

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 441

Should I go back? Is it too early?

Seeing that I had fallen silent, Joseph took that as a sign that I refused to return. Sighing, he said, "Mrs. Fuller, who's going to feel the pain if Summer falls down?"

Startled, I glanced at the man who was driving seriously and said, "Although we're not biologically related, we have spent the last four years together. She's a significant part of my life. It hurts me to see her suffering in pain."

He brought the car to a halt when the traffic light turned red. Staring at me in the eyes, he asked, "Then, can you imagine the sort of pain he has to go through over the past four years? Mr. Fuller was afraid you would be irked by his presence. In order to oppress his affection for you, he spent most of his time working and getting himself drunk."

Halfway through his orated speech, Joseph paused. "On the first winter you left, he passed out on the streets in the middle of the night. As a result, he caught a high fever. However, he said he had the best time of his life because you showed up with a bright grin in his dream.

"He was the person in charge of Fuller Corporation by day, yet he would turn into a drunkard when night falls. His intestine started bleeding internally as a result. If he couldn't get himself drunk, he would approach me and ask me if he should approach you just to keep an eye on you. As soon as he sobered up the next day, he would become the indifferent man again.

"Undeniably, he did a great job keeping his emotions to himself, but at the end of the day, he's but a human. He suffers from mental breakdowns as well. Mrs. Fuller, you should move on from the past and appreciate your future with him. Since you have a thing for him, why don't you stop torturing yourself and Mr. Fuller?"

I was in a state of bewilderment when the traffic light turned green. It was a surprise since an outsider had brought up everything about Ashton in front of me.

Perhaps Joseph's right. The past is in the past.

After picking up Summer, I brought her back to the yard.

Prior to his departure, Joseph peered into my eyes with his lips pursed. "Mr. Fuller will be heading back to K City tonight."

With that, he departed immediately.

I decided to send Ashton a simple message, wishing him a safe flight.

Seconds after I dropped him the text message, he called and asked in a gentle tone, "Have you had dinner?"

He seemed to be boarding the plane soon. Nodding, I looked up and gazed at the pitch-black sky. "Yes."

"I'll be back soon. Take good care of yourself when I'm away. And don't forget to have your meal on time," he replied in a hushed voice.

Through the phone, I heard the announcement urging him to board the plane. Immediately, I said, "I'll talk to you soon! See you!"

"Okay!"

After hanging up the call, I lost myself in another train of thoughts because I was overwhelmed by Joseph's words.

It's true that the ones we love hurt us the most.

I used to think I was head over heels in love with Ashton, but I slowly figured out it was nothing much. The moment that I figured out that I was pregnant, I started planning my escape. When I lost my child, I knew he was in great pain as well, yet I still resented him.

The moment he tried to explain the reason why he swapped the DNA samples, I left without allowing him to explain himself. Perhaps my selfishness was the reason why the two of us had ended up like this.

A week after Ashton's departure, I quit the job at the hotel.

When Colin received my resignation letter, he asked with a straight face, "Have you informed Mr. Fuller?"

"I'll get in touch with him soon."

He fell silent. A few seconds later, he nodded and acknowledged my resignation.

"What are you going to do from now onwards?" he asked, looking slightly sullen.

"Well, nothing for the time being." Since John and Ashton had shown up one after another, I was pretty sure others would start talking behind my back again.

He nodded. "Keep in touch with me, okay?"

Smiling, I said, "I still need someone to look after the plants in the yard." I had no intention to sell my place in P Province. Should Summer further her study at the university and start a family, I might make my way back in the future and spend the rest of my life there.

He nodded and replied with a grin, "Let's catch up over a meal soon. Michael has no idea you guys are leaving. I believe we should allow the children to bid farewell to each other."

After we wrapped up the conversation, I returned to the yard. It was already the last week of August. Therefore, most of the crops were ready for harvest.

Usually, I would cultivate a new batch of crops, but I stopped because we would be leaving soon.

I only packed a few sets of clothes for Summer and myself.

