

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1409

I arched my brows in confusion because our relationship had turned out to be far worse than I had imagined.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to consider it broken beyond repair because it must be an intense fight and a serious situation for me to take such extreme countermeasures to shut him out from my life.

Marcus told me about how I had gone abroad on my own after I brought up the request to break up. By the time he reached the hospital, I was there on my own without any companions.

Although my physical condition had improved, my mental health was far from being fine; I could merely recall the time I spent with the doctor and nurses.

"It will be fine. Let's take it one step at a time. The doctor said staying positive will help with regaining your memories." Marcus placed his hand on my shoulder to console me. "Since you have been consuming tasteless food for so long, I'll bring you out for something good."

"Sounds great!" I said joyfully, not wanting to cause Marcus any more trouble.

Although we could barely consider ourselves a couple, I could feel that Marcus had no intention to harm me. Instead, I was almost certain I was his sole priority.

Since I had promised him to start all over again, it wouldn't be wise to rush things through.

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Marcus brought me to a Ferropenian restaurant.

"Why don't you go ahead and see if there's anything you're craving? The chef has been headhunted from a globally renowned eatery."

"Mmm..." I took over the menu and started perusing the dishes available.

There were all sorts of delicate-looking delicacies, yet none of them seemed particularly appetizing. I had a different comfort food in mind.

Suddenly, the restaurant turned lively out of the blue when a family of about seven or eight walked into the restaurant.

"Have you reserved a table?"

"Since there are not many guests, let's just sit wherever we want."

"Can we sit next to the window to enjoy the great scenery?"

As they engaged themselves in a conversation, they took a seat at the table opposite ours.

Upon a simple glance, I caught a glimpse of a man's flickering eyes.

The sprightly young man seemed to be in his late twenties. His pair of aquatic blue eyes could easily charm another woman around his age.

.Those who would show up at that restaurant were members of the upper echelon. Judging by his clothes, I was certain he was from a renowned family.

The man gaped at my presence for a few seconds before moving his eyes away from me. It took him quite some time to snap out of confusion.

After he returned to his senses, he walked over in my direction, accidentally bumping into a waiter on the way. He got himself drenched in coffee, the result of him being overly anxious.

The waiter immediately tried to wipe the coffee off the man and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Sir!"

"It's fine." The man waved nonchalantly, his eyes still glued to me. "Y-You're alive?"

Overwhelmed by my presence, he could barely form a complete sentence. It took him another few seconds to calm himself down. "Scarlett, why haven't you gotten in touch with Emery when you're in K City?"

I asked with a frown, "Do I know you?"

I was at least half a decade older than the man in front of me. Never would I have thought I would mingle with a man with a complicated background.

Although I couldn't recall most parts of my life, upon a simple glance through the menu, I was certain I had grown up in a relatively simple household because the dishes weren't my go-to foods.

I couldn't have frequented a Ferropenian restaurant when it took me luck to encounter the wealthiest man of the country, let alone being acquainted with this wealthy-looking heir in front of me.

It would take more than mutual feelings to befriend another person because the differences between backgrounds could be a pain in the ass.

“Y-You...” The man frowned and asked in a serious tone, “I’m Alexander! What’s wrong with you? Are you indicating that I look just like another person on the streets?”

He was speaking at the top of his lungs, seemingly irked. I wondered if it was because I couldn’t recall who he was. Perhaps it was because I couldn’t be bothered by his self-proclaimed attractive looks?

After another few seconds of confrontation, I muttered his name to myself, yet I couldn’t recall anything about him.

All of a sudden, Marcus’ voice could be heard, coming from behind the young man. He deadpanned his request, “Sir, please leave her alone.”

It wasn’t Marcus’ fault for misunderstanding Alexander’s intentions. The latter had indeed gotten overly worked up and surrounded me with his arms on the table. On top of that, the waiter was running around, looking a complete mess, making it seemed as though we had just fought.

