from the bed and went towards him. I saw that his forehead was badly bruised, and I felt a little sorry for him. "Sh*t, what the hell happened? I'm so sorry. Let me take care of it right away!"

I helped him onto the bed, and then I went to get some ointment. Maybe because of the bump, he was sitting very quietly on the bed, without moving an inch. I got the ointment and sat at the bedside to put some on his head. In a short while, someone came to repair the door.

After I applied some ointment for Ashton, I greeted the locksmith and sent them away after everything was done. They had installed a new digital lock, and the password was set to Nora's birthday.

When I returned to the bedroom, Ashton was lying in bed, apparently, asleep.

Seeing that the bruise on his forehead was less swollen now, I was relieved. After that, I turned off the lights and lay down right next to him. As soon as I closed my eyes, Ashton's arm was around me. "Go to sleep!" I frowned and said.

"I sleep better with you in my arms," he uttered childishly. This was obviously nonsense.

Due to what happened today at Tessa's and the incident at Lavelian Village, I couldn't help thinking of my previous accident in the hospital. I moved my body and leaned in to Ashton. "Ashton, did you investigate the accident that happened when I was in the hospital?"

He had not talked to me about this all this while. Moreover, due to the series of unfortunate events, I had also nearly forgotten about this.

The man put his arm around me and his chin on my shoulders. He was touching my ear all the time while speaking, and it was a little itchy. "This matter is related to Armond. Tessa and Abe both participated in it, and the hospital surveillance system was damaged. There was no way to get evidence."

“Tessa?” I was surprised. “How did she get involved?”

“The anesthesia in the hospital was given to you by Abe’s men. It was Abe who took you away. Their initial purpose was to make you disappear for a few hours, but after they handed you to Tessa, they didn’t expect her to take you to the morgue and put you in the freezer.” He put his arms around me and sighed, “Your friend is viler than you realize. Do avoid her as far as possible next time. In fact, it’s better if you don’t meet up with her at all.”

When he finished that, I was stunned for a moment. I still couldn’t fully get what he was saying, so I asked, “Did you mean to say that Abe and Tessa joined forces to harm me?”

He nodded, “After you were given anesthetics, Abe took you into the elevator. But when you got out of the elevator, Tessa took over. Their plan was to let Tessa take you to a hidden place and let you sleep for a few days so that I would not have the peace of mind to take care of the things in Lavelian Village. However, they didn’t expect Tessa to send you there, let alone that I would save you.”

I froze for a few seconds before digesting what he meant. Then I frowned and looked at him. “Tessa took me away today to threaten you, so you would not prosecute Armond. Yet you have already contacted the police and lawyers. Is it possible for you to change anything now?”

He nodded, “Before the case is filed, everything can be changed. Today is the last day to do so.”

I pursed my lips silently for a while and said, “But isn’t Abe already dead? Tessa has been with me all day, and she couldn’t have threatened you. Who else is involved in this?”

He raised his hand to my zipper while his voice was low and resonant. “I haven’t figured this out yet!”

Realizing that he was going to kiss me, I avoided him and said, “How is Armond today? Did you let him go?”

He stretched out his hand to pull me close into his arms, his voice husky, "Mm-hmm!"

I frowned at his response. "He almost killed you, Ashton. How could he let him go so easily? You're going too easy on him."

Nonetheless, he was distracted. The man merely hummed a response and trapped me between his legs. I opened my eyes wide and raised my hand to push him away. "Ashton, stop it!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Scarlett! We're married!" His voice was a little hoarse. I pursed my lips, pushed him away slightly, and distanced myself from him. "Not today... I'm too sleepy."

It was true as I slept quite a lot lately.

However, he didn't let me go, so I pursed my lips and said, "Ashton, I'm really sleepy. I don't want to!"

This went on for a while.

That night, I was reluctant. Ashton stopped after trying to persuade me a few times. After that, he held me and muttered, "When we have time, we need to make a visit to the hospital!"

At that moment, I was too sleepy to reply sensibly.

The weather was quite rough the next day.

It had been half a month since we came to A City. Cameron called and said that Summer had been prone to catching a cold recently. She didn't know that until she took Summer out.

It didn't come much of a surprise to me since K City was cold, and Summer was born prematurely. For all these years, I had lived with her in R Province, and the weather there was just right, so she rarely got sick. Two years ago, we moved to K City suddenly. Hence, with the change in environment, the girl would easily catch a cold now and then. However, this was all considered normal since she needed time to get used to the new environment.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 909

I was on a call with Cameron when Ashton came to me and said, "We have the bidding at Oasis Hotel this afternoon. You should come with me."

Seeing the serious look on him, I hung up the call and frowned. "Do I have to go? I'm not involved in the tender anyway. Besides, I only know that it's to find a supplier for the project. If not, Rachel's two years of hard work would go to waste."

He handed me a black tie to let me help him with it. "I really think you should go with me. I can't be at ease if you're here alone. Tessa has been released from the police station, so I'm worried you might be in danger."

As soon as he said that, I creased my brow, puzzled. "What? She almost killed me! How can they let her go just after a night? Is law made for nothing?"

He pursed his lips and responded, "Since she did not inflict direct physical harm, the police can't lay any charges on her, so she can't be detained for more than twelve hours."

No direct physical harm? Upon hearing that, I almost fainted right there and then. "That was attempted murder! The police were even at the scene when it happened. How could there be no evidence? So they can only charge a murderer after the victim has died? How ridiculous!"

I could not help but fume as I thought about the times she had harmed me. First, she almost froze me to death in the hospital. And this time, I was almost killed by her again. How could they say there's no evidence of her crime when all this while she's been plotting my death?

Seeing that I was shaking with anger, Ashton placed his warm hands on me and calmed me down. "She found someone to bail her out. By the time my subordinates arrived at the police station, she was already gone."

"Huh? Who bailed her out?" Isn't she from a small county? And Tabitha told me that she did not have any close friends there. How could she have someone to bail her out?

“It was Derek Watson.” Ashton grabbed my hand and brought me down to the entrance. Then, he asked me to wait for him while he went to get his car.

Mr. Watson? Linda’s ex-husband?

A while later, Ashton drove over and picked me up. I looked at him and asked, “Why is he involved in this matter? I only know that there are some business relations between them. But why would he bail her out? That was her private matter.”

He turned to me and sighed, “Have you ever look into Tessa’s background?”

His question made me even more confused. When he saw me staring at him, he smiled and said, “They had a complicated relationship when they were young. And do you know that she had a tea business?”

His words reminded me that when we were in Venria, Tessa said that she used to have two houses and a Mercedes-Benz when she was in her twenties, and she even had two shops that sold tea leaves. Her assets were probably worth a few million. If she were from a wealthy family, I could understand why a young girl from a rural area could own so much, but she was not. Come to think of it, I realized there was more to her story than what she had told us.

I looked at Ashton, waiting for him to elaborate, but he hesitated and said, “I still need to investigate more before I could explain it to you.”

Although Ashton did not tell me more, I somehow understood the situation. If one looked at Tessa closely, one could see that she had a slight saddle nose deformity and an asymmetrical jaw. She probably had plastic surgery ten years ago and failed to follow up for maintenance, so her facial features had turned crooked over the years.

“How about the things that happened yesterday?” The only one I could think of was him.

As Ashton drove down the road, he deliberated for a while and replied, “I don’t think it’s him. He wouldn’t involve himself in this complicated matter.”

When we arrived at the entrance of the Oasis Hotel, there were many people gathered at the door. They seemed as if they were there to welcome Ashton. I turned to him and asked, "Were you the one who arranged this?"

He shook his head. "It's not me."

Later, a middle-aged man with a potbelly came towards us as we walked into the hotel. I did not recognize him at first, but as he came closer, I realized that he was Derek. When he saw Ashton, he rushed over and greeted Ashton enthusiastically. "When I heard that you're inviting companies to rebid, I can't wait to come and join it. Mr. Fuller, I hope you won't ignore us this time."

Geez, this man is really awful!

I pursed my lips and held Ashton's arm. Derek then turned to me and smiled awkwardly. "Ms. Stovall, long time no see. You're still as beautiful as ever."

What I admired about Derek was that he never failed to put up a smile and ingratiate himself with the person he disliked even when both of them knew that they hate each other.

I pursed my lips and frowned, refusing to talk to him. I've not forgotten what he did at the bar, and I certainly won't let it slide. Seeing my attitude, he was not upset at all. He then humbly introduced his company to Ashton and curried favor with him.

On the other hand, Ashton remained silent the whole time, looking impassive as always. I wondered if he paid attention to Derek's words as I definitely did not listen to any of them.

However, there was one thing I wanted to comment on. I narrowed my eyes at Derek and said, "I see Mr. Watson is a man with multiple careers."

“Oh, Ms. Stovall, you’ve misunderstood! How could a person like me own a company? It’s my ambitious wife who established the company. She’s been aspiring to become a successful businesswoman for a long time. So, I took a day off to be here today to help her bid for this project.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 910

I gave him a faint smile. "Oh, so it belongs to your wife? Seems like I'm the one who had overthought. But I do hope to meet your wife one day."

Just then, the elevator arrived, and Derek changed the topic, ushering Ashton into the elevator. When we reached the destination, he excused himself and went away.

Ashton glanced at me and said, "You're normally a quiet person, but you're surprisingly chatty with Derek just now. Did he offend you before?"

I shrugged nonchalantly and found myself a seat to sit. "Not really, but he did infuriate me before. I really dislike him. He abandoned his wife and his child, and yet he still had the nerve to say that the company belongs to his wife. What a jerk!"

He looked at me curiously and asked, "How did you know about his background?"

I pursed my lips. "His ex-wife is Linda, and she is a single parent. He does not have a wife at all, so it was all lies. He was the one who owns the company. Hmph, I swear I've never seen such a corrupt person."

As I continued to badmouth Derek, Ashton gazed at me amusedly.

Suddenly, Rachel came over and passed a document to Ashton. When she saw me sitting beside him, she furrowed her brows, displeased with my presence. She probably thought that it was inappropriate for me to observe the tendering process.

I did not take it to heart and ignored her. After he looked through the document, he looked at her and asked, "Is Motha Group a financial investment firm?"

Rachel nodded in response. "It used to be an investment company, but it has changed into a small company recently, managed by a young girl. They are not doing so well, so you don't have to put this company into your consideration."

“Okay. Who would be their representative today?”

Rachel was surprised that Ashton would ask more about the company. “It’s the daughter of the former chairperson, Scott Webster. Her name is Hailey Webster. She is still quite young. Rumor has it that she took over the deteriorating company not long after her father passed away. Currently, their business is just barely managing to get by.”

He frowned, seemingly deep in his thought.

Half an hour later, the event started. Rachel had always been competent at work, so it was not a surprise that she could manage the entire tendering process without Ashton’s guidance. Hence, he did not participate in the facilitation process but only observed the tendering among the members of the audience with me.

A few hours passed, and the big companies were finally done with their proposal presentations. I was about to fall asleep when a young lady with a cold, impassive face went up the stage, instantly catching my attention.

There was nothing special about her, but it was hard not to notice an adolescent who looked about seventeen years old presenting on the stage as all the other presenters were adults.

The girl was wearing a black dress, looking a little gloomy. She stood on the stage, swept a glance over the audience, and started to present her proposal calmly.

However, her proposal did not attract any attention from the audience. An expert in construction tendering would probably comment that her proposal did not have any points that stood out, so it was rather boring and general. Therefore, my attention was not on her presentation but on her face.

At first glance, this little girl looked rather low-spirited and had an air of melancholy around her, like a dead soul in a living body. I did not know why I would describe her in this way, but this was the feeling I got when I first landed my gaze on her.

Since the Motha Group was a small company, no questions were asked from the host, and she came down from the stage as soon as she ended her presentation. Nonetheless, I could not help but stare at her as she walked past me. Noticing that someone was looking at her, she glanced in my direction.

Our eyes met, and I felt inexplicably cold; there was not even a hint of warmth in this girl.

I averted my gaze and focused on Rachel, who was announcing the tender results on the stage. The Fuller Corporation was a big company, after all. Hence, many corporations were eager to win the bid as a deal signed with the Fuller Corporation would guarantee a huge profit to their companies.

After a detailed analysis of the tender documents submitted by the participating big companies, she decided to choose Derek's trading company in the end. The decision was fully entrusted to her as Ashton trusted her excellent capability at work.

Therefore, he made no further comments.

When the event came to an end, Rachel and Ashton still had some discussion to make, so I wandered around the room and saw the girl in a black dress standing at the entrance. As I got closer to her, I realized that she was staring blankly at a piece of art in front of her.

I believed humans had an instinct to seek only benefits and avoid danger. Standing in front of the girl, my gut told me to stay away from her and not to get involved with her. There were so many things about her that I was familiar with but unwilling to face.

When I was about to turn and leave, she suddenly called out to me. "I thought you wanted to chat with me."

I hesitated for a moment and turned around eventually. Looking at her dark brown eyes, I said, "Business is not suitable for you."

Unperturbed, she nodded. "I know."

I pursed my lips and cast my gaze on the poignant image in front of her. It seemed to be unrelated to the bidding. Perhaps it was left to be displayed here merely for aesthetic purposes.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 911

“You seem to like the color black,” I commented. To be honest, I did not want to encounter these negative things again.

She nodded frankly in response. After observing the image for a while, she turned to me again and raised her brow. “Are you a staff of the Fuller Corporation?”

“Yes.” I nodded.

“I see.” Then, she continued, “The man who was sitting beside you just now is your husband, isn’t he? I can see that he treats you well.”

I did not deny her words and pursed my lips.

After a short pause, she lowered her head, looking pensive. “It’s good that he can heal you.”

I kept quiet for a while before saying, “You also know that business is not suitable for you. So, why don’t you do the things that you want to do? The only way to heal us is to seek for the things that make us happy.”

She merely smiled and did not reply.

Just then, Ashton finished his discussion with Rachel and walked over to us. He knitted his eyebrows in confusion when he saw that I was talking with Hailey. Seeing Ashton, she left without saying anything.

I stood there and waited for Ashton to come closer. He asked, “Someone you know?”

I shook my head in reply and changed the topic. “Are you done with your discussion?”

He nodded and asked, “There’s a celebratory banquet tonight. Do you want to go with me?”

Ever since the incidents I had with Tessa, Ashton had been insisting that I stay with him 24/7. I nodded in response and looked in the direction Hailey had left. An indescribable feeling swept through me at that moment.

When a person who had undergone rhinoplasty saw a retracted columella scar on the other person's nose, he would know that the other person also had a rhinoplasty like himself. The same principle applied to Hailey and me as well. The moment we first met each other, we instinctively knew that both of us were depressed.

Depression could never be cured; the symptoms could only be alleviated or suppressed as time went by. What we could do was to search for the light at the end of the tunnel and fill the emptiness in our hearts with warmth and happiness. Hailey was right; I was lucky to have Ashton in my life. He was the one who healed me and brought me warmth.

However, this did not mean it applied to everyone else. I had no idea what she had gone through in her life, but the emptiness in her eyes told me that she was still struggling in the dark.

At night, we went to the dinner as planned.

I often attended banquets similar to this, so I was quite familiar with the process. Normally, the people involved from the two companies would gather for a dinner together, exchange pleasantries, and get acquainted with each other.

I was rather reluctant to join this banquet as it was hosted by Derek. However, what surprised me was that Dante and Danny were at the banquet as well.

It had been a while since I last saw them. Dante did not change much, except that his skin had turned fairer, probably because the UV rays were weaker in our country.

He was dressed formally with black-framed glasses, and currently, he was raising a toast to Derek obsequiously. On the other hand, Danny was still the same. He was now standing in the corner, enjoying the food on his plate heartily. I guess he is still a foodie.

Seeing that I was observing them, Ashton asked curiously, "You know them?"

I nodded in response. When I was about to go to Danny, Derek came over to curry favor with Ashton. Hence, Dante, who was tagging along with Derek, saw me as well.

He squinted slightly and raised his glass towards me with a smile. "Ms. Stovall, long time no see. I didn't expect to see you here. Fate has kindly brought us together again."

Derek was going to toast Ashton, but when he heard Dante's words, he smiled and asked, "Both of you know each other?"

"Of course. We are good friends indeed. I initially thought that we would never meet again, but look at us now! It must be fate!" He sounded so sarcastic when he said that we were "good friends."

I pursed my lips and shifted a bit towards Ashton. I really can't bring myself to smile at a devil.

Just then, Ashton caught my movement and looked at Dante. "May I know who you are?"

Dante was indifferent to my attitude. "You must be Mr. Fuller. My name is Dante. Ms. Stovall and I met each other when we were in Venria, but now she seems to have forgotten about me. My heart is broken."

At that, Ashton furrowed his brows slightly and exchanged a few more words with them before sending them away. Then, he turned to me and asked quizzically, "He said both of you met in Venria. Is that true?"

I nodded. "He is Abe's subordinate." As I replied to Ashton, I looked over to Danny, but he was gone. I glanced around, looking for him, but to no avail.

Ashton seemed to want to ask more questions, but I said, "We'll talk later. I need to go out for a while." Without listening to his reply, I immediately went to the corner where Danny was standing just now and walked along the corridor to find him.

I searched around again, but he was still out of sight. However, when I passed by the restroom, I saw Tessa standing at the door. She seemed unsurprised to see me here. She smiled mirthlessly and said, "What a coincidence. We've met again."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 912

At that time, I had no intention to chat with her, so I told her calmly, "I don't think it's a coincidence."

Glancing around, I did not see Danny, so I turned around to leave. But Tessa stopped me and said, "Oh, why? You seem to be looking for someone."

"Get out of my way!" I had no time or patience for people like her.

However, she continued to use her chubby body to block my way and taunted, "Why are you so aggressive? Are we not good friends? Don't you remember all the dangerous situations that we had been through in Venria? Do you treat Nora and the others like this, too?"

I glared at her and scoffed. "Friends, huh? What kind of friend would put me into a mortuary cabinet? And what kind of friend would plot my death every day? Tessa, you've insulted the term 'friends.' Don't compare yourself with Nora and the others. You're downright disgusting!"

Suddenly, she burst into laughter. "I'm disgusting? Scarlett, did you forget that you were the one who caused me to be sexually assaulted in Venria? Did you seriously think that I could act like nothing had happened after we left there? Do you know the feeling of being gang-raped in front of everyone else? No, you don't. You were the one who saw me being violated by those men. You knew that they raped me because of you, and yet, you did not do anything to help me. And now you even have the audacity to think that it's not your fault. Maybe everyone else had forgotten about it, but I can't. It will forever be engraved in my memory. From the moment I left Venria, I vowed to make all of you suffer as much as I did!"

She looked at me sinisterly as her eyes blazed with hate and wrath. I was rendered speechless as I thought that she had let go of the past. After all, I knew that there was nothing I could do to undo the hurt that I had inflicted on her. That was why I did everything I could to make a deal with Armond to let him send us back to our country and even begged him to find the best doctors to remove the kyanine in their wombs. I naively thought that she would forgive us and move on.

But she's right. Why does she have to forgive us, especially me? She would not have been hurt if it weren't for my little mistake. Hence, it was understandable why she hated me and wanted to seek revenge against me.

Completely absorbed in my thought, I did not know when she had left. When Ashton found me looking devastated at the corridor, he frowned. "Anything happened?"

I shook my head, lay my head against his chest, and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. It was my fault. I know that it happened because of me, but I don't know what I can do about it now!"

"What happened, Scarlett?" Ashton hugged me as he patted my back.

I did not know how to tell him about the incident in Venria, so I just shook my head and remained silent.

After that, Ashton brought me back to the villa. I lay on the bed and felt dejected, but I did not want to continue to wallow in misery. Whenever people were accused, they would always defend themselves and find numerous reasons to convince themselves that it was not their fault. But, wrong is wrong.

I also kept trying to comfort myself, reminding myself of what I had done for her – I was the one who helped her escape from Venria, I harbored no grudge against her after she purposely threw away my documents at the airport, and I could even forgive her for harming me several times. However, all of these could not deny the fact that she was hurt because of me.

After laying on the bed for a long time, I realized that Ashton had not come back from the study. So, I went there and saw him staring at the monitor. When he heard me enter, he looked up and asked, "Are you feeling better?"

I nodded in reply and went over to sit beside him. As I landed my gaze on the computer screen, I was shocked to see that he was looking at some surveillance footage. "I thought the footage from the hospital was destroyed. How did you get this?"

He looked at me and replied, "I hired someone to fix it, so the footage at the elevator and the morgue had been recovered. Even though Abe and Tessa were wearing masks, we could still identify them from this footage."

I hesitated for a moment and looked at him. "What are you going to do next?" The reason why he put so much effort into recovering the footage was to put Tessa into prison. This footage would be enough to

charge her for cooperating with Abe in attempted murder. Although she could not be sentenced to life imprisonment, she would definitely be imprisoned for several years.”

Ashton watched the footage with a solemn look. After a while, he said, “It’s too dangerous to let her stay in the society. She should be thrown into prison for a few years.”

I fell silent. After a long pause, I asked, “Can you not pass this to the police?”

“Why?” He frowned, baffled.

“I owe her for that. When we were in Venria, she was hurt because of me. And that was the reason why she has been targeting me.” I was not sure if it was right to do so, but if I sent her into prison now, I would feel guilty for the rest of my life. After all, it was my fault that she was violated, even though I was not the one who harmed her.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 913

Ashton looked at me for a long time before saying, "Okay. Since you want to stop here, I won't do anything for now. I'll let you keep this footage, in case one day you would need it."

Then, he copied the file into a USB drive and handed it to me.

I took it and leaned on his shoulder, feeling touched. "Ashton, I feel like I always cause you trouble."

He smiled and lifted my chin with his finger. With a solemn look on him, he said, "Don't always deny yourself, Scarlett. You're very outstanding. No one on earth would risk their lives to go into such a cold place for my stomach. And no one would reject those exceptional men to be with me. In fact, I should be the one to say thank you. You're the one who makes my life whole."

I blushed at his words. Is this his love declaration for me?

A sense of warmth swept through me that instant.

We would probably still argue with one another, get angry at each other, or quarrel because of some trivial matters, but we knew in the depths of our hearts that we belonged only to each other, and no one could separate us.

In a nutshell, the tender in A City was won by Derek, and Rachel would be fully in charge of the project. Winter came, and Ashton and I went back to K City.

Nora called me one day, saying that she and Armond had come back from overseas. Even though Armond was left unharmed, the Murphy Corporation had suffered a great loss from the previous incident. Thus, he did not have the ability to retaliate against the Fuller Corporation for the time being.

Time flew by, and it was now the end of November.

Two days after arriving in K City, I settled down and phoned Sasha's mother. Previously, I had transferred about a million into her bank card, so she told me not to give them any more money. She also said that they had given up on the medical treatment, so they had left the hospital and brought Renee to see the outside world.

After a few rings, the call went through. I could hear the sound of wind blowing from the other side of the line, and Sasha's mother greeted, "Mrs. Fuller, it's been a long time since we've contacted each other. How are you?"

I greeted back and asked, "Mrs. Brooks, where are you guys now? Is Renee feeling better? I really think that you should come back and bring her to the hospital again. I believe it can still be cured."

Upon that, she sighed, "Mrs. Fuller, thank you for all that you've done for Sasha and us. Actually, my husband and I have brought Renee to Turlen. We've never traveled overseas, so this time we brought Renee here to fulfill Sasha's wish. As for Renee, we won't continue the treatment anymore. Thank God she has been well these few days. Maybe when we're done traveling around here, her health condition would have improved by then."

I was taken aback for a second, but when I was about to reply to her, the call was disconnected. It was probably because of a bad signal.

Everyone perceived the meaning of life differently. Thus, I respected their decision to bring Renee to Turlen. Maybe she could be cured by the vast blue sky and the towering mountain peaks there. After all, who would know?

After putting down the phone, I headed straight to the Moore Residence. Cameron said that Summer was having a fever again. When I reached there, she was sleeping soundly on her bed.

"She took her breakfast today, and she's been sleeping since then," Cameron said as she looked at Summer worriedly.

I placed my hand on her warm forehead and sighed, "Summer was born prematurely and did not get much breast milk when she was a toddler, so I guess that's why she is a sickly child. That time when she was at R Province, her health was not as bad as now. Perhaps the poor air quality in K City causes her immune system to become weaker."

When I said that, Cameron sighed as well, "These few days I've been preparing a lot of nutritious food for her, but she doesn't seem to eat much and gets thinner and thinner. Indeed, R province is a place of nature, so it would be a better place for her. Perhaps both of you should bring her there and let her convalesce at R province. The most important thing for a child like her is to have a healthy body."

I nodded in agreement. Recently, I had been thinking about this matter. Now that I did not need to work at the Murphy Corporation anymore, I was actually quite free. But if I brought Summer to R Province alone, Ashton might want to follow along, and that would interfere with his job. Besides, Armond was still a threat to the Fuller Corporation. If Ashton were to make a slip or two, I'm sure Armond would pounce on the Fuller Corporation immediately.

"After Ashton takes care of everything here, we will move to R Province for some time," I replied, looking at Summer's sunken cheeks. Sasha's daughter is about her age, too.

Cameron nodded and said, "You should advise Ashton not to spend too much time on work. The two of you are not young anymore. I had consulted a doctor about your condition, Scarlett. You're not infertile. It's just that you needed time to recover from your previous injury. After so many years have passed, I believe your body can conceive again. Therefore, I do hope that both of you would go to the hospital someday. After all, you two need to have a baby of your own. By the way, a few days ago, I bumped into Sally at the hospital. She was with a man about her age, and I saw them going to the obstetrics and gynaecology department. I was curious, so I asked around and was told that she was planning to conceive."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 914

That was unexpected. After everything that had happened to Sally, she moved to the suburbs of K City for a change of environment. I assumed she would be living out the rest of her life peacefully herself. Never did I expect her to find a new partner, much less a kid.

I replied, "That's good to know. After all, she spent half her life embroiled with the White family. Now that she's found someone she wants to start a family with, she won't be lonely anymore."

Cameron nodded. "Indeed. As we age, we fear loneliness. That's why you and Ashton should hurry up and have kids to liven up the house. Look at Emery, her child's almost six months old now. Don't worry, I'll pass my work responsibilities to Nick and help you with child-rearing."

"I'll just let nature take its course. Besides, Summer is practically under your care now. You'll have a hard time handling two kids."

"No biggie. I mean, isn't your dad very free nowadays? Get him a child to curb that bad temper of his." She laughed at her own words.

Afraid that Summer might wake up, we tiptoed our way out of her room.

After my chat with Cameron, I drove over to Fuller Corporation to meet Ashton for dinner. In the lobby, I saw Stella coming out of the lift, holding a pink lunchbox. Her rosy cheeks radiating with happiness. Is she dating?

"Ms. Collins!" My sudden greeting almost caused her to drop her lunchbox.

"M-Mrs..." Her face turned pale from shock. I felt a pang of guilt for frightening her.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to scare you. I thought you'd seen me." She was probably too immersed in her own happiness to notice her surroundings.

Stella took a few deep breaths to calm her palpitating heart. "I'm so sorry Mrs. Fuller! I wasn't paying attention."

"No need to apologize. It's my fault for calling you out suddenly. Are you... dating someone?"

She instantly hid the lunchbox behind her. "No! I was just delivering for a f-friend."

Judging from her coy response, she either just started dating or had a crush on someone. "Go for it! Women look the most charming when they're taking the lead."

Stella paused for a few moments before looking up at me. "Mrs. Fuller, it really isn't like that."

"I know. I know. Don't worry about it." I patted her shoulder before entering the lift. It sure is good to be young.

Just as I arrived on the floor of Ashton's office, I saw one of his secretaries printing some documents. She was flustered by my presence. "Mrs. Fuller, you're here!"

Although her expression seemed a bit off, I paid no heed. "Is Ashton inside?"

"He is."

As usual, I entered his office without knocking and saw him in front of his desk, buttoning up his shirt.

Hearing footsteps, he shouted, "Get lost!"

That startled me for a moment. The atmosphere in his office was dreary. "Who made you this angry?"

He paused his hands and looked up at my voice and his expression softened upon seeing my face. "What brings you here? Aren't you supposed to be visiting Summer?"

I walked over to his side, intending to help him button the rest. Then I noticed the red patches on his neck. "What happened?"

"Joseph's not here. The other secretary was careless and spilled some hot water on me."

Hearing that, I hurriedly went to the cupboard to get an ointment for his scald. I made Ashton sit on his chair as I unbuttoned the rest of his shirt. There were large red patches on his chest. "If there's really no one reliable, get Joseph to come back and leave the issues in Moranta to someone else."

"There are too many things to handle there. I won't feel safe unless it's Joseph. Although, I'll be happy if you come to visit me more. Will you?"

Looking at his reddened chest made my heart ache. I nodded. "All right. Summer's with Mom, and I have nothing going on anyway. I'll see what I can help around the office."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 915

Ashton leaned back against the backrest. His smile widened. "My wife's the best!"

While attending to his wound, it dawned on me to ask, "Ashton, tell me the truth. You must have said or done something for the secretary to pour hot water on your chest. What did you do?"

His eyes dimmed. "Do I seem like such a person to you?"

I shrugged. "That's hard to tell." Unknowingly, I increased my pressure on his wound. As an act of petty revenge, he bit my lips lightly.

"Heartless creature."

After attending to his wound, I helped him with his shirt. "Summer's down with flu. Ever since she arrived in K City, her immune system has deteriorated. After discussing with Mom, we are thinking of bringing her back to R Province to recuperate."

For a few moments, Ashton lowered his head, deep in thought. "All right. I'll tie up all the loose ends. When Joseph comes back from Moranta, we'll bring Summer to R Province."

That went so smoothly, it was almost unbelievable. "If you leave, can Joseph manage?"

"There's still Joe. Nothing to worry about." Still seated, he hugged my waist playfully. I noticed the cute lunchbox on his desk. "Did you eat out? Or did someone send you food?"

"I ordered takeaway. There wasn't time to eat out."

I nodded, not intending to ask any further.

Over the next couple of days, Ashton and I stuck to each other like glue; we ate, lived, and went to work together. One fine day, while we were lazing around in his office, I received a call from Hannah.

“Scarlett, are you at K City?” Her voice sounded hoarse.

“I am. How’s Quilo?”

“He’s fine. Actually, I have a favor to ask.”

This was out of the norm. “Did something happen?”

“It concerns your family. Actually, John didn’t want to trouble you about this, but Scarlett, you’re the only one I know who can help us! Can you get Uncle Zachery to use his connections and find out how Uncle Louis is doing?”

“What happened? Tell me everything.”

“Someone reported Uncle Louis for jobbery. They accused him of using his power to open a company for John, which is a violation of the law. It has been two days since he was taken in for investigation! John’s frantically searching, but no one has any news concerning him. Uncle Zachery’s been here for many years. I’m sure he’ll know who to look.”

“Hannah, calm down. I’ll definitely ask Dad for help. Are you alone at home? Can you contact John?”

“Quilo’s with me, and John’s phone keeps going to voicemail.” I could tell she was about to cry.

I got up from Ashton. “Don’t worry. I’ll call Dad now.” Then I hung up the phone.

Just as I was about to dial for Zachary, Ashton took away my phone. “Based on Uncle Louis’ standing, I’m sure they won’t do anything to him. He’s probably at someplace nice, answering a few questions. Give it a few more days. If your dad gets involved, how would the top brass think? A high-ranking official being friends with a dubious businessman. It would just make things worse for him.”

After considering his words, I realized how rash I was acting. If they found concrete evidence against Louis, he would have already been convicted. This silence could only mean that they had nothing against him. In this case, no news was good news. It wouldn’t help the situation one bit if I meddled blindly.

“Then what should we do now? John and Hannah must be panicking. We can’t just sit still and do nothing.”

Ashton frowned. “How would you know about John’s condition? If he’s able to lead Stovall Corporation well, I’m sure he must have thought about this, too. Don’t worry about Hannah. I’ll get someone to watch over her.”

His words were implying something. I asked, “If John knows he can’t get involved with Uncle Louis’ matter, why didn’t he tell Hannah about it? Why’s he making her worry?”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 916

Ashton grazed me gently on my nose. "Remember the last time he came to find you?"

I was reminded of the dinner I had with John at La Morera some time back. Not only did he get drunk, but he got Ashton drunk as well. I had assumed his moodiness was due to a couple's fight with Hannah, so I did not probe any further.

Now that I thought about it, it was probably more than that. "Wait. Are you saying, John is not coming home not because he's looking for help but he's avoiding Hannah?"

"You're heading in the right direction. Continue."

"And since John and Hannah are not on the best of terms now, he probably wouldn't have mentioned Uncle Louis' news to her. This means that someone must have told Hannah about it. That person must have known she would call me for help. Naturally, I would..."

Ashton looked at me with admiration. "Looks like your brain does have some merit."

I pursed my lips in annoyance. "That doesn't sound like a compliment. Anyway, who exactly is going in such a roundabout manner to get us?"

He looked at me with his obsidian eyes.

"It's the Murphys, isn't it?"

"Smart girl!"

Knowing all this, I decided to give John a call. After that conversation with Hannah, I did not expect my call to go through. To my surprise, he answered.

"How rare is this? I thought you were having so much fun, you've forgotten about me."

I chuckled at his childish remark. "I was busy with a few things. Hannah called. She told me about Uncle Louis. Are you all right?"

"Why'd she call you? There's no need to meddle in Uncle Louis' affair." His voice was evidently annoyed.

"I understand. But did something happen between you and Hannah?" I could tell it was beyond a regular lovers' quarrel.

"What else? It's just the usual problem. Are you free tonight? Let's go grab dinner together. I've been so bored by myself recently, I need someone to talk to."

Beneath his playfulness, I could detect some weariness in his voice. "All right. Let's have dinner together."

"Great! I'll text you the address." With that, he hung up the call.

I turned to Ashton, smiling. "Shall we eat out tonight?"

"You promised him?"

I nodded.

He remained silent, which I presumed was a yes.

Right then, someone knocked on the office door. Ashton responded, "Come in!" Meanwhile, I went to his private restroom to pick a jacket for later.

"Mr. Fuller, we've just received some documents from Mr. Campbell. There are a few that require your endorsement. I'll mail it back to him first thing tomorrow."

“All right.”

After some moments of silence, I thought the secretary had left the room. To my surprise, she spoke again, “Mr. Fuller, here is an employee promotion name list compiled by the HR department. They need your approval for this. If there are any issues, you can leave a note on it.”

“Ok.” Like before, Ashton was curt with his reply.

I waited for her to leave before exiting the private restroom. While holding on to my jacket, I looked at Ashton working fast on his documents. “Do you have to finish all these by today?”

He nodded. “It’s not a lot. We’ll meet John for dinner once I’m done.”

Noticing how thick the folders were, I almost suggested going by myself, but I swallowed my words back. Then I went over to his side and picked up the name list on his desk. Seeing the few thousand over names left me speechless.

“So much for being the chairperson. How are you going to look through so many names?”

He took a glance at the list before saying, “Help me look through and circle those who have worked with us for less than three years. As for the rest, check and see whether they’ve met the promotion criteria.”

“Isn’t this a bit too careless? Although some of them haven’t worked long in Fuller Corporation, they’ve displayed exemplary performance. Shouldn’t we give those people special consideration?”

“I’ll leave it to you!”

“1...”

“After settling these, do you think I’ll still have energy left to go through every single name on the list?”
It was obvious he was counting on me for this.

I pursed my lips, unable to deny his words. In the first place, I did agree to help him out. Now that he needed my assistance, there was no reason for me to reject.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 917

A request for promotion lay among the stack of promotion documents. I opened it and read Stella's name written boldly on it. Stella wrote in a sincere, flowing manner, carefully detailing her experience at the Fuller Corporation as well as the expectations that had been placed on her. I noticed that Stella had occupied her position for barely more than a year. However, in all her time at Fuller Corporation, she had not produced any particularly outstanding work. After careful consideration, I set Stella's request aside.

After a while, Ashton turned to me once he'd completed all his tasks on hand. He glanced at the pile of promotion letters with interest, then picked up Stella's cast aside one and gave it a casual once-over. Ashton then commented, "There's no need to take this so seriously. We've had no lack of remarkable employees. It's not even in the criteria for promotion anymore."

I nodded, then looked at him curiously. "Have you been very busy lately?"

Ashton arched an eyebrow and declared, "Yes!"

I sighed, "These matters used to be managed by the respective heads of department. Everything's on you now, so it'll be a miracle if you weren't busy. You should be supervising the work and contributions of a few directors at most, not the entire company."

"There's a name list that's already been vetted. You can take a look," Ashton advised. I flipped through the stack accordingly and located the document. Scanning through the list, nearly all of its names had been nominated by the respective directors and senior management.

Was my meticulous analysis of each individual completely unnecessary then? I felt slightly ridiculous and laughed sheepishly. "If I told you that I didn't see it, would you believe me?"

Ashton gave me a hand, then pulled me up. "Sure. Leave it. I'll come back to sign these afterward."

I had a sneaking suspicion that Ashton had been delaying me on purpose.

When we entered the elevator, Ashton pressed me against the wall. In a low, hoarse whisper, he demanded, "Aren't you going to reward me a little?"

I blinked at him, baffled. "What kind of reward do you want?" I queried.

Looking at my bewildered expression, Ashton frowned. His handsome face looked almost petulant at the moment. He flung my hand aside and retreated to another corner of the elevator to sulk.

I was used to his pettiness, however, and leaned towards him flirtatiously. Tiptoeing, I planted a kiss on his lips, then teased, "If we don't manage to do it here, I'll compensate you tonight, OK?"

Childish as he was, Ashton was easily won over. The man warmed to my proposal instantly and grinned. "Now that's an idea."

I couldn't resist smiling back at him. Just then, I recalled the matter with Sally and inquired curiously, "Ashton, Mom said that she ran into Aunt Sally at the hospital. She sounds like she's seeing someone now. Have you been in touch with her recently?"

Ashton shook his head. "I've been busy lately and haven't been to see her. She's getting on in years, and it must be lonely for her, living on her own. It would be good for her to have someone keep her company."

I nodded, approving. Sally had lived in the White residence for years. She'd spent her days fighting with Sharon when she wasn't caring for Benjamin, then had been greatly troubled by Marcus. All these years, Sally had never had the chance to do anything for herself. If Sally had indeed managed to find someone to enjoy the rest of her days with, that would be ideal.

When the elevator doors opened, Ashton hauled me out of it. Streams of employees getting off work flowed ceaselessly through the lobby. Many lingered leisurely around the front counter, chatting idly.

I glanced at their faces inquisitively. In the middle of the crowd, a man in his twenties was clutching a bouquet to his chest. With one knee on the ground, both his posture and face were brimming with ardor.

Curious, I pulled Ashton over to take a closer look. The man was in the middle of a proposal, and further examination revealed the object of his affections to be Stella. I was a firm believer in the magic of youth, and it was no wonder that Stella had the man before her looking so absolutely smitten.

Bashful, Stella's entire face was suffused with red. She looked rather awkward, perhaps due to the large crowd that had gathered around them in eager anticipation of her reply. She gazed helplessly at the man who was still kneeling hopefully before her, then said in a low voice, "Justin, can we discuss this back at home? Let's go back first."

Sally reached out and tugged at him, but Justin seemed resolute on seeing his proposal through. He gazed at her adoringly and declared, "Stella, I really do love you! Say yes, and I promise I'll take care of you for the rest of your life."

The crowd was hollering and cheering. In just a split second, a chant picked up, "Say yes, say yes..."

The smile that had frozen on Stella's face faltered. It was evident now that she hadn't been shy. She was merely embarrassed at having been placed in this difficult spot. While surveying her surroundings, Stella's eyes fell upon me. She gulped, then turned back to Justin, stating, "Justin, I don't understand why you would propose to me. You know that I don't love you and naturally won't agree. Why are you fooling yourself? I've told you this more than once already. Please leave, and don't ever use this sort of romantic proposal to harass me ever again, OK?"

Nobody present had imagined that that heartfelt and moving proposal would end so tragically. A hush fell over the crowd, and quite a number crept off tactfully.

Still kneeling, Justin's face had turned crimson with shame.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 918

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Is Ashton approaching menopause? I wondered wryly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Crest? Jared?

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

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

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

I automatically looked up, then started in surprise.

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

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

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 919

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's going on?" Ashton demanded.

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

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

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

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

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 920

Rebecca glared menacingly at me. “Ms. Stovall, since when did you become such a busybody?”

“Go home and argue!” Ashton broke in icily. The steely look that he fixed on Joe was frightening. “You may think nothing of these women, but spare a thought for the Fuller and Quinn Corporations.”

Joe gritted his teeth, palpably displeased. “Enough. Can’t I even eat in peace now? Damn it!” He shook off Kristina’s hands violently, then immediately got up and stalked out of the room.

The others around the table had been shrinking down in their seats ever since the conflict began. Subdued, they now quietly filed out and dispersed. Rebecca had dashed out in chase of Joe, whereas Kristina alone remained in the private room.

I tugged at Ashton’s sleeve and fretted for a moment, then turned to Kristina. “Don’t get Joe riled up. You know better than anyone why he allows you to get close to him.”

Having dispensed that word of warning, I then made to leave with Ashton. Kristina’s next question, however, halted me in my tracks. “Why are you helping me?”

I glanced over my shoulder at Kristina, then replied, “I’m not helping you. It was meant to be a reminder.” Joe’s feelings for Rebecca weren’t to be sniffed at. No matter what had happened, Joe had remained steadfast by Rebecca’s side without considering anyone else. It was obvious that Joe was making ruthless use of Kristina to make Rebecca jealous.

At that moment, Kristina’s smile looked more like a grimace. “It doesn’t matter,” she said bitterly. “Money is all that matters to me. Whatever happens between Joe and Rebecca is none of my business.”

I shrugged, then replied shortly, “Good luck, then.”

It was none of my business either. As a matter of fact, I had done more than my part in even mentioning the facts of the matter. Whether Kristina was receptive towards what I’d said was no longer my concern.

After all that drama, Ashton and I walked out of the private room and back to our table. John must be wondering what on earth we've been up to! I mused inwardly.

"Jared sent Summer to a factory in the suburbs. You can check, but I don't suppose Jared was planning on that child surviving. I don't know what he did to her there. Who knows what kind of scars that experience left behind?" Kristina's voice rang out from behind us.

A shiver ran down my spine. I whipped around immediately, but Kristina was already strolling off into the distance, bag in hand.

Then I turned to Ashton, distressed. "When you found Summer back then, did you notice anything strange?"

Ashton shook his head. "I'll send someone to investigate. Don't worry."

I nodded, but there was already a tumult of uneasiness stirring up within me.

Meanwhile, John saw that Ashton and I had slowly approached the table and slide back into our seats. Pursing his lips, he complained, "What on earth were the two of you up to? Didn't you come here to eat with me? Was the lack of intimacy really that unbearable?"

Ashton ignored him. Taking stock of the empty plates on the table, he asked me apprehensively, "Is there anything else you'd like to eat?"

I shook my head. "I'm not hungry. We should leave soon."

John, on the other hand, was outraged at having been ignored. "Can the two of you stop tormenting me like this? Is there a need to hurt my feelings in this manner? Didn't you come out to chat with me? Or am I here to serve as an audience for your relationship?"

Frustrated, I turned to John and shot back, "What's going on between you and Hannah?"

John lowered his gaze, then muttered thickly, "Nothing much." He clearly wished to evade both my question and the topic.

After that, I instantly turned back to Ashton and said briskly, "Let's go home then."

Just as the two of us had gotten to our feet, John clamored noisily for us to sit down. "Hey, are the two of you even sincere about meeting me? Shouldn't you behave as if you're interested in me, at least? How can you just get up and walk off like that? Both of you look like you just came here to do your business and left!"

I was a little offended by John's choice of expression. Somberly, I told him, "Mr. Stovall, can you be a little less crude?"

John chuckled. With a resigned air, he said, "Fine, I'm tired of watching the two of you act all lovey-dovey anyway. I'm going back home to sleep off my meal."

With that, Ashton and I hurried off in haste. Kristina's announcement had unsettled me, and I was terrified of something happening to Summer. Ever since she had returned to K City, Summer seemed to be in a state of near-constant illness.

"Do you think Jared would really hurt Summer?" I asked Ashton. I didn't think anyone could bear to hurt their own child, but Kristina's accusations had taken root in my heart.

At that time, Ashton was paying the bill for our meal. When he was done paying, he replied slowly, "Let's wait for the results of the investigation. We can bring Summer to the hospital for a thorough examination in the meantime."

I nodded feebly. Then, a thought struck me like a bolt of lightning. "Should we visit the prison and ask Jared himself?"

Ashton didn't speak. Instead, he fixed me with an unfathomable gaze, his dark eyes seeming to pierce through me almost.

Upon his burning gaze, I looked away. However, I chanced upon John drawing himself up in the distance. He'd clenched the two hands that had been hanging by his side into fists. The man looked absolutely incensed.

