

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 346

For a moment, there was a rumbling in my mind. My heart skipped a beat. Eventually, I took a deep breath and asked the unthinkable, "Did something happened to Macy?"

She did not reply me. There was a moment of silence before she stressed again, "Just come here. You'll see!"

"Fine!"

Right after I hung up the phone, I booked an air ticket to J City. I was lucky because there was still time. There was a flight from K City to J City in an hour.

When that was done, I started the car again. It was then I saw Joe exit the White Corporation office building. He jogged towards me, arms waving.

His appearance surprised me. I stopped the car and peered at him. "What now?"

"Scarlett, Ashton's booked a table at a Western restaurant in South Metro. Do you want to join us?" He extended an invitation to me with a broad grin on his face.

Wait, South Metro? Where young folks in K City like to go to hang out at night? The most lavish place to enjoy nightlife?

I looked at the time. I could barely make it to the airport in under one hour if I set out now. I did not have time for lunch.

Ashton also walked out of the building to join us, his face still void of emotions.

I could not help but bit my lip and turned to Joe. "Sorry, Mr. Quinn. I won't be able to join you. I have other things to do later. Why don't you give Rebecca a call? She should have time to join Ashton... and you for lunch!"

With that said, I started my car once more. Joe seemed furious. "Scarlett, what's that supposed to mean? Don't you know why Ashton booked a table at a Western restaurant in

South Metro? He's making up for that feud between you two. You should accept it. Why do you have to add more to the tension?"

I pursed my lips as time ticked away. I looked at Ashton standing by the door, then at Joe, and said stiffly, "Mr. Quinn, I thank you for making the effort to help Ashton and I sort things out. And I appreciate Ashton's kindness. But, please tell him this. Since we can't go on anymore, we can end the relationship on a good note. He and I are on a break in the meantime. Anyway, I have other places to be, so goodbye!"

I hit the gas and sped off onto the road, feeling extremely irritated.

It was not that I refused to ease the relationship between us, but I still had some resistance. Resistance against what, even I was uncertain.

It should be fine. I was off to J City, where I would take a short break, and perhaps everything would turn out alright.

There was always a lot of foot traffic at K City airport every day, in addition to the congestion on the road. Fortunately, I made it in time.

I retrieved my air ticket in a hurry and boarded the plane. I found my seat and sat down, finally relieved. Pretty soon, the plane took off.

"Attention, all passengers. The plane is ready for takeoff. For your safety, please put up your tray table, buckle your safety belts, and kindly turn off your phone or set it to airplane mode. Thank you." The sweet voice of the air stewardess rang from the speakers.

I subconsciously fished my phone out from my bag and was about to turn it off when I was notified of the dozen of missed calls, all of which were from Ashton. There were also a few text messages, all sent by him too.

Since I had to turn it off quickly, I merely scanned through them. The first one asked for my whereabouts, and the rest were just usual greetings.

The plane was taking off. There was no time for me to reply, so I just shut it down.

It was a four-hour journey from K City to J City. I barely slept last night so, not long after the plane took off, I asked the air stewardess for a blanket and took a nap.

By the time I woke up, the plane had landed. I turned on my phone and checked the time. It was six o'clock sharp.

Stacey was already there to pick me up when I got off the plane.

The sky got dark earlier during winter. It was barely six and it already looked like night had fallen. Stacey was wrapped in a thick padded jacket. She chuckled when she saw that I came with only one bag and nothing else. "Did you come directly after receiving my call?"

I nodded and said, "Yes. Take me there right away!"

Her expression was undecipherable. After a pause, she spoke, "Let's get something to eat first. I've booked a restaurant. After that, I'll take you to their residence."

Since she had made the arrangements, I had nothing more to say. I nodded in agreement.

I did not have much of an appetite, to begin with. I simply ate what I could. After dinner, Stacey took me for a drive to the Glenwood residential area.

At the entrance to the residence, I froze. "Does Macy really live here?"

