

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 496 - 500

Ashton had designed this study to be extra-large. Not only that, but he also paid special attention to the selection of books and materials in it.

He was worried about leaving Summer alone downstairs, so he carried her up to the study as well.

A children's study with a starry night sky was even designed especially for Summer. It was dreamy and exquisite, truly a work of art.

Summer hadn't learned many words, so her choice of books was mainly comic or picture books.

I didn't want to put too much academic stress on a five-year-old. So instead of making her study more, I let her spend time pursuing her interests.

Initially, I had intended to let her pick up piano when she was three but was told that it might not be good for her joints as she was too young. As such, I let her attend dance and drawing lessons instead.

That entire time, we had a very relaxing and leisurely time in the study. However, even though Ashton had taken the day off, he still had work to tend to.

I had been reading for a while when I looked up, only to see him still busy with work.

Meanwhile, Ashton was typing away furiously at the keyboard with an unwavering focus. He looked especially charming when he was deep in concentration. It was as if he had been placed under a spotlight that accentuated his handsome face.

He paused to pick his cup up for a sip, only to realize it was empty. With a slight furrow of his brows, he placed his cup back down and went back to work.

I closed my book and went to get his cup. Upon that, he glanced at me and smiled. "I can do it later!"

"I just want to walk about." I smiled back.

He smiled again and went back to work. After refilling his water, I decided to check in on Summer out of habit.

She was lying on the rug, engrossed in her comic book. Her chin was propped up in her hands as she swayed her little feet.

That kid was devouring her book page after page, pausing for a bit only to lick her lips that had gotten dry.

I couldn't help but let out a chuckle upon realizing how alike she and Ashton were. At the same time, I decided to get her a cup of water too.

"Summer, remember to drink your water."

"Yes, Mommy!" she replied, her gaze still on her book.

She was really concentrated on her reading.

I went back to Ashton and saw that he was still hard at work at his desk.

Picking up the book I was reading, I walked toward his desk with a serious expression. Then I sat down beside him and continued with it.

His voice was gentle as he asked, "Are you hungry?"

I shook my head, resting it against his shoulder, and continued to read.

"What would you like to eat?" He stopped what he was doing and put his arm behind me. I could lean into him even more now.

I thought about it very seriously, only to realize there wasn't anything I wanted to eat in particular. "I don't think there's anything specific I want."

"Then shall we cook at home?"

With a big smile on my face, I nodded and answered, "But you have to do the cooking."

I said that only because I knew he was so much better than I was when it came to cooking.

“Sure!”

I then turned my attention back to the book as he took a look at what I was reading. “When did you buy this? ‘The Bossy President?’”

Following that, I closed the book to present the full title, “The Bossy President Falls For Me.” I couldn’t help but look at him with a smirk. “Macy bought this and kept it at Glenwood Apartments. It looked like a fun read, so I took it.”

“So? Is it good?”

I gave it some thought before nodding. “It’s okay.” After a pause, I added, “It just makes me wonder why this president has so much time to travel around the world with the female lead.”

In all the years I had known Ashton, he was busy almost all the time. He had endless meetings, a mountain of contracts, and various places to be.

He picked up on the slight annoyance in my words and chuckled. “How about I start traveling the world with the two of you?”

“No way. If you don’t work, we won’t have a breadwinner. Then I’d have to start working.”

I had my savings to fall back on during my four years in R Province, but there’d always come a day when we might deplete all the money. It wouldn’t be as easy to support an entire family if we were to work a nine-to-five job.

“The savings from Fuller Corporation will be enough to feed you for a lifetime. Why don’t you worry about how to spend all this money instead?” he teased.

Wow! Such arrogance.

After that, we spent the day in peace and comfort. I was starting to enjoy more of these simple, quiet afternoons with my family.

The time we had over the weekend seemed to pass more quickly when we found it enjoyable.

Ashton couldn't afford to get too many rest days either. Even taking one day off work was a luxury for him.

With Summer attending her various classes, I was the only one left at home.

