

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 516 - 520

In the age when technology was developing at a rapid speed and information was easily accessible, everyone had the tendency to take the moral high ground, bashing the weak and criticizing their abusers.

As malicious gossips started spreading, as an upper management in Fuller Corporation, Kristina was naturally fired.

Come to think of it, it was quite a coincidence that Kristina's video got leaked at such a time. It helped to divert the reporters' attentions which were originally on me.

Just then, Emery arrived. As it was still snowing heavily, she was wearing a down jacket covered with snowflakes when she entered the villa.

As she removed her jacket and patted off the snow, she said, "Seems like roadblocks are going to be set up in K City soon."

I offered to take over her jacket and hung it on the hanger before pouring her a glass of hot water. "There are going to be roadblocks set up in K City?"

Emery sat on the sofa and as she warmed her hands on the glass, she replied, "That's for sure. It happens quite often. K City is known for its traffic jams. Given that it's snowing so heavily, the chances of traffic accidents occurring are even higher. Roadblocks are unavoidable if the weather conditions get worse."

I nodded and remembered that there were some fruits at home. Just when I was about to get up to take the fruits, she held me back and said, "Stop moving about. Let's just have a chat!"

Perhaps it was a subconscious reaction, I froze for a moment and replied, "What are we chatting about?"

"Ashton and the Moore family!" Emery replied instantly. She was indeed one of the most direct people I know.

“What happened four years ago was already in the past, but I won’t try to convince you to let it go. Given the pain you had to endure, I understand that it’s easier said than done. As such, you don’t have to force yourself to move on or forgive anyone either. I know that you’re the one who’s hurting the most.” She had just expressed what I was genuinely feeling in the most straightforward manner.

As I listened to her quietly, I clenched my fists unknowingly, perhaps either due to my anxiousness or me feeling upset. I just thought that Emery reminded me so much of Macy that I was a little distracted.

After a slight pause, she continued, “I know that you’re probably feeling quite unsettled right now and don’t know what you should do. But Scarlett, we have to be forward-looking after all and can’t keep staying in the past. I think you should just follow your heart. Try not to suppress the memories of the past as it would make it harder for you to recover.”

I nodded as I listened to her, even though I was already well-aware of everything she had just mentioned.

Then, Emery held my hand and said with a serious expression on her face, “My purpose for coming here today is not to preach anything to you. I treat you as my friend and just don’t wish to see you hurt. Scarlett, you don’t have to feel any resistance towards me, OK?”

I smiled faintly with a hint of bitterness as I replied, “Thanks for coming over and talking to me, Emery.”

She sighed helplessly and said, “Actually, I didn’t like Cameron initially too. She’s someone who conceals her ambitions very well and will not hesitate to resort to unscrupulous means to accomplish her goals, even if it means sacrificing everything else. On the surface, it might seem as if she desires nothing, but she’s the exact opposite of what she lets out.”

Even though I chose not to comment, I agreed with Emery wholeheartedly. Indeed, Cameron had very clear objectives for everything she did.

“And it’s exactly because of this quality of hers that for the past twenty-six years, she endured everything and went through struggles after struggles just to find you. I personally witnessed her going to extreme lengths, scaling mountains and visiting countless suburban villages to look for you. In the process, she was even cheated by people. You probably don’t know, but she donated generously to the poor in every village she went to. I guess that was her way of atoning for her sins,” Emery continued speaking.

I pursed my lips and said in a low voice, "During these four years, I did carefully thought about that past mistake."

Emery nodded and replied, "As such, due to a mother's longing for her daughter, when she met Rebecca, she overly indulged her with all the love she had for her daughter and was constantly worried that it might not be enough. From a mother's point of view, she was just doing her best to love her daughter, but to any outsider, that kind of love was excessive, extreme and scary. Scarlett, I'm not asking you to forgive her or let go. I just want to tell you that the current situation has already reached a stalemate. What's best for you is not to dwell in the past but to focus your attention on the future. You still have a whole life ahead of you."

I kept quiet. I know better than anyone that as a mother, everything Cameron did was for her daughter.

