

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 211 - 215

When I called again, the phone was off.

Something must have happened!

These words kept going round and round in my mind. I could not help but think that Cameron's real targets were my child and me.

When this thought came to my mind, I blurted out, "Turn around! Head back to the villa!"

Before the bodyguard could turn the car around, however, we were hit by a huge force.

Instinctively, the bodyguard stopped the car. Thankfully, he was trained personnel. In less than two seconds, he quickly regained his senses and realized that something was wrong, so he started the car again.

Before the car started, however, a black off-road vehicle crashed into the front of the car. These two huge impacts came flying at me one after another, and they terrified my senses.

I started to feel the pain of falling in my lower abdomen. At the same instant, I felt cold and sweaty. I was sure I was about to give birth.

Taking a breath of air, I said, "Don't open the door! Hurry, call the police!"

The pain in my lower abdomen got more intense, and I panicked. If the police could not make it in time, both my child and I would be in danger.

With some difficulty, I got out my phone and dialed John's number. The phone rang twice before being connected.

"Letty!"

"John, help me, Southvale Road..." Before I could finish, a loud noise interrupted my speech.

Crash! The windscreen of the car was smashed, and a few men in black pulled the car doors open forcefully. The bodyguard tried to protect me, but the men in black injected some substance into his neck, and he passed out immediately.

The men in black dragged me out of the car, ignoring that I was a pregnant woman, and roughly stuffed me into another vehicle. Then they tied my hands and feet, gagged my mouth, and started driving away.

I could not make a sound. From a distance, I watched them pour gasoline on the three cars, which were then blown up together. I looked at all this in disbelief. There was still a person in the car. How could they just take a life like this without hesitation?

Horror, disbelief, and fear – all these emotions flooded into my mind at this moment.

My lower abdomen hurt, and I sweated profusely. My legs were tied tightly together, but I could feel my cervix tearing, and the child seemed to be coming out.

The hem of my skirt was soaked with amniotic fluid as the water broke...

I struggled desperately to untie my legs, to spread them and give birth to the baby. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not break the rope.

Instead, my legs were cut by the ropes and started to bleed. I could feel my son's desperation as the amniotic fluid drained out, and I could feel as he struggled for breath.

If he were not out of my womb before the fluid drained completely, he would soon suffocate.

He would die from lack of oxygen, suffocated to death.

As these thoughts entered my mind, the pain in my heart started to spread. No, this mustn't be. I must give birth to my child!

After much struggling, I moved the rope down a little, and my knees could be separated slightly. I tried my best to spread my legs.

The speeding car stopped abruptly, and the door was opened. Then two men in black lifted me out of the car.

My mouth was gagged, and I could not speak. The men dragged me into a warehouse that had been cleaned up in advance and did not look too messy.

“Boss, she seems to be giving birth? Shall we do it now?” one of the men in black said.

“Wait a minute!” another black-clothed man said, “The big boss ordered that as long as it’s past eight o’clock, we need not bother about her life or death. Looking at her current state, she probably won’t be struggling for long.”

After they finished speaking, a phone rang. The man in black glanced at the caller ID, looked at his partner, and said, “Boss, it’s the Big Boss calling!”

“Accept the call!”

The man answered the call, and after listening to the caller, he replied hesitatingly, “Ms. A... won’t that be too cruel?”

As if hearing the affirmative answer on the other end, the man hung up the phone and looked at the boss, saying, “The big boss commanded we tie her legs together firmly. As long as the child remains inside her womb, once the amniotic fluid runs out, the baby will suffocate and die.”

Hearing this, the black-clothed man was stunned and said, “Isn’t this too cruel? It seems that this child is already full-term.”

“The big boss promises to double the price. We only need to tie her legs and leave her here. Whether she lives or dies depends on her luck!”

After the two finished their discussion, they decided to tie my legs together. I kept shaking my head, begging them to stop.

The pain in my lower abdomen was like tens of thousands of needles piercing me, but my mouth was gagged, and I could only make a whining sound.

After finishing their job, the two men in black drove away.

I was alone in the dark warehouse, and the pain in my lower abdomen came in waves one after another. In the lower part of my body, I could feel the child struggling to be born.

I tried over and over to break free, but the strength exerted by the two men in tying the knots made it impossible for me to break free.

The pain became more and more intense, and I could vividly feel every single movement of the baby, who was struggling inside of me.

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After all the struggling, I was close to total exhaustion. The fluid was getting less, and the movements from the baby were dying down.

