

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 471

She still speaks as recklessly as she did four years ago.

Nancy's face was pale as she pursed her lips. "What does that have to do with you anyway? And who are you? Why are you sticking your nose into other people's business?"

"Pfft!" Emery sighed, "Looks like the Moore family has been a bit too under-the-radar these few years." She turned her gaze towards the two secretaries standing to the side, raising her eyebrows in a taunt. "You two would know who I am, would you?"

Both secretaries shook their heads and replied hurriedly, "Ms. Moore, surely you jest."

Emery nodded and looked back at Nancy. "I guess I should've expected your ignorance. After all, actresses aren't really invited to important events to socialize with businessmen or politicians, much less the ones like you. "

"Y-You—" Nancy stuttered furiously at her mockery.

Emery sneered, "Looking at your current state, I'd say you haven't seen much during those years you were hanging around Ashton, yes? Do you think Scarlett isn't a worthy match for Ashton? I'll bring you up to speed then, so you don't harbor any regrets when you meet your maker."

"You b*tch!" Nancy yelled. "You just own a few small companies and you really think of yourself as some bigshot."

I used to think Nancy was pretty cute and innocent sometimes. Knowing that Vanessa was her mother, and after observing her this whole time, I realized that they really were pretty alike. She takes after her mother after all!

Emery scoffed coldly, bored at her antics. But since she's already taken the shot, it would be more fun to take her down a notch or two.

She planted herself on the secretary's chair and propped her chin up to stare at Nancy. "You've never heard of the Moore family of K City, but what about the Stovall family? Ms. Goldstein, do you really think Ashton would just marry a nobody?"

Stunned, Nancy asked, "What do you mean?"

"What I'm trying to say is that you're not only inferior to Scarlett in terms of looks and talents but also your background. Look at your mother's character. Now, compare that to Scarlett's father. Don't you have any idea at all of the difference in your standings? If I'd been the one dealing with your slander towards Scarlett, I'd have hired someone to teach you a lesson. But Scarlett was the bigger person and chose to let it go. I did hear, however, that her godfather Louis can be very protective towards his own despite his strict beliefs in the law. I also know that your mother is a convicted felon. All he needs to do is find a small transgression to send both you and your mother back into prison. You'd be lucky to get out after that!"

Emery was obviously intimidating Nancy, and the latter appeared to hang on her every word. Pale-faced, she asked, "Did you say that Scarlett is Louis Stovall's daughter?"

Emery shrugged. "Have you never watched the news in the past? I'll give you a tip—you just need to search for news dating back to about four years ago, and you may be able to learn something useful."

"Impossible!" Nancy looked flustered. "Sally said Scarlett is an orphan. Wasn't she only married to Ashton because old Mr. Fuller liked her? How can she be Louis' daughter?"

"Aha!" Emery looked at me and raised her brows. Laughingly, she asked, "I'll say, why does she know so many things about you? Did you offend Sally? How did you do it this time? Aren't you away for four years? How'd you suddenly gain an enemy once you came back?"

I shrugged. "It's hard to explain. All I can say is it's ancient history now."

She scoffed and looked at Nancy disdainfully. "Sorry to disappoint, but her parents are alive and well. You should use your brain cells more often or you won't even know when you're being duped."

She looked at the two secretaries and frowned. "Are you two planning to stand here and watch this little show for the rest of the day? Are all the employees at Fuller Corporation this incompetent? You couldn't stop a person from barging into the president's office, yet you failed to call security for help. Is this your way of telling Mr. Fuller that he should be replacing his secretaries?"

The two secretaries were technically the receptionists to the president's office. At Emery's words, they quickly apologized and called for security immediately.

Perhaps Nancy had really taken Emery's words to heart as she left absent-mindedly with the security escort.

Only Emery and I were left. She hugged me while frowning. "You left without a word and now you're back the same way you left! Some friend you are!"

I was surprised at her words. "I left in a hurry and didn't think too much of it. I've also just returned to K City, so-

"Fine!" she pouted. "I've heard bits and pieces of that incident. I don't think anyone else would've reacted differently. But what's going on between you and Ashton? Didn't you get divorced? What's going on right now? What are you thinking?"

