

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 556

She avoided the most important question. "Yeah, it went down! Uncle Louis gave me a ton of supplements when he dropped by earlier. I'll have Ashton bring some home with him later."

"That won't be necessary. We've got lots of supplements here too, so you can keep those for yourself! Oh, by the way, you haven't told me what you like to eat. I want to make you something!" I said with a chuckle.

"I'm not a picky eater, so I'm fine with anything you make. Don't make too much of it, though. I won't be able to finish it all if you do."

"All right. I'll keep that in mind!"

After getting off the phone, I began looking for a lunch box to store the food for Hannah and called out to Ashton, "Hey, Ashton! Could you come over here for a second?"

I heard footsteps behind me moments later, but I was so focused on looking for a lunch box that I didn't bother turning around. "Ashton, do we have any lunch boxes here? I need one to store the food that you'll be bringing over to Hannah later."

I frowned when I heard no response from him and turned around, only to see that it was actually Cameron standing behind me.

She fumbled through the kitchen cabinet and let out a cry of surprise when she found one. "Ah! There's one right here!"

She let out an awkward chuckle when she saw the look of confusion on my face and said, "Ashton has gone for a walk with your dad."

"Oh, I see... Thanks."

I took the lunch box over and began putting a meal together.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" Cameron asked from the side.

I shook my head and said coldly, "Nope, I'm good here. Thanks again."

She went quiet after noticing the coldness in my tone.

After packing the food, I turned around and was surprised to see her still standing there.

I decided to ignore her and walk straight out of the kitchen, but she grabbed me by the wrist as I passed her by.

"Yes?" I asked with a frown.

"Scarlett... Can we have a talk, please?" Cameron was starting to tear up. Even at her age, she still looked stunningly beautiful.

For some weird reason, I felt my heart ache when I saw her like that.

That's weird... Why am I feeling this?

"I think it's best if we don't," I muttered coldly when I finally found my voice.

It felt terrible opening up old wounds and thinking about how you got them, and I didn't want to experience that pain ever again.

"I knew it... You do hate me, don't you?" Cameron said while sobbing.

I looked down at the scar on my hand that I got many years ago for being a mischievous child. It wasn't really noticeable unless one looked closely enough, but I knew it was there all the time.

I then shifted my gaze toward the door and took a deep breath as I said, "I have a very bad memory, so I don't really remember what happened when I was ten, but... there are certain things that I do remember very clearly, like the school I attended when I was seven. There weren't any kindergartens in R Province at the time, and the teacher at the preschool said I was too old for it, so I went straight into first grade instead.

"Grandma told me I would be able to see my parents when I grow up if I studied hard and got into a decent university. As such, I told myself I had to work as hard as I could to make that happen. That way, the kids in R Province would stop calling me an orphan..."

Those memories were incredibly painful ones, and it took me all the willpower I had in me to keep my tears from falling as I continued, "It wasn't like Grandma didn't love me enough, though. I just didn't like being called an orphan, that's all. One night, Macy and I were discussing which university we should apply to in the yard when Grandma suggested that I apply to one in J City as I would be able to find my parents there."

Seeing her tears dropping to the ground like a broken string of pearls, I averted my gaze before continuing, "Maybe going to J City was a mistake all along. Maybe I shouldn't have gone there. That way, I wouldn't have met Ashton, let alone Rebecca and you guys."

"Scarlett..." Cameron was sobbing uncontrollably at that point and had to steady herself by holding on to the kitchen cabinet.

I let out a sigh and shot her a cold stare as I said, "Maybe my life would've been a lot easier if I didn't meet you guys and fall in love with Ashton. I don't know if it was the right thing to do, but my love for him was the reason I could tell myself to forgive everything and everyone. Discovering that you two are my biological parents made me realize how twisted a person's fate can be, but I can't bring myself to hate the two of you because you're my parents. They say love makes everything pardonable, but that isn't the case for me. I can't bring myself to do it."

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While looking at her, I laughed bitterly. "I've told you that I hate you. However, when I found out the truth four years ago, I chose to distance myself from everyone. All of the clues point to the fact that I can never hate you because you are my mother, whose blood runs in mine."

Perhaps, my words were all too much for her to bear. She fell silent, and her face turned pale. Squatting down, her tears rolled off her cheeks and fell onto the ground. Although they made a faint dripping sound, it was thunderous to my ears.

I could not bear to stay there any longer, so I turned to leave the kitchen. My heart ached, but it was still bearable.

Life is a long journey. As we trudge on and get hurt along the way, our wounds will eventually heal, and we can start anew again.