I guessed that the baby's strength was slowly draining away as he could not breathe.

No, not like this. My baby! You can't die like this! I have not seen what you look like, and I haven't brought you to look at the world. I can't let you go just like this!

I was tormented by the pain in my heart and my abdomen. Then, I saw something shiny in the dark warehouse. It was a mirror!

A glimmer of hope was ignited, and I moved my body with difficulty towards it.

It was only two steps away, but it seemed to take me an eternity to reach the mirror. I knocked on it with my head.

Crash! The mirror broke into a few pieces, and I felt a sharp pain on my forehead.

Without giving it much thought, I grabbed a piece of glass with my hands, which were tied together, and began to saw at the rope that tied my legs together.

The hemp rope was very thick, and I did not know how long I was cutting at it. There was a sharp pain in the palm of my hand, and I felt warm blood on my hands and legs, which felt sticky like batter.

However, this pain could not compare with the pain of feeling the baby dying slowly in my womb.

That pain was worse than death.

Boom! Suddenly, thunder struck across the sky, and the air was filled with moisture.

The pain in my abdomen continued, but the child's strong movements gradually stopped. I suddenly froze, and the piece of glass in my hand fell.

I went limp and collapsed on the floor, which was covered with a thick sticky liquid. I could not tell if it was blood or amniotic fluid.

Suddenly, there was a heavy downpour. The thunder became louder and louder, and the lightning flashed brighter and brighter.

In the flashes of lightning, I seemed to see that child struggling to live as he tried again and again to crawl his way out.

Certainly, he cannot understand why his mother refused to let him out. He must be blaming his mother for keeping him in, even though he tried so hard.

I was wrong. It was really my fault. I should not have yearned for Ashton's warmth, should not have trusted him to protect the child and me. I should not have challenged the authority and viciousness of Cameron and the Moore Family.

It was stupidity to take them too lightly. It was my fault. If not for me, this child would not die in such an inhumane way.

As time passed by, I began to think it was okay. I'm going to die with my baby. At least, my baby won't be alone and afraid in the netherworld.

I'll accompany him. He won't be bullied. Here on earth, I could not protect him, but in the next world, I will.

Bang! The warehouse door was opened, and a strong light shone in.

In a daze, I saw a tall man walk in. I was so dizzy. When I tried to see him clearly, I did not have the strength to open my eyes.

Perhaps, this is the door to the next world. This door is opened.

In a daze, I felt as if I had stood up and under my feet was this thick red liquid which I knew was my blood.

Instinctively, I felt my abdomen with my hand and found that it was flat. In shock, I looked around for my child.

"Baby, Baby..." I called innumerable times. I seemed to see a small figure in a sphere of light.

He tottered toward me stumblingly, for he was so tiny and unsteady.

Overjoyed, I ran towards him and held him in my arms. Then I looked at the child carefully. He was so small, and there was a red mark on his head. He must have tried so hard to get out of my womb that he squeezed himself red.

His tiny nose and eyes looked so cute. He even knew how to smile, curving his lips like a little flower.

"Scarlett, Scarlett..." A low faraway voice came to my ears again and again.

I tried to find the source of the voice, but it was white everywhere, and I could not see anything.

When I looked at my child again, he was gone, and I was alone, lost in the midst of the thick, white fog.

"Scarlett, Scarlett..." The voice came to me again. I covered my ears, not wanting to hear it as I only wanted to look for my child.

However, that voice kept haunting me like a curse. Again and again, it came to my ears.

In desperation, I shouted with all my strength, "Baby, Baby..."

There was a sudden pain in my heart. I drew in a deep breath and forced open my eyes. What I saw was a familiar whiteness all around.

I was surrounded by a group of doctors wearing white coats and masks.

Someone heaved a sigh of relief and said, "She's finally awake, and she's alive."

"Well, it's best to take precautions and transfer her to the intensive care unit. Observe the situation. If she stabilizes one day later, she can be transferred to the normal ward."

"Yes, sir!"

In a daze, I was taken to the ward. My throat hurt, I had difficulty breathing, and I could not speak.

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After the anesthesia wore off, my body began to ache everywhere, especially in the abdomen. It was the kind of pain that comes with every breath.

"The doctor said you can't eat for these six hours, and you can only drink water. You can only eat after the effects of the anesthesia wear off." The person who spoke was none other than Marcus.

Never had I imagined that he would be the one to appear. I had thought it would be Ashton or John, but he was the only one I had never thought of!