Stacey nodded and explained, "Well, they basically take walks around the residence at night. The weather's been cold recently, so I guess they just take a brief stroll before returning home."

The information left me stunned for a couple of seconds. I thought Macy should be staying at the house we had previously bought.

I asked Stacey to get us inside, and then we went straight to their apartment building.

We keyed in the passcode, opened the door, and found ourselves an empty house. No one had been living here for some time. It was in the exact condition when we left.

Stacey came to a realization. "No wonder they would rather live here than stay at their villa. You guys have a house here!"

The news caught me off guard. "What villa?"

She nodded. "I've checked. Nick used to stay at his villa at the Peakville Estate but, for whatever reason, he moved here."

We left the place and headed downstairs. It was not snowing in J City, but the temperature was exceptionally low. Stacey led me to the residential rest area for a short break.

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She turned to me and said, "When you see him later, do you intend to say hi?"

That was a strange question. "Why not?" I responded.

She shrugged. "Have you ever considered why they're all in J City, but they lie to you about being in M Country?"

"Maybe they don't want me to worry!"

"If that's the case, what do you think their reaction would be when you appear out of the blue? I have an idea. Would you care to listen?"

"What do you have in mind?"

Stacey sat up straight and faced me. "You'll see them tonight, but don't go up to them first. Wait until tomorrow. I'm taking you somewhere to have the whole story sorted, and then we'll deal with this calmly, alright?"

I was taken aback by what she said. It felt like she had overestimated the seriousness of the matter. I wanted to ask for more information but she silenced me. "Look, there they are!"

I looked in the direction she was pointing and saw two men, both about six feet tall, pushing a stroller as they talked.

There was some distance between us and them. I was a bit short-sighted anyway, so I could not make out exactly who they were but based on their silhouettes I could tell they were Nick and Jackson.

I really wanted to go over and talked to them, but Stacey stopped me. She urged me to call them on the phone first.

Alarmed, I took out of my phone. The screen showed some more missed calls from Ashton.

I had set my phone to silent mode after getting off the plane and since then I had not had the time to look at it.

“Didn’t you tell Mr. Fuller that you’re coming?” She said hesitantly after taking a peek at the number of missed calls on my phone screen.

I nodded. I looked through the contacts for Jackson’s phone and dialed his number.

Before long, the call went through to Jackson’s phone. From a distance, I watched him hesitate to pick it up. Nick muttered something to him, and after that, he answered the call.

“Scarlett, how’s it going?” Jackson answered the call.

I lowered my voice and said, “Hi, Jackson. Where are you? I’m coming to J City in a few days and I’m wondering if you’d like to visit as well. We can celebrate the new year together in J City. What do you think?”

There was silence at first, and then he said, “Hi, Scarlett. I’m afraid we can’t go. We’re still in M Country at the moment. It’s cold here. It’s not good for the baby, traveling back and forth. Maybe after the celebration, when it gets warmer. Then we can go back to see you.”

I watched as the man standing not far away fed me with lies. The feeling was unbearable. Why is he lying to me? If I had not come here and see them with my own eyes, I would think they were in M Country.

Pushing aside the disappointment, I asked, “What about Macy? How’s she doing these days?”

From afar, I saw Jackson exchange glances with Nick. There was a moment’s silence again, before he said, “She’s at home. I’m outside right now and, if you don’t mind, I have stuff to do. I’m hanging up. See you.”

Afterwards, he ended the call without waiting for me to finish what I had to say.

I was stunned for a while as I watched them walk further away, pushing the stroller ahead of them and talking between themselves.

If Stacey had not stopped me, I would have run up to them and demanded to know why he lied to me.

It was sometime later when I finally calmed down. I took a deep breath and turned to Stacey. "So, what did you find? Lay it on me."

After everything that had happened, I was confident that I could accept whatever would come my way. I had lost my baby, my relationship with Ashton had hit the rocks, and the same had gone to Rebecca.