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Alexander, now irritated by Marcus’ confrontation, turned around and scowled, “Who the hell are you?”

An intense fight was about to break out because Alexander was on the verge of losing his cool after Marcus warned him to stay away from me.

After Marcus checked on me and ensured everything was fine, he answered, "I'm her friend. What about you?"

"Oh! What a coincidence! I'm her friend too!" As a foreigner, Alexander was slightly taller than Marcus. He tucked his arm and announced with his chest held high, "I'm her best friend's boyfriend! I don't need to introduce myself anymore, right?"

Marcus narrowed his eyes and replied indifferently, "She's my fiancée."

"Y-You..." Alexander's cheeks reddened in wrath. He could barely suppress his emotions anymore. "Stop lying! I have never heard of Scarlett being engaged to another man!"

"I'm pretty sure there are plenty of things you have never heard of. I think I should inform you that I have been keeping her company over the past few years."

Marcus spoke nonchalantly, yet he made himself clear he was superior to Alexander in terms of his relationship with me.

I was sitting in between the two men, so things quickly grew awkward for me. I couldn't see why they started getting worked up over a trivial issue.

"Y-You—" Alexander was rendered speechless by Marcus' reply. Hence, he asked me, "Scarlett, is he telling the truth? Have you been spending time with him when you were gone all this while?"

Although I was confused by the reason he had gotten overly worked up, I nodded and said, "Marcus has been taking care of me."

Alexander furrowed his brows in silence, obviously having a hard time accepting the truth.

"I—"

"It's time for her to have her meal because she's currently not in her prime. If there's nothing else, please keep everything you have in mind for the next time you see her."

I was about to carry on with the conversation, yet Marcus chased him away.

The spacious restaurant seemed to be relatively stuffed because of them as things got increasingly intense.

One of Alexander's companions approached him and queried with a vicious smirk, "Alexander, is this your girlfriend?"

"No! She's an old friend of mine!" Alexander replied in a petulant manner and warned the woman, "Hold it right there, Mom! I know what's going on in your mind, but no! Nothing is going on between us!"

"If nothing's going on, why have you gotten so worked up? You just behaved as if your girlfriend had turned her back against you." His mother directed the rhetorical question at him, yet she had her eyes glued to me.

It was evident that it was a warning to get me to stay away from her son. She must have driven countless women away from her son in a similar manner before.

“Mom, you need to stop stirring things up! Please leave us alone. I’ll explain everything once I’m back.”

Alexander was embarrassed by his mother’s confrontation. He had no choice but to bring her back to their table. Prior to his departure, he stated pointedly, “Scarlett, please get in touch with Emery soon!”

Emery? That sounds like a woman’s name. Is she a close acquaintance of mine?

I thought Alexander would share the details with me, but he stopped interacting with me throughout our meal. Perhaps it was because he didn’t want his mother to overthink things.

When we departed, the Zimmerman family was merely halfway through their meal.

After we returned to the parking lot, Marcus paused and started running his hands across his pockets.

I asked, “What’s wrong?”

“I think I might have left my keys behind. I’ll head upstairs and retrieve it. Stay right here and wait for me.”

Not wanting to be alone and bored, I suggested, “I’ll go along with you.”

“Nah, I’ll be back before you know it.” Marcus tapped on my shoulder and sprinted in the direction of the elevator the moment he finished his sentence.

It took him twenty minutes to return from a trip that was supposed to be made within five minutes. By the time he showed up, I had long leaned against the car, trying to keep myself awake.

I had recovered, but the insane amount of prescribed medication I had to consume every day made me sleepy from time to time.

Marcus rushed over and chided me gently, "We'll be home in a short while. Try to keep yourself awake until then because it's not good for your neck to sleep in the car."

"Mmm..." I nodded and forced myself to stay awake. When I recalled the incident at the restaurant, I asked, "Is Alexander a close acquaintance of mine?"