Since Rebecca was in love with Ashton, Cameron would do anything to clear the obstacles in her daughter's path, including me, who was a problem at that time.

Everything started to go wrong when Ashton switched the DNA reports of Rebecca and I, changing our fates. He not only destroyed my yearning for my mother's affection, but also caused the death of my child.

By right, I should hate him, but I just couldn't bring myself to feel that way. Love was quite an absurd thing sometimes. Because of love, one could even unconditionally forgive someone who threw them into the depths of despair.

Noticing my silence, Emery spoke, "Actually I really detest Cameron. She's definitely not a woman who can contribute to the Moore family's harmony and propriety. It's actually not a bad thing for a woman to be ambitious, but she had gone overboard. I'm just worried that her actions might bring disaster upon the Moore family. As such, I didn't have a good impression of her right from the start when she married into the family. I even tried various ways to chase her away. However, Scarlett, sometimes, things just don't go the way we want them to. Even though Ashton has hurt you in many ways due to his selfishness, he truly loves you. There's no point for you to continue bearing a grudge against him. You should try to look ahead instead."

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There's nothing I could say. It seemed like the situation had reached a stalemate and there were no clear boundaries between the causes and effects of everything that had happened.

Who was to determine what was right and what was wrong? That was the way life was.

After a moment of silence, I looked up at her and asked, "Have you eaten?"

Slightly taken aback by the sudden change of topic, Emery shrugged and answered, "Not yet!"

"Let's get something to eat then!" I said as I got up and headed to the kitchen. Life had to carry on no matter what.

We did not have a housekeeper and only had a part-time cleaner who was not around at the moment. While I cooked some noodles, Emery leaned against the door and spoke, "I heard that Ashton was admitted to the hospital. Are you intending to visit him?"

I was in the midst of chopping some vegetables and froze when I heard that. Immediately after, I asked, "Did he catch a cold from last night?"

"Yup," Emery answered briefly before walking over to help me. "He continued to stay in the snow after you left. We know that this was his way of punishing himself. He hoped to redeem himself by doing that. As such, we did not try to stop him. He truly loves you, but he had indeed hurt you along the process. There's nothing we can do since whatever happened has already happened."

I pursed my lips tightly and didn't respond. I suddenly felt a stinging sensation in my eyes as a layer of mist formed on them. I guess it was from the spicy peppers I was holding.

After blinking a few times, I tossed the spicy peppers into the noodles and asked placidly, "Can you take spice?"

Knowing that I was intentionally avoiding the topic, Emery did not pursue and simply replied, "Yup, I'm OK with it!"

She left after we finished the noodles. It was still snowing heavily outside and I sat in a daze in the living room. After a while, I decided to add some wood to the fireplace and build a fire. When it was ready, I got myself a blanket and a book and started reading in the living room.

Should I visit Ashton? It seemed like it was best that I did not.

He did that in order to atone for his wrongdoings so that he could feel better. If he saw me, he would be reminded of his guilt once again and I would also be reminded of the pain. It wouldn't do us any good.

Even though the damage had been done, it was not easy to say for certain who was to blame for it. Perhaps, God had decided to play a joke on us.

I was surprised to receive a call from Camelia in the afternoon. However, I had also kind of expected it.

"Can we meet for a chat?" The frostiness in her voice was a stark difference from the charm she exuded when we first met.

What a joke!

"I don't think there's a need for us to meet," I replied indifferently, but not to the extent of being cold.

There was a moment of silence on the other side of the phone before she said, "Of course, there is a need. There are some things we have to face ultimately, don't you agree?"

I pursed my lips at her words. Camelia was definitely a match for Marcus in terms of their stubbornness. No wonder they said that people who were similar were more likely to be attracted to each other.

"Sure then!" I agreed and we decided on the meeting venue.

Looking at the weather outside, I got a little lazy to go out. It was the perfect weather to snuggle by the fireplace with my book.

I went upstairs to look for suitable clothes to wear and was glad that Ashton had previously bought me some warm and fashionable winter wear.

After getting dressed, I took an umbrella and started walking to our meeting place. As the venue was just nearby, I chose not to drive.

