

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1411

“Maybe? Why don’t you try to think about it?” Marcus kept his eyes on the road as he drove.

“You mean you don’t know him?” I was startled by his answer as I had come to the conclusion that Marcus and Alexander had not been on good terms ever since a long time ago.

“That was my first time encountering him. Therefore, I can’t be sure if he was telling the truth. After all, we were separated for a long time. We only have a few friends in mutual.”

I thought we used to have a superficial relationship where we would pretend to be lovely in front of one another’s friends and families. To my surprise, it was the exact opposite.

On top of that, I was surprised by how Marcus seemed to be aware of the things I had in mind. “C-Can you tell?”

“Currently, you’re not much different from an elementary school student. It’s not tough to read you—all it takes is a little effort and some time.”

It was an answer to my question, yet he stared dead ahead of him instead of looking at me in the eyes.

I could see his side profile from my point of view. He was relatively unfazed.

All of a sudden, he turned around and looked at me in the eyes. “You need to tell me if you’re touched. Miscommunication was the reason we were apart from one another for so long.”

My lips curved upwards when I heard his reply. Placing my hands in front of my chest, I announced, “It feels not half bad.”

He narrowed his eyes to a slit and smiled in return.

...

When I got downstairs for breakfast the next day, I noticed that Marcus had long departed.

I spent my time in the courtyard reading and enjoying the sun. When it was around ten o'clock, he showed up with his bag and took a seat next to me, carrying on with his work.

Just as the maid served us a plate of fruits, Marcus received a call. He headed over to the nearby corridor to answer the call. Occasionally, he would turn around to check on me.

Suddenly, the maid pointed at the milk in front of me and suggested, "Ms. Stovall, you should hurry up and finish the milk when it's still warm."

Since the maids had been pretty friendly, I picked up the glass of milk and gulped it down without a second thought.

When I was about to place the glass on the table, I noticed a note there. The maid looked at me and wouldn't stop signaling me to pick it up with her eyes.

I knew the things she had in mind and stuffed the note into my pocket without hesitation.

After I placed it in my pocket, I took a peek at Marcus, who happened to be on his way back to take his seat next to me.

"Is there something on my face?" he questioned.

"Nope." After I answered his question, I stretched my limbs and yawned. "I'm quite sleepy. I'm going to head inside and take a short nap."

I had no idea who had acquired the maid's aid to deliver the message to me, let alone the content of the note. Thus, I was afraid to check on the note in front of Marcus.

Afraid he would notice something was wrong, I trudged back to my room. The moment I entered the room, I rushed into the washroom and locked the door before digging the piece of note out.

I arched my brows in confusion when I read the contents. Apart from a single phrase, there wasn't anything else on the piece of paper.

Meet me at The Jade at nine o'clock. I'll be waiting for you in room 608!

The person hadn't bothered to include a message to earn my trust, but the neat and tidy handwriting made me feel somewhat at ease to follow the instruction.

On top of that, The Jade seemed to ring a bell as well.

After muttering to myself, I tore the note into countless pieces and flushed them down the toilet.

When I walked out of the washroom, I encountered Marcus, who happened to be walking into the room. He looked at me with a straight face, but I started breathing heavily, guilt washing over me.

"I respect your privacy. Therefore, you don't need to lock the door when you're merely going to use the washroom." He must have heard the clicking sound of the door being unlocked.

"I guess it has always been a habit of mine."

His eyes flickered as though he recalled something, but he didn't seem to doubt my words. "Maybe you're right. You're free to do anything that makes you happy, but I hope you open up and make yourself at home."

I shrugged my shoulders and forced a calm front, replying nonchalantly, "I'll be fine. After all, you have been taking great care of me."

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To my surprise, Marcus wrapped up the conversation and responded with a thought-provoking smirk.

It might be a baseless accusation, but it felt as though he didn't have much faith in me.

...

After our dinner, I returned to my room way ahead of my usual schedule and pretended to fall asleep.

All this while, Marcus had been adjusting his schedule based on mine. Therefore, after an hour of me pretending to tuck myself in, he switched off the light of his room.

The maid who had passed me the note seemed to be anticipating my arrival—I saw her waiting for me at the entrance to the courtyard the moment I walked downstairs.

“Ms. Stovall, this way!”

I had made up my mind to meet the person behind the note, so I stopped doubting her and tiptoed my way out of the villa.

Once I made my way out, a nearby car beamed its headlamps, signaling me to get into it.

When I marched over, I was shocked because a sense of familiarity struck me when I saw the vehicle registration plate.

Thus, I stopped holding back and sprinted over because I was afraid Marcus would get in my way and stop me.