Coincidentally, Ashton and Zachary had just returned from their walk and were in the yard.

As soon as Ashton noticed the strange expression on my face, he came over to me and placed his hands on my arms. He softly probed, "What happened? Are you feeling unwell?"

I shook my head and forced a smile. Yet, there were tears in my eyes. What is the point of feeling hurt after losing my baby? I can always have another one anyway.

His face darkened when he spotted my tears. Wrapping his arms around me, he pulled me into a hug and whispered, "What's wrong?"

I shook my head again. It was too painful for me to speak.

Meanwhile, Zachary grew worried since Cameron was nowhere in sight, so he headed to the living room to look for her.

After ten minutes, he helped Cameron out. Her face had been drained of color, and there were beads of perspiration on her forehead.

Sally blurted, "Are you okay? You look ghostly, and you are breaking out in a sweat. I think you should go to the hospital."

However, Cameron waved her hand and refused, "I'm fine. I have gastric pain, but it will be alright after a while."

"I think we should still get it checked at the hospital," Zachary worriedly remarked.

"I'm alright!" Cameron hissed in pain. "The pain will go away soon. Besides, we have to spend New Year's Eve together."

Frowning, Zachary looked at her with concern.

I studied her condition, and after some time, I finally declared, "Let's get you to the hospital. If it is appendicitis, things may escalate if we drag it out."

Agreeing with what I had said, Zachary immediately scooped Cameron into his arms and left the villa.

Sally followed behind them.

Unconsciously, I clenched my fists as I watched them hurry out the door.

At that moment, a pair of arms hugged me, and I looked up to see Ashton. His gaze deepened, and he whispered, "Don't worry. The hospital isn't far from here."

Although I nodded in acknowledgment, there was still an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

In the end, I tagged along with them.

At the hospital, the doctor diagnosed Cameron with appendicitis and advised that she would need surgery. To allow everyone else to remain at the hospital, Sally decided to head back to the villa to look after Summer.

While we waited in the corridors, I felt bad for the woman in the operating room.

My eyes started to sting after staring into space for a long time. Therefore, I took a deep breath and looked away. It breaks my heart to look at the closed doors of the operating room.

"It'll be alright," Ashton assured me in a gentle tone.

"Yes," I uttered before leaning against his chest as he tried to rub my arms to warm my icy cold body.

Thud!

The doors flew open, and the head surgeon stepped out while removing his surgical gloves.

Jumping to his feet, Zachary rushed forward and questioned, "Doctor, how is my wife doing?"

"It was a successful surgery, and she will make a full recovery after a few days of observation here. You don't have to worry," he explained before heading to another surgery.

Hearing the news, I heaved a sigh of relief and could finally relax.

A few nurses wheeled Cameron out of the room and to her ward moments later.

Zachary scurried after them, but I stood rooted to the ground. After some time, I announced, "Let's leave."

Seeing that I was heading to the elevator, Ashton said puzzledly, "Aren't you going to see how she is?"

"No. Summer is still at home."

Taking the hint, Ashton did not continue.

Silence ensued as we drove home. Watching the flashing lights along the road, I realized that the sky had already turned dark.

Initially, I planned to make dinner for Hannah. But looking at the time now, she probably would have already eaten by the time I got home.

I fished out my phone from my pocket and did not expect to see that it was switched off. Nonetheless, I turned it on and dialled Hannah's number. It took only a few seconds for her to answer. She anxiously asked, "Scarlett, how is Ms. Anderson doing? Is she alright?"

I froze for a split second. "How did you..."

"After we ended our call, I called you back, but the call could not go through. Since I was worried that something had happened to you, I called your landline. Summer answered it and told me that an older lady had fallen ill. I'm guessing it was Ms. Anderson, am I right?"

I confirmed her suspicions and apologetically replied, "My original plan was to send something over for you to eat, but it slipped my mind. Have you eaten?"

"Yes, I have. In any case, don't fret! I have a housekeeper at home with me anyway. I'm doing okay."

That is true.

Out of the blue, I thought of John. "Is John around?"

As though it was a sensitive question, Hannah paused momentarily before she muttered, "No. He is probably busy with work."

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Oh dear, I shouldn't have mentioned his name. It looks like John hasn't visited her in a while.

Without asking any further, I reminded her to take care of herself before hanging up.

Ashton held my hand and reassured me, "Don't brood over it. Have a good rest when we get home, alright?"

I nodded. Then, I looked at him and commented, "In books, it often portrays that a man would do anything for the woman he loves. Why don't I see that happening in real life?"

John liked Hannah. After so many years with her by his side, he was already used to her company. Yet, why did he have to leave her to fend for herself when she was in her most vulnerable state?