Colin and I had agreed to meet up for a meal over the weekend. I told Summer beforehand that we would be leaving soon so that she could prepare herself. Nonetheless, she couldn't help feeling sentimental when the time of our departure neared.

The usually mischievous little girl started behaving herself and shared the things she liked with Michael. She said, "Mommy said we wouldn't be able to bring this away with us. Can you keep this on my behalf? I'll retrieve it once I'm back."

Michael, who had always been a little boy of few words, looked at me in the eyes and asked, "Ms. Stovall, when are you coming back with Summer?"

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My mind went completely blank. I gave it a thought and said, "We'll be back every now and then. Perhaps we'll make a trip back during the next festive season."

Michael smiled when he heard that. "Then, Daddy and I will be waiting for you and Summer to come back to R Province to celebrate the festive seasons!"

For a moment, I was flustered because I almost forgot there was another joyous occasion around the corner. Seconds later, I nodded and said, "Summer and I will be back soon."

The children were equally thrilled when they heard my words of assurance.

On the other hand, Colin, who had been quiet all this while, broke the silence and queried, "Are you going to K City?"

Shaking my head, I stated, "Not for the time being."

I never had the chance to bring Summer back to J City when she was an infant. Now that she was slightly older, I wanted to bring her back to visit Macy. I felt quite lost because I never mentioned Macy over the years.

Summer snuggled in my arms after we bade farewell over the meal and made our way home. She was melancholic because we would be leaving soon.

After I tucked her in, I called Ashton.

The moment he picked up the call, his hoarse and seductive voice could be heard. "I was about to call you, yet you got ahead of me. It's almost like our thoughts are connected."

I responded with a smile and looked out the window. Staring at the bright moon, I said, "I just resigned."

"Well, it was inevitable since staying at that hotel would be a waste of your talent," he replied nonchalantly as though he had been anticipating my departure.

I smiled, wondering whether his words counted as a compliment.

Once again, he broke the silence and asked in a gentle tone, "Where are you planning to go?"

"I haven't made up my mind." R Province might have much to offer. However, when I took Summer's future into consideration, I thought she deserved better things in life.

"No matter where you're going, I'll always have your back. Don't forget I consider Summer as my daughter," he asserted in a calm and collected manner.

I was dazed for a moment before I nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

Compared to the way we interacted with one another in the past, I enjoyed our current relationship more. Now, he wouldn't make the call on my behalf and instead, he would simply provide his opinion and guidance.

After I hung up the call, I purchased the air tickets to J City. It took me an hour to reach the central business district to purchase the tickets because there wasn't any airport in R Province.

In September, I brought Summer to J City with me. It was her first visit there. The moment she walked out of the airport, she swept her gaze around and shared her joy with me. "Mommy, this is such a huge airport!"

I responded with a smile and brought her to Glenwood Apartments. When I left the city, I bought myself an apartment and kept one of Macy's apartments for Summer.

Since there were photos of Summer and me in the apartment, she returned with a photo after roaming around the house. She asked, "Mommy, who's the woman beside you in the photo?"

Seeing how Summer had directed her question at me in such a sincere manner, I suddenly felt a heart-wrenching sensation.

I took over the photo and noticed the photo was taken in the year we graduated. Back then, Macy already started working in the bar.

After she got her wages, she insisted on having me join her for a photoshoot in a studio. She said we needed a photo as a keepsake of our best time in life. Otherwise, age would catch up to us soon and we would forget what we looked like in our prime.

I was grateful she insisted because the photo was something that could remind me of the most carefree period of my life.

“Mommy, why are you crying?” Summer asked in a mellifluous tone. I crouched in front of her and cradled her in my arms, shedding tears of grief.

“Summer, let’s pay this aunt a visit tomorrow, okay?” It had been four years since my last trip back. I couldn’t help but wonder if things were fine on her end.

Summer nodded and stared at Macy in the photo. Shortly after, she wiped my tears off my face and said, “Okay!”