A thick layer of snow was piled up on the road. However, I saw someone sweeping the snow away from the pathway just slightly ahead, making it easier to walk.

When I passed by another villa, I could hear joyous laughter coming from that direction. It came from a couple trying to build a snowman.

The woman had created a huge pile of snow using a shovel while the man tried to shape the snow into a snowball. He had created a flat surface and seemed like they were ready to make the snowman.

What was important was not the process of building a snowman, but that the two of them seemed to be so happy and having so much fun together. After retracting my gaze, I smiled to myself.

Being able to spend every day with the one we loved, having kids together and growing old together. Isn't that how life is supposed to be?

As I drift away further into my thoughts, unknowingly, I had already reached the café. Since Camelia was there yet, I sat down at a window seat and ordered a cup of coffee while waiting.

I had never been a fan of coffee as I found it too bitter and hard to swallow. As such, I asked for more sugar to go with it.

Camelia was chauffeured to the café by her driver. Her winter wear was a little thick and bulky, but it was still apparent that her stomach had grown bigger since the last time we met.

Supporting her waist with one hand, she sat down next to me and ordered a glass of hot milk. Then, she pulled her collar down a little as it was warmer inside the café as compared to outdoors.

While she was rubbing her hands together, which seemed to be frozen from the cold, the milk she ordered was served. Then, she put her hands to the glass to warm them that way instead.

I looked at her quietly and did not speak. It seemed like I was waiting for her to finish warming her hands.

After a while, she finally looked at me and at the same time, sized up the surroundings.

With an air of confidence, she spoke casually, "I can tell that Ashton had protected you well."

I downcast my eyes in response. The media's enthusiasm on me had not completely died down yet and Ashton had arranged for some bodyguards to stay close to me. However, they had tried to be discreet in their movements.

It was quite a feat for Camelia to be able to make that observation.

"I already know about that sum of money," She started speaking and fixed her gaze on me. "When I met him four years ago, it was at Corbett Street. I loved to eat the spicy pasta at one of the eateries along that street so I go there pretty often. It was raining heavily that day and he was staring blankly into space in the middle of the street. He didn't even realize it had already started to rain. Perhaps he was so good-looking that I subconsciously walked towards him and sheltered him with my umbrella."

That "him" whom she was talking about was Marcus.

I didn't interrupt and listened quietly.

"Women from M Country were not brought up the same way as women from Chanaea, like yourself. Since young, we were taught that men were supposed to be gentlemanly and there were certain things that men were supposed to do. Even though sheltering him with an umbrella wasn't really a big deal, but because he's so charming, I was really attracted to him. As such, I wasn't able to pull away. After sleeping with him, I became addicted to his charm and shamelessly stuck to him from then on."

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I looked up at Camelia and nodded. I didn't think much of her story up till that point.

Then, she carried on, "He wanted to build a career in M Country and I happened to have the resources he needed. Given the circumstances, we got engaged in M Country. When he met you, it was right after our engagement ceremony. I was not able to understand why he grew distant after that. My pregnancy was just an accident. I only knew afterwards that you and him were not on the same page."

She touched her stomach and stared outside the window for a moment. It was still snowing heavily. "I checked. Even though I didn't see anything, but Scarlett, I don't think you're being very fair to him. He's truly good to you. Come to think of it, God isn't very fair to him either. Both him and your husband were born with silver spoons, but in the area of relationships, your husband had way better luck. Marcus' parents did not have a good marriage and passed away one after another. He also gave you his heart but was unable to get your affection. Scarlett, I think you owe him," she continued.

I looked at the woman. I still found her as adorable as before. She was not the same as Rebecca in the sense that after knowing what happened between Marcus and me, she didn't insult or humiliate me, but rather tried her best to understand the man.

It was because she loved him. As such, she was able to put herself in his shoes and felt for him.

"Camelia, I can't control who I love. You're right, I do owe Marcus and I'm trying to make it up to him using my own ways. There's someone else I love. You should know better than me that I won't be able to force myself to love Marcus just because I feel bad towards him. Of course, I'm sure that isn't what you want either, right?"