Did he not know that an emotional wound hurt more than a physical one?

With one hand on the steering wheel, Ashton gave me a side glance. He challenged, "Hmm, although there are ghosts and gods in books, do we see them in reality?"

I shook my head.

Chuckling softly, Ashton emphasized his point. "Well, it shows that we can't trust everything in books."

Feeling resigned, I kept quiet.

It was late in the night by the time we returned to the villa.

The sky in K City started to turn darker. Earlier, Sally mentioned that it was likely to snow again. After all, the city would experience a few heavy snowfalls every year.

Sure enough, it snowed heavily on New Year's day.

The white snowflakes reflected light, and it brightened the rooms.

I woke up early the next morning, but to be precise, I could not get much sleep. "Do you feel unwell?" Ashton sleepily mumbled.

"No, I'm okay. Hey, it's snowing outside. Be careful when you go out, okay?" I reminded.

Nodding, he looked at the time before getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom.

In the meantime, I headed to the balcony. As it was snowing heavily, there was a thick blanket of snow covering the plants in the yard.

It did not seem like a good idea to go out today.

At that moment, someone enveloped me in a warm hug. I took a whiff of the familiar scent and knew that it was Ashton. Turning to look at him, I asked, "Ashton, is Jared going to pick up Summer in the next few days?"

He nodded while gently rested his chin on my shoulder. "Summer is having her school holidays. Since we are too busy to spend time with her while she's at home, we might as well let her have fun with Jared."

Although I knew that he was right, I still felt uneasy at the thought of being apart from a child who had been under my watch all this time.

Abruptly, the thought of how Summer and I would be spending more time apart in the future popped into my mind. Feeling worse than before, I peaked at Ashton and muttered, "Ashton, let's have another child. Can we do that?"

He froze for a second before he looked me in the eye and smirked. "Sure! We shall create one tonight."

Instantly, my face grew hot, and I tried to avoid his eyes in embarrassment. Nudging him, I tried to change the topic. "You should get changed. Otherwise, you will be late."

"Which boss out there is afraid of turning up late for work?" Hugging me tighter, he planted a kiss on my cheek and mocked.

After squirming in his arms for a while, he finally got changed while I went to wash up. Even after I was done, he was still in the bedroom.

"Your annual break is coming up soon. Shouldn't you try to finish your work as soon as possible? Didn't you say that you were going to bring me out? If you keep doing this, when will we be able to have a date?" I whined.

He laughed, "I can go out with you any time."

Ignoring him, I headed downstairs. Flora had already prepared breakfast, and Summer was already awake because of the body clock she had adopted in R Province.

Noticing that Ashton and I were there, the child turned towards us and exclaimed, "Mommy, my school holidays has started! When will we be going back to R Province? I really miss Michael."

I was taken aback by her request. In a half-squat position, I replied, "Summer, I don't think I can bring you back to R Province this time. I already promised Mr. Crest for him to bring you to W City."

My reply clearly made Summer upset. In a dejected voice, she muttered, "But before we came over, I promised Michael that I would return to visit him."

Speechless, I turned back to Ashton for help.

He walked to Summer and suggested, "Summer, how about this? Mr. Crest can follow you to R Province for a few days so you can meet with Michael. Afterward, you shall follow Mr. Crest to W City. This way, neither Mommy nor you will have to break your promises."

The little girl lowered her head as though she was in deep thought. Moments later, she reluctantly agreed, "Alright, sure."

Staring at us, she then continued, "Wait, why can't we go there together?"

"Well, I'm busy with work, while Mommy isn't feeling well enough to travel so far. You are still young. As you grow up, books can't be your only companion, and you have to travel around the world to broaden your horizons. Similar to what you've read, not only do you have to read and educate yourself, but you also have to experience the real world for yourself. This is why we gave Mr. Crest the responsibility of guiding you around," Ashton explained.

Though Summer could not fully comprehend what he was saying, she thought he sounded logical. Therefore, she nodded and acknowledged.

Gaping at Ashton, I mused at how sly he was.

After coaxing Summer and having breakfast, Ashton lounged on the sofa in the living room, seemingly in no hurry to leave.

Meanwhile, I was preparing to leave the house, and I ordered Flora to look after Summer. Scowling at Ashton, I grilled him, "Aren't you heading to the office?"

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"I was waiting for you!"

"But I'm not going to Fuller Corporation," I uttered in surprise.

"I know," he knowingly replied. Walking towards me, he explained, "But I can drop you off at the hospital before heading to my office since it's along the way."