Holding the little girl in my arms, I suppressed my emotion and announced, “Summer, she’s an important friend of mine and an important figure in your life. Can you promise me that you’ll address her as your mom instead of your aunt in the future?”

Confused, the little girl asked, “Why? Michael said an ordinary family consisted of only one father and one mother. If I’m addressing her as my mother, how am I supposed to address you?”

“Summer, we’re all special in our own ways. In short, you’re different from Michael as well. He’s a boy, but you’re a girl. He only has a mother, but you have two mothers. Macy is someone that’s important to me. Can you promise me that you’ll keep that in mind?”

I couldn’t bring myself to tell Summer she wasn’t my biological daughter, yet I was afraid of completely detaching her from Macy. She may not have any memory of Macy in the four years of her life, but from now on, I wanted her to know about Macy.

Summer was perplexed, but she nodded when she saw how serious I looked. “I’ll listen to you and address her as mommy Macy in the future.”

I nodded.

After we had settled down, I hailed a cab and brought Summer to the cemetery with me on the next day.

Compared to my last visit, the cemetery seemed to be relatively spacious. It must have expanded again.

Judging by the number of tombstones that were erected over the past four years, I couldn't help but wonder how many people had lost their loved ones.

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When the middle-aged florist in charge of the store not far from the cemetery saw us, she asked, "Do you need a bouquet of white chrysanthemum?"

Smiling, I shook my head and brought Summer into the store. "Is it fine for us to pick the flowers?"

The florist was stupefied for a short while before she nodded in return and asserted, "Of course!"

Macy once told me she was never a fan of chrysanthemums. She would get irked by the melancholic and monochromous colors. Instead, she was thrilled whenever she received sunflowers.

After I got a few stalks of sunflowers, I asked Summer to hold on to it because I needed to get Old Mr. Fuller a bouquet as well. In the end, I got the reliable man a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

Grandma had always appreciated the bunch of celosia by the edge of the yard in R Province. The ornamental amaranth was no match for other species in terms of look, but it could brace itself through harsh weather and flourish in harsh conditions.

As a result of the cemetery's expansion, there were a lot of stairs. Walking through the steps amid the heavy morning fog, I was grateful there were signs everywhere. Otherwise, I would have lost my way.

There were a lot of people there to visit their deceased loved ones on that particular day. After dropping by the two seniors' graves, I brought Summer to visit Macy's grave.

Another tall man with a callous look could be seen in front of her grave. After four years, he was no longer the gentleman I used to know.

People would mature at different ages, but most people would turn into gentle adults as they got older. However, there were also some cases where certain adults might develop the other way and fall into the vicious cycle of despair due to their awful memories.

I wasn't sure if Jared was the former or the latter category. After all, after four years, I still had no idea the sort of relationship he had with Macy.

Staring at the bouquet of balloon flowers in front of the tombstone, I was dumbfounded for a short while.

Balloon flower had two kinds of meaning—eternal love and eternal despair.

At the end of the day, we would be overwhelmed by the things we owned in life if we failed to practice moderation in life. It would be better to appreciate things than constantly asking for more.

“Mommy!” Seeing how I was standing rooted to my spot for a while, Summer broke the silence. When she saw the photo on the tombstone, she asked, “Is mommy Macy dead?”

Her mellifluous voice caught Jared's attention. He turned around and gave me a wide-eyed stare when he saw me.

When he noticed I wasn't the one talking, he turned his gaze to Summer.

The man and the little girl exchanged glances. He pursed his lips with his brows furrowed. Perhaps they were meant to cross paths in life to sort out the complications behind their relationship.

A few seconds later, he looked at me and asked, “Is she—”

Before he could finish his question, I cut him off and instructed Summer, “Summer, can you please place the bouquet in front of mommy Macy's grave?”

Macy would never want Summer to spend her time by Jared's side. I happened to share a similar vision and would never allow that to happen.

Summer nodded; the little girl had no idea the emotions an adult had toward the deceased ones. After she placed the bouquet in front of the tombstone, she gazed at the photo.