Camelia appeared to be momentarily stunned before nodding her head and said, "Yup. That's why I asked to meet you. I love him, but you're the one who has his heart. I'm not here to blame you. After all, I couldn't manage to win him over even after so many years. Perhaps, I'm just not good enough. The reason I'm here is also because I wanted to thank you."

I paused for a moment and asked, "Thank me?"

She pursed her lips and answered, "Thank you for not loving him."

I did not expect that reply and was at a loss for words.

"Can we still be friends?" she asked while focusing her gaze on me.

"Since when are we not friends?" I threw the question back at her.

Camelia laughed upon hearing that and replied, "Thank you, Scarlett."

Initially, I had expected her to find trouble with me. Well, this was rather... unexpected.

After a while, I spoke, "I know that Benjamin and Sharon's death was a huge blow to Marcus. My existence in his life was probably a surprise to him. I know I owe him too much but I'm really unable to return his feelings. As such, I chose to avoid the situation."

When Camelia replied, she had an unfathomable gaze in her eyes. "His heart is like a bottomless abyss. I tried to pull him back up, but I failed. Four years ago, we went back to Chanaea together and stayed at J City for half a year. Initially, I didn't know his reason for going to J City but I started seeing him getting drunk frequently at night. It seemed like he stopped taking care of himself or anyone else. After he heard Sally's announcement of her intention to retrench some employees, someone approached Marcus, requesting his assistance. When he returned and chased Sally away, he also got to know about what happened to his parents. I thought that he would make Sally suffer for that but he didn't. Instead, he chose to focus all his energy on fighting against Fuller Corporation. I couldn't understand why he did that at that time, but I finally knew that you were the one he was fighting for."

She paused and smiled at me before continuing, "Please don't take what I said to heart. I know I probably shouldn't have told you all these, but other than you, I don't have any friends in M Country. Actually, there were times when I really wanted to tell you that Marcus really needs you. You're like the savior of his soul. There were even times when it crossed my mind that if you were the one by his side, he wouldn't be suffering that much, but I..."

I kept quiet as there was nothing I could say.

As if she was carrying on a monologue, Camelia continued, "Four years ago, that one month with you was enough for him to miss you for the rest of his life. It was difficult for me to understand at that time. That night, when you appeared at White Corporation, I saw a USB drive in his study. You might not be aware, but the USB drive contained everything that happened after you broke down from giving birth. He really loved you so much."

Joseph appeared abruptly next to us, giving me a shock. He draped a coat over me and said, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller said that you shouldn't stay outside for too long. It's not good for your body."

Obviously, the bodyguards had informed Ashton who I was meeting.

I nodded and said to Camelia, "I guess we'll have to meet again another day."

She pursed her lips and fixed her gaze on Joseph. Perplexed, she asked, "Does Ashton love you by restricting your freedom?"

I smiled faintly but did not reply.

I left the café with Joseph and kept silent in the car.

Joseph looked at me a few times. It seemed as if he had something to say but stopped himself. In the end, he still spoke, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller is still in the hospital."

What he meant was that I should pay that man a visit. I pursed my lips while holding onto the USB drive which Camelia had given me earlier on.

"Let's go back. It's cold outside." I was not ready and had not thought of how to face the past head-on yet.

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Joseph paused for a while but said nothing. He then sent me back to the villa.

Summer was already home by the time I arrived. She gently pulled my hand as she asked, "Mommy, where did you go?"

I hugged her in my arms. "I went to see a friend," I simply answered.

Recently, I started feeling sluggish again. I was at a loss, unsure about what to do next. My mind was a complete mess.

After I settled Summer down, I headed to the study. After all, I finally watched those videos.

They were taken four years ago when Marcus took me in. My memories of those days were rather vague.

Deep down, I knew Marcus cared about me very much. However, I chose not to remember those details.

I clicked on one of the videos, which was taken in the villa in K City. As soon as it was played, the familiar faces came into sight.

I refused to watch the video after my child was taken away from me. I couldn't bring myself to face reality.

The video recorded every bit of memories I had with Marcus. He always took care of me and tolerated me with infinite patience.