Things are actually going quite well!

She looked me straight in the eyes and pursed her lips. "I suggest you give Mr. Fuller a call first. There are about one hundred missed calls from him. He must be worried sick about you!"

I got annoyed. Ashton happened to be calling me again when I peeked at my phone. In cases like this one, a fight would most likely ensue if I take the call.

I chose to turn it off. Then I looked at Stacey and asked, "Is your place far away from here?"

She replied with a shrug, "It's around here. I originally planned to return to my hometown for the new year. How's this? Tomorrow, I shall take you to that place I've been talking about, and after you get that sorted out, I'll make my way home. I heard that the Stovall family in K City is planning to add you to their family register. If things work out, you'll have a lot on your plate."

I was not one who liked to get to the root of whatever we were dealing with. Since she had made all the arrangements, I would not want to interfere. Ashton's calls kept coming. I spoke to Stacey for the final time that night, "Alright. I'll head back first. See you tomorrow!"

She nodded as she got out her car key from her handbag. "That's that, then. I'll pick you up tomorrow!"

"Right!"

After we separated, I went straight to the Glenwood residential area. It had been a rough day. I did not have the energy to go all the way to the villa at Peakville Estate.

There was no one there waiting for me. The emptiness would be unbearable if I stayed there alone.

When I got back, I received another call from Ashton's phone. This time, I answered it. "What's up?" I said.

"Scarlett, where are you?" Is that Joe?

He startled me. I asked, "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

"Scarlett, can you come to Joy Luck Boutique? Ashton needs a pickup. He's had one pint too many. Jared and I can't do anything to stop him. Can you come over and take him home?"

It was rather noisy on Joe's side. From what I could hear, they must be at a bar.

I pressed my lips and, over the phone, turned down the man's request. "You can wait for him to blackout, then bring him back. I'm not at home right now. I can't go there!"

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"No, Scarlett, you don't get it. You don't know how much Ashton can drink. If he's not drunk, he can drink all the way until the sun rises. He's causing harm to himself, but nothing Jared and I say can deter him. If anything happens to him because of this, we can't bear the responsibility!"

Joe described Ashton's situation so vividly. I could feel the anxiety manifested in his tone.

I stood on the balcony, allowing the wind to blow softly against my face. Irritated, I spoke on the phone, "If he can't bother to take care of himself, then let him drink to death!"

"Scarlett..."

“Scarlett, are you a woman at all?” Apparently, Joe’s phone was snatched away by none other than Ashton. He spoke to me in a strong nasal voice, obviously drunk.

“What’s that got to do with anything? Ashton, you go drinking at this hour and now you’re throwing tantrums at me? How old do you think you are? Three?” The other side of the line might have been put on speaker because Joe seemed to fly off the handle once I finished my rant.

He called out Ashton in a drawl, obviously in a teasing tone.

But Ashton probably shot him back an eerie look, thus the other end of the phone went quiet again.

I was really not in the mood to be dragged into this sort of nonsense, so I said, as casually as I could, “Ashton if you’re doing fine, don’t call me! I’m hanging up!”

Before he could think of a comeback, I hung up right away and turned off the phone for good measure.

That night, I could not sleep well, as per usual. I kept having nightmares. I finally managed to get some sleep when dawn broke, and then Stacey called.

She could hear the exhaustion in my raspy voice. She asked, “Ms. Stovall, you didn’t sleep well, did you?”

I affirmed her query, and then said, “Give me the address. I’ll be there soon!”

A throbbing headache assailed me. I got up and sat on the side of the bed for several moments before regaining my senses.

After listening to the sound of my voice, Stacey paused and said, “Let’s do it this way! I’ll come to pick you up in a while, so you can catch a little bit more sleep. I’ll even bring you breakfast along the way!”

I wanted to reject her but she was faster. “Open the door for me later, okay? I’m hanging up. See you!”

And that was what she did.