She was about the height of the tombstone. When she caught a glimpse of her biological mother, torrents of grief streamed down her face.

“Mommy said you’re an important figure in her life. If that’s the case, I’ll always keep you in mind.”

Although the little girl’s words seemed to make little to no sense, others would feel wistful when they heard her mellifluous voice.

Jared wasn’t a fool. He was aware of my miscarriage back then. Therefore, he could easily rule out the possibility that Summer was my daughter.

Judging by his look and response, I knew he had figured out Summer’s identity.

I had never once told him that Macy had passed on. Since he was here now, I reckoned it must be others who shared the news with him.

He asked, “What’s her name?”

It was evident he was talking about the little girl. “Summer Stovall.” I looked at the photo on the tombstone while replying.

As I watched Summer’s attempt to wipe the photo clean, I could feel my heart breaking into a million pieces.

Jared nodded and replied with a quivering voice, “That’s a great name.”

I pursed my lips and felt a prickling sensation behind my eyes.

Occasionally, she would show up in my dream with a little boy waving at me. She would say, “Scarlett, I’ll take good care of him on your behalf.”

I started weeping because I wasn’t given the chance to spend time with the little boy. Sometimes, I would imagine how our son would turn out since Ashton was such an exceptional man.

On several occasions, I would get overwhelmed by a plethora of emotions. Fortunately, Summer was by my side to keep me company. I was able to move on from the mortifying past because of her.

As we were no longer in the same realm, the only thing we could do was to take care of each other's loved ones on the other party's behalf.

Once the fog subsided, a woman's voice could be heard from behind. "Jared, shall we go home?"

I found the woman's voice familiar. When I turned around, I was stupefied for a few seconds because the woman turned out to be Kristina.

After four years, she had turned into a gorgeous and mature woman as compared to the childish young woman a few years ago.

She was equally surprised when she saw me. When she caught a glimpse of Summer, her eyes flickered in confusion.

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A few seconds later, she approached and greeted me, "Hello, Ms. Stovall."

"Hello," I replied flatly. To be honest, I hadn't moved on from the past, but I was no longer haunted by the things that had occurred ages ago.

It only took me a few seconds to figure out she had conceived Jared's child when I saw her baby bump.

As a surge of anger welled up within me, I scoffed and glared at him. "Jared, you shouldn't have brought her here..."

What the heck is this? Is she trying to assert dominance over Macy?

Kristina rebutted, "Ms. Stovall, please don't blame Jared for this. I was the one who insisted on tagging along."

I found the duo hilarious and fell silent. Staring at her baby bump, I asked rhetorically in a sarcastic manner, "How dare you show up in front of her? Aren't you afraid of her paying you a visit in the middle of the night to get her revenge?"

Kristina was one of the main reasons Macy had passed on back then. Since she had the audacity to show up in front of Macy's grave, she must be having a great time over the years.

With a frightened look, she cast her gaze on Jared. She seemed to be afraid of Jared instead of Macy.

What a joke! It seems that Jared was never made aware of the truth behind Macy's death.

"Ms. Stovall, I know you're a close friend of Macy's, but we can't possibly bring the dead back to life. Do you really want us to spend the rest of our life in sorrow?"

I couldn't believe she had the guts to pick on me in such a righteous manner.

If I wasn't conscious of her past doings, I would definitely think of her as a noblewoman with a positive mindset.

"We can't bring the dead back, but we can always ensure justice is served!" I looked at Jared with a scowl and asked, "Have you never wondered the reason behind Macy's death?"

"Ms. Stovall!" She yelled to stop me in the nick of time because she didn't expect me to be so frank about it. "Macy died because she couldn't handle the news of your incident! Why are you bringing this up again?"

Why?

As I looked at her baby bump, I changed my mind about saying the truth. After all, the child had nothing to do with the feud.

Seeing that I fell silent, Jared probed further, "What are you talking about?"

"It's nothing. Why don't you send someone to get to the bottom of this if you're curious? You need to stop behaving like a fool. Otherwise, others won't stop taking advantage of you."