"John..." I was about to call out, but Ashton silenced me with a sharp yank. He motioned for me to keep silent and follow after him as he stepped forward.

I only noticed the pair facing John when we arrived next to him. I recognized the woman even though a considerable amount of time had elapsed since I'd last met her. She wore a pink jacket with leopard prints that contrasted nicely with her creamy skin.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 921

“Hannah!” I shrieked. I fastened my gaze on the man she was clinging to. He was tall and attired in a black down jacket. That man wasn’t exactly handsome, but his height and confidence imbued him with a magnetic aura.

The five of us engaged in this stand-off without anyone speaking for a while. I sneaked a peek at John and noticed that his face had grown thunderous and his eyes wild. After a long while, John spluttered, “How long has it been?”

Hannah looked unaffected as she casually replied, “A few months.” Those words, and all the enormity of their meaning, hung in the air between us.

John suddenly gave a loud snort. Flashing her a scornful look, he asked, “Why?”

“There’s no reason why, John. All relationships must come to an end somehow,” Hannah said breezily. Her manner seemed entirely frivolous.

Hearing her response, John hung his head. He seemed to be laughing at the sheer absurdity of the situation as his shoulders shook uncontrollably. Undoubtedly, he was unable to restrain himself any further as his emotions swelled within him and burst out in a torrent.

Without hesitation, John lunged forward and punched the other man hard in the face. Due to the pure impulse of his move, however, John’s blow did not land as well as he had probably hoped it would.

I expected Hannah to cry out in indignation or beg for mercy, but she remained unflappable. She merely crossed her arms and retreated. It was as if she was a mere spectator of the fight rather than its motive.

Meanwhile, Ashton drew me behind him protectively. We, too, watched on without intervening.

It was only when it seemed that John was on the verge of beating the other man to death that Hannah finally spoke.

“Let him go, John. If you’re still mad, take it out on me. He doesn’t know what’s going on at all,” she said with an aggravating coolness.

John paused and looked at her savagely. His eyes were bloodshot. However, he simmered down and slowly walked over to Hannah. “What do you want?” he asked with difficulty.

I had always known that John was in love with Hannah. He had his demons, and to him, Hannah had always been a place of refuge from the rest of the world. I suppose John had always firmly believed that Hannah would never leave nor betray him. In his mind, Hannah was the lighthouse that would always be waiting patiently back at the shore for him to sail home.

Yet John had forgotten that people were terribly fickle beings. He had made Hannah wait for him for too long a time. She was a woman, after all, and needed a man to love and care for her. After some time, Hannah had finally grown weary of being left out in the cold.

Hannah looked at John. She either did not notice the melancholy in his eyes or merely refused to see it. Exhaling deeply, Hannah said, “Kiki belongs to the Stovall family, so I won’t take him with me. The villa and the car are both under your name, so I’ll return them to you. As for everything else, let me keep them. I’ll take them as a reward for staying by your side all these years.”

Hannah let out a deep breath, then laughed mournfully. “There isn’t much else. Other than Kiki, we don’t have any other common possessions. At least the legal side of things won’t be too complicated. If you don’t have time or energy to care for Kiki, I will. However, you’ll need to pay child support. I won’t ask for anything else from you.”

It was heartrending to see a relationship reduced thus to the stark, bare-bones of assets and payments. There was nothing left to say between John and Hannah. Even goodbye felt redundant.

John’s emotions had gradually subsided. He then merely replied, “We’ll talk about it when we get back.”

Without waiting for Hannah’s response, John walked heavily towards his car. He started it and drove off without a second glance at anyone else.

Ashton and I remained where we were. As for Hannah, she watched as John's car gradually vanished in the distance, then turned towards the man sitting on the ground. "Are you all right?" she asked nonchalantly.

The man softened and patted Hannah's arm reassuringly. "I'm fine."

I stared at them, lost for words. After a while, we simply turned and walked away.

Feeling heavyhearted, I remained silent even after we'd gotten back to the car and driven off.

"Don't worry. I've sent someone to follow John. He'll be fine!" Ashton said reassuringly beside me.

I looked at him, then replied shortly, "I'm not worried about John. It's Hannah I'm concerned about. She was clearly in love with John. Why did she suddenly decide to give up their relationship?"

Ashton rested one hand on the steering wheel, his elbow on the door of the car, a picture of placid serenity. With an air of wisdom, he philosophized, "Autumn doesn't arrive in the middle of spring. And when it does, the leaves on the trees don't fall all at once. Perhaps Hannah was made to wait for too long and lost hope in the relationship."

I bit my lip and turned away. Unbeknownst to Ashton, I was no stranger to that feeling.

I'd drifted off to sleep on the drive back, and Ashton had picked me up and carried me straight into the bedroom. I opened my eyes blearily to look at Ashton, who was getting undressed and ready to shower at the side of the room. "I don't know what's happening to me lately," I moaned. "I get drowsy very quickly and feel rather weak."

Ashton froze at my offhand remark, his hands arrested in the middle of taking his shirt off. He lowered them slowly and turned to me with a peculiar beam on his face. Delighted, he proclaimed, "We'll make a trip to the hospital tomorrow!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 922

I found Ashton's reaction rather bizarre and asked, "Why go to the hospital? It's not that big of a deal."

Ashton sauntered over to my side and looked fondly down at me. "Everyone should go for an annual medical checkup. I think it's been about a year since you last went for one."

I nodded absently, then lay back down on the bed. Since Ashton had left the bed to me, I sprawled happily across its entire width while sighing in satisfaction and comfort.

It was the beginning of winter, and the temperature in K City had plummeted sharply. Ashton was insistent on sending me to the hospital and was up and about early in the morning. I'd been disturbed from my sleep by his bustling about and sat in the living room still yawning, half-awake.

That morning, Ashton had poured out some cereal for both of us. "Would you like some chopped nuts?" he asked, popping his head out of the kitchen.

I nodded, my eyes teary from the multiple yawns I'd just unleashed. "Sure."

It was a cold, misty morning. I couldn't help but shudder at the thought of stepping out into the frigid air and made a mental note to myself to don a few more layers before leaving.

Ashton emerged from the kitchen with the two bowls of cereal in hand. He placed them on the table, then added, "Would you like some pancakes as well?"

I sneezed, then sniffed at Ashton, "No need. I'll just have the cereal. Since we're going to the hospital, why don't we drop by my Mom's place and bring Summer along? We can get her checked out at the same time."

Ashton agreed. "Let's eat, then!"

Without another word, I slurped the cereal noisily. Ashton gave me a look, then chided, "Can't you eat a little more gracefully?"

I felt thoroughly humbled, like a child who had just received a smack on the wrist.

Just then, I recalled that Nora was back in K City, so I reminded Ashton. “Nora’s back in K City. We should bring her out for a meal to catch up and play the host. Besides, I don’t feel too safe leaving her to Armond.”

Ashton nodded, then replied, “All right. Ask her over to stay, then, or arrange for her to stay in a hotel. It isn’t safe anyway for a woman to be wandering around K City alone.”

“Armond won’t hurt her, will he?” I asked anxiously. Ever since the incident at the warehouse, my opinion of Armond had been totally turned on its head. I was thus a little wary of whether Nora could be entrusted to him.

Noting that I had finished my cereal, Ashton nudged his bowl of cereal over to me. “You’re hungry, aren’t you? Eat up!” he encouraged.

I felt a sense of warmth within me. Actually, I wasn’t that hungry, but I ate the rest of the cereal with pleasure anyway.

I’d actually wanted to probe more into the matter, but Ashton forbade me. “We can talk later. Finish your breakfast first.”

Ashton had always been rather traditional this way. He firmly believed we should be focused on gaining nutrients rather than information during meals between the two of us.

With that, I nodded docilely, then finished the rest of the cereal before me.

After breakfast, I dawdled a little all the way to the door, putting on my shoes slowly in the hallway. Ashton had gone ahead to start the car. Just then, my phone rang shrilly in my bag. I fished it out only to see Mrs. Brooks’ name flashing across the screen. I answered, “Mrs. Brooks!”

Before she could even speak, I felt a rush of woe over the phone. Mrs. Brooks gave a long sigh, then said, "Mrs. Fuller, Renee passed away last night. She said she wanted to be buried with her mother. I brought her back to K City with me today. I don't have any close friends or family, and you were probably the one who showed her the most affection in this life. If you have time to spare, Renee's grandfather and I would like to invite you to her funeral."

My mind went blank. Ashton had already driven the car out to the front. However, I remained in my seat, staring ahead blankly as my head throbbed.

Ashton leaped out of the car and ran up to me, puzzled. "What's wrong?"

I hadn't hung up the phone, so Mrs. Brooks' voice drifted over the line, fearfully asking, "Mrs. Fuller, are you there?"

"I'm here," I snapped. I was choking up and struggled to get the words out of my throat. With a frown, Ashton eyed me as he placed an arm around my shoulders.

"Renee will be buried at Woodhills. She said she wanted to lie next to her mother," Mrs. Brooks declared through her tears, her voice hoarse. She'd evidently spent the past few days mourning.

I made a small sound of acknowledgment. Heartbroken, I drew in a deep breath and said, "All right. We'll come over in a while, Mrs. Brooks."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fuller," Mrs. Brooks sniffled in a low voice. We then ended the call somberly.

When I placed my phone back in my bag, Ashton squinted at me with obvious disquiet in his eyes. "What happened?"

I paused, then said brokenly, "It's Sasha's daughter, Renee. Her grandparents did not continue her treatment and brought her to Turlen instead. Renee passed away mid-journey, and her body will arrive in K City today to be buried."

Ashton frowned. After a moment of silence, he suggested, "Can we go over after we've visited the hospital?"

I shook my head. "Let's go to the airport. We'll accompany them all the way to the cemetery."

Ashton agreed after some deliberation. "OK, I'll come with you."

The news of Renee's sudden departure had stupefied me. I'd always held out the hope that as long as she endured this present suffering, she'd eventually recover.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 923

Never would I have expected that that would be the last time I saw her.

When we got in the car, Ashton took my hand in his, his warm hand soothed me. I glanced sideways at him and said weakly, "That kid, I..."

"You did your best!" He patted me and said comfortingly, "Don't blame yourself. You did what you could, so just leave the rest in the hand of fate. The child came and left this world as a pure person, and this is probably the best way out for her. That she left. It's the people who are left behind that suffer the most."

Yeah, those left behind without seeing any hope in life are the people who suffer the most.

Sasha's parents were already waiting when we arrived at the airport. Their hair had turned white, and their faces were now covered with wrinkles and vicissitudes of life since I last saw them. Looking at the two of them made me heartbroken. They had gone through so much suffering and even had to deal with the passing of their own child and even their grandchild. Most people could never imagine the number of distressing events they had gone through in their lives.

When they saw us, Sasha's mother, who probably had cried her tears dry, looked at me with a dry smile. "Mrs. Fuller, we've troubled you too much. We can never repay your kindness in this lifetime."

I shook my head slightly and looked at her. "Mrs. Brooks, don't overthink this. Come, get in the car!"

Sasha's father was not a man of many words. Thus, he remained silent throughout the ride as he hugged Renee's urn tightly. The sight caused tears to well up in my eyes.

As we headed toward Woodhills Cemetery, I noticed that the couple's faces were both filled with exhaustion, most likely because they had not rested well in a long time.

I had originally wanted to take them to eat something first, but judging by their expressions, they probably could not stomach anything. I sighed softly and gave up that thought.

Woodhills Cemetery was the largest cemetery in K City, in which a small area of land already cost tens of thousands. When we arrived, the elderly couple got off the car and walked over to a burial plot that they had bought.

Ashton and I merely followed behind them as they walked. Shane's gambling addiction had caused the family to lose most of their relatives, and since Renee was also ill, the two elderly were the only people present to send Renee off.

The lonely, empty funeral neither had a stream of people coming to see Renee off nor any flowers. Only the two empty-handed elderly were there.

Unable to stand it any longer, I looked at Ashton and said, "Can you get the funeral home to send over some funeral items for children? It's Renee's last journey, so we should let her go happily."

Although I did not know if ghosts or gods truly existed in the world, I knew that Sasha's parents had spent all their money just to treat the child's illness. They wanted to give her the best, but reality forced them to bid their farewells in such a miserable way.

Ashton nodded in reply and walked off to make a call.

The staff at the cemetery registered Renee's burial site, he noticed that there were only two elderly people and got slightly shocked but did not probe any further. Perhaps he had gotten used to such a sight since he was working in a place full of sorrowful parting. He had seen too many families having to part and was used to the ways of the world.

Soon, the staff at the funeral home had arrived and proceeded with the burial processes and customs. Reluctant to let Renee go, Sasha's mother looked at me with her eyes full of hesitation instead.

I gave her a slight smile as I comforted her, saying that everything would be fine as long as the child left peacefully and comfortably.

Even though the burial was only for a child, the sky had already darkened by the time the funeral ended. Sasha's father squatted in front of the small grave, his face full of pain and desolation.

Sasha's mother then raised her hand to wipe away the tears in her eyes and said, "My dear, let's go home. Renee will keep Sasha company now. They won't be lonely!"

Not good with words, the old man simply wiped away his own tears before he replied, "That's good. At least the mother and the daughter can be together without us being a burden to them. They'll be able to live well."

When we left, the elderly couple were too embarrassed to take our car back and insisted that they would wait for a taxi. However, as the cemetery was far from the city and the sky was already dark, Ashton and I did not want to let them wait alone.

Seeing that we were still keeping them company while they waited, the elderly couple sheepishly got into the car, thanking us the whole way back.

When we arrived at the urban village, Sasha's mother said, "Thank you for sending us back. The village roads are narrow, so it's not easy to drive in. Thanks so much for today. You can drop us off here, and we'll walk in ourselves."

Ashton had originally wanted to drive in, but the car could not squeeze through the road indeed. Thus, we could only stop the car and let the couple walk in by themselves.

As he watched the two white-haired elderly walk down the narrow dirt road, Ashton asked, "Have they always lived here?"

I paused for a moment, then shook my head slightly. "I'm not very sure. I think Joseph mentioned to me that Shane had gambled away their house. After that, Sasha rented another house somewhere. I think it is probably the one here."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 924

The houses in the urban village were old, and the structures and facilities were all inconvenient and there were a lot of safety hazards. However, they could survive here at the very least as it was cheap.

As Ashton continued to watch the elderly couple walking further away, he hesitated, then said, "How long has it been since Sasha left?"

"Almost three or four months."

He frowned slightly. "Most of the houses here have their leases renewed every three months!"

At first, I did not understand what he meant. Then, as soon as I got it, I hurriedly got out of the car and chased after the couple. Houses in the urban village had a short rental period. Previously, when Renee was still hospitalized, Sasha's parents had basically lived there with her. Afterward, they had brought her out for such a long period of time, so it was likely that their house lease was already up.

The dirty path was filled with muddy puddles, so it was not easy to walk in. Ashton grabbed me and glanced at the path in front of us, then frowned. "This place is very uncared for."

I looked around the area and could not help but feel a little cold and lost. The roads and streetlights were mostly faulty, so some parts of the road had no light. As a result, we had to use the flashlights on our phones to light the way. Indeed, this place truly reflected the stark contrast between the poor and depressing living conditions of the bottom rank of the social classes to the luxury lifestyle of the rich people in this city.

After Ashton and I walked for a while, we realized that the couple seemed to have already walked far off. I was about to give Sasha's mother a call before we heard some noises.

The sound came from behind an old building. Using his phone's light, Ashton managed to find a small trail. However, it was very narrow, and only one person could cross at a time. He turned to me and said, "Follow me. Be careful!"

I nodded and followed after him. A while later, a small yard of about ten square meters appeared. It was littered with a mess of items.

Although it was dark, one could clearly see that the items included some daily necessities, old pots and pans, clothes, and many other random items.

“You stupid old fools. These things have been stored in my house for free for a few months. You should be glad that I didn’t collect any storage fees from you. Instead, you dare to come to take them from me? Don’t you feel embarrassed? Why would I want all these things? They’re such a mess. Just take them away and don’t get in my way!” The one speaking was a middle-aged woman who looked a little rough. I could vaguely make out her features in the dim light. She was wearing a poor-quality mink coat and a pair of overly dramatic gold earrings. Her lipstick shade looked strikingly scary. As she scolded them, she continued to throw the items outside.

With reddened eyes, Sasha’s mother said, “Mary, I didn’t mean it like that. We’re just here to take some clothes since winter is almost here. As for the rent we owe you, it’s acceptable that you take all this as payment. But our clothes aren’t worth any money and you have no use for them anyway. If you just let us take them, we’ll be able to survive this winter.”

The woman snorted coldly. “Take them then. Don’t cry to me about how miserable you are. I’ve seen too many of such people in my lifetime. Who isn’t struggling to survive? If you want your clothes, just take them. But if you can’t afford to pay the rent, don’t even think about living here anymore. There are many other people who want to rent this place!”

Sasha’s mother nodded as she searched for their clothes in the small yard. On the other hand, Sasha’s father squatted, staring at something. Although the light was dim, it seemed like he was looking at a photograph.

“Mrs. Brooks!” I said as I walked into the yard.

When she heard the sound, Sasha’s mother looked toward us and froze for a moment before she asked, “Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, why are you here?”

As she spoke, she intertwined her fingers in embarrassment. I smiled and replied, “Ashton and I were worried, so we came to check on you.”

“I’m sorry you have to see this,” replied Sasha’s mother, embarrassed.

I understood how she was feeling as this was a showcase of their poverty and embarrassment. Sadly, there was nothing she could do to hide them.

Without dragging it on any longer, I looked at the landlord and said, “They are old. Do you still have any houses on the first floor?”

When the woman recovered from her dazed state, she looked at me and replied, “Of course. Do you want to rent it?”

I nodded. “Help them bring all these back in first. I’ll pay you accordingly!”

She looked at me, then at Ashton, and soon put on a smile as she nodded. Then, she started to move things back.

Sasha’s mother looked at me blankly. “Mrs. Fuller, you’ve helped us enough. This...”

“Mrs. Brooks, live here with peace of mind and don’t worry about anything else. Just take some time to recover. Everything will get better in the future.” I did not know how else to comfort her.

When the woman was done moving the things back in, she looked at us with a bright smile and asked, “I’ve taken care of whatever’s here. Is there anything else I can do for you?”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 925

I smiled slightly before taking out some money from my wallet and stuffing it into her hands. "This is enough for them to stay here for some time. The extra cash is for you to help me take good care of them. You'll get more next time."

As soon as the woman received the money, her smile was so wide that her entire face scrunched up, as she continuously nodded and said some nice, reassuring words.

Since I had taken out all the cash I had on me, I looked at Ashton. He smiled back at me helplessly as he retrieved his wallet from his blazer and passed it to me.

I smiled at him before opening his wallet to take out all his cash, then handed it to Sasha's mother. "Mrs. Brooks, take this money first. We'll be back to visit you sometime later. Just give me a call if you need anything else."

She repeatedly declined, "I can't take this money. You've already been kind by paying the rent for us, so we can't take any more money from you. Please take it back, Mrs. Fuller."

I shook my head and replied, "Just take it. The two of you can use it to live well here. I'll only feel better if you accept the money. Otherwise, I won't feel at ease. Just take it and live a better life with Mr. Brooks. Don't worry; things will definitely get better in the future."

Looking at the tears on her face constantly flowing down, I did not know what else to say. I merely said some kind words to her before I left with Ashton.

When we were back in the car, I could not help but let out a sigh.

Ashton looked at his watch, then to me. "What do you want to eat?"

If he had not reminded me, I had almost forgotten that we had not eaten anything since morning. Thinking about it, I could not help but look back into the dark path.

Ashton seemed to know what I was thinking, for he said, "Don't worry, I've already gotten someone to send over some food. Just put everything aside for now and think about what you want to eat."

After some time, I replied, "Let's go get and have stew. It's already quite late, so let's eat somewhere nearby."

His smile carried a hint of helplessness as he squeezed my cheeks. "After busying around the whole day, do you even remember what you originally intended to do today?"

I nodded. "Let's go to the hospital when we have time. There's no need to rush these few days."

He gave me a light kiss on the cheek and replied in a helpless, pampering tone, "Let's grab a bite then!"

Ashton was busy for most of the following days. As it was November, Fuller Corporation had to prepare a quarterly business report and plan for next year's developments. Resultantly, he left early for work and returned home late almost every day.

Although I no longer worked at Murphy Corporation, the resignation procedure still had to be handled accordingly. I had originally wanted to have dinner with Nora, but when I was finally done with my work and gave her a call, she said that she had already gone to A City.

I could tell that Nora had something she wanted to say, but she did not want to talk about it over the phone. As for Louis, since nothing was found, they had let him go.

As Louis was getting old, he liked to be in lively atmospheres. Thus, after he came out, he kept calling us over for a meal.

Soon, it was Friday afternoon.

John and I had agreed to go to Stovall Residence for a meal. I had originally wanted to ask him about the situation with Hannah, but since he seemed reluctant to talk about it, I did not probe any further.

I got myself ready and changed into some warm clothes at home. I then headed over to Fuller Corporation, planning to go to Stovall Residence with Ashton.

After I parked in the underground parking lot, I gave Ashton a call. However, even after a few calls, he still did not answer any of them. Since he was probably busy, I stopped calling after that and flipped through my phone while waiting in the car.

Just then, my phone vibrated and a notification popped up about a new message on WhatsApp. I was stunned as I looked at the message. It was from Hailey.

For a moment, I could not remember who she was. Then, when I eventually remembered her, I clicked open the message. It read: Hi Scar, I'm Hailey.

Scar? I was taken aback. No one had ever called me that before, so I was not used to it.

I texted back: Hello, nice to meet you.

She seemed to be just as bad at socializing as I was because she immediately got to the point and replied: When will you come over to A City? I want to have a chat with you.

I hesitated for a while as I pondered. I had no time to go to A City recently. I replied: I don't know yet. What's up? Did something happen?

She only gave a one-word reply before she stopped responding to me. She texted: No!

Although Hailey and I had only met once, fate was a difficult thing to predict. The impression she had given me back then was that of a gloomy, cold person. However, it was weird because I was neither scared of her nor did I dislike her. To some extent, at least she was quite a truthful person.

Bam! As soon as I heard the sound of a car door closing, I put away my phone and looked out the car. Ashton was helping a young girl out of his car.

They both looked injured. The girl seemed to have passed out, and her condition looked quite serious. Meanwhile, Ashton was covered with dust, and there was a scratch on one side of his face.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 926

I hurriedly alighted and ran over to his car. "What happened?" I asked.

Ashton turned around upon hearing my voice. "I have encountered a trouble maker. Why are you here?" He was surprised to see me.

"Uncle Louis is back, so John invited us over for dinner." I had a better look at the girl he was supporting. She was Stella, the reception at Fuller Corporation. Ashton helped her into the car and remarked, "Okay, but we have to send her to the hospital first."

I nodded in agreement. From a distance, a man came running. It was the guy who proposed to Stella in the lobby.

"Let me go with you, Mr. Fuller," he requested. His worried gaze never left Stella, who was lying unconscious in the backseat.

Ashton nodded and signaled him to get into the car.

I noticed Ashton was injured, so I stopped him from getting into the driver's seat. He looked at me, baffled.

"You are injured. Let me drive." I got into the driver's seat and started the car, not giving him any chance to object.

Ashton sat in the passenger seat and kept silent throughout the journey. I had many questions in mind but keep quiet as well since he was not ready to talk about it. Much to the distress of her friend, Stella remained unconscious.

At the hospital, Stella's friend went off to make payment after checking her in. Ashton and I were standing in the corridor, watching the sky as it darkened. He was engrossed in thought.

I approached a nurse and arranged for him to get his wounds cleaned up. Next, I went to a nearby mall to get him a new jacket. Ashton was only wearing a black sweater as he had removed his jacket to keep Stella warm.

On my way back, Stella's friend called out to me in the lobby of the hospital. "Mrs. Fuller, thank you for sending Stella here."

He must have been extremely anxious over Stella's injury, as he looked disheveled and his face beaded with sweat. "Don't mention it. It was no big deal," I assured him

I paused, then queried, "Can you tell me what happened earlier today?"

He was momentarily taken aback by my question. "It was Sasha's brother. He wanted to attack Mr. Fuller, but Stella blocked him. He behaved like a crazy man. Mr. Fuller was worried Sasha's brother would get more agitated upon seeing him, so he left the building via the underground garage. The lobby at Fuller Corporation must still be in chaos now," he reported.

He did not go into many details, but I could imagine the scene. What puzzled me was that Shane had always been based in Moranta. Why did he come back?

"We should thank you and Stella instead," I nodded and thanked him.

After we ended our conversation, I went up to the ward, shopping bag in hand. Ashton's wounds were dressed. The doctor had attended to Stella and found she had suffered head trauma. There were various abrasion wounds on her body too. "Why is she still unconscious, doctor?" I queried.

"She was injured on the head, and was also traumatized, so it may take a few hours before she regains consciousness." The doctor advised as he gave instructions for her to be warded.

"Will she suffer from any long-term side effects?" Her friend was concerned.

“We can’t tell for now. With head injuries, we cannot rule out a concussion. We will find out when she wakes up.”

I handed the newly bought jacket to Ashton. He looked sullen. “Can we still make it to meet Uncle Louis tonight? If not, I will give him a call so they won’t expect us.” I asked.

Ashton’s expression softened as he turned his gaze on me. He took the jacket from me and put it on. “It’s alright. We can head over in a while,” he responded.

Thereafter, he turned to Stella’s friend and asked, “You are Justin, right?”

“Yes, I am, Mr. Fuller,” Justin replied.

“You stay and take care of Stella. Should anything happen, call the number on this name card. You can contact me anytime if you need anything, be it money or other things.” Ashton handed a name card to Justin.

I grimaced. Ashton had an unusual way of dealing with people and situations.

“Thank you.” Justin’s expression changed, but he still took the name card.

Ashton was about to lead me away when I stopped and took a bank card from my bag. I handed over the card to Justin and said, “Please help us take good care of Stella. Use this card to pay for her medical fees and any other expenses. Feel free to contact us if you need other assistance. When Stella wakes up, kindly let her know that she should rest well and not worry about anything else. We will handle the other matters.”

Justin hesitated for a moment before accepting the bank card and nodded in appreciation.

After that, Ashton and I left the hospital.

He made a few calls while I was driving to Stovall residence. He called to remind Joseph, who was in Moranta, to be careful. A few calls were made to give instructions to look into the incident that happened earlier in the day. He heard that Shane was taken away by the police.

I drove in silence while he was busy, not wanting to interrupt him.

After a while, I broke the silence. "Why did Shane try to attack you? You did not harass his woman, and you have no monetary conflict with him either. Why is a gambler after you?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 927

Ashton looked out of the car window, deep in thoughts. It took him a while to answer, "He is after money, but not from me."

I looked at him, puzzled.

He raised his eyebrow and warned, "Look out! Red light!"

I turned back to look ahead and jammed the brakes, startled.

He clapped his hand on his forehead and mocked, "I managed to escape unharmed from Shane, but in the end, I die from my wife's carelessness. That is a little outrageous, don't you think?"

I frowned and chided, "Stop spouting nonsense."

He chuckled and the atmosphere lightened.

The traffic light turned green and I drove on.

Along the way, he filled me in on the details. "It is Armond. He must have faced a lot of pressure from his family when he lost big due to the incident in Moranta. He hired Shane to make a scene, officially declaring war on me. I suspect he planned to pursue a long-neglected matter."

"What long-neglected matter?" I was clueless.

He started telling me a story.

Thirty years ago, the Murphys were not involved in the oil industry. They had some factories and a pharmaceutical company. Their business then was not as diversified nor huge as compared to now. The main player in the oil sector was the Sanders, one of the most prominent families in K City during those

days. The oil sector wasn't a major industry at that time, so the Sanders assigned the concession of that business to their adopted daughter, Winona Stovall. When Winona married into the Murphy family, she brought the oil business into that family as well.

I was shell-shocked. "The Winona Stovall you mentioned is my grandma?" I had to clear my doubts.

Ashton nodded.

"Isn't she adopted by the Sanders? Why is her family name Stovall?"

"Mrs. Sanders had difficulty conceiving, so they adopted a daughter, naming her Winona Sanders. However, Mrs. Sanders got pregnant not long after and had her own baby. Due to some personal reasons not privy to us, the Sanders changed your grandma's last name to Stovall, which was Mrs. Sanders' family name."

I nodded and probed, "What happened next?"

He gently swept back some messy strands of hair from my forehead and continued, "After Winona married into the Murphy family, the industrial revolution and development of the electronics sector caused the oil industry to grow by leaps and bounds. As the exploration rights in the country were in your grandma's hands, the Murphys jumped in and did big-scale exploration and extraction. Instantly, they rose to become one of the richest families in K City. Some of the old-money families tried to cozy up to the Murphys. Others felt threatened by their rise, so they plotted against the Murphys. As your grandma held the key to the rise of the Murphys, she was targeted and suffered much. Your grandma knew the importance of oil to the family and the country, so she planned to control the development to make it sustainable in the long run. The Murphys were blinded by greed and did not heed her advice. Out of desperation, your grandma hid the oil concession document in a secret compartment of a box and left with it."

“The box with the secret compartment is the sandalwood box grandma left for me, isn’t it?” I made an intelligent guess.

He nodded. “Yes, that is the one. Armond tried to get close to you because he was eyeing that box.”

I recalled when I first met Armond, it was at my grandma’s burial ground. He stood in front of my grandma’s tombstone for quite a while. I did not really pay attention at that time as I thought he was just a casual passerby. Looking back, I should have suspected otherwise as he had an unusual expression.

“I had already given Armond the box!” To me, that was just an ordinary box. That was why I gave it to Armond without any hesitation when he asked me for it when we were in Venria.

Ashton looked at me and nodded, “I know.”

My eyes popped out of my head. “How can you be so calm when you knew?” I could not imagine the consequence, now that the oil concession agreement fell into Armond’s hand. Although the oil concession had reverted back to the state, it was previously a private asset. There was no official handover, so the Murphys could bring up the issue and seek legal redress.

He grinned and confessed, “I had the foresight to switch the box.”

I was stunned. “If Armond knew about that, he would kill us. The document in that box is worth an obscene amount of money. If the Murphys get hold of that money, they will have some breathing space and can continue their fight with the Fullers.”

“From the look of it, he had not opened that box.” Ashton confidently smiled. I was intrigued by his nonchalant manner. “How can you be so sure he had not opened that box?”

“If they had opened the box, knowing how the Murphys are, they would have publicized it to bring attention to themselves. They would also have contacted the Finance Ministry to taken legal recourse to relook into the matter. This would bring in loads of money for the Murphys. It would be difficult not to hear about that,” he quipped.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 928

“What will happen if the Murphys opened the box and realized they had been fooled?” I questioned.

“They had the fake box, which had no openings. Unfortunately, that also means they will continue to hound us, so we are in for more trouble,” Ashton smiled and predicted.

“At the end of the day, the Murphys are after money. They are already very wealthy. Why the obsession with money?” I sighed.

Before we knew it, we had arrived at the Stovall residence. The compound was brightly lit. The housekeeper and a few staff were waiting for us. The housekeeper greeted us, handed our car key to the valet, and led us into the house.

The table was already set, but only Louis was in.

“Letty, you have arrived! Come, dinner is ready. Let’s eat.” Louis came up to warmly welcome us.

After greeting Louis, I looked around and realized John was not around. “John is not back yet?”

“He is on his way. We shan’t wait for him. Let’s get started.” Louis showed us to our seats and instructed the maids to serve dinner.

Just as we got seated, we heard a car driving in. “This rascal sure has a good sense of timing. He will appear right on the dot when dinner is served,” Louis derided.

“Oh my, you are early. I did not expect you to come this early. I thought the two of you will only stroll in around 8 p.m.,” John said as he walked in.

I turned to look and scowled when I caught sight of his companion.

“Rascal, get out!” Louis hollered.

“Uncle Louis, don’t be so mean. I was busy, yet still took time off to come back when you asked me to. How can you chase me out before I could even warm the seat?” He then turned to Yvonne, who was standing next to him and urged, “Yvonne, present the gift you bought specially for Uncle Louis. That should please him.”

Yvonne duly walked over to Louis with a big smile and a gift box in hand. “Uncle Louis, Johnny said you enjoy tea. I hope you will like this premium. Do try it when you are free.”

She presented the tea with both hands and had a perfect smile on her face. She looked every inch a well-mannered, elegant scion.

All the time she spent hanging around the socialites was not wasted after all. She had learned a lot from those ladies. If I had not seen the ugly side of her when we met in the bar years ago, I would have thought she was an heiress of a wealthy family.

Time had worked miracles, transforming her into a lady.

Louis did not take the gift from her hands. His dark gaze was on John. “What are you thinking?” he bellowed.

John shrugged and nonchalantly said, “Yvonne is presenting you with a gift. Out of courtesy, you should at least take it from her hand. If you want to nag at me, do wait till everyone leaves after dinner. If you flare now, you will spoil the day for all of us.”

He then took the gift from Yvonne, placed it next to Louis, and led her to sit at the table. “What is everyone waiting for? Let’s eat!” He acted as if nothing had happened.

I glanced at the indifferent John, stood up, and poured Louis a glass of water. “Uncle Louis, have some water.”

Louis took the water from my hand. He was visibly furious, staring sternly at John. He looked like he was ready to thrash John anytime. John couldn't care less and was eating his dinner, unconcerned.

Louis was angry as it was supposed to be a family dinner, so Yvonne's presence was not welcomed. John clearly understood that, but he still brought her along.

It was not a good time to find out why he did that, so I kept quiet.

Another car drove in shortly. I was surprised as I did not expect more guests.

Hannah walked in with her nanny and her son. Louis' face broke into a smile when he heard Quilo's voice. He hurried out to carry him.

"In the future, let me send the driver to pick you. It is a struggle for you, with baby in tow." Louis started chatting with Hannah.

Hannah's gentle voice could be heard saying, "It is just a short distance from here. I called to inform you I'll be late, and not to wait for us, yet you..."

She abruptly stopped in the middle of her sentence. The sight of Yvonne and John caught her by surprise.

She recovered quickly and turned to us, her smile still intact on her face. "My apologies for being late, Scarlett and Mr. Fuller. We left home late and got caught in a traffic jam."

I smilingly shook my head to assure her it was okay. We chatted briefly before sitting down to dinner. Quilo was left in the nanny's care in the next room.

What was supposed to be a cozy family dinner turned into an awkward one. Only John continued eating, unaffected.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 929

Yvonne was fawning over John, serving him food, feeding him, and catering to his every need.

Hannah was impassive. She occasionally updated Louis on Quilo's development and shared she was thinking of enrolling him into a sensory class for babies. Louis was all for it and encouraged her to do so.

He handed Hannah a black credit card and gave her full authority to spend as she deemed fit. He also told her to look for a house nearer the town center if she was not satisfied with the villa she was staying in.

Yvonne stole a few glances at Hannah, but she did not betray any emotions in her expressions. Ever since she cozied up to John, she should have received big allowances. John had bad spending habits and would have splurged on her.

Regardless, she must be envious when she saw the black card Louis gave Hannah.

Everyone was preoccupied with their own thoughts during dinner. As soon as it was over, Hannah went to feed Quilo. I got the maid to distract Yvonne and dragged John into the garden.

"Are you out of your mind, John Stovall? Why did you bring along Yvonne?" I chastised.

He shrugged, leaned against the wall with his arms crossed, and dismissed, "Why can't I bring my girlfriend? Since it is a family dinner, and she will be family, then what's the harm?"

"Are you serious?" I looked at him, dumbstruck.

He nodded. "At the end of the day, I will have to get married. There is nothing wrong with Yvonne. She is pretty and has an ordinary family background. At least she would not have the guts to betray me and mess around behind my back."

“John, you would never look within and see if you had done anything wrong, would you? Put your hand on your heart. How long have you kept Hannah waiting for you? You took her love for granted. Do you really think it is fair for you to neglect her?” I rebuked him.

“And what justified her to have an affair with another man?” John hollered. “She could have told me directly if her needs were not met. Why betray me in that disgusting manner?”

I nearly laughed out loud. “What about you? She had an affair with one man. Have you counted the number of women you have fooled around with all these years? Have you ever rejected any woman who throws herself at you? No! You happily embrace one after another. Have you ever considered how much it pains a woman to have to bear with all these? She gave birth to your child, gave up her life to cater to your every need, and learned to cook all the dishes you like. What have you done for her? John, her frustrations and disappointment were built up over time. It took her many years to finally muster the courage to live her own life. Of all the people, you have the least right to criticize and blame her.”

John was shell-shocked and stared blankly at me, lost for words. I gave him a piece of my mind, although I was not sure if he took in what I said.

I let out a sigh as I turned to walk back to the hall. Aren't we all the same? We do not treasure what we have nor work on the relationship with those we love. In the end, we either lose them, or things turn ugly between us.

If we don't invest time to nurture those relationships, we have no right to complain when things fall apart.

There was a huge swimming pool in the garden at the Stovall residence. It was left unused in the winter as none of us had the habit of swimming in the winter. On top of that, we installed a spa in the house, so the pool became a white elephant.

“You have no right to take anything from the Stovall family since you are going your separate ways. Hannah, you knew John will not be marrying you, so nothing in this house belongs to you.” I heard a commotion, stopped, and turned to investigate.

It was Yvonne. She and Hannah were seated by the pool. They were not on friendly terms, so the only common subject they could talk about was John.

Hannah had her gaze fixed on the pool as she refuted Yvonne. "Why are you harping on this? Are you trying to tell me that I should not take anything from the Stovalls or that I should hand them to you instead? I know what is on your mind. I know you do not want me to reap any financial gains from John. Unfortunately, you are not part of the Stovall family yet. Under the law, you are not a Stovall, and most importantly, no one here recognizes you as family. Ms. Wilde, I like to keep things simple. I won't bother anyone, and I don't like others to bother me, so please leave me alone. You can make your demands known to John. If he obliges, you get it. If he doesn't, then too bad."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 930

Hannah was very composed and not ruffled by Yvonne's attitude. She either did not care about Yvonne, or John no longer has a place in her heart.

Yvonne was upset she did not successfully agitate Hannah. She glared at Hannah. "I know, but it is only a matter of time before I get married to him. He will definitely dote on me more compared to you, and you will disappear from our sights in the future. As for now, I would not allow you to take advantage of him. You are not worthy of him, and you should not reap any gains from the Stovall family."

Hannah looked at her and all of a sudden, she laughed out loud. "I was wondering why your eyes were on me the whole evening. So this is what you are after!" She took the black card from her purse and placed it in front of Yvonne. "Are you jealous because of this card? If you want it, take it. Stop irritating me."

Yvonne was infuriated, but she still reached out to take the card. "At least you have some decency. Don't you dare eye on anything of the Stovall family! Move out of the villa and transfer the deed back to them. You can stop dreaming about driving John's cars as well. I will not let you have any of them. As for the clothes and jewelry John bought for you previously, you can keep them, as rewards for your time spent on him," she fumed.

"Haha, Ms. Wilde, you are making decisions on the distribution of the Stovall family's wealth? Do you think you are Mrs. Stovall?" Hannah mocked her.

"John and I will certainly get married, so I have the right to do this." Yvonne boasted as she fiddled with the black card.

Hannah could not care less. As she was standing up to leave, she jibed, "Congratulations then. I hope you marry into money soon." It was obviously a sarcastic remark.

After going through all the trouble, Yvonne managed to get the black card that she was eyeing, but she was also deeply annoyed by Hannah's attitude. She aggressively stomped over to block Hannah's exit and scoffed, "I don't need you to give me your good wishes. Since you are aware of my relationship with John, if I were you, I would get out of here immediately with the b**tard child and stop tarnishing the Stovall family."

I frowned at the harsh words Yvonne used.

Hannah's expression turned dark, and she barked, "Yvonne Wilde, mind your language. I can't be bothered to get into a dispute with you, but that does not mean you can step all over me."

I could not understand what John saw in Yvonne. She was average-looking, materialistic, and uncouth. He could have married any of the heiress or socialites in K City, yet he chose such a woman. How unfortunate.

Before I could step in, Yvonne grabbed Hannah's arm and roared, "Who are you to tell me off? Don't you know you are a sl*t? Stop this high and mighty act. You are way more disgusting than I am. I hate show-offs like you!" Then, she gave Hannah a heavy push towards the pool.

I quickly ran towards them, shocked. Surprisingly, Hannah successfully fended her off. She grabbed Yvonne's hand, ducked, and managed to keep her balance. Yvonne fell into the pool instead.

I almost forgot. Hannah grew up in the countryside and spent her childhood exploring the wilds. She was nimble and agile. The ability to fend off danger was deeply ingrained in her.

Yvonne struggled to stay afloat in the pool and was screaming for help. I reached the poolside and checked on Hannah. "Are you alright?"

"I am fine," Hannah nodded.

Those in the hall came running when they heard Yvonne's scream. John saw her, frowned, and jumped into the pool to scoop her up. He placed her on the ground and started giving her first aid. She had merely swallowed some water, so was in no danger.

By then, Louis and Ashton also reached the scene, and they asked, "What happened?"

Yvonne recovered from her shock, flung herself into John's arms, and wailed. John held on to her tightly and roared at the maid who was there. "Get moving! It is freezing cold. Can't you see we need a towel here?"

The maid stumbled into the house and brought a blanket to keep Yvonne warm. John immediately carried her into his room. He turned to instruct the maid to summon the doctor and prepare some chicken soup for Yvonne.

Louis was displeased, but he was too gracious to make his guests feel uncomfortable.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 931

After being fussed over by John and the maid, Yvonne was feeling better. She cuddled up to John like a pitiful little kitten, snuffling a little.

I was by Hannah's side and saw her watching emotionlessly as John waited on Yvonne hand and foot. She was calm, detached, and unfeeling.

Nothing is sadder than losing heart over someone. I suddenly realized why Hannah could take all these in her stride, unperturbed. She had given up all hopes and was prepared to leave.

Yvonne was lying in bed, giving John her woeful look. She whined to him, "Did I spoil everyone's day? I'm so sorry. I only wanted to have a chat with Ms. Anne. I did not mean to enrage her. I was shocked she hated me so much, that she would push me into the pool. The water was so cold and I couldn't swim. I was terrified!"

I was appalled. I used to think Rebecca was irritating, but her act was nothing compared to Yvonne's. Yvonne was revolting. It was an eye-opening lesson for me.

Everyone in the room heard Yvonne's accusation and turned to look at Hannah, who had paled and was biting her lips. She looked at Yvonne and muttered, "I am sorry, Ms. Wilde." She had no intention of defending herself.

Yvonne was stunned by Hannah's apology, but she shamelessly continued, "Ms. Anne, all I wanted was to have a chat with you. John and I are serious about one another. I also know you have a lover and would like to start a new chapter of your life. I only wanted to thank you for taking good care of John all these years."

Hannah stared blankly at Yvonne as she continued her blabber.

Louis was stunned and puzzled. "Hannah, you..."

Hannah calmly looked Louis in the eye and said, "Uncle Louis, I had planned to confide in you this evening. John and I will be going our separate ways from now on and I would like to keep Kiki by my side. I am not trying to make use of him to milk the Stovall family, so you don't have to worry. I just do not want him to part from his mother at such a young age. He doesn't get any love from his father, so I would like to make up for that by loving him more. He is part of the Stovall family, so rest assured I will bring him to visit you often."

“Look what you have done!” Louis glared at John. His tone was filled with regrets as he asked Hannah, “What are your plans for the future?”

Hannah gave him a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry, Uncle Louis. I met a nice man. After I settle matters with the Stovall family, I will get married and start a new life with him. You have to come and visit us too, Uncle Louis.”

Louis put on a forced smile and nodded with a sigh; then, he kept quiet.

John’s face was ashen, and he seemed to be angry yet hurt. Yvonne could see his mixed emotions, so she spoke instead. “Since Ms. Anne found a good man, John and I will give you our blessings.”

“Thank you.” Hannah answered, composed as ever.

I could not take it anymore. Yvonne took advantage of Hannah and made her take all the blame.

I stared at Yvonne and asked coldly, “Ms. Wilde, did you say Hannah pushed you into the water?”

Yvonne was taken aback by my question. She resumed her pitiful act and nodded, “Yes. I know Ms. Anne did not do it on purpose, and I am fine now, so let’s not bring it up again.”

I nodded and turned to ask Hannah. “Did you really push her?”

Hannah did not answer my question. She just kept quiet.

I could not help but let out a sigh. “Now I understand why the bad guys become more atrocious and disgusting. Yvonne, it is not wrong to pursue finer things in life. Your mistake is you sacrifice others in your pursuit of a better life. Do you think you can continue with this pitiable act forever and not get exposed?”

“Ms. Stovall, what do you mean by that?” she asked woefully.

I did not bother to reply to her. I gave her a hard stare and warned, "I am not a goody-two-shoes, so I am capable of being nasty. You'd better make your confession now, or I will throw you out of our house. If I object to your marriage, even if John obliges you, you will not get anything from the family. You can verify with John if you don't believe me."

