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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1066 - 1070

Pouting, I insisted in exasperation, "Just tell me. Yvonne Wilder seems to have contracted STD. The man who was with her learned about it today, and he is beating her up now as we speak. Anyway, hurry up and think about when you were last intimate with her as well as whether you have been with any other woman during this time. Tomorrow, take some time to go to the hospital and get tested."

When I received no reply from him for a long time, I thought he had truly contracted STD. Thus, I anxiously blurted, "Don't panic, John. This can be treated. Just go to the hospital tomorrow and have the doctor look you over. Then, we'll discuss a treatment plan with the doctor. However, make sure that you don't touch anyone else during this period."

John was silent for a while before retorting, "Where did your mind go? I was just wondering who she got it from. Those men are pretty clean, so an accident isn't all that likely. How did she get the STD?"

Hearing that, I propped a hand against my forehead. Isn't he focusing on the wrong thing here? Exasperation flooded me. "Why are you still fixated on how she got STD at this time? Hurry up and contact a doctor now so that you can get treatment as soon as possible!"

At that, a snort sounded at the other end, and John countered with a chuckle, "Why do I need treatment? I've never slept with her, so why do I even need to get tested?"

My jaw dropped, and I exclaimed in astonishment, "You've never slept with her? But you..."

"She kept dangling herself before me, so I brought her to a few banquets as my companion. We were indeed rather close, but we were never intimate. The debacle about getting married is all because I was angry with Hannah back then. That's why I contemplated marrying her. So, don't worry. We never did anything, and I'm totally fine!" John sounded exceedingly nonchalant.

Upon that revelation, my eyes inexorably went wide. "Were you insane, John Stovall? You actually didn't betray Hannah in any way? Then, why did you create so many illusions back

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then, making everyone think that you're a scumbag and forcing her to leave you? Weren't you just digging your own grave?"

I initially thought that he had truly been intimate with Yvonne, so he planned to marry her. Furthermore, I had seen him with her several times in the past, and they appeared very intimate. It was so bad that even a bystander like me believed that their relationship was carnal, let alone Hannah. She had a stake in it, so how would she know that all those were just for show?

Noticing my agitation, John murmured, "In the beginning, I never thought that it would drive her away. Nonetheless, it's all in the past, so explanations are superfluous now. Don't worry about me, for I'm fine."

"Hah! You're the last person I'd be worried about!" My blood boiled after having heard all that. He could have lived happily with Hannah, and they could have all been a happy family with Kiki, yet he just had to create a scandal with Yvonne Wilde! Worse still, he didn't even do anything with her but lost the person he loves. Isn't that something that only an utter moron would do?

After hanging up the phone, I was still very much incensed, and anger blazed within me. As I stared at Yvonne who was being beaten to an inch of her life, I initially wanted to call security, but I then stopped short when I reached the door of the security booth. In the end, I returned to the lobby instead.

People often chose their own paths, and they're merely reaping what they sow.

There was quite a crowd milling around, but no one stepped out to help. First of all, they all disdained Yvonne after hearing the man say that she was willing to do anything for money, so they didn't want to lend her a hand. Besides, they were afraid that she was truly diseased, so they kept a distance from her to avoid being contaminated.

When Yvonne was all bruised and battered from the man's blows, a man suddenly rushed out from the crowd and held the man back. "Buddy, even if you're teaching her a lesson, this should stop now. You've already beaten her up badly enough, so you can't be beating her to death despite your anger, no?" he persuaded.

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The man was blinded by rage for being held back at that moment, so he roared at the man who had just appeared, "Mind your own business instead of poking your nose into my affairs here! Buzz off!"

"Let's go, Justin. Don't be nosy!" I glanced over when I heard a familiar voice, only to see that it was Stella. She was dressed rather adorably, and she was clutching Justin's arm while talking him around.

Justin looked at her and said gently, "Wait for me at the side. Don't come over. I'll just be a minute."

Then, he turned his gaze to the man and cajoled, "Buddy, having gone so far, it should be enough recompense no matter her transgressions, yes?"

However, the man had no intention of resolving the matter peacefully. He had been incensed in the first place, so he was now all the more ticked off at Justin's heroic interference.