At the end of the day, there were a lot of parties involved in Macy's death. Although Kristina was one of them, if I brought the truth up when she was the most vulnerable, it would simply make me another vicious woman like her.

“Summer, it’s time to go home.” As we departed early in the morning to reach the cemetery on the outskirts, the little girl started spacing out as she stood in front of the grave.

Summer nodded and paused. Looking at Jared, she bade him goodbye. “Goodbye, Uncle!”

Her words took me by surprise. Similarly, Jared’s body stiffened because he too was taken aback by her response. He replied with his voice quivering, “G-Goodbye!”

I carried Summer on my back and made our way down the stairs because it would take me a lot of time to walk her down.

Halfway through the seemingly endless stairs, I asked, “Summer, do you like that uncle?”

I knew Summer better than others—she wouldn’t greet a stranger unless instructed to do so. To my surprise, she took the initiative and greeted Jared who was a complete stranger.

“Not really. It just feels like he’s different from the other uncles.”

I chuckled lightly as I wondered if it had something to do with the fact they were biologically related.

“Mommy, do you hate him?” Seemingly exhausted, the little girl placed her head on my shoulder.

After some consideration, I shook my head and shared my feelings. “I don’t really hate him, but I don’t like him either. He’s heavily indebted to an important person in my life.”

She yawned, “O-Oh...”

By the time we walked out of the cemetery, Summer had fallen asleep on my back.

I ended up standing by the road for some time because it wasn’t easy to hail a cab.

Just then, a black Jaguar pulled up in front of me. As soon as the window was wound down, Jared’s gorgeous face could be seen.

“I’ll give you a ride home.”

I shook my head and turned his offer down. "Thanks, but no thanks. I prefer hailing a cab and making our way back on our own."

Kristina leaned over and added with a courteous smile, "Ms. Stovall, it's not easy to hail a cab around here. Why don't you get in the car and allow us to give you a ride home?"

Pursing my lips, I said flatly, "There's no need." I had no intention of continuing the conversation with her.

Staring at Summer behind my back, Jared instructed, "Do you want the child to sleep behind your back until you get a ride home? Just get in the car already!"

I furrowed my brows because the duo was slowly getting on my nerves.

Thankfully, a cab showed up from afar just then. I waved at the driver and cast an indifferent glance at the duo. "Thanks for the offer, but my ride is here."

Summer continued sleeping soundly after we boarded the cab. I tucked her in when we reached Glenwood Apartments. After packing my stuff, I reached for my phone to order something to eat.

I noticed I had a few missed calls from Ashton and Jackson. I was supposed to tell Ashton that I had arrived safe and sound, but I completely forgot about it since we touched down late in the night.

Seeing that it was a weekday, I knew Jackson should be in the middle of work. Hence, I dropped him a text and told him I had reached my destination.

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The moment I gave Aston a call, it was picked up almost instantly. The man on the other end of the line asked, "Are you busy?"

I stuffed the clothes we had changed out of into the washing machine. After all, the cemetery was built on a hill and there were muddy stains on our clothes.

"I brought Summer out for a walk with me." Halfway through the call, I heard noises coming from the bedroom.

Thus, I walked over to check on Summer because she seemed to have roused from her sleep.

"Do you have anything on your schedule in the afternoon?" Ashton asked.

"Perhaps I'll take a stroll around." Summer was indeed awake. She sat on the bed, playing with the lamp on the nightstand.

When she saw me, she called out, "Mommy, I'm hungry!"

I nodded and told Ashton, "I need to make Summer something to eat. I'll talk to you later."

"Sure," he replied in a gentle tone.

After hanging up the call, someone rang the doorbell. I thought it was the food I had ordered, but I saw Jackson the moment I opened the door.

He showed up with a bunch of different things. As it took me some time to answer the door, he asked, "Were you sleeping?"

"No. Why are you here when you're supposed to be working?"

He brought the things he had into the kitchen and heaved a long sigh. "How am I supposed to work when I know there's nothing in your refrigerator? I can't possibly allow you and the child to starve, can I?"

