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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1356 - 1360

“Mr. Jacobson came back on the pretense of returning to his roots because Elliot has conspired with several conglomerates in M Country to take over the government-linked companies in Fander state. Not only did they fire numerous grassroots employees with no prior notice, they also ruined thousands of families. They’re only moving back here because their reputation was down in the dumps for being unethical and despicable. If the Moore family really backs their development here, the family might be nourishing a viper in their bosoms...”

Not one cent in Elliot’s hands was clean. Although he knew handing his money to Marshall was akin to flushing it down the drain, he did not mind at all.

How could he take others’ hard-earned money blatantly and claimed it as his own wealth? What a terrifying man.

If Ashton could get his hands on this information about Elliot, I suspected Cameron and Zachary’s involvement in this. They couldn’t be this clueless. What exactly were they trying to pull by matchmaking me with that man?

Still, something did not quite add up.

They were indebted to me. It was unlikely for them to stand idly by, let alone set me up on the path of destruction. There was only one viable explanation. They were being threatened.

Then again, what hold did the person had over Cameron and Zachary to incite such fear in them and the Moores?

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As I looked at Ashton, a notion popped into my mind. Not only was it necessary for me to know the man's background, I should also look into my so-called birth parents.

No matter what their reasons might be, the scales were never in my favor from the moment I was born. They always chose themselves over me.

"Alright, I'll stay away from Elliot." I nodded and subconsciously brushed against his shoulders. "You really need to take better care of yourself. It doesn't matter if we have the antidote to my poison. I wouldn't be able to live by myself should something happen to you."

We live together or die trying. If you're not by my side, living would be meaningless.

Ashton cast a gloomy glance at me, as if he could read what was on my mind.

"What do you mean?" His voice was dangerously low.

"I meant exactly what I said." I avoided his gaze and fixed my eyes on his chest to straighten his shirt.

Sensing something amiss, he was about to probe further when we heard hasty footsteps approaching in the silent car park.

We lifted our heads and saw Thora and Joe step out of the elevator, headed in our direction.

I immediately returned to my senses and opened the door to get off the car. "I should get going."

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“Scarlett.” Ashton grabbed my arm suddenly. He was whispering, but there was no mistaking the urgency and fury in his voice. “I don’t care what you used to think. From now on, I want you to live your life to the fullest, whether I live or die. Promise me!”

He stressed the last two words with such emphasis and squeezed both my arm affectionately before letting me go. I hid behind a pillar just in time to avoid Thora and Joe.

Ashton left the two standing as he drove out of the car park. The duo was accustomed to his behavior. They waited for their chauffeur to pick them up and finally disappeared into the distance.

I only emerged from behind the pillar after making sure everyone was gone.

For a few seconds, I stood and stared dazedly at the exit sign. A sudden wave of apprehension hit me as I recalled Ashton’s words.

A voice at the back of my head told me he was leaving me forever.

For a man who had loved me more than he valued his life to lose all hope and arrive at such a distressing decision, only something drastically tragic could cause this. What could have happened that he was willing to die?

I called Millie anxiously and arranged to meet up at the nearest café.

The Jade was located right at the heart of the city center with many famous cafés nearby. Millie arrived in fifteen minutes with a companion.

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1357

The man had a trucker hat on. He deliberately kept his head low when he passed by the reception to evade the surveillance cameras.

Millie had mentioned once during one of our casual exchanges that due to the handsome pay that came with the high-risked nature of their jobs, they had to put their life, blood and sweat on the line or die while they were executing their mission. It became their second nature to keep watching over their own shoulders, even when they were sleeping.

For me, I was just striking a deal with the man. I could not care less how much bloodshed he had caused.

As soon as they took their seats, I cut to the chase. "I want the reports on Ashton's most recent medical records and his whereabouts right now."

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“But you promised to give him three days’ time to investigate,” Millie reminded me.

“No problem.” The man kept his head low. From where I was sitting, I could only see the lower half of his face. His chin was stubbled, and he looked slightly darker than most native K City citizens. His thin lips were oddly protruding, bearing the ruggedness of the desert people.