Lifting a fist, he swung it right at Justin. While everyone was struck with terror, Justin swiftly dodged the man's fist and grabbed it instead. "That's enough, buddy," he declared.

With eyes blazing scarlet from fury, the man wasn't in the mood to listen to him. Rather, he bellowed furiously, "I told you not to poke your nose into my business!" As he said that, he swung his fist once more. At that time, Justin didn't dodge, so he took a fist to the face.

But in the next instance, he went on the offensive. He swung a fist at the man and started raining blows on him without holding back his punches, making it evident that he had some martial arts training.

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In a flash, people from the mall crowded over. Some whipped out their phones to snap pictures and lodge a police report. Upon seeing that, I hastily called out to Justin who was being surrounded, "Stop! Stop hitting him!"

Swinging my gaze to Stella, I then ordered, "Go and get security! Don't allow them to continue fighting, for it'll only end up in trouble."

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Frightened, Stella hurriedly sprinted off in search of security. Meanwhile, as I stared at Justin who had the man pinned on the ground, I urged, "Don't hurt him, or it'll be difficult to explain when the police arrive later!"

Breaking a fight and causing someone injury were two different things. Hence, he would be held criminally liable if he were to hurt the man.

It seemed that my words registered to Justin, for he was more subdued when hitting him. It didn't look as though he was striking him all that hard, nor did he leave any grievous injury on him, yet the man on the ground howled in pain.

In no time, Stella had gotten security over, and the two of them were pulled apart. Shortly after, the police showed up and escorted Justin to the police station to take his statement since he was involved in the fight.

By then, Emery and Camelia were also done shopping, so I suggested, "Why don't we tag along?"

At that, Emery's brows knitted together. "Why should we? That woman deserved it. Considering the kind of woman she is, it's fitting even if she were beaten to death. After all, she'll only be dragging others down with her if she lives."

Nevertheless, I shook my head. "No, I'm suggesting that we tag along because I'm afraid that Yvonne Wilde will twist the truth and get that courageous man in trouble. Let's tag along and see how it goes."

Hearing that, bafflement suffused Camelia. "Why would she twist the truth? The man has helped her, after all. Otherwise, she would have been beaten to death."

I shrugged in response. "That remains to be seen. Come, let's go and have a look. Anyway, you two are almost done shopping this time."

Subsequently, they both exchanged a glance. It seemed that they were truly almost done shopping, for they nodded at each other and concurred, "Okay, let's go."

When we arrived at the police station, Justin and the other man were detained for questioning. Yvonne, on the other hand, was taken to an interrogation room. A police officer doctored her injuries, while another questioned her about the incident.

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As for the rest of us, we sat in the lobby and waited.

Stella looked at me, seemingly having something to say yet hesitant to utter it. As things were frantic earlier, I almost forgot about her. Flashing her a faint smile, I greeted, "How are you recently, Ms. Collins? It's been a long time since I last saw you."

Smiling at me, she replied, "I'm pretty good. I heard that Mr. Fuller and you went to Moranta some time ago, so I thought the two of you were still there since I haven't seen much of him... and you recently."

At that, I chuckled. "Well, there's a new project over at Moranta, so Ashton is a bit busy since he has to handle the business over there. That's why he hasn't been to the office much. I noticed that you're looking pretty good these days. Are you dating Justin now?"

Upon hearing that, she hastily shook her head even as she blurted with a smile, "No! Don't get it wrong, Mrs. Fuller. We're just friends, and we came out together to buy some things today. There's nothing more than that, so don't get it wrong."

Surprise inundated me when I saw her explaining with such gusto. The look in Justin's eyes when he gazes at her makes it obvious that he adores her. But why does it seem as though she's neither accepting nor rejecting him after all this time?

Nonetheless, I merely smiled without inquiring further.

After a while, the people inside came out, and Yvonne's injuries had been doctored. With tears streaming down her face, she tugged at the police officer and sobbed, "My boyfriend and I were just messing around. He didn't hit me. He merely pushed me lightly, but that man abruptly came over and started pummeling my boyfriend."

When her words fell, I couldn't help frowning. Likewise taken aback, Stella gaped at her and exclaimed, "What are you talking about? You were being assaulted by that man in the mall, so my friend intervened. Why would we pick trouble when we don't even know you?"