John saw her frightened look and groused at me. "What is that for?"

"You confess." I raised my eyebrow and challenged Yvonne.

She started sobbing and fell into John's arms. "John, it is my fault. I am sorry. I should not have offended Ms. Stovall by blabbering and coming to the dinner with you. I should not have barged in on your family gathering. It is all my fault!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 932

B*tch!

I was so furious I could beat her to a pulp. I roared at John. "What the h*ll is wrong with your eyes, John Stovall? There are so many women in K City and you had to settle for this b*tch?"

John was offended and he grunted, "Mind your language, Scarlett Stovall."

I almost fainted from anger. Louis was clueless. He looked at me and pacified, "Calm down, Scarlett. What is with those bad languages? Talk nicely."

I took a deep breath and fixed my gaze at the woman still sobbing in John's arms. "Return the black card. You are not worthy to use the Stovall family's black card."

John and Louis were both stunned. Louis frowned at John and growled, "You gave her that?"

John shook his head and turned to Yvonne. "Where did you get the black card from?"

Yvonne recovered from her shock and started wailing, "What black card? I don't even know what a black card is. Why are you asking me for it? How could I possibly get hold of such a card? How could you not trust me, John?"

John looked at me searchingly, confused.

I did not expect her to be so unrepentant. "Yvonne, do you think I am blind? Earlier at the poolside, you took the black card that Uncle Louis gave Hannah. Give it back!"

Everyone turned their attention to Yvonne. She was dazed for a brief moment, then recovered and whimpered, "Ms. Stovall, I have never done you any wrong, so why are you framing me? Ms. Anne lost the card and could not find it. Are you worried Mr. Stovall would get mad, so you falsely accuse me of stealing it? Do you think you can blatantly bully me just because I have no one to back me up?"

If I had not witnessed what happened by the pool, I would definitely buy her story. I was appalled by her shameless act.

"I am giving you another chance. You'd better give a full account of how you fell into the water, how you pressured Hannah into giving you the black card, and the words you used on the baby. Every single detail, truthfully. Otherwise, I swear you will not get to step into the Stovall residence ever again," I warned.

John was flustered by her crying. "That is enough. Let's call it a day. We will search for the lost card. She is fine now, so let's forget this ruckus. It is getting late. Go home and get some rest."

Crash! I swept the lamp off John's bedside table and howled, "Yvonne Wilde! One last chance! Are you confessing or not?"

Ashton could see I was really incensed. He came close, tugged at me, and tenderly comforted, "Don't get mad. It's bad for health."

John was also startled at my rage. He turned to question Yvonne. "Do you have anything to say?"

Yvonne looked aggrieved. She looked pitifully at him with her red, swollen eyes and shook her head. "I really have no idea what she is saying. I know she dislikes me and wanted to break us up. She set this up to force me to leave."

She tearily cried, "Scarlett, I have never offended you. If you want to side with Hannah and make yourself look righteous, I will fulfill your wish. I will not dispute any accusations you make against me. If you think I am after the Stovall's wealth, then I will leave John and will never see him again. You will get your way. Since you are bent on vilifying me, I stand no chance fighting back against a rich and mighty heiress like you."

I swore I have never met someone as shameless as her.

Hannah had kept quiet all this while. She finally broke her silence and spoke, "Yvonne, stop your act. You did that to get John's sympathy, as you know he is soft-hearted and will give in to you whenever you cry.

There is something you are not aware of. Do you know why your crying works magic on him? You should thank Scarlett for that. When Scarlett was young, she was a crybaby, and John would give in to her every time she cried. After she grew up, she rarely cries anymore. But in John's mind, he will always be Scarlett's protector. The love he has for his sister never changed. He gave in to your crying because it reminded him of the Scarlett that put faith in him. You are just a replacement. You would be so wrong to think that John will still be in love with you if you offend Scarlett. Once you earn Scarlett's wrath, you'll lose everything. You will regret kicking up this fuss and trying to stir up trouble between them.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 933

Blood drained from Yvonne's face. "What do you mean?"

"I literally meant what I said," Hannah continued plainly. "At first I thought there was nothing worth explaining since I didn't intend to compete with you anyway. But if you think I stayed silent because I was afraid, then you're wrong."

Glancing around at everyone, she added calmly, "Regarding what all of you saw just now, I wasn't going to bother defending myself. But now that even Scarlett is speaking up on my behalf, I won't keep quiet anymore. Besides, the more I remain silent, the more somebody here tries to take advantage. That's utterly shameless."

"Hannah Anne!" Yvonne screamed suddenly, her voice somewhat shaky as she glared at Hannah with a trace of horror on her face. "You're lying!"

Hannah wasn't in the least bit intimidated. She turned towards Louis with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry, Uncle Louis. I failed to take good care of the black card you gave me earlier. Ms. Wilde demanded that I hand it over to her since she's now a part of the Stovall family, and so I did. As long as it's a woman whom John loves, I have no qualms. However, at this point, it seems that Ms. Wilde isn't suited for the title of 'Mrs. Stovall' after all."

At that, Louis pursed his lips and shifted his gaze onto Yvonne.

"If Ms. Wilde still insists that I'm responsible for causing her to fall into the pool..." Hannah glanced at Yvonne coldly. "Then, all I can say is, perhaps I shouldn't have evaded her when she tried to attack me just now."

Just then, a child's cry rang from outside. Hannah looked at John and continued, "I have no objections to you being together with someone else, John. But as someone who understands you to some extent, heed my advice—be careful with who you choose to bring into the Stovall family."

"Goodbye, everyone," Hannah said as she bowed, then turned and left towards the door.

John was silent, though his face paled with a painful expression.

Yvonne began sobbing as she tugged on his arm. “It wasn’t like that, Johnny!” she pleaded with innocent eyes. “I didn’t do any of those things. They’re lying!”

Despair clouded John’s face as he stared at Hannah’s disappearing back, completely ignoring Yvonne who clung desperately onto him. I suddenly realized—perhaps from the very beginning, John had never cared about what happened to Yvonne and whether Hannah really did anything. His only concern was Hannah’s attitude towards himself. He’d been putting up a facade all along in hopes of gaining her attention and seeing if she’d show any signs of jealousy at how he treated Yvonne.

Unfortunately for him, Hannah was completely indifferent. She no longer cared.

Yvonne was still persistently keeping up with her acting. I couldn’t help but feel nauseated at that woman’s despicable pretense, thus I held out the recording in front of her. “Just give up already. Whatever happened just now were all recorded here, and I’ve already sent it to everyone. I’m afraid you won’t be able to set foot in the Stovall residence from now on. Good luck!”

The last trace of color disappeared from her cheeks. No longer sobbing nor pleading, she stared at the screen in silence as her face twisted into a conflicted grimace.

Was she thinking about how to make a quiet escape from all of this? I had no idea. With how she’s cornered at this moment, there was no way she could pull another dirty trick.

That being said, there was no telling how shameless a person could be.

Yvonne looked up at me with teary, pitiful eyes. “Why are you doing this to me, Scarlett? Everything I did was out of love for John. What’s wrong with that? I don’t get it...” She then eyed John sideways for a second, as if making sure he’s watching her. “You guys went on and on about doing things for his sake, but where was everyone when he needed somebody by his side? And on top of deserting him, now you’re trying to get rid of me. Don’t you think you people have gone overboard?”

Gosh, what’s with that incessant damsel-in-distress act? I frowned, not knowing what else to say. It’d only be a waste of time to continue arguing. This woman would surely keep up her act and try to prove herself blameless for as long as she could, even if her true colors were already becoming evident.

I snatched my phone back and threw her a sarcastic smile. "Well then, feel free to carry on with your disgusting acts. I wish you all the best in defending your noble love!"

After bidding Uncle Louis a quick farewell, I dragged Ashton out of the house.

I was no longer in the mood to talk as we headed home, though I could tell Ashton was glancing at me occasionally as he drove.

"Well, Hannah's gotten over it. You've said and done everything you could, too," he spoke after a long silence. "Let's just leave it to John now. However things may turn out, he's the only one responsible for his own decisions."

I sighed and nodded. Of course I knew that. "I know, it's just... It still pisses me off. I've always thought that someone like Rebecca Larson was atrocious enough, but it turns out Yvonne's on a whole different level. It's almost unbelievable."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 934

Ashton didn't respond. I pursed my lips and shot him a sidelong glare. "What? Are you upset about that sweetheart of yours?"

He raised a brow and chuckled. "No. I was just thinking you seem a little more naggy these days."

What a bummer. I rolled my eyes and gave up talking, leaning aside and looking out the window instead.

The scenery outside flew by in a haze. My eyelids felt heavier as time passed. Why was I getting tired so easily these days?

As soon as we got home, Ashton proceeded to settle some of his pending work. It was already late, so I went back into the bedroom and headed straight to the shower. Just as I was about to call it a night, Hailey's message came in.

I didn't expect her to keep in touch with me so regularly, since we'd only met once.

The message was brief. Hello, Ms. Stovall. Have you slept already?

I texted back: Not yet. What's the matter?

Not really... Just wondering when you are coming over to A City again.

It had indeed been a while since I last went there. Is there something you want to talk about?

Her reply came in almost instantly: Nothing much, just wanted to ask since it's been a while.

It wouldn't have bothered me so much if such an answer came from somebody else, but Hailey's different. For someone who was dealing with depression, there could be a hidden message behind her seemingly casual response.

I've been a little tied up these days, but I'll definitely pay a visit when I'm free! If you aren't too busy, why don't you come over to K City?

Okay. Silence then followed.

Something felt odd, though I was too exhausted to think about it. My consciousness drifted off as soon as I lay in bed that I didn't even realize when Ashton came in that night.

The next morning.

I was woken up when my phone rang. But while I was still tossing in bed, Ashton had already reached for it and answered the call for me.

"Who's that?" I croaked groggily.

Instead of replying me, he sat up in a sudden jolt.

I rubbed my eyes and gazed at his alarmed face. "What happened?"

"Summer had a severe nosebleed and started coughing up blood," he explained as he hung up the call and scrambled out of bed. "They've sent her to the hospital."

At that, Ashton put on his clothes hastily and rushed into the bathroom.

I sat up in a daze for a good few minutes before it finally dawned on me. Summer is hospitalized! I thus jumped out of bed and immediately dialed Cameron's number, but it went unanswered.

So I called Emery instead. When she answered, her voice sounded somewhat fuzzy against the noise in the background. "Scarlett! Summer's ill. Come to the hospital quickly!"

Before I could answer, Emery hung up abruptly. Perhaps she was in too much of a panic to explain everything over the phone. There wasn't much time to waste, so I quickly grabbed a change of clothes. Ashton came out just as I was done.

Hence, we left to the hospital right away.

Ashton's phone rang constantly as we drove. Having both hands occupied on the steering, he glanced at me quickly. "Can you help me answer that?"

I took his phone in my hands and looked at the flashing ID. "It's a number from W City!"

He signaled with a nod.

As I turned on the speaker, an unfamiliar voice echoed, "Mr. Fuller, we've got some news. The factory where the child was sent to back then turns out to be a chemical plant. It seems quite a number of its workers were diagnosed with cancer due to radioactive pollution. The factory belongs to the Crest family, and it's currently shut down."

None of us said a word, and the voice continued, "That pollution was caused by an explosion which happened shortly before that incident with Mr. Crest. All workers who got involved had since undergone a health examination, though not everyone was affected by the chemical hazards."

My mind went blank. The air around me felt heavy as I mulled over those words. I hung up the phone and looked at Ashton. "Jared did send Summer to the factory and let her stay there for some time. Could it be that she..."

My shaky voice trailed off. Ashton pondered in silence for a moment before he began, "Summer was with Kristina when we found her, so I've always thought that my initial hunches about her staying at the plant was wrong. Now it seems like she was indeed at the factory from the beginning, and Jared probably sent her to Kristina after the explosion."

“But why would he do that? Summer is his child!” I could hear my own voice heightening as I fought against the tears that started to well up in my eyes. “Why did he send her there in the first place if he knew that it’s so dangerous?”

Ashton bit his lip for a second. “Who knows? Maybe he really wasn’t aware about it at first, which was why he handed her over to Kristina later on.”

“Even if that’s true, shouldn’t he have informed us? We could’ve brought Summer for a check up if we knew what happened! That way we could’ve at least made sure if she’s alright after that incident...”

At this point, I didn’t know what else to think about or say anymore. A storm had begun raging within myself, and I saw the hardened expression on Ashton’s face too. “Let’s not jump into conclusions for now. We’ll wait and see what the doctor says later. It could be that she just happened to be under the weather these days.”

He was right. There was nothing we could do except hoping that Summer would be just fine.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 935

At the hospital, Xavier was wailing as Emery struggled to hold him still in her arms. "Sorry, Scarlett. He's been making a fuss the whole time." She looked at me somewhat apologetically and continued, "I think I should bring him home first. Hunter's off at school, but both Zachary and Cameron are here. The doctor's still checking on Summer, but don't worry too much, I believe everything will be fine!"

I nodded and urged her to go. It's only understandable that a child would feel uncomfortable under the cold weather and amidst the tense atmosphere.

The nurses wheeled Summer into the examination room while Cameron and Zachary followed closely behind them.

As we waited outside the room, Cameron began tearing up. "This is my fault, I should've brought her here for a check-up way earlier..." She sobbed. "The poor child's had a few rounds of fever, but I've always thought they were just bouts of cold due to the changing weather. I just gave her the usual meds last night, thinking that she would get better after that. She suddenly started coughing out blood so much this morning!"

I held my mother's hands in mine. "Don't worry, Mom. Summer has always been a little weak, it's likely that her body just isn't faring so well under the weather. I'm sure she'll be fine."

How was I supposed to tell her about the incident at W City? After taking care of Summer all this while, they had gotten so attached to her as if she was their own grandchild.

Zachary sat on the chair, panting slightly in exhaustion as worry clouded his weary face. Clearly, hurrying after the doctor and nurses back and forth throughout the hospital had taken a toll on his aging body.

Before long, the doctor came out from the room with a report in his hand. He glanced around at all of us before asking, "Is anyone here a family member of the patient?"

"We all are!" I answered, my eyes fixated on the sheets of paper in his grip.

He then gestured for us to follow him. "In that case, shall we all have a discussion in my office?"

In the doctor's office.

He handed the report to Ashton while explaining, "These are the test results. The ALP levels in the child's lymph nodes and liver are high, and her white blood cell count is severely beyond normal. Her bones and joints are damaged as well. I'm afraid things aren't looking positive for the patient."

In that instant, I felt as if my surroundings began to spin. Just as I lost balance, Ashton got hold of me and carefully sat me down on the nearest chair. As calm and collected as he would usually be, he was definitely shaken this time around. I could feel a slight tremor in his hands as he held onto my shoulders. "Doctor, is there anything we can do?" he asked.

The doctor replied, "Acute leukemia isn't the easiest to control, though there's definitely a chance of recovery. Having said that, we'll need your utmost cooperation as we do what we can for the patient. The treatment will also involve a handful of equipment and specific drugs from overseas, and frankly speaking, not everyone is able to bear the costs."

"Money isn't a problem," Zachary responded, his face looking somewhat pale. "We'll bear all the expenses as long as the child can be treated."

Cameron nodded and chimed in, "Yes, that's right! We'll do everything that we can on our part. Please help us save the child!"

She then paused for a short while before adding, "Is there a reason behind Summer's condition, doctor? She was born slightly premature, but there hasn't been any other problem with her physical health thus far... Could it be hereditary?"

The doctor pondered for second before he answered, "Leukemia isn't usually inherited, but it's not entirely impossible. In most cases, it's due to lifestyle and environmental factors, such as exposure to chemical hazards."

He then looked up at us with a curious frown. "On that note, the report indicates that the patient's condition was likely induced by external substances. Would you mind if I ask, has the child been exposed to any sources of such substances over a period of time? Like a laboratory or a chemical plant..."

I couldn't take this any longer. Suppressing my raging emotions, I interrupted, "We'll leave the child in your hands, doctor."

As we exited the office, Cameron tugged on my arm. "Did you know something behind this, Scarlett?"

I dragged my feet in silence as we walked along the corridor.

They had the right to know after all, but where should I even begin? "Sometime last year, Jared took Summer to W City..." I started hesitantly. "He placed her in the Crest family's factory for some time while using her as a hostage to threaten Ashton. And at some point, there was an explosion which led to chemical leaks. We had no idea about this either until recently."

Zachary's face burned with anger. "How rotten! Are the Crests even humans at all?"

Cameron's eyebrows knitted together as she gasped in horror. "Isn't Jared her father regardless? How could he do such a thing to his own child?"

I sighed helplessly. Regret filled me as I reflected on my decisions back then. This wouldn't have happened if I hadn't let him take Summer with him to W City!

A dreadful silence filled the air as a gloomy cloud casted upon everyone's face. The next moment, Zachary pulled out his phone and began making a few calls.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 936

Cameron and Ashton too, began dialing away on their phones as they tried to contact all the health experts they knew of.

A throbbing pain stung my abdomen yet again. I had felt it from the moment I knew about Summer's illness earlier that day, and I figured it must have been a symptom of stress and anxiety.

But as time went by, I realized something was wrong. While Ashton was still on the phone, the pain suddenly intensified and I felt a warm trickle down my thighs. Fear poured into my mind in an instant. "Ashton, I have a bad feeling..."

He quickly hung up and rushed over to my side. "What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

I grabbed onto him and shivered in pain. "My stomach hurts!"

His pupils constricted the moment he noticed the blood in between my legs. "Get the obstetrician!" he exclaimed loudly.

"I-I'm fine..." I resisted, although my legs were giving away under the intense pain.

As Zachary hurried off to get the doctor, Cameron came over and helped support me. "My dear, when was the last time you had your period?"

Cold droplets of sweat had already emerged on my forehead by then. "I don't know, it's never been regular..."

Come to think of it, it had supposedly been over a month since I last menstruated. Ever since I lost my baby, my period cycle had never been normal.

Seeing the mixed emotions on their faces, I knew what it meant. I am probably pregnant.

That explained my unusual exhaustion these days! How ignorant I'd been... I've always thought that my extra sleepiness was because of the weather.

Everything happened in a flurry as I was wheeled into the emergency ward. The pain in my abdomen became more and more unbearable. The voices around me soon became muffled and distant as my view blurred...

When I jolted awake, I broke out in cold sweat. Cameron and Zachary were by my bedside, but there was no sight of Ashton.

Although my mother sighed in relief as I regained consciousness, I was unable to comprehend the teary look on her face. "Why are you crying, Mom? What happened to me?"

She smiled while wiping her tears away with the back of her hands. "You're pregnant, my dear! It's almost two months already."

Before I could react, Zachary's face too, lit up with an endearing smile. "The doctor said that the fetus isn't very stable at the moment, so you have to take care of yourself and be careful!"

I am... pregnant? An indescribable feeling surged up within me. It felt like a mix of delight and loss at the same time, amongst a variety of other emotions.

I suddenly remembered about Summer. "Mom, Dad, what about Summer? How is she now?"

"She's awake now, and we've gotten in touch with the best medical team we knew," Cameron consoled. "Don't worry, we'll make sure we get the best possible treatment for her!"

I nodded in slight relief. "Where's Ashton?"

"He's making arrangements for you and Summer! You both have to stay in the hospital for a few days. We've gotten the maids to bring over everything you need, so just rest up as much as you can. Your Dad

and I will keep you both company as well over the next couple of days," Cameron explained, joy and concern intertwined on her face.

I understood what she felt. She was happy about my pregnancy and worried about Summer at the same time.

A while later, my parents left and went over to Summer's ward. I lay in bed in a daze until Ashton came back. He gazed at my blank expression with a gentle smile. It was a rare sight.

He chuckled softly. "What are you thinking about?"

I wriggled upright and leaned on his chest, wrapping my arms around him. "This child is a surprise... I didn't even expect myself to be able to conceive! But whatever it is, promise me, Ashton. Summer is and will always be our child too, okay?"

Ashton dazed for a moment and smiled at me. "Since when have I started losing your trust? Don't think too much. We have two kids now, and I'll do everything to make sure Summer gets well!"

At his reassurance, I buried my head deeper in his embrace. Back then, I once thought that I'd let Summer make her own decision about living with her biological father when she'd grow up one day. But I've made up my mind this time—for someone like Jared who would go so far as to put his own child in danger, he no longer had the right to be her father.

"My dear Mrs. Fuller, please take good care of yourself from now on. You can't be so reckless anymore now that you're bearing a child," Ashton teased jokingly with a hint of helplessness in his voice. "I know you're worried about Summer and about how I might favor this upcoming child over her. But Scarlett, please trust me, okay?"

I nodded, albeit unable to shake off my fears completely. "Do you think Summer's condition can be fully treated?" I blurted as memories of Renee resurfaced in my mind again. That poor child! She looked so

miserably different after a month of chemotherapy. I couldn't bear the thought of seeing Summer becoming like that too.

Ashton nodded. "We've found the best doctors, and all we need to do now is to find her a suitable candidate for her bone marrow transplant. Once she's recovered, we'll be able to spend the rest of our days together as a family."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 937

Bone marrow transplant!

I was taken aback. “Let’s get Jared. Since he’s Summer’s biological father, his bone marrow should be a match, right?”

Ashton nodded slightly and spoke, “I have something to tell you. Jared had been heavily injured in prison earlier today.”

“Did he get into a fight?” I was shocked. Since Jared entered prison, he had been living fine with the Crest family’s support. How did he get beaten up?

“It must’ve been Uncle Zachery. He must’ve gotten someone to beat Jared up as he was upset by what had happened to Summer,” Ashton replied.

I was in a daze—I could not believe it. “Why would Dad think of getting someone in the prison to...” However, when I thought deeper, I remembered how he became very protective of Rebecca when he found out that she was part of the Moore family.

I knew that Zachary was an impulsive person. When he heard that Jared had caused Summer’s illness, it was in his character to beat Jared up.

Soon, I knocked out in Ashton’s arms, likely due to the meds.

I was woken up shortly by a dream of the scene where Renee passed away on the hospital bed. Ashton was not around, and I was worried about Summer, so I went to her ward.

Cameron was there with her. “Why are you here? Go back to your ward and rest. You need the rest now,” she advised me.

I nodded in response while turning my gaze to look at Summer, who was sound asleep. She resembled her mother more as she grew up, though she was pale due to her sickness.

Cameron gestured for me to head back. “Mom, I’m fine. I couldn’t sleep anyway. Let me take a look at her a while more,” I pleaded.

She had no choice but to cave in. Then, she passed me a hand pack and nagged, “Here, hold it. Your body is so cold. You should learn to take better care of yourself.”

I smiled at Cameron in response and turned to look at Summer. I studied her face and couldn’t believe that she was already six years old. Since we returned from R Province, I had placed her under Ashton’s care as I did not have sufficient time and energy for her. For that, I had missed many precious moments with her.

Time flew, and six years had passed—it was near the new year now. At times, I would find myself imagining that everyone was still around like they used to.

“Don’t worry. Zachary had gotten the best doctor and the latest technologies for her. Summer is our lucky star, so she’ll definitely recover,” Cameron comforted. “You’re already a mother, so you should take good care of yourself too. Let’s go out for a family outing when you’re feeling better.”

I looked at her and nodded while leaning on her shoulder. That was the closest I had ever been with her. “Mom, thank you for taking care of Summer these few days. She might’ve been in a better condition if only I had brought her to the doctors earlier.”

She let out a sigh. “This is not your fault. None of us expected this. Luckily, your father and I had sufficient savings for the upcoming treatment. As long as there’s hope, we’re willing to spend everything on Summer to help her recover.”

I started tearing up as I felt blessed. With the financial support of the Moores and the Fullers, Summer had an increased probability of recovering.

It was the reality. In the face of death, those with money could extend their life, even if it's only for a day. On the other hand, those without money were only left with one choice—surrender their life to fate.

“Mom, did you hand over all the projects of J City to Nick?” I asked as Nick came to my mind.

She nodded. “Most of the projects of J City are from the Harrisons. His father passed not long after I got married to him. Nick was still too young at that time, so I had to take over the management of Cruise Corporation. Since Nick has grown up, it's only right for me to hand the business over to him. Why did you ask suddenly?”

I stared into a blank space, thought for a moment, and told her, “When Summer's situation starts to stabilize, I plan to bring her to J City to help with her recovery. The weather there is more suitable for recovery compared to K City, so she might recover faster there.”

She processed that thought and nodded. “Okay. Zachary and I will let the doctor know. We'll transfer her to J City and arrange for her surgery to be performed there once we've found a suitable donor. Zachary and I could retire in J City too. However, Fuller Corporation is doing very well now, I think you should talk about this with Ashton too.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 938

I let out a sigh. "I just thought of it and have yet to tell him anything."

"There's no need to rush. You should bring it up when everything else has stabilized."

It was November in K City, and the temperature had dropped lower than usual. It felt like it was about to start snowing.

I was discharged after a few days of rest in the hospital. Meanwhile, Summer had to undergo chemotherapy. After her first session, she had lost quite a bit of weight. Her organs were affected by her illness to the extent that she had lost her appetite completely and didn't feel like eating anything.

Zachary got some experts from overseas to discuss with the top specialist to come up with the best treatment plan for Summer. Ashton was listening intently. He had been busy at work, probably dealing with Murphy Corporation's move on Fuller Corporation.

"The most prominent damage is on the patient's kidney. Even if we manage to get a suitable bone marrow donor, she would not be able to fully recover, as she needs a kidney transplant as well," the doctor explained with a dull expression.

Another doctor added, "Unfortunately, these two organs are difficult to find. Every year, many patients do not make it till they get a donor. Hence, I suggest that Summer continues with the existing treatment."

My heart broke upon hearing that news. Cameron pulled me out and consoled, "My dear, you're currently pregnant. It's not good for you to get too emotional. Don't worry. I've got an idea to resolve Summer's issue."

I knew she was trying to comfort me. I recalled that Renee also had leukemia. Since she could not find a suitable donor, Sasha's mother decided to stop the treatment and brought Renee to complete her bucket list.

I did not wish to do the same for Summer. That was just too cruel.

However, I had no clue what to do. It seemed like we were stuck in a corner.

After the discussion ended, Cameron and Zachary stayed to take care of Summer while Ashton brought me to the office. He was worried that I might overthink if I stayed at the hospital.

I had been zoning out frequently, thinking about Summer's condition. Ashton was worried, so he had been bringing me around with him everywhere.

At the lobby, a lady welcomed us with a bright smile. "Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, these dried mangoes are pretty sweet. Please try some."

I could not remember her identity while Ashton looked at me and asked, "Do you like these?"

I shook my head.

"Mrs. Fuller, you've got to try it first!" The lady passed a piece to me. I stared at her blankly and eventually tasted it.

As she looked at me expectantly, I recalled that she was Stella. I had forgotten as I had too much on my mind.

"How is it? Is it good?" Stella asked while smiling in excitement.

I nodded and replied, "It's quite sweet!"

"See, I told you! I like it very much. I thought of you and wanted to pass them to you, but you had not been around lately. I bought these to express my appreciation, so please accept them."

I was taken aback by her chattiness. I recalled that incident and asked, "How are your injuries? Are you feeling better?"

She nodded. "I've already recovered. Don't worry. I'm quite tough."

I let out a sigh of relief and took the dried mangoes. "Thank you. Please don't buy me anything. Instead, I should be thanking you for taking that blow for Ashton."

Her face flushed. "You're too kind. It was actually Mr. Fuller who had saved me. I ended up being a burden instead."

"Let's go. You shouldn't be standing for too long!" Ashton said while he hugged me. I nodded in agreement as I felt uncomfortable after standing for some time.

Stella waved while smiling very brightly.

Ashton took over the bag of dried mangoes and advised, "Next time, don't force yourself to accept what you don't like."

"She has good intentions. Also, these are sweet. You should try some." I handed him a piece. "Stella seemed to be livelier than she used to be," I said to Ashton with a skeptical look.

Ashton took a bite and continued, "There were some after-effects from her head injury."

I recall that the doctor mentioned the possibility of a concussion. I looked up at Ashton and asked, "Could being livelier be a sign of a concussion?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 939

“She had forgotten many things. She had even forgotten Justin. Sometimes, her memories are jumbled up.”

I raised my brows, “Justin?”

He nodded. “That guy who went along to the hospital.”

The lift arrived at the office. There were snacks on the coffee table—all my favorite snacks.

In no time, I focused on the snacks and stopped asking him questions.

Ashton started to contact people to help speed up finding a suitable donor. It was a difficult task. Even if a donor was found, that person had to be a match. We had to find a kidney donor as well. Furthermore, it had to be a child’s kidney.

I lost my appetite after those thoughts occurred to me, so I looked at Ashton, who was staring into blank space.

There was a knock on the door. “Come in.”

It was Stella. She brought some drinks for us. She placed a cup of green tea in front of Ashton and a cup of hot milk tea for me. “Mrs. Fuller, please try this. I made this using my special recipe.”

I smiled and thanked her. I took a sip, and it was not bad.

Slam. Ashton stood up while his face darkened. The green tea that Stella prepared dropped on the floor and shattered. He was holding his phone and exclaimed, “Bring him to the hospital immediately! I’ll be there.”

“What happened?” I shot up and asked, thinking that something bad happened to Summer.

He grabbed his jacket and told me, "Jared was almost killed in prison. I have to go now." He glanced at Stella and ordered, "Stella, please send Mrs. Fuller back later."

He rushed off right after.

I was lost in thought. He had been fine in there all this while. What exactly happened? Could it be that Zachary got someone to beat Jared up again for what happened to Summer?

However, according to his personality, he would have beaten him up brutally the first time. Why did he do it again?

Furthermore, that person tried to kill him.

Stella was taken aback and looked at me. "Mrs. Fuller, I'll send you back in a bit, but I don't know your address. I need you to tell me."

I gave a small smile and replied, "Thank you."

She shook her head while smiling. "No worries, it's my job."

Ashton took his car, so we walked to Stella's car. "Don't worry. Even though I had just gotten my driving license, I am a good driver."

I smiled and got on to the front seat. I wondered how she got promoted to a secretary. "It must've been tough for you. Ashton is very picky. Your job as a secretary must've been busier than the time you were working at the front desk."

She started the car and explained, "It's okay. Mr. Fuller had been kind to me. He would get others to teach me the things that I don't know."

I nodded and kept silent.

She stopped along the side of the road and took a grey bag out of the trunk.

She placed the bag on the back seat and explained, "I have to pass this to someone later. I brought it out in case I forget."

I nodded in response.

She was indeed a steady driver. As she drove to the villa, she looked around and commented, "Mrs. Fuller, your house is so big. I'm so envious of you!"

I chuckled. "If you have time, would you like to come in with me?"

She shook her head. "I don't think I can. I have plans already. Maybe next time. I believe that I'll have many chances to do so in the future."

I thanked her and got off the car. I stood there and watched as her car left.

It seemed that all the innocent things in this world either did not exist or were killed. The journey of growing up was indeed a long one.

Ashton was only back at night. He was worried that if anything bad happens to Jared, it might be difficult for him to donate his bone marrow to Summer.

I was waiting for Ashton in the living room. When he returned and was changing his shoes in the hallway, I asked, "How's he? Is he badly injured?"

"He's still in critical condition. Joe is there. Why are you still up?"

I walked over and replied, "I was waiting for you because I'm worried." While I spoke, he placed a grey bag at the side.

I furrowed my brows. That bag looked similar to the one Stella had in her car. Why did he have it?

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 940

Ashton was tired. He rubbed his temples and rested on the sofa. I pursed my lips and stared at the grey bag. I walked over to him and massaged his shoulders. "I see that you've brought a grey bag. What's that?"

"That was a jacket that I lent Stella. She sent it for wash and returned it. Could you help me to get the helper to have it when she's here tomorrow?"

I recalled as I continued staring at the bag. That day, Ashton had indeed passed a jacket to Stella. I remember buying him a new set of clothes.

"You're so wasteful! These clothes were expensive."

He opened his eyes slightly and smiled. "Since when were you so materialistic? Are you feeling the pinch over a set of clothes?"

I leaned on his shoulder and replied, "Well, we're going to spend a lot on Summer's surgery. Furthermore, all that money is from your hard work. I don't wish to waste it like that."

He lifted his head and kissed my cheek. "Don't worry. Even if your husband is dead, he would make sure you live a good life."

I used my head to bump into his. "Don't curse yourself. Do you really wish for me to remarry with two kids?"

He pulled me onto his lap. "I'm still alive, and yet you're thinking of remarrying already? You'd better erase that thought, or I'll punish you tonight."

I rolled my eyes at him as I leaned against his shoulder, and said, "Both of us have to take care of ourselves and stay well. Let's head back to J City when our kids are grown up. I'd love to open a small flower shop, and you'll be my employee. We'd get to celebrate all the festive seasons with our parents."

I smiled and looked at him. "I realize I have no ambitions. I'm already thinking of retirement. Do you disdain me for it?"

He smiled and pecked on my cheek while holding my tummy. "Your dream is my dream. We'll do what you want when we get old."

It seemed like after we reach a certain age, humans tend to crave peace and stability.

As I thought of Jared, I asked, "How did Jared get injured in prison? Was it my Dad?"

He shook his head. "No. If Uncle Zachery wanted to make a move, he would do it only once. He would not have done it twice. It was caused by a drug addict that had a dispute with others, went mad and attacked Jared."

I nodded my head. "Is the Crest family still trying to bail him out of jail?" Since the first day of Jared's admission to the prison, the Crest family had been channeling money there in hopes of getting him out early.

He did not answer my question and asked me one instead. "What if he makes it out?"

I raised my brows to his reaction. "Are you trying to get him out too?" I used to be afraid of Jared, and I understood his hatred for Ashton too. However, I started to hate him after what he did to Summer.

He had used his own child. No matter if it was intentional or accidental, I could never erase that cruel image of him from my mind.

Ashton avoided the question and said, "We need him to do a test to see if he's a matching donor for Summer."

I frowned. "I agree for him to do the test, but I do not agree for him to be released from prison."

The conversation ended, and he carried me up to the bedroom. I had been feeling sleepy very often, probably due to the pregnancy.

I fell asleep almost immediately after I went to bed.

The next day before sunrise, Cameron called. She informed me that Summer had been coughing blood after her therapy session.

Ashton and I rushed to the hospital while Summer was transferred to the ER. "The cancer cells are spreading fast. Despite using the best treatment, the effect was too small. We'd have to hurry and find suitable bone marrow and kidney, or it might spread to the other organs soon," the doctor explained.

Ashton nodded. Cameron was unsure of what to do, so she called Zachary.

In the hallway, everyone was silent but feeling anxious inside. We have all the resources, but the most critical was still the bone marrow and kidney. We could get the bone marrow from Jared, but what about the kidney? It was near impossible to find a child's kidney in such a short time.

Ashton thought for a moment and said, "Y'all should stay here. I'll go and get Jared." He was worried about me, so he repeated, "Don't go anywhere. If you're feeling unwell, please let me know. If you'd like to eat something, let me know too. Also, don't stand for too long."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 941

I forced a smile. "I get it. I'll take care of myself, just go."

He was still worried despite that and told Cameron some dos and don'ts before he left.

Then, Cameron looked at me. "He's really nice to you."

I smiled. Then my phone rang. It was from Armond, who hadn't called me in a long time. I

frowned in annoyance when I saw his number. Ever since what happened in Moranta, I lost

any good impression I had for him. But I took his call anyway. "What is it?"

His voice was deep, but also depressing. "It's been a while. We might not be friends

anymore, but we don't have to be enemies; so, you don't have to be so hostile. "

I sneered. "You tried to harm my husband. If that's not enough to antagonize me, I don't know what will."

He laughed mirthlessly. "Are you free? Why don't we meet up? You might gain something, you know."

"Thanks but no thanks," I refused.

"Come on, don't say no so fast." He chuckled. "I heard you're trying to find a matching kidney

for the Crests' kid. I'm your friend, Scarlett, and I'm a kind man. I don't mind getting a

suitable kidney for the child. All you have to do is ask," he said casually, much to my surprise.

I frowned. "What are you trying to do now, Armond?"

"Let's meet up and talk. You raised the child, didn't you? You can take this risk. You risked

your life in Moranta for Ashton, so why not for the child? Is she worth less than your

husband? All I want to do is to chat with you."

I was surprised that he could sound so nonchalant since he was usually a stern man. What is he really like deep down?

My prolonged silence prompted him to speak. "So it's a no, huh? I feel bad for the poor child."

"Give me the location." I took a deep breath. I didn't know how he would find the kidney, but

it was a pressing matter, so I had to give it a try.

He laughed as if his plan had worked. "You are always so loyal, Scarlett.

I'm looking forward

to our meeting, but don't tell anyone about this, and don't try to pull any tricks behind my

back. Or I'll make sure your daughter is bedridden for life even if she gets the bone marrow

she desperately needs. You know I can do that."

He said goodbye with a laugh before hanging up. Then, he sent me the location.

I pursed my lips. The city center, huh? And the most bustling place too. I heaved a sigh of

relief. If that's the case, he can't do anything to me even if he wants to.

Cameron came back with the vitamins after I kept my phone. "Take these vitamins once in

the morning and once at night. It'll help the baby."

I nodded and put the pills in my bag. At the same time, I was thinking about what to tell her

since I want to go out.

The ER's door swung open, and out came Summer on a gurney surrounded by doctors.

Cameron and I followed them into the ward, but Summer was still in a coma even after the doctors had left.

I looked at Cameron. "I'm going out to get some stuff, Mom. Look after Summer for me. I'll

be back in a minute."

She looked at the time and nodded. "Go on. I'll look after her."

I went straight to the location Armond sent me after coming out from the hospital. It was a

café near the hospital. When I arrived at the place, Armond was already waiting for me. He

gave me a warm smile when we met. "I thought you won't come." Then, he called the waiter to take his order.

I looked at him. "Please make this quick."

He pursed his lips calmly. "So I'm not even your friend now."

"Do you think we can still be friends after what you did?" I held my anger back. He was no longer my friend from the moment he tried to kill Ashton in Moranta. In fact, he was my enemy since then.

He smiled despondently. "You know I would never harm you."

"Depends on how you define 'harm.'" I sneered. "That's enough of pleasantries. You have plotted ever since we met, but I don't really care about your reason. Just cut to the chase."

He pursed his lips and squinted at me. "Very well then. Remember the sandalwood box you

promised to give me back in Venria? I took your girls back safe and sound, but what did you

do? You gave me a fake box. Do you think I'm an idiot, Scarlett?"

I froze for a moment. Oh, so he found out about that. I pursed my lips. "I know nothing about

that box. You wanted it, so I gave it to you. I can tell you that my grandma gave it to me, so

it's just something my grandma left me. I have no idea what the content means to you, and I

don't know what you want from it."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 942

He sneered. "Shifting the blame, are we? Fine. If you don't want to give me the box, then

there's no meaning to this meeting. Your daughter is on her own now."

A frown creased my forehead. "I have no idea where the box is right now. It's always been in

the villa and guarded by Ashton."

He gave me a nod and squinted. "So that means you can retrieve it."

I frowned again. "I cannot," I denied.

He chuckled. "Well, the box isn't the only chip you have, but I wonder if you'll accept the deal."

I hesitated for a moment before asking, "What's your price?"

He pointed at me. "You."

I frowned at him, flabbergasted and waited for a further explanation.

He smiled. "Haven't you realized? I've been interested in you for a while now."

I almost spewed the water out, then I stared at him in shock.

He ignored my surprise and continued, "The first time I met you was at J City's auction. You

weren't exactly beautiful, but you were attractive. Maybe it's because Ashton was beside

you, so I only had eyes for you then. And then the meeting at the cemetery. You probably

didn't know this, but I was the one who sent the guy who attacked you.

Anyway, I wasn't

planning to hurt you, and I just wanted to have a reason to talk with you.

Fortunately, we got

to know each other after that. Then, I wanted to get closer to you, and you gave me a

chance. You were in A City then, and coincidentally, you were in my company. Also, you

know Savini and that's one great coincidence. Whatever it is, we got to know each other

after that."

I stared at him in disbelief. "You're the president of Animus?"

He nodded. "Murphy Corporation has a lot of subsidiaries in A City.

Some are just newly

acquired, so they aren't named after the corporation yet."

I felt a chill running down my spine as I recalled everything that had happened. Then, I

grabbed his hand. "So you were the one behind the night I was arrested because of kyanine

possession? Those cops are your henchmen?"

He paused for a moment, surprised. "Wow, you're getting smarter."

No, I was not. I just remembered seeing him that night at the hotel, and I was falsely

accused not long after that. I couldn't understand why I was the one who was targeted out of everyone there. I thought Savini was behind it, but he didn't seem surprised when I met him after coming back from Venria alive. And he was all ready for my questioning.

When I thought back to those hellish days, I realized there were a lot of loopholes that couldn't be explained. Tabitha and Laurel came from normal families, but Nora wasn't. But even so, Channing didn't say a word about her kidnap.

I must have looked concerned, but all Armond did was throw me a dark smile. "Are you thinking about the happy days we had in Venria and Western Europe?" My face fell, and I got ready to leave before the waiter came back with our coffee, but he stopped me. "Your daughter can't wait around any longer, Ms. Stovall. Stop throwing a tantrum and take my offer."

He was smiling when he said that, as if Summer's life was just a chip for him to play with.

Disgusting. I glowered. "What do you want?"

He gave me an eerie look. "Why don't you start dating me?"

"Are you mad, Murphy? I'm married! And I won't date you even if I'm not! If you don't love

Nora, then tell her! Don't make her wait!" The man was not just a hypocrite. He could act like

a gentleman, a scheming b*stard, a cold warlord, and a shameless per*ert. Suddenly, I

realized I never knew this creature—he's a demon in human skin.

"I won't make it hard for you." Then, he pinned me down on the seat.

"Why not give me a

chance? If you date me, I'll get your daughter the kidney that she needs so desperately."

I glared at him incredulously. He was making the source of kidneys sound like something

within his reach. Then, he sat back before me. "All you have to do is nod.

I'll make sure your

daughter gets treated immediately."

I looked at him. He's already beyond disgusting. Any description is going to be an understatement. I took the coffee the waiter served and splashed it on his face. "Get professional help if you have a mental illness. You're going to hurt someone sooner or later."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 943

Then, I left without saying a word. Armond shocked me to my core once again. I had the feeling he could take any human organ he wanted at any time. All he had to do was say the word. That fact alone made him terrifying.

At that moment, Cameron gave me a call to ask me why I was out for so long. I lied by saying that I had gone quite a distance, so I couldn't get back that soon. In the end, I bought some stuff at a convenience store nearby before going back.

Summer was lying in the bed. She was looking skeletal after the chemotherapy sessions, and looking at her broke my heart. Even so, I couldn't cry before her, so I forced a smile. "Are you angry with Mommy, Summer? It's been a while since I last saw you." Summer shook her head and held my hand weakly. "No. Grandma said you have a baby in your belly, so you can't stay here for too long, or the baby's going to get sick."

I took a deep breath before holding her hand back firmly. I couldn't face her because of my guilt. I felt that everything was my fault. If I hadn't let her go with Jared to W City, she wouldn't have to suffer that much.

If I hadn't left for A City, if I hadn't left her behind with Cameron, I would probably notice something wrong with her. Cameron even called me to talk about Summer's symptoms, but I delayed her treatment because of my carelessness. I shouldn't have gotten pregnant either. I always thought I cared and loved Summer with all my heart, but I realized I was only acting out of my selfish desires. I brought her to R Province because I thought it was best for her, then I brought her back to K City and left her alone for the same reason. I brought this suffering unto her.

I felt guilty, and I couldn't face her because of that.

"What are you thinking about, Mommy?" Summer waved her hand before me, snapping me out of my trance. "I'm not scared, Mommy. Granny told me lots of people fall sick, but everyone gets better if they follow the doctor's orders." I nodded, but I felt sad. I knew I would break down the moment I started talking, so I felt relieved when Cameron came in. "Talk to granny for a bit, Summer. I'll be back in a second." Cameron wanted to ask me something, but since I was in a hurry, she stopped herself. My tears finally fell when I got to the staircase. Ashton called me, but I waited for a bit before answering the call. He was silent for a while before asking, "Have you taken dinner. Is Summer fine?" "Yes." I nodded. "What about Jared? Did he agree to it?" "Yes. I'll take him to the hospital tomorrow. What happened? Your voice sounds hoarse. Are you crying?" I wanted to say no, but I knew I couldn't hide it from him. "Summer's just skin and bones now. It's heartbreaking whenever I see her." I didn't know how to break the meeting with Armond to him. First, I didn't know what Armond was trying to do; secondly, I couldn't understand why Armond said it was easy for him to get a suitable kidney for Summer." "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to Summer. Mrs. Dune told me you look tired. Don't forget to rest up when you get home. I don't want you to exhaust yourself," he said gently. Well, he did mellow out over the years. I stayed at the staircase for a bit after hanging up, then Nora called me. I thought it'd be awkward, but I took the call anyhow. Nora was as vivacious as usual though. "Can you pick

us up at the airport, Scarlett? We just got here, so everything's really unfamiliar."