Just then, Emery called, asking me to go shopping with her. Late fall in K City was considerably colder, so I didn't feel like going out.

However, being home alone stirred up feelings of loneliness and depression, so I gave in and decided to meet Emery at the mall.

I didn't drive but took a cab to the mall instead. By the time I got there, Emery had already arrived. She had two bags of pastries in her hand, which I guessed she had only just purchased.

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When she saw me, Emery chuckled and gave me one of the bags of pastries. "You're always dressed so frumpily. We're out to shop and have fun, all the more we should dress up and look pretty. With your looks, everyone's jaws would drop when they see you."

I smiled faintly. "I don't want to attract any unnecessary attention." It was true. Nancy had gotten unwanted attention a few times because of that. I would definitely stand out more if I cleaned myself up, but that was the last thing I needed.

Emery nodded in agreement and didn't probe further.

The mall was bustling with activity. However, I had gotten used to being alone, that the crowd and noise stressed me out, so I didn't like it at all.

Emery, on the other hand, was an extrovert. She made sure to browse each jewelry store we came to. Whenever she bought something she liked, she'd be like a kid in a candy store.

Like Macy, she'd get so incredibly excited whenever she got to eat delicious foods or buy her favorite things.

People said that only those with similar personalities could become friends. But Macy and I had known each other since childhood, so we still bonded despite our different personalities.

What I did find weird, though, was how Emery and I became friends.

When she saw that I was in a daze, Emery elbowed me and asked, "Is it so hard for you to pick a necklace? What are you thinking about?"

I looked at the two necklaces in her hand and remarked, "Both of them look good. Just get both."

"Damn, Scarlett. This is the first time you're behaving like a rich woman. I've always thought you were so timid and precious. Ashton got you the clothes and accessories you have on you now, didn't he?"

I nodded. "Ashton gets Joseph to buy me new clothes every season. I rarely shop, and I don't understand much about fashion. So, I wear whatever I have at home."

Hearing that, she gave me a thumbs-up as she curled her lips. "Spoken like a rich woman. Ashton has really spoiled you. But as a woman who doesn't like shopping or eating, what do you do in your free time?"

"I read at home!" I exclaimed. And that was the truth. When I stayed with Macy, I spent weekends going out to eat with her. This all changed when she left because I had no other friends to hang out with during the weekends.

She slapped her forehead and sighed. "I knew it. The only reason someone like Ashton fell for you was because of your looks."

Then she returned to look at the necklaces in her hand, seemingly deep in thought. "Oh, forget it. I'll get both. They add up to forty thousand but so be it. I'm the one wearing them anyway."

Hearing the price of the necklaces threw me off. Once I returned to my senses, I asked, "Wait... How much are these?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Forty thousand."

“Even if they’re made of gold, do they have to be that expensive?” I was dumbfounded. Even if the property prices in K City ballooned to ten thousand per square foot, that still wouldn’t have seemed as expensive. But a mere necklace for forty thousand? That was outrageous.

Emery hesitated as she glanced at the bracelet on my wrist. “You were the one who suggested buying both necklaces, but now you think they’re too expensive? This necklace was handcrafted by a famous designer in Ustrana and even has a diamond in the pendant. So it’s definitely worth the price!”

Regardless of the design and the material used, a necklace with a price tag in the tens of thousands still seemed too much of an extravagance.

I couldn’t help but sigh. “For the same price, you could get a two-bedroom in the smaller cities. How extravagant.”

Ignoring me, Emery paid for her necklaces and looked at me with annoyance. “What’s wrong with you, Scarlett? The bracelet you’re wearing is worth a few hundred million. So, why don’t you say that for the same price, you could get a villa in K City?”

I was taken aback by that and slowly shifted my gaze to my bracelet. This bracelet was given to me by Louis four years ago when he added me to the Stovall family register. I hardly wear it and had almost forgotten about it until I saw it a few days ago. To be honest, I wore it only because it looked pretty.

After all, I knew nothing about jewelry. I could only determine if I liked something or not based on how pretty it looked. Hence, I definitely wouldn’t be able to tell the good from the bad.