How should I put this? I don't really know how to answer her either.

Met with my silence, she sighed and stopped asking questions. She followed me to the visitors' room and took a seat. She asked, "The Moore family knows you're back. What is your plan? Are you just going to pretend that nothing happened between you and the Moore family?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 472

"There isn't any relationship between the Moore family and me, to begin with. I came back to K City to give my daughter a better future. I haven't thought about anything else beyond that, and I really don't plan to!" If it wasn't for Summer's future, I would've stayed in R Province forever.

Emery knitted her brows and appeared displeased. "But you're the Moore family's daughter. No one can change that."

"So what?" I looked at her, feeling somewhat agitated. "I never plan to acknowledge them as my biological parents. Since they've already adopted Rebecca formally, then Rebecca can just carry on being the official daughter of the Moore family."

She sighed as she commented, "You're still not over it then." She paused for a moment before staring at me. "By the way, I'm getting married in October. Make sure to be there!"

I was stunned. "Who are you marrying?"

"A man! You'll know who he is if you attend the wedding."

I-

Ashton's meeting had just ended. Seeing as it was late, and he still had things to discuss with Emery, I decided to fetch Summer from school alone.

As I exited Fuller Corporation, it was just my luck to bump into Jared.

I wanted to avoid him but he already spotted me. Waving at me enthusiastically, he asked, "Where are you going? I'll give you a lift!"

"No need!" After the incident with Macy, my impression of his character had fallen significantly. I had no interest in hearing his side of the story. All I knew was that he shared half the blame for Macy's incident.

His brows furrowed as he followed me. "It's raining right now. I'm free and I can drive you."

I stopped and turned around to look at him. "Do you want something?"

He frowned before nodding. "I want to have a meal with her."

He was referring to Summer.

I pursed my lips. Summer is his kid after all...

After a moment of silence, I replied, "Fine, but just this once."

He was surprised that I agreed to his request. His smile was bright as he stared at me, seeming somewhat in a daze. "That's great!"

"Let's go then, I'm picking her up in a while. We can go together," I said before getting into my own car.

He quickly entered my car. It was drizzling just like he'd said. Traffic jams were a common sight in K City, and they became worse during rainy weather.

The car inched slowly along the jammed roads. I kept my mouth shut, unwilling to initiate a conversation. So he decided to start one himself. "I didn't know she was pregnant. If I had known, I'd never have let her leave."

I frowned, choosing not to comment on his relationship with Macy.

"What's her favorite food?" he asked, sighing lightly.

Evidently, his interest would be in knowing her favorite food.

"She's not picky—anything is fine!" Summer had never been a picky eater. If I had to pinpoint a specific food, her favorite food would probably be sweets like most kids.

Finally, realizing that I had no intention to carry on a conversation with him, he remained silent for the remainder of the car ride.

We reached the school gates half an hour later after the classes ended for the day.

Just as I parked the car, I saw Summer walking behind a teacher as she looked around for me.

Once she saw me, she tugged on her teacher's clothes and said goodbye to her teacher before running towards me.

"Mommy, is Mr. Fuller busy today? Why didn't he come to fetch me?"

These days, Ashton and Summer were behaving more and more like a father and daughter. Summer had grown to depend on him.

I took her school bag from her and said, "He has a lot of meetings to attend to, so he couldn't come today."

Summer pouted but accepted my answer without making a fuss. She lifted her head and stared at Jared, who was standing beside me.

After some thought, she asked, "Aren't you the man standing in front of mommy Macy's tombstone that day?"

I was shocked at Summer's memory. She actually remembers him after seeing him only once.

Jared nodded as a small smile grew on his face. He stared at her intently.

After getting into the car, Jared suddenly appeared nervous and at a loss for words. He just continued staring at Summer.

I quickly asked Summer, "What would you like to eat?"