He was spot on because Summer had wrapped her arms around his leg, stating she was hungry.

He showed her the desert he bought her and offered, "Why don't you finish this while I make you something to eat?"

Once he dealt with Summer, he looked at me in the eyes and queried, "Where have you been?"

As I helped him put the things he bought into the refrigerator, I told him, "I dropped by the cemetery. Ironically, I ran into Jared and Kristina."

I hesitated for a short while but decided to tell him the truth after much consideration. "Kristina seems to be pregnant."

Jackson paused before turning around and asked with a frown, "She's pregnant with Jared's child?"

"Maybe?" I shrugged and replied with a rhetorical question because I wasn't sure either.

He looked at Summer and said in a hushed voice, "I want you to keep Summer's existence a secret."

I pursed my lips. "There's a possibility that he has already figured out her identity. After all, Summer sort of resembles him in terms of look."

"So what? As long as you keep him in the dark and deny it, he won't be able to bring her away!" Jackson was getting slightly worked up. "If it wasn't because of Kristina, Macy wouldn't have passed on due to hemorrhage!"

Summer was munching away at the food Jackson bought her in silence because she was famished.

Since Jackson was there, there wasn't anything much for me to do in the kitchen. After a moment, I received a text from Ashton. Ashton: It's raining in K City. Is it raining on your end? Remember to bring an umbrella with you if you're heading out.

I found him adorable and couldn't help but smiled. Scarlett: Alright, I'll keep that in mind.

Ashton: Remember to put on a few jackets when you're out. I'll drop by and visit you once I'm done with my business.

Scarlett: Okay!

Ashton: Do you miss me?

Scarlett: I do.

Ashton: Me too.

By the time I wrapped up our conversation, Jackson had our meal ready. I put my phone aside and brought Summer to the kitchen to join him.

In the afternoon, Jackson said he wanted to bring Summer out for some fun with him.

I was slightly worn out. Thus, I decided to take a break and told them to go ahead without me.

After the duo departed, I noticed I had a hard time falling asleep. By the time I woke up, my body ached due to the awful sleep.

I got slightly depressed when I caught a glimpse of the gloomy weather. Perhaps it wasn't a great idea to stay back on my own.

After washing up, I brought an umbrella with me and made my way out.

J City was shrouded in rain and mist. When I passed by Fuller Corporation, I noticed a lot had changed after four years.

The entire building was renovated. There were all sorts of skyscrapers, including malls and offices around the building. I reckoned that particular area would be the brand new city center in the future.

As I stood in front of the majestic building, I lost myself in a train of thoughts. It's been four years, huh... I noticed I was not the same person anymore.

It was still early. As I sat in the middle of the square staring at the passerby, I could see couples with bright grins on their faces as well as elderlies who were just taking a stroll.

Time seemed to pass by in the blink of an eye. When Ashton showed up and took a seat by my side, I was startled for a moment. "Aren't you in K City?"

Smiling, he asked in return, "Aren't you supposed to be in R Province? Since when have you made your way back to J City? Why haven't you mentioned anything about it?"

I leaned over and placed my head on his shoulders. "I was about to tell you, but I changed my mind when I thought you were still in K City. My initial plan was to get in touch with you the moment I reach K City."

He nodded and wrapped his arm around me. "No matter where you are, you have to let me know. I need to know that you're safe."

I responded with a nod. Staring at the bustling crowd on the streets, I asked, "How did you find me?"

"Why don't you give it a guess?"

I shook my head. As I looked into his eyes, I could see the warmth in them. "Perhaps, this is fate."

"Mmm!" He nodded and kissed me on the forehead.

The sudden kiss took me by surprise because it came out of nowhere in the middle of a bustling street.

The drizzle didn't seem to affect the amorous kiss at all. Gasps could be heard as the surprised passersby stopped and stared at us.

Perhaps some of them recognized who Ashton was. The passersby couldn't move their eyes away from us. They seemed to be shocked and curious at the same time.