I froze up. "You're in K City?"

"Yeah. Armond said you're really worried about your daughter when I called him. I can't really

help you, but I can take care of her for you. I won't trouble you, I promise," she said a lot, and

I was surprised, but I felt touched.

I could feel tears coming up again, but I answered, "Thank you. I—"

"Oh, stop yammering and come pick us up quickly. K City's freezing. I should have worn

more clothes. It feels so chilly right after we landed, you know," she grumbled.

I smiled. "Alright, I'm coming over. Wait, 'we'? Who did you come with?"

"A new friend I got to know. She's here on a business trip, so we came together. I'll introduce

her to you later." Her teeth were chattering from the cold.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 944

"Okay." I hung up and told Cameron a few things before leaving.

She wasn't wearing anything thick, and it was already winter in K City. It was impossible for

me to take some clothes from the house, so I had to pick her up first.

It was hard to get a ride at the hospital, so I was left waiting, much to my chagrin.

"Scarlett!" someone called out to me, much to my surprise. I looked around to see who was

calling me and saw Hannah, which was quite a shock.

She was wearing a tan-colored jacket, and her hair was tied up in a bun, making her look

younger. She was also wearing an elegant pair of pearl earrings. Hannah didn't have the

cute look of a young lady, for she was already in her thirties, but she was mature, attractive,

and elegant.

"Why did you come to the hospital? Are you sick?" I smiled at her.

She returned the smile and came up to me. "Not me. My boyfriend's mother. We came to visit her. I was just going to call you to see which room Summer is in so we can see her too."

At the same time, Hannah's boyfriend parked his car at the roadside and greeted us.

Hannah asked, "Are you going somewhere? We can give you a lift. It's hard to get a ride right now, and you guys can get to know each other. Don't want you guys to feel awkward if you bump into each other next time, you know."

I paused for a moment, then I smiled at her boyfriend. "I need to go to the airport. It's quite a distance away, but let's catch up some other time."

"Eh, it's fine. We don't have anything to do today, so I'll go with you. I have something to discuss anyway. You're really busy lately, aren't you? If I let this chance slip, god knows

when the catching up will happen." Hannah took me to the car and went into the backseat.

She told her boyfriend, "To the airport, Chandler."

The man nodded and revved up the car.

Hannah held my hand. "He's Chandler, my boyfriend. He works as a programmer."

The man gave me an honest smile, and I smiled back. Hannah continued, "And this is my friend, Scarlett. I told you about her."

We got to know each other after that. Chandler looked like an honest man, and he seemed

to be younger than Hannah. I met him before at the restaurant. He was about six feet four in

height. A towering giant, really. He wasn't conventionally handsome, but he sent out a good vibe.

Then, I looked at Hannah. I never bumped into her again after leaving the Stovall residence.

Well, it was just a few days though. I was about to ask her about John, but it looked like she had probably decided to dump him.

I kept my mouth shut since her life was peaceful at the moment. Dating John was not a golden experience for her. To say it was torture might even be an understatement. In any case, nobody could fault her for leaving.

“Oh, are you picking someone up at the airport?” Hannah asked.

I nodded. “Yeah. My friend from A City came. It’s chilly right now, and it’s hard to get a ride

there. Moreover, she isn’t wearing a lot of clothes right now either.”

Hannah nodded. “I think we have some clothes here.” Then, she asked Chandler, “Chandler, did you take the clothes in the trunk home? You know, the ones I put a few days ago.”

Chandler shook his head. “No. Work has been hectic these couple of days. I’ve forgotten about it.”

She pouted. “You always forget what I told you. Man, you and that bad memory of yours, but

this is actually good.” She smiled at me. “Your friend’s a girl, right? If it’s fine for her, I can

lend her my clothes. Winter in K City can be a nightmare Don’t let her fall ill.”

I nodded. Hannah seemed different somehow. She used to be elegant and hard to approach,

but she was warmer and more approachable now.

She was surprised to see me smile though. “Are you going to ask about John and I?”

I froze up for a moment, but she explained, “It’s fine. Chandler knows about it, so you don’t

have to hold back. Ask away. Oh, I almost forgot about this, but Chandler and I are getting

married. I was going to ask you to come with me to the bridal house for the gown fitting.

You know I don’t have many friends, so you’re the first person I thought of. But with Summer

being hospitalized, I know you must be busy as well.”

I stopped for a moment to process what she said. Then I smiled. “My mother’s looking after

Summer. Tell me in advance if you're going to try out the gowns. But you sure you talked it

out with my brother? Kiki's still young, so I support you, but..."

She nodded at me. "I know what you're trying to say, but I'm going to be thirty-three soon.

My best years are coming to an end. I've let go of everything and did everything I had to. I

thank god for having met Chandler when life seems to be at a dead end.

He spoils me a lot,

and thanks to him, I found out that love can come in such an adorable way. We may fall in

love with a lot of people throughout our lives, but there can only be one person who walks

with us until the end. I want to live my life with Chandler, and I know the kind of life I want to

lead. I know you're worried about your brother and Kiki, but I think of you as my friend,

Scarlett. I hope you can think about this from my perspective, alright?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 945

Yeah. Hannah had kept herself exclusively for John for too long. She accepted every sh*tty thing he did for the sake of a twisted love. Because of that, she had forgotten that she too, was in need of love.

She resolved to leave because she wanted to live her own life. I guess John would never know who he had lost. I guess he would never come across someone who'd wait for him for years anymore. He lost someone who'd give everything up just to give him a home.

I held her hand. "Uncle Louis and I will support you no matter what, Hannah. Uncle Louis sees you as his own daughter, and I know he'll give his blessing. We're grateful for you because you gave us Kiki. We're your family, so tell us if you ever need anything."

She chuckled. "I know you'd support me." She poked Chandler. "Don't ever try to bully me, you hear? I have a family behind me now."

Chandler grinned. "You always had a family behind you."

I smiled. Then, I realized that we couldn't get what we wanted a lot of times because we were obsessed with the illusion of a grandiose love, but happiness had always been about the little things.

Hannah had dated John for many years. All she wanted was a peaceful life for her family, but John didn't catch up on it even though he had the same wish. Eventually, she slipped away from him.

The moment I got out of the car, I saw Nora before the airport's entrance. She was wearing an autumn trench coat and a dress, and she was shivering.

Nora trotted up to me with her luggage in tow. "Oh my god, you're finally here," she gushed.

"I was freezing, gosh. The winter in K City can kill, literally speaking. I mean, why is everyone flocking to this place anyway?"

She kept grumbling as I helped her with the luggage. Before I could put it in the trunk,

Chandler had already taken it from me. He grinned. "Leave this to me."

Hannah took out a thick down jacket from the trunk. "Is this fine?" she asked me.

I nodded and covered Nora with it. "You should have called me. I could have gotten you

some clothes. Oh, you came with a friend, didn't you? Where is she?"

The down coat warmed her up a little, and she looked around. "She said she was going to

warm her hands up. Oh, there she is." She pointed at the exit, so I looked in that direction.

Much to my surprise, I saw a familiar face. It was none other than Hailey, who texted me a

lot just a few days ago.

She was in even thinner clothing than Nora was, and she was pushing her luggage while

coming up to us. Hailey's constitution wasn't that good, to begin with, so she was starting to

turn blue from the cold. Of course, she looked surprised to see me too.

"You didn't get any hot water, huh? Told you this airport's too big." Nora noticed she wasn't

holding anything.

I looked at Hannah awkwardly, but she only smiled and took out a grey coat. "Good thing

Chandler didn't take them out.

I thanked her before going up to Hailey with the coat. She smiled at me.

"We meet again, Scar."

I handed her the coat. "Looks like it." She was the only one who'd call me that.

Nora looked at us in surprise. "You guys know each other?"

I nodded. "We met before."

She pouted. "What are the odds of that!"

After the simple introduction, Chandler put their luggage in the trunk before coming back

into the car. "Where will you go now, Ms. Stovall?"

I told him the villa's address, then he revved the car up again. But then Nora quipped, "Oh, I rented a place in the city center, so it's fine. Hailey and I will be staying there."

I pouted. "But the servants have already cleaned the house, and staying by yourself is going to be a hassle."

"Don't worry, it won't. I have a ton of stuff to deal with, so staying at your place is going to be a hassle for you instead. And the place is really more convenient for us too." Nora was still as talkative as a child.

I wanted to convince her, but Hailey said, "We'll stay at the place Nora rented for now. She told me you have a lot on your plate now, so let's not add more to that, okay?"

I stopped persuading them after that. Chandler sent them to the place they rented in the city center. It was an apartment with two bedrooms. It wasn't big, but the decor was nice.

Since she had nothing to do, Hannah and I helped the girls tidy up the place before going to the mall to purchase a lot of winter apparel.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 946

Nora wanted us to stay over for a barbecue that night, to which Hannah agreed readily. "No prob. Chandler can cook. He's a good chef."

Chandler blushed from the praise. Since everyone agreed to it, we went to get a mountain of ingredients and prepared for the barbecue, and it didn't take too long to get the food ready.

Nora said, "Call Ashton over, Scarlett. It's quite late, so he's probably done with work."

Well, it was getting dark, and everyone was here, so I thought I'd invite him. It was a good chance for them to get to know each other. Then, I called him. It went through a moment

later, and I asked, "Are you done, Ashton?"

"He's still in a meeting, Mrs. Fuller. It might take a while," a woman answered instead of him.

It sounded familiar, but it took me a while to realize that it was Stella.

"I see. Tell him to call me back once he's done."

"Yes, Mrs. Fuller." She hung up after that.

I frowned. Nora, who was washing the veggies, noticed it. "Oh, is he still working?"

I nodded. But he usually brings his phone with him. So why was Stella the one who took the call?

"Aw, and I thought we could have held a gathering. I just called Armond, and he said he'd

come over since he has time," Nora mumbled.

I gasped reflexively. "You guys came back from Moranta together?"

Nora didn't seem to know what happened between Ashton and Armond in Moranta. She

nodded and puckered her lips. "I don't want to talk about it. I was going to stay here for a bit

after Moranta, but he got on my nerves so much that I decided to go back."

I stared at her. "Did you guys get into a fight?"

She shook her head angrily. "It's worse than that. I thought he's a gentle man, but he's just a hypocrite."

I froze, thinking that she might have seen his darker side, but then she said, "When we were

still in A City, he promised me he'd take me to his parents when we came to K City. I got

really nervous over it, but he fooled me and told me to go back after I have enough fun here.

What a rascal!"

I frowned. So he's still pretending to be a mild-mannered man in front of her, huh?

"I'm going to whoop his arse when he shows up. He sucks as a boyfriend. You know him well, so please lecture him for me, will you? He's really too much!" Nora was a straightforward lady. Once she was done complaining, she went to chat with Hannah and Chandler.

I looked at her quietly and sighed. So Armond didn't tell her about the incident in Moranta.

But she should have met Holden, shouldn't she? Didn't Holden tell her anything? I texted Holden, asking him if he had told her anything about the fight between Armond and Ashton in Moranta.

The doorbell rang after I texted him, and Nora went to take it happily, despite the fact that she had just complained about Armond earlier. Even so, when she saw Armond standing outside, she snorted. "Well, look who has decided to show up?" He looked at us before smiling at her. "I see you have a whole group here. Getting ready to beat me up, I assume?"

Amused, Nora pouted. "As if. Get in. Annoy me again and you'll never hear the end of it."

I was standing at the kitchen's doorstep as he came in with her. He squinted at me coolly

before putting on his warm, fake smile. "Rowdy night, I see."

Nora snorted. "Of course, it is." The, she introduced everyone to him.

I was still looking at him, but all I could see was that dark, eerie man in the café. That

thought alone chilled me to the bone.

"He's evil," Hailey whispered, much to my surprise. When I snapped out of it, she had paled a bit, perhaps from shock.

I gave her a concerned look. "What is it? Are you feeling unwell?"

She shook her head and took a deep breath. "I'm fine."

Nora came with Armond to say hi. "Why don't you girls take a break and let him do it? He's

being punished for coming late, so I thought this is a good place to start."

Armond was beaming brightly. He looked at me, then at Hailey. "You got a new friend, Nora?"

Nora nodded and held Hailey's hand with a smile. "I almost forgot. He's the boyfriend I've been talking about. His name's Armond."

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Hailey still looked pale, and she nodded at Armond stiffly. She seems scared. Is it because of him?

Nora was a bit of an airhead, so she didn't notice Hailey's expression. She turned to Armond.

"This is Hailey, my friend. She lives in A City, just like me."

Armond smiled gently at her. "Hello. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Hailey was trembling slightly as she shook his hand. "Hello," she whispered almost inaudibly.

Thinking that Hailey was just being shy around strangers, Nora smiled.

"She's a shy one, so

socializing's not her forte. Alright, let's start the barbecue. We're starving here."

Armond smiled and went into the kitchen, followed by Nora.

I grabbed Hailey, then she dragged me out of the kitchen. Her hands were as cold as ice,

obviously shocked from the meeting. She then downed a glass of water to calm herself.

Instead of asking her straight off, I waited for her to get a hold of herself.

A short while later,

she looked at me. "He's evil."

I paused for a moment. I knew she was talking about Armond, so I asked,

"Do you know him?"

She nodded, then sat on the sofa and looked at the kitchen. "I've seen him before, but it has

been quite a while since then," she whispered.

I was going to ask more, but Nora and Armond were already back with the kebabs, while

Hannah and Chandler made sure the flames were still roaring. Since everyone was going to

dig in, I held my question.

I observed Armond while we were barbecuing, but he didn't seem to know Hailey. How does

Hailey know him and she's even terrified.

"You're spacing out again. What's up with you?" Hannah handed me some food. "You have

lost some weight. Here, have some kebab."

I snapped out of it and nodded at her.

Armond squinted. "Indeed. I heard about your daughter. Tell us if you need any help."

"Yeah, you don't have to do everything alone, Scarlett." Nora nodded

I forced a smile. "Okay."

Armond had some of his juice and looked at me. "Your daughter needs a bone marrow and

kidney transplant, doesn't she? It won't be easy to get the ones she needs. How's it going

right now?"

The moment he said that Hailey accidentally smashed the sauce bowl before her. She

apologized and quickly cleaned it up, and Nora helped. "It's fine. I can do this myself." Hailey

wiped the sauce off her clothes.

All the color had drained from her face, as if she was horrified about something. I had a

strong feeling she knew something about Armond, much to my surprise.

Everyone sat back down once the mess was cleared up. Nora looked at me. "It won't be

easy to get a kidney transplant for a child, especially a matching one."

She turned to

Armond. "Can you help her?"

Armond gave me a cryptic look. "I am sure there is a way."

"Really?" Nora stared at him with excitement as she waited for his

answer, but Armond only

arched his eyebrow at me. "Let's focus on the barbecue for now. We can talk about it after

we're done eating."

Nora pondered on it. "Yeah, sure."

I held Hailey's hand again. Much to my surprise, it was still ice-cold despite the heater in the

house. That told me the extent of her fear for Armond.

Hailey threw a look of terror at me, while I nodded at her and patted her hand to give her some courage.

Hannah gave me some greens, but I didn't dig in. "Snap out of it, Scarlett. You haven't touched your food. Can't work up an appetite?"

I looked at the little mountain of food on my plate. "No. I'm digging in right now, okay?"

She beamed. "I've never had a barbecue before I met Chandler. It's really awesome, you know. I can get addicted to it."

Chandler blushed, then he gave her a piece of meat. "Dig in then. I can barbecue for you anytime you want."

"You guys are totally gloating. That's gross," Nora threw shades at them, but she did the same thing with Armond with a smile on her face.

Nothing bad happened during the barbecue though. Once we cleared the table up, Hannah and Chandler went back to their place. Nora held my hand and told Armond, "Take her home, Armond. I can't let her hitch a ride alone."

"She can come with us then." Hannah turned to Nora. "And her place is on our way home too."

Before Nora could say anything, Armond interrupted, "Same here. It won't be too much of a problem for us."

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Nora grinned. "I don't think a happy couple like you should bring a third wheel along. Let Armond take care of this."

Hannah wanted to retort, but Chandler whispered something and stopped her.

Then, Ashton called me. I took the call, and he said, "I just finished my meeting. Are you hungry?"

I felt more at ease after hearing his voice, then I went to the balcony.
“No. Just had
barbecue with my friends. Nora came today, and Hannah’s around too,
so I was going to call
you over, but you were working, so that’s that. Have you eaten though?”
He just got out of
the meeting, so I thought he must be hungry.
He chuckled. “Sounds like I missed out on a feast. Where are you? I’ll
pick you up. Can you
make some pasta for me?”
I smiled. “It’s not really good, you know. I’m at Nora’s place. It’s in the
city center. Armond’s
here too, so can you come over?”
He was quiet for a moment. “Sure.” Armond and us weren’t friends
anymore, so that was the
only way I could deal with Armond for the time being.
I made small talk before sending him my location, then I noticed
Holden’s message. ‘Why
didn’t you call me for so long, woman? Nora’s an idiot. Telling her is just
going to be a waste
of my time.’
Oh, it was probably about the thing I asked him earlier. I texted back
before keeping my
phone. I see.

Hailey sat quietly in a corner, trying to lay low. Armond and Nora were
doing the dishes in
the kitchen, so I sat down beside her and handed her a glass of water.
“Did you come here
for work?”
She took the glass of water and looked up at me. “The company needs
clients.” She nodded.
“I have to make the sales to keep it running.”
I looked at her silently. “Running a company doesn’t suit you. You should
pursue your
hobbies instead.”
“My father founded the company. It doesn’t matter if I like it or not, I
have to hold the fort
until he’s free. I’ll keep it running for as long as I can hold it.”

She's stubborn. I guess there's no point in persuading her. I nodded and shrugged. "Good luck."

She glanced at me for a moment. "What's your daughter down with?" "Leukemia."

She stared down. "She needs a kidney transplant on top of a bone marrow, right?"

I nodded.

She pondered about something silently, gripping the glass of water. "I had a heart transplant before."

I was surprised she'd tell me about that. I stared at her, and she smiled at me, but she still looked pale. "It was five years ago. I think my father was looking desperately for a heart just like what you're doing now. I can't imagine how tortured he must have felt then."

I didn't reply to that. For some reason, I thought there was something more to her case. A short pause later, she continued, "You're right. Running a company isn't what I like. I love to paint. My dream was to open my own art exhibition all over the world, but I don't think that can be done now."

I thought Hailey had depression to begin with, but I realized she had something worse. She looked like a normal girl from the outside, but her attitude told me she disliked human interactions.

She was more like an autistic person than a depressed one. Hailey tried her best to look normal, but she disliked talking to anyone from the bottom of her heart. "Did you have something to tell me? Was that why you wanted to see me?"

She stared at me, her gaze clean and innocent. She had something to say, but she hesitated, so I advised, "It's fine if you don't want to tell me about it right now, but you can talk to me

whenever you want to. I don't know why you're trying to talk to me even though you dislike me, but I know you have your reasons for that."

I knew she had something to tell me, but she had no idea how to say it. All she did was stare for a while and looked down in silence. It was hard to get any information from someone with a mental illness, so I didn't force her to talk. Then I looked outside into the night.

Everyone has a battle we can't see, huh?

"Armond is evil. Even Satan's a nice guy compared to him," she muttered, her voice trembling.

I looked at her again. She was pale, and her fists were red from being clenched too tightly.

Obviously, she had a great struggle with herself before telling me that short message.

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I wanted to help her relax, but she backed off by reflex and looked at me in confusion.

“Sorry, I...”

I nodded before giving her some space. “Calm down. I won’t force you to talk. You can tell

me about it when you’re ready. Don’t be scared.”

She bit her lips, her eyes tearing up. When Armond and Nora came over after they were done

doing the dishes, Hailey darted into the bedroom, much to Nora’s confusion. “What’s with

her?” she asked me.

I was looking at Armond, but he was still putting on his polite front. “It’s nothing. She’s

unwell, so she’s retiring for the night.”

Nora nodded dumbly. “No wonder she looks out of place. Is the weather affecting her?”

I nodded. “Probably. Please take care of her.”

She nodded before going to Hailey’s bedroom, concerned.

Armond was giving me a warm smile. “You seem to be unhappy. Is it because I’m here?”

I pursed my lips. “You should end this with her if you don’t love her. Stop hurting Nora.”

Armond was a mysterious man. I could never understand which part of him was real, and which was not.

He sat on the balcony’s sofa languidly. “I thought you should be more concerned about your

daughter, but it seems you care about Nora more. Well, she is adopted after all, so I can see

why you don’t really care about her.”

I held my anger down. “I’d shut up now if I were you.”

He smiled nicely. “I’m a talkative guy. Won’t you give me a chance, Scarlett? I don’t mind

having an affair with you. I’ll tell Nora off if you’d say yes, and I’d keep it a secret from

Ashton. Sounds exciting, doesn't it?"

Armond was disgusting as usual. I looked at him coldly while holding my urge to hurl.

"You're disgusting, you know that?"

He dismissed my hostility. "But I like it and I'm having fun."

I went to talk with Hannah and Chandler or I'd puke if I had to say another word to Armond.

Honestly, I didn't care about that psycho, but Nora was a newbie in relationships, so I didn't want Armond to hurt her.

Hannah handed me some cut-orange. "Someone seems angry. Have an orange. It's super sweet."

I popped a slice of it into my mouth. "Mmm, it's really sweet. Is Kiki with Uncle Louis today?"

Kiki was still young, so Hannah usually wouldn't be staying out so late.

The mention of Kiki saddened her, but she nodded. "John got him a nanny and had him stay

with Uncle Louis. I could only visit him from time to time."

I was surprised to hear that, since I thought John would at least let Hannah take care of the

child. "He's still young. Can Uncle Louis really handle him?"

Hannah nodded. "He has weaned, so it's fine."

Chandler looked at the time, but he didn't urge Hannah to leave, though I knew he must have

some work to settle. Luckily, Ashton called me. "I'm here. Come down."

"Sure." Then, I hung up. "I'll say goodbye to Nora. It's getting late, so let's go home."

Hannah nodded and came with me to say goodbye to the girls. Hailey was looking better, so

she wanted to send us off, but I held her down. "Just lie down, Hailey."

We went down together, and I noticed that Ashton's car was right outside. Hannah bade us a

simple goodbye before leaving with Chandler, while Armond stood beside me with his hands

in his pockets. "You risked yourself to save Ashton. I'm looking forward to see the day when

the roles are reversed."

I shot a glare at him before trotting up to Ashton in silence. He was leaning against the car when I came up to him, then he hugged me. "He's here too?" He was referring to Armond. I leaned against his chest and listened to his heartbeats. That always gave me a sense of safety. "Nora called him over. She didn't know about the incident in Moranta."

Ashton looked at Armond sternly. Meanwhile, Armond was grinning eerily at us. That man was terrifying. For some reason, I had a feeling he could destroy us when we least expected it.

I held Ashton's hand the moment we got into the car, refusing to let go. Ashton seemed slightly annoyed, but he let me do what I wanted and drove with one hand. Then, I noticed the watch on his wrist and froze. "Is this new? I've never seen this watch before."

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It wasn't an expensive one. On the contrary, it was quite economical, and I didn't remember seeing him owning a watch that cheap.

He looked at me in surprise and arched his eyebrow. "You gave me this watch, remember?"

Well, that was confusing, then I noticed the bouquet of flowers in the backseat, much to my surprise. "Why'd you put that in the car?"

He smiled at me. "This is for you. You'd say it's too conspicuous, so I didn't take it out.

Honestly, aren't you the one who bought this watch?"

I shook my head. "I didn't buy anything for you lately, and this is a cheap watch too. It doesn't suit you."

He took off the watch and tried to throw it away, but I stopped him.

Then, I took it to have a

closer look. It was a niche European luxury watch, though a casual one. It didn't fit Ashton's

air at all.

I tilted my head and arched my eyebrow. "Seems like another vixen is closing in, Mr. Fuller."

He smiled. "Sounds like someone's jealous."

I shrugged. "You're a lady magnet, so no surprise there, but this one's interesting. She gave

you a watch using my name, though it's a cheap one. Seems like this girl's a smart one."

He arched his eyebrow too. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you look like you eat caviar for breakfast, so everyone's just going to give

whatever's expensive to you, but she didn't. My guess? She makes four to five grand a

month, so she's probably working for you."

He nodded. "Please continue."

The watch looked like it was around three grand though. So the lady spent most of her pay

on this, huh? "Mind if I ask you something? Why would you think I was the one who gave you

this? Who told you anything of that sort?" I could just give him a present anytime I want.

There was no need for the middle person, and we weren't really that romantic, so such

gesture seldom happened.

"It was already on my desk when I was done with my meeting. The writing looked like yours,

so I thought you were the one who gave me the watch." He frowned pensively.

I arched my eyebrow again. "So it's your employee alright. How bold is that." She pulled that

stunt despite knowing that he was a married man. If that wasn't bold, I didn't know what

was.

I wore the watch around his wrist again, but he dodged me. "What are you doing?"

I smiled. "Don't let the lady down. She must have mustered a lot of courage to give you this."

He pursed his lips. "Are you jealous?"

I shook my head. "Not exactly. You didn't even fall for Rachel, let alone any other woman. I have faith in you. And we have a lot to deal with, so I won't really care about something like this."

He took the watch and tossed it into the trash can without even looking at it. To top it off, he didn't even miss a beat in his driving. "Nice skills, Mr. Fuller." He smiled. "Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

That was the end of it then. It wasn't like I didn't care, but I had more pressing matters at hand, so arguing over something like that wasn't worth our time. The moment we came back to the villa and washed ourselves up, I went straight to bed. I

got tired very easily with this pregnancy.

I would have overslept the next day if Ashton didn't wake me up. I stared into space for quite

a while. Then, Ashton came out from the changing room. "Earth to Scarlett. Get changed.

The officers are going to take Jared to the hospital for the test. We'll have to be there too."

"Okay." I nodded, but I lay in the bed, exhausted. "I wasn't this sleepy in my previous pregnancy though. And I didn't retch this time? Why is that, it feels odd?"

He sat down beside me and handed a bottle of pill to me. "Maybe the baby doesn't want to

tire you out this time, so it's sitting quietly in there. Maybe it's a girl."

I leaned my head on his shoulder and frowned at the bottle of pills he was holding. "Why are you taking these pills so frequently anyway? What's so good about them?"

I shook the bottle. "It improves the quality of my sperm."

Goddammit, this pervert! I rolled my eyes before going off to bathe.

Then, I had breakfast

and changed. He was on the phone in the living room when I was done. I went up to him and

patted his shoulder. "Let's go. I'm done."

He looked at me, but instead of taking me with him, he brought me back to the changing room and handed a thick grey coat to me. "Wear this." I shook my head, frowning. "This one's too thick. It's not even late into the winter yet. If I wear this now, I can't go out for the rest of the winter." To my dismay, he hung up and wore it over me without giving me a chance to protest. "Lots of people are down with a cold in winter, and more so for you, because you're not in the best of health. You have to take care of yourself."

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Knowing that I couldn't argue against it, I let him have his way. As we made our way down the stairs, I said, "Oh, right. I forgot to tell you that Hannah found her Mr. Right and is going to get married soon."

He hummed in response. After walking into the garage, he opened the car door for me.

"Does John know about it?"

I shook my head. "I'm not sure, but I support Hannah's decision. A woman's youth doesn't last for many years. She gave it all to John, but in the end, her sacrifice was in vain. It's time for her to move on."

He cast me a sideways glance, fastening my seatbelt for me. I didn't quite like the scent in the car, but it was too chilly to roll down the window, so I bowed my head and looked for perfume in his car.

"I thought you would defend your brother," he commented indifferently.

I let out a snort. "I told him to cherish her, or else he might lose her. He brought this upon himself, so he can't blame anyone else but himself. It's pointless to advise someone like him."

Unable to find any perfume in the car, I let out an exasperated sigh, planning to buy a bottle of perfume and put it in the car.

As he started the car, he saw my forehead crease and asked, "What's wrong?"

"There's an odd smell in your car and I don't like it." While speaking, I noticed the bouquet of roses on the backseat. My brows drew together. Was it the smell of the roses? But it wasn't purely floral scent. There was a whiff of female fragrance.

He seemed to have caught it too. With his brows furrowed, he asked, "I guess I'll have to get flowers myself next time."

I tilted my head and glanced at him. "Who did you buy this bunch of flowers for?"

The man raised a brow at me. "I bought it for you."

Pressing my lips together, I said nothing. The car headed toward the hospital. Summer had

received a few treatments. Due to the pain, she started resisting it.

Therefore, when the doctor asked her to go into the operation theatre, she couldn't stop

sobbing.

Later, Jared came with two men trailing behind him. It had been nearly a year since I last

saw him. The man was dressed in a pale blue shirt. His usual neatly styled hair was

replaced by a buzz cut. His skin became tanned, but his dark eyes appeared more resolute

now. The moment he met us, his gaze fell on Summer. His eye turned red-rimmed at the

sight of the girl who was now as thin as a rake.

Summer was crying her eyes out, protesting against the pain she knew she was about to go

through. In the meantime, Jared seemed to have something to say as he stared at her. In

the end, he said nothing, but turned to look at the doctor instead.

"Whatever the checkup, hurry up and finish it."

A few doctors followed him and carried out various medical check-ups for Summer.

Afterward, Joe came over together with Rebecca. However, judging from their awkward

interactions, they probably had a fight.

Jared was still doing the checkup, while Ashton and Joe went away for a discussion.

The feelings Cameron and Zachary felt toward Rebecca were rather strange. Their

resentment was complicated, yet excusable. In the beginning, the couple gave her all their

love and care just to make amends to her. Nonetheless, they caused me some irreversible hurt and agony. Though they did that willingly, Rebecca was the one who sowed discord between me and my parents first. Thus, there was no way to judge the situation accurately.

As a result, Cameron and Zachary hadn't disowned her publicly. That's why they felt awkward whenever they met her. Perhaps Rebecca felt the same way as well. The mixed feelings that welled up in her heart were indescribable. Unable to stand the awkwardness, she walked out of the ward and sat in the lounge in the corridor. I stood up, followed the woman, and sat by her side. Giving me a side-eye, she said impassively, "Ash gets into trouble whenever he's with you. You're such a jinx." I couldn't care less about her ridicule. "I thought you've figured out that you'll never be able to drive a wedge between me and Ashton. You're still living in your own bubble," I replied in a flat tone. "You!" She shot daggers at me with much displeasure. "Why are you so proud of yourself? Do you think that you're that great? Ash is definitely going to dump you one day." "I'm pregnant." Looking at her ferocious face, I announced calmly with a half-smile. "Ashton and I are getting closer to each other. We're fated to stay together for the rest of our lives." Her expression fell at my words. Suddenly, I felt a twinge of sympathy for her. The woman had been living like a photocopy of someone else, not knowing what she herself actually wanted.

“So what if you’re pregnant? Once I show up, your relationship with him will crumble. Ash won’t abandon or stop loving me. Scarlett, don’t you ever think that you’ll be able to live a peaceful life.”

Staring at her, I was neither furious nor scornful, saying calmly, “Rebecca, have your ever pondered what you really want in life?”

The woman was stunned for a second. Then, she glowered at me and shouted, “That’s none of your business!”

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I shrugged my shoulders and said coldly, “Since the day you’re born, you’ve been living under the protection of your parents and your brother, Parker. When they’re gone, Ashton and Joe were there to take care of you. I never understood how a woman can be as ignorant as you.

The passing of your parents and brother didn’t knock some sense into you and make you realize that you can’t depend on others forever. What are you going to do if Ashton and Joe are no longer with you one day? Have you ever thought about how you’re going to live? All these years of enjoying what you’ve not worked for causes you to forget how you should live!”

“So what? Even if I know nothing, someone will support and take care of me. This is something that you’ll never have.” She was all puffed up.

I couldn’t help but laugh out loud. “Yeah, you’re right. You indeed have the ability to have someone to support and take care of you. In this world, there’re many incompetent people who can still live very well, just like you. Now I understand why Ashton chose to love and marry me, even though he met you first. Joe used to be so smitten by you, but now he

admires the ambitious Kristina even more. Rebecca, you never understood that a man will take care of you solely because of a belief. As time passes, he'll eventually give up on a worthless woman like you. You're like a plastic bag which someone threw away. Not only are you useless, but you pollute the environment and are an eyesore as well. People are eventually going to resent you and send you for destruction. I don't know how you can be so proud of your inability, but let me warn you. Trash is bound to be destroyed one day."

"You..." Provoked by my harsh words, she jumped to her feet, trembling with rage. Even her finger which was pointing at me quivered. "How dare you humiliate me this way? Who the hell do you think you are? Scarlett, what's the difference between you and me? You think you're amazing just because you're pregnant. Don't be such a fool. You can still have a miscarriage anytime!"

Watching her lunge at me with a malicious look, I immediately perceived that she was about to do something to me. I became cautious and was ready to defend myself. However, before Rebecca touched me, someone shielded me in his arms and shoved Rebecca onto the floor. Ashton's frigid voice sounded beside my ear. "This is the last time I'm going to warn you. If you ever hurt her again, I'll not let you off the hook."

Sitting on the floor, Rebecca was dumbstruck. Her reddened eyes were fixed on us. Wait, no. She was looking at Joe, who just came over and stood next to me, staring at her coldly. Usually, in circumstances like this, he would hold her up with much care and concern. But this time, he kept his hands in the pockets. The way he eyed her was as though he was

only looking at a stranger.

Her eyes misted over, and tears escaped the corners of her eyes. "Why does everybody bully me? I'm the one who got hurt. Why do you still bully me? Is it only because I don't have a family?"

"That's enough!" Joe suddenly yelled with an icy stare. "Are you done? You're so disgusting.

It's been over ten years, but you're still putting on the same show.

Haven't you gotten enough of it?"

Joe's sudden outburst of anger was out of my expectation, probably Rebecca's too. The

woman gawked blankly at him in utter disbelief. "What are you talking about?"

"Hah!" Joe scoffed. "You heard me, Rebecca. Haven't you ever feel grossed out by yourself?

How long are you going to act pitiful? Do you think that all of us are brainless fools after all

these years? I didn't expose you only for the sake of your brother. Yet, you do it again and

again, refusing to change yourself. If that's the case, go back to J City and never show up in

front of me again. Both Ashton and I have done everything we should for you over the years.

Just leave and don't come back to us again."

Baffled, Rebecca was at a loss for words as she gaped at him. The woman couldn't believe

her ears, so she asked again, "What do you mean?"

Joe frowned, replying in a stern voice, "I'm asking you to stop sticking around in K City so

shamelessly. Pack your things and go back to J City."

In an instant, Rebecca turned ashen-faced, as if she was traumatized.

She turned to look at

Ashton, trying to choke back her tears. "Ash, are you going to ignore me too?"

The man was still holding me. His gaze was dark and gloomy. "Fifteen years ago, I promised

your brother to take care of you, because you were still a minor then. Now that you're an adult, you've nothing to do with me anymore."

I was mildly surprised that Ashton was willing to let go of her. Nonplussed, I stared at him. He noticed it and placed his hand on my tummy. A warm, fuzzy feeling shot through me. Suddenly, a rueful smile spread across Rebecca's face. "Now I know that everything is fake. Your promises, affection, love are all fake. You liars and hypocrites!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 953

My brows snapped together at her words. I just couldn't fathom her mentality. No matter how Parker entrusted her to Ashton and the others, more than ten years had passed, and they all had their own families now. Besides, they had provided and taken good care of her as much as they could. In my opinion, Ashton and Joe had done more than enough. How could Rebecca take it as a matter of course? The woman was so self-centered to the extent that she thought their lives revolved around her. Even biological siblings had no obligation to take care of one another for life, not to mention that Ashton and Joe were not related to her by blood. That was how selfish Rebecca was. Holding Ashton's hand, I went into the ward. There was no sign of Jared, so I became worried. "How's the checkup? Where's Jared?" Helping me to take a seat, he brushed my question aside. "You're pregnant now, so regardless of what's happening around you, you've to take the baby and me into consideration. Can you do that?" I froze at his words. Only then I noticed that his face was a little pale. Perhaps Rebecca's attack scared the daylights out of him. I couldn't help but smile. "Actually, I had seen it coming and was ready to defend myself, so Rebecca wouldn't have been able to hurt me or the baby. I didn't put myself and the baby in a dangerous situation." Exasperated, he sighed softly. "Even so, we can't afford to let such things happen again. Most of the time, a lot of things are not within our controls." Nodding my head, I asked him about Jared again. "How are things going at Jared's end?"

He heaved another sigh. "Be patient. He just finished the checkup. The results will be released only after one or two days."

I was a little anxious. "But Summer's illness can't wait any longer. By the way, has the hospital found a suitable kidney for her?"

For a split second, the man appeared slightly dejected at the mention of this issue, but he quickly regained his composure and said, "Don't worry. Trust me, I'll definitely find a suitable one."

I knew he had been asking around, but I was overcome with anxiety about Summer's condition. Though she had gone through a few rounds of chemotherapy, the result was not ideal. Each therapy was a torment for her. Feeling that I was undeniably responsible for her illness, I didn't even have the courage to see her now. Even if I threw a fit in front of Ashton, it wouldn't help a thing. Pulling myself together, I looked at him. "What happened just now? Hasn't Joe been very caring towards Rebecca? What's with the sudden change of attitude? What's going on?"

He pulled me into a hug. "I guess he ran out of patience. Rebecca is unwilling to marry him, yet she depends on and clings to him. Both men and women naturally become worried when they reach a certain age. Joe's parents have been urging him to get married, and he himself becomes anxious as well since he has waited for years. "In fact, Joe's a conservative man on the inside, so he's of the same mind as his parents. He feels everyone should do what they're supposed to at the right time. He isn't young anymore, but Rebecca keeps wasting his time and refuses to tie the knot with him. That makes him feel even more restless than he already is. Besides, I just told him that you're pregnant,

which means everyone around him is settling down and starting a family.”

As I listened to his words, a sudden realization hit me. Ashton seemed to have become a different man. Previously, he was driven by dreams and ambitions, aspired to scale new heights. He was like an emperor who was eager to expand his territory. But now he put all his heart and love into this little family of ours. Seeing me staring blankly at him, he rubbed the tip of his nose bashfully. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

I chuckled. “I’m just thinking that I have to be a good mom, and I can’t be as wayward and reckless as I used to be.”

He chuckled. “Hmm? Are you going to be a good mom only?”

“Of course, an amazing wife too!” I snuggled up to him. “Just wait till Summer recovers, and the baby is born. I am sure everything will be fine”

We had been waiting for things to fall into place. Other than waiting, there was nothing else we could do.

Thinking of Joe again, I asked, “After chasing Rebecca away, is Joe going to look for a socialite in K City and get married?”

Ashton kept quiet for a moment. Suddenly, his expression grew solemn as he gazed at me

and said, “Sometimes, love and marriage are entirely two different things to men.”

Stupefied for a few seconds, I grasped the meaning of his words. He was right. No matter

how much Joe loved Rebecca, there was no way she could be one of the Quinns because of

her background. We could never deny that in marriage, both parties had to be a good match.

Other than love, there was nothing useful that Rebecca could offer. His family wouldn’t be

able to accept her, let alone the ambitious man himself. She was like a toy which a child had. Once he grew up, the toy would be put away, regardless of how good it was.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 954

Without a word, I lifted my head and gazed intently at Ashton.

As my eyes were glued to him for quite some time, the man became uneasy and asked,

“What’s wrong?”

Pressing my lips together, I asked in a serious tone, “How about your love for me? What is it

based on?” I believe in utilitarianism. There was no way for two people to get together solely

out of love. There must be other determining factors as well.

With his dark gaze riveted on me, the man didn’t utter a word, deep in contemplation. After

what felt like an eternity, he finally spoke. “I feel lucky to have you.

When I was in my

twenties, I thought that love could last forever. Whether you’re an orphan or a daughter of

the Moore family, I’m fine with it as long as it’s you. But now I think differently. I love you,

because you’re the one I fell for since I was young, and you’re my wife.

I’m grateful for your

birth and your identity. If it weren’t for these, we would’ve to face countless hurdles and

troubles. Because of whom you are, we’re able to spend the rest of our lives loving and

taking care of each other in peace. Other than that, others will look up to and find us an

enviable couple. You’re exceptional, and I’m pretty good too. That’s enough for us to live this

life together.”

If love was getting together against all odds when we were young, then marriage was

deciding to go through every trivial and mundane matter in life together.

However, some had

a chaotic married life, while the others treat one another with respect.

Ashton and I were the latter. Treating one another with respect was the best way to show that we cherished our marriage.

Leaning against his chest, I smiled faintly. "Ashton, moving forward, I need your guidance."

He gave me a warm, gentle smile. "Please bear with me too, Mrs. Fuller."

After leaving the hospital, Ashton and I went to the office. Every day, the man ran around between the office and the hospital. He barely had time to rest because of work and Summer's condition.

Arriving in front of the office, I got out of the car and waited for him in the lobby while he parked the car.

It was lunchtime, so the lobby was crowded. At the entrance, a striking red sports car pulled over, drawing the attention of countless women nearby.

I couldn't resist glancing at it too. The woman who got out of the sports car was none other than Rachel, whom I had not seen in a while. Thinking that she was still in A City, I didn't expect that she was back.

The gorgeous woman and the sports car were an extremely eye-catching combination. The man in the car was dressed casually, looking like someone from a wealthy family in K City.

Rachel's outfit was unusually seductive today. A black midi dress with a pair of boots made her legs appear long and slender. She also wore a luxurious and stylish white coat, looking alluring yet elegant.

She seemed to have gone out for lunch with that man. Getting out of the car, she brazenly strode over to the driver's seat and kissed the man on the lips. After that, she gracefully sauntered into the office.

I was surprised that Rachel found a new boyfriend.

Though we were not enemies, I didn't really want to see her. Holding a leather bag in her hand, she raised her brows and said, "Are you here to see Mr. Fuller? I think he's not in the office."

I nodded. "We just came back."

"I heard about your daughter. I guess you got a lot on your plate recently," she said with a shrug.

Instead of denying it, I hummed in response, not wanting to tell her more about it.

With her brows raised, the woman seemed carefree as she explained, "You don't need to be so defensive in front of me. Like I said, if we're no longer love rivals, I'll admire you a lot. The man in the car is my boyfriend. Let me introduce him to you one day. Don't be so

antagonistic toward me. Although your husband is outstanding, he has no feelings for me, so I better keep my options open."

Her words surprised me, but I remained silent. Nonetheless, she seemed unfazed by my aloofness. "I guess you need more time, but please don't stay at odds with me. We woman shouldn't be against each other, am I right?"

I pouted my lips, thinking about it briefly before replying, "You know I couldn't care less whether you love Ashton. I'm absolutely confident that he will love me forever. It's just that I'm surprised to see you getting a new boyfriend so soon."

She shrugged nonchalantly. "What's so surprising about that? Every woman has a dream of marrying into a wealthy family, and the same goes for me. Other than the Fullers, there're many wealthy families in K City, so I changed my target. He's the third son of the Quinn family. Though the Quinn Corporation is no match for Ashton, it isn't too bad. He's the one

who gave me all my branded clothes, house, and car. After experiencing a lavish lifestyle,

I've come to the conclusion that one must make as much money as possible, especially a

beautiful woman, who can make a fast buck with her beauty."

My brows knitted together. I couldn't bring myself to agree with her principles, so I kept

quiet.

With her eyes fixed on me, she asked nonchalantly, "Do you look down on women like me?"

I shook my head. "Everyone has their own ambitions and pursuits, so I have no right to

comment on yours."

Pursing her lips, she shrugged. "Alright, you're not as annoying as I thought. I'm not going to

snatch your man away from you, so you don't have to put your guard up against me."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 955

I just shrugged in reply, not wanting to say more.

As I watched her walk gracefully into the elevator, I couldn't help but muse over the life she had made for herself. For someone as ambitious as Rachel, even if she weren't born with a silver spoon, she'd have done everything in her power to get ahead in life.

Even though one might find some of her methods morally ambiguous, the fact remained that she had both beauty and brains to help in the pursuit of her ambitions.

She was very similar to Cameron in that respect. Everyone had their reasons for chasing money. Some did it purely for the thrill, while others did it so their descendants could live better lives. As long as you were capable and weren't using illegal or ruthless means to obtain your wealth, there was no reason not to be a little more ambitious than your peers.

"Mrs. Fuller, you're here!" A chirpy voice behind me pulled my wandering mind back. I smiled when I saw Stella walking toward me. "Yes, I came with Ashton. Have you just had lunch?"

Stella nodded eagerly. "Have you and Mr. Fuller eaten too?"

"Not yet. We came straight from the hospital."

Just then, Ashton came back from parking his car and ushered me to follow him.

Stella quickly stepped in and said, "Mr. Fuller, since you haven't had lunch, shall I buy some back? Mrs. Fuller, what would you like to eat? Let me know, and I'll get it for you!"