“The figures on his health records, his schedule, and the list of persons he has been in contact with are all simple numbers. I can send them to your phone right now. However, I cannot provide you with more detailed information,” the man muttered as he fished out his phone.

Soon, I received a WhatsApp notification. It was a message with an attachment.

I clicked on the file, which took mere seconds to pop open.

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I scrolled through the document, zooming in and pinching out, and noticed the “In good health” remark at the bottom of his health report. No major health conditions were detected.

I heaved a long sigh of relief at the health report. He’s alright.

Ashton had always been a cautious man. He could lose a tail easily. Although I held little hope on the leads of his whereabouts, the box highlighted in red in the report still stumped me.

J City family home was imprinted on the report.

Ashton would go back and forth from K and J Cities in the evenings, to the family home left behind by George.

Ever since the headquarters of the Fuller Corporation had been moved to K City, the family home had remained vacant. Even Uncle Charlie hardly went

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back there. I knew Ashton had been swamped lately. So how, or rather why, did he go back and forth between two cities so frequently?

I furrowed my brows, puzzled. No wonder I could not reach him these days. It must have something to do with this.

The answer was right in the family home.

Noticing that I was deep in silence, the man reminded me, “My pay is only to locate Ashton Fuller. If you want to know what happens at the family home, there’ll be extra charges.”

“I understand. Please continue to find him; leave the rest to me.” Money was not my concern. Moreover, the family home was not a dangerous place, so it made no sense for an outsider to poke around, especially when there might be some huge secrets in the house.

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The man nodded and said nothing else. He cast a sideways glance at Millie before getting up to leave.

I was about to call out after him to ask him for more details, but Millie stopped me. “Ms. Stovall.”

I sat right down in my seat.

“There are forces shaping K City, ones we cannot afford to cross, especially since we’re not from around here. It’s not safe to put yourself out there.”

She was right. Private investigators were discreet and perfect for this kind of work. I steered the topic in another direction and asked, “I’ve booked two tickets to J City. I want you to follow me.”

“No problem.”

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I received a call from a stranger right after I was done talking.

It was a middle-aged man with a hoarse voice. “Are you Ms. Scarlett Stovall?”

“Yes, speaking. How may I help you?” I tried to register his voice to the people I knew, and only Bryson came to mind.

“I am calling from Coldbridge police department. Your client is detained in our custody for being allegedly involved in a criminal assault. We request your presence at our station.”

I received a few cases on economy disputes recently. Both parties were prominent figures, seeking to solve the dispute amiably. I was certain that they would not resort to violence.

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For a moment, I couldn't figure out who it was., "Excuse me, can I know the name of my client who has been detained?"

There was a brief pause on the other end of the phone. The police asked the alleged client, "Your name, mister."

"Alexander Zimmerman."

Zimmerman?

It was not a common last name in K City, and I was certain that he was not my client.

However, the police did not give me any chance to explain myself. "Can you hear me? Please get here as soon as possible."

He hung up right after.

Because of Bryson's case, our firm made its mark in K City. It was understandable for the alleged offender to contact Brooklyn to handle the assault charges. Why in the world would this Zimmerman engage an unknown and inexperienced lawyer like me to handle his case?

Besides, he was allegedly involved in criminal assault. I decided it was best to stay away from the man and dismiss the case to the back of my head. However, the police department called me up twice in the afternoon, and I could only begrudgingly head there to find out more.

As lawyers, it was imperative for us to maintain amicable relationships with the police because of the frequent need to go to the stations. I could not risk being on the law enforcers' bad books because of some calls.

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The detention cell was on the right side of the office, in plain sight at the lobby entrance. There was only one young man being detained inside. The bruises on his face, also evidence, were blows he had suffered in the fight.

Even though Alexander was a disheveled mess, it didn't affect his youthful good looks. He was indeed worthy of his name.

We locked gaze for two seconds. I was positive I had never seen this man in my life.

"So, are you representing this man?" I recognized the voice to be the police officer who had called me earlier. "Why are you so late?"

"I was delayed by something. Can you tell me more about this young man's offence?"

"Criminal assault," the police replied in an irritated tone as he flipped through the records. "He attacked a man in the morning, and an onlooker reported the incident. Our investigation shows that they did not know each other. When we questioned your client, he said he did it because it pleased him to do so. Has he no regard for the law?"