Now that Emery had told me about the bracelet, I felt even more pressure. “A bracelet worth a few hundred million? That can’t be possible!”

No matter how valuable it was, it was still just an inanimate object. If it really was worth a few hundred million, wouldn’t that make it an antique?

Emery rolled her eyes before pulling me away to give me a history lesson. “Your bracelet has quite a lot of history behind it. A hundred years ago after the civil wars had ended, one of the royal family members bought this bracelet and kept it with General Stovall for safekeeping. But General Stovall loved his wife so much that he gifted it to her instead. As time went by, this bracelet was supposed to be added to the museum collection. However, due to the

contributions the Stovall family had made toward nation-building, they were allowed to keep it. From then on, the bracelet had been passed down in the Stovall family from one generation to the next.”

After a pause, she continued, “This bracelet was originally meant for the next Stovall family’s daughter-in-law. But I suppose Louis felt generous and gave it to you instead.”

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Sometimes when a person says something, they do not have a specific intention. However, the person listening might read between the lines, and take it to have the meaning that they were hoping for. At that time, I did not know the whole story. Now that I do, I felt that I shouldn’t hold on to this bracelet.

I didn’t say much as I stroked the bracelet absent-mindedly. I just smiled faintly.

Emery’s phone rang. She answered it while I just stood and looked around the mall. The hustle and bustle made me feel suffocated.

It was kind of stifling.

Leaning against the railing and looking at the shops on every floor, I was reminded that R Province did not have shops like these. The vendors usually set up stalls along the alleys. You could just buy the items you wanted on the way home from there.

I was lost in my thoughts when Emery placed her phone to the side of my ear and teasingly said, “It’s for you.”

Taken by surprise, I took the phone by reflex and responded with an automatic “Hello?”

“It’s me!” a deep voice reverberated from the other end. The familiarity of the voice had me rooted firmly to my spot. “A-Ashton?”

A low chuckle could be heard. “Why is your phone switched off? Did you wear enough clothes to keep yourself warm? Ms. Moore said you are only wearing a thin coat. Do you feel cold?”

Despite being very busy, he still made it a point to call and check up on me. Only Ashton would be so meticulous when it came to caring for me.

My face reddened when I noticed Emery smirking at me. I hurriedly replied, "My phone battery died so it turned off completely. I'm absolutely fine. The mall has a heating system, so it's really warm in here."

"Good," he said, "I will come for you after work. I have transferred some funds over to you. No need to hold back. I am perfectly capable of letting you spend as much as you'd like."

I giggled, which attracted Emery's curious stare. Holding it in, I replied, "Okay, I'll hang up now. I'm perfectly fine!"

After I had hung up, I passed the phone back to Emery and said, "Thank you!"

She took her phone, shrugged her shoulders, and said with a grimace, "I feel like I've just been forced to listen to the both of you being all lovey-dovey."

I responded with a smile and didn't elaborate on it.

As we continued with our shopping, Emery suddenly said, "You know, Scarlett. Ashton really loves you."

I was stunned for a bit, not knowing where this came from all of a sudden. I gave her a side-eye glance and she continued.

"Three years ago, I saw him at the Imperial Hotel. It was 3 a.m., and he was awfully drunk. As he walked out of the hotel, I could see that he was holding a bottle of liquor in his hand," Emery recounted. "At that time, Nancy didn't really look like you. If one were to insist, you could only say that she had eyes that looked like yours. He looked at Nancy and called out your name again and again. He was crying like a child, begging you not to leave."

She paused as she said this, as if recalling what she had seen at that time.

I was quite shocked and at a loss for words.

She was silent for a while, then went on, "Well, he's the president of the Fuller Corporation after all, so I asked someone to send him home. The next day he came to me and asked if you were back. When he realized that he had mistaken someone else for you, he sunk into

deep despair," Emery paused for a bit and continued, "Nancy had her nose fixed to look just like you. After that, she frequently appeared around Ashton. Having a great body and features that were similar to yours, she had been cruising through life for the past three years. If only she had known her place, she would not have caused her own demise."