That was the worst time of my life. I was in agony and constantly broke down in tears. One night, I woke up at midnight and looked around for a knife to take my own life. Marcus was injured when he tried to snatch the knife away from me. I didn't have a clear picture in my mind, but I knew there was a deep scar on his belly.

After that incident, I couldn't find any sharp objects in the villa.

It was a long video to watch. I couldn't bring myself to finish it as I was feeling increasingly guilty by the second. So, I turned it off.

Why must everything be made clear? Ignorance is bliss, isn't it?

Grandma used to say that only ignorant women were able to live their lives happily because they wouldn't hold on to those unpleasant things.

They knew how to let go when they had to. All they cared about was to live in the present.

In the evening, I received a call from Cameron.

"Scarlett, I... I am Mom," she stammered as she wept. I could hear the hidden bitterness in her voice.

What kind of feeling is this?

I didn't put much thought into that. My heart ached slightly. It was neither hatred nor rage that I was feeling. I was merely nonplussed.

I lost my child because of her. I had no idea how to face her.

After a long while, I asked her, "What is it?"

I spoke in an indifferent tone, fighting hard to contain myself.

Cameron heaved a sigh. "If you refuse to see me, I won't force you. But my dear, you have a long way to go. Don't do something that you'll regret. I know I'm in no position to put the blame on Ashton."

I fell silent not because I was speechless, but because I saw him walking into the study.

It had just been half a day since I last saw him. He looked pale and sick as if he was about to collapse anytime.

Joseph mentioned that Ashton fell sick after he knelt at the Moore Residence throughout the night.

"I'm hanging up now." I ended the call and put away my phone as I fixed my gaze on the man walking toward me.

When our eyes met, he looked at me with affection. "Joseph told me that you skipped your meals. You should take good care of yourself, Scarlett." A hint of sadness glinted in his eyes as he spoke.

"I'm not hungry," I simply replied. I didn't ask him about his condition, nor did I ask why he wasn't in the hospital.

He approached me and held my hands. "Please eat something with me later. You're too skinny."

He took me downstairs. His footsteps were rather unsteady. It seemed that he hadn't recovered from his fever.

I followed after him. Staring at his back, my heart ached unwittingly.

"Your admission to the hospital is all over the news and now Fuller Corporation is under attack. How are you going to handle this?" The company was in deep water right now.

He turned around and looked me in the eyes. "Are you happy to stay by my side?"

Stunned by his question, I kept silent for a while before I replied, "I've never thought of leaving you."

I wasn't really happy about that, but at least I felt safe when I was with him.

“Great,” he replied with a faint smile on his face. His response was too complicated to decipher.

Sitting at the dining table, he filled my plate with food but I didn’t really have the appetite. However, it would worry him if I didn’t eat something, so I ate up everything to ease his mind.

After the meal, I went back to the bedroom. My stomach felt unpleasant but it was still bearable for me.

Ashton was in the study. After I felt slightly better, I suddenly recalled that I hadn’t ejected my USB drive.

I didn’t intend to hide it from him, but I knew he would be upset when he uncovered the past.

I left the bedroom and headed to the study. The door was ajar.

I pushed the door and entered the room. Ashton was sitting in front of the laptop. He was rather surprised by my entrance. He stared at me in subtle anger.

The way he looked at me was different from that of his usual self.

My heart sank instantly. He must have watched the video.

Standing by the door, I was at a loss. It took me a few seconds before I found my voice. “It’s getting late. Are you going to sleep now?”

The anger in his eyes subsided. He pursed his lips and smiled at me. “In a while,” he answered.

I nodded and tried to be collected. I walked over and took a look at the screen. My body stiffened as I saw what was shown on the screen.

It was the villa in K City. He watched it after all.

My lips parted as I wanted to say something. However, nothing came out of my mouth.

“You hated me back then, didn’t you?” he asked calmly.

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I pursed my lips as I ejected the USB drive. I drew a long breath to calm myself down before I sat beside him. "I thought I hated you too. But as time goes by, I realized I was terrified and I blamed myself for losing my child. It's all my fault."

Ashton held my hands and gazed at me as he tucked my hair behind my ears. "It's not your fault," he said softly.