"Who knows what your intentions were? Anyway, your friend hit my boyfriend, so I demand compensation," Yvonne proclaimed without the slightest bit of shame.

Emery and Camelia were initially scrolling their phone with their heads lowered, but they instinctively shot their gazes over upon hearing her words. Looking at the police officer,

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Emery stated, "Officer, this woman is lying. She's making up stories. The man lent her a hand out of a sense of righteousness, yet she isn't at all thankful. Instead, she's making a false countercharge. We took a video of the altercation, so you can have a look at it. Her boyfriend had been hitting her for a long while, so the man finally had enough and stepped out to teach him a lesson."

As she said that, she handed her phone to the police officer.

After taking a look at it, the police officer then shifted his gaze to Yvonne. With his brows furrowed, he asserted, "Ms. Wilde, are you aware that your behavior is no different from slander in the eyes of the law, and you could be held criminally liable? Putting aside the fact that he did that to help you, you shouldn't be so ungrateful and accuse someone even if it's an innocent bystander."

"Exactly!" Emery exclaimed. Then, she continued muttering, "In the future, no one should interfere when it comes to a woman like you even if you're beaten to death. After all, that's what you deserve!"

Subsequently, the police officer returned her the phone. Pivoting, he then went to the two interrogation rooms and escorted Justin out. "Next time, if you encounter something like this again, just lodge a police report straight away or simply restrain the perpetrator. You don't need to interfere too much." At that, he paused for a moment. With his gaze on Yvonne, he continued placidly, "After all, there are quite a lot of ungrateful people in this world."

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Justin was a straightforward man, so he didn't quite understand the police officer's words. He was stunned for a while before he nodded blankly, appearing a tad silly.

After the police officer had said a few more words, we then left the police station. Only then did Justin recognize me, and he murmured in embarrassment, "Thank you so much for making this trip. I owe you one."

I merely smiled and told them to go home first since it was rather late.

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Placing her hand on my shoulder, Emery then commented, "That guy seems rather simple and honest, but the girl appears to be quite ambitious. Is she working at Ashton's company?"

I nodded in affirmation. "Yup. I've run into her a few times, and it's indeed true. But then, it's normal for a girl, I guess. She's quite beautiful, so it's not surprising that she's ambitious."

At that, Emery snorted without commenting further. "Dang, it's almost ten o'clock now! I've got to go home, or Hunter will probably chew me out. We'll hang out again and talk another time, okay?"

As she said that, she drove off.

Thus, it was only Camelia and I left. Looking at me, she hesitantly uttered, "Scarlett, I haven't seen my child in a long time, so I miss him. I'd like to go home and see him."

Hearing that, I chuckled softly. "I'll drive you back now. Why are you so forlorn? I didn't say that you're not allowed to go home. I just wanted to bring you out for some fresh air and a change of pace. Your emotions are affected by every single action of his because you focus all your time and energy on the child and Marcus.

"Now that the baby has been weaned, you should really find a job or something else to occupy your time instead of making Marcus the center of your life. I know it may be difficult for you to change in a short time, but go slowly and make gradual progress. You're still young, so you've got a long way ahead of you."

She probably understood me, for she dazedly nodded while gazing at me. With her eyes fixed on me, she then declared solemnly, "Okay. I'll do as you say."

In the car, she leaned back against the passenger seat with her eyes closed after such an exhausting day. After driving for a while, White residence came into view. It was still the same, and only the surrounding landscape had been improved throughout the past few years.

The pond in the yard had been filled and replaced with fruit trees instead. It was winter then, so the leaves had all fallen, leaving the trees barren.

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I parked the car beside the yard and watched as Camelia walked in. But just after she had taken a few steps, she suddenly turned and stared at me. With a serious expression, she asked, "Scarlet, if... This is just a suppositional question, okay? If Mr. Fuller is no longer here, would you settle for the next best thing and choose Marcus?"

I was startled for a moment before I stared right at her and locked gazes with her under the dim streetlights that were shining brightly. "No," I answered resolutely. "As you said, it's a suppositional question. There are no ifs in my world, and I'm an obstinate person. Since I've decided on Ashton, it would only be him for the rest of my life. Other than him, all others are merely ships passing in the night."

As she looked at me, she heaved a sigh. A long while later, she nodded and murmured, "Okay, I got it."