Still in a daze, I checked my phone. Other than the bunch of missed calls from Ashton last night, there were no other messages or phone calls from anyone else.

When Stacey arrived, I was not in bed anymore but my head still hurt. It subsided after I swallowed some pills.

She brought breakfast and, upon seeing the dark circles under my eyes, said, "How about you take a rest for the day?"

I shook my head. "The Stovall family is throwing a banquet on Monday. John's arranged a fitting session for me but I kept ditching him. After we sort this out, I still have to get back to K City!"

She went quiet for a bit, her eyes darkened as she muttered a confusing choice of words, "I'm just afraid that... things won't go too well."

And then she turned to me. "Come on, eat up!"

I nodded, my head still pounding terribly.

After leaving Glenwood Apartments, I experienced discomfort straight away. It was like being hounded by a daunting aura, trapping me in an anxious state, on top of that pulsating headache. My mood was at an all-time low.

I realized she was driving towards the suburbs. That raised some questions. "Why are we going to the suburbs?"

She pressed her lips before replying, "I'm taking you to someone you'd want to meet!"

Someone I'd want to meet?

I ran a lap in my head but nothing came up. I could not think of anyone I would want to meet who stayed in the suburbs.

Turning to her, I prompted, "Who, exactly?"

She did not answer. It was another half-hour drive before we came to a stop in the parking lot of a cemetery.

I had been to this cemetery many times in the past. Grandma and George were buried here, so I was quite familiar with this place.

She got down from the car, bought a bouquet of chrysanthemums from the entrance, and handed it to me. "Take this!"

Then, she dragged me into the cemetery.

My mind was still buzzing, not quite getting why she had brought me here, of all places. "Is it one of your friends, or someone in your family? After we pay our respects, where are we going next?"

She was walking in front of me. In a low voice, she said, "Probably Mr. Harrison, but they should be here today."

"What for?" She led me a little more ways into the cemetery before stopping in front of a tombstone in the back row.

I froze as my gaze fell on the tombstone. My thoughts came to an abrupt stop as an epiphany struck. The chrysanthemums in my hand fell to the ground.

I stared at the black-and-white photo and epitaph on the tombstone in disbelief.

I shot a glance at Stacey, suppressing the pain and shock growing in my heart, my voice trembling as I exclaimed, "Is this a prank?"

She pursed her lips and, when she spoke, her words bring no mercy, "Do you think this is a prank?"

I looked at the tombstone again and examined the black-and-white photo. Here laid the one person I was most familiar with, the closest friend I had ever had!

I could clearly see that she was buried on September 28. It was around the time of my accident. How could she...

I shook my head, still unwilling to accept the matter of her death. Angrily, I confronted Stacey. "I don't understand why you have to do this to me. But I'm quite certain I haven't done you wrong in any way. Don't you think this is too much, even for you?"

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She raised an eyebrow and said calmly, "I only found out recently that Macy died during childbirth. She was brought to K City on the day of your incident. She was drugged and placed in Nick's house to draw you out of the villa so as to kidnap you. After she found out that she caused your miscarriage, Macy became overwhelmed and had a premature birth at only seven months that ended in her death."

I collapsed on the floor in front of the photo on the headstone. My eyes hurt and I felt like a dagger had pierced through my chest.

Jackson had been avoiding me and stayed in Jadeborough all this time because he didn't want to see me. For so long, I assumed that Macy had gone to Moranta because she fell ill during childbirth.

Everything happened because she's gone. But why? Why didn't Jackson tell me?

Stacey walked over to me and supported my body. I shook my head but no tears fell.

I kept replaying the scene of the last time I said goodbye to Macy in my head.

It was funny. I never expected the time Marcus brought me out for a walk would be the last time I saw her and Jackson.

I thought that once I recovered, I would be able to happily rejoin them and everything would be just like how it used to be.

I never could have imagined that that was the last time.

"Scarlett!" shouted a doubtful male voice from behind me.