Summer thought for a while before replying seriously, "This morning, Mr. Fuller said he would bring me to eat steak. Mummy, are we going to meet Mr. Fuller later?"

I was momentarily stunned. I totally forgot that Ashton had mentioned his intentions to bring Summer out for a meal this morning.

Jared let out a cough before saying, "I'll give Ashton a call. We can eat together later."

I nodded but didn't say anything else.

Ever since Macy had entrusted Summer to my care, I had never planned to reunite Summer with Jared. Though this had indeed been Macy's last wish, I also had my own selfish reasons.

Ashton was late to the restaurant because of his meeting. We waited at the restaurant for half an hour before he finally arrived.

After we ordered, Summer climbed into Ashton's lap and jabbered incessantly to him. It was obvious that she was clingy towards him.

Jared made a few attempts to engage Summer in a conversation, but she always replied politely before turning her focus back to Ashton again.

I could empathize with Jared's feelings at that moment. To prevent the situation from getting more awkward, I asked, "I heard that you're planning to move to W City."

Jared nodded. "That's right. W City is where the Crest family first laid its roots. It's past time for me to return anyway."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 473

I heard about the Crest family from Ashton. Though the Crest family had begun as a family of academics, its subsequent generations had made exceptional achievements in various fields ranging from business to medicine. They were well-known everywhere.

Over the years, the Crest family had gained extensive control over W City. Jared's return to W City would thus serve two purposes—he would be able to spend more time with his family as well as partake in his family's business.

This is all well and good, but what about Kristina?

Just as my thoughts drifted in that direction, Kristina appeared as if my mind had summoned her out of thin air. There weren't many customers in the Ferropenian restaurant, so her arrival was hard to miss.

After all, an impeccably dressed pregnant lady who still emanated a youthful air was an eye-catching sight.

I wanted to ignore her presence so we could have a peaceful meal.

However, it seemed like she had purposely dropped by to look for us. After she passed the front counter, she headed immediately for our table.

She looked at us with a sweet smile pasted on her face. "Jared, you're eating here too?"

It may look like a coincidence, but it's starting to seem more likely that she planned this. After all, why would a pregnant lady come all the way to a restaurant to eat alone?

Jared frowned as he nodded. His expression was wooden. "You're here alone?"

She nodded and answered in a velvety tone, "I got bored at home, and you weren't answering my calls. So, I decided to come out myself."

"Have a seat then," Jared spoke flatly as he ordered a steak for her.

When the steaks were served, Ashton carefully placed Summer on the seat next to his before gracefully cutting the steak.

Summer didn't know how to cut a steak, and I was too lazy, so I usually let him do it for her.

Jared placed some cut pieces of steak on Summer's plate as he spoke to her gently, "Summer, do you mind eating the ones that I've cut?"

Summer hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Kristina was cutting her steak and frowned at the sight of Jared's actions. She seemed displeased. She transferred her steak to Jared's plate and smiled at him. "Jared, my arms have been feeling so sore these few days. Won't you help me cut my steak?"

Jared's brows furrowed as he ate a bite of his steak. He looked around for a waiter and waved one over.

The waiter arrived at the table and inquired politely, "Sir, is there anything I can help you with?"

"Could you please cut this steak up, thank you."

Oh wow, he's actually asking a waiter to do it.

I chanced a glance at Kristina, who had paled and appeared humiliated.

Since it was requested by a customer, the waiter could only smile meekly as he cut up the steak.

The atmosphere instantly became awkward.

Ashton seemed to ignore everyone else at the table as he carefully placed cut pieces of steak on my plate. He spoke gently, "Just eat. Don't get distracted."

I nodded as I tore my attention away from them.

Summer looked at me, then turned to look at Kristina. I had no idea what was going on in that head of hers.

She suddenly asked, "Mr. Crest, do you not love this lady?"

I almost spit out the water I had drank. This kid doesn't have a filter at all.

Kristina's face paled as she lowered her gaze and chewed her lips. She looked utterly humiliated but somehow managed to squeeze out a smile.

Jared raised his brows and looked at Summer. "Do you know what love is?"

