# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1267 - 1268

I was still steeped in anger, knowing that Hunter had cheated on Emery. And the more I looked at Ashton, the more I was reminded of Rebecca, which only made me even angrier.

"If you could tell, why didn't you say anything? Are all men alike? Do you all always help one another keep your dirty secrets?"

"You didn't come clean to Emery either, did you?" Ashton said with a frown.

Fine. He's right.

"Didn't you also think that there was nothing more to Rebecca becoming closer to you?" I retorted as a sudden urge to cry came over me.

For two years, I had been so troubled over the affairs of the heart that I never had a good night's sleep. I continued to be plagued by those memories even to this day.

Ashton's expression softened as he held my gaze. "If I had known I'd fall for you, I never would have made you sad."

I bit down on my lip as I saw the sincerity in his eyes. An immeasurable amount of warmth filled my heart and I felt myself even more on the verge of tears.

Even though Ashton had made mistakes in the past, he never went to the extent of going all the way with Rebecca. On the other hand, Hunter had no problem betraying his love when faced with the temptation of the flesh.

"Can we go home now?" Ashton's voice once again brought me out of my daze.

"You go on first. I feel like going over to Emery's," I mumbled, still trying to hold back my tears.

"Emery doesn't need your pity now," Ashton replied. "The fact that she could act like nothing was wrong even when her love rival had turned up shows how much she values her pride. Do you want to ruin that for her?"

"I don't!"

"Then it's best to leave it be and let her handle it on her own. Go home now. It's almost time for your injection."

Even after so long, Ashton still never failed to surprise me. "I thought you'd know Hunter better since you're both men. Who knew you'd relate with Emery even more," I remarked.

"Is that weird?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't think it's weird at all," he replied as he pushed the button for the elevator. "You're my wife, Emery's your friend, and Hunter's not. It's obvious who I would understand more, isn't it?"

When the elevator doors opened, he was quite the gentleman as he gestured for me to step in. "After you, Mrs. Fuller."

Back at the Stovall residence, I had barely stepped into the house when I heard Summer and Emma still up and playing.

"Summer, look at the time! Why haven't you gone to bed?"

As soon as she heard my voice, Summer dashed toward me.

"Look, Mommy! Isn't this wooden horse cute?" Her smile was big and sweet as she excitedly showed me the toy in her hand.

"Hey Scarlett, your daughter sure is easy to please. She has so many expensive toys to choose from, yet she only likes this little horse figurine," Emma joked.

I led Summer to the sofa and sat down with her before scrutinizing her favorite toy horse.

I honestly had no idea why she loved this toy so much. There was nothing special about it, and its craftsmanship was shoddy. I wondered why the girl would find something like this fun.

"Summer, where did this wooden horse come from?"

"Mr. Cress from school gave it to me!" she answered in her sweet, saccharine voice.

"Mr. Cress? Which Mr. Cress?"

"He's our language teacher! He even praised me in class!" Summer said gleefully.

Seeing her so happy made me smile too. I was relieved to know that the school was a good fit for her.

Just then, John appeared on the stairs, dressed in his pajamas. "Summer, say goodbye to your mother. It's time for bed."

"I'm coming! Goodnight, Mommy!" Summer planted a kiss on my cheek and ran up the stairs to John.

Emma saw how well John and Summer got along together and felt a twinge of envy. "John will be a good father in the future."

"That's only possible if you give him a chance."

Emma lowered her head and did not say anything.

I was about to probe her further when the nurse came in to administer my injection. I had no doubt it was John who had informed her.

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After my injection, I was so tired that I forgot what I wanted to ask Emma about. I decided to call it a day and went to bed.

The next day, I woke up early so I could send Summer to school. The past few days had been so hectic that I hadn't been able to spend much time with her.

When the car pulled up in front of the school, Summer excitedly pointed at a man in the distance and shouted, "It's Mr. Cress! Mommy, look! That's Mr. Cress!"

I looked in the direction she was pointing at, but from where I was, I could only see the back view of a young man.

When the door opened, Summer immediately jumped out and ran toward Mr. Cress.

I wanted to make sure I looked presentable, so I fixed my makeup in the mirror before joining Summer to meet her new favorite teacher.

I couldn't have spent more than two minutes on my makeup when I realized it was now a female teacher standing with Summer.

Though a little baffled, I still went over to greet her.

Summer pouted angrily when I finally reached her. "You should have hurried, Mommy! Mr. Cress has already left!"

The female teacher and I exchanged glances and couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"Please don't get the wrong idea, Mrs. Fuller. Mr. Cress is one of the younger teaching staff in the school and is very highly valued. The principal had just called him away, so please don't think he's avoiding you on purpose," she explained.

"That's okay. We'll meet some other time, and then I'll have a chance to thank him for making school so enjoyable for Summer."

After exchanging more pleasantries, Summer left with the teacher to get ready for classes.

I stood at the entrance for a while more, trying to see if I could catch a glimpse of this elusive Mr. Cress. Sure enough, Summer bumped into him when she turned a corner and happily held his hand as they walked to class together. Try as I might, I still couldn't see the face of Mr. Cress.

Summer had always been slow to warm up to outsiders, especially with men. Other than the men in the family, she hardly had any contact with others. I was even more curious about Mr. Cress now, wondering what kind of magic he had over my daughter.

After thinking for a while, I decided to call Emery.

"Hello..." Emery's voice was hoarse like she had either just woken up or was nursing a hangover from the previous night.

"Emery, are you okay?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be? I had to head out again last night for an appointment, and I'm barely awake now. What's up?" she replied curtly.

I was reminded of Ashton's words and changed my mind. "It's nothing. We'll talk again when you're awake."

Her voice sounded faintly annoyed when she answered, "Don't beat around the bush. I might not be free to answer my phone later, so just say what you want right now."

"Alright then. I wanted to get your help to check on a Mr. Cress in Summer's school. There's something weird about him."

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"Mr. Cress? Okay, I got it. Go home and wait for my news. If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now."

Less than a second later, I heard the dial tone on the other end. She had hung up before I could say anything else.

The next time I met Emery again was two days later. We had planned to meet at a café near her office. When she arrived, she was her usual energetic self, turning heads wherever she went.

She had only just sat down when she suddenly said, "I'm getting a divorce."

For one full minute, I frowned at her, speechless.

Emery looked very relaxed as she stirred her coffee. "I'm sure you've noticed it as well. This past year, Hunter and I haven't been together as much. Our problems started very early on, and ever since, we found our personalities clashing more and more. We're still young. There's no need to drag this out any further. So, a divorce it is."

The more she tried to be nonchalant, the more I could tell she was upset.

Ashton was right about Emery having a lot of pride in herself. Once she saw through Hunter and Delilah, she decided to end her marriage to protect her dignity. She chose not to reveal the ugly truth about the divorce, blaming it on personality differences instead. After all, there was no way someone as strong as Emery would let herself lose to another woman.