Well, well... that was quite a sudden question.

Sending her off with my eyes, I spaced out for a bit while staring at the filled pond. It seems impossible to return to the past. It was here at White residence back when I first met Marcus. At that time, he was taciturn, and indifference was written plainly on his face.

Then, I recalled the day when he brought me back here. When we alighted from the car, he chased after me from behind, and I accidentally pushed him into the pond. The winter that year was extremely chilly, so he fell ill the very next day. Later, my phone malfunctioned. As I pondered back in time, a long time had passed, so much so that I've almost forgotten all that.

After an eternity, I spun around to head back.

Unexpectedly, I caught sight of a black Bentley beside my car and froze for a moment. Someone was standing beside the car, and it was none other than Marcus, whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

He stared at me intently with jet-black eyes without even blinking. In his black suit, he appeared lonely and apathetic. The oppressive aura emanating from him grew increasingly distinct.

"When did you arrive?" I queried as I walked toward the car. I had no idea whether I was so lost in my thoughts that I actually failed to hear the engine of his car.

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Pursing his lips, he continued staring at me. His gaze was overly grim that a slither of fear inexplicably crept into me.

“You won’t choose me even if he hadn’t appeared?” he asked out of the blue, stunning me into utter stillness.

So... he heard my conversation with Camelia?

“Uh... As I said, there are no ifs.” As I looked at him, a brief trace of guilt assailed me, but it was merely there for a moment and gone the next. “Actually, we both know full well that there are no ifs. Ashton Fuller’s existence to me, well... Putting it simply, he’s my husband and lover. We’re like two pieces of driftwood, and it’s destiny as well as a blessing that we could meet amidst the vast sea of people to end up walking together hand in hand.

Putting it into perspective, he’s actually my happiness. He’s tantamount to the beacon in my life. His light enables me to persevere and continue forging on bravely. “Marcus, I don’t know your understanding of love, but to me, it’s definitely not something in which one can settle for the next best thing.

This has nothing to do with anyone because love is independent in itself. We can love a lot of people in our lifetime. Like you, you once loved me, and you’ll also fall in love with someone else in the future. But this thing between Ashton and I is no longer mere love. We’re more like a single entity, and we share the same body, so we need to face life together in the future.”

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I had no idea whether he could understand everything I said, but I stared at him and continued, “Camelia is a really nice girl. If you look at her closely, you’ll discover that you’ve missed out on a lot in the past few years. When I was very young, I loved eating rock candy, but I could only have them once a month. Sometimes, my grandmother even forbade me from eating it. Since my craving went unsatisfied, I hankered after rock candy every single second of every day.

“Back then, the pumpkin pie my grandmother made was exceedingly delicious. But because I got to eat it every time I craved it, I didn’t find it delicious anymore as time passed. “After that, when I slowly grew up, I could buy rock candy myself when I had pocket money.

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At that time, I was very excited and bought several sticks at one go. However, I got sick of it just after eating two sticks. Actually, things we often yearn for are not necessarily what we truly want. Reflecting back on it now, the most delicious thing in my memories isn't the rock candy, but pumpkin pie. Alas, my grandmother is no longer here, so the taste could only remain in my memories."

Marcus' eyes were fixed intently on me. The bridge of his nose appeared high and his black eyes increasingly profound—perhaps because he had grown thinner. "Scarlett, my feelings for you have never been as simple as mere yearning because I couldn't have you. "Do you still remember how you were when you first came to White residence? Back then, you didn't talk much. You were very quiet—always silent with a faint smile on your face.

My mother privately told me that a girl like you is very gentle. At that time, I didn't find anything good about a gentle girl. Later, when we were by the pond, you pushed me in. Now that I think about it, I've forgotten how cold the water was. The only thing I remember is your expression, and it remains vivid in my mind.

Although you were angry, you were very beautiful. "When I carried you out of the warehouse, you were covered in blood. You've probably forgotten about it, but you clutched at me tightly, insisting persistently and stubbornly that I save the child. Your expression back then was truly distressing. At that time, I felt that Ashton Fuller wasn't worthy of you since he couldn't protect you."

At that, I pursed my lips and dipped my head slightly. The past was too overwhelming to me that they barely beckoned memories anymore.