On our way to The Jade, I had been wondering if the upcoming session had something to do with my encounter with Alexander at the Ferropenian restaurant.

I was way skinnier than I used to be. Therefore, I had a relatively different look from my previous self. No one could possibly tell me apart when I had merely been out for a few hours.

After I alighted from the car, I noticed that the other party had already gotten everything ready.

Someone had been anticipating my arrival at the entrance of the hotel. Once I arrived, he showed me the way to room 608.

It was a spacious room that was the size of two ordinary dining rooms. The room had a modern contemporary design that could enable the guests to enjoy themselves on top of mere dining experiences. When I was on my way there, the waiter told me it was an exclusive dining room limited to a few important guests only.

Thus, I knew the person who had been anticipating my arrival was a member of the upper echelon.

Shortly after I made my way in, I heard the sound of the door being opened after my walk around in the room.

Someone with a pair of high heels seemed to have entered the room with a trolley.

A few seconds later, a child's mellifluous voice could be heard, expressing his frustration. "Stop meddling with my affairs! I know what I'm doing!"

"Gregory, can you please put everything aside when we're dining? Haven't I repeated myself over and over again? You need to focus on the things you're doing and take everything seriously!" The woman made herself clear in a serious manner. It was evident she truly cared about the child.

The child pouted his lips and rebuked, "No! I'm not you! I need something interesting to go along with the meal!"

Perhaps because he was way too young—he couldn't express himself and put his thoughts into proper sentences.

After her first announcement, the woman raised her volume and repeated herself, "Gregory Hall! I want you to put your tablet aside!"

Unfortunately, the child went dead silent and dismissed the woman's instruction.

That prompted the woman to yell, "Now!"

“Hmph! You’re not my mother! What makes you think you have the right to control me?”

As they started bickering, the scene of a lovely mother and son duo crossed my mind. I felt bad for the woman, but I couldn’t hold back my laughter and started chuckling in silence.

I knew it was better for an outsider to stay out of their affair. Since I was right at their blind spot, I inched away and took cover behind the wall.

Suddenly, muffled sounds of steps could be heard, and the child let out a sharp cry, “Hey!”

Similarly, the woman greeted, “Ashton.” It turned out that the wealthiest man in the country was there.

Ashton ignored them and instructed the child, “You’re supposed to address me as your father.”

In spite of having a wall in between us, I could feel Ashton’s frustration. The child, who could barely express his thoughts, caved into his instructions and greeted, “Daddy!”

A few seconds after he made a silly face and stuck his tongue out, he ran away from the man he called his father as though he was afraid his father would teach him a lesson.

Surprisingly, his father paid no heed to him and allowed him to run away.

A few seconds later, the woman’s gentle voice could be heard, suggesting in a sincere manner, “Ashton, it has been two months since our last meal together. Please let me spend some time with Gregory.”

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“Sometimes, certain things in life take more than grit. If you can’t educate a child, why don’t you stay away from Gregory in the future?” Ashton threw a sarcastic question at the woman in a callous tone.

“What do you mean?” The woman seemed to be startled by the man’s reply.

“You can’t even understand that? If that’s the case, I can’t possibly allow him anywhere near you.” Things grew increasingly awkward between them as Ashton deadpanned his reply.

Irked by his response, the woman raised her volume, yet it was evident she had been trying her best to keep her wrath under control. “No matter what, I’m your fiancée! Soon, I’ll be Gregory’s stepmother! Why are you treating me like this?”

Ashton fiancée? Thora?

I felt bad for the so-called president of a listed company because, at the end of the day, she was just another woman. Despite trying her best to please the man she loved, her effort was to no avail.

Judging by her reply, this kind of interaction seemed to be the case for a long time.

“Our engagement is nothing more than an agreement between my father and yours. As long as I refuse to give my consent, you will not be my wife. If it weren’t because of our families’ relationship, do you think I’ll allow you to confront me in such a manner?”

The man’s rhetorical reply sounded more like a warning in disguise.

I used to come across Thora on the television. She was a gorgeous woman as well, yet Ashton seemed to be relatively indifferent.

Ashton ignored Thora and reached for his phone, instructing without a second thought, “Joseph, pick Gregory up from The Jade and bring him back.”

Soon, he looked at the little boy and asked, “Gregory, you know what to do, don’t you?”

The little boy nodded and answered, "Yes! I'll be waiting for Mr. Campbell!"

Ashton nodded and turned to face Thora, remarking sarcastically, "A little boy can read the mood in the room better than you. I can't help but wonder who's the one behind Ziegler Corporation's achievements."