Summer nodded. "Uncle John told me. He said that if a boy loves a girl, he'll take care of her. Just like how Mr. Fuller loves my mommy. He always takes care of her by helping her cut her steak or cooks for her. He also calls her a lot to check if she's ok."

Looks like John literally teaches her everything.

At her words, Ashton's lips curved upwards in a smile. "Your Uncle John has pretty good observation skills."

Heh!

Summer nodded and continued earnestly, "Of course. He said that I need to learn to be observant so that I'll know if a boy loves me or not. Only then can I be happy."

"Summer, less talking, more eating," I cut in after seeing Kristina's dismal expression.

Pregnant women are prone to mood swings. I don't particularly like her but I'm not going to agitate or provoke her on purpose.

Summer hummed in acknowledgement and started eating.

Jared's gaze fell on Summer as he appeared to be deep in thought. I didn't know if it was on purpose or not, but he suddenly blurted, "That candor! Just like her!"

I frowned, knowing that he was referring to Macy. It's a bit pointless to be bringing that up now, though.

I made an excuse and left for the restroom.

Humans are strange beings. We don't appreciate things when we have them, yet we scramble for scraps when what we have is truly gone. What an irony.

Kristina followed me to the restroom with an upset expression on her face. "Since you've already adopted her, why must you parade her around and ruin other people's lives?"

Shocked, I turned to look at her. I asked with a frown, "Ruin people's lives?"

I couldn't help a mirthless laugh from escaping. "First of all, let's be clear that you won't meet anyone who's more reluctant to let him meet Summer than me. As for today's meal, he begged me to let him eat with Summer. And now you're blaming me?"

She looked at me as she sighed, "I hope we can avoid each other from now on. You can live happily with this child in K City. Just don't appear in my life ever again."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 474

I began to pity her. She'd become a bundle of nerves over the appearance of this kid. I scoffed, "Biological relationships are such fascinating things. No one can predict how they'll play out in the future, so here's a piece of advice for you—just focus on the baby in your belly and live your life without worrying about every little thing."

Jared obviously doesn't love her at all. The only bargaining chip she has is her unborn baby.

I didn't want to continue debating such meaningless topics with her, so I quickly entered the restroom.

Suddenly Stacey was calling me. I was reluctant to pick up the phone but decided to answer the call after some thought.

“Are you busy? Can we grab a bite together tomorrow?” She worked at Fuller Corporation, and I knew she was busy as she frequently commuted between K City and J City.

After some thought, I replied, “Tomorrow’s the weekend. I may need to bring Summer to the book store. I can’t confirm if I’ve any free time yet.”

“We can just grab a quick dinner. It won’t take long.” She paused for a moment before continuing, “I know you have some misgivings about me, but Scarlett, you need to hear me out. We always have to put ourselves first. Besides, she deserved it.”

Stacey’s accusation against Nancy on the filming set—whether intentional or not—wasn’t a big deal to me. But I do have the right to choose my own friends, and I’d rather spend my time with people who share my values.

“Alright, see you this weekend then.” Phone calls were devoid of visual cues and could often be misleading.

She answered, “See you!”

As I hung up, I exited the restroom and noticed that Summer wasn’t at our table. Only Ashton and Jared were there. I frowned as I asked, “Where’s Summer?”

“She wanted to pick a dessert; she went to pick it out with Kristina,” Jared replied.

I was worried and a little angry, but I couldn’t take it out on Jared. I looked at Ashton and said, “Summer’s a cheeky kid, and Ms. Ludwick’s pregnant. How can you let her follow Kristina?”

Ashton sensed my panic and stood up, holding my hand. “They’re just in the restaurant. Don’t worry, they’ll be back soon.”

I shook off his hand and walked towards the dessert area. It’s not that I don’t trust Kristina. It’s just that her character is unreliable. Summer’s very existence is a threat to her unborn baby. There’s too much risk involved.

The restaurant was huge, and I walked a whole round before seeing Summer. She was busy choosing desserts from the display counter.