I was as frustrated as the police were furious at Alexander.

It was obvious that Alexander wasn't some worthless, simple-minded man. Resorting to violence was the only solution he had to his problems. I made it a rule to stay away from these people. Now that I was representing him, the police must have labeled me as a troublemaker alongside him.

Since I was already at the station, I decided to bail the young man out, lest I was bombarded with calls from the police station again.

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I put up an amiable front and asked, "Excuse me, but could I talk to my client in private?"

Alexander might have broken the law, but he was still entitled to his rights. The police said nothing and merely nodded his head before letting me into the detention cell.

Alexander stood at the bars with a smug smile as soon as I walked through the door.

"Ms. Stovall, you're finally here. Please quickly bail me out. It's so boring in here."

I stopped a few feet away from him. Crossing my arms before my chest, I eyeballed my client behind the bars.

He hit a person and spent almost one whole day in police custody, yet his eyes were still beaming with delightful youthfulness. I couldn't decide if he was a carefree soul, or he was too ignorant to know what was about to befall himself.

"Do you know me?" I asked, raising a quizzical brow.

"Who doesn't in K City? You handled the case for Bryson Queen and Ziegler Corporation like a pro. Your name immediately came to my mind when I was caught. I believe you are more than capable to get me out of here, no?"

My lips curled into a thin smile as I gauged him. He was right. I made the call to take on Bryson's case, but Brooklyn handled the trial and media interviews after the court hearing. Only a shrewd mind who had analyzed the whole situation would know and appreciate the effort I had in the case.

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There was no way a hotheaded young man in his mid-twenties could know.

There was only one possibility. Either he did a background check on me or someone who knew me well told him about it.

I refused to waste my time dwelling on the matter and cut to the chase. “You have two choices. Tell me the truth, and you can leave this place as soon as possible. Otherwise, prepare to stay the night in the cell.”

Unfazed, Alexander remained on the spot. By taking his time to reply, I knew he was waiting to see if I would carry out my threat and leave without him. He was baiting and provoking me deliberately with his defiance. I saw through his petty tricks instantly and knew what had to be done.

How naïve! Your thoughts are written all over your face.

After meeting his stares for a while, I turned around and headed for the exit.

As expected, he relented. “Fine! I’ll tell you.”

I smiled and halted in my tracks without turning around to look at him.

He blurted, “I’m Emery’s boyfriend.”

Huh?

I thought I heard wrongly and turned around. “What did you say?”

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“It’s true. Emery and I knew each other in M Country, and we’ve been dating for a while.” Alexander explained calmly as happiness filled his sapphire eyes.

One could tell if people were acting with love. He said Emery’s name with such care and tenderness, as if a child was showing off his precious toys to the others. He treated her name like a precious treasure. His reaction convinced me that he was truly in love with my friend.

However, I had my doubts about what he said. Emery was at least six years older than him and she had just divorced. How did she get into a relationship so quickly?

“It’s the truth. If you don’t believe it, give Emery a call. She knows who I am,” he said earnestly when he noticed my suspicions.

Well, this is a good idea.

Since there was no point wasting my time with him, I called Emery directly.

She picked up the phone almost immediately and sounded tired, as if she was sleeping. “Hello...”

“Someone wants me to be his lawyer said he knows you. Does the name Alexander ring any bells?”

“What?” Her reaction startled me.

That meant Alexander was indeed telling the truth. I was at a loss for words.

I tilted my head sideways and saw him looking at me with excitement. At that moment, he seemed like a child waiting to see others’ reaction after pulling a prank.

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“Where are you guys? I’ll be there immediately.” Emery sounded rather serious as she put on her clothes.

“We’re at the police station in Coldbridge. Drive safely.”

“Got it.”

I looked at the call history of my phone and heaved a deep sigh.

I didn’t want to comment on Emery’s private matters. However, Alexander didn’t seem to be any better than Hunter, so I felt the need to defend her. She is such an outstanding woman. Why are those childish and irresponsible men attracted to her?

It was rather inconvenient to talk with him in the presence of the police officers, so I bailed him out and we waited for Emery in my car.