"Is there anything that you would like to eat later?" I interrupted. The past is in the past. Those who were constantly stuck in their own memories would only suffer. I did not wish to recall, nor did I wish to hear about others' memories.

Emery noticed my aversion to what she had said, so she didn't speak any further. We just continued with our shopping.

The mall was absolutely crowded. Therefore, when we ran into Joe and Rebecca, I didn't realize it at first.

Joe had an especially marked change. He had become more mature and composed. Perhaps it was due to this change that I failed to recognize him from the first glance.

In a tone that was quite neutral, Emery spoke first, "What a coincidence. The two of you are here to shop too?"

Joe's gaze landed on me, and he took his time to respond. After a while, he uttered a single "Yeah."

Rebecca was intimately holding onto his arm. Noticing this, I was fairly surprised.

Did this mean they were now together?

Since this was not really my concern anyway, I neither asked nor thought much about it.

"When did you come back?" Joe asked me.

I replied nonchalantly, "Some time ago."

We were acquaintances after all. It would have been too pretentious and inappropriate if I had acted as if I didn't know them at all.

"Let's have dinner later," Joe suggested. He hesitated a little and then said, "Ashton should be done with work soon. We should all meet up. I... I'll call Jared too."

I was caught off guard by Joe's invitation. My lips tightened into a line as I considered the situation. Because of Summer, Ashton had more or less become distant from Jared.

I fully understood Joe's intentions. He was hoping that the two friends could patch things up instead of letting a child interfere with their friendship.

"Sure!" I nodded, indicating my agreement as to his proposal.

Emery was looking at Rebecca. The two of them were not on good terms, so it was inevitable that some shots were fired.

"Wouldn't it be so much better if you knew when to give up and be contented?" Emery jeered, clearly taking a jab at Rebecca. "You just had to drag everyone else into the mud before finally knowing what's good for you."

Rebecca paled a little and glared at Emery. However, she did not scream and shout like she used to whenever she got angry. After a few years of not seeing her, it seemed that she had better control over her temper.

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Rebecca lowered her tone, but the coldness in her voice was unmistakable. "Your ability to stick your nose into others' business has gotten even better. You should really find yourself a new hobby."

Emery shrugged her shoulders. Not really angered, she retorted, "How I carry out my business is none of your business."

"If that's the case, just mind your own business and shut your mouth in the future," Rebecca retaliated with an icy glare.

The two of them were not fighting, but their rapid verbal exchange was not exactly comfortable for the people around them. In fact, it was quite childish.

I lightly tugged on Emery's sleeve, reminding her not to go overboard.

She pursed her lips. Without another word, she turned on her heels and marched into a jewelry shop away from the two of them. As a rule of thumb, nothing works better than retail therapy after an unpleasant encounter.

I gave the two familiar faces one last stare and took my leave as well.

When I passed by Rebecca, she grabbed my arm and stopped me in my tracks. "I will not give up, and I have no intention of giving up. Mark my words, Scarlett. If I cannot have him, you will not have him either."

I couldn't help but take back my earlier compliment, for I had overestimated her. Giving her a sideways glare, I raised an eyebrow and countered her in a challenging tone. "Ashton is not an item. He will not simply fall into your arms just because you want him to. He is a person. He has never, and will never love you. If you want to crush me, then bring it on. But if you plan to ruin him, I think you are digging your own grave. Considering everything you have now is given to you by him, including this man beside you; ruining him would only mean ruining yourself."

I did not fully understand the friendship between Ashton, Joe, and Jared, but I did know that it meant something to the three of them. If Rebecca were to try anything on Ashton, I suppose Joe and Jared would not turn a blind eye to it.

She scoffed coolly and let go of me. "We shall see."

In relationships, when you no longer care about someone anymore, that is when you can truly let them go. However, the feelings that Rebecca had for Ashton... It was weird.