Shortly after, the sounds of someone marching out of the room could be heard. I thought the little boy was the only one left behind because I could only hear the sound of him playing with his tablet.

Suddenly, the voice of glass being shattered into pieces reverberated in the spacious room.

Crack!

It took me by surprise; the woman was way more aggressive than I had imagined. I was worried about the child, yet his reply proved my concerns to be unnecessary.

The boy seemed to have gotten used to it. He started remarking sarcastically in a manner similar to his father's. "Daddy said you should stop wasting your time if you're aware of the outcome that's in store for you."

Oh, God! He must have learned from the best, huh? That's even more sarcastic than his father's remarks!

I gasped on behalf of the pitiable Thora because she had to go through the same thing again after being picked on by the boy's father.

Another woman's voice could be heard out of the blue. "Why are you getting worked up over such a trivial issue? Are you sure you're not going to regret wasting your effort in building up your image in front of the child?"

"Why don't you go ahead and give it a try? If you were in my shoes, I don't think you would be able to even go through a day! There's nothing I can do to get him to open up to me! He said..."

She continued sharing the things Ashton had said with the mysterious woman in the room.

The woman went dead silent when she heard Thora.

In the end, Thora heaved a long sigh and complained, “The Hall family shouldn’t have fought over the custody for the boy! Since Ashton has to take care of his son, he doesn’t have time for me!”

“Enough! Aren’t you aware of the things you’re supposed and not supposed to talk about in front of the boy?” It was pretty obvious that the mysterious woman was superior to Thora. She had the guts to reprimand the woman without holding back.

A few seconds later, the other woman brought something up to divert Thora’s attention. “Ashton asked Dad out for a meal. Why don’t you tag along? He’s been acting like a different person since that incident, but the Hall family is on your side. If you can’t even stand this, you should forget about becoming his only woman. Have you seen him being romantically involved with another woman over the years? He’s not just giving you a hard time, but it’s everyone—”

“I hate the fact that he considers me just another woman!” Thora was shouting at the top of her lungs, but she soon replied in a hushed voice a few seconds later, “I don’t think you will ever get it. Let’s forget about it and head over to join your father.”

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“Come with me.”

A few seconds after the duo walked out of the private room, silence fell once again.

I hid behind the wall for another short while. Once the room went completely silent, I tiptoed my way out.

As soon as I reached the entrance, I had an odd feeling. When I turned around, I noticed the little boy I encountered on our way back home from the hospital, Gregory, had his eyes glued to me with a bright grin.

He stood upright and seemed to be anticipating my arrival because he wasn't surprised by the stranger in the room the slightest bit.

When I thought things were way too awkward, Gregory broke the silence and asked, "Have you figured out everything?"

Slightly taken aback by his question, I asked, "What?"

"That woman who was here a few minutes ago!" Gregory tucked his arm and orated, "She's my father's fiancée, but we don't really like her! Actually, the feelings are mutual between us! Since someone has to marry my father, can you be the one? I like you! You look just like my mother! Can you be my mother?"

The boy with chubby little cheeks behaved like an old man. I started chuckling, finding his choice of words hilarious.

I placed my hands on my knees and leaned forward to carry on with the conversation. "You're not supposed to poke your nose into the adults' businesses. You're just a kid. On top of that, you need to stop addressing a random woman as your mother because that's rude."

I looked at him in the eyes and made myself clear in a serious manner, yet I got increasingly discouraged as I went on because I couldn't bring myself to get mad at such a cute little boy.

To be honest, I could barely suppress the urge to pinch his chubby little cheeks – he was too adorable.

On the other hand, Gregory seemed to have misperceived my words as he asked sulkily, "Do you hate me?"

What? How could I possibly hate you when you're so adorable?

"I don't mean it. I—"

"You like me, don't you?" Gregory interrupted me and asked rhetorically. He held his chest high and announced, "Don't worry!

My father is a great man! He will take good care of you! As long as you promise me to marry him, I'll deal with the rest!"

I found his reaction hilarious and asked, "What do you mean by dealing with the rest? What are you going to do?"

Once again, the young boy announced with his chest held high, "My aunt told me I can get myself another few siblings if I get Daddy to spend more time with that woman. Since I don't like her, I'll get Daddy to spend more time with you to get myself another few siblings!"

I gaped at his reply because the things he had been exposed to weren't supposed to be shared with a child of his age. Perhaps he had inherited the genetics of the prodigy—his critical thinking skills were top notch.

With that being said, he was way too naïve in which he had approached a random woman on the streets for the task.