"I can drive myself there. It isn't that far away anyway!"

"I don't think it's safe for you since it's snowing heavily outside," he insisted.

Determined to send me there, he left no room for argument.

As such, I followed him out helplessly. Oh well, I'm not up to anything shady either.

After Ashton pulled up to the hospital's entrance, he retrieved a few boxes of tonic from the car boot.

I raised my brows in astonishment. "When did you prepare them?"

He cheekily revealed, "I requested for Joseph to do this for me last night."

From his actions, I could tell that he wanted to accompany me to visit Cameron.

I paused for a moment, then trailed behind him. A warm fuzzy sensation bubbled within me. His meticulous gesture touched my heart, but my response did not seem to portray so.

Six hours had passed since Cameron was out of the surgery room, and her anaesthesia had already worn off.

Nonetheless, as a patient who had been under the knife, she still required rest for the next few days.

Zachary, who stayed by her side the whole time, was sleeping in the corner of the room.

On the other hand, Cameron was lying in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling as there was nothing for her to do.

When she heard footsteps, she turned to see Ashton and me together.

Stunned, she eagerly tapped her bed frame repeatedly to wake Zachary up. With a bright smile, she exclaimed, "Both of you came!"

The commotion woke Zachary up. Sitting up, he stared at us in a daze. Then, he got to his feet and sleepily commented, "It's freezing outside, and it's akin to a snowstorm out there. You didn't have to come."

Ashton smiled while placing the tonics he prepared on the bedside table. "It's not that cold while it's still snowing," he replied.

Observing how exhausted Zachary seemed, he continued, "Mr. Moore, have you eaten breakfast?"

The older man shook his head in response. "Nope."

Stretching his back, he grumbled, "Ah, I'm growing old. My back is starting to ache already."

That made Cameron felt bad. Looking at him with concern, she persuaded, "I'm fine now. Go home and get some rest in the meantime. Anyway, the caregiver will be here soon, and if I have any problems, she will take care of it."

Unconvinced, Zachary asserted, "That won't do. I will feel more at ease by your side."

"You are so old, yet you behave like a child," Cameron could only helplessly mumble under her breath.

At the same time, I caught sight of Ashton sending a message to Joseph. He must be busy with work.

With that thought, I tugged on his clothes and whispered, "You can get going to your office. I will be alright to stay here alone."

Immediately, he kept his phone and responded, "There's nothing urgent for me to handle."

He then glanced at Zachary and offered, "Mr. Moore, why don't you head home to rest? Scarlett and I will be here, so you don't have to worry. Besides, there's no need for so many of us to be here."

Zachary took a moment to weigh his options. As though wanting to hear my thoughts, his gaze landed on me.

"Go home. Ashton and I will stay here," I spoke out.

Glancing at Cameron, who seemed to be in a better state and a good mood, he nodded. "Alright. I'll leave and come back in a bit."

Cameron quickly gestured for him to leave.

As soon as he was out the door, Ashton pulled me to sit by the bed. "Both of you can chat. I'll head out to ask for a water refill since it looks like it's running out soon."

Without waiting for my response, he left.

Silence enveloped us.

Although it was quiet, it was not uncomfortable for me as I was accustomed to it.

In contrast, Cameron awkwardly tried to open her mouth several times, unsure of what to say. After a long while, she finally uttered, "He treats you well."

I knew she was talking about Ashton, so I nodded in agreement.

The room plunged back into silence after that line.

Still trying to kill the awkward atmosphere, Cameron cautiously voiced, "I heard Jared would be bringing Summer to W City to visit the Crest Residence. Is that true?"

There was nothing wrong with the question, but I felt slightly irritable. Looking down at my palms, I nodded.

She paused and continued, "Both you and Ashton are not getting any younger. Why don't you try for another child?"

Like a reflex, I shot her a glare. It alarmed her, and she nervously stuttered, "I... was worried about you."

I could not help but sigh.

How did things turn out like that? When we speak to each other, we always have to pick our words carefully.

On the other hand, if that was not the case, how else can we get along with each other?

Fortunately, Ashton entered the room with a nurse to change Cameron's IV drip at that time, thus breaking the tense atmosphere.

At the same time, he also brought some porridge. "Ms. Anderson, please have some porridge. Later in the afternoon, I'll order something more appetizing for you."

Cameron gratefully nodded and thanked him.

Since they had not spent much time with each other, they fell silent as they had no common topic to discuss on.

At that moment, Hannah arrived with several bags in her hands. She was usually a quiet person, but today, she rambled on and filled the silence once she entered the room.

Just like that, she chatted with Cameron for the next few hours.