I turned but my eyes hurt so badly that I couldn't open them. Through the blinding sunlight, I managed to make out the figures of two people.

Nick and Jackson!

They didn't bring the child!

When was the last time I saw them? It hadn't been very long, but it felt like a lifetime had passed.

"Why didn't you tell me?" The voice that escaped me was raspy and pained. I struggled to breathe.

Jackson walked towards me and helped me up from the ground. He tried to clear his hoarse throat as he said, "She hoped you would focus on recovering and told us to only tell you after your condition improved!"

I smiled and gazed at the black-and-white photo on the headstone. I couldn't even squeeze one tear out. Yet, my heart was bleeding. I knew that she was just afraid that I wouldn't be able to take the blow of her passing so soon after losing my child.

"Did she say anything at the end?"

"She said that she wanted you to raise her child. You can choose the name. You don't have to be worried about being lonely with the child by your side."

Jackson spoke calmly, as though he had rehearsed this speech a hundred times.

My body was freezing, but my forehead was sweating profusely.

I fought the pain in my chest as I smiled and replied, "Okay!"

The moment I spoke, I tasted an acrid sweetness for a second.

I coughed and blood spewed from my lips.

An agonizing pain in my chest followed. The pain was so intense that even my bones felt like they were being rattled.

"Scarlett!"

"Ms. Stovall!"

Jackson held me in his arms. His eyes flashed red as he bellowed at Stacey, "Don't you know she's depressed? Did you bring her here to push her over the brink?"

Stacey was stunned and she shook her head dazedly. "I didn't know. I thought that you guys had some reasons for not telling her, so..."

"Send her to the hospital!" Nick, who had been silent till that point, roared. His face was as white as a sheet.

There was a buzzing noise in my head and the pain in my chest was so excruciating that I couldn't breathe.

I was loaded into the car in a blurry daze by Jackson. Shortly after, we arrived at the hospital.

I initially assumed that I would be able to remain conscious until we arrived at the hospital. Alas, I fainted before we arrived.

It was as though I had fallen into a deep slumber that lasted a lifetime.

When my eyes slowly blinked open, the first thing I registered was white ceilings. It took a while for me to realize that I was in the hospital.

"She's awake! Letty is awake..." Jackson cried out. Stacey and Nick's voices soon joined his.

I looked dumbly at them while my brain processed the situation. "You're all here?"

Stacey's eyes were red as she looked at me and said, "You vomited blood and have been unconscious for a whole day."

I was stupefied. My head still throbbed terribly. I fought through the discomfort and said, "How did she die?"

Jackson pursed his lips and his Adam's apple bobbed as he answered, "Letty, let's not talk about the past, okay?"

I stared at the ceiling. Every inch of my body cried out in pain. "I know what you're worried about. But I don't even know how she died, Jackson. How will I be able to continue living my life peacefully?" I said calmly.

He hung his head and cradled it between his hands. His slender fingers were pressed into his hair as he said raspily, "During the day of your incident, she was tricked and ended up

fainting at Nick's door. Later, someone told her that you had been kidnaped by Cameron after coming out of the Fullers' residence.

She found out about how you almost lost your life too and knew that it was her fault. At that moment, she became overwhelmed and blood started pouring out of her when she went to look for you. She knew that she wasn't going to make it and entrusted her child to me. She instructed me to have you raise the child."

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He choked out, "She was afraid that you wouldn't be able to handle the blow of her passing so soon after the loss of your child. Hence, she asked me to raise the child for half a year first before telling you."

In the short span of a year, I had experienced the woes of grief. I kept my gaze locked on the ceiling. My eyes hurt and my vision was slightly blurry. However, no words fell from my lips.

After a period of silence, I finally found my voice and asked, "Who told her about me?"

She had been pregnant. In the month after my incident, I stayed with Marcus. During that time, I had attempted to take my life through various methods.