After I took a deep breath and regained my composure, I stepped forward and caressed his head, explaining patiently, "It takes more than spending time together to bring two adults together. I can agree to help, but your father may not have any feelings for me. If that's the case, things will end up miserably and cause both of us a lot of trouble. You're not supposed to do such things, okay?"

Halfway through my orated speech, his father's sarcastic remark flashed back in my mind—have you always considered your father a man with bad taste?

I should have been more precise with my choice of words because I was certain Ashton didn't have a thing for me.

Shrugging my shoulders with a self-deprecating smirk, I said, "Alright, I need to leave because I'm here to meet someone. Stay here and wait for your uncle's arrival, okay?"

Once I was done, I brought myself up in an attempt to leave the room, but I could feel a chubby hand on my thumb.

When I lowered my gaze, I saw his abysmal pair of eyes. He said, “You don’t need to head anywhere because I’m the one who asked you out.”

“You did?”

I couldn’t believe my ears—no ordinary six-year-old little boy could execute such a flawless plan, including bribing someone to send me a note and sending a chauffeur my way to bring me to the hotel.

Nodding, the little boy repeated the content of the note, “Meet me at The Jade at nine o’clock. I’ll be waiting for you in room 608.”

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That single statement had me convinced; he had managed to repeat the contents of the note without fail.

It wouldn’t be much of a surprise for a six-year-old boy from such a renowned family to be able to produce such neat handwriting. However, it was tough to believe he could get so many people to do his biddings.

Crouching, I held his arms and asked with a serious expression, “You’re not allowed to lie, okay? Tell me the truth! Do you know the one who asked me over?”

“Do you not believe me?” As Gregory asked, he walked over and accessed his tablet. The moment he took his seat, he started executing a series of commands. If I hadn’t been there to witness it, I wouldn’t believe have believed he had such a mature side.

Since he had dove right into it, in fear of interrupting him, I had to sneak my way over to check on the things he was up to.

Countless rows of codes could be seen on the screen as Gregory swiftly ran his chubby fingers across the keyboard.

After a short while, a large notification was prompted on the screen—Success!

He seemed to have gained access to another person's device.

I asked, "Did you hack someone?"

The little boy explained in a mellifluous tone, "Nah, I have merely edited a program and disguised myself as Daddy. I dropped our chauffeur and Mr. Campbell a text, acting as though I'm my father. They approached you and brought you over because they thought it was Daddy's instructions."

It turned out that he had been manipulating his father's subordinates in a rather creative and complicated method.

With that being said, the thing that surprised me the most was the fact he could easily execute countless complicated commands to edit the software.

However, I still had my fair share of doubts. Thus, I looked at the screen and repeated my question, "Are you really the one behind the note?"

"Mmm!" Gregory nodded with a determined look. He must be afraid I wouldn't trust him.

I secretly sized him up and wondered if I should consider myself lucky.

Initially, I had thought I could regain a part of my lost memories, yet I had been brought over for something else.

I can't possibly pick on the child and ruin his day, right? After all, he merely wished to see me in person.

Sighing, I returned his tablet to him and put on a stern front, seriously warning him, "You're smart, but you're not allowed to keep your father in the dark anymore if you're going to meet another stranger in person. You're the son of the wealthiest man in the country. If anyone figures out your identity, you're going to be in huge trouble, okay?"

I had a hard time figuring out if the child could comprehend my words when he began blinking his eyes rapidly.

I wasn't in the mood to teach someone else's son on their behalf anymore. "Alright, since you have seen me, and I have turned you down, I guess it's the end of our session today. It's getting late. I'll be heading back now. Goodbye."

Just as I was about to leave, the young boy stopped me and begged with his face puckered in a pitiable manner, "What do you need from me to be my mother?"

I actually started feeling bad when I heard him crying. It was indeed an odd sensation for a woman who had never given birth.

When I was about to say something, a stern voice could be heard, yelling at the entrance, "Stop fooling around!"

The moment I turned around, someone had barged into the private room.

Ashton was dressed in a gray suit and a pair of suit pants that didn't have a single wrinkle on them. His neatly combed hair matched his public image; he had always shown up on the television in such a manner.

He glanced at me before asking the little boy with a straight face, "Are you going to move away from her or not?"

When the little boy heard his father's question, he glared at him and yelled, "No! I want her to be my mother! I don't want anyone else!"

It was such an awkward scene to be a part of. With no idea on how to deal with the awkwardness, I began with a smile, "I think he's missing his mother..."

"If that wasn't the case, do you think you could get the better of him?" Ashton deadpanned his reply. I couldn't help but wonder if the man was human.

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I was rendered speechless by his harsh remark. “Mr. Fuller, I think you have misunderstood me—”

He strode over and brought Gregory away from me with brute force before I could finish my sentence. “There are a lot of women who wish to become Mrs. Fuller, yet no one has tried something as silly as this.”

