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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1059 - 1060

A frown settled on my brows when I finally knew why she called. Marcus was really a difficult character. He must have put the woman through a lot of ordeals for her to become this haggard.

“Scarlett, can you tell me how you made him fall in love with you?” she asked again.

I looked at the desperate woman before me and recalled how attractive she looked when I first saw her on the plane.

She looked at me intently with an imploring gaze, and it broke my heart to see her in this state. “Just leave him, Camelia. Do you still remember how you used to be? You were happy and confident.”

“What did you say?” Camelia looked at me, befuddled.

She was making my heart break. “Do you still remember how you were when we first met? Your blonde hair was shining and you were absolutely stunning. You’re attractive just the way you are. You don’t have to become anyone else. Don’t throw away your unique self just to mimic other people. When you find someone worthy of your love, that person will bring out the best in you, so why give up on yourself for someone who doesn’t even appreciate you?”

Camelia looked lost and helpless. “But I have no one else besides him. Where can I go without him? We already have a child together.”

It was unimaginable how a fruitless relationship could eat away the charm of a woman. “Camelia, you are your own self. If you’re willing to take charge of your own life, you can still find yourself again and be the spirited woman you used to be. Your child should not be your excuse. The White family can take good care of your kid. What you need to think of is how to regain the confidence you’ve lost.”

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There were two things women should never stop doing throughout their life. The first was to stay beautiful. They should do everything they could to make themselves attractive. Not for anyone else, but for themselves. The second was to enrich themselves. Women should earn their own money and keep improving themselves. No matter how harsh life was, no one should stop feeding their soul so they could become stronger and more independent.

I didn't mean to say that women should never believe in true love. The love we were after should be one that made us better, not worse.

I was not sure if Camelia would take my advice seriously. She was wasted and kept complaining about how unfair Marcus was treating her. After all these years, Marcus had even given up on making up lies to her.

When I came to think of it, men were really fascinating creatures. They would always dwell on things they couldn't get their hands on. However, when they got what they wanted, they would not appreciate and take care of it. They ended up being alone because they stubbornly clung to the love they could not have and pushing away the love they had always had.

Marcus was not John. I could not tell if Marcus would fall for Camelia one day. All I could do was to encourage her to love herself. Regardless of whether she would earn his love one day, one should always care for her own wellbeing before anything else.

Life wasn't perfect. There were bound to be many regrets in life. Not being with the person we loved as one of those regrets was not a big deal. After all, it was not like romantic love was the only thing in our life.

All of us had to tread down the path of life whether or not we had someone by our side.

I had to say Camelia could really drink. I even lost count of how many glasses of brandy she took before she lay on the table, still muttering for more drinks.

Right after I got her out of the bar, we were met with unwelcomed guests. K City was really not a safe place.

Two drunkards approached us when they saw two of us stumbling out of the bar. "Hey there, sweeties. Craving some company after a drink? How about some fun tonight? I'm sure you'll be begging for more."

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As the spoke, two of them reached for us.

“Keep your filthy hands to yourself!” A woman’s sharp voice pierced through the night.

I was startled at the woman’s voice. It took me a while to recognize the woman with her heavy makeup on. It was Kristina. Her wig sat awkwardly on her head, and she looked far from appealing.

The two men smirked when they saw her. “Mind your own business before I kill you, ugly hag!”

Kristina glared at them coldly. “Kill me? I dare you to.”

The two men exchanged uneasy looks and spat at her. “I’m not gonna get my hands dirty touching you. You’re disgusting.”

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With that said, the two men turned and left.

I watched them leave before looking back at Kristina. It was then that I realized she had a name card in her hand.

I wondered what that was, but the question was not pressing enough for me to ask her about it. Instead, I thanked her in all seriousness.

She did not reciprocate my affection. “This is not a safe place, so just stay away.”

I wanted to ask her why she was here.

Yet before I could say a word, she held out her name card to a man who just came out of the bar with a lascivious smile on her face. I was stunned by her sudden change of expression. The man threw the name card on the floor and I caught a glimpse of it. There was a picture of an attractive woman printed on it. Beside the picture were her phone number, address, and a price tag.

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It did not take much effort to recognize the person in the photo. It was Kristina herself. I was at a loss for words. I wanted to say something, but I had to try so hard to swallow my emotions back in. "Do you need money?" I asked without much discretion.

My brutal question elicited a painful expression on her face as she pursed her lips. "Of course I do. Who doesn't need money? No one can live without money."

"You know I don't mean it that way." I tried explaining myself.

She clenched her name cards tighter and shook her head. "It doesn't matter. Just leave before you meet another drunkard."

I stood where I was, refusing to leave. "Is it because you have to do chemo?" That was the only reasonable explanation I could think of. She had lost her hair and she looked battered. Even her face looked pale.

She covered her face with thick makeup and even had a wig on. I knew she was a prideful person. There was no way she would stoop so low just to earn money. It must be because of the expenses for chemotherapy.

"You mind your own business. Stop getting in my way. I need to get customers," she said coldly.

What I heard about her illness must be true. She must have lung cancer.

I knew she had her ego. There was no way she would accept my help. "Since you want to do business, you'll have to do as your client wants you to. You're coming with me tonight," I said with a commanding tone.

She fixed her gaze on me. "What do you want, Scarlett?"

"I'm your client now, so just do as I say," I repeated.

"I only take male clients. I don't have time for you if you're just here to shame me. If you're getting revenge on me because of that kid, karma has already hit me hard enough, so just leave me alone," she said with a hint of remorse in her voice.

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“Just follow me, please. I know you feel guilty toward Summer, so you’re obliged to listen to me. You must live nearby. Bring me over to your place,” I said with a sigh.

Kristina looked at me for a while before she finally relented. “Follow me.”

She led Camelia and me down an alley. Before long, I stopped and cried out, “Kristina, don’t you think you should help me out a little?” Camelia was already so wasted she could not even walk properly.

Kristina looked back at me. “I can’t carry her. Walking itself is already difficult enough for me. This is the truth, whether you believe me or not.”

I smacked my lips and shrugged helplessly. “Just lead the way then.”

It was not like I could force her to carry Camelia.

We finally reached after some time. “You should just go back to J City. I’m sure Dr. Ludwick will do everything he can to cure you. You can’t just stay here all on your own. You’re gonna get more sick.”

“We all die someday. I’d rather die somewhere I want to. I’ve been striving so hard my whole life just to go up the social ladder. If there was an afterlife, I hope I would be born in this city, so I can be nearer to the things I’ve always wanted to achieve,” she said, pouring me a glass of water.

Kristina was really a woman I could never understand. She came from a relatively good family, but it was her worldview that I could never understand. She had always wanted to pursue wealth and status. Ashton was her first target, but when she knew there was no hope with him, she turned to Jared instead. Her motivation was clear as day—she wanted to marry a rich man. But why, I could not tell.

Was it because of money?

Her family lacked nothing.

Power?

Ashton and Jared had money but not power.

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Love?

That was impossible. If it were love she wanted, she would not move on from one person to another so easily.

“Both of us need to stay overnight here,” I said, “I’ll pay you at your rate, but you’ll have to stay here with us. Also, stop taking customers. You know what sort of men come in and out of the bar. Your body won’t be able to take it. What if you get STD? Do you want to die earlier?”

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