I could not speak, so I just looked at him with tears flowing from the corners of my eyes.

He seemed to understand what I was thinking. He sighed softly and said, "Take care of your health. In the future, you can still have kids."

In that instant, I felt like my heart had been torn apart, and salt was being rubbed into my wounds. An intense pain started spreading, right to my bones.

Unable to control the pain in my heart, I began to tremble and sob. Marcus held my hand, his expression gloomy, and in his dark eyes was this deep bottomless pain.

Silently, he held my hand and let me cry. I did not know for how long, but I cried myself to sleep. He called me a few times as I dozed off. I responded in a daze and fell asleep again.

This catastrophe was indescribably painful, and the pain seemed to have no end. It felt like I had been physically broken into pieces and then joined back together again.

After three days of suffering, I was able to get down from the bed and speak a little. Pulling at Marcus's sleeve, I spoke in a hoarse voice, "I want to see my child."

With tears in my eyes, I said, "At the very least, let me see what he looks like."

After carrying him in my womb for nine months, I wanted to see him face to face.

Marcus frowned, and his brows throbbed faintly as his veins pulsated noticeably, "In the morgue, I've handed him over to the hospital!"

"No!" I pleaded with a heart-rending voice, pulling at him as I shook my head, tears rolling down my face, "Don't throw him away like this, please! He is my child. He had just come into the world. Even if he is... dead, as his mother, I should take care of the funeral."

He knitted his brows while his dark eyes were filled with distress. "Okay, take care of yourself well. When you have fully recovered, we shall do it, alright?"

I nodded even while my heart ached. All this while, the pain gnawed at me ceaselessly.

Marcus looked after me well. He hired two confinement nannies for me. Everything that women must have after giving birth was provided for, and every care that was needed was met with.

The child was suffocated to death inside my womb. His dead body was taken out by surgery. Hence, there was a long scar on my abdomen that was slowly flattening.

Every time I touched it, the painful memory returned. This kind of pain had no visible outward sign, and I had no one to talk to.

Nearly a month passed by before I realized that the hospital I was in was a private hospital, far away from K City, and belonged to Marcus' industry.

These days, all my thoughts had been on the child, and there was nothing else on my mind. Then, I realized that I had to tell Macy and Jackson that I was safe.

I borrowed a mobile phone from one of the nannies to call Macy, but then I realized that I do not remember any phone numbers, so I gave it up.

Marcus came to visit me every day. He brought me a lot of news each time, mostly about finance and trade. Some of them I could understand, some of them I could not.

I knew that he meant well, and he just wanted to distract me from thinking about the baby.

One month passed. My confinement was over, and I could sunbathe in the garden yard. Sometimes I would stare blankly at the plants and flowers, thinking of my baby.

It was late autumn, and the trees in the surroundings were turning brown. Fallen leaves were covering the landscape, and it was a depressing sight.

"It's windy outside. Come back inside soon!" A low magnetic voice was heard, and I turned around to find that it was Marcus.

I smiled and said, "You're back!" He was holding some documents, so I guessed he had just come from his office.

After handing the file to the nanny, he walked up to me and was about to pick me up according to our ritual as of late. I quickly avoided his arms and smiled, "I'm getting better now, and my confinement is over. Besides, my wounds have healed well."

He had been carrying me lately because I could not walk as my wounds were deep. Now that I have healed, I did not want to burden him.

He frowned, narrowing his dark eyes, and he said, "What would you like to eat later?" He always tried to get me food for fear that I would die on a hunger strike.

I shook my head, smiling as I replied, "I'm not hungry. I just had my breakfast not long ago!"

He turned around and looked at the nanny, asking in a low voice, "What time did she eat?"

"Seven o'clock in the morning!"

Marcus frowned and raised his hand to look at the Swiss watch on his wrist. He looked at me with his dark eyes. "It's already afternoon. You need some food!"

I nodded. These days, I seemed to have grown accustomed to his temperament. Externally, he looked distant, but he had a kind heart deep within.

Perhaps it was because of the child I lost. For one month, I hardly ate, and even after the one-month confinement period, I had no hunger pangs. If not for Marcus' constant reminder, I would have skipped many meals.

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The nanny prepared a lot of delicious food. After a few bites, I could not eat anymore. Marcus frowned and was a little displeased. He selected a few choice pieces and placed them onto my plate. Then he spoke quite seriously, "Eat these!"

I pursed my lips as I really did not have the appetite. Knowing he meant well, I took a few more bites.