Halfway through his speech, he paused and signaled Gregory to stay away from me. Although the little boy was stubborn, he dared not defy his father’s instructions. Albeit unreluctantly, he inched away from me.

Ashton looked at me and spat out, “You’re a smart woman because you’re capable of utilizing your strength. Unfortunately, you have picked the wrong target. If you wish to become my wife, why don’t you come after me? You better stay away from him in the future. Otherwise, get yourself ready for the things that are in store for you.”

Huh? Is that a warning? Why does he make himself sound so superior?

At that point, I had had enough of the man’s arrogant remark. Suppressing my wrath, I repeated myself, “I’ll make myself clear for one last time—this is nothing more than a misunderstanding. I have no intention to approach your son, let alone be your wife. Although you’re not half bad in terms of look, you’re nothing more than a single parent with a son. I don’t see the need to waste my time with you.”

Since he didn’t bother to hold back against me, I decided to return the favor and went all out in front of him.

The man frowned when he heard my words. I could detect a hint of frustration through his eyes that had narrowed to a slit.

There wasn’t anything else I could do to prove myself innocent because he seemed to have gotten used to different women saying the same things.

Okay! Considering he's such an exceptional bachelor with a great look and sturdy figure, it's not entirely impossible for those who have ulterior goals to approach his son to win him over!

If he compares me to those with ulterior goals, it makes me seem as suspicious as them!

"Since you think I'm up to something else, I'll leave you and your son alone at once! Also, you should really keep a closer eye on your son. Goodbye!"

"Mommy!"

I was about to leave, but the moment I heard the little boy's voice, I brought myself to a halt and turned around to look at him for one last time. In the end, I gritted my teeth and walked out of the room.

I'm so sorry, Gregory! It's your father's fault! He's such an irritating man!

Once I got out of The Jade, the chauffeur that had brought me there was still around. Therefore, I asked him to bring me back to Marcus' place.

As always, those in the villa had long tucked themselves in. Only a mere few faint sources of illumination were available. I tiptoed my way back into the villa, afraid of waking others up.

On top of being dehydrated after heading out for two hours, I was afraid of being busted. My thirst became unbearable when I reached the stairs, so I had no choice but to revert to the kitchen to get myself a glass of water.

The light in the living room switched on the moment I stepped out of the kitchen. I looked in the direction of the door and noticed Marcus, who was in a set of gray pajamas, craned over and looking at me.

He broke the silence before I could provide an excuse. "Have you run out of water in your room?"

As he had brought up the perfect excuse for me to disguise my trip, I played along with him and nodded. "Mmm. I have gulped down the entire bottle of water in my room because I'm thirsty."

He nodded and said, "You don't have to worry about the utility bills. Just switch on the light if you're heading downstairs."

When I was about to say something, he suggested, "I'll head out and get you a few sets of pajamas tomorrow."

Once he was done, he returned to his room, leaving me behind.

It took me some time to snap out of confusion. I looked down to stare at the set of casual clothes I had on and soon lost myself in another train of thoughts.

...

I had a hard time falling asleep after the encounter with Gregory. I blamed it on a woman's nature for being overly motherly.

In the end, I ended up tossing and turning on the bed until five o'clock in the morning. When I had enough of wasting my time, I got up and decided to head over to the kitchen.

Marcus always had someone to send different types of ingredients over on a daily basis. In other words, there were different types of ingredients available in the kitchen.

Oddly, the proper way to prepare the different ingredients available would pop up in my mind. I wondered if it had something to do with my survivor's instinct. I ended up preparing different ingredients for a few dishes I had in mind.

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"What put you in such a great mood?"

When Marcus showed up, I was in the middle of heating the milk.

"I decided to give cooking a try because I couldn't bring myself to sleep. Speaking of which, it turns out I can cook."

I once thought I couldn't cook. Therefore, I was startled when I started preparing the ingredients as though it was not a big deal.

A woman will learn how to cook after they find someone worthy of their time and effort.

That particular quote crossed my mind, causing me to think I must have brushed up my culinary skills when I was deeply in love with Marcus.

He stared at me for a few seconds. Smiling, he suggested, "You need to consider your condition before engaging in such things. You have just recovered. It's fine to have the maids deal with these."

"It's fine. I'm well aware of my limits. I actually feel better after getting myself involved in some activities."

The milk had completely heated up once we wrapped up our conversation. I poured each of us a glass and brought them to the dining hall. "Care to join me for breakfast?"

