

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1342

The sun's warmth graced me, but I blocked out its light, though I squinted at it. "It's a good day."

"It is," John answered. We came to a crossroads, but John made a right turn. It was in the opposite direction of our home.

"I thought we're going home." I started to panic. All I wanted to do then was to find out what happened in the basement.

"No, no, no." John didn't even look at me. "It's a good day, and the good news won't stop coming. Next stop, here we come." He blabbed about his plan, but I didn't get a word of it.

I frowned, but there was nothing I could do. All I could do was go with the flow.

Trips were fun, but not when I was in a hurry. What a waste of time. I called Ashton.

It beeped, but then the call was hung up. Maybe it wasn't a good time. I stared at the call record for a few moments before texting him: Call me when you're done. It's urgent.

Ashton didn't reply, much to my worry. Then John came to the airport. Alright, that was odd, so I didn't budge.

John only noticed my absence when he was about to enter the airport. Then he shrugged. "What are you doing? The plane's landing soon." He gave me a weird look.

I crossed my arms, annoyed and refusing to cooperate. "You're getting in the way of a crucial matter, John. This person better be important, or you're going to get it."

John chuckled and came back to push me into the airport. "I've always delivered, haven't I?"

My patience ran out after fifteen minutes of waiting. I pointed at the time on my phone, shoving it in his face. "It's almost one. Who are we waiting for, exactly?"

And then someone patted my shoulder. "I'm back, Scarlett."

I turned around, and what greeted my eyes was a woman in sunglasses. She spun around, her fishtail skirt sticking to all her sexy curves tightly. The woman was also wearing stilettos, and she radiated nothing but sexual allure. I'd probably flirt with her if I were a man.

But none of that was comparable to the surprise I felt when she took off her sunglasses. "Oh, Emery! It really is you! Oh my god, you slimmed down so much." I hugged her tightly.

I knew Emery well, but I couldn't believe that she managed to recover in a mere month or so. Her back was fair and smooth, totally unlike what I saw in the clinic.

Emery had her usual triumphant grin again. "I couldn't stand it, so I spent tons of money to fix it up."

She paused to look around before lowering her voice to a whisper. "And that's the only part that's healed. I got my scars under cover. Pun not intended. Right, let's leave this until we get home. Chop chop, don't want the paparazzi to take my picture."

As amusing as usual. Emery had always been a straightforward one. I didn't expect her to come back so soon though. I thought she'd stay in M Country for a while longer to get back to her old self.

The way back was filled with laughter, because Emery and John would always crack dumb jokes. Emery regaled us about the stories and plastic surgery in M Country, and they were refreshing.

Then we stopped laughing the moment we came back.

"You're back." Hunter was tending to the plants, but he looked awkward.

Instead of a neat look of an academician, he let his hair hang awkwardly, and he was wearing nothing but a grey tracksuit. Well, he did look like a gardener.

Emery's laughter earlier was replaced by disgust. "Why are you still here?"

John and I went away. It wasn't our place to tell someone else how to deal with their personal matters.