

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 411

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

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

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

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

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

Summer held on tight and refused to go.

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

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

Jackson pursed his lips and held his tongue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hence, I drove down alone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As I brushed past him, my wrist was seized upon. It caught me off guard, albeit momentarily. I twisted out of his grasp and regarded him without emotion. "It's fine even if

you won't sign on the papers. Once we're separated for three years, our marriage will be dissolved automatically."

"Is there no way back?"

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

"Do you hate me?"

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

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

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

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

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

I opened the door and entered.

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

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

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

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

I nodded and left it at that.

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

Cameron and Zachary exchanged awkward looks with each other.

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

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

I nodded to that but merely grunted under my breath.

She was stunned and did not know how to respond.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He nodded.

In the living room.

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

"What for?" I asked with a frown.

He looked at me and did not answer.

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

I pursed my lips and remained silent.

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

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

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It was the start of Spring.

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

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

At the airport.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I shook my head and merely smiled.

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

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

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

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

"Bye, you guys!" I smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I shook my head and softened my voice as Summer was sleeping soundly. "I'm here to settle some business."

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

I nodded. "Yup!"

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

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

“Nope!”

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

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

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

“It’s fine. I’ll bring her up!” John got in before me.

The lady was astounded. “Mr. Stovall!”

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

I frowned, but did not voice my disapproval.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I looked at him. “It’s been delivered. Now go!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Before the call went out, the door opened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Four years later.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"Do you want a Dad?" I asked her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I blinked owlishly. The offer did sound tempting. "How much is the pay?"

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

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

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

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

"I promise!" He nodded.

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

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

"No problem!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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