I shook my head meekly as her enthusiasm and offer took me back by surprise.

"Don't be a stranger, Mrs. Fuller! As Mr. Fuller's secretary, this is all part of my job scope."

Isn't that right, Mr. Fuller?" she said as she smiled at Ashton. As someone who never talked much to acquaintances, Ashton just hummed in response and looked at me. "Let Stella get it. What would you like to eat?" Even though my mind was a complete blank, I didn't want to disappoint Stella. "Anything's fine. Thank you, Stella!" "Okay, Mrs. Fuller. I'll be right back!" she replied cheerily and bounded off.

I couldn't help but smile at Stella being so joyful and lively. It was nice to be around people who gave off such positive energy.

"Do you feel like having sushi?" Ashton asked once we got into the elevator.

I hadn't even thought about sushi until he mentioned it, and now I felt myself craving it. But I didn't want to bother Stella by telling her I had changed my mind, so I quickly brushed the thought aside.

When Ashton took his phone out, I panicked a little, thinking he was about to order Stella to buy me sushi. "No, don't trouble her. We can get it tonight after work," I pleaded.

Ashton raised his eyebrow and smirked. "I just want to ask Joseph about the situation in Moranta."

Oh my goodness, it was all just my wishful thinking.

As I turned red and lowered my head in embarrassment, I caught Ashton chuckling at me

from the corner of my eye. Well, at least one of us finds this funny.

Once we got to his office, Ashton started on his never-ending pile of work while I sat on the sofa playing with my phone.

I was casually scrolling through videos and enjoying myself when Armond suddenly texted: I

miss you. Reading that made me almost fling my phone out from a mix of shock and disgust.

I calmed myself down and replied with a single question mark. Armond immediately texted

back: What do you think Ashton would do if he knew I like you?

His words irked me, but I forced myself to reply: He'll go after you. No questions, no hesitation.

Again, he replied within seconds: Hahaha! This game is getting more and more exciting. I

wasn't lying when I said I could help your daughter. One word from you, and she'll be able to

have the kidney transplant immediately.

I was so appalled and infuriated by his arrogance that I had to steady my hands to fire back

the next text: Don't be disgusting!

Whether he had a suitable kidney for Summer or not, I was still determined to keep my

distance from hypocrites like Armond.

I was still mulling over Armond when the office door opened. Stella walked in with boxes of

food, still smiling as radiantly as ever. "Mr. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller, lunch is here! You must be

starving!"

Grateful for the distraction, I kept my phone and thanked her. My gaze unintentionally fell on

the watch she was wearing when she handed me the food, and I was a little startled by what

I saw.

"You're too kind, Mrs. Fuller! I'm only doing my job," she replied politely before making her

way out.

I hesitated for a bit but eventually gave in to my curiosity. "Your watch is gorgeous. It suits

you really well."

She was taken aback by the sudden compliment but quickly recovered.

"Thank you. It's not

too expensive, so it's suitable for us office workers."

"It looks very good on you," I said with a nod.

She smiled without saying much more and left the room.

My mind was starting to wander again when Ashton reeled me back in.

“What are you thinking about?” he asked.

He pulled me toward the sofa and sat us both down. When he started taking the food out, I was filled with a pleasant surprise when I realized there was sushi. “You told Stella?”

He beamed at me as he replied, “You had a craving for it, so I wanted to satisfy you.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 956

I pursed my lips and looked at him. “Ashton, I remember you’ve told me before that Stella

hasn’t met the requirements for a promotion. So why did you suddenly promote her to be your secretary?”

He chuckled as he fed me a piece of sushi. “It’s because of Justin. He pleaded with me to

promote Stella to a secretarial role, but her pay remains unchanged.

After being

hospitalized, she suffered from some side effects and insisted that she was a secretary, not

a receptionist. They argued about it so much that Justin eventually came to me for help.”

I furrowed my brows as I thought about it. So that’s how it is. Stella did play a part in

rescuing Ashton, so such a request isn’t unreasonable. Besides, how can Ashton turn her

down when she’s even brought up the side effects she suffered?

“Is the sushi not tasty?” Ashton asked when he saw me frowning.

“No. It’s pretty good! I just feel like I’ve put on weight recently.”

Ashton burst out laughing at that. “You shouldn’t be thinking about losing weight when

you’re pregnant. And besides, you aren’t fat!”

Jared’s test results had yet to be out, so we had no choice but to continue waiting. However,

as time went on, my curiosity about Hailey grew even more. She was like a mystery that I

wanted to solve.

After lunch, Ashton continued with his work while I texted Hailey for a little catch-up. To my surprise, Hannah called at that exact moment.

“Scarlett, are you busy?” she said even before I could get a word in. “No. I’m at Ashton’s office, and we just had lunch. Have you eaten?” She hummed in response before adding, “Remember I said I wanted you to accompany me

to go wedding dress shopping? Will you be free this afternoon?” Ashton wouldn’t have time for me since he was busy with work, so it wasn’t a difficult

decision to make. “Yes, I don’t have anything going on anyway. Text me the address, and I’ll meet you there.”

“No need! We can pick you up along the way since we’re nearby. Just wait for us at Fuller Corporation.”

After the call ended, I walked over to Ashton, only to see him on the phone with Joseph.

From the sound of it, he seemed to be asking Joseph to help look for a healthy kidney donor. “Ashton, I’ll be going out with Hannah in a bit.”

“Going shopping?” he asked as he looked up at me.

“She’s getting married, remember? She doesn’t have many friends in K City, so she asked if I could go with her to shop for dresses.”

He nodded and placed his palms on my belly. “Stay safe. Make sure to call me if anything happens.”

“Oh, I think I’ll be safe with your bodyguards following me around,” I replied with a smile and kiss.

“You know about that?”

Seeing him so startled tickled me, and I laughed. “It’s hard not to know when they show up every time I’m in trouble!”

“I feel more at ease when I know they’re looking out for you.”

I knew he just had my interests at heart, and I appreciated that very much. After reassuring

him that I'd take extra caution and bidding him farewell, I headed to the lobby to wait for Hannah.

When they saw me, the receptionists quietened down and greeted me politely. It was then when I noticed the bag of green mangoes by the reception desk. "Where did you buy those mangoes? I haven't seen them in a while," I asked, genuinely surprised. We were way past mango season, so the fact that they could still get any mangoes was quite the feat.

One of the receptionists smiled shyly at me. "We didn't buy them. Ms. Collins gave them to us. There were still mangoes available in her hometown, so she got her family to mail some over. Would you like one, Mrs. Fuller?"

There weren't many mangoes left in the bag, so I smiled and shook my head. "No need, thank you. I was just surprised how you could still get them when the season's already over. Keep them for yourselves."

Having satisfied my curiosity, I headed out the lobby and saw Hannah and Chandler waving at me from their car. Perfect timing!

Hannah handed me a hot water bottle as soon as I got in, only to laugh when I gave her a look of utter confusion. "The weather's too cold, so Chandler brought these for us to keep warm!"

I was a little surprised at that and thanked Chandler for being so considerate. He simply replied with a smile, like he always did, before driving off to our destination.

Hannah and I started chatting when I noticed a big bag beside her. "What have you brought?" I asked out of curiosity.

"Something tasty! Chandler said I'd get hungry from trying on the dresses, so it'd be better to

bring some food along.”

I was blown away by how much Chandler doted on Hannah. She seemed so carefree and

happy, and it warmed my heart to know she was with such a good man.

When I merely lowered my head and smiled, Hannah tugged at me to get my attention. “Are

you and Ashton planning on having another wedding?”

“No, we aren’t. We don’t want to go through all the complicated wedding formalities again.

Besides, we don’t have the time to plan for one when Summer’s situation has yet to

improve.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 957

“Scarlett, can I ask you for a favor?” Hannah suddenly asked.

“Of course!”

“Really?” She beamed as she continued, “You know how I don’t have many friends, so I was hoping you could be my bridesmaid.”

Her request caught me by surprise, though I was also rather flattered.

“Are you sure that’d be appropriate? I thought only unmarried women could be bridesmaids?”

“Why wouldn’t it be appropriate? There’s no rule for that. It’d be so much more fun to have you as my bridesmaid.”

I couldn’t say no to my friend, especially when she was so excited about it. “All right then, I’ll do it. But when’s your wedding?”

“Dear, is our wedding on the fifteenth of next month?” Hannah asked as she tugged at Chandler’s sleeve.

Chandler sighed as he hit his forehead. “It’s on the fifth!”

“Oh, right! Sorry, it’s on the fifth of next month!” Hannah looked back at me with a toothy grin.

I was about to note the date down when I remembered something.

“Sorry Hannah, I don’t think I can be your bridesmaid after all. I haven’t told many people about it but, I’m pregnant!”

Hannah stared at me as her eyes widened almost comically. “You’re pregnant? Are you serious?”

What made her reaction even funnier was that she was a mother herself, yet she was over the moon at my pregnancy news. I couldn’t help but laugh out. “Yes, it’s true. I’m two months along now, so you can’t really tell.”

Hannah was bursting with excitement as she grabbed my hands. "This is great news! Kiki's

going to have a sister to play with! Does Uncle Louis know?"

"Not yet. It's still too early. My mother said to wait till the pregnancy's stable before telling

everyone. It'd be a good excuse to ask everyone out for a meal too."

Hannah nodded eagerly, her goofy grin even wider now. All of a sudden, her face changed.

"You're pregnant, and you're still out helping me with the dress shopping? Let's send you

home first! I don't want to tire you out."

"Oh no, please don't make a fuss out of it! Besides, I'm only accompanying you. It's no problem at all."

Hannah looked a lot more relieved with my reassurance and broke into a grin again.

Hannah was such a stark contrast from her past self that I wondered if it was because of

Chandler. The old Hannah didn't like to smile. She was beautiful like a doll, but also very cold

and distant. Hannah now seemed more like a bright-eyed child who had a lot of enthusiasm

and hope for life. More importantly, she always wore a smile now.

It's true what people said about love. There's hope and joy when one falls in love with the

right person. But love the wrong one, and life would be hellish and fraught with pain.

I don't know if John was ever the right one for Hannah. But from what I can see now,

Chandler is everything that Hannah needs and deserves to have.

When we finally arrived at the bridal shop, the staff immediately welcomed Hannah and me

in.

The manager stayed close to Hannah as she recommended her the various styles and

designs. However, Hannah already knew what she wanted as she dragged me along to pick

out a few dresses.

Every woman dreamed about finding their perfect wedding dress, and Hannah was no exception. They were all looking for the moment where they don the dress and go, "Yes! That's the one!"

When Hannah went off to try the dresses, I wandered around the shop admiring the vast selection.

The best item in any shop would always be in the most conspicuous place, and everything else would pale in comparison. That was exactly what happened when a solitary wedding dress in a window display caught my attention.

The eagle-eyed manager saw how I couldn't peel my eyes off of it and approached me.

"That's the latest design for this year's fall and winter collection," she said enthusiastically.

"It's inspired by champagne and snowflakes to symbolize romance and happiness."

"This dress is gorgeous," I exclaimed. "Did someone get it custom-made?" A dress like that

would have been made and reserved a while ago. Displaying it in the shop was just a means to attract more customers.

Sure enough, the manager nodded. "It has been made to order for quite some time now. We have it on display because the customer hasn't come to collect it."

"Why?" I couldn't help but probe further. I'd be first in line to collect the dress if I were the customer. So why the delay? What happened to the wedding?

"We've asked the customer before. But we were only told the dress wouldn't come in handy for the time being. We just assumed the wedding got postponed," the manager explained with a shrug.

Hannah came out of the dressing room at that moment, dragging her dress along. "This hem's too long and too heavy!" she whined.

Even though she was complaining about it, seeing Hannah in her wedding dress took our

breath away. She was a classic beauty, blessed with an almond-shaped face, slender neck,

and fair complexion. The wedding dress accentuated her figure, and there was no denying how attractive she looked.

“Ms. Anne, this dress looks perfect on you! It makes your fair complexion stand out even more,” the manager remarked.

“December is the next month, and it’s going to be cold in K City. Don’t you think this dress is

too revealing? I’m going to freeze in this. Scarlett, what do you think?” Hannah asked while

checking herself out in the full-length mirror.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 958

“It’s beautiful, but I agree with you about feeling cold in it.” My gaze once again wandered

over to the dress in the display window, and an idea struck me. “Excuse me, could you let

her try on that dress?” I asked the manager.

Hannah followed my gaze and gasped when she saw the dress. “Oh, that looks amazing.

But I’m sure someone has reserved it. It wouldn’t be right to try it on.”

“It’s fine! The owner of the dress has given their permission to let anyone interested try it

on,” the manager said reassuringly.

Hannah’s face lit up immediately, and she agreed to give the dress a try.

After hearing what the manager said about the customer, I became even more perplexed.

The dress was one-of-a-kind, and if I were the customer, I wouldn’t want to let anyone else

go near it. Why would the customer not collect the dress and still allow others to try it on?

Chandler had just entered the shop after having parked his car. When he didn’t see Hannah

anywhere, he turned to me. “Is she trying on the dresses?”

I nodded at him and tried to hold in my laughter when I saw how red his nose had gotten from the cold. "Do you want to try on the formal wear for yourself? See what suits you?"

"Not now. I'm going to wait till Hannah has picked her dress before I find something to match hers."

I was impressed at how Chandler had considered every detail and merely smiled back at him.

The manager had run off to entertain other customers, so Chandler and I continued chatting with each other. I finally understood why Hannah had chosen him in the end.

Even though Chandler looked young and naive, he was nothing like that. He was sensitive

and thoughtful. And he catered to all of Hannah's likes and dislikes.

I never understood why so many women would go for men younger than them, but now that

I had seen Chandler, I was starting to see the appeal.

Their youth brought about a kind of vibrance and energy that could change lives for the

better. After being with John for so long, Hannah's vibrance had been dulled and chipped

away. Chandler could give her what John had failed to do so.

"Scarlett, what are you doing here?" I was lost in my thoughts when a voice suddenly

brought me back. Upon turning around, I came face to face with John and Yvonne.

"I'm here with... a friend to try on wedding dresses. What about you?" I asked, my brows furrowed.

"We're here to try on dresses too! Ms. Stovall, which one of your friends is getting married? I

hope our dates don't clash. Otherwise, it'd be hard on you," Yvonne said as she held onto

John's wrist.

Even though she had a full face of make-up on, it still couldn't hide the fatigue on it. From

the looks of it, John had not been treating her well.

I pursed my lips and looked at John. "Have you decided to marry her?" John's gaze landed on Chandler, and there was a flash of recognition in his eyes.

He looked back at me and nodded. "Yes. I'm not young anymore, and Uncle Louis has been nagging at me to settle down."

"Okay. Remember to let me know the date in advance," I replied plainly.

The manager hurriedly made her way toward John and apologized profusely. "Mr. Stovall,

I'm sorry! I didn't know you'd be coming, so I've let Ms. Anne try on the dress you ordered.

Please wait while I get everything sorted!"

That dress was custom ordered by John? Is it for Yvonne?

Before I could ask John, Hannah came out in the wedding dress. The dress was beautiful on

its own, but when donned on someone like Hannah, it became even more breathtaking.

Hannah was tugging at the dress and mumbling away, "Scarlett, is Chandler here? Can you

help me see why this dress..." Her voice trailed off when she finally looked up.

Seeing John and Hannah instantly wiped the smile off of her face. But once she noticed

Chandler in the room, a faint smile reappeared as she asked, "How does it look?"

Chandler couldn't hide his excitement and admiration for his fiancée as he nodded in

earnest approval. "You look so, so beautiful. Just like a goddess."

He looked so silly that Hannah grinned back at him. "Why haven't you tried on your clothes?"

"I was waiting for you to find your dress so I could get something to match with you,"

Chandler muttered, still smitten by Hannah's beauty.

John had been scowling at Hannah the whole time when he finally asked,

"Are you really

going to marry him?"

Hannah nodded without any hesitation and looked at him in all seriousness. "I had planned on finding the right time to tell you, but since you're here, we'll give you your invitation first."

"Dear, can you see if the wedding invitation card for Mr. Stovall is in my bag? We might as well give it to him now," Hannah said to Chandler.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 959

Chandler got the invitation card out and handed it to John politely. "Mr. Stovall, I hope you can attend our wedding and give us your blessings."

John merely glared at Chandler, and Yvonne accepted the card on his behalf. "Who knew

Ms. Anne's wedding would be so soon. John and I are also getting married next month. I

wonder if the dates will clash!"

She opened the wedding invitation and smiled when she saw the date.

"Thankfully, our

wedding is on the tenth, so we'll be able to make it to your wedding.

Don't worry, Ms. Anne.

John and I will be there."

Hannah didn't entertain her any further as she continued to check herself out in the mirror.

John's eyes lingered on her, and I could see the hurt in them. It was then I knew that John

had really fallen for her.

Then, why is he still marrying Yvonne? He knew very well the kind of woman Yvonne was.

Why would he still make such an irrational decision?

Yvonne was mad after getting snubbed by Hannah, so she decided to throw a fit at the

manager. "Why did you let someone else try on my custom-made wedding dress? What kind

of customer service does your shop provide? I want to make a complaint!"

The poor manager got all flustered as she started apologizing. "Ms. Wilde, I'm very sorry!

But when Mr. Stovall had the dress made, he did say it would be fine to let others try it on... "

Yvonne drew a sharp breath when she heard that. "John, how could you? You had the dress

custom-made for me. How can you let others try it on?"

After realizing what she had done, Hannah immediately spoke up, "Sorry, I didn't know this was for you! I'll go take it off right now." As she hurriedly dragged herself back to the dressing room, Chandler followed closely behind to make sure she didn't trip.

John stared longingly at her as his face drained of color. "No need. This dress looks good on you. Take it as a gift from me."

"No, thank you!" Hannah shouted as she got into the changing room with Chandler.

Yvonne could see that John was in a foul mood and decided not to upset him any further.

"Forget it. That wedding dress doesn't fit me anyway. Why don't you show me around and find me a suitable one?"

The manager looked relieved as she eagerly nodded and showed Yvonne around.

I saw the disappointment on John's face and tried to find the words to comfort him. "You made that dress for her, didn't you?" It was clear to see how every detail of the dress

seemed to complement Hannah so well. I wouldn't believe him even if he tried to deny it.

"I had this dress made for her right after she gave birth to Kiki. I wanted to wait till she had recuperated before planning for our wedding. But it's too late for that now," he said with a tone of resignation.

I didn't want to ask how he and Hannah got to be in their current state, so I changed the subject. "Why Yvonne then?"

John looked a little annoyed when my question came out so bluntly. "I'm getting on with age, and it's time to get married. Since it doesn't matter who I marry, I might as well choose someone whom I can easily control."

"John, have you gone mad? Don't you know what kind of woman Yvonne is? Do you want to

bring chaos to the Stovall family by marrying her? I don't know why you had to let the perfect wife go and settle for someone like her. I can tell you now that Uncle Louis and I won't agree to this marriage. Even if you must marry, there are many other socialites you can pick from in K City. Any one of them would be better than Yvonne."

His expression darkened as he looked at me. "When have you become this snobbish? Why do you care about one's social status now?" "You're my brother, and I only want the best for you. You know very well the kind of woman Yvonne is. Other people can't wait to get away from her, yet you're marrying her? I don't care about social status, but I do care about character and morals. If you were marrying a kind-hearted woman who knew when to give and take, I wouldn't oppose. But Yvonne is nothing like that." "So what? You said I'm a terrible person, and even if I found a good woman, I'd only be holding her back. If that's the case, why not just find myself another terrible person to be with?" he retorted, his voice full of self-hatred and despair. Seeing him so disheartened made me wonder if I should comfort or scold him. After much hesitation, I let out a big sigh. "What are you doing? Where were you at the start? Hannah waited for you for so many years, yet you constantly let her down. Why did you have to wait till she found someone she deserves before you start to cherish her? Why do you have to degrade yourself like this?" He laughed bitterly and gave a nonchalant shrug. "That's right. I'm degrading myself. So what? I deserve it!" I had given up on him at this point. I knew nothing I said would knock any sense back into

him, so I remained silent. Just then, Hannah came out of the changing room in a Chinese-style wedding dress, complete with a phoenix coronet. I was stunned at how drastic the change was that I couldn't help but ask, "Didn't you want to stick to a Western-style wedding? Why the sudden change?"

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Hannah smiled. "That was my plan. But Chandler's mother suggested jazzing it up a bit by adding some Chinese elements. I thought it sounded like a good idea."

If that was her decision, who was I to say no to my friend? And besides, Hannah looked good in anything. "This looks amazing on you, especially with the phoenix coronet," I commented. After a brief pause, I leaned into her and whispered, "Actually, I think I prefer this look to the previous one."

Hannah laughed out loud before turning to Chandler. "Let's mix the theme of our wedding then! We've still got time to make changes, so let's make it fun!"

"If we're going to mix it up, can you go home with me tomorrow?"

Chandler asked a little awkwardly.

"Are we going back to let your parents know of the changes?"

Chandler nodded shyly before continuing, "Actually, my mother had already made a Chinese-style wedding dress for you, but she doesn't have your measurements. If we go back tomorrow, she can note down your measurements and make the necessary adjustments!"

Seeing Chandler so shy and innocent instantly melted Hannah's heart. She couldn't help but hug him tight. "Silly you! If I had known about this, I wouldn't have come here to shop for wedding dresses. We can't let your mother's efforts go to waste!"

“My mother said to go with what you like. The dress can be her wedding gift to us.”

Hannah’s eyes were welling up with tears as she lightly hit Chandler’s chest. “If I had found out about this later, I’d have been so upset! I can’t let your mother down, especially when

she’s put in so much effort to make a beautiful dress just for me.”

Looking at the happy couple, I knew they no longer needed my help.

When I turned around

and saw John staring in our direction, I let out a sigh again. I could only imagine how he felt

at that moment, knowing that he was to blame for throwing away the best thing he ever had.

“Okay, you two lovebirds, carry on with what you’re doing. I’m going to wait outside,” I said to

Hannah and Chandler, who merely exchanged glances with a smile.

Yvonne had just come out in a wedding dress and was firing questions at John. John looked

bored with his hands in his pockets, replying with hardly any enthusiasm.

“Ms. Stovall, can you see if this dress suits me?” Yvonne asked when she saw me walking

toward them. “I’ve tried two dresses, and John didn’t like them both. I don’t even know what

I should wear now.”

“That looks pretty good!” I said, after having looked her up and down.

She thanked me even though she was a little stunned at how patronizing I sounded.

John seemed to have lost his patience when he frowned at her. “You can continue trying the

dresses, but I’m leaving first. I’ve still got work to do.” After that, he turned to me and asked,

“Want me to send you back?”

I shook my head, feeling appalled at how dumb he acted. He had only just told Yvonne he

was busy, yet he still asked if I wanted a lift home. Could he have made it any more obvious

about how impatient he was with her?

John swiftly fished his car keys out and made a beeline for the exit. Yvonne tried to stop him, but the dress was so long and heavy that she couldn't keep up. I decided there and then that it would be better to make things clear with Yvonne. "You don't have to subject yourself to such embarrassment. I know you like money, so why don't you name your price? As long as it's reasonable, my family will give it to you. Please just stay away from John."

I was in the same situation with Cameron many years back. She had wanted to pay me to leave Ashton so Rachel could be with him. It was ironic how I had become the person I hated the most.

Yvonne's lips curled into a smirk, tears welling up in her eyes. "Is that what people like you think of me? That I'm only with John because of money?"

If she was trying to look for sympathy, I had none for her. After having seen Hannah at her lowest point and knowing that John had no love for Yvonne, I couldn't bring myself to sympathize with her at all. "It doesn't matter whether you're with John for money or not.

What matters is that you leave him. You know very well that he doesn't love you and that

he's only using you. Marrying you was never his intention. As his sister, I shouldn't be interfering in his affairs. But, I'm a Stovall after all, and I know that my family would never accept someone like you. We're offering you money so you can leave with your dignity intact. You wouldn't want this to turn ugly when the media gets wind of it."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 961

She suddenly laughed. However, the next moment, tears started streaming down her face as she said, "So what? It has been so many years. I've already let go of my dignity in order to be with him. It doesn't matter whether he has any feelings for me, as long as I love him. Since he had already promised to marry me, he will not go back on his words. How can you blame me for what went wrong between John and Hannah? Sometimes, fate just works in funny ways. Regardless of whether they still love each other, the time has already come for them to part ways. Some people are just meant to be passerby in our lives. I'll be the one who will be walking this journey with John from now onward." I merely looked at her and didn't know what to make of that. As such, I shrugged and replied, "I've already said my piece. It's up to you whatever you want to do!"

Just as I was about to go outside and wait for Hannah, Yvonne stopped me and said, "I just don't understand. Why is it that you can accept Hannah but not me? We're both tainted, but why is it that I'm the one despised by everyone instead?" I wasn't going to say anything, but since she had asked, I had no choice but to tell her. After a moment of silence, I spoke, "Please don't compare yourself to Hannah. Honestly, you are not even on the same level. We don't just assess someone based on looks or status, character also comes into play. You should know very well that Hannah is way prettier than you but talking about looks is too superficial. So let's examine your characters instead. Hannah knows her boundaries. She would never get involved with a married man with kids."

She's also not a hypocritical woman who would shamelessly covet something that belongs to someone else and achieve her aims through despicable means. Yvonne, if you are an honorable person, you would not have schemed to sleep with John. You would also not have threatened Hannah multiple times. That is the difference between the both of you."

Yvonne's face turned purple as I spoke. She must be trying really hard to suppress her rage. After a while, she looked at me and asked, "Did you hear all of those from Hannah?"

I let out a faint smile and shook my head, before replying, "You're thinking too much. I'm just too familiar with such unscrupulous methods as they have been used countless times by women who tried to seduce Ashton."

Just then, Hannah and Chandler came out. Hannah had changed back into her own clothes. When she saw the pale look on Yvonne's face, she was stunned for a moment before looking at me and said, "It's quite late already. Are you hungry? Let's go get something to eat!"

I nodded and left the bridal shop with Hannah and Chandler. After Chandler went to get the car, Hannah tugged at my arm and asked, "Did you agitate her just now?"

I shrugged and replied, "Not really. I merely stated facts. Anyway, I'm not against John getting married. I'm just thinking that if he wants to settle down seriously, he should find someone who is decent and would make a good partner to him. He can be really irritating sometimes, but he's still my brother after all. I know that he's insecure and fears loneliness. Perhaps he desires to have a stable family of his own more than anyone else. I had thought

that you would be the one for him but he did not cherish you. Yvonne is definitely not the woman for him, neither will she make a good addition to the Stovall family. As such, I played the role of a bad guy.”

Hannah tilted her head up slightly and took a deep breath. With a smile, she replied,

“Maybe compatibility is never the most important factor when it comes to relationships. If

John truly loves Yvonne, even if everyone else is against her, he will still feel blissful to be

with her. Scarlett, I know you want the best for your brother, but sometimes, only the two

people involved in a relationship know it best.”

I was stunned by her reply as I had expected her to agree with me. I

looked at her with a

slightly shocked expression on my face and paused for a moment before asking, “So,

Hannah, are you really over John?”

Letting out a bitter smile, she looked at me and replied, “It’s not that easy to get over a man

I loved for so many years. Rather than that, maybe I’ve just become more rational. After

meeting Chandler, I finally know what I want. I’ve been too stubborn all along. Even though

all the signs were there, I was still not willing to let go. John and I have argued and fought

multiple times. We’ve also driven each other to the brink of insanity, but after much thinking,

I feel like I can finally let go now. There’s still a long journey ahead of me and I wouldn’t be

fair to myself if I continue to trap myself in darkness. Life’s too short to ill-treat ourselves.

We should live every moment to the fullest.”

She paused and looked at me before continuing with a faint smile,

“Actually, I really envy

you and Ashton. After going through trials and tribulations, the two of you still ended up

together. Moving forward, the both of you will have each other to depend on and will be building a future together. That's so wonderful. Everyone's experiences are not the same and some have better luck than the rest. You and Ashton are really fortunate to have each other and it's something you should cherish." Just then, Chandler drove over and Hannah and I got into the car. However, I was still thinking about what she just said. Many of us could spend our whole lives figuring out what we really wanted and what was most important to us, but still unable to get an answer.

Post navigation

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 962

Suddenly, my palms felt warm. To my surprise, Hannah had shoved a hand warmer into my hand without me realizing it. She chuckled and said, "Chandler was worried that we would be cold, so he got these for us. It's cold outside so it's better to keep warm!"

I nodded and looked at Chandler, who was at the driver's seat. "Thank you!" I said to him.

Chandler smiled candidly and replied, "You're welcome. Hannah has cold hands and feet all the time. You girls seem to have colder body temperatures than men, so it's better to pay more attention to keeping warm."

Feeling amused, Hannah said, "Chandler, how many girlfriends have you had in order for you to come to such a conclusion? Am I supposed to be thankful to all your ex-girlfriends?"

Upon hearing that, Chandler immediately parked his car at the roadside and turned around to look at Hannah. With a serious expression on his face, he said, "Hannah, I swear that you're my first girlfriend. I know that you're afraid of the cold because it was April when we

met. Even though the weather was already getting warmer, you always carried a hand warmer with you. You would also keep a blanket and mittens in your car. I know that you are capable of taking care of yourself, but I still hope that I can take care of you in my own ways. I want you to know that you can always rely on me. I pay attention to every detail of your life because I'm constantly learning to be a better partner to you. I didn't acquire all these knowledges because of other women!"

What a way to confess. Hannah was momentarily stunned by the man's speech. A moment later, she burst out laughing while hugging her hand warmer. Fixing her gaze on Chandler, she replied, "Chandler, what was that all about? Can't you see that my friend is here too? You should have controlled yourself and told me in private."

Feeling embarrassed, Chandler scratched his head. With his face flushed red, he said, "I just didn't want you to misunderstand so I was in a rush to clarify!"

Controlling her urge to laugh, Hannah looked at him and replied, "Just drive. We're so hungry!"

Observing the lovey-dovey interaction between those two, I suddenly realized that it was true that to care about someone meant giving her enough affection and reassurance such that she would have a sense of security, just like how Chandler treated Hannah. If a man loved a woman, he would do anything for her and protect her from any harm. No excuses.

After we arrived at a restaurant in town, Hannah looked at me and said, "It's almost time for Ashton to knock off. Do you want to give him a call to ask if he wants to join us for dinner?"

I had almost forgotten that my phone was kept in my bag and in silent mode all these whiles. When I took it out, I saw a few messages from Hailey. But first, I rang Ashton.

The call went through after a few rings, but it was Stella who picked up. In a polite tone, she said, “Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller is in a meeting right now. It will be ending soon. I’ll let him know that you called. Or would you prefer me to pass on a message for you?” “It’s OK. Just ask him to call me back!” I said simply and hung up.

Hannah looked at me with a quizzical look and asked, “Is he still occupied with work?” With a faint smile, I nodded and replied, “He’s still in a meeting.” I only opened the messages from Hailey after we found a seat and sat down in the restaurant.

I’m busy handling the company’s matters!
After this busy period, let’s find a time to catch up.
A while after she sent those two messages, she texted me again.
Is your daughter still looking for a suitable kidney?
How old is your daughter?
Are you guys intending to seek Armond’s help?
After I finished reading all her messages, I replied: Do you know something about Armond?

Hannah passed me the menu and said cheerfully, “Just order anything you like! It’s

Chandler’s treat. You don’t have to feel bad for him!”

I smiled and put down my phone. I wasn’t very familiar with Koandria cuisine. As such, I just

chose a random dish. When I was passing the menu back to Hannah, I noticed that she was

staring at the direction of the entrance. “Scarlett, isn’t that Ashton’s aunt, Sally?” She asked.

I followed the direction of her gaze and froze for a moment. It was Sally indeed. Perhaps it

had been such a long time since I last saw her that she seemed to have changed so much.

She was dressed in a pink coat and had tied her hair into a ponytail, looking extremely youthful.

Hannah looked at me and asked curiously, “Do you know the man she’s with?”

I shook my head. That man looked around fifty years old and was donned in branded clothing. He was tall and skinny. That, together with the black-framed glasses he was wearing, he looked like someone who dabbled in the arts.

“I think I know who he is!” Chandler, who was looking at the menu a moment ago, suddenly spoke. “He’s Jim, a professor from K University. He’s also an author and had written several books. He was even nominated for the Nobel Prize when I was in school. However, he was also known for being a nerd and not interested in romance. He was never married and the word was it that he’s quite rich. If I’m not wrong, gardening is his only hobby.”

I was actually quite surprised. I remembered Cameron telling me that she had previously bumped into Sally at the hospital and saw her with a man. I thought she had seen wrongly at that time. But judging by the way the both of them were behaving, they did seem quite intimate.

When they entered the restaurant, Hannah asked, “Did they just get into a relationship at this age?”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 963

I smiled and shook my head. "I'm not sure but let's stop gossiping about them. At her age, if Aunt Sally manages to find someone suitable for her and have a partner for her remaining years, that's a good thing."

"That's right!" Hannah nodded and continued seriously, "I suddenly believe that destiny really exists. We all have our own predetermined paths to walk. Some people get to enjoy a smooth life with fame and riches but die young. There are others who have it rougher but remain in good health until they die of old age. There are also some who have a difficult start in life but work hard and ultimately get to enjoy the fruits of their labor. It's the same when it comes to relationships. True love might only come to some at a later stage after experiencing trials and tribulations."

I nodded, agreeing with her views. Chandler ordered a few of Hannah's favorite dishes and said, "What about us? It was also not easy for us to be together, right?" Hannah looked at the man and replied, "We just met each other at the right time."

Seeing that they are showing off their love again, I looked down at my phone. Hailey texted again. It's difficult to explain over the phone. Let's find some time to meet up!

She was right. That issue was too complicated to be properly communicated over the phone.

Just then, I saw an incoming call from Ashton and answered it at once.

"Has your meeting ended?"

He replied in a hoarse voice, "Yup, just ended. Where are you now?"

"I'm in town having dinner with Hannah and Chandler right now. Do you want to join us?"

“Sure!”

After I hung up, Hannah looked at me and asked, “Is that Ashton?” I nodded and she asked worriedly, “Have you been resting well these days? I already noticed that you looked quite pale when I saw you this morning. Are you losing sleep feeling troubled over Summer?”

I froze for a moment and let out a bitter smile before replying, “She’s Macy’s only child. I... “

I sighed and did not finish my sentence. Not wanting to discuss that topic, I looked at Hannah and said, “Ashton will be coming later. I should go say hi to Aunt Sally first.”

Talking about Summer’s situation was pointless. I could only hope that a suitable kidney for her would be available soon.

Hannah understood that I did not want to continue talking about it and nodded. “Sure, go ahead. There should be still a while before our food is served,” she said. Sally and Jim were sitting by the window. The middle-aged couple was behaving just like teenagers in love. One of them was talking animatedly while the other listened quietly and responded with smiles intermittently. One could tell from the look in their eyes how much they adored each other.

I must have arrived at an inopportune moment. When Sally saw me, she was obviously startled and had an awkward expression on her face. “Scarlett, why... why are you here?”

“I just happened to be having dinner with my friends at this restaurant and I saw you. I

thought I should come over and say hi. Aunt Sally, who’s this gentleman?” I asked, beaming.

A blush of embarrassment spread across Sally’s cheeks. Jim, who had seen much in life, remained composed and answered instead. “Hi, I’m Jim. Sally and I are dating. I guess you must be her niece? Please have a seat.”

His candidness surprised me. I joined them at their table and introduced myself to Jim. I could not help but smile when I saw the blush on Sally's face. "Aunt Sally, Ashton and I are quite busy lately. Are you angry that we haven't had time to visit you?" Still feeling a little awkward, Sally smiled at me and replied, "I've heard about Fuller Corporation's situation and understand that Ashton is occupied with work. Anyway, you youngsters have your own matters to attend to. I'm already feeling bad that I can't be of any help to you. The only thing I can do is not to be a burden and worry you guys."

I nodded and thought about Summer. I realized Aunt Sally was still unaware of that. With a smile, I replied, "Aunt Sally, we should have a gathering after this busy period. You have to bring Uncle Jim along, yeah?" Sally nodded. I could see that her cheeks were still in a shade of pink. Since I had already greeted her, I should get going in order not to disrupt their date. Just when I stood up and was about to leave, I saw Ashton walking towards us. I was rather stunned at how speedily he arrived.

"Oh, Ashton is here too," Sally said as she noticed Ashton as well. I walked towards him and asked, "How did you reach so quickly?" He pulled me closer towards him and frowned. "Why is your hand so cold?" He asked, while at the same time holding my hand in his, warming it. "The office is quite nearby and the traffic was smooth. That's how I'm here so fast!"

"Oh," I simply replied before whispering into his ear, "I forgot to tell you just now. Aunt Sally is here too."

While we were talking, Jim had already stood up and approached Ashton. After the two men exchanged greetings, Ashton asked me, "Aren't you with Hannah?"

I nodded and we said goodbye to Sally before joining Hannah and Chandler again. The dishes were served the same time we arrived back at the table. When Hannah saw Ashton and I, she smiled and said, "I was just about to go over and get you." Then, she introduced Chandler to Ashton and all of us sat down.

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I looked at Ashton and Chandler; one is reserved and arrogant, the latter kind and

down-to-earth. It was not surprising that the two of them had very little in common to talk

about. Hannah and I, on the other hand, were busy chattering away.

Hannah looked at the shrimps Ashton peeled for me and said, "You know what, I'm actually

quite jealous of the way you two interact with each other. It's not sickeningly sweet, but one

that seems very natural."

I smiled in return and watched quietly as Chandler carefully fed a shrimp to Hannah. "I'm the

one who's envious of you. Look at how thoughtful and gentle Mr.

Coleman is to you. You

must cherish him."

She nodded in assent. "That's for sure. I wish the best for you and Ashton too."

It was already quite late by the time we finished dinner and returned to the villa.

Back to our bedroom, Ashton seemed already tuckered out, so I decided to keep the

questions I had to myself. After taking a shower and finally lying in bed together, Ashton's

voice was a little croaky when he asked, "Is John going to do anything now that Hannah is getting married?"

I was mildly surprised by his sudden interest in this matter and shook my head. "I'm not

sure. All I know is that he also plans to marry Yvonne. God knows what's going on in his

head."

Now that he brought up this matter, I asked curiously, "Ashton, what would you do if I married another person?"

The man opened his eyes and fixed steadily at mine. His voice was low and solemn when he replied, "Will you?"

I rolled my eyes at him and said, "Why not? Life is so unpredictable, anything is possible.

Case in point, years ago, John wouldn't have thought that Hannah was going to bear his child. And now, when John finally falls in love with Hannah, she has decided to become someone else's bride. We can't bet on things to remain the same forever."

Instead of answering my hypothetical question, his dark eyes continued to glare at me

intently. I grew impatient and started to pester him, "Why are you looking at me like this?

Just answer my question!"

"I will never let you go, or allow you to fall in love with another person, much less letting you

marrying someone else other than me. So, your question is invalid." His demeanor was so

overbearing I had to forego all other follow-up questions at the back of my mind.

I sighed. "It's just an innocent question. I don't understand why you are taking it so

seriously." Feeling a little stirred up, I turned my back against him.

Ashton then moved closer to me, his chest was so close against my back I could feel his

strong heartbeats. His big hand rested on my belly as he assumed a dulcet tone, "Scarlett, I

believe that many things in life are achievable when you put your minds to it. I can't predict

my future, but one thing I know for sure is that, as long as I live, I will not let you go. I never

buy the saying that if you love someone you should set her free. I'm just an ordinary guy

who wants to be with my wife and can't bear to see you live with anyone else. So, don't you ever think of such a thing again, okay?"

I wasn't sure if it was his bold profession of love or his steady heartbeat against my body, the fog in my mind suddenly lifted and I could see things clearly as they were. I finally conceded, "Alright, I won't ask such a stupid question again." My head rested on his shoulder and my fingers intertwined with his. "Ashton, when Summer gets better, we will start afresh as a family." The man then held me tightly in his arms. All my life, I was never able to fully grasp the concept of happiness. But at that moment, I finally understood that happiness could just be as simple as spending the night holding onto someone you love who also loved you back.

"Ashton, you..." Realizing what he was about to do, my eyes widened in the next instant.

"What are you doing? I'm pregnant, we can't do that!"

He turned me around so that I was now facing him. Our eyes locked and he said in a coarse voice, "Scarlett, it's been a while since we..."

I hesitated for a brief moment before I replied in a soft voice, "But, but it's inconvenient now that I'm pregnant."

Ashton leaned his head against mine and I could feel his humid and heavy breaths inches away. I held my breath and dared not utter another word. After a few seconds, the man took a deep breath and finally said, "Alright, let's go to sleep."

Ashton still held onto me, but his hands finally stopped moving around. I stole a sigh of relief and recalled what happened during the day. "By the way, are you not allowed to bring a phone during meetings lately?"

"No, why is that?"

“Oh, it’s nothing. Just that I’ve tried calling you a few times and they all went to voicemail.

So, I was wondering if there was a no-phone rule instated in your office.”

“My office is very close to the conference room. So, sometimes I’ll leave my phone in my

office during meetings. It won’t happen again.”

I let out a faint smile. “Okay.”

Maybe it was just a coincident that Stella picked up his phone today.

The next day, I rushed to the hospital after being informed that Summer and Jared’s bone

marrows were not compatible. I arrived at the hospital and met with

Cameron and Zachary,

who looked like they hadn’t slept all night.

There was discernible sorrow in Cameron’s voice as she spoke, “My dear, the doctor has

confirmed that their bone marrows do not match. We’re going to have to search for one

that’s compatible with Summer’s.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 965

I was puzzled. "Why not? Summer is his biological daughter. How is that possible?"

"It turns out they have different blood types, so it doesn't matter that Jared is Summer's

biological father. If we perform the surgery anyway, it'll be like a bad organ transplant, which

will make Summer's condition worse," Cameron tried to explain the situation to me in her

limited medical terms.

My mind went momentarily blank. I had hoped that in the scenario where their bone

marrows didn't match, he could at least donate his kidney to Summer.

But now, it seemed

that my last hope was also squashed.

As though being sucked out of all energy, I slumped into a chair and was lost in thoughts.

It wasn't until the doctor came out from Summer's ward that I snapped out from my daze

when he said, "Can we all please proceed to my office?"

As Cameron helped me up, I noticed that Zachary's expression was rather grim and

appeared deep in thought.

As we all took a seat in the doctor's office, Cameron asked anxiously, "Doctor, what are we

going to do now that we can't find suitable bone marrow for Summer?"

He looked at us and slowly explained, "Bone marrow transplant is a major operation,

therefore it's imperative that we find a compatible donor, or we will risk dangerous level of

organ rejection post-operation. There are increasing numbers of acute leukemia patients for

the past two years, but suitable bone marrow donors are still very rare. I can understand

your concerns, however, the only thing we can do for Summer right now is to continue her

chemotherapy. In the meantime, we will keep searching for matching bone marrow."

Zachary asked, "Let's say we have no luck in finding her a suitable donor, how long does she have?"

The doctor was a little rattled by the stone-faced Zachary and had chosen his words carefully when he replied, "If we stick to our current treatment plan, her prognosis is actually quite positive. She will have at least three more years."

"Alright. I understand." Zachary nodded before he stood up abruptly and left the room

without uttering another word.

Cameron was panic-stricken and she quickly turned to me. "Letty, quick! You have to stop

your father. We haven't gotten to that stage yet!"

Despite being puzzled by what she said, considering the urgency in her tone, I stood up and

hurried after him. Zachary was dialling on his phone as he waited in front of an elevator.

I called after him, "Dad, what's going on? Where are you going?"

He turned to me with a self-reproach look on his face. "Scarlett, I know you can't forgive us

for what we did to your baby years ago. But don't you worry now. I won't let anything happen

to another child of yours. I'll do whatever it takes to save Summer."

I was still as a loss of what he was planning to do as he was about to take off in a grave

manner.

I grabbed onto his arm before he could leave. "Dad, hold on for a second. Ashton is already

working on ways to save Summer too. Don't you worry, she'll be okay."

Nonetheless, my words seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. Just then, the elevator door

opened. Zachary stepped into the elevator and stopped me from following suit. "Stay here

and look after your mother. I'm just going to look for a better doctor and I'll be back soon."

Right after the elevator door was shut before me, Cameron hurried over and her expression

grew more desperate when she didn't see Zachary. "Scarlett, where's your father? You should have stopped him. He's onto something dangerous!"

"He said he was going to look for another doctor and asked me to stay back."

Cameron was frantically pressing at the elevator button and her voice was choking up as she said, "If he really was looking for another doctor, couldn't he just do it through the phone? I can't let him do this, not after he's finally decided to settle down and live a normal life with us. If we let him do this, there'll be no turning back for all of us." Sensing that something was off, I looked at her and my jaw was tightening. "Mom, there's no way I can catch up to him now. But I'll get Ashton to stop him. While I'm on the phone, you're gonna have to get yourself together, and then tell me what really is going on, okay?"