After a few minutes, he said, "I need to return to the company for a meeting. Once I'm done, I'll be back and bring you out for lunch with me."

I replied without thinking much, "You don't have to trouble yourself. I can just make myself something to eat."

He fell silent for a short while, but then insisted, "I'll be back."

"You don't need to worry about me because I'm merely an amnesiac... I'm not handicapped. I can still take care of myself. If I don't start doing that, I'm afraid I'll turn into a lazy bum."

The conversation was wrapped up with a smile from Marcus.

After we had our meal, he returned to the company. Knowing that the maid would have everything in the kitchen washed up, I retrieved some gardening tools with me and headed over to the courtyard.

While watering the plants, I caught a glimpse of the afterimage of two figures with the corner of my eyes. When I looked ahead, I saw a male and a female sneaking their way around the building.

The man seemed to be in his best fit, but the woman by his side had a relatively casual set of outfits—an oversized trench coat with a floral print dress and shades to go along.

I stared at them for a few seconds and wondered if I should call for help.

Suddenly, the cool-looking woman removed her shades and bypassed the wall, sprinting in my direction. Startled by the clicking sound of her high heels, I had a hard time grasping the situation. By the time I returned to my senses, I was already in between her embrace.

“Scarlett! It’s you! I thought Alexander had gotten the wrong person!”

Confused by the situation, I stayed in between her embrace awkwardly. It took me a few minutes to gather my thoughts. “M-Miss, may I know—”

“Why are you being so courteous around me? I’m Emery!”

Emery took a step back and started sizing me up. Her eyes brimmed with tears as she announced, “I had a hard time recognizing you because you’re so skinny!”

After being unconscious for six years, my appearance had undergone drastic changes. On top of that, after the long night I had, I seemed relatively pale and haggard.

I tried my best to recall the woman in front of me, yet my effort was to no avail. “You’re Emery?”

“Yes! I’m Emery! The one and only Emery Moore of yours in this world!” Her words were barely audible as she started sniffing once her emotions came flooding out.

The cool-looking woman had actually burst into tears in front of me.

She didn't bother concealing her emotions. Muttering to herself in an aggrieved tone, she started sharing all sorts of things with me.

"Why have you not returned to us? Are you aware we have been searching for you over the years?"

"Emery."

The man in his best fit approached the wailing woman and placed his hands on her shoulders to console her.

After he removed his cap, his face could be seen. It was Alexander whom I had encountered back in the restaurant a few days ago.

I figured that the woman was also acquainted with me since they had shown up together. Unfortunately, I couldn't recall anything at all in spite of her wailing in front of me. I wasn't sure if I should say something to console her, but after much considerations, I said, "Ms. Moore, please calm down."

When she heard me, she got increasingly worked up and yelled, "Ms. Moore? Have you really forgotten us after being away for six years?"

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Emery didn't seem like a pretentious woman. She must have wailed to the extent of her makeup being smudged because something serious had gotten to her.

I ran out of ideas on how to console the dejected woman, so I only had one way of action left—to show them the way into the house first.

After Emery touched upon her makeup and made her way out of the washroom, she finally regained her composure.

Once the maids served us a pot of tea, I dismissed them and served the couple a cup each.

Sitting on the couch, Emery had her eyes glued to me as though she was afraid I would disappear into thin air the moment she tried to blink her eyes.

Not used to it, I shot her an apologetic smile, hoping she would stop. After I handed over the tea to them, I asked, "How have you been over the years?"

At my question, Emery placed her cup aside without a second thought. Nodding to indicate everything was fine, she asked in return, "What about you? Why have you changed so much in terms of looks?"

As a result of her anxious expression, I chuckled lightly. "To be honest, I have no idea because I looked like this once I regained consciousness. On top of that—"

"It's fine! It doesn't matter if you can't recall anything! We have the rest of our lives, so we can just create more memories together!" The way she spoke made me feel as if the fact of me being an amnesiac wasn't a big deal.

Alexander must have mentioned I was an amnesiac. However, she seemed to be thrilled to figure out I was safe and sound. Perhaps me being alive was the only great news she needed.

Judging by her response, I knew she had been telling the truth—we must have been best friends back in the day.

Initially, I had thought I could acquire the fragments of my lost memories through Emery.

Things were now slightly different from what I imagined the moment Emery asked me to tell her everything about me since the day I regained consciousness.

There wasn't much to share because apart from Marcus, they were the only ones who had shown up. I didn't bring up my encounter with the wealthiest man in the country because I was still mad at him.

It felt great to have Emery by my side, and we talked about all sorts of things, only stopping when the clock strikes eleven.

Since it was about time for lunch, I got up from the couch and suggested, "Shall we have a meal together to celebrate such a rare occasion?"