Considering that Cameron was still a patient, she got tired and fell asleep after conversing for such a long time.

Following that, Hannah hurried home to look after her child.

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It did not take long for Zachary to return to the hospital too.

Taking it as a cue for us to leave, Ashton and I left. Since I had nothing on my schedule, I could only follow Ashton to Fuller Corporation.

In the car, Ashton peeked over at me several times. He finally spoke when we stopped at a traffic light. "Are you okay?"

With a slight delay, I replied, "I'm not feeling stellar for sure, but I don't know how to explain the relationship between my mother and me. It's somewhat sad that we have to be wary of the way we behave around each other."

"Have you decided to let it go?" He pursed his lips and asked.

Matching his gaze, I sighed. "What other choice do I have?"

He agreed.

"This is why we should have another child together. After all, you can't simply disown your family." Then, I paused and continued, "Grandma would be happy to know that I found my biological parents."

Nodding, Ashton held my hand and smiled. "Yes, she would be."

At Fuller Corporation, Ashton parked his car by the entrance and pulled me into the office.

Since I've returned to K City, I've been involved in various rumors.

That somewhat makes me a familiar face around here.

As such, when we walked into the building together, everyone who saw us would greet, "Hello, Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller."

I had to keep the smile on my face until we reached the elevator, where I finally let out a sigh of relief. "It's hard work to be Mrs. Fuller," I complained.

Ashton mused, "You'll get used to it."

I shrugged. What else can I do about it?

As Ashton had to rush to a meeting, Joseph waited for him in front of the elevator with several documents in his hands. Not wanting to leave me hanging, Ashton said, "Wait for me in my office. If you are tired, you can take a nap. I will find you as soon as my meeting is over, okay?"

I nodded in response and watched him enter the conference room with Joseph. It was getting busy there since the big break was coming up.

"Ms. Stovall!" Someone behind me called out. I froze momentarily and turned to see a familiar face. However, I could not recall the person's name.

"Hello!" I greeted with a smile plastered on my face.

Seeing how polite and distant I seem, the woman chuckled. "Ms. Stovall, I'm Isabelle. I was working for Fuller Corporation in J City and was transferred here recently. I'm in the Finance Department."

It rang a bell in my head. Previously, I met her when I was working on a project with Caleb.

Naturally, I broke into a grin. "Wow, it's almost five years since I've seen you. I'm sorry, I couldn't recall your name for a split second."

She waved her hand and warmly responded, "It's alright! It's been a long time, so it's only normal for you to forget. Did you come here with Mr. Fuller?"

Nodding, I pointed to the conference room. "He's in a meeting, and I'm just walking around."

“Ah, I see. I’m working downstairs, and I came up to pass Mr. Fuller this year’s report from the Finance Department. When the meeting is over, will you be available to have a meal with me?” she probed.

Then, she awkwardly added, “I’ve been here for a few months, but I haven’t made many friends. Since we’ve known each other for a while, I thought maybe we could have a meal and hang out together.”

Amused, I readily accepted her offer. “Sure. You can pick any date. I can suit your timing as I’m not working.”

“Really?” She exclaimed with a grin on her face. “Alright, we will fix a date another time. For now, I have to bring this document in.”

I gestured for her to go ahead. Watching her rush to the conference room with the report in her hand, I could not help but smile.

At the same time, the conference room door opened, and Rachel walked out. After exchanging greetings, I saw the two women going their own ways.

I was planning to head to Ashton’s office, but I heard someone call my name again.

“Ms. Stovall!”

Frowning, I stopped in my tracks and turned back. I did not respond.

It was Rachel. She was tall and slender, with a feminine aura and beautiful facial features. Like I said before, she was one of the prettiest women I had ever met.

As she walked towards me, I realized she was almost a head taller than me in her high heels.

“Ms. Stovall, do you have some time now? Would you like to have high tea with me?”

I did not even bother to consider her offer. Looking at her, I rejected, “I apologize. I don’t have the habit of having high tea.”

“You can always cultivate the habit,” she commented with her eyebrows raised.

"It's alright."

With that, I turned and headed into Ashton's office.

At least the lady knew when to back down because she did not follow me in.

Ashton was a good man, and that was something I knew ever since we got married. He was always loyal to his wife, family, and country. This was something I had to thank George for.

Although the older man never specifically taught Ashton how to love others, he showed the younger man what it meant to love.

Anyhow, I was not blind enough to let the admiration Rachel had for Ashton go unnoticed. Everyone could tell that she was ambitious, and no ordinary man could control her.

Only those who were more successful than her could draw her attention, just like Ashton.