At first, I thought it was love, but after a long period of time, I observed that it could be a form of dependence. Ashton took care of her for many years. She was used to being the only woman that he cared about. When this attention towards her had diminished, she could not take it.

Emery had already selected a few sets of clothing when I walked in. She raised a brow and asked, "Did she threaten you?"

I gave a light smile. Eyeing the new clothes that she put on, I inquired, "Didn't you say you wanted to buy some jewelry? Why are you shopping for clothes instead?"

She shrugged and scrutinized her reflection in the mirror. "I have noticed lately that my wardrobe is understocked. Besides, even though K City is cold, this should not prevent me from being my beautiful self."

I smiled at what she said. Throughout our whole lives, we girls have been relentlessly pursuing beauty. From being cute as a child to becoming sexy as an adult. As we approach middle age, we evolve once more to become intellectual and graceful. At each stage, women exude different forms of beauty.

After helping her select her clothes for a while, she noticed that I did not intend to get anything for myself. She lifted the corners of her mouth into a smirk and poked fun at me. "I guess Ashton's vast amount of wealth was accumulated by you being prudent?"

I paused for a bit and shook my head. "No, I just don't really like buying new clothes. Besides, I have enough of them at home."

My criteria for clothing was so long as they were sufficiently warm, I didn't really care about anything else.

Emery was speechless. "You are lucky Ashton protected you well. Otherwise, the media would have recognized you right away as Mrs. Fuller and criticized your abysmal taste in fashion."

She wasted no time in picking out a few outfits from the latest collection and ordered, "Go try these now."

"No, thank..." My feeble rejection barely got out of my mouth before I was forcefully interrupted by her. "You came out to shop, and you're not buying anything. Just what are you thinking?"

"But I really don't need it!" During my four years in R Province, I had already gotten used to wearing one outfit for many years. The joy derived from shopping was not exactly that gratifying for me.

Emery snorted in disapproval. "I suspect that you are not even a woman. A woman's wardrobe will always be lacking something. Stop dawdling, go get changed!"

Knowing very well I could not win against her, I entered the fitting room and tried on whatever she had picked out for me.

It was a knitted top and a pair of casual trousers. Maybe because I had lost weight, the trousers seemed kind of loose.

Noticing that I was taking a long time, Emery asked, "Are you done yet?"

I opened the door and tucked the top into the trousers. She inspected the ensemble, approved of it, and said, "There! This would be perfect with a camel toe coat. Your long hair can be tied up too."

With that, she reached out and put my hair into a topknot.

Emery was 170 cm in height, and she was wearing heels, which made her way taller than I was.

After she was done with my hair, she snapped her fingers to summon the sales assistant. "I'm buying those outfits that I selected earlier along with this one. Also, please throw away the clothes that she just changed out of. Thank you!"

I was startled and exclaimed with disbelief, "I can still wear them!"

She gave a nonchalant shrug, and said, "I know, they were all signature garments from high fashion brands a few years ago. However, they are all outdated by now, but you're still wearing them. Isn't it better to just wear the latest ones?"

I was speechless.

Those clothes were bought by Ashton four years ago and kept in the previous villa. After I came back from R Province, he had ordered Joseph to get me new clothes, but since this outfit was comfortable, I just wore it all the time and didn't really think of being fashionable.

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After hearing Emery's comments, I realized that I was indeed quite out of style.

Therefore, I complied with her wishes and bought many things. Right now we had a bit of a problem. I came over by taxi, and she had driven here by herself without a driver.

Looking at the assortment of big and small bags, we were at a loss as to what to do. She considered our situation for a while, whipped out her phone, and called Hunter.

Had I not heard her speaking so gently, I would not have believed that a tough woman like Emery could be as meek as a lamb when speaking to the one she loved.

"Hunter, I am at the mall in the city center. Please come over. There are too many bags and I can't carry all of them!"

I looked at the bags around us. Women are so dramatic sometimes. It's just clothes and jewelry. Sure, there's quite a lot, but it's actually manageable.