With tears rolling down her cheeks, she finally nodded. After I contacted Ashton and told him to get in touch with Zachary, I helped Cameron sit down on a bench in the corridor.

After the woman finally collected herself, she slowly spoke, "My dear, have you heard of organ trading?"

I was stunned by her revelation as cold sweats started to form on my forehead. Shaking my head, I continued to ask, "Mom, what's going on?"

Wiping the tears away from her eyes, the woman slowly explained, "Scarlett, there's nothing in this world you can't buy with enough money and power, including human organs. Your father started thinking about it when Summer started falling sick. He used to work with mafia, so he knows his way around this black market. I tried to talk him out of this, but he wouldn't listen to me. Now that our lives are finally back to normal, and you are expecting

another child, it's just too much risk to involve both our families in this business."

I took a few moments to calm my racing heart. "Mom, has Dad found one?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 966

Cameron looked at me with her eyes widened in intense fear. "My dear, you can't be

seriously considering it! These organs, they are all harvested with illegal means!"

"Mom, that's not what I meant. I'm just trying to figure out where Dad could be heading

that's all. Whatever leads he has right now, we have to discuss this matter together before

deciding what to do."

She nodded, but her body did not stop trembling.

When Cameron was calmer and more collected, she started to analyze the situation, "Your

father had washed his hands off this business many years ago. But starting a few days ago,

he's been secretly contacting a few of his old buddies regarding this matter. I overheard

from his conversations that the black market, as well as the operations, are only carried out

in A City. So, your dad must be on his way to the airport to fly over there and meet with the

dealer."

Upon hearing which, I made another phone call to Ashton for him to intercept Zachary at the

airport. I turned to Cameron and asked, "Who else knows about this?"

She shook her head. "Just the two of us. I didn't want him to take the risk. If found out, our

whole family will be done for."

Sensing that my silence might mean otherwise, Cameron tried to probe, "Scarlett, tell me, if

your father found both compatible bone marrow and kidney for Summer, would you have

agreed to it?"

Her question was loaded with massive moral conundrums; my head was filled with many questions to which I didn't have immediate answers. I lowered my head to look at my phone, at a loss for words.

Cameron grew more anxious as she grabbed onto my arm and said grievously, "My dear, listen to me, you can't do this. Summer is such an adorable kid and we all love her dearly. But you can't gamble your future with this matter. It would have been okay if this only involves me and your father, since we've had our share of lives at this age. But things are different for you and Ashton. You're finally expecting another child and you still have a long way to go. As for Summer, we may just have to accept that this is her destiny. Please promise me you won't make a rash decision on this." Cameron's concerns were valid, and anyone with a sound logic should arrive at the same conclusion. However, I had long regarded Summer as my own daughter, so the only logical sense as a mother was to save my daughter by whatever means necessary.

I looked at her and sighed. "Mom, Summer is my daughter. There's no way I'll give up on her. If the dealer manages to find a donor from a clean source, why can't we give Summer a chance to live?"

Cameron's eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you out of your mind? There's no way that kind of things will be clean!"

I knew there was no way that I could sway her mind right now, but I couldn't help but imagine a scenario where someone passed on from an accident and we could offer a sum of money to her family. It would not have brought her life back, but in a way, parts of her

spirit got to live on. The concept of organ donation at death might sound cruel to some

people, but if the alternative for the body was to be cremated, leaving nothing but ashes

behind, why not let them save another life?

“Mom, let’s not talk about this right now. Can you please keep Summer company while I try

to locate Dad and talk to him?” It’s too early to dismiss any remote chance Summer may

have.

Cameron did not sound fully convinced. “My dear, whatever you do, please be mindful of the

potential consequences they may have on both our families. Do you understand what I

mean?”

“I do.”

I left the hospital and tried to reach Ashton by phone, but it was engaged. I then attempted

to call Zachary’s number, also to no avail. I was feeling rather helpless when my phone rang.

Seeing Armond’s name on my caller ID only made me feel more frustrated. My tone was

more than agitated when I answered his call, “What do you want?”

Instead of being offended, an audible laugh rang from the other end of the line as the man

spoke, “Sensing from your impatient tone, I suppose you ran into some trouble. Why don’t

you come and have a chat with me? I may be able to cheer you up.”

“If you have nothing more to say, I’ll hang up now.” My patience was running thin for this

pervert.

He sighed and said, “Hold on a second, I was told that Zachary is on his way to A City. I’m

wondering whether that’s because Jared’s bone marrow is not compatible with Summer’s. If

that’s the case, then I suppose he’s heading toward A City to search for...”

The man had now successfully riled me up. "Armond Murphy, what kind of a sicko are you?

And what do you want from me?"

"I just told you, I may have some information that's useful to you so that your daughter will

stop suffering from chemotherapy." His tone suddenly took on a serious note, "There's no

need to dismiss me just yet. I know exactly what you're looking for and I may even have

means to secure some for you. So, what do you say about meeting up?"

I paused for a brief moment to ponder on his words. Maybe what he said wasn't all bullsh*t.

"Fine. I can meet you up."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 967

He seemed to be smiling approvingly when he replied, "I thought you were going to reject me again. Great, I'll send you the address after this. Don't be late, or I'll be sad."

After hanging up the call, I tried Ashton's number again. Finally, he answered the phone and

there were some traffic noises from his end.

"Ashton, is everything okay over there?"

"I'm stuck in traffic." Ashton sounded a little flustered. "But don't you worry; I've managed to make contact with Mr. Moore. He promised that he won't be making the trip to A City for now."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "That's great. Can you please take him to the hospital later? I'll call

Mom right now to let her know."

I gave Cameron a quick update on the phone before receiving a text message with the

address where I was supposed to meet Armond.

The address was not far from where I was so I decided to take a cab there.

I arrived at the address to find a cafe bistro that actually resembled more of a private residence. I almost missed the entrance until a waiter greeted me and led me inside.

Armond was already waiting for me in a private room. Dressed in a casual blue sweater, his jacket was draped over a chair next to him as the heater was turned on in the room. Upon

my arrival, his lips curled up in a faint smile as he spoke, "Have a seat.

Try some of the Earl

Grey tea here."

Biting my lips, I took a seat across from him as he slowly poured hot water into his tea pot.

After which, he slid a tea cup in front of me and said gracefully, "Smell the aroma from the tea leaves."

I took the cup and placed it under my nose to take a whiff. It did smell fresh and earthy. I put down the cup and said, "It's aromatic."

He kept smiling. "Very tasteful."

His relaxed manner in tea making was in direct contrast to the anxiousness I was feeling all

day. Sensing he was in no hurry at all to disclose his real intention, I finally broke the silence,

"Armond, I don't have all the time in the world to enjoy tea with you."

His brows frowned slightly, as though I was the biggest buzzkill to his mood. He scorned me

and said, "I live life in pursuit of enjoying the quality of the finer things. If you think that I'm

wasting your time, the exit is that way," the man said while pointing his slender finger at the door.

He knew clearly that I would not leave just yet, not before I got what I came for.

Pursing my lips, I once again picked up the tea cup and downed the drink in one big gulp.

His condescending voice rang in front of me as I did so, "You ought to savour good tea in

small sips, not downing it like some cheap wine!"

I put down the cup and stared at him. "It still ends up in the same place.

I don't understand

what's all the fuss about."

Furrowing his brows, the man poured another cup of tea from his pot and grunted, "Drink

and taste it slowly!"

I was increasingly irritated. I wasn't even a tea person to begin with; not to mention

differentiating the taste of the tea between big gulps and small sips.

However, to get him off

my back, I had no choice but to taste the tea his way.

Armond was finally satisfied with the show I put on. "Not bad."

I heaved a sigh of relief and fixed my gaze at him. Unfazed by my glare, the man drank the last of his tea elegantly before he commented, "This is indeed exceptional tea." Finally, his vision fell on me while his lips curled up in a smirk. "Am I to understand that you're willing to be with me?" My brows furrowed into a knot as I tried to contain the mounting rage in my chest. "You already know that I'm a married woman. I can offer you money if that's what you're after. In addition, if you manage to save Summer, I'll make sure you get to keep my grandma's sandalwood box." The man let out an unsettling chortle as he replied, "This bargaining chip is quite attractive indeed. However, that box is not the most urgent matter to my family. Right now, you're what I want the most." I stood up, thinking that I had come all the way here for nothing. "Don't be in such a hurry. I'm not done explaining myself. How are we going to be together when you're so impatient?" The content of his words could pass for something a boyfriend would say to his girlfriend. But the fact that they came from Armond just made me feel chilly all over. I pursed my lips and remained silent. This time he finally got straight to the point. "Okay, fine. There's no point going down that road again. Now, why don't you do me a favor, and I'll let you know how to replace your daughter's faulty organ with one that's functioning?" "What's your condition?" If one decides to broker a deal with the devil, one has to be prepared to go to hell. For a few moments, he just stared at me until I was losing patience before he suddenly blurted, "Stay here to have dinner with us and be on your best behavior."

“You have company?” I asked while lifting my eyebrow.

At that moment, I heard a quick knock on our door and turned around to find a middle-aged woman walking toward us. Her otherwise elegant and beautiful features were shrouded by an overall shadow of long-term sickness, not unlike the pasty look on Hailey’s face.

“Armond, I was told by the counter staff that you brought a friend here. Is this she?” the woman asked merrily.

The usual gloom and sinister looks on the man’s face instantly replaced with that of warmth and tenderness. He stood up and spoke in the most respectful manner I had ever heard,

“News travels fast, Mom. She just got here minutes ago.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 968

The woman let out a friendly chuckle and turned to Armond. “You should have informed me earlier that we’re expecting a guest so I can be more prepared. After all, this is the first time you brought a female friend over here.”

The woman then walked toward me and asked kindly, “You must be hungry now. What would you like for dinner?”

I hesitated for a brief moment and shot Armond a quick glance. He was now looking at me

with his darkened expression, causing me to respond accordingly,

“Thanks, Mrs. Murphy. I’m easy.”

The woman continued to exchange more pleasantries with me before she headed out to get dinner ready.

The second the woman left our sights, a glint of malevolent reappeared in Armond’s eyes.

“Cooperate with me, and I’ll tell you what you need to know.”

I pursed my lips and asked, “She’s your mother?”

“Hmm.” He nodded. “For years, she has been hoping that I’ll get married and settle down with a family. When she comes back, just go with whatever she says and don’t you try to get at her.”

I replied flatly, “Don’t worry. It’s you that I despise. Unlike you, I won’t lay a finger on a sick person. I’m not a monster.”

“How did you know she’s not well?” he asked with his brow lifted.

“I’m not blind. Her complexion is too pale for a normal, healthy person.”

“Well then, make sure you’re on your best behavior,” he snarked.

I looked at the certifiably treacherous man before me and lost in thoughts for a brief moment. I remember having read somewhere that stipulates that the more wickedly evil the person is, the easier it is to search for his soft spot. No one can be categorically judged as

good or bad, as they are merely driven by their respective motives.

People can be motivated

by money, their loved ones, or even the people of their country.

Whatever actions that follow

are only means to an end.

“So how am I supposed to address her?”

The man raised an eyebrow and curled his lips while watching me. “Well, you can call

her...Mom, just like I do.”

Furrowing my brows, I decided to ignore him.

Not long after, Armond’s mother came knocking on our door again. With an apron still

wrapped around her waist, she happily announced, “Dinner is ready!”

Armond smiled and nodded. “We’ll be there in just a second.”

After his mother left, he once again turned to me and narrowed his eyes slightly as he

reminded, “Again, know your place, and keep your lips tight on things that shouldn’t be said.”

Rolling my eyes, I stood up and left the room.

Walking into the main dining area of the bistro, I was amazed by the sophisticated and

tasteful internal design. Even though this was not the most spacious cafe bistro in town, every little corner of this place gave off the sense of more money being spent on the furnishings here than in a bigger restaurant.

I saw a bouquet of sunflowers on our table from afar and thought it to be a plastic flower bouquet. But as I came closer to it I was surprised to see that they were real flowers.

Sunflowers are definitely not in season right now. How on earth is he able to secure some fresh sunflowers around this time of the year?

Armond's mother continued beaming at me while she sat down beside me. "Armond should have told me earlier that you're visiting today. Please forgive me for the simple dishes tonight. I'll prepare something more to your liking next time you come over."

I shook my head and smiled in return. "You're too kind, Mrs. Murphy. The dishes all look delicious."

The man was rather quiet throughout dinner, save for when his mother asked him some questions, to which he provided very short answers. As such, his mother had kept busy by talking to me.

I wanted to stop her from stacking more food on my plate, but refrained from doing so, thinking that she only meant well. Since I was pregnant, I figured I should probably increase my intake of food anyway.

Nevertheless, my stomach seemed to disagree with me when it started to churn uncomfortably just after a few bites. I darted into the washroom feeling extremely nauseated but didn't retch up anything.

Armond's mother came into the washroom to check up on me. "Is everything okay? Are you feeling sick? Should I get Armond to send you to the hospital?"

Realizing this was my first morning sickness since the pregnancy, I shook my head and smiled faintly, "I'm alright, just feeling a little nauseated that's all. I'll be okay."

Being a mother herself, the woman was suddenly delighted as a broad grin flashed across her face. "Are you expecting? How far are you along? Have you done a check-up at the hospital?"

I was momentarily stunned by the questions she just rattled off and finally decided to tell her the truth, "It's been two months now. I haven't experienced much morning sickness, but otherwise I'm doing okay.

"Oh, that's great!" Her eyes almost narrowed into two thin lines from smiling. She led me out of the washroom and helped me to the table while rambling, "These dishes are not suitable for someone who's pregnant. You wait here and I'll whip up something else for you."

The woman was about to head back to the kitchen when I tried to grab firmly onto her arm.

"Mrs. Murphy, there really is no need to trouble you. I'm completely fine with these dishes."

She gently pried open my hand while still smiling merrily. "It's ok, darling. I'm just so happy I want to cook something else for you and baby. You just wait here."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 969

Armond wasn't dumb. He heard his mother's grumbling, so he waited till she went into the kitchen then turned to stare at me.

I lowered my head to look at my phone, ignoring his cold stare. Ashton was asking about my whereabouts. Worried that he would overanalyze, I merely replied that I was outside.

Armond snatched my phone right after I replied, then stared at me with a scowl. "Play your role well while you're here. Are you pregnant?"

My mouth was set in a hard line, and I glared at him as if he was a maniac. "Don't you have a girlfriend? Why didn't you bring Nora? Right! I almost forgot people like you don't deserve her. Good thing you didn't bring her here and give her some useless hope."

He was unperturbed by my sarcasm. "Does Ashton know you're pregnant?"

I truly thought this man was mad. If it weren't for his mother, I would've torn him up into

pieces. "Of course, the baby is his. If he doesn't, who else should?"

He smiled creepily and was giving me a spine-chilling stare. I couldn't sit there any further,

just as I was about to stand up and leave.

His mother came in with a lovely smile carrying a bowl of soup. "Scarlett, please have more

of this soup. It's good for you. I loved it so much when I was pregnant with Armond. Try it!"

I stared at the bowl of soup placed in front of me. The fight I had with Armond had made me

lost my appetite, but I could feel her attentive gaze boring into me. I couldn't think of an

excuse to reject her, so I took a small sip.

After a few more sips, I thanked her, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Murphy! It's delicious."

She smiled. "It's no big deal. I can make it for you every day and ask Armond to send it to you. Please come and visit me often. Armond was busy all year round, so I didn't have anyone to talk to. When you have your baby, my place would be all the merrier.

"Oh! Have you started planning for your wedding? Don't forget about it."

She then said to Armond solemnly, "You need to pay more attention to the wedding. Every parent raises their girls preciously, so you have to treat them right. Ask her directly if you're unsure about any of the details. We have to treat her as best as we could."

Armond nodded with a smile. "Mom, I'm not a child anymore. You don't have to exhort me on every little thing. I'm an adult and I know these things."

"Armond!"

Their exchange was heartwarming. Armond's usual dark character was nowhere to be seen.

It could be their chat was taking too long, so Mrs. Murphy started to feel tired. Noticing her fatigue, Armond dragged me and said a few words to her before we left. Not long after we got in the car, I said, "Stop here. I can get my own taxi back."

The car showed no intention to stop. His dark eyes were focused on the road ahead, and so

I repeated, "Mr. Murphy, please stop the car. I can get back myself!"

He narrowed his cold eyes at me. "It looked like you forgot the reason you're here today."

Anger poured through me. "Armond, do you know how disgusting you're acting right now?"

You called me here and threatened me to follow your instruction if I wanted to know the way

to save my daughter. I did exactly as you asked, and now you're not stopping the car when

I'm asking you nicely. You don't know how every moment I spent with you was torture to me.

If you didn't intend to tell me about the information from the start, just say so! You don't

have to act in such a roundabout way.”

He just stared at me. I knew my words were cruel and hurtful, but I really couldn't deal with him for a day longer.

Silence lingered in the air. The cool air had turned chilly. I thought he would get angry and chased me out of his car or punch me in the face.

However, I didn't think that he would just look at me calmly and said, “The person who could save your daughter is in A City. Take this and go find the person according to the address on it.”

On his outstretched palm laid a business card. I took the card without much thought. “Stop the car. I want to get off here!”

He stopped the car by the roadside. I tried to open the door but realized he didn't unlock it.

He said when I glared at him, “Initially, I wanted you to have a miscarriage because the baby came at such a bad time, but it seemed that my mother really loves the baby. She had started knitting clothes for the baby, so now you can have the baby. My mother would take good care of it.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 970

“You are crazy!” I shouted. I didn't want to listen to anything he said because he was too loathsome. Every word out of his mouth was like a thorn pricking me. “I want to get off right now, and this baby has nothing to do with you!”

He smiled faintly with warmth in his gaze. “Tell Ashton that I will take care of both you and the baby for him.”

“You are a psycho!” This man was really out of his mind.

He finally unlocked the door. I swiftly got off the car, not wanting to stay there for even a second longer.

I walked in the opposite direction and called Ashton. Ashton had picked up the call immediately after it was connected. "Ashton!" He said, "I'm behind you." I reflexively turned my head and saw a black Bentley following me. I then realized that it was Ashton's car. He continued coldly, "It's cold outside. Let's talk after you get in." Based on my years of experience with Ashton, I knew he was in a bad mood. I hung up the phone and got in the car. The interior of the car was warm, but the atmosphere was chilly. After I buckled in, I let out a breath and said to Ashton, "When did you get here?" He glanced at me with rage burning in his eyes. "Why didn't you tell me?" I was taken aback by his question. "What?" I didn't understand what he meant. As soon as the word was out of my mouth, his anger spiked. He interrogated with a dark look, "Are you going to keep pretending? Don't you know the kind of person Armond is? How could you not know the reason he's looking for you? Scarlett, I thought we are completely honest with each other. Why didn't you tell me about Armond?" It seemed that he saw me get off Armond's car, but wasn't it too coincidental for him to appear right as I was getting off Armond's car in a city so big? Unless... I frowned. "When did you get here?" His eyes glinted with disappointment as he stared at me. "And all you're concerned about is when I got here?" I shook my head. "No. Ashton, I know we're husband and wife, and there shouldn't be any secrets between us, but we're also individuals. In short, I have my plans and thought that may be different from yours. Even though I know Armond is not a good person and is

unreliable, this doesn't mean anything now. I have my reason for meeting him, so please believe me."

His brows knitted into a frown at my explanation.

Shortly after, he kept his frustration in check and replied, "Alright, I respect you. Tell me when you're ready."

He started the car and focused on driving. He didn't glance at me even once. He was acting like a child.

His expression remained dark even after we arrived at the company. He entered the

company in silence and didn't spare a glance in my direction.

I followed him, slightly embarrassed. There were many people around, and they looked

surprised when they saw me walking behind Ashton.

Arriving at the VIP elevator, the door closed right after he went in. It wasn't that I didn't want

to enter, but I couldn't catch up to him.

I was bewildered as the elevator doors closed right in front of me. I was thoroughly

embarrassed as I felt the stares and heard the whispers from those around me.

"Did Mr. Fuller fought with Mrs. Fuller? He just left her there. I have second-hand

embarrassment from watching her."

"I thought Mr. Fuller was only cold towards the employees, but he was even cold towards his

wife. It looks like it wasn't easy being a rich man's wife."

"What did you expect then? Those rich men could pick any girls they want. If they wanted to

marry, wouldn't they want to marry a beautiful maid willing to coax, flatter, and take care of

them? There's no love among the rich. All they want is a comfortable life and someone to

please them."

"You're right. It was just like those series that occurred in the Georgian era in which the

queen didn't have any say in front of the king. We have finally reached an era of gender equality, but it doesn't mean anything in the eyes of the rich."

I stood there waiting for them to finish. We shouldn't underestimate gossip between women. They could even refer to soap operas that took place in the Georgian era. Even I felt miserable for myself, listening to their comparison. It looked like I was merely Ashton's trophy wife in their eyes.

The VIP elevator was operated by facial recognition technology, without Ashton, I could only take the normal elevator. As the women reached my side, they finally stopped gossiping.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 971

“Mrs. Fuller!” Suddenly someone stood beside me, giving me a scare. I smiled as I noticed it was Stella.

I managed to squeeze myself in when the elevator doors opened. Maybe everyone knew my identity, so no one mentioned the rumors between Ashton and me.

They were chatting to Stella instead.

From their conversation, I could deduce that Stella was well-liked by the other employees.

Well, pretty and bubbly girls were always well-liked by others.

I got out when the elevator reached Ashton’s office. However, I was thunderstruck because I

would need Ashton’s fingerprint to enter his office.

I decided to call him. Just as I whipped out my phone, the door opened, and out came Stella again.

Her gaze flickered between me and the door. “Mrs. Fuller, were you busy recently? I don’t see you visit Mr. Fuller much these days.”

I gave her a once-over and saw she was holding documents that require Ashton’s approval.

“Yes. I’ve been busy with something.”

She smiled faintly in response then entered Ashton’s office. As I followed her, I stared at her

back. It gave me a sense that it was all thanks to her that I was able to enter.

In the office, Ashton was sitting behind his desk reviewing documents while Stella stood

silently by his side waiting for his signature. As Ashton lifted his arm, Stella passed him a

pen. Their whole interaction displayed their excellent teamwork from working closely.

I stood rooted at the entrance, staring sightlessly at the scene, thinking they were a perfect

team.

A few minutes later, Ashton lifted his gaze from his work, focusing his attention on me.

“Aren’t you tired standing there?”

I smiled. “Isn’t Ms. Collins standing as well? It’s not appropriate if I sit while she stands.”

His brows drew together as he understood my insinuation. He ordered Stella, “You may

leave first. I will send these documents to you later once I’m done.”

Stella nodded, “Sure!”

She smiled as she said goodbye to me.

The room fell into a dead silence after Stella left.

Finally, Ashton said, “Standing too long is not good for you now.”

I arched my brow and leaned against the door. “It’s fine. Mr. Fuller, please finish your work

first. My feet can stand for a few more minutes. I shouldn’t bother you, seeing as you’re

busier than a bee.”

He raised a brow and stood. “Scarlett, do you have to talk to me like that?”

I laughed, “Like how? It looked like Mr. Fuller didn’t even want to speak to me anymore.

That’s fine. Mr. Fuller, please continue with your work. I won’t disturb you further.”

I turned and left.

However, Ashton wasn’t the kind of person who let problems fester into the night. He

blocked my exit. “You know that is not what I mean.”

I chuckled, “It’s fine. Finish your work first.”

He grabbed my wrist. “Let’s settle this. The person who should be mad is me. You know the

kind of person Armond is, yet you still meet him privately. I’m angry because I’m worried

about you. Why can’t you understand that?”

I raised my head and stared at him. He looked more mature as if he had experienced the

vicissitudes of life. It made me panic for a second. I kept my panic in check and smiled. “So

in your opinion, I'm a useless person who didn't know how to take care of myself? I'm just a clueless idiot, is that it?"

His forehead creased. "You know that is not what I mean."

I chuckled, "But that's what your words are implying."

"Whatever. You don't have to explain anymore. Go and finish your work. Don't bring emotion into your work. It's not professional."

I left his office and entered the elevator.

I left with a smile as I looked at Ashton's frowning face. I knew that it was my fault regarding Armond because I didn't explain it clearly to him, but there were times when things were more complicated than it seems. An explanation could've saved all this trouble, yet we persisted with the solution that made us all unhappy.

I saw Stella again after I exited the elevator. She seemed to be waiting for me. "Mrs. Fuller, are you heading back now?"

I nodded with a smile, "Yes."

She looked at me hesitantly, so I stopped and asked, "You seemed to be focused on your work recently. Are you dating now? Your parents must be urging you to get married at your age."

She was surprised by my remark. "Not really. My parents were quite open-minded. I haven't met anyone compatible, and they respected my decision."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 972

I chuckled, "I see Justin treating you well. Are you guys together?"

Her face turned dark at the mention of Justin. She was keeping her anger in check, but I was still able to discern it. She answered after a short pause, "We're just friends. He has someone he likes, and it's not me. So please don't misunderstand. I am dating anyone at the moment as I want to focus on my career."

I nodded with understanding. "Both career and relationship are equally important. A woman will only get married once in their lifetime, so you have to take your relationship seriously. When Ashton and I were younger, we didn't get to experience the whole dating scene. We just got married. Now that I think about it, it is quite regretful. I think it is best if people could date more before getting married."

Her eyes sparkled at my comment. "Did you and Mr. Fuller got married without dating first?"

I nodded and replied, "Ashton and I were an example of love after marriage. Our grandparents were the ones who arranged our marriage. His grandfather and my grandmother were good friends."

Surprise crossed Stella's face. "So you and Mr. Fuller didn't have the freedom to date."

I nodded in agreement. She couldn't hide the look of surprise. "I thought that both of you had dated freely, and it turned out that it was actually because of your grandparents' friendship. But I heard from my colleagues that the Fullers prioritize status above everything else."

I laughed at her remark because it couldn't be further from the truth. Not many of the employees knew my background. Rachel had always thought that Ashton was way out of my league all these years. She considered herself to be on par with me and that she could marry Ashton as well.

I laughed at my thought. "Ms. Collins, are you close to Ms. Zimmer from the Technology department?"

She was puzzled at my remark but shook her head in reply. "We're not close. Why do you ask?"

“It’s nothing.” I shook my head and prepared to leave. “It’s getting late, and I have a date with someone, so I’ll be taking my leave.”

She opened her mouth to say something but snapped her mouth close when she saw that I was leaving. She finally uttered, “Bye!”

After leaving the company, my phone received an apology text from Ashton. I gave it a glimpse, then stuffed the phone in my purse.

It wasn’t that I was mad at him. Sometimes, some things didn’t need to be clarified too clearly.

Shortly after, I received a call from Nora. “Scarlett, what are you doing right now? Are you busy? I’m so bored that I could watch the paint dry.”

I glanced at the time, and it was two in the afternoon. I just realized that it was possible that

Ashton hadn’t had lunch yet. He went to search for Zachary in the morning, then was busy searching for me. So all his work from the morning must have had compiled to be cleared in the afternoon.

“Scarlet, are you there? Why are you not talking? What’s wrong?”

Nora’s questions from the phone dragged me back from my thoughts. “I’m here. What’s up?”

“Do you know the location of the company Armond is working at? I couldn’t reach him since

I’ve arrived at K City. He didn’t pick up his phone, and I didn’t get any replies from him on

WhatsApp. Do you know if something had happened to him?” Worry was laced in Nora’s tone.

Thinking back to the morning when I just met Armond, I frowned and said, “K City has many places of interest. Take some time out to visit them. It could be that Armond is quite busy with work these days, so he didn’t have time to take care of you.”

She breathed out a long sigh. "I know he's busy with work, but he couldn't have been busy the entire day, right? Even if he is busy, don't tell me he didn't even have time to glance at his phone. I have never asked him to pick up all my calls, but it has been a few days, so I am sure he must've seen the texts on his phone. I mean... he could've at least replied to one of my messages!"

My head was starting to ache. "I'm not sure where the headquarters of the Murphy Corporation is in K City, but even if I do know, Armond may not be there."

She sighed, "I understand. I don't know what's wrong with him these days. It felt like he was avoiding me, and I don't know what I've done wrong. Scarlett, could it be that he had met someone he likes?"

"Nora, how much do you like him?" I didn't know how to advise her because Armond wasn't sincere in dating her. I had kept quiet initially because I didn't see his true color. However, I knew it now, and she would fall deeper into the rabbit hole if I continued to remain silent. I

was worried that she would hate me for not telling her.

She was silent for a while. "I couldn't say how much, but I was planning to spend the rest of

my life with him. Scarlett, I know it isn't wise to tie my emotions and everything on a man,

but I can't control it. He was the first person I loved in my entire life.

When I couldn't find him

these few days, I wanted to head to the Murphy Residence to look for him. I know I'm not

inferior to him, but I just couldn't control myself."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 973

I pursed my lips as my head spun from it all. “Nora, maybe Armond is not the man for you. I

think you deserve someone better.”

A long silence ensued. Nora calmed down on the other end and finally spoke, “Scarlett, do

you know something about Armond? Has he found another woman, and fallen in love with

her? Is that why you’re saying this?”

Her question made me realize that my remarks were out of line.

Stumped, I spoke, “No, I just

didn’t want you to head into a blind alley. I’m just trying to remind you that there’s more to

life other than being in a relationship. Don’t overthink it. I’m really swamped these days. I’ll

ask you and Hailey out for lunch after this. Speaking of which, how is Hailey doing?”

Nora did not dwell on my words, and snapped out of her emotions and said, “She’s doing

okay, but I really find her so odd sometimes. She just stands by the window and lets the cold

wind brush past her face, and she rarely talks. Even if she does, she’s making all these weird

remarks like there’s something wrong with her. Hailey’s really not good business material. I

mean, people are put off by her somber outlook, and really reluctant to talk business with

her.”

She paused for a moment before continuing, “Right, I accidentally saw her taking a shower

in the bathroom yesterday, and noticed a really long scar on her left breast. Has she gotten

injured in the past? I didn’t dare to ask her since we’re really not that close, and I haven’t

known her for long. Are you close to her, Scarlett? To be frank, I’m a little scared of her.”

I creased my brows slightly and said, “There’s nothing wrong with her. It’s just that she has

depression because of what happened to her father. Don't worry, she's still in control of her emotions. Just chat her up more often if you have the time." "Huh?" Nora seemed surprised at my statement. "She has depression? I didn't know that! How did you know that? How long have you known her anyway? Why do you seem to know a lot about her?"

I was rendered speechless. Nora was just pining over Armond moments ago, but now the woman was inquiring about Hailey with such gusto. I found it hard to explain everything to her and merely said, "I met her when I was back in A City. She's really not business material, but I think her father is the reason why she's so hung up about doing business. Don't overthink it. Just talk to her when you've got the time. The same goes for Armond. Don't waste your time overthinking things. He will call you if he really wants to see you. I think you should know that if the man doesn't want to see you, there's no way you could reach him anyway." I initially planned to go the hospital after I hung up the phone. However, at the thought that Ashton might not have had his lunch yet, I bought some of his favorite foods at the city center before dropping by. Since Jared's bone marrow did not match Summer's, the only way right now was to get to A City as soon as possible. I was not sure if the name card Armond gave me was of any use, but I got to give it a try no matter what. I called Cameron and asked him about Zachary. I didn't know what Ashton said to him, but according to Cameron, he had calmed down and was no longer rushing to A City. Organ trade is never an option. These words were only fit for people whose children were

perfectly healthy.

The truth was, they might have a paradigm shift once their children could benefit from it.

Outsiders would not have a clue as to what the parents were put through when their children were diagnosed with a terminal illness.

I went back to the Fuller Corporation and took an elevator with some of the employees. I

noticed that the girls were stealing glances at me. Frowning, I could not help but wonder if

there was anything odd with my appearance.

Nobody liked to be stared at, and I was starting to get annoyed. "Which department are you

guys from?" I asked with a stern face.

Stumped at my sudden question, the group looked at me and replied, "We're from the

Publicity Department."

I merely nodded and said nothing. The group went silent as well.

After some time, the group was at a loss and asked, "Mrs. Fuller, are you going to see Mr.

Fuller?"

I nodded and gave them a slight smile. "I'm going to send him lunch."

The others nodded and smiled. "Mr. Fuller is so lucky, but normally Ms. Collins will prepare snacks for him..."

Another woman nudged at the person who was clearly talking too much.

She managed an

awkward smile and stopped talking.

The smile on my face remained unchanged as I commented, "That's very thoughtful of her."

The others smiled and said nothing further.

The elevator door finally sprung open and I stepped out of it. The smile on my face

disappeared. It's never easy to try to ignore the elephant in the room, is it?

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 973

I pursed my lips as my head spun from it all. "Nora, maybe Armond is not the man for you. I

think you deserve someone better.”

A long silence ensued. Nora calmed down on the other end and finally spoke, “Scarlett, do you know something about Armond? Has he found another woman, and fallen in love with her? Is that why you’re saying this?” Her question made me realize that my remarks were out of line. Stumped, I spoke, “No, I just didn’t want you to head into a blind alley. I’m just trying to remind you that there’s more to

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The smile on my face remained unchanged as I commented, "That's very thoughtful of her." The others smiled and said nothing further. The elevator door finally sprung open and I stepped out of it. The smile on my face disappeared. It's never easy to try to ignore the elephant in the room, is it?

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 975

Despite furrowing my brows, my face split into a grin. "You're good at ordering people huh!"

He gave me a slight smile and put the document in front of me. "You're going to get so

bored just sitting around. Why don't you take a walk instead?"

I walked out of his office after taking over the document. I had been feeling quite bloated

recently, perhaps because the baby was developing in my belly.

Meanwhile, at the Finance Department.

Perhaps my visit to Fuller Corporation was too frequent, the staff over at the department

was not at all surprised by my unannounced appearance. However, it was surprising to

bump into Stacey there. It suddenly hit me that I had not seen her for some time.

She had lost some weight, and her figure was lean. Her long hair was now short, and there

was a certain dignified aura to her. Her clothes accentuated that aura, but not because she

was piling on designer pieces. Rather, it was her keen sense of style that brought out her

noble vibe. Overall, she looked like a shrewd iron lady.

We locked gaze, and I smiled. "I thought you weren't at K City!"

She replied with a smile too. "This is my battlefield. I can't get used to the environment out

there anyway. This feels right to me."

I shrugged. "Yes, obviously. K City really agrees with you."

One thing that bugged me was that we were in the same building, and it was not like I was a

rare visitor here, but we had never bumped into each other. Fate has a funny way to bring

people together.

She kept the document I brought over and looked at her watch. "I'm getting off work soon.

Want to have dinner together?"

“Not today,” I said, smiling. “I have a lot going on at home recently, and there’s not much time for me to have a night out. Let’s take a raincheck, and maybe we can go shopping next time?”

She nodded. “I notice that you’ve gained some weight. Are you pregnant?”

I was taken aback at how spot-on she was. However, I did not want to deny nor confirm her guess and merely replied, “It’s only normal because I have a little bit too much to eat these days. Anyways, go get busy first. Let’s meet up next time.”

She hesitated for a moment before asking, “Are you and Mr. Fuller doing okay recently?”

I chuckled in response. “Are you saying that Mr. Fuller has done something over the line to make you guys misunderstand him?”

“No, it’s not that. I’ve just heard some rumors going around, and it’s just me being nosy. You know how women are, we gossip.”

My lips curled into a smile once again and said nothing. “I think it’s because there are too many women in Fuller Corporation.”

Stacey smiled, and changed the topic. “Alright, I’m going to get busy first. We’ll meet up some other day!”

I nodded and headed out of the Finance Department, lost in my thoughts.

I took the elevator to the floor where Ashton’s office was, and headed toward the bathroom.

I’ve heard other people saying that pregnant women were more likely to be constipated. I did not whether it was true, or I was merely conditioning myself to conform to the stereotype.

After heading into the bathroom, I stayed in my stall, taking my time.

Suddenly, I heard sobbing outside. And then, someone spoke up to comfort the sobbing woman.

“Don’t cry. Just stay away from her radar. You already know what kind of person she is. Why get on her nerves then? See, now you’re going to have pull an all-nighter.”

The sobbing woman spoke, “I did not do anything wrong. She’s just coveting something that doesn’t belong to her, and yet doesn’t want others to talk about it. It’s so obvious that Mr.

Fuller has no feelings for her at all. Is she oblivious to how pretty Mrs. Fuller is? Does she think she stands a chance just because she’s working closely with him? She really needs to take a piss and take a good look at herself in her own reflection.”

“Forget it, there’s no use grumbling about it. You’re the only one who’s going to suffer while she’s still out there living the best life. She’s been taking care of all Mr. Fuller’s meals. You know for a fact that Mr. Fuller has rewarded that woman with what she deserves.”

The woman continued to sob, “What do you think Mr. Fuller has in mind, exactly? It’s not like

Mrs. Fuller is only here once in a blue moon. How does he think he can get away with this?

Is Mrs. Fuller really not aware of it all?”

The other woman replied, “I don’t think she’s totally oblivious to it. But maybe Mrs. Fuller

doesn’t think that Stella is a threat at all. Anyway, that woman is not going to be able to stir

anything up unless Mr. Fuller gives her a chance to do so. Otherwise, she’s just going to be a

clown entertaining herself. Well, it’s not going to last.”

There was a hint of anger in her voice as the sobbing woman continued, “She is a clown! Mr.

Fuller doesn’t even care about her. She knew that Mr. Kroner had a crush on her, and she

wouldn’t have gotten this chance if she hadn’t begged the man to recommend her to Mr.

Fuller for a promotion. Otherwise, Mr. Fuller might even not be aware that she exists. That

woman really has no shame.”

The other woman sighed. "What can we do, though? She's on the crest of a wave right now, and you'd better not offend her. She will be punished once she steps over the line. We have no backer to do anything like that. Don't forget that Justin is going all out for that woman. The only thing we can do right now is to just wait."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 976

"I have something that might work!" The sobbing woman muttered excitedly before she paused and whispered, "I am not going to take this silently any longer. Why do I have to put up with her? I'm going to make her burn her finger, and yet there's nothing that she can do about it."

"What do you plan to do about it?"

I could only hear hushed whispers, but not what they were saying clearly. However, I felt oddly amused by their demeanor. No wonder people were looking at me all weird whenever I

came into the office recently. It looked like this was the reason.

After hearing nothing for some time, I thought the two women had left.

My stomach was

still wringing in pain, and there was no rush to leave the bathroom.

However, I could hear

heels clacking coming from the outside all of a sudden.

Then, someone chimed, "Hi, Ms. Collins!"

Stella? I was stumped.

Suddenly, the air grew still in the bathroom. A text came in on my phone.

It was from Hailey.

She asked when I would be able to meet her as she was planning to go back to K City.

I replied to her and kept my phone. Then, I heard a scream from my neighboring bathroom

stall. "Ahh! Who is that?"

Sounds of water splashing could be heard, and I was stumped for a brief moment. I headed

out of my stall, and bumped into two women holding two big buckets.

Are these two women trying to teach Stella a lesson?

“Who is that? Have you lost your mind?” A voice berated from inside the stall. I turned around to the bathroom stall, and noticed that someone had locked it from the outside. The person inside had no means of getting out of there unless someone unlocked the door for her.

The three of us exchanged glances in astonishment. We were still reeling in from the shock.

I could have pretended that I didn't know if I hadn't seen the culprits, and just treated it as a prank. But now that I'd seen them...

I had no interest in meddling in their business as well. I gestured for them to shush while they were still eyeing me in trepidation. Then, I signaled using my hands that we could all get out of here, quietly.

The two women were dumbfounded at my response. Then, all of three of us tiptoed out of the bathroom in silence.

After we got out of the bathroom, the two women high-fived each other triumphantly and broke into a cackle. Then, they snapped back into their senses and realized that I was actually there too. The two of them ceased smiling in an awkward manner and looked at me. “Mrs. Fuller!”

I smiled back at them and asked, “Who is inside that bathroom stall?” “It's... Ms. Collins!” The two women were obviously embarrassed and cast apprehensive

looks at me. “Mrs. Fuller, will you...”

“No,” I gave them a grin. “I won't rat you girls out. But don't do this again, it's not um... safe.”

The women grinned from ear to ear and nodded.

It had been some time since I left, and I turned on my heel to head back to Ashton's office.

However, the two women stopped me in my tracks and asked, “Mrs. Fuller, aren’t you going to ask why we’re doing this to Ms. Collins?” I thought for a brief moment and replied, “It’s none of my business. Alright, get back to work, you two.”

The two of them exchanged glances at my reply and nodded before they left.

Not long after, I noticed that the cleaning lady was heading to the bathroom. I said nothing and made way to Ashton’s office.

Before I could head inside his office, I heard hasty footsteps behind me. Turning around, I noticed that it was Stella. Her clothes were soaking wet, and she looked disheveled with her damp hair and her faded makeup.

I stopped and put on a surprised face. “Ms. Collins, what happened to you?”

The woman seemed taken aback at the sight of me. She forced a smile and replied, “I was attacked by a few crazy people in the bathroom.”

I nodded. “You’d better sort yourself out. Luckily, you’re about to get off work. Take care, or you’re going to get sick from the cold weather.”

She lowered her head and mumbled a response before leaving.

To be frank, I was actually surprised at the way she dealt with her coworkers. She had always given me the impression of a tactful person, and I was confounded by the way other people talked about her.

Back in Ashton’s office, he was still on a conference call. I did not disturb him and waited for

him to finish the meeting as I sat on the sofa. He was finally done after half an hour.

He kept his document when it was time to get off work and looked at me. “What would you like to eat? Let’s go have dinner together.”

“We’re going to the hospital tonight. Mom and Dad are worried about Summer. Let’s go to the hospital and visit her later, and just think of a way for her to undergo the bone marrow transplant surgery as soon as possible. She doesn’t have all the time in the world to wait.”

He nodded, took his keys, and held my hands as we exited the office. In the elevator, he bit on my lip and looked at me, “Don’t meet Armond without me next time.

I don’t know what I’m going to do if that happens again.”

I was rendered speechless. He’s still pining over it. Move on... mister.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 977

It was already night-time when we reached the hospital. Fortunately, we made a call beforehand and asked Cameron to get Mrs. Dune to prepare some food and send it to the hospital so that we could have a simple dinner.

My father pushed Summer over for a checkup. Cameron looked at me and said, "Your dad said that you might be able to find bone marrow that matches Summer. Is that true? Don't do silly things, my dear. You're pregnant now, and you need to make yourself a priority."

Judging by how worried she was, I knew she was thinking that I was going to do a bone marrow match myself to see if my bone marrow would fit Summer.

"Mom, you're overthinking this. Ashton and my blood types don't even match Summer's. We wouldn't have to be so worried if my bone marrow could match hers."

Stumped, she paused for a moment before she replied, "Yeah, you're right. What do you plan to do then?"

Armond gave me the card, but I did not have complete faith in that man. The only way I could find out if this was legit was if I made a trip to A City. If this indeed produced a viable lead, my plan was to make Ashton fetch Summer over there.

"Don't worry about it. Summer is going to undergo chemotherapy soon. You need to take good care of her. Ashton and I are really busy, and we really need your help in this matter."

Cameron sighed. "Don't worry about that. I know that you guys are busy. I've handed over all the projects under Anderson Corporation to Nick. I'm going to take care of Summer full-time now. And you, you need to take good care of yourself now that you're pregnant. Don't tire yourself out."

I was planning to ask more about Nick but decided against it. I'd better deal with things on my plate first before thinking about poking my nose in other matters.

After half an hour, Zachary pushed Summer back into the ward. The girl had fallen asleep, and he looked tired. He leaned back against the chair in a daze while Cameron asked the nurse on the things that she should look out for these few days. I took the time to chat Zachary up and handed him a glass of warm water. "Dad, how did you know about the organ trade thing?" Ashton was not in the ward, and as a matter of fact, we were alone. Hence, I could be as outright as I wanted. Zachary was almost dozing off but set his back straight at my question. "Your mom told you that?" I nodded. "I got the gist of it. Dad, could you tell me more about it? Summer is my daughter, and as long as they're legally sourced, it doesn't matter how much it's going to cost. But I'm not going to risk breaking the law." He pursed his lips, lowered his head, and sighed. "I heard this from someone too, and I'm still asking for more information on it. Previously when I contacted them, they had mentioned that with the right price, the organs would be donated by children who died of unnatural causes. Your mother is really worried about me after knowing this. But don't worry, I know what to do." After contemplating for a moment, I said, "Dad, I think it's better that you stay out of this. I will find out more when I go to A City. It's not appropriate for you to get involved with this. The Moore family is going to be in so much trouble if you've been exposed. I'll take this over from here."

He went silent. After some time, he said, "Hmm, it will be better if you're the one to deal with this. I'll ask Boris to come back from Moranta and accompany you to A City. I'll be more at ease if he's with you."