Nonetheless, he continued speaking. With a bitter smile tugging at his lips, he said, "Thus, I vowed to always take good care of you in the future no matter what happens. I saw the child after it was born, and it already took form. Afraid that you'd be anguished, I took the child away to spare you the grief of seeing it. "Later, you were always in a trance when you learned that the child was gone.

You kept waking up in the middle of the night and spacing out in the room alone. I didn't notice it in the beginning, but when I later realized it, I kept you company every single night. As time went by, you'd sit beside me and take my hand, asking me to close my eyes and sleep as though you were coaxing me.

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"You probably had no idea, but those days were the happiest I'd ever been in my entire life. You always covered me with a blanket when you woke up in the middle of the night. "Sometimes, you'd go into the kitchen when you woke up in the morning, saying that you want to make me breakfast.

Your mind was fuzzy, so the breakfast you made was often burnt or inedible. You'd put sugar into the noodles instead of salt. Actually, sweet noodles don't taste half bad. Thereafter, I tried making it myself, but I just couldn't get the same taste as the ones you made me. You said there are no ifs in your world, but Scarlett, you don't know how cruel it is to me."

Finally, I looked at him. The past then flashed across my mind. All of a sudden, a wave of sorrow flooded me. I couldn't deny that I indeed owed him so much that I could never repay him.

In the warehouse, he saved me like a hero, while in Lavelian Village, he took a bullet for me without any regard for his own life. Time and again, he saved me from sure death although I ruthlessly pushed him away every single time. However, when some things had happened, they cannot be undone no matter what.

When confronted with him, I couldn't even bring myself to say a simple utterance of thanks or apology. That was too trivial, and I knew what he wanted, but I just couldn't do it.

I simply hadn't been able to bring myself to utter an apology to him. After a long moment of silence, I asserted, "Camelia is a nice girl, so you should treat her well. Don't let her end up like... you."

There were countless possibilities as well as twists and turns in life. Thus, I was well aware that regrets were unavoidable no matter what. It was no different from people lamenting about having failed to cherish their youth and neglected to live life in the moment. All those regrets would accumulate throughout the days to become the most precious and interesting aspect of our memories.

That's right! Life would be dull without any regrets.

Subsequently, I climbed into my car. Starting the car, I drove away from White residence without bidding him farewell. In truth, I wished him happiness and hoped that he would be able to fall in love with another woman, living a life of his own for the rest of his days.

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However, such hope was beyond my control. The only thing I could do was to wish that everything would go well.

When I returned to the villa, I received a phone call from Ashton. He seemed to have been asleep, for his voice was a tad hoarse. "Did you not go to Moore Residence and stay at home alone instead?"

Nodding, I plopped onto the bed and replied, "I was initially going over, but I forgot when I came back. I just felt as though you were waiting for me at home, so I came home.

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At that, Ashton chuckled softly. "It looks like Mrs. Fuller is missing me. What did you have for dinner?"

Likewise, I giggled. Without answering him, I remarked, "Ashton Fuller, it feels like you have life within you now." In the past, he used to be cold and indifferent without much warmth. From afar, he always seemed rather chilly, but now that I had been with him for a long time, I found that he was oftentimes no different from the ordinary person—he experienced distress, concern, worry, and he would also nag, badger, and always treat me well.

"Why do you say that all of a sudden?" he queried. His voice was still slightly hoarse, and it sounded as though he had caught a cold.

"You've caught a cold! Have you taken any medication?" I blurted even as I resolved to go to A City tomorrow barring any unforeseen circumstances.

"I just caught a cold when I disembarked from the airplane, but it's no big deal. How's the weather over at K City?"

I nodded before slowly telling him about everything that had happened today while he listened quietly. As I spoke, I inadvertently blurted, "I miss you, Ashton Fuller."

The person on the other end was taken aback for a moment, and silence reigned for a long moment. Then, in a low voice, he murmured, "I miss you, too."

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“I don’t have much to do in K City, so can I go over to A City to look for you? I want to see you.” I actually wanted to tell him about my encounter with Marcus, but on second thought, it would only add to his troubles, so I decided not to do so.