I let out a sigh of relief when I saw that she was safe. Then I noticed that Kristina was taking a photo of Summer on her phone. I frowned and strode forward, snatching the phone from her hands to delete the photos.

“Ms. Ludwick, that is my daughter. You can’t take or distribute photos of her without my permission.”

My sudden appearance surprised her. She appeared chagrined as she looked at me. “Scarlett, don’t you think you’re overreacting? I just thought her expression was adorable when she was choosing desserts, so I wanted to take some photos. I don’t have any ulterior motives. You can’t possibly think that of me.”

“I can and I will!” I replied coldly as I walked towards Summer. Pulling Summer towards me, I looked at Kristina. “For your own safety, please stay away from my daughter!”

Her smile was chilling as she kept her phone. “If she was really your child, I’d understand the extent of your concern. She’s not really yours though. And yet, you’re devoted to her. Don’t tell me the rumors are actually true? Is Mr. Fuller barren? And that’s why you’re treating someone else’s child like the apple of your eye?”

My expression darkened. My tone was simmering with anger as I replied, “If you don’t use your mouth for anything else, I’d suggest sewing it up so you can’t spew any more nonsense.”

“So? Are the rumors actually true? Ashton can’t have any children of his own?” she sneered.

She’d come closer to me and whispered this last bit into my ear. No one else around us would’ve been able to hear her.

I lowered my gaze. Raising my hand, I slapped her without a hint of hesitation. It wasn’t a hard slap, but it was good enough to teach her a lesson.

She held her cheek as she glared at me. “What? Is no one else allowed to mention it?”

“Try again if you dare,” I said calmly.

Slapping someone in a restaurant would inevitably invite attention. Ashton and Jared soon showed up.

At the sight of the two men, Kristina immediately switched on the waterworks.

“Jared, I only brought Summer here to pick out desserts, but Ms. Stovall didn’t want me to touch her child. She even slapped me! That’s too much!”

I pursed my lips and stared at her coldly. My anger hadn’t subsided. “Kristina, if you’re going to be this pretentious, I won’t mind sending another slap your way. Don’t think you’re untouchable just because you’re pregnant. If you like to act the victim, I can play along and be the villain.”

Jared frowned as he looked at me. “We can talk things out calmly. There’s no need to get physical.”

He’d uttered these words nonchalantly before turning towards Summer. “Summer, is there anything else you’d like to eat?”

Summer lifted her head to look at me before she turned to stare at a weeping Kristina. She apparently knew what was going on. “She made mommy angry. That’s why mommy hit her.”

Jared was stunned by her answer. He smiled meekly and nodded. “I know. I’m not blaming your mommy.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 475

Nodding, Summer passed the desserts she’d picked out to Ashton and said softly, “Mr. Fuller, let’s go home. Mommy’s upset.”

Ashton’s knowing gaze had never left me though he had yet to utter a single word.

Jared, on the other hand, appeared unconcerned over Kristina’s feelings. His whole attention was on Summer. He had been trying to start a conversation with her even until we had already exited the restaurant.

Indifferently, we bid them farewell as we boarded the car. Summer fell asleep soon after.

When we stopped at a red light, Ashton reached out and held my hand. "Are you feeling better now?"

Slightly surprised, I shrugged. "I felt better a long time ago."

He smiled gently. "So, what did Kristina say to piss you off?"

He lowered his gaze and stared at my hand. He appeared to be suppressing his laughter as he asked, "Does it hurt?"

"I'm the one who slapped her. Why would I be hurt?" I removed my hand from his hold as I recalled Kristina's words. I couldn't help my gaze as it traveled towards Ashton's lower body.

Apparently, I wasn't as subtle as I thought. Ashton narrowed his eyes as he asked doubtfully, "What's going on?"

Aware that my staring was inappropriate, I quickly turned my gaze away. After some thought, I asked, "Did y-you take it out yet?"

He appeared shocked at the question, and it took him a moment before he was able to compose himself. The light turned green, and he began to drive forward. "Yes?" he answered confusedly.