I got curious at the mention of Boris. "Dad, how are you related to him? Judging by his

status at Moranta, I don't think he's just a normal bodyguard."

Zachary smiled and said, "He's not a bodyguard, my dear. You have enough bodyguards

following you around. Boris is not my subordinate, nor I his. He doesn't have a family, and he

just decided to settle down in Moranta."

I was actually surprised. Given Boris' age, I thought the man would have had a family

already but the man was not even married yet.

Cameron came back after consulting the nurse. She had been so busy these days her face

looked so pale. I felt a lump in my throat and led her to a seat. After debating with myself, I

looked at her and my father. "Mom, Dad, I need you guys to help take care of Summer these

few days. I need to head to A City to deal with something.

Zachary was slightly stumped before he asked, "Have you decided to head there?"

I nodded and replied with a smile, "Yes, I'm hoping to get back as soon as possible."

Cameron looked at me, then turned to Zachary. Shrewd as she was, my mother quickly

caught up to us. She frowned and asked, "Are you going to A City because of Summer?" She

had always been against us doing anything that might have harmed our future even it was

for Summer. As expected, she spoke up to oppose our ideas. "I don't agree with this,

Scarlett. I understand how exasperated you feel about saving your child, but you need to

stay clear-headed and think straight. Think about your family, think about your father and me. Please don't act rashly. What should I do if anything should happen to you both?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 978

I could not divulge further and only said, "Don't worry, Mom. I'm just going over to take a look. I'll discuss it over with you guys before making any decisions. I know this is something big, so I won't make rash decisions."

Her lips pursed into a thin, hard line before she said, "Okay. But you have to tell us everything that happens at A City. Don't be rash and rush into decisions. Please discuss it with us first."

I nodded. "Don't worry, I know what to do."

Ashton was back from taking a call. He noticed that my parents were eyeing me with a

worried look on their faces, and asked, "What's the matter?"

Cameron spoke first, "Mr. Fuller, are you going to A City with Scarlett too? I'm really worried

that she's going on a trip alone, especially now that she's pregnant. I know that you're a busy

man, and you have a lot on your plate. But she's pregnant with your baby. I'd appreciate it if

you could make her and the baby your priority."

Ashton actually had no idea that I was heading to A City. After listening to my mother, he

cast a glance in my direction, and his brows creased slightly. Luckily, he did not inquire

further and merely replied to Cameron as he nodded, "Yes, I will."

Noticing the time, Cameron was worried that I might have to stay up late if I stayed any

longer and egged us on, "It's getting late. You guys should head back soon. Please inform

us when you're heading to A City. Your father will send someone to look after you."

I nodded. Actually, I was planning to head to A City alone, but I knew they would not be able

to stop nagging me if I had told them my plan. In the end, I relented and headed out of the hospital with Ashton.

After getting into the car, I did not actually talk to Ashton. Instead, I was on the phone with Hailey.

I had not noticed Ashton's odd demeanor, even after we had reached the villa. When I was about to head upstairs for a shower, the man who was sitting on the sofa finally spoke up,

"You've never planned to tell me that, nor have you ever considered how I'd feel about the matter, right?"

I was stumped and turned around to gauge him. His deep-set obsidian gaze was frigid.

Feeling a chill down my spine, I explained, "No, that's not it. I was actually planning to tell

you after we got home, I mean after I've told Mom."

He continued to stare at me. "Then, why didn't you say anything?"

I was rendered speechless. This man was really starting to act like a child. Helpless, I

explained myself. "I actually gave what Dad said in the morning some thought, and thought

it was worth a try. I'm really worried about Summer's prolonged stay at the hospital. So, I

was thinking to make a trip to A City myself to find out if there's any bone marrow match for

her. That way we wouldn't have to worry all the time."

His lips turned into a disapproving hard line. "Do you plan to head there alone?"

I nodded and noticed his gaze darkened. I could not help but ask, "Can you really let things

go unattended at Fuller Corporation? Don't you have a lot of things to deal with?"

The man frowned. "I'm going with you."

I was going to reject his offer, but thought better of it since he wouldn't listen anyway.

Nodding my head, I said, "Fine. We'll go together then."

I was getting sleepy and said nothing else. He had a call coming in, and I headed for a shower upstairs.

Initially, I planned to head to K City after meeting up with Hailey, but I did not expect Ashton to buy the tickets as soon as the next day. What was more, he woke me up really early as well.

Warm cozy beds were especially inviting during winter, and I had not been able to snap out of it despite having sat on the bed for quite some time. I only heard Ashton nagging about the things to bring over to K City. In a daze, I merely listened as he prattled on. After he was done packing, Ashton noticed that I was still sleepy. Helplessly, he edged closer and whispered into my ear, "Do you need me to carry you into the bathroom?"

I opened my eyes and looked at him, still drowsy from being sleepy. "Why the bathroom?"

He could not help but chuckle. "Aren't you going to wash up before heading out? Or are you planning to head outside looking all disheveled?" I nodded, "Yeah, I need to wash up," I mumbled as I dragged myself out of bed. He could not stand seeing me struggling and proceeded to carry me into the bathroom. I yawned as I leaned in his embrace.

In his embrace, I protested, "Why are we rushing over to A City anyway? I was planning to have a date with Hailey before leaving. I didn't even have the chance to let her know yet."

Noticing that I was still sluggish, Ashton decided to just help me wash my face. I closed my eyes, and enjoyed the warmth of the water that sobered me up a little. As he squeezed toothpaste out of the tube, he said, "You could ask her out anytime, but isn't it better if you

could really find the bone marrow match at A City and just get this surgery over and done with?"

Nodding my head, I took over the toothbrush with the toothpaste on it, and said, "You're right." I started to brush my teeth as I leaned against the sink. Being a head taller than me, there was no problem for Ashton to brush through my unruly hair with a wooden brush. I shifted uncomfortably as he combed through the tangles, and mumbled, "I'll do it myself later."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 979

Ashton pursed his lips into a hard line, and brushed the strand of hair that was blocking my vision to the back, and said, “The flight is really early, we have to speed up.”

After I was done with my teeth, he had already done my hair. I cocked my head to one side and peered into the mirror. He had actually done a decent job. Raising a brow, I said to him, “How many times have you attempted to style this for it to turn out this perfect?”

He raised a brow as well and drew out a tissue to wipe the foam off the corners of my mouth. “This is my first time, and I’m still fumbling, but practice makes perfect. However, seeing that you, my client, are quite satisfied. Maybe I’m just a gifted stylist.”

I chuckled dryly and headed out of the bathroom. While I was applying my skincare, he had already done packing. All luggage had been loaded into the boot of the car as well. Ashton noticed that I was putting on makeup and asked curiously, “Why are you in the mood to put on makeup all of a sudden?”

I actually just did my brows and put on lipstick. The man crossed his arms before his chest and glanced at me, he was expecting an explanation. “I just want to look decent standing next to Mr. Fuller.”

His lips curled into a smile as he held my hands. “You’re already a natural beauty, and you don’t need makeup to be pretty. Besides, it’s not good for you to put on makeup now that you’re pregnant. You should swap these out.”

I eyed the makeup on my dressing table. They were all actually high-end cosmetics infused with plant extracts. “That’s not necessary. Pregnant women can use these too. Mister, you’re

forbidden from swapping out my stuff, period.”

He would always swap out my clothes and skincare when I was not paying attention, and not because they were not fit for wear, nor was it because I ran out of them. Ashton just had

the notion that if I did not finish using the skincare within three months, it simply meant that

I did not enjoy using them, which was not at all the case. His little gesture left me confused, and lack of a set of skincare that I truly enjoyed using. I really enjoyed the set I was just using and had to remind him not to swap it out, lest the man acted on his own accord again.

I really had no idea how a big boss like him had the time and effort to pay attention to trivial matters like these.

He nodded when I reminded him, and said, “Okay, I’m not going to change that one. Let’s go, we have a plane to catch!”

After getting on the car, I leaned against the seat, and felt lethargic all over. My eyes were half-closed when I said, “Call me when we reach the airport, I want to rest for a bit.”

I was actually not tired. It was the morning sickness. Maybe I had it too easy the last time I was pregnant. This time, the symptoms were much stronger.

Ashton had wanted to say something but bit his tongue the moment he noticed the weary look on my face. He cradled my hands in his, and said, “Take a good rest. You’ll feel better.”

I did not feel like talking and merely nodded. It did not take us long to reach the airport.

However, almost half a day went by before we could board the plane. I started to retch as

soon as the plane took off, and Ashton asked for some motion sickness medication from

the air stewardess. Unfortunately, I couldn’t take them because I was pregnant. There was

nothing he could do except looking at me with a concerned look. It seemed like forever before we finally reached A City. I was utterly spent from the flight. Ashton brought me to the villa and started to work after making sure that I had settled down. After a long nap, I felt much better. I headed downstairs and noticed that Ashton was taking a nap in the living room. I took a duvet and draped it over him. Right then, my phone pinged with a text from Armond. I caressed my belly. It's been two months, but my belly is not showing yet.

"You're at A City already? It looks like you do really care about your daughter! Such a pity that my mother's soup is going to waste." Before he mentioned it, I'd almost forgotten about how Armond's mother had misunderstood about the baby in my belly. She did mention that she wanted to brew some tonic for me. I did not reply his text. My phone pinged with another text from Hailey. "Are you still at K City?" I replied to Hailey's text, asking her to tell Nora to head back to A City if she had nothing else to do at K City. After all, it would be even more difficult for her to cut off all ties with Armond if she hung out for much longer with the man. There's nothing time couldn't fix. Hailey was surprised at the message that I asked her to pass on and asked, "I'm going back to A City at night. How's your daughter doing? Are you going to the A City because of her?" Bemused, I frowned. I had never mentioned to anyone that I was coming to A City, let alone disclosing that I was here because of Summer. How did she know about that?

It felt awkward to ask her point blank. I replied with a smiley emoji and said, "Okay, let's meet up when you're back in A City then."

Unknowingly, Ashton had woken up while I was engrossed in texting with Hailey. After I sent out the text to Hailey, I could feel someone eyeballing me by my side. I turned around slightly, and there he was, gawking at me. Stumped, I managed an awkward smile. "Did I wake you?"

He shook his head slightly. "No. Who are you talking to? Are you still feeling better?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

He set himself straight and circled me in his embrace. He put his head on my shoulders and

asked, "What would you like to eat? Let's eat out."

I did not actually have much appetite and leaned against his chest, shaking my head. "I don't

have anything specific in mind. What about you?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 980

"Are we going to cook at home?"

He did not seem like he had a lot of work to do, and so I nodded my head. It's not like we

had the chance to cook homecooked meals together every day.

Five o'clock in the afternoon, it was drizzling in A City, and the weather was gloomy. Ashton

was staying in, and I thought I might as well take the chance to contact the person on the

card that Armond handed over to me.

I went back to the bedroom, and called the man. It took him a few rings to pick up. A voice

rang, "Hello!"

Stumped by the enthusiasm in his voice, I replied, "Hi, is this Mr. Brandon Dumphy?"

The person mumbled a response and replied in a weird accent, "Yes, speaking. Is there

anything I can help you with?"

Puzzled by his weird accent, I was starting to doubt the man. How did Armond get to know people like him? However, I decided to just ask, "Mr. Murphy gave me your contact."

"Oh, I see. Ah, are you Ms. Stovall?"

"Yes, I am. I'd like to ask if your hospital really could find a bone marrow match and kidney?"

I had a notion that it was all too good to be true.

"Yes, we can. What about if you send over your daughter's most recent medical records to me so that I can have a look first? I'd appreciate it if you could take some time tomorrow for

me to bring you for a tour. We do have the supply for what you're looking for. The only question is if it's going to match your daughter."

To be frank, I was a little stumped by the sheer amount of information.

However, it seemed

like the man really knew what he was talking about. So, I agreed to meet him the next day.

After hanging up the call, Zachary called to inform me that Boris had reached A City as well.

My father told me to bring along the man wherever I went, and that he would be of great help in the city.

I agreed. After debating with myself, I sent over Summer's medical records to Brandon. The

man replied after some time: We'll go visit the place where our stock is coming from. After

you have a look at the condition, we could discuss the price."

Stumped, I replied: Stock? Did the man just refer to organs in people's bodies as stock?

It seemed like the man did not even bother to explain things to me as he merely replied: Yes.

There were no more texts from him since.

After contemplating for a moment, I contacted Boris and requested him to tag along for the

trip tomorrow. I initially wanted to let Ashton know, but he had been held up in the study all

day for work. I did not wish to disturb him.
The next day, Ashton seemed like he had something urgent to attend to, and headed for the door right after he bade goodbye to me. I sorted out things around the house, and it did not take long for Boris to arrive at my place.
Brandon sent me an address and a message that read: Let's meet at the Second Highway exit. It's going to be a long journey for you. Don't be late.
After replying to him, I headed out with Boris. There was a lot of traffic for mornings in A City. We had only managed to meet up with Brandon past the agreed time. The man seemed a tad furious since he had been waiting for quite some time. He was driving a black Mercedes and did not get off the car even after we had arrived. Even though I could not see his figure, but judging from his face alone, it was not difficult to

guess that he was a little plump. The dark-skinned man looked like he would own a successful coal mining business in the nineties.
He pursed his lips into a hard line at the sight of me. "Our stock is in the mountains. I will bring you there later. Did you bring along everything you need? There is nothing to buy there. It's going to be troublesome if you need anything else."
He must have had his fair share of dealing with fussy people for him to make an upfront statement like that. However, I was puzzled by his question. "Aren't we heading to the hospital? Why are we going into the mountains?"
He pursed his lips again, this time with disapproval. "Aren't you going to take a look at the donor's parents since their daughter is giving you what you need? You can choose not to accept it though. Since you're Mr. Murphy's friend, I won't sign any contracts with you. Consider it a deal done if you're satisfied with what we offer."

Bewildered, I cast a glance in Boris's direction.

The man was calm and composed as he nodded his head at me. He was telling me that it

was fine for us to go take a look.

Brandon did not beat around the bush either. He told me to trail behind his car, and got into

his car right after.

As he mentioned, it was a long journey. We drove for easily seven to eight hours straight.

Brandon's car had only come to a stop after night fell.

I fell asleep along the way. After noticing that the car had stopped, I looked outside and was

surprised at the surroundings. It was a village on the hillside, populated by around twenty

families.

Brandon stopped his car by a well in the center of the village. He got off the car and

splashed his face with the cold water. After gulping down a few mouthfuls, he looked at us

and said, "We've arrived. Get off the car and drink some water. Follow me!"

Boris got off the car, and he seemed slightly stunned by the surroundings. He fished out a

bottle from the car boot and handed it over to me. Then, he gave me some bread that he

had brought along and said, "Eat some."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 981

Naturally, this eighteen-hour car ride was exhausting.

Boris prepared water and bread for Brandon. I started to eat next to the car, and Brandon followed suit. "There are about twenty-seven families in this village. However, the population is considerably higher. Every family has seven or eight children. I'll bring you around later. If there aren't any problems, I'll contact a doctor as soon as possible to start the surgery," he said.

I was slightly confused and frowned. "The surgery can take place so soon? It isn't easy to find a suitable bone marrow and kidney donor," I said in surprise.

He ignored me and gobbled up the rest of the bread and gulped down a few mouthfuls of water before proclaiming, "Let's go!"

The villagers stayed on the hillside. Perhaps it was because of the recent rain, but the roads were flooded with mud and water. One step in and our shoe would sink in, making it really difficult to walk. Soon, our pants were also covered with dirt.

Brandon was used to it. When he saw Boris and me struggling, he frowned and said, "Don't walk clumsily. Find places where there are rocks or where people walked before you and step there."

I nodded and raised my head. There were still a few hundred meters to walk. We were not driving because it was impossible for the car to move in the mud. On such rainy days, only bullock carts were used.

Boris and I followed him for a while. We noticed that the sky was darkening. Luckily, our phones still had battery and we used the flashlights to light our way.

We arrived after much difficulty. Both Boris and I were covered in mud to our knees and our shoes were full of water and dirt. It was extremely uncomfortable. Brandon stood outside a house and shouted, "Is there anyone home?"

A black stray dog was leashed to the door. When it heard someone coming, it started to bark fiercely. A rope was tied around its neck but I was still frightened as I stood next to Boris.

The house they were standing in front of was built with red bricks and some parts were covered in black tiles. It was built in a slipshod manner and from afar, it looked like it was going to collapse at any moment. There was a patch of concrete floor in front of the house with a black coal stove on top. There was also a thin weather-worn film on top. When the wind blew, one corner of the film that had been stained black would flap and produce noise.

A hunchbacked man walked out of the house. He had probably heard someone shouting outside. He pushed the old wooden door open and stuck his head out to

see. When he saw who had come, he smiled to reveal a row of yellowed teeth and said, "It's you, Mr. Dumphy."

He rushed to greet us. He was wearing black clothes that gleamed with an oily sheen. I peered closer at it and noticed that the clothes were originally grey and had fur. They were dirty from constant wearing and all the fur had become matted and coated by layers of dirt which was the source of the oily sheen.

"I brought friends with me to visit your house. Are you done working?" Brandon spoke to the man in the local dialect. The man nodded hastily.

He replied gruffly in the local dialect, "Yes, we're done. Come in and sit. It's freezing outside."

Brandon led us into the house. When we went in, I was immediately stunned. The house was only about twenty square meters, but there were seven or eight children and a frail woman huddled around a coal stove. They were cooking something on the stove.

The fifteen-watt lightbulb provided a dim glow. I could barely make out the contents in the steaming pot. It was some vegetables and a few slices of meat.

A few children noticed that there were guests. They quickly stood up. When they realized that they were lining up against the wall, they scattered.

Brandon was accustomed to this. He spoke to the children in the local dialect. I could not understand what he was saying and took a seat next to the stove. I placed my hands near the stove to warm them up. His stocky legs stood in front of the fire and took up most of the space.

The man shot the woman a look and she stood up. She looked at me and spoke stiffly in the local dialect, "Sit next to the fire here and warm yourself."

I hastily tried to reject her but she had already stood up and spoken to the children. They gathered at a small wooden table nearby. The woman scooped out some vegetables from the pot into chipped bowls and placed them in the middle of the table. The youngest child looked to be about three or four years old while the oldest seemed to be about ten years old. They held up their bowls and scooped rice in before digging in.

The man told Brandon that we should sit and eat alongside the children. Brandon turned him down and said, "We've come for a reason. When the children received their check-ups, the doctor realized that one of your children has a compatible blood type with my friend's daughter. She's sick and needs a bone marrow and kidney transplant. We discussed it with you previously and if you're okay with the price we're offering, let's make the arrangements. The little girl is waiting for the surgery!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 982

I was taken aback by how direct Brandon was. However, I did not expect the man to reply without much hesitation, "Fine, we'll accept whatever price you're offering. Although this child is young, she will finally be of some use. She wasn't born for nothing after all. My wife is pregnant again and we need money badly. Please help us to spread the word. My house is also old and needs to be fixed. It's been leaking recently and it's extremely uncomfortable to live here. If anyone else has similar needs and has money to pay us, please bring them here."

I instinctively clenched my hands together. I looked at him and choked out, "Hello mister, we are talking about getting your daughter to provide bone marrow and a kidney for my daughter's transplant."

The man nodded and smiled without surprise. "I'm aware. There have been people like you who've come before. Don't worry, it's my daughter's honor to be of service to you. There's nothing to be afraid of."

I found it difficult to breathe, and I thought that it was due to the small size and intense fumes of the coal stove. For a moment, I could not say anything.

They did not care about the child's body or health at all.

Brandon seemed used to this situation. "Fine. Ms. Stovall will get to know your daughter. Once they're comfortable, you'll pay you tomorrow. In order for your daughter to undergo the surgery, we'll have to take her to the city for a few days. Are you okay with this?"

The man shook his head and said with a smile, "No problem. You can take her anywhere."

The woman looked at us silently. It was clear who wore the pants in this family.

Boris had been quiet the entire time. After hearing what they said, he said to the man, "Can I trouble you for a clean set of female clothes?"

The man was slightly stunned. He quickly nodded his head and quipped, "Yes, I'll go right now!" He turned to the woman and barked, "Go find some clothes for them."

The woman stood up and went through a door. Brandon chatted with the man. I scanned the group of children eating around the table.

They were wearing ill-fitting clothes. Some were wearing layers of dirty t-shirts while others wore thin fur clothes. They were trying to dress warmly as best as they could. It seemed that they had put on all the clothes they could find, but it was evident that it was not enough for them to stay warm.

My eyes landed on a small girl who was squeezed in the corner. She looked to be about three years old and her face was flushed due to the cold. She was busy chewing on food. Due to the cold weather, her nose was running and she wiped her mucus away with her sleeve. However, she did not wipe it all away, and it was spread all over the sides of her mouth and the utensils in front of her.

I could not help but frown. The woman walked out holding a set of clothes and said to me, "Try it on."

I nodded and thanked her before asking, "Can I borrow a dry pair of shoes from you?" My shoes and pants had been completely ruined on my way here. Moreover, it was extremely uncomfortable to wear drenched shoes in such freezing weather.

The woman nodded and rummaged through a cabinet. She took out a pair of new cloth shoes. From its design, I guessed that she had made it herself.

Boris frowned at how thin the shoes were and asked, "Do you have anything thicker?"

The woman paused before shaking her head. "They're all like this!"

I smiled and received the shoes with thanks. I put them on and sat down next to the fire. Ashton had called me, but the poor signal had prevented me from picking up. I could only text him to say that I was not returning home tonight.

The seven-hour journey was too long.

Brandon spoke to the man for a while. He turned to me and said, "Take a look at the child, Ms. Stovall. If all is well, we'll return to A City. Your daughter can be transferred over too. This child doesn't have any identification documents at the moment. Thus, we can only hold the surgery in A City."

I was slightly shocked. I looked at the man walking over to the smallest girl and wiped her mucus away with his sleeve. He grinned at me and said, "Take a look, Ms. Stovall. She might be young but she's obedient. She's not afraid of pain either. I think she meets the requirement?"

The child had no clue why the adults were talking in such a manner. She stared dazedly at me in befuddlement. She probably had not had enough food as she stole a look at her father, then stuffed some vegetables into her mouth. The sauce on the vegetables dribbled all over her.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 983

I nodded. My mind was still a wreck.

By the time the children finished eating, the sun had long disappeared below the horizon. The matriarch lay down some mats in the small house. Brandon explained that this situation could not be helped and urge us to make do. We were going to return the next day.

Boris was afraid that I could catch a cold at night. He forced the woman to bring out all the blankets in the house. Alas, it was still not warm enough and I snuggled next to the children.

In the middle of the night, my freezing feet kept sleep at bay. I curled into a ball. At this moment, a young girl's voice called out. "Ma'am!"

I wondered if my mind was playing tricks on me and did not react immediately. But I soon heard the little girl's voice again. "Are you asleep, Ma'am?"

This time, I was sure that the child was addressing me. I got over my astonishment and replied, "No. What's up?"

I sat up and noticed that the little girl was squatted next to me. "Mommy told me that I have to go with you tomorrow. She said we'll have delicious food in the city. Can you bring my sister too? She also wants to go to the city," she said.

Her words took me off guard. I pulled her closer to me and wrapped her cold body with a blanket. "Why do you want your sister to come with us?"

The child did not move. Although she felt frightened, she responded, "Ma'am, you smell so good. You smell much better than Mommy."

I could not help but smile as I waited for her reply.

However, she seemed wholly distracted by my scent. I asked again, "Little girl, why does your sister want to go to the city? How old is she?"

She focused on my question this time. "She's seventeen years old. Mommy says that she's old enough to get married. She buried herself in her education, but Daddy won't let her study anymore. He wants her to get married but she doesn't want to. Mommy locked her up in the barn because of this. I feel so sad for my sister. She hasn't eaten in days. But, Mommy will starve her to death if she continues to reject the marriage proposal."

The child's words stunned me and I did not know how to respond. Soon, I collected myself and asked, "Can you take me to see your sister?"

She nodded and stood up. Despite being barefooted, she seemed ready to walk out. I pulled her back and whispered, "It's cold outside. You should put on more clothes and wear shoes."

She seemed blasé as she replied, "It's fine. I'm not cold. My siblings and I have gone barefoot in colder winters than this. Mommy says that we won't be cold once we get used to it."

I pursed my lips but did not comment further. I followed her out and she pulled me towards a door. She removed the lock and whispered, "Are you asleep?"

Sounds of rustling could be heard from within, followed by the voice of a young girl. "Not yet."

The little girl pushed open the door. It was pitch dark inside but she stepped in without hesitation. I was slightly hesitant, and she turned to say to me in hushed tones, "Don't come in. It's very dirty in here and is full of poop."

She turned back and said into the darkness, "I brought the lady as you wanted. Beg her to take you to the city too. Then, you won't have to get married."

I fished out my phone and turned on its flashlight. I swept the room with the light and was stupefied. It was just as the little girl had said. The small hut was full of poop and hay. Puddles of rainwater could not be discerned from puddles of urine.

The girl that was locked inside was dressed in thin clothes. All she had on was a short-sleeved shirt and black track pants. She must have worn it for years because the knee area had been patched up multiple times. The pants were too short as they rose above her ankles. The girl was leaning against a cow but when she saw us, she retreated even further. She shielded her eyes against the light and whimpered, "Don't force me anymore, Mom. I'll die!"

The little girl next to me hastily said, "She's not Mommy. She's the lady that came to our house and said that she's going to take me to the city. She's really pretty!"

The captive girl narrowed her eyes. Her youthful face was pale and her lips were chapped from dehydration. She gaped at me and said with unexpected composure, "Are you the one who wants to take my sister to the city so she can sacrifice her organs for your daughter?"

The way she put it was distasteful. However, upon further pondering, she was right. I pursed my lips and nodded. "Yes. Please don't worry. I'll take good care of her."

She sneered at me. "Of course, you should. They might not be aware, but I am. Amy is only five years old, but you're making her give up her organs. She might even die under the knife. Since you're spending tens of thousands to trade her life for your daughter's, taking care of her is the least you should do."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 984

The girl's words cut deep. I pressed my lips together silently. I did not see a point in rebuking her. Initially, I was confused as to why Brandon would bring us here. But now, I was starting to see the light.

After a while, the girl looked at me and continued, "I know my sister can save your daughter. So, let's make a deal. I want you to promise me something."

I knitted my brow and replied, "I'll consider it if it's reasonable. Otherwise, I'll have to refuse."

"Take me along with my sister. I can't wait for my death here. My mother wants to marry me off to a moron and I don't want to live a life like that. I don't need you to do anything for me. As long as you take me to the city, I'll leave you alone and you won't have to see me ever again. I just want to get out of here. I don't want to spend my life here."

There was ambition and earnestness in the girl's eyes. I could tell that she was truly desperate. My younger self would have pitied her and immediately agreed.

But, I hesitated. After all, this place was utterly alien to me, and so was this girl. I had no idea what went on between she and her parents. Before I could figure out why they were keeping her prisoner, I could not interfere recklessly as an outsider. The consequences could be dire.

I looked at her and said calmly, "I can take you. But, I have to know why do you want to leave this place and why are you being locked inside here? One more thing, will your parent allow you to go off like this. Without your parents' permission, I could be causing trouble for myself by taking you with me. If you really care for your sister, you shouldn't use her as a bargaining chip. You know that we'll pay for your sister's sacrifice. This is a fair transaction. However, you have requested my help and my moral side would likely oblige. If everything is in check, I'll agree to that!"

She hugged her bony body and smiled coldly as she scoffed. "You city folk sure know how to extol morals. You disregarded a life once you ascertained that it'll be able to save your daughter. How cruel is that! Fine, drawing the lines clearly shows that you're a rational person. I'll tell you everything."

I was not an unreasonable person. However, once I finished hearing what the girl had to say, I was rather shocked. Her name was Ann and she was the eldest daughter in her family.

In this remote mountain village, there were not many other ways to earn money other than tending to the fields. However, four or five years ago, the country's plan to increase led the villagers to come up with a new way to earn money. They would pad their pockets by having more children.

At some point in time, a few outsiders came to take some children away. In return, they paid the parents tens of thousands in living expenses. Since they were all

village children, many did not have identification documents. However, some children were sent back, while others were not.

Those that came back were considered lucky. Even though their health had deteriorated, at least they were back. The families of those that did not return would receive a few hundred thousand. It was as though they were paying for the life of that child, but the fate of that child remained a mystery.

Every family had about seven or eight children. Hence, the loss of one or two did not make much of an impact because they could always give birth to more. As such, no one cared about the children if they returned and fell sick or found out from them about what they had been through.

Several families moved away from the village after they made more money from this trade. The families that stayed either had not met a generous buyer or the wives could no longer give birth anymore and they did not have the heart to trade in their healthy children for money. Thus, it was easier to spend their days tending the field.

As I listened to her explanation, my heart went out to her. She sneered at me and derided, "Don't you think those people are ridiculous? You saw for yourself. My mother had nine children and I'm the oldest of the lot. The older ones like me are of no use for the trade, which is why she wants to marry me off and gain a small sum of dowry. She served me up to a moron for a measly amount of money. If I hadn't gone to school and seen how children from other places lived, I might have resigned myself to my fate. But, I have seen how the other children of my age live, and the kind of families they have. I can't stand it. It's not fair that she gets to decide how the rest of my life goes and seal my fate by sending me to my doom. I want to leave this place and never come back."

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I pursed my lips. Seeing her resentful expression, I felt complicated, not knowing how to console her. Yet, it didn't seem like she needed my consolation either.

After a while, I spoke up, "I totally understand how you feel, and I empathize with you, but this is just your side of the story. Besides, I shouldn't stir up trouble in this place."

Hearing that, she sneered, "Whatever! I know it's just your excuse. It's fine if you're unwilling to help me out, but I will never marry him. I am the master of my fate; no one gets to decide my future for me."

It was late already, and my phone almost ran out of battery. I left the cowshed, with Amy following suit as she locked it.

After hesitating for a while, I asked, "Isn't there anything to eat at home? Why didn't you prepare some food for your sister?"

The little girl replied, "Nope, there's nothing to eat. We don't even have leftovers if my mom doesn't prepare food for Ann, so she could only starve."

Back in the room, I couldn't seem to sleep.

Ann's words kept playing in my mind. No wonder Brandon was so familiar with this village. It turned out that it was not his first time visiting this place. I wondered how many children had died at this man's hand.

That night, I didn't manage to sleep well. At dawn, when I almost drifted off to sleep, I was awakened by the sound of people quarreling noisily from outside.

Ronald and the children were not in the house. After getting out of bed, I smoothed out my clothes and saw that wet shoes were dried by the fireplace. Just then, Amy came rushing in with her tear-stricken face. She dragged me out of the house though I was still putting on my shoes. "Ms. Stovall, please save my sister. She's almost beaten to death by my mom."

In my daze, I followed Amy out to find Ann sprawling on the ground outside the cowshed. The cow dung soiled her shabby clothes. The poor young lady was rolling over the ground as her mother hit her with an iron rod. Since it rained yesterday, there were blackish water puddles of rainwater mixed with coal all over the ground. It seemed like Ann was injured; her already scruffy clothes were smeared with blood.

"You're a burden to the family! It's a waste of food to feed you. You should be grateful when we let you live until now. How dare you injure your brother! I'll beat you to death! That will teach you a lesson!" The woman, who behaved meek and submissive yesterday, unhesitatingly struck her daughter with the iron rod.

Amy was pleading with me earnestly, and it was heartbreaking to see Ann whimpering in pain. I wanted to stop that woman, yet Boris halted me. He slightly shook his head at me, signaling me not to stir up trouble for myself.

Ann was in a terrible condition, yet Ronald, the man who was supposed to be here to stop his wife, was nowhere to be seen. I crouched down before Amy and asked, "Amy, tell me what happened? Where is your father?"

The latter was crying her heart out seeing her sister being beaten up. "Ann injured my brother. My dad just sent him to the hospital. My mom said she is going to kill Ann if anything happens to my brother. Ms. Stovall, please save her!" she choked out.

At that moment, I was stumped, for it was not my place to meddle in the siblings' conflict. Fortunately, that woman grew tired of beating Ann. Pointing at the young lady, she scolded, "If you weren't worth some money. I would've beaten you to death. Don't you ever try to run away from the village! If anyone dares help you escape, I will chop them with a cleaver. I have accepted the dowry from the Leeroy family, so you have no choice but to marry their son!"

Ann glared at her mother, her eyes full of hatred and hostility. "I won't let you ruin my life! I'd rather die than marry that retard! And also, I never regret injuring your son because he deserves it! He has always bullied me. I won't let you use the dowry for his university fees. He is nothing but a useless prick, and he will never succeed in life! I'll wait and see you guys rot in this slum!"

"You little b*tch!" the woman cursed. "How dare you curse my son! Do you really think you could change your fate just because you've received an education? Dream on! You only deserve to be someone else's maid. I know you're very ambitious, but don't you ever dream of abandoning us for the city! And you even dare to curse my son! Hmph! I will make sure you live a miserable life!"

I was at a loss seeing how the mother was swearing like a trooper at her daughter. Despite having blood ties, the two were at daggers drawn. That woman was treating her daughter like her enemy.

I thought every parent would love their children and wish for the best for them. Yet, this woman in front of me didn't even deserve to be a mother.

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Ann was badly beaten and left to die in the cowshed. After that, that woman pretended as if nothing untoward had happened as she bragged with the onlookers about how good she was in disciplining her daughter.

Her other children kept their heads down, their bodies shivering in fear. They were badly frightened to see their mother hitting their eldest sister with that iron rod. As for Amy, the little girl was sobbing, yet she dared not utter a single word.

After dismissing the crowd, that woman invited us, "My husband asked me to prepare food for you. You should join us for lunch. Today is that little bi*ch's big day, and we will be inviting the village folks to the house. Why don't you guys stay for dinner before leaving?"

I was still in a state of shock while Boris uttered a response, accepting the invitation. Seeing Amy holding my hand, the woman smiled broadly. "Ms. Stovall, it looks like Amy gets along pretty well with you. That's great!"

I forced a smile in response. At the same time, my heart was overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

I had no idea if that woman knew Amy was going to become my daughter's organ donor. Does she know how painful it is to donate bone marrow? Has she ever thought of how helpless her daughter will feel on the operating table? Does she even care about what her daughter will be facing?

Or, perhaps she doesn't care at all. All she cares about is the money she can get from "selling" her daughter.

The village had a poor signal. Thus, I didn't receive a reply message from Ashton since last night. That afternoon, Brandon had a walk around the village while that woman was busy preparing lunch.

It was no longer raining. The woman asked her children to sweep the water off the small patch of the cement floor and carried the small table and chairs out of the house. Since the table couldn't fit all of them, she asked the children to borrow a table from the neighbor. When everything was set, she started serving lunch.

Meanwhile, Amy was holding my hand, whispering in my ears, "Ms. Stovall, Ann asked if you could bring her along with you?"

I was at a loss for words. After all, I was not a local. I couldn't possibly take Ann away with me. Even if she sneaked out with me, I was afraid the villagers might find out about it before we even get to leave the village.

Amy was upset when she saw me furrowing my brows. Nevertheless, she sneaked out to find Ann. Although I knew the sisters would be disappointed, I still didn't agree to their request.

After all, I was pregnant with a baby. I couldn't afford to put myself and the baby in danger. If I stirred up any trouble, Boris alone might not be able to protect me.

Soon, Ronald was back in his motorbike. Riding the pillion was a tall teenager with tanned skin. His gaze was cold and... lecherous?

How could a teenager have such a nasty gaze? I must have seen it wrongly, or I'm just overthinking. I furrowed my brows and shook the thought off my mind.

Meanwhile, Ronald helped the teenager get off the motorbike. His wife rushed up to the teenager and carried him on her back as if she had done it a million times. "Oh, my baby boy, what did the doctor say about your injury? Are you alright?"

With his brows knotted, Ronald said unhappily, "Ann wanted to end our family line when she kicked our son hard in the nuts. Fortunately, the doctor said he will recover. Carry him into the house and take good care of him. I'll go find Ann and teach that little b*itch a lesson!"

I was shocked to hear such nasty and humiliating words from a father.

That woman couldn't agree more with her husband. "The Leeroy family will be here soon. If today was not her big day, you would've beaten that b*tch to death for what she did!" she said viciously.

Ronald opened the gate of the cowshed. He didn't enter but berated his daughter at the entrance, "Ann Weeder, you almost ended our family line! He is your brother! How could you do that to him?"

Ann's laughter, which carried with it a tinge of bitterness, was heard from inside the cowshed. "Why didn't you ask me the reason for me doing that to him? He is your son, but am I not your daughter? Do I deserve to be treated like dirt? Ronald Weeder, you treat your son as if he's the king, and we are his maids. You wouldn't hesitate to exploit and sell your daughters for him. Karma will get you!"

Ronald paid no heed to his daughter's words. He uttered harshly, "Don't cause any more trouble! It's your fate to marry that intellectually disabled son of the Leeroy family. Your life will only be meaningful after you get pregnant and give birth to a boy. You have no choice but to marry that man, or you can choose to die out there. There is no place for you anymore in this family."

Is that what a father is supposed to say to his daughter? In the cowshed, Ann let out a bitter laugh that sounded sorrowful to me.

After scolding his daughter, Ronald went back into the house. He even smiled at us when he walked past us. At that moment, I felt awful.

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Being frightened, the rest of the girls stood meekly by the side as Ronald entered the house. Then, they continued helping their mother in the kitchen. I could already tell their fate; these poor little girls would eventually end up like Ann.

I'm not a saint. Even if I could save Ann, I couldn't possibly save the rest of the girls.

The few families in the village had all come to the house. There were two dishes—Shepherd's pie and Caesar salad. Since there were not enough seats, the guests took turns eating at the table. After that, the women gather around and shot the breeze while taking care of their children.

Brandon was back soon. One of the villagers came up to him and asked, "Mr. Dumphy, do you still have other clients? I have five children, and all of them are very healthy."

Brandon frowned slightly while he replied, "Not for now. Don't worry. I will inform you guys when there is a need."

These people have no scruples about selling their children for money! I could barely contain myself when Boris whispered to me, "Don't think too much. Everyone has their own way of living. They might be forced, or they do it as a matter of course. This is none of our business. Remember, you need to take care of your safety."

Hearing that, I pursed my lips and lowered my head.

After the meal, the bridal car—a dusty white van arrived to fetch the bride. In fact, if it wasn't for the flower garland that was dangling from the rear-view mirror, no one would know it was a wedding car.

Soon after, Ronald dragged Ann out of the cowshed. Everyone was shocked by the bride's slovenly and disheveled appearance.

Ann looked at me when she was being dragged into the house. She didn't call for help nor make any resentful remarks. Yet, I felt unsettled under the young lady's innocent gaze. At that instant, I was eaten up by guilt.

Gazing at me, Boris advised, "Ms. Stovall, we're only here for Amy. That's none of our business. We shouldn't interfere at all."

Hearing that, I pursed my lips. If Ashton was here, perhaps I could do as I wished. Yet, even if I could save Ann, I couldn't possibly save the other girls that might end up just like her. They could rely on no one but themselves to change their fate.

Soon, Ann came out of the house in a threadbare red suit and black pants. Her messy hair was now neatly combed, styled with a bunch of flowers.

Ronald and his wife helped her out of the house and handed her to the two men waiting to fetch the bride. Grabbing her arms, the two men brought her into the van.

The crowd all had bright smiles on their faces to express the joy of witnessing the wedding. No one seemed to have noticed Ann's sorrow. Or rather, no one cared about it.

After the van drove off, only then did the woman let her other daughters have their food and instructed them to clean the house after the guests left. Then, she and Ronald started exchanging inexhaustible pleasantries with Brandon and me.

Before we left, Brandon handed Ronald an envelope with about twenty thousand cash inside. "Take this money first. If the operation is successful, Ms. Stovall will thank you again."

Holding the envelope, the two of them were elated as they thanked me profusely.

I was at a loss when suddenly, I felt warmth in my hand. I lowered my head to see Amy stuck her hand in mine. The little girl asked, "Ms. Stovall, are we leaving now?"

My heart ached to hear that. How horrible this family must be when even a five-year-old kid would want to leave without any hesitation.

"We're leaving immediately." With that, I led Amy to where our car was being parked, leaving Brandon to communicate with Ronald and his wife.

The road was in poor condition, with the muddy and uneven road surface. When we reached the car, Boris opened the boot and took out the presents we bought on our way here. He handed one of them to Amy and the rest to the girls who followed us to the car.

Being a man of few words, he got into the car after distributing the gifts. Through the girls' eyes, I could see their reluctance to part with Amy and their envy for her, for the latter could finally leave the family.

When Ronald saw the gifts in the girls' hands, he cast his eyes at me and made a meaningful remark, "There is no use in giving those gifts. They can only count on themselves to change their own fate. Let's go. We need to head back to A City."

In the car, I sat with Amy in the rear seat. The little girl was excited as she kept casting her eyes outside the car window. It seemed to be her first time riding a car. From the smile on her face, I could tell that she was happy.

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When the village vanished from sight, I heard Amy heaving a sigh of relief.

Instead of feeling sad, the little girl was relieved to leave her parents. I felt my heart being tied into a knot upon that realization.

There was a better signal as the car drove onto the highway. Instantly, Ashton's messages popped up on the screen, asking me where I was and what I was doing.

I gave him a call, and it went through in no time. "Why couldn't I reach you the entire night? Who are you with and where are you?" he asked with his voice full of concern.

After answering all of his questions, I shifted my eyes to Amy, who had fallen asleep next to me, and fell silent. After some hesitation, I spoke up, "Ashton, I found a kid whose blood and tissue type is compatible with Summer's, but... but she's only five years old."

The other end of the line was silent. Feeling agitated, I quickly explained, "It's not what you think! I didn't do anything illegal. I'll bring her back to A City, and then only we decide what to do. Wait till I come home and talk to you about it, okay?"

Ashton was a highly moral and ethical man. I knew he wouldn't agree to let a five-year-old kid donate her organ to Summer. After all, Amy was too young, and her body was still developing. The risk of being a living donor was high. Even if she was a matching donor, she might have to face the possible sequelae and negative effects of organ donation.

Nevertheless, I had decided to take Amy with me after seeing the harsh treatment the girls received in her family. It would be better if she could stay with Ashton and me. Even if we couldn't adopt her, she could still live a better life in an orphanage than in that village.

I didn't know if it was the right thing to do. I couldn't save Ann, yet I had the chance to help Amy escape that village.

After a long silence, Ashton said in a solemn voice, "Scarlett, I know you're worried about Summer. But, promise me you won't harm anyone, alright?"

I nodded. "Alright. I promise you. Trust me!"

"Of course, I trust you," Ashton said in a loving tone.

I knew Ashton was worried that I might lose rationality and throw propriety to the wind. I was now stuck in an insoluble dilemma. On the one hand, I would do whatever it took to save Summer. On the other hand, if Amy happened to be the

perfect donor, I might not have the heart to sacrifice that little girl to save my own daughter. Both of them were innocent kids. I knew that once Amy underwent the transplant surgery, the damage done to her body was irreversible.

I chatted with Ashton for a while before ending the call. That was when I noticed Amy was looking at me with her bright eyes. Thinking the little girl was hungry, I said softly, "We'll arrive home soon. Are you hungry?"

She shook her head while holding the bread and the bottle of water. Gazing at me, she asked, "Ms. Stovall, we've come a long way. Why haven't I seen the van that took Ann away? There are a lot of cars on the road, but none of them is that van. Where did she go? Can I still see her again?"

Hearing that, I was at a loss. Initially, I thought Amy was curious about the outside world, looking at the passing scenery outside the window. It turned out the little girl was looking for the van that took her sister away.

At that instant, I couldn't help but feel upset. "Amy, your sister is going to become someone else's wife," I said as I suppressed my emotion, "she has married into another family, but I don't know where they live."

Hearing my reply, Amy lowered her head, fixing her eyes on the bread. I fell into silence, not knowing how to console the disappointed little girl.

Just then, Boris, who was behind the wheel, said, "Ms. Stovall, you should get some rest. There are still a few hours of journey. I will wake you up when we arrive."

Feeling perturbed, I couldn't sleep. "Boris, does this happen in all the villages here? How could they treat their children so differently?" I asked.

That woman's eyes were full of love for her son when she carried him on her back. In contrast, her daughters lived no better than a rat in that house.

Keeping his eyes on the road, Boris let out a sigh. "There are a lot of people suffering in this world. Everyone has their own hardships and perils in life."

Everyone was born with different destinies. Those who were born with a silver spoon in their mouth could live a good life. Whereas those who were born in a family living in uncivilized and remote villages should be grateful when they could even survive.

It was already late at night by the time we arrived at the villa. Ashton was sitting near a space heater in the living room with a book in his hands, waiting for my return.

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Boris left after he sent us back home. Holding Amy's hand, I led her into the villa. Ashton stood up the moment he saw us. Seeing the man with a strong aura, Amy took a step backward and hid behind me.