It was the stupidest decision I had made that day.

Alexander was young and extremely chatty.

“Thank you, Ms. Stovall. Right, can I visit your twins?”

“No.”

“That’s fine. Emery is always talking about you. Maintaining a relationship for so many years is such a rare sight. You and Mr. Fuller must love each other very much.”

“Yeah,” I replied, and fiddled with my phone.

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It didn't stop Alexander with the endless questions. "Do you think Emery will agree to marry me?"

"No."

"Is that so? That's alright. I'm young, so I'll wait for her. She'll come around one day. You'll see."

Mister, I'm afraid you're being overconfident.

Right when I was about to give him a reality check, I heard a few thuds on the car window.

"Emery!" Alexander unbuckled his seatbelt and got off the car in a flash.

I followed him in disbelief. He was running toward Emery with his arms wide open, probably to give her a hug after a long separation.

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Emery extended her hand and stopped him from getting closer. "Act normal, please."

"Am I abnormal?" Hurt, Alexander slowly put down his hands as he pacified her gently and coyly. "Darling, we haven't met for so long. I miss you so much!"

Is he whining?

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At 1.8 meters tall, wearing a leather jacket and a pair of jeans, he could easily be mistaken as an idol. Who would've thought he could transform himself so effortlessly from an idol to an adorable puppy.

Did Emery change her taste of men?

Wait! Darling?

I took in a sharp breath at the shock. Did she get hitched during her one-month overseas trip?

Emery read my mind and hurriedly explained, "Stop imagining things. It's not what you have in mind."

Alexander refused to give up and argued, "Huh? No! You're going to marry me in the end, so you're my darling."

"Shut up." She rolled her eyes at him with disdain. "It's just a one-night-stand. No biggie."

Hearing her ruthless words, Alexander felt wronged as he pouted. "Darling, do you not want to be responsible for me?"

Emery was so furious by his shamelessness and shot him a sharp glare.

Watching the show, I couldn't hold back my laughter. Who would've known that the eloquent heiress of the Moore family would be rendered speechless.

I smiled and suggested, "I think you should comfort the kid's broken heart before you do anything else." I guess I was one of those bad friends people had.

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Emery sighed helplessly and replied, "You can leave first. I'll take care of the things here."

Although I couldn't bear to watch someone close to me suffer, I got ready to leave, having done my part.

I patted my friend's arm and advised her to calm down before leaving in my car.

As the exit, I glanced at the rearview mirror subconsciously. Alexander was trying to get close to Emery, to no avail.

To be honest, although she was many years his senior, they still looked good together. Their interaction was romantic and sweet, with one of them taking the initiative while the other shying away.

I smiled. If Emery could have someone to love her, it would be great.

It was one in the morning when I reached J City. After driving for another one hour, I finally arrived at the family home.

Ever since George passed away, there were only a few helpers left at the house. I knocked on the door for a long while before Silas opened the door and invited me in.

"Mrs. Fuller, you could've told me you're coming. I would've sent some men to help you with the luggage. The room isn't cleaned, so you'll have to bear with it tonight." Silas instructed the maids to clean the rooms upstairs. "Quick, change the bed sheets and blankets."

"It's okay. Silas, I'll sleep in Ashton's room. Didn't he come back here recently?"

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“Erm...”

“Is something wrong?”

“Every time Mr. Fuller comes here, he stays in his parents’ room and sits on the couch the whole night. They’ve passed away years ago, so there aren’t bed sheets and blankets in the room. It won’t be comfortable for you.”

“I see. Then, I’ll leave it to you.”

“Alright.” Silas walked away and made the arrangements

He was quick with his instructions and got the arrangements done. Millie stayed in the living room downstairs that was closest to the lobby for her convenience.

Everyone was asleep by the time I finished showering.

I found my way to my late parents-in-laws’ room by memory. The door was ajar, so I pushed it slightly.

Switching on the lights, the dark room lit up instantly.

The decor in the room was exactly the same as how I remembered. The curtains were changed into new ones with the same style.

After wandering around the room, I found a newly added couch beside the French windows. I figured Ashton had spent his nights in this room sitting on that couch.

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