Retch! Before I could swallow, however, I vomited it out together with the food that I had already swallowed before.

I vomited over the sink for a long time, and Marcus turned to the nanny in the living room, "What's wrong with her?"

The nanny said with some hesitation, "Ms. Stovall has always been like this. Basically, she can't eat much. Sometimes it's okay, and she could at least get some down, but if she took an extra bite, she would throw up all of it. The family doctor has also examined her, but he said it's psychological, so he cannot treat her."

Finally, the retching stopped, and I washed up. Then I straightened up and looked at myself in the mirror. In just one month, I had become completely unrecognizable.

My cheeks were almost hollow, my eyes were sunken, my brows were protruding, and my chin was so pointed that it looked sharp. The plumpness from my pregnancy was all gone.

I looked down at my hands that were just skin and bones. I looked like a skeleton.

"What happened to me?" Looking at the mirror, tears gathered in my eyes and dripped onto the white basin.

Pitter patter. The sound pierced my ears.

"Your body is just recovering, so you will get better in the future!" Marcus was not eloquent when it came to comforting the distressed. His tall and slender figure stood beside me as he spoke in a low voice.

I pursed my lips as I brushed off the tears with my hands, and he handed me a tissue.

I could not eat anymore after I dealt with my emotions. Sitting in the living room in a daze, my heart still felt painful and in distress.

"Shall we go out for a stroll later?" He asked.

I lifted my eyes to him, feeling a little dizzy. The autumn sun shone on him from behind, and he seemed translucent and brilliant, looking gorgeous.

I nodded. "Okay!"

The bedroom.

The White family was huge. I have always known that this villa of Marcus' was located in the suburbs. It was extraordinarily large, like an ancient European castle, extraordinarily luxurious and elegant.

There were a lot of rooms in the villa. I have not looked at them carefully, but the one I lived in seemed to be the largest with a huge cloakroom in it.

I did not know if Marcus had a girlfriend. I always felt that the clothes he bought in the cloakroom were not only designer costumes, but they were also some very beautiful clothing.

"Do you need me to help you choose?" Marcus leaned against the door with his arms folded, and he smiled as he watched me looking at the clothes with a stunned expression on my face.

We were to go out in a short while, and I wanted to change, but looking at so many clothes made me feel at a loss of what to wear.

After turning around and shooting him a glance, I gave it some thought and decided on a black dress with gold trimmings. Then, I selected a black coat and a pair of black Dr. Martens shoes.

Holding the clothes and about to enter the next room to change into them, I was stopped by Marcus. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Every item is black. Are you sure?"

I paused and then nodded. "Can't I?"

He pursed his lips. "No!"

Taking the clothes away from me, he picked a gold-pink dress of the same style from the cloakroom, with a rose embroidered on it. It looked dazzling and gorgeous.

Instinctively, I resisted this color, looked at him, and shook my head, "Can I change it?"

He pursed his lips, looked at the dress he had chosen, and said, "This one looks good!"

I shook my head. "I do not like it!"

He was silent, and his gaze darkened, "Must you choose lifeless black?"

I was stunned. I had never thought of black as lifeless. Yet, after he mentioned it, this color, which had been normal to me, now seemed lifeless and dull.

I sighed softly and then said with resignation, "Well, I'll change it then!" My eyes explored the cloakroom, and I decided on a blue dress. It was not eye-catching but warm and pleasant.

I took it from the rack and looked at Marcus questioningly. His countenance was approving, and he looked at me, saying, "Yes, go and change into it."

After I had finished changing my clothes, he had replaced the black coat with a white mink coat and told me, "Put it on!"

I was stunned but dressed up as he suggested, and then I wore the Dr. Martens shoes.

He looked and was satisfied. Nodding his head with approval, he said, "You look beautiful. How about some light makeup?"

For the first time, I felt that this man could be a good judge at a beauty contest.

These days, I had become really haggard. So, if I went out without makeup, I am afraid that I will scare passers-by.

I nodded and put on some light makeup. Then, I went out with Marcus.

Stepping into K City again, it felt like a world away. The streets were still busy. It was late autumn, and everyone had their coats on. Fallen leaves gathered on both sides of the road. The sanitation workers finished sweeping and then turned back to sweep again. It was an endless repetition.

“What do you want to eat later?” Marcus questioned me, asking for my opinion.

I tilted my head for a moment, then shook my head and said, “Dessert!”

He smiled. “I’m talking about dinner!”

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“Haven’t we just eaten?” It was a little past noon, and we had eaten lunch.