I lowered my gaze, trying to pull myself together. Then, I looked up at Ashton and smiled at him. "What were you thinking? It was snowing very heavily last night."

He burst into laughter upon hearing that. "I thought you would feel sorry for me," he replied.

"You'll still feel bad for it anyway." The past left our hearts scarred for life.

One wrong choice led to another.

I recalled what Emery once told me. "Ashton was the one in agony. He thought he was protecting you when he switched the DNA report. But turned out, he became the one who made your life a living hell. He failed you and he killed a living child. He'll be haunted by the guilt every night for the rest of his life."

Ashton hugged me in his embrace and took a deep breath. "Scarlett, I know my apologies and compensation won't change anything now. Just stay by my side. If it's too painful for you, I'll let you go."

I sigh softly, then I wrapped my arms around his waist and laid my head on his chest. "Emery once said that we have to move on to keep our lives going. We can reminisce about the past occasionally, but we shouldn't hold on to them stubbornly. We won't be able to move on if we keep looking back."

He hugged me in silence.

The relationship between two people started off by attracting each other, then they slowly became dependent on each other.

The past is painful indeed, but I still have a long life to live. I believe that time is the best cure for all wounds.

After heading back to the bedroom, he took a shower in the bathroom. My stomach still ached. I swallowed it up and walked to the balcony.

Ashton stepped out of the bathroom with only a white towel wrapped around his waist. He had a good built with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. Any woman would've fallen for him.

I couldn't help but burst into a soft chuckle.

He looked at me with doubt. "What are you laughing at?"

I walked toward him and stared at his chest. "Have someone told you how attractive you are?" I teased him.

His face lit up with glee. "I don't mind you telling me more about that."

I flashed him a faint smile. "I'll take a shower first."

Ashton nodded with smiling eyes.

Staring at my reflection in the mirror, I kept thinking of Ashton while gargling.

I was depressed to find myself ageing fast. According to Emery, women at my age should be energetic and smile often.

She's right. I look so plain and lifeless.

Suddenly, my stomach churned violently and it was soon followed by a wave of vomit. I vomited out most of the food I had just now.

Ashton heard something and quickly knocked on the door. "Scarlett!"

I continued to vomit until my stomach was completely emptied. "I'm fine. Perhaps I ate too much just now," I answered him after gargling.

As soon as I stepped out of the bathroom, he pulled me into his embrace. "I'm sorry!" he said that with suppressed emotions.

I pressed my lips together as I knew he felt bad for me.

The doctor said that there was no cure for depression. I could only try my best to control my emotions. However, even I couldn't tell whether it was a disease or merely my personality.

Lying in his arms, I was rather calm as I patted softly at his back. "It's alright. It's no big deal. I'll be fine."

He hugged me extremely tight that night.

Initially, Emery and Hunter planned to have their wedding as soon as possible. However, they had to set their wedding date at the end of the year due to the involvement of the media.

Their wedding was held at Christmas.

As their friend, I had to attend their wedding for sure.

Emery called me up. It was noisy on the other side of the phone. "I'm sending the dress over to you. The makeup artist will be there too. Don't forget to arrive early. I'm waiting for you, my bridesmaid!"

I froze for a moment before I realized she was expecting me to be her bridesmaid. I quickly rejected, "I'm already married."

Emery couldn't care less about that. "So what? Who said that a married woman cannot be a bridesmaid? Stop dilly-dallying. Hurry up! I'm waiting for you!"

As the bride, Emery had a lot to attend to on her wedding day. She ended the call before I could say another word.

The doorbell rang after around half an hour.

I answered the door. There was a short-hair girl holding a makeup kit, followed by two men. "Ms. Stovall, Ms. Moore asked us to come over to prepare you for the wedding," said the girl with a smiling face.

I took a glance at the men and saw the boxes in their hands.

I flashed a smile and nodded. "Thank you. Come on in."

The girl smiled and didn't say anything further.

Afterward, I got changed into the dress. It was a strapless dress in nude. Since it was winter, Emery prepared a beige suede shawl for me.

The dress fitted perfectly, showing off my slim waist. Emery had always been a fashionista.