She hung up and noticed that I was looking at her weirdly. "Women need to show weakness at appropriate times," she pouted, "it's not that I can't carry the bags. It's only because I have him now. So sometimes I can't open water bottles, lift heavy things, or walk over rain puddles."

I chuckled at her confession. It seemed that in a relationship, women were the nurturers, while men were the providers.

Seeing that I was spaced out, she blinked a few times and made another call.

"Mr. Fuller, are you done with work?" The words she uttered successfully brought me back to attention.

I widened my eyes at her. How could she call Ashton?

She ignored my penetrative stare and continued, "The mall in the city center, come and help us carry our things."

She was the only one who dared to say something like this to him.

She hung up and looked at me with a raised brow. "Mr. Fuller said he will be here in ten more minutes."

I was quite amazed at her. After giving her a thumbs up, I found a place to sit down.

Relief enveloped me as I sat down after a long period of walking. Emery started massaging her feet as she plopped down next to me wearing her heels. "I'm not wearing these again next time. My feet are killing me!"

"You can just wear heels that are 5 cm or 7 cm. Wearing heels that are too high will hurt your feet no matter how good the shoes are," I said.

She tilted her head, propped her chin in one of her hands, and suddenly started laughing. "Scarlett, when did you start to consider me a friend?"

"Aren't we friends now?" I replied blankly.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "when I told you my feet hurt, you would just brush me off if we were true friends." She continued, "Instead, you just calmly gave me a suggestion. This shows that you think of me as an acquaintance and not a true friend."

I was a little dazed. I recalled Macy liked to wear heels. We weren't rich at that time, and the only pair of heels she had was very high. Hence, it was a pain to wear. Whenever she could no longer walk due to the pain, I would buy her a pair of slippers from a roadside booth. I would be making fun of her while forcing her to change into the slippers. She would change her shoes but complain that they did not suit her classy demeanor.

Thinking about it now made me feel as if these incidents happened ages ago, yet it also felt as if they just occurred not too long ago.

I stood up and said to her, "Just sit here and wait for me."

There were a variety of choices in the mall. Very soon I was back with a shoebox in my hand. I handed it to her and said with a faint smile, "I have taken note of your shoe size just now. Size thirty-seven should be just nice."

I could see that she was momentarily stunned. She took the box, opened it, and looked back at me with incredulity in her eyes. "You bought this for me?"

I nodded. "Although I do not know which design you prefer, I think it can still match your outfit. It isn't from a major brand, but it should still be wearable."

Her shoes cost an arm and a leg. Truthfully, I was a bit reluctant to spend that amount of money. Ever since I returned from R Province, I had not been working. I did not use the credit

card Ashton gave me at all. Instead, I was using my own savings. I intended to get a part-time job after becoming a postgraduate student. This way, my usual expenses would not become a problem.

Emery changed into her new shoes, and her amusement was apparent. "Did you know this, Scarlett? You are the first woman to buy me shoes," she said.

"My brother is a straight man, so he has poor taste. I always buy my own shoes and never allowed him to buy shoes for me. After that, I met Hunter, who is a hopeless straight male as well. For as long as I've lived, you're the only one who has ever bought me shoes."

I smiled lightly. The two elders of the Moore family were always overseas. Emery was the youngest daughter of the Moore family, so she did not know much about the Moore family's actual situation.

She only knew that she was siblings with Zachary. As for the rest, she did not really know anything.

"You should just wear this for now, as long as it doesn't cause pain while walking," I said. As I looked up, I immediately noticed Ashton among the crowd. With his towering figure dressed in all black and unrivaled handsome features, he demanded the attention of all the shoppers in the mall.

"This kind of masculine beauty is simply too conspicuous and would just lead to trouble." I heard Emery murmuring.

As Ashton came near, she said to him, "Mr. Fuller, I think you better be more low profile when you appear in public next time. There are already people snapping photos!"

Fortunately, the shoppers here seemed to be more of the rational kind. They did not swarm Ashton as if he were a celebrity.

Ashton gave a soft laugh, and his gaze landed on me. "Are you tired? What have you bought?" he asked gently.