Marcus was busy taking care of me and did not have time for anyone else. Given his character, if I hadn't insisted on seeing Macy, he would not have sought her out on his own, much less provoke her intentionally.

Such an evil deed...

"It was Jared's assistant Kristina!" He blurted, his tone cold.

Kristina!

I frowned and thought about the well-dressed young lady. The same young lady that had been humiliated by Rebecca at Imperial Hotel.

"Her?"

Jackson nodded. "She went to see Macy. I'm not clear on what exactly transpired between them, but Macy's mood soured after their conversation. Just as Macy was about to leave, she said to never tell Jared about the child."

Never tell Jackson about the child?

I stopped speaking. In life, one needed to be at least a little fierce. If you show how weak you are from the beginning, everyone will zero in on you as prey who could be easily taken advantage of.

Jackson watched as I went back to staring at the ceiling with a blank expression. He called out softly to me, "Letty, you..."

"I'm fine!"

I pushed down all the surging emotions within me and said to Stacey, "You might need to help me with this."

Stacey was momentarily stupefied before she nodded. "Sure!"

I nodded back at her. "Thank you!"

"You don't need to thank me. It's the least I can do!" She sounded rather stern.

I knew she was just thanking me for helping her with Felix. However, I was still grateful to her.

I looked at Jackson and tried to move my body. Unfortunately, my body still hurt terribly. "Jackson, when will I be able to leave the hospital?" I asked.

"The doctor suggested that you stay and recuperate for a few days!" He saw how I was trying to get up and helped me before he continued. "It's almost spring. Letty, promise me you'll take it easy. Let's have a nice spring together, okay?"

I nodded and plastered a smile on my face. "Okay. But, I want to go back to K City for a while. I still have some work to do there. Once I'm done, I'll come back to Jadeborough and we'll spend a happy spring together with the child."

He frowned slightly. "Can't it wait till a later date?"

I shook my head. "I might need to go back tonight. Louis Stovall is now my godfather. I have to go because I'll be written into the family register tomorrow night."

"Louis Stovall?"

I nodded. "Yes!"

He furrowed his brow. "Is it because of John?"

"Yes!"

He pursed his lips and remained silent.

Sometime later, he looked at me and said, "Fine. I'll wait for you to come back to Jadeborough to spend spring with us."

"Okay!" After a moment, I asked him, "The child... Does she have a name yet?"

He shook his head. "We were waiting for you to name her. Macy's instructions were for the child to take your surname. This way, you'll really be a family!"

My chest contracted painfully, and a vein throbbed in my temple. It was painful to speak. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl!"

"Her name shall be Summer."

Jackson was slightly stunned. "Summer Stovall. What a beautiful name."

I nodded as tears welled in my eyes. "I hope she'll receive all the warmth and joy that I wasn't able to share with Macy!"

He nodded and pondered for a moment. "I love the name."

"It's a great name. It's full of old-fashioned charm, yet it's not outdated." Nick voiced his agreement.

I nodded. Perhaps it was due to the excessive talking, or because my body was weak, to begin with, but I was utterly drained.

Stacey noticed how exhausted I was and said, "You should rest in the hospital today. The banquet is tomorrow night, right? You should rest up and save your strength."

I sighed heavily. The day passed slowly as I remained within the confines of the bed.

By the time I traveled from Jadeborough to K City, it was the afternoon of the next day. John picked me up at the airport. When he saw the dark circles around my eyes, he sneered, "I can't believe one trip to Jadeborough reduced you to this. Did you see a ghost or something?"

I climbed into the car and muttered, "I was short on time and didn't manage to rest properly."

"We're headed for gown fitting. You can take a rest at my place later. I'll go get you at night," said John as he started up the engine.

I looked at him and a smile tugged at my lips.

He cocked an eyebrow when he saw my smile. "Why are you staring at me so creepily?"

I turned my gaze away from him and murmured, "Has anyone told you that you're looking more and more like an older brother?"