Emery had no intention to turn me down at all. Instead, she added, "Of course! I won't leave even if you try to chase me away!"

It felt comfortable being around her because she behaved as though she was in her home.

When I was about to reach the kitchen, I heard Emery whispering something in Alexander's ear, but her voice was too soft for me to understand what she was saying.

Shortly after I entered the kitchen, she showed up to keep me company.

"Ms. Moore, why don't you wait for me in the living room? It will only take a few minutes."

Emery sighed and stated, "I still preferred being addressed as Emery."

"I'm so sorry."

"Forget about that. Let me help. You can always use another pair of hands to get things done sooner than usual, don't you?"

"You're a guest. I'm not supposed to—"

"You need to stop being so courteous. I have never considered myself a guest."

...

Since the maid and Emery were in the kitchen to help me, we had the meal prepared within half an hour.

Just as we were about to have our meal, I heard the sound of a car's engine being turned off.

Once Marcus marched into the foyer, he paused when he saw the guests in the dining hall.

I caught his eyes flickering, but it merely lasted for a second. He soon greeted the guests with a smile.

Once he approached us, he said, "You should have informed me of our guests' arrival. I could have gotten a few extra dishes to treat them."

He sounded like a welcoming household leader.

"I didn't have the chance to inform you because it was a spontaneous agenda." I turned around and instructed the maid to get another set of cutleries over.

Glancing at him, I said, "I thought you wouldn't be back."

He responded with a smile and took a seat next to me. "Why don't you introduce us to one another?"

It felt odd when he placed his arm on my chair, making it seem like I was in his embrace.

Am I overthinking things again? Why do I feel like he's trying to assert dominance over me in front of them?

I get that we used to be engaged, but we had agreed to start all over again as friends... Oddly, when someone showed up, Marcus started asserting dominance over me despite his promise.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1419

Was Marcus always insecure like that?

I spaced out for a moment before making introductions. "This is Mr. Zimmerman–You've met him at the restaurant. This is Emery Moore."

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Moore," Marcus said, his arm outstretched. "I am Marcus White." They shook hands gently.

When Emery took his hand, she tightened her grip deliberately. "Mr. White, it's only been a few years. Don't you don't recognize me already?"

"Do you know each other?" I asked.

Marcus looked pale and glanced at Alexander. It was subtle but I noticed it.

Alexander received the signal. He separated them both, coming up with an excuse as he did so. "All of you grew up in K City together. What's more, you're Scarlett's friend. It's not unusual for you to have crossed paths before. You could also have crossed paths before; who knows? This is fate. Come, let's talk about it over lunch."

Emery glared at Alexander for yanking her arm away. She turned and stared at Marcus. I was surprised to see hostility in her beautiful eyes. She looked as though she had wanted to say something but thought the better of it.

Anyone with brains could have seen that there was something fishy between those two, but it was ambiguous enough to keep me guessing.

Thus, the meal was passed in strained silence.

Marcus did not go upstairs immediately after dinner. He accompanied me and the maid to put away the dishes. Our actions were like a seasoned married couple.

I noticed that Emery was extremely unhappy.

These three must be hiding something from me.

After some chatter, I acted drowsy as an excuse to go upstairs. "Marcus, please entertain Ms. Moore and Mr. Zimmerman for the moment. I'm feeling sleepy after the medication. I'll just be upstairs resting for a bit."

“Go on,” Marcus said unsuspectingly as he got up to help me to the stairs. I went up and disappeared around the bend.

After ensuring that I was out of sight of everybody downstairs, I pressed my back against the wall to eavesdrop on the conversation taking place below. Hearing Marcus turn back to the living room, I hurriedly tiptoed back and snuck behind the pillar of the veranda. When I was well hidden enough, I peered over to inspect the situation downstairs.

Emery’s cold voice rang out before Marcus sat down. “We have exhausted large amounts of resources to search for Scarlett all over the world. And here you are hiding her from under the noses of the Stovall and Moore family. Marcus, should I call you smart or brazen?”

Marcus smiled pleasantly. “I’d take that as a compliment. Thank you.”

After interacting with him for such a long time, this was the first time I was witnessing his arrogance.

“When are you planning on telling Scarlett the truth?” Emery demanded.

“The truth?” Marcus retorted. “What truth? The truth was that I have been caring for her for six years, as everyone can see. Scarlett had died that year as you know it. The Scarlett you’ve met is just a lookalike.”

Marcus paused to draw breath. His hands were interlocked at the fingers on his knees with an expression of sternness on his face. “I think I’ve made myself very clear with Mr. Zimmerman. My fiancée has a good life now. I do not wish for anyone to bother her again, including you and other irrelevant people.”

