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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1444

She appeared a little rattled as she ranted, "Don't you believe me, Ashton?"

"The truth trumps debate, wouldn't you agree?" Ashton's eyes swept meaningfully over her before he started for the door.

I was jolted to my senses and went on to hide in the emergency exit nearby.

The two men had only just left when the agitated voice of the woman emanated from the inside. "Find out exactly who my brother met up with recently! Be thorough about it!"

Only then did I slip away to the entrance and hired a ride out.

En route, I mentally tried to piece together what had just transpired.

However, I was not able to grasp the nuances within.

Emery did not seem the type to mistake anyone for someone else. Ashton did not blow up in my face; he had merely sent me away so he may question his own sister.

One was a Hall and the other a Fuller. Yet both were siblings. This was intriguing indeed.

So Ashton was completely unaware of the obituary. If that was the case, why was he not surprised at the appearance of someone who looked exactly like his ex-wife?

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Scarlett Stovall's DNA was found on that corpse two years ago. Gregory and I have no blood relations. Was this the truth?

If only I had not lost my memories.

There would be no problems had I not forgotten the past.

I would be able to know if I liked the child, what kind of enemies I had, and who I loved.

No one would be able to lead me by the nose then.

When I reached the hospital, I sat outside the corridor for a while before returning to Marcus' ward. A few people plain-clothes policemen were inside.

Marcus was having his statement taken, and he smiled when he saw that I had returned. "Hey Letty, you're back."

"Yeah." He explained the situation when I walked to the side of the bed, "The police would like to get a better understanding of the case in order to solve it sooner."

I nodded in acknowledgment before I filled the empty glass on the table with water.

"Have you gotten into any fights with anyone recently, Mr. White?"

"Not that I can remember."

"Or offended anyone when you misspoke? Or had any disagreements over business dealings?"

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“No. White Corporation has always been above board in our operations. We value trust...”

Any possible criminal motive had been covered through their inquiry but without making any headway.

There was a tall one amongst the officers who seemed to direct his focus rather strongly upon me. “Was Ms. Stovall also inside the car during that time?”

I nodded cooperatively. “That’s right. Marcus and I were together. We were on our way home.”

Then the rest of them started to drive the same questions they had for Marcus my way.

Mostly, they were about who I might have encountered recently and whether any of them stood out to me.

I had just regained consciousness and did not have many friends apart from Marcus, Emery, and the others.

But speaking of enemies...

There seemed to be just the one.

Rebecca’s murderous look still gave me the jitters when I recalled it.

When I was about to mention it, Marcus put the attention back on himself. “She could not remember much as she had only come out of a lengthy coma recently. Basically, she was with me most of the time and rarely interacted with outsiders.”

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The officers nodded upon hearing that and did not probe further.

They seemed to get on well with Marcus and left him with some good wishes before they departed. "Leave this to us. You take care of yourself."

I turned to him after they left. "Do you know someone in the station?"

"I helped them out with a few cases when I went overseas a couple of years back."

As he seemed to have no intention of elaborating, it would not seem proper for me to press further. "The overseas cases must have been quite dangerous. It's a good thing that you made it out okay."

The man smiled slightly as he seemed to have remembered something when I spoke. "Indeed. But by the looks of it, it was worth the trouble."

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After Marcus had his breakfast the next morning, I prepared to go home and make him some staple dishes.

Even if he did not say so explicitly, the distinctively average fare offered at the hospital clearly did not appeal to his fussy taste buds.

I had just reached the gate when a loud screeching of brakes rang out. Turning around, a black automobile skidded to a stop to my side. Out stepped a woman with flowing blond locks, wearing a glittery dress. She came right at me.

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