He raised his brows, “You consider that as lunch?”

I went speechless at his question. I pursed my lips and contemplated, “I can’t think of what to eat right now.”

The car passed by the city center. There was a dessert shop in the streets with a long queue.

I asked curiously, “Is their food nice? There are so many people queueing.”

Marcus took a side glance and parked the car by the road. He looked at me and said, “Wait for me in the car. Don’t get out. It’s cold outside. I will be back soon !”

Before I had the chance to reply, he jogged towards the dessert shop and joined the queue.

His good looks shone in the crowd. Moreover, his tall and slender figure made him stand out like a crane.

I leaned against the car window and watched quietly. People approached him with their phones occasionally, probably trying to ask for his number.

He was friendly. He pointed to the car and waved his hands with a faint smile. It seemed like he had rejected them.

After that scene repeated a few times, the girls stopped approaching him. On the other hand, people seemed to be looking towards my direction more frequently.

I didn’t know what happened, so I could only nod and gave a faint smile to look friendly.

Half an hour later, he jogged towards me with the dessert in his hands. He boarded the car and passed the dessert to me, "I bought a little of everything. You can try it all and tell me which one you like."

I nodded and took the Blueberry Cheesecake from him. I'm not sure of the reason, but I really liked this flavor.

The corners of his lips curved upwards after he saw me taking a few more bites, "It is good?"

I nodded in agreement, "It's delicious!" I saw him looking at me, so I paused and said, "Do you want to try?"

He went through the trouble of queueing for a long time. So it seemed inappropriate not to get a taste of it. I instinctively scooped a mouthful and brought it to his lips.

He was stunned for a moment, and then, his eyes lit up brightly. He ate from the spoon with a hint of a smile.

Looking at him chew, I asked, "Is it good? There're blueberries inside!" Not everyone was a fan of blueberries.

Marcus smiled slightly and nodded. He seemed to be in a good mood today, "Yeah. It's delicious and sweet."

The mood was contagious. Since he was in a good mood and we had desserts, I felt more relieved. I looked at him, "Where are we going later?"

He chuckled, "We are going to eat!"

"What are we going to eat?" It seemed like he was more chatty when he was in a good mood.

He smiled and said, "You decide!"

I thought for a second and said, "Steak?"

He raised his brows in agreement and started the car.

There was a popular restaurant in the mall, and it was fairly empty since it was after lunch hours.

We found a place with a wide view and sat down. He ordered some dishes and raised his eyes to look at my desserts, which had a bit leftover.

He raised his arms and took away the desserts, "Don't eat too much. Or else you won't be able to eat other food," he said.

I froze in my tracks and nodded. I ate quite a few bites of desserts just now, so my stomach did feel a little funny.

After watching him finished my leftover desserts, I spoke, "Do you like this flavor too?"

He smirked and smiled widely, "Yeah, I really like it!"

"Should we buy some when we go back later?"

"Sure!"

Marcus seemed to be in a particularly good mood.

Because of the desserts, I couldn't eat much food, but he ordered a lot. I stared at the leftover dishes and said pitifully, "What a waste!"

He smiled faintly, "We can takeaway the leftovers!"

I was stunned. He didn't seem like someone frugal. He was picky with his food at home too.

Yet, he finished my leftover desserts and is going to take away the leftover food?

He saw me staring at him and smiled, "If you turn right ahead, there are many stray dogs and the homeless. We can leave it there. They will take it when they are hungry."

I was stunned for a moment. I couldn't describe what I was feeling. I thought he was a rich man who didn't know about the difficulties in life, but...

"Yup, sure!" I asked for the takeaway boxes and packed the food.

After leaving the restaurant, I followed him. He walked a while and turned his head to me, "Are you tired?"

I shook my head, "I'm not tired!"

"Alright. We are reaching soon!"

The city center was supposed to be a bustling and lavish place. I never expected that there would be hidden corners, forgotten by society, in such a place.

This area was not easily found, and the corner was fairly hidden. There was food placed neatly beside the rubbish bin. Marcus left the food boxes over there.

When he was about to bring me away, I looked at the surroundings. The area nearby was kept clean, and even the space beside the rubbish bin was spick and span. The food boxes beside were placed neatly too.

After walking a few steps with him, I couldn't help but raised my eyes at him. I smiled, "Marcus, there are still many kind souls in this city, right?"

He saw me smile and was stunned for a second. Then, he nodded and held tightly onto me, "Yes, there are still many of them!"