With a gentle smile, I comforted the little girl that she need not be afraid of Ashton.

Gazing at me, Ashton asked, "Have you had dinner?"

I shook my head. "I didn't eat anything during the eight hours journey. Have you eaten yet?"

"I'm waiting for you," was his reply. Then, he shifted his gaze to Amy.

Seeing that, I introduced Amy to him, "This is the kid I told you. Her name is Amy. We'll let her stay in the house for a couple of days."

Ashton nodded and sighed. "Since you've brought her here, have you thought of what you are going to do with her in the future?"

I shook my head. To be honest, I had no idea what to do with Amy. I was not against bringing her with me after seeing her parents' harsh attitude toward their daughters. I couldn't save all of them, but taking Amy with me was the least I could do.

Seeing my response, Ashton didn't say anything. He made his way to the kitchen and called out, "Wash your hands, and we'll have dinner. I've made your favorite dishes, see if they suit your liking." Seeing my response, Ashton didn't say anything. He made his way to the kitchen and called out, "Wash your hands, and we'll have dinner. I've made your favorite dishes; see if they suit your liking."

Feeling surprised, I led Amy as we followed him into the kitchen. The man was serving the food from the food thermos. Those were all my favorite dishes! I took Amy to the sink and washed our hands before we settled down at the dining table.

Just then, I received a call from Zachary. Boris must have told Dad about Amy.

I answered the call and asked, "Dad, have you had dinner?"

Zachary hummed a response over the phone. Then, he spoke up, "Boris has told me about the five-year-old kid. I know you're a soft-hearted person, but Summer's condition is getting worse. The cancer cells have spread to other parts of her body. She needs a transplant as soon as possible, or her other organs will be affected too. By that time, it will be impossible to save her life. I have discussed it with your mother. We will give the girl's parents a sum of money and let her stay in K City. Your mother and I will take care of her. Don't worry. The

Moore family can definitely afford to raise a child. If she suffers any sequela from the surgery, we will find the best doctor to treat her. Scarlett, Summer can't wait any longer. You need to make that decision."

I knew Zachary was right. Yet, I wouldn't forgive myself if I harm an innocent child. I would live the rest of my life with guilt.

Noticing I was staring blankly into space, Ashton waved his hand before me. "What are you thinking about? Let's eat now."

I nodded. As the call was still going on, I heard Zachary's voice saying, "Tomorrow, your mother and I will discharge Summer from the hospital. We will then bring her to A City. Before that, take good care of the kid. I'll meet you there." With that, Zachary ended the call.

I was a little distracted as I watched Amy savoring the food before her. Ashton placed the cutleries in front of me and reminded me, "You should eat more. Boris said you barely ate anything yesterday. You're a mother now, and you should take good care of yourself."

I nodded. Hearing Ashton's words, Amy turned to look at me. "Ms. Stovall, my mom is also pregnant. Is there a baby in your tummy too?"

With a faint smile, I helped fill her plate with food. "Yes. There's a baby in my tummy."

Hearing that, Amy curled her lips into a bright smile. The kids were indeed pure and innocent. They would just smile when they were happy and cry when they felt sad. After tucking the little girl in bed, I returned to the bedroom. While hugging me, Ashton asked, "How did you find that village?"

His question threw me off balance. I never told him about Armond giving me the name card. Thus, it wouldn't make sense that I managed to get into contact with Brandon.

After thinking for a while, I lied, "My dad told me about the village. He asked Boris to go there with me."

Ashton fixed his eyes at me, his eyes darkened. "Scarlett, there should be trust between a husband and wife. You told me this, do you remember?"

Ashton's serious attitude made me feel even more guilty. I kept my head down to avoid his eyes while my hands wrung. I didn't mean to hide it from him. It was just that he was too wary of Armond. He would definitely get mad if I told him the truth.

With that in mind, I was all the more determined not to tell him about the name card. I looked up at him and uttered, "Ashton, it's true. This is why I called you to stop my Dad from coming to A City. As you know, he is old now, and I don't want him to be in trouble because of me. You heard it when I got the information from

him. You even got mad at me for not telling you when I decided to come to A City. Have you forgotten about that?"

Ashton's gaze turned cold. He sneered, "You came up with all these to lie to me. I guess it will be a disappointment to you if I don't buy your story."

With that, he turned and entered the washroom. The sound of running water ensued. The man was angry, or rather, he was infuriated.

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I felt on edge as I wasn't sure if Ashton knew about me finding Armond. Initially, I planned to tell him the truth when he came out of the washroom. However, I was too tired that I soon fell asleep.

The next morning, Ashton was gone when I woke up. Later, I received a message from Zachary, telling me that they had boarded the plane, heading to A City. After freshening up, I went to Amy's room to find that the little girl had long woken up. She was sitting primly on the bed, waiting for me.

In fact, the more considerate she was, the guiltier I felt. The little girl was still wearing rags and tatters. I helped her wash up and we went to a mall. Since it would take at least four hours to fly from K City to A City, there was ample time for me to buy her some new clothes.

Amy was excited since it was her first time shopping in a mall. At the same time, being diffident, she wouldn't let go of my hand. In no time, I bought her a few sets of clothes. Wearing the new clothes, she asked meekly, "Ms. Stovall, are we using the money that you are going to give my parents to buy me new clothes? Actually, I don't need that many clothes. I wish to save the money for my parents."

My heart ached at her words. She was still thinking about her parents despite them exploiting her for money. "Don't worry. These clothes are a gift from me. You don't need to pay for them," I reassured her.

The little girl was relieved. Holding my hand, she asked, "Then, when am I going to save your daughter?"

I was slightly bewildered at her question. That was when I remembered that Amy, a five-year-old kid, was old enough to understand what was going on. Besides, her parents never avoided her when they talk. She must have known the reason for her coming to A City.

I shook my head and replied, "There's no hurry. Before that, we can spend some time and have fun in the city."

Amy nodded firmly, her eyes brightened up.

Gazing at her happy face, I asked, "Amy, are you willing to leave your parents and live with me?"

Amy was slightly confused. Nevertheless, she gave my words some thought. "Ms. Stovall, if I stay with you, will you give my parents a lot of money?"

I nodded. "Yes."

Amy lowered her head and fell deep into thought. Finally, she made her decision. "Fine. As long as my mom and dad can get a lot of money, I will stay with you," she said seriously.

To the kids, no matter how terrible their parents were, they would always regard them as their dearest family. After all, blood was thicker than water.

Soon, we left the mall. Just as we were about to get into the car, I heard someone calling me.

I turned around to find it was Hailey. That was when I recalled she was back in A City as well. The young lady trotted toward me and asked, "Are you here shopping?"

I nodded. Noticing the shopping bags in her hand, I knew she was out shopping as well.

Hailey was dazed when she noticed Amy standing beside me. With a doubtful look on her face, she asked with a hint of certainty, "Did you contact Armond? He gave you the information?"

I was surprised by her shrewdness. "How did you..."

Hailey's face turned pale. She cast her eyes at Amy and then at me. Then, she gasped out, "I did a heart transplant before. My heart belonged to an innocent kid. I suffered from depression after the heart transplant."

The young lady was claspng her chest. Her forehead was covered with sweat, while her face contorted in pain. I immediately held her arms and supported her. The latter grabbed my hand while she said through gritted teeth, "Don't make the same mistake as I did. That will only make more people suffer!"

Not losing any time, I called the ambulance. Afraid that she might not stand until the ambulance arrived, I asked a random guy on the street to help carry her into my car. After that, I drove her to the nearest hospital.

As soon as the doctor at ER took over Hailey, I received a call from Zachary. "Scarlett, where are you? Summer's condition suddenly deteriorated, and we're sending her to the hospital. I need you to bring that kid to the hospital now. I have contacted the hospital to give her a preoperation check-up."

Suddenly, Hailey's words rang out in my mind. Casting my eyes at the helpless Amy, I felt torn by conflicting emotions. I was on the verge of losing my mind.

I was stumped when Zachary kept urging me over the phone. Eventually, I only told him of my location.

After hanging up, Amy and I looked at each other.

I couldn't bring myself to tell her what she would be facing later. "Ms. Stovall, is that lady sick?" the latter asked.

I nodded. Then, I made her sit on the chair and asked, "Amy, later, the nurse will need to draw your blood. Will you feel scared?"

Amy took a glance at the ER. "Will I feel pain like that lady just now?" she asked hesitantly.

I shook my head. "No."

Hearing that, the little girl heaved a sigh of relief. "Then, it's fine. Last time, a man came to draw my blood in my house. It's not painful at all, so I was not scared."

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I nodded. Amy must be talking about the time when Ronald had some doctors do a check-up and blood test for her and her siblings.

Feeling sorry for the little girl, I wrapped my arms around her. Summer's condition had become worse. If I still couldn't make up my mind, I was afraid it might be too late to save her life. Yet, if Amy was to go under the knife, she needed to donate both her bone marrow and her kidney. I had no idea of the risk of the operation Amy might be facing. I would be the one who caused her death if anything happened to her during the operation.

Half an hour later, Zachary and Cameron arrived at the hospital. Meanwhile, Summer, whose vein was cannulated with an IV tube, was wheeled into the ER. The little girl's arm was full of hematomas from chemotherapy.

Anger boiled within me whenever I saw my daughter suffering from the side effects of chemotherapy. Each time, the urge to kill Jared grew more intense. All humans had dark sides, yet we had the ability to eschew evil, which explained why Jared still survived until now.

Soon after, Zachary ordered the doctor to do a checkup for Amy. My mind was a mess as I held the little girl in my arms. "Dad, why don't we wait until we ask Summer's doctor about her condition?"

Knowing I would go soft, Zachary persuaded, "We are just going to do a full-body check-up for this kid. They said her bone marrow is a match for Summer, but we are not sure about it. We'll discuss it after the doctors perform the check-up. Alright?"

Zachary was right. As reluctant as I was, I had no choice but to nod my agreement.

When the doctor took Amy away, the little girl kept turning his head to look at me. I knew it was her instinct to feel scared. "Amy, don't be scared. It's just like taking an injection. It won't hurt, and you'll be fine."

She nodded and followed the doctor quietly.

I waited agonizingly for Amy's return.

An hour had passed, the little girl still hadn't come back. Feeling panicked, I decided to look for her, yet Cameron halted me. "The doctor is with that kid. Summer is still in the ER, and you should stay here."

I nodded. Still, I paced back and forth as I couldn't cast my worries away. Meanwhile, a nurse showed up. "Miss, the patient, Hailey Webster, has regained consciousness. We're transferring her to the ward now, and a family member is required to take care of her."

I told Cameron about Hailey before I went to check on her.

In the ward, the doctor informed me of the things I needed to pay particular attention to during the patient's preoperative care and aftercare.

Since I had no idea of Hailey's health condition, I went after the doctor and asked, "Doctor, what happened to her? Why did she suddenly collapse?"

The doctor looked at me doubtfully while he asked, "So, you're not the patient's family member?"

I nodded. "I'm her friend. I only found out about her health issue today."

The doctor nodded before he stated, "The patient underwent a heart transplant surgery a year ago. Transplant rejection is common during this period, and it can occur anytime. If the patient gets emotional, that might trigger episodes of acute rejection. Thus, you need to pay attention to the patient's emotional changes."

I remembered Hailey telling me about her having a heart transplant before she collapsed. Shouldn't she be grateful that she is still alive? Why does it seem like she is averse to the donor's heart?

Back in the ward, Hailey still couldn't move her body under the effect of anesthesia. Nevertheless, she was conscious. She wore an oxygen mask and looked at me as if she had something to say.

Sitting next to her, I spoke up, "I know you have something you wanted to tell me. Perhaps we'll talk when you feel better."

Hailey shook her head. The next moment, she said under her breath, "Don't sacrifice someone to save another's life. They are innocent, and they will die. Those who survive won't be happy either."

I was dazed. "What do you mean?"

In a barely audible voice, she explained, "I have congenital heart disease. Over the years, my heart deteriorated. My father told me I could live for a long time if I get a heart transplant, but it was just too difficult to find a matching heart. After many years of searching, my father finally found one. They told him the girl was sick and that she couldn't live long. After she died, she could donate her heart to me. So, my father adopted her. For many years, she was the one who kept me company when I felt lonely or sad. Unfortunately, my condition was getting worse. Yet, surprisingly, she became fit and healthy as time passed."

Hailey let out a bitter smile. "My father soon found out they had lied to him. In fact, she was not sick. Her parents had abandoned her, so they made my father adopt her. At that time, I was in a critical condition and I was dying. Unfortunately, she was the only one who could save me. Having no choice, my father trampled with the vehicle that she would be using that day."

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After a short pause, she continued by saying, "When she died, her face was disfigured, her body was covered with blood. My father told me it was an accident, and I have always persuaded myself to believe in his words. However, that girl is deeply rooted in my memory. I lived every passing day, tortured by the feeling of guilt and agony."

Tears rolled down from the corner of her eyes as she pleaded, "Don't make the same mistake again. Don't sacrifice that kid."

I fell into silence. No wonder she became emotional when she saw Amy.

Just then, Cameron called. "My dear, where are you? The kid has done with the check-up. She is now crying and asking for you." For some reason, she sounded cheerful over the phone.

I uttered a response and ended the call. Gazing at Hailey, I uttered, "This is not a major surgery, and it won't risk the kid's life. I only wanted to save my daughter. If I had a choice, I wouldn't let the kid go through this."

Hailey was choking up while crying helplessly. I pressed the call button and let the nurses take care of her before leaving the ward.

Outside the ER, Amy was done with her check-up. With her eyes reddened, she pointed at her pelvic area. "Ms. Stovall, it hurts!"

The doctor didn't perform a bone marrow biopsy. Instead, he only collected blood samples to test the compatibility of Amy's bone marrow with Summer's. Hugging the little girl, I comforted her, "That must hurt a lot. I'll buy you snacks later."

Cameron shifted her gaze back and forth between us. "Summer has been transferred to the ward. You should go and check on her now."

I nodded and then followed her to the ward. The doctor was communicating with Zachary while Summer was lying on the bed, still under the effect of anesthesia.

As the doctor left the ward, I quickly went after him. "Doctor, I want to know more information about the bone marrow and kidney transplant surgery. Will that have any negative effects on the donor?"

The doctor nodded. "Well, the extraction of bone marrow and hematopoietic stem cells won't cause major harm to the human body though it could be painful. As for kidney donation, that will definitely cause some side effects to the donor. It is just like our fingers. If you lose one of them, it won't lead to death, but it will definitely cause a loss of functional hand movements."

My face turned pale at his words. "If a kid donates her kidney, will that have any impact on her health?"

The doctor nodded. "Of course. Well, it won't cause death, but debility is inevitable."

I didn't ask further questions since the doctor had cleared my doubts.

In the ward, Amy was sitting by the bed, looking curiously at Summer. Upon seeing me, Cameron asked, "What's wrong?"

Zachary knew about my worries. He took a glance at Amy as he said to me, "I have considered all the possible risks of the surgery. The possibility of death is little to none. Scarlett, you know how hard it is to find a matching donor. We will take good care of that kid after the surgery."

I knew Zachary was right.

I was glad that we wouldn't have to risk Amy's life. Still, I couldn't help feeling guilty for harming an innocent kid to save my own daughter.

Since Summer had just finished her chemotherapy while Amy's test result was not out yet, we could only wait in the hospital. Meanwhile, I had Boris bring Amy with him so that the latter need not stay in the hospital.

When I went to check on Hailey, the effect of anesthesia had worn off. Her face still looked pale, yet she was visibly relieved after I told her of both Summer and Amy's conditions. "It's great that you don't need to risk the kid's life. However, even if the transplant is successful, cancer recurrence might occur during the five-year postoperative observation period. If that happens, your daughter will need to receive a second transplant surgery. So, what are you going to do with that kid?"

I mulled over her words for some time. Soon after, I spoke up, "Her parents are treating her like their money tree. If I send her back to her parents, I'm afraid they will force her to marry a random guy for a dowry when she grows up. Actually, my parents wished to adopt her. She can go to school with Summer and live at the Moore Residence. She can decide her own future and live the life she wants."

My words brought a smile onto Hailey's face. "If she gets adopted by the Moore family, she will definitely have a brighter future than growing up in that village. That way, you can repay her by providing her a better life. Well, I bet she couldn't ask for more."

Well, that is the best way we could think of. I sighed. Yet, we still needed to wait until Amy's test results came out. After the surgery, I would bring Amy back to the village and let her cut ties with her terrible parents. After that, she could start her new life in the Moore family.

Hailey brought her hand to her chest. In a sorrowful tone, she murmured, "If only I could also choose at that time."

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I felt sorry for the young lady. She must have suffered a lot after knowing that her survival cost the life of another girl.

After a while, I asked, "Do you know anything about Armond?" That day in the cowshed, Ann told me that some of the children never returned to the village after they were taken away.

I was not sure if it was what I think it was.

Upon the mention of Armond, Hailey's clenched the blanket, her face darkened. After a long silence, she finally said, "That man is Satan! He has blood on his hands just for money. I suppose many people have died at his hands."

I furrowed my brows. "You have never met him before. How are you so sure that he has something to do with the organ trade?"

She looked up at me and uttered, "I have never met him, but I knew that guy. My father was imprisoned because of him. Initially, my father only wanted to find me a matching heart. That man brought the girl of my age to my father. He told my father that her illness was incurable and that I could get a heart transplant after she died. As time passed, my health deteriorated, only then did he tell my father the truth. He asked for three million for bringing the girl to my father. After the girl died, he blackmailed my father and demanded a tenfold increase in the price as hush money. Having no choice, my father embezzled the company's money. In the end, he was charged and imprisoned. It's all because of him! That man is evil! You need to be wary of him."

I was stunned by her revelation. "Did that girl really die?"

Hailey clenched her fists, her eyes reddened. "Yes. My dad told me he had buried her, but..."

The young lady burst into tears.

Seeing that, I stopped asking further questions and decided to leave her alone. Those children that never return to the village... Did they die just like that girl?

Hailey's words made me realize that Armond must be hiding something. As soon as I left the ward, I made a call to Brandon.

His gruff voice was heard over the phone, "Hello, what's the matter?"

"The kid's test result is out. If the kid is to donate her organ, I need her identity card and her parents to sign the consent form. How are you going to solve this?"

Hailey told me that the hospital wouldn't perform surgery without the necessary documentation. I wondered how Brandon was going to deal with this.

After a while, the man said, "You don't need to worry about that. As long as you agree with the surgery and pay us the money, we will take care of it."

Since we hadn't discussed the price yet, I asked, "How are you going to charge me?"

"Well, you will have to bear the costs of the operating room, the doctors, the medication, and also the money for the kid's parents. Why don't we meet up and discuss this? This is a serious matter, and I bet you wouldn't want to discuss it over the phone."

"Alright. You decide the time and the place." I shuddered at the thought that the organ trade was rather systematic and well-coordinated. It seemed like the kids in that village were not the only victims.

When I was back in the ward, Summer had woken up. She hadn't met a girl of her age for a long time, so she was chatty with Amy.

Meanwhile, Cameron was reading a project proposal. Although she had handed over most of her work in the company to Nick, the latter, being inexperienced, still needed her guidance.

Since Zachary was nowhere to be seen, I asked, "Mom, where is Dad?"

Keeping her eyes on the proposal, she answered, "He's gone to meet his friend. Oh, he asked me to ask you from where did you find the kid? She's healthy and fit. It doesn't seem like she's from the orphanage."

I frowned. "Orphanage?"

Cameron nodded. "Your father has contacted an orphanage before. Now, he wanted to donate to the orphanage where the kid lived as a token of gratitude. But, it seems like that little girl came from a village and not an orphanage. Boris told me it took you guys more than seven hours to travel to that village where you found her. Who gave you the address of the village?"

I suddenly understood the reason Ashton became mad at me yesterday. The man knew from Zachary that the latter had contacted an orphanage. Hence, he knew I was lying to him, for Amy was obviously not from an orphanage.

I started to feel the throbbing in my temples. If Ashton knew I was the one who turned to Armond for help, it would be a disaster.

I gave Cameron a seemingly convincing answer. "I got it from a friend of mine." I was relieved that Cameron was absorbed reading the proposal that she didn't ask further.

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I didn't return to the villa that night after my fight with Ashton. That wasn't the main reason for my absence, though. Summer and Hailey were both in the hospital, and Hailey didn't have any family. I couldn't ask my Mom to stay with her at the hospital, so I went there instead.

The hospital was shrouded in a gloomy aura; I ended up sleeping fitfully that night. Cameron and Zachary dropped by early the next morning with some breakfast.

Hailey was recovering well, as was Summer. After greeting Cameron, I left for my appointment with Brandon.

We met at a heritage eatery that was neither big nor grand. When I arrived, I spied Brandon sitting in the corner of the eatery. Seated, his posture made him seem shorter and fatter.

He looks just like a wobbly man toy.

He waved and hollered when he saw me. Then, he caught the attention of the eatery owner and ordered a few oily dishes. I sat down in front of him, not in a rush to speak.

He didn't appear to be in a rush either. He'd ordered more than ten dishes for the two of us, and he ate most of the food. He didn't question my lack of appetite. I guess he's probably used to it. He devoured his food so quickly I half-suspected that he barely chewed at all. He only spoke to me after we finished the meal.

Now that the food was gone, he wiped his oil-stained mouth and said, "Take a look at the contract. If there aren't any issues, you can sign it now."

He passed a thick stack of papers to me. I was blinded by the rows of complex legalese on the sheets. I frowned, unable to understand much of the contents of the contract.

At least I could understand the sums in the contract. I counted the number of zeroes and knitted my brows. "Why is the cost of the surgery suddenly increased to a million?"

He pursed his lips before cleaning his teeth with a toothpick. "Ms. Stovall, I heard from Mr. Murphy that money isn't a concern to you. Plus, this is a private operation. The operating theatre, doctors, the equipment; everything has a price. I'm sure you know how expensive these things are. And hey, what about compensation for my efforts? I also need money to settle with that kid's parents. Please, that one million I quoted you is a discount already."

I held in my laughter. He'd managed to make a life-or-death operation sound like a business deal. Still, I wasn't in a hurry to sign. I looked at him directly and said, "You're right. It's actually not a big sum. I do have one request, though. Since this isn't a legal procedure, I want to see the operating theatre, the equipment, and meet the doctor beforehand. There are two children's lives at stake here, one of which is my daughter. I'm sure you understand my concern."

He frowned slightly. After some thought, he replied, "I need to think about this."

I nodded. "Sure."

Our discussion ended here. I supposed he had to discuss my request with his boss before he could give me a firm reply. If Hailey was right, then Brandon was probably acting under Armond's orders.

After saying goodbye to Brandon, I walked into an alley. After waiting for a short while, I came out of the alley and followed him. Sometime later, I saw him get into a black Accord. The driver wore a pair of shades, and he looked vaguely familiar. After a brief greeting, the car moved.

I couldn't walk closer to the car, but luckily the driver rolled down his windows as the car drove off. I was stunned when I realized who he was.

Dante! Why is he hanging around Brandon? Did he end up working for Armond after Abe's death?

I only managed to collect myself after the car was out of sight. From what I know about Dante's character, he wouldn't hang around Armond since he had a hand in Abe's death. All these men are sticklers for loyalty. Abe treated Dante like his own brother when he was still alive. So why would Dante be chummy with one of Armond's lackeys? Unless Dante himself is involved in the black market?

Suddenly, I sensed someone behind me. Nerves taut, I broke out in a cold sweat when I realized that I had nothing to defend myself with.

"Scarlett!" The gruff, familiar voice turned my surprise into joy. I turned and saw Danny behind me.

I smiled happily at him and asked, "Why are you here? Are you ok? How have you been?" I'd tried to track him down when I was in A City, but he'd hidden his tracks well as if he was trying to avoid me. I learned nothing about him and had never expected to bump into him here.

He appeared to have lost some weight, looking much thinner than his usual muscular self. The angles on his face were sharper as well. With a fairer complexion and a buzzcut, he blended right in with the residents of this city.

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Faced with my slew of questions, he replied, "I've been well. But how do you know Brandon?"

"Do you know him too?" I asked, surprised.

He nodded. "Yeah, Dante works with him. I've met him a couple of times. They operate in the black market, so why are you meeting him? Are you sick?"

I shook my head urgently. "No, I'm not sick. But my daughter is."

Shocked, he said, "I see. It's better to steer clear of them if you can, though. If you get involved in the black market, it's hard to get them off your record."

I didn't quite understand his warning but nodded. "Ok, I know."

Since he didn't have more to say, I spoke up again. "Since you're here, shall we grab a bite together?"

He shook his head. "No, I have other things to do. I'll be off then."

Seeing that he was ready to leave, I called out to stop him. "Danny, how should I keep in touch with you next time?"

He turned his head back to look at me. "I'm very grateful for how you've helped me in the past. If you have any questions for me, you should ask them now. I'll tell you everything I know, and then we're even."

This statement confused me. His brows were furrowed in impatience as he watched me. I couldn't help but wonder if I'd underestimated the complexity of our history.

After a pause, I asked, "What are you doing in A City? Do you know about Abe's death?"

He pursed his lips before replying, "I know what happened to Mr. Langston. As for my job in A City, it's exactly what Dante is doing."

I frowned. "But it's illegal!"

He mumbled an agreement but continued matter-of-factly, "I know, but I gotta do what I gotta do to survive. A City isn't a good place to make a living for us foreigners. At the end of the day, we need money to live."

I didn't know how to respond to that. I couldn't deny the truth in his words. We are but slaves to the money that governs our lives in this world.

"Is it true then, that as long as there's money, you can carry out a perfect crime?" I blurted.

He knitted his brows uncomprehendingly at my question. A moment later, he said, "You should go home. It's not safe out here."

I had more questions to ask but he'd already walked away.

If Hailey is telling the truth, then Armond is really engaged in shady dealings. I couldn't imagine the number of innocent lives they had harmed each year.

I was caught in a dilemma. If I pursued this to the end, I was worried I wouldn't be able to accept the consequence. After all, I was a willing participant in an illegal deal, and losses and gains always came hand-in-hand. My decision to seek out Amy in the countryside was entirely due to my wish to save my daughter.

Hailey's father could bring himself to harm a perfectly healthy child to keep his daughter alive. It's hard to pin the blame on anyone, but someone was undeniably killed in the exchange.

I knew I couldn't sort out these dilemmas alone. I called Ashton when I was in the car. The phone rang for a while before he answered. I could hear his clear voice through the receiver. "What's up?"

Ashton was still angry at me over the name card incident. I sighed before asking, "Where are you? I miss you."

My words seemed to surprise him, and there was a pause before he replied, "See you at home."

He hung up on me. Perplexed, I stared at my phone. Why did he just hang up on me like that?

I put down my phone and headed straight for the villa. Ashton was sitting in the living room when I arrived, looking like he'd just reached home not too long ago. His dark eyes showed a hint of surprise as they landed on me.

He pursed his lips and put on a somewhat petty air. "Why did you call me?"

So he's still angry at me then. I walked toward him and said gently, "I did meet Armond when I was in K City; you knew about that already. When I came to A City to find Amy, it was based on information that Armond had given to me. Ashton, I wasn't lying to you. I just didn't want you to overthink things. That's all."

Sensing the cloud of anger around him, I let out a frustrated sigh. "I know this is my fault. I shouldn't have lied to you. Will you please stop being angry at me? Ashton, we shouldn't be upset at each other over such small things. I suspect that Armond has dealings in the black market and probably the deaths of countless people on his hands. I don't know anymore if I can proceed with Summer's surgery. Can we stop arguing and start discussing more important things?"

He frowned slightly as he stared at me. "Black market?"

I nodded. "I found out from my contact that they have their own operating theatre and equipment. On that note, do you remember how we met a girl named Hailey at the public tender in the Oasis Hotel? She has heart disease. Her father colluded with Armond to kill someone so that she could get a heart transplant, though he ended up in jail later on after he misappropriated some funds for his company."

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After some thought, he asked, "I have some recollection of her. How did you get in touch with her?"

"Actually, she looked for me. We already knew each other after meeting on a few occasions. Now, I'm worried about Summer. What if Armond betrays me after Summer gets the kidney from Amy? We're not the only ones who need to bear the consequences. My parents will be dragged into this mess as well. I can't let Summer's affairs disrupt their newfound peace."

Though Summer's situation wouldn't involve something as heinous as murder, as in Hailey's case, it would be hard to predict Armond's actions after the operation. He forced me down this path, claiming we wouldn't be able to proceed with a normal, legal operation. But he could always turn around and threaten us with Amy's existence. If he fabricates a story to the press, it'll be a huge blow to the reputation of the Fullers and the Moores.

I looked at Ashton, who'd pursed his lips as if in deep thought. He looked at me and said, "I think we should postpone Summer's operation and follow the legal procedure. We shouldn't touch Amy if we can. You should also look out for your parents. I'll do my best to find a suitable donor ASAP. I'm sorry, but I think Summer will have to wait a while longer."

I frowned slightly. Though this went against every instinct I had as a parent, I nodded and agreed with Ashton. I couldn't drag two whole families into the mud to satisfy my own wishes.

"We'll stick with our original plan then. Try not to give away too much information to anyone else." He then pulled out his phone and called Joseph.

He seemed to be discussing some matters about Moranta with Joseph. I wasn't in the mood to worry about such things. My mind was fixated on my proposed visit to the hospital with Brandon tomorrow.

The next day, Ashton rushed to Moranta on company business. He had left in a hurry, saying that there were problems at a few ports in Moranta that were recently acquired by the Fuller Corporation.

I stayed in A City to continue working on Summer's affairs.

Brandon sent me a text containing the address of the hospital as well as our meeting time. Before I left, I gave Cameron a call. She sounded like she'd barely slept the night before. She answered in a hoarse tone, "Scarlett, what's going on?"

"Mom, do we have the results of Amy's health checkup? Did the doctor mention when they can arrange for the operation?"

"Not yet, I think the results will only be out at noon. Yesterday, the doctor told us that they couldn't find her personal information. They need to log her identification details in the hospital's system before they can carry out the operation. Could you contact her parents and get them to send her information over? If it's possible, we can send someone to bring them here so they can sign off on the operation," Cameron said, sounding exhausted.

I paused for a moment before answering her. "Mom, Amy doesn't have any form of identification. Her parents had eight children and she was the only one who wasn't registered. If they need that information, it's going to take a long time to iron out all the paperwork, and Summer's operation is going to be delayed. This was something I overlooked at the beginning. I was hoping you could help me find a solution."

My answer stunned her. "She doesn't have any form of identification? They have eight kids; how could they just forget about one of them? What about her future? Oh dear, we need to think of something quickly. How about you ask Boris to bring her home? We can give them some money and get her registered."

I mumbled an agreement and hung up.

Amy's lack of an official identity wasn't the only problem at hand. I couldn't elaborate on my plans to investigate Armond, so I could only delay the operation with this excuse.

Even if Summer needed that operation, we had to follow the legal procedure. If we committed to an illegal operation, we'd be inviting trouble for ourselves in the future.

After I hung up, I took a car ride to the address that Brandon had given me. The car came to a stop at a large factory located just outside the suburbs.

I was surprised when I saw the deserted building. This isn't a hospital. It's more like some abandoned factory!

There was an elderly man in the security booth near the gates of the factory. As I walked toward him to ask about my location, my phone rang with a call from Brandon.

As soon as I picked up, he said, "Just come in. You don't need to ask him anything. He has Alzheimer's and can't remember a thing."

Taken aback, I turned and saw the elderly man smiling at me. I returned his smile and walked into the factory grounds. Just like Brandon had mentioned over the phone, there was a two-story house behind the factory. He asked me to wait for him outside.

He came down five minutes later. He opened the metal doors to the house. He wore a leather jacket over his floral print shirt, though his protruding belly made for a rather unflattering display. He looked around behind me and confirmed that

I was alone. He arched a brow in mild surprise. "Ms. Stovall, I thought you'd at least have some company. I didn't expect you to really come here alone."

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I chuckled, "We're only here to take a look at the hospital and the medical equipment. We're not here to tear down this place. Why did you bring so many people?"

He chuckled and replied, "Let's go. The doctors and equipment are up there. You should take a look at them so you'd feel more assured. Rich people like you tend to be more cautious."

I followed behind him and let out a soft chuckle. "I have no choice, she's my precious daughter, and I want to give her the best."

His laughter echoed in the lift. Upon arriving at the second floor, I followed him past a metal gate that led to a fifty square meters big office. There were five doctors donned in their white gowns.

After an exchange of greetings, Brandon announced, "Alright. Since everyone knows each other, let's jump straight to the equipment. Please explain to Ms. Stovall their functions and attend to her queries as soon as possible."

They all nodded.

I was not in a rush to look at the equipment, so I asked, "Mr. Dumphy, I'm not an expert in this field, so there's no point in me trying to know more about the equipment. However, I have a request. I hope you wouldn't mind."

He smiled at me and replied, "Of course I wouldn't mind. I have no reason to reject your request as long as it's logical and legal."

Logical and legal?

I let out an awkward chuckle. Would my request be logical and legal?

I looked at him and continued, "I'd like to look through the doctors' credentials. To be qualified as either a clinical or surgical doctor, one needs to attain certain qualifications. I hope you all don't mind letting me take a look at them."

A few of the doctors' faces froze while Brandon was puzzled. "Ms. Stovall, I believe you know that such information is confidential. Rest assured that our doctors are all experienced and capable, and they all graduated from top universities. We'll definitely do our best for your daughter."

I furrowed my brows and was hesitant. "Mr. Dumphy, there are two major factors that can determine the success rate of surgery – a safe operating environment and the doctor's capabilities. Since I'm not an expert in the medical field, it doesn't make sense for me to measure the safety level of the equipment. However, I would be able to verify the doctor's qualifications. Since they're from top universities, can I take a look at their certifications?"

It seemed like my request was ridiculous to them, as none of them intended to show me their qualifications.

I looked at the doctors, then at Brandon, and smiled slightly. "Mr. Dumphy, I don't think I'm making a difficult request. I believe this would form the basis of the trust I have with you all. If I'm unable to trust your doctors, I would rather engage the surgery somewhere else. I don't wish to bet on my daughter's life."

Brandon frowned and replied, "Ms. Stovall, you know the significance of this surgery very well. We share the same purpose of saving your daughter's life. It's not that we don't want you to look at their qualifications, but if you were to leak such information, it would ruin their career. After all, they do not have a perfect record on their portfolio."

I nodded slightly and did not refute his words any further. "Indeed. Since you want to protect your doctors while I want to save my daughter, let's come to a compromise."

"What are your thoughts?" he asked me impatiently.

"You could rent the operating theatre to me. Since you won't be able to show me their qualifications, I won't be able to trust them with my daughter's surgery. Hence, I would get other doctors to perform the surgery. Despite that, I'd still pay the same amount."

It was a logical offer, so he had no reasons to reject it. He thought about it for a moment and replied, "Your request is not impossible. However, we need to bring it up to the senior management for approval."

I nodded with a smile. "Please bring it up to them as soon as possible. As you know, time is running out as my daughter is in critical condition."

He nodded profusely.

It was not easy to flight a taxi in the suburbs. I was calling someone while pacing around the factory. I wonder if Hailey did her surgery here as well.

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Upon a thorough look at the factory, it had nothing special about it. There was not much human traffic around. If someone were to walk past, they might think that it was an abandoned building. No one would have guessed that there would be an operating theatre there.

On a closer look, several rooms on the second floor showed signs of being cleaned. Those might be the wards where the patients stayed in. Most patients here were likely from wealthy families.

"Ms. Stovall, you're..." Brandon came down to check on me, squinted his eyes, and asked, "Are you taking a stroll?"

I chuckled lightly and replied, "I was just walking around while waiting for a taxi."

He chuckled and said, "This place is in the suburbs, so there won't be many taxis around. Since I'm also heading back, I can give you a lift."

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Dumphy."

He chuckled and replied, "You're welcome. Please wait at the entrance. I'll go get the car."

I smiled and nodded in response.

It was noon as I walked past the doorman having his lunch. "Hi Miss, you're heading back now?" he greeted.

I nodded in reply. I walked over to him and asked, "How long have you been working here? It's so isolated here. Did your family send you lunch?"

He laughed. "I've been working here for several years. My wife has difficulties walking, so she's currently staying at home. These were made by her last night. I heated it and brought it here for lunch."

I nodded. "That makes sense. Do you live far away from here? Is it convenient for you?" I asked while I glanced at his legs.

He took a mouthful of food and replied, "Not far. I live in the village across. I may appear old, but my legs are still strong!"

I chuckled. "Since there are not many people that come here, and your house is nearby, why don't you head home for lunch and return after?"

He looked at me and smiled. "It may appear to be quiet, but there are many vehicles that drop by daily. Since the boss ordered for me to deny entry to unauthorized vehicles, I'd have to obey the order."

I got curious and asked, "This building looks very old. Why are they so strict on entry? Are there other offices located within this building as well?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. It has always been the same few cars. I find it weird that people are going in and out of this place too. I've walked around but did not spot anything unusual. I heard that the boss had set up a live stream studio, and there have been young girls and kids coming here to work. However, due to my poor eyesight, I couldn't catch a proper glimpse of them."

I nodded slightly. It seemed like they were tight on security. Though they hired an elderly to guard the entrance, they enforced strict rules.

Since I knew the location of the operating theatre, I could easily gauge the location of other hidden places too.

Brandon drove over and waved at me. I got in the car and had a light chat with him.

It was afternoon when we arrived in the city. My stomach grumbled loudly as I had not eaten anything that day. I entered a restaurant, ordered my meal, and took out my phone. As I was about to call Ashton, I noticed I had several missed calls.

Out of habit, I had placed my phone in silent mode. The calls were from Ashton and Hailey.

Ashton probably called to check if I had eaten lunch, so I decided to call Hailey first.

Ashton called before I could dial Hailey's number. I picked up the call and chuckled. "Mr. Fuller, I feel very honored to receive your call despite your busy schedule."

He scoffed at my mocking. "I'm guessing you missed your lunch. Why didn't you pick up my calls earlier? What were you busy with?"

This man seemed to grow more protective as the days pass. It seemed like I might need to start reporting to him every hour.

"I told you that I had an appointment with Brandon to view the operating theatre. That appointment ended, and I was about to feed your baby and myself."

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He sighed with worry. "What about the breakfast that I've prepared for you this morning? Did you skip it?"

I scratched the tip of my nose and replied, "I ate, and I got hungry again soon after. I plan to eat more later." The truth was, I did not eat breakfast as I was in a hurry.

He sighed once more helplessly. "You're already a mother, yet you're not taking good care of yourself. Should I get a nanny for you?"

I immediately rejected his offer. "We don't need a nanny for now. I'm fine. I'm only two months pregnant. It would be better to wait till Summer's recovery and at a later stage of my pregnancy. What do you say?"

He agreed as he knew that it would not be easy to convince me otherwise. "Sure. On the condition that you would start taking good care of yourself and our baby."

I smiled, knowing that it was out of his concern for me. "Okay, I'll take note. Let's put this aside for now."

While the waiter brought out the dishes, I took a bite and continued, "Do you know where the hospital is located? It's within a factory in the suburbs. That building looked abandoned, but they built an operating theatre on the second floor of it. They had five doctors and a few wards as well. It's inconspicuous – no passerby would've guessed it."

"Hmm. An operating theatre in a factory – inconspicuous and could be shifted easily. It was indeed the perfect place. However, our focus now is to be careful. There had been several issues that occurred at the ports of Moranta. It seemed like the Murphys had intentionally caused the delay. Please be careful. Joseph will arrive within these few days. Keep in mind, safety first."

I nodded in agreement. I had guessed that Armond had been keeping his eyes on the Fullers. He did not seem like the type to give up after one failure.

We chatted a while more before Ashton hung up, and I gobbled the food down. I planned to look for Hailey after.

If Armond chose to act up in Moranta while I create some trouble for Ashton in A City, he might not have sufficient energy left to deal with the issues at Moranta. Furthermore, Ashton had taken over the ports not long ago and need some time for things to settle down. Our plan had a high risk of falling through if Armond were to sabotage.

All of them were looking out for their own benefit. The illegal operating theatre was not a piece of substantial evidence to bring Armond down. We need to find a

witness and the family members of those who supplied medical equipment to them as soon as possible.

At the hospital.

Upon arrival at the hospital, I saw Hailey packing while wearing a fur coat. I frowned and asked, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave? What did the doctor say?"

She turned and was stunned to see me. "I'm fine. I've had this illness for quite some time already. I prefer to rest at home. I don't like to be in the hospital."

I sighed as I failed to convince her. "You need to take good care of yourself, especially now that you're all alone. We have to accept that some things cannot be changed and carry on with our lives. You have to hang in there."

She stopped her movement, turned to look at me, and replied, "Her name is Carmen."

I was taken aback for a moment before I regained my senses and asked, "Did you manage to contact her parents? To compensate for the guilt you hold, why don't you help to take care of her parents?"

She shook her head while her eyes started to turn red. "No. She's an orphan. Dad brought her back from the orphanage. Her parents abandoned her at a young age, so Dad decided to let her stay with us."

Orphanage?

Could it be that the child that Armond had been searching for came from the orphanage instead?

"Do you know which orphanage she came from?" That could be a clue as there would be records of the adoption at the orphanage.

She went through it in her head thoroughly and nodded. "Carmen never told me about it. She only briefly mentioned that she was from an orphanage."

"Does your Dad know?" Hailey's father might have gotten in touch with Armond. It could save a lot of trouble if he could stand in as a witness.

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Hailey shook her head. "That, I don't know."

I stared at her in silence and asked, "Hailey, do you hate Armond?"

She was startled by my question. She looked at me with utter confusion.

"We must get the criminals arrested. If we do not report him, there might be countless victims in the future. You want the same too, right?"

She thought about it for a moment. "What are you planning?"

I knew that we had to keep certain things to ourselves. However, it's only right for people to pay for their crimes. "Could you bring me to your father? He could be a critical witness."

Her face turned pale. "No way. If he confesses everything, he might never be able to get out of jail for the rest of his life. I don't wish to ruin his life. Neither should you."

As she narrowed her eyes, I pursed my lips and said, "I totally understand how you feel. However, deep down, you know that your father is in the wrong, and he has to take responsibility for it somehow. If he keeps silent, Armond will continue to harm more kids. Do you want another incident like Carmen's?"

"Please leave. I don't wish to hear more of what you have to say. Scar, you're too selfish; you only think for yourself. He's still my father, and I can't bear to let him stay in jail for the rest of his life. Leave! I would never agree to it."

She was getting emotional and shoved me out of the ward. I had no chance to speak.

I understood that it was hard for her to face something like that. She was right. I lacked consideration for her feelings. Furthermore, the only family member she had left was her father.

I returned to Summer's ward. I was startled as she was not there. I tugged at Cameron's sleeve and asked anxiously, "Mom, where's Summer? Did her condition worsen again?"

Cameron patted my shoulder, hinting for me to calm down. "Don't worry. She's fine. The doctor suggested for her to be quarantined in the disinfected chamber. We can visit her once in the morning and once at night."

I let out a sigh of relief. My heart ached as I saw Amy asleep at the bedside. She must have been anxious since the day she had first been there. I felt apologetic towards her as I had no energy and time to be there for her.

“Have you contacted the child’s legitimate guardian? The hospital would require their signature before proceeding with the surgery. It had not been easy to find a suitable donor. Let’s hope to resolve this quickly.” Cameron whispered, “This child is too skinny. I’m worried that she might not be able to recover from the surgery. We need to nourish her to prevent any side effects post-surgery.”

I pursed my lips, nodded, and looked at Cameron. “Mom, we might need to postpone the surgery. Firstly, Amy’s body is too frail. No matter how much we love Summer, it’s not fair for us to make use of another child like that. I bought a house in A City and hired a nanny who is a great cook. Let’s wait for her health to improve before we even consider the surgery. Secondly, I need to find a way to register her birth. For that, I need to head to the village. It’ll take some time, so we need to postpone the surgery.”

“But will this affect Summer’s illness?” Cameron asked in a worried tone.

I was worried too, but we should not look back since we already reached this stage. “Mom, We need to have faith in Summer. She’ll recover for sure!”

We had no other option.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you. Regardless, what’s important is for Summer to be healthy again.”

I nodded in agreement. “Mom, don’t worry. I won’t let anything bad happen to Summer.”

As she nodded, her gaze landed on my tummy. “Your tummy is growing by the day. Have you ever seen any pregnant ladies as haggard as you? You need to take better care of yourself.”

I consoled her worries for some time and took Amy out for food after.

I planned to buy some daily necessities along the way too.

After a whole day of tormenting, Amy fell asleep. When she woke up, she followed me around, so I asked, “Amy, do you have something you want to tell me?”

She looked at me with her bright and adorable eyes. “Ms. Stovall, could you help to find my sister? I’ve been waiting for her for a long time. She told me she would come and get me, but I had not seen her for several days already.”