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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 987

Being frightened, the rest of the girls stood meekly by the side as Ronald entered the house. Then, they continued helping their mother in the kitchen. I could already tell their fate; these poor little girls would eventually end up like Ann.

I'm not a saint. Even if I could save Ann, I couldn't possibly save the rest of the girls.

The few families in the village had all come to the house. There were two dishes—Shepherd's pie and Caesar salad. Since there were not enough seats, the guests took turns eating at the table. After that, the women gather around and shot the breeze while taking care of their children.

Brandon was back soon. One of the villagers came up to him and asked, "Mr. Dumphy, do you still have other clients? I have five children, and all of them are very healthy."

Brandon frowned slightly while he replied, "Not for now. Don't worry. I will inform you guys when there is a need."

These people have no scruples about selling their children for money! I could barely contain myself when Boris whispered to me, "Don't think too much. Everyone has their own way of living. They might be forced, or they do it as a matter of course. This is none of our business. Remember, you need to take care of your safety."

Hearing that, I pursed my lips and lowered my head.

After the meal, the bridal car—a dusty white van arrived to fetch the bride. In fact, if it wasn't for the flower garland that was dangling from the rear-view mirror, no one would know it was a wedding car.

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Soon after, Ronald dragged Ann out of the cowshed. Everyone was shocked by the bride's slovenly and disheveled appearance.

Ann looked at me when she was being dragged into the house. She didn't call for help nor make any resentful remarks. Yet, I felt unsettled under the young lady's innocent gaze. At that instant, I was eaten up by guilt.

Gazing at me, Boris advised, "Ms. Stovall, we're only here for Amy. That's none of our business. We shouldn't interfere at all."

Hearing that, I pursed my lips. If Ashton was here, perhaps I could do as I wished. Yet, even if I could save Ann, I couldn't possibly save the other girls that might end up just like her. They could rely on no one but themselves to change their fate.

Soon, Ann came out of the house in a threadbare red suit and black pants. Her messy hair was now neatly combed, styled with a bunch of flowers.

Ronald and his wife helped her out of the house and handed her to the two men waiting to fetch the bride. Grabbing her arms, the two men brought her into the van.

The crowd all had bright smiles on their faces to express the joy of witnessing the wedding. No one seemed to have noticed Ann's sorrow. Or rather, no one cared about it.

After the van drove off, only then did the woman let her other daughters have their food and instructed them to clean the house after the guests left. Then, she and Ronald started exchanging inexhaustible pleasantries with Brandon and me.

Before we left, Brandon handed Ronald an envelope with about twenty thousand cash inside. "Take this money first. If the operation is successful, Ms. Stovall will thank you again."

Holding the envelope, the two of them were elated as they thanked me profusely.

I was at a loss when suddenly, I felt warmth in my hand. I lowered my head to see Amy stuck her hand in mine. The little girl asked, "Ms. Stovall, are we leaving now?"

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My heart ached to hear that. How horrible this family must be when even a five-year-old kid would want to leave without any hesitation.

"We're leaving immediately." With that, I led Amy to where our car was being parked, leaving Brandon to communicate with Ronald and his wife.

The road was in poor condition, with the muddy and uneven road surface. When we reached the car, Boris opened the boot and took out the presents we bought on our way here. He handed one of them to Amy and the rest to the girls who followed us to the car.

Being a man of few words, he got into the car after distributing the gifts. Through the girls' eyes, I could see their reluctance to part with Amy and their envy for her, for the latter could finally leave the family.

When Ronald saw the gifts in the girls' hands, he cast his eyes at me and made a meaningful remark, "There is no use in giving those gifts. They can only count on themselves to change their own fate. Let's go. We need to head back to A City."

In the car, I sat with Amy in the rear seat. The little girl was excited as she kept casting her eyes outside the car window. It seemed to be her first time riding a car. From the smile on her face, I could tell that she was happy.