Four years ago he had a vasectomy. I haven't been with him for four years; I wouldn't know if he'd reversed it or not.

Based on Kristina's words, maybe he hadn't reversed the vasectomy. This then became fodder for the rumors that were swirling around.

"Take what out again?" He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, a questioning gaze in his eyes.

Blushing, I said, "The vasectomy clips. Did y-you take them out?"

His shock soon morphed into laughter. He looked at me with his brows raised. "If you want to have kids, I'd be happy to remove them."

My brain stuttered as I pouted. So, did he take them out or not?

“You’ll become infertile if you keep the clips on for too long!” Four years was a long time. I didn’t know if his fertility was already affected.

He laughed lightly. “Don’t worry. Your husband is a healthy man. If you really want to have kids, I’ll be up for it too. Any number is good.”

I didn’t want to continue bantering with him over this. Adopting a serious tone, I said, “Let’s make an appointment tomorrow and get the clips removed.”

Even if we’re destined to leave each other in the end, I don’t want him to ruin his chances of ever having kids in the future.

He looked at me and laughed. “We’re not in a rush to have kids.”

In the end, we didn’t manage to arrange for an appointment to reverse Ashton’s vasectomy due to his busy schedule.

But little did I expect that I was the first person to be notified about Nancy’s death.

It was the end of September when the autumn rains came frequently. I rarely left the house as I was busy preparing for my exams.

When I received the text, I was surprised. It was a short one: Turn on the TV. Wait for her death.

The message seemed like nothing more than a horrid prank.

I frowned and switched off my phone, turning my attention back to my revision.

Suddenly Stacey called, stumbling over her words. “Was it Mr. Fuller?”

I knitted my brows in confusion. What does she mean by that?

“What happened?”

As if sensing my confusion, she replied, "Nancy was apparently murdered in her own home. The police are investigating now. I heard that it was an ugly scene."

I was paralyzed with shock. My hands, however, seemed to move on their own accord as they closed my books and switched on the TV.

News of Nancy's death was being reported on every channel.

"Isn't Mr. Fuller with you?" Stacey asked.

I frowned and recalled the first thing she'd blurted to me when I answered her call. I answered coolly, "Ashton wouldn't stoop to such a level."

She probably heard the anger in my tone and quickly apologized.

People change. She'd spent so much time in the murky waters of the business world that she'd become a ruthless woman.

Now though, we no longer crossed paths. I hung up and looked at the text I'd received earlier.

The call didn't connect when I dialed the number listed as the sender of the text. I pondered for a moment and decided to call Ashton.

The call went through, and I heard some background noises. It sounded like he was in the middle of a meeting. "Scarlett, what's up?"

He didn't speak loudly, but the background noises disappeared once he spoke.

"What happened to Nancy?" I asked, not meaning to interrogate him. Realizing my tone was off, I composed myself before saying, "I received a suspicious text just now."

"You don't have to worry about her since her contract with Fuller Corporation has already been dissolved. Her future actions have no bearing on our corporation. Don't overthink things," he said, sounding soft and a bit hoarse.

I paused for a moment and nodded to myself. There wasn't anything else to say, so I hung up.

I was still weirded out by the text I'd received out of the blue, so I decided to try my luck and dial the number again.

The phone still appeared to be switched off.

The doorbell of the villa rang. I went downstairs and opened the door.

Sally was here.

I'd just opened the door and could barely react when she slapped me.

Slap! She'd landed a solid one on my face.

My head was stinging from the impact, and I had to take a moment to compose myself. Blood trickled out from the corner of my lip.

I looked down at her as I attempted to suppress my rage. "Ms. Fuller, have you always been this brash? Why are you slapping people for no reason?"

She let out a cold laugh and sneered, "Reason? Nancy's death is reason enough. Scarlett, I thought you'd know your place by now after being gone for four years. Clearly, I've underestimated you. After all, how good can a woman be if she can even destroy the reputation of her own birth mother? Nancy merely admired Ashton. If you weren't happy with that, you could hit and berate her. Why make her die such a painful death?"