At that, he paused for a moment before saying, “Holden is probably arriving in K City tomorrow, so don’t be in such a hurry to come to A City. Fuller Corporation needs you and Joseph there. If you come over, I’ll worry about Fuller Corporation instead. Armond will most likely seek you out for the sandalwood box, so stay at Moore Residence as much as possible. You’ll have a backup if anything happens.”

Upon hearing that, I pursed my lips. “Why is Armond still fixated on that sandalwood box? Even if the item in there could get him some money, it’ll be a mere pittance. So, why on earth is he obsessed about it?”

“The oil fields in Eastern Epea have been affected by the epidemic this year, so a huge amount of petroleum there can’t be exported. The Murphys run a petroleum company, and this is the best time to buy petroleum there at a low price. However, they don’t have a contract in hand. While that single piece of paper agreement doesn’t seem to be of any importance, Eastern Epea only acknowledges that piece of paper.

“As the Murphys have been operating on a small scale throughout the past few years, that piece of paper didn’t really matter. But now that they want to purchase in huge quantities, it’ll be a drop in the bucket without that piece of paper. Furthermore, Armond didn’t get anything useful in Moranta, and petroleum is the fastest way to generate profits for Murphy Corporation, so he’ll definitely seek you out for that sandalwood box.”

Bafflement gripped me after listening to him. Then, I hesitantly questioned, “So, should I give him that sandalwood box?” After all, I might not necessarily be able to hold onto that sandalwood box if Armond demanded it.

The truth of the matter was, I had indeed promised to give him the sandalwood box when I came back from Venria. But then, Ashton changed the sandalwood box when I gave it to him, and I didn’t continue pursuing the matter henceforth.

At that moment, Ashton went silent. After what seemed like an eternity, he admitted, “From my perspective, I don’t want you to give him the sandalwood box. He’s not an honest person, so no one can guarantee that he won’t continue targeting me when the Murphy family has

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stabilized. He has always wanted the business deal in Moranta, but he has no time to bother now that he's all caught up in the affairs of the Murphy family."

Indeed, that's true.

He then paused for a moment before continuing, "Nevertheless, the Murphys is a domestic company, so the country will have sufficient petroleum reserves after they purchase the petroleum at a low price. It's beneficial to everyone in the country since a huge supply of petroleum means a possible lowering of its price. Therefore, it's a good thing to a certain extent."

At that, I grew increasingly conflicted. "So, should I give it to him or otherwise?"

However, he didn't answer me anymore. Instead, he abruptly hung up the phone. When I called him back, the line was busy. When the call was connected after a long time, we bypassed that topic.

The next day, I went straight to Fuller Corporation.

Holden was late, so Joseph briefly informed me about the company's recent condition before leaving the office. When Stella saw me in Ashton's office, she was stunned for a moment. In the next second, she handed me some documents that were to be reviewed with a neutral expression. They were basically collaboration proposals from some small companies and some internal start-up plans. Ashton had previously left me instructions for these, so I had no problems handling them.

I was reviewing those documents in the office when Holden arrived. His method of making an entrance was truly different from others. A long-legged beauty with wavy curls sashayed beside him, and he wasn't at all bothered about running his hands all over the woman in public.

As soon as he entered the office, he pulled the woman onto his lap and inserted his long and slender fingers between the woman's thighs. Despite it being in the middle of winter, the woman was wearing flesh-colored leggings. He caressed her for a while, but he probably didn't find it satisfying, for he asked the woman to remove it altogether. Hearing his request, the woman looked at him in mild embarrassment and murmured, "This isn't quite appropriate, no, Mr. Taylor?"

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“What’s inappropriate about it? As you said, you’re here to keep me company and make me happy. Why, are you going back on your word?” Holden’s roguish appearance then truly seemed as though he was itching for a beating.

The woman’s face was a mask of mortification, but Holden merely looked at her apathetically as though everything had nothing to do with him. While he didn’t show much of an expression, he vaguely emanated displeasure. Women working as escorts were naturally adept at reading someone’s moods, so after a moment’s hesitation, the woman bit her lip lightly.

Lowering her head, she mustered her courage to remove her leggings right there in the office. As I sat there at the table, I couldn’t help frowning. Staring at Holden, I suggested, “Mr. Taylor, how about I reserve a hotel room for you, and we’ll talk business when you’re done enjoying yourself?”

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