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When the village vanished from sight, I heard Amy heaving a sigh of relief.

Instead of feeling sad, the little girl was relieved to leave her parents. I felt my heart being tied into a knot upon that realization.

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There was a better signal as the car drove onto the highway. Instantly, Ashton's messages popped up on the screen, asking me where I was and what I was doing.

I gave him a call, and it went through in no time. "Why couldn't I reach you the entire night? Who are you with and where are you?" he asked with his voice full of concern.

After answering all of his questions, I shifted my eyes to Amy, who had fallen asleep next to me, and fell silent. After some hesitation, I spoke up, "Ashton, I found a kid whose blood and tissue type is compatible with Summer's, but... but she's only five years old."

The other end of the line was silent. Feeling agitated, I quickly explained, "It's not what you think! I didn't do anything illegal. I'll bring her back to A City, and then only we decide what to do. Wait till I come home and talk to you about it, okay?"

Ashton was a highly moral and ethical man. I knew he wouldn't agree to let a five-year-old kid donate her organ to Summer. After all, Amy was too young, and her body was still developing. The risk of being a living donor was high. Even if she was a matching donor, she might have to face the possible sequelae and negative effects of organ donation.

Nevertheless, I had decided to take Amy with me after seeing the harsh treatment the girls received in her family. It would be better if she could stay with Ashton and me. Even if we couldn't adopt her, she could still live a better life in an orphanage than in that village.

I didn't know if it was the right thing to do. I couldn't save Ann, yet I had the chance to help Amy escape that village.

After a long silence, Ashton said in a solemn voice, "Scarlett, I know you're worried about Summer. But, promise me you won't harm anyone, alright?"

I nodded. "Alright. I promise you. Trust me!"

"Of course, I trust you," Ashton said in a loving tone.

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I knew Ashton was worried that I might lose rationality and throw propriety to the wind. I was now stuck in an insoluble dilemma. On the one hand, I would do whatever it took to save Summer. On the other hand, if Amy happened to be the perfect donor, I might not have the heart to sacrifice that little girl to save my own daughter. Both of them were innocent kids. I knew that once Amy underwent the transplant surgery, the damage done to her body was irreversible.

I chatted with Ashton for a while before ending the call. That was when I noticed Amy was looking at me with her bright eyes. Thinking the little girl was hungry, I said softly, "We'll arrive home soon. Are you hungry?"

She shook her head while holding the bread and the bottle of water. Gazing at me, she asked, "Ms. Stovall, we've come a long way. Why haven't I seen the van that took Ann away? There are a lot of cars on the road, but none of them is that van. Where did she go? Can I still see her again?"

Hearing that, I was at a loss. Initially, I thought Amy was curious about the outside world, looking at the passing scenery outside the window. It turned out the little girl was looking for the van that took her sister away.

At that instant, I couldn't help but feel upset. "Amy, your sister is going to become someone else's wife," I said as I suppressed my emotion, "she has married into another family, but I don't know where they live."

Hearing my reply, Amy lowered her head, fixing her eyes on the bread. I fell into silence, not knowing how to console the disappointed little girl.

Just then, Boris, who was behind the wheel, said, "Ms. Stovall, you should get some rest. There are still a few hours of journey. I will wake you up when we arrive."

Feeling perturbed, I couldn't sleep. "Boris, does this happen in all the villages here? How could they treat their children so differently?" I asked.

That woman's eyes were full of love for her son when she carried him on her back. In contrast, her daughters lived no better than a rat in that house.

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Keeping his eyes on the road, Boris let out a sigh. "There are a lot of people suffering in this world. Everyone has their own hardships and perils in life."

Everyone was born with different destinies. Those who were born with a silver spoon in their mouth could live a good life. Whereas those who were born in a family living in uncivilized and remote villages should be grateful when they could even survive.

It was already late at night by the time we arrived at the villa. Ashton was sitting near a space heater in the living room with a book in his hands, waiting for my return.

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