“Hah!” Emery shouted. “You’re insane. What right do you have to make decisions for Scarlett? She has a family and her own happiness. What’s more, she had rejected you a long time ago. Don’t you think that this opportunistic behavior of yours is depraved?”

“I don’t care,” Marcus stated nonchalantly as he leaned back.

"I just want her to have a good life. I don't care about anything other than that."

"But Scarlett cares. Doesn't that..."

"Enough." Marcus did not give Emery a chance to rebut. With a look of impatience, he continued, "I'm not in the mood to listen to your lecture. You just need to know that if it weren't for me, Scarlett wouldn't have been able to rid herself of Armond. Now that Armond is dead, she has no more threats. I can't possibly let her go through that suffering again! Only I am capable of caring for her. You don't have to come and visit anymore."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1420

"Impossible," Emery argued. "Don't think that you can imprison her forever. I am her best friend. The Stovall family..."

"The Stovalls?" Marcus laughed coldly. "Not even a death obituary could stop it. Do you think that she would be able to live in peace if we returned to the past?"

At the mention of this, Emery was speechless.

Marcus took the opportunity to get up and adjust his coat. At the same time, he haughtily said, "I can't take it back now. Rather than having all of us live in confusion from now on, let's pretend that Scarlett doesn't exist anymore. I will arrange for her to take on a new identity. If you really want the best for her, you would mind your own business."

Alexander could not bear the sight of Emery being speechless with anger. "Marcus, watch yourself!" he warned.

Marcus pretended not to hear him. "See our guests out," he called out to the maid.

Alexander was probably not used to being asked to leave. Being young and brash, he stood up and raised his arm but was stopped by Emery. Without another word, they departed together.

Marcus watched their backs disappear and was motionless for a moment. Suddenly, as if he had a sixth sense, he turned to look upstairs where I was.

I was still in a daze processing what I'd learnt when Marcus turned to look at me. I narrowly missed being spotted by retracting my neck violently.

The night was peaceful but my emotions were in turmoil.

Emery and Marcus had my best interests in mind from different angles. However, they made the same decision of hiding it from me.

The old memories buried deep in my subconsciousness—were they really as unbearable as everyone made it sound?

If they were worth cherishing, where did the pain and suffering come from?

I realized that even I was unaware if I could bear the consequences of rediscovering my lost memories.

After that day, I led a dull, dreary existence that lasted for a long time.

Marcus was left to his office by day, leaving me alone at home like a full-time housewife. Other than the occasional foray out of the house to kill my boredom, my life basically revolved around the daily happenings of the villa.

It was likely caused by having plenty of rest that I have recovered exceptionally well. Though I still had trouble putting on weight, my mental health was comparable to an ordinary functional human being. At least I didn't spend two-thirds of the day sleeping anymore.

Marcus gave me a new phone. It was completely foreign to me and I did not know how to use it.

One day, Emery called me.

“Scarlett, let’s go out shopping. I’m outside your door. Come on.”

Before I had managed to ask her how she had gotten my number, she hung up on me.

When women hear the phrase “shopping”, they would become very excited; I was no exception. After a hasty change into something simple and comfortable, I exited the house into Emery’s car.

“How’s life with Marcus?” Emery asked with forced casualness as I sat down.

“Not too bad.”

Marcus and I were rather courteous towards each other. During this period of being with him, we began to run out of things to talk about. Occasionally when I mentioned the past, he would calmly divert the subject of conversation. Though I knew that it was done in my protection, I still thought that it was an overreaction on his part.

The fact that Marcus was not in a hurry to repair our relationship had put me at ease.

“Is that so?” Emery nodded thoughtfully. She looked as though she had something to say but after a pause, she decided to let it slide.

Soon, we arrived at the largest mall of the city center.

Emery had practically emptied out the outlets of designer clothing in a frenzied spree, to the shock and awe of an ordinary citizen like me. Nevertheless, the art of selecting and filtering products in a retail store was a familiar process to me, and I spent an enjoyable afternoon in Emery’s company just chatting and shopping.

The only person I interacted with in Marcus's house was the maid. They treated me as the mistress of the house. Whenever I made some lighthearted banter, there always seemed to be a distance between us.

It was a lazy afternoon well spent. As we were leaving the mall, we were suddenly hounded by the paparazzi.

Over the past six years, Alexander had dabbled in showbusiness in K City. He became famous overnight after receiving the award for the best actor. As his girlfriend, Emery was placed under the constant spotlight. People were desperate for a slice of gossip in regards to Alexander's private life.