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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1435

Ashton's words were directed at Emery, though his gaze was on me.

I had this odd sensation that he was seeing someone else as he looked at me. Or maybe, he's just like Emery and the rest. They see me as the dead "Scarlett", yet they won't let me become the real Scarlett.

Emery wasn't a woman to be trifled with, but faced with Ashton's firm demeanor, she could only agree meekly. "I'll give you a proper explanation."

She dragged me out of the room after that.

As we reached the door, Ashton's deep voice rang out. "You may not be able to carry the burdens of another person's life. Don't overestimate your abilities."

I heard his meaning loud and clear. I'm not Scarlett, and I don't deserve her life.

Little did he know that his attitude only served to strengthen my resolve. I glanced at Gregory out of the corner of my eye, my emotions still a jumbled mess.

After leaving The Jade, Emery offered to drive me home.

I rode shotgun. I buckled myself in at an excruciatingly slow pace as I replayed the scene in the shop over and over in my mind.

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Emery could tell that my mind was elsewhere. With one hand on the steering wheel, she began assessing the situation. “Don’t you think Ashton was acting weirdly just now?”

“Was he?” I was clueless.

Emery elaborated on her thoughts. “Think about it. If he had been convinced that you were impersonating Scarlett, he would have skinned us alive! Why would he let us off unscathed?”

“Maybe it’s because I’m close to Gregory,” I guessed.

“I don’t think so.” Emery shook her head. “You know what I think? I don’t think he didn’t recognize you at all; he didn’t want to.”

I knitted my brows in confusion.

He recognized me but didn’t want to? What the heck does that mean? Who else can take better care of her own child than a mother?

Emery turned serious as she said, “It’s too complicated. I can’t explain it to you now. Let me put out some feelers first.”

Since she herself was confused about the whole ordeal, there was nothing useful I could do at the moment. “Ok.”

After a moment’s thought, I asked, “What did Ashton mean by my obituary? What kind of person was I?”

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Maybe it's not that Ashton can't believe his wife is still alive. Maybe he just can't acknowledge that he had ever married a woman like this.

My mind was a tangled mess. I asked Emery shakily, "Maybe you really did recognize the wrong person. You saw it yourself. Perhaps I just happen to share a face and a similar name with this 'Scarlett'."

I furrowed my brows. I didn't know if I was unable to figure out the truth or unwilling to accept my supposed death.

If my closest family can't wait to erase traces of my existence, how am I different from those people who are rejected by the rest of the world? I'll always feel like I'm living in some purgatory, forgotten and left behind by all that I love.

Emery opened her mouth as if to say something, but I didn't have the emotional capacity to listen to her. I lifted a hand to stop her. "It's fine. Let's not talk about this anymore. I'm tired; could you send me home?"

Emery didn't force me to face my emotions at this very moment. She drove toward home in silence.

As the car passed through the technology district, I had an urge to talk to Marcus. I had Emery drop me off at the side of the road.

It wasn't hard to locate White Corporation. A short five-minute car ride later, I found myself walking into the lobby of its offices. The receptionist greeted me warmly, "Good day, Miss. Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I'd like to meet Marcus. I'm his, erm, friend," I stammered, glancing towards the office area surreptitiously.

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I had never been to Marcus' office since I woke up from my coma. It was crowded with tech workers dressed in flashy attires. It looked hectic.

The receptionist frowned at my explanation. "Mr. White has many friends, and he doesn't meet just anyone. Please register, and I'll give you a call if he's able to meet you."

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