

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 339

I wasn't paying attention to her. "Hey, could you help me take a few pictures?"

"Huh? What do you suddenly need pictures for?"

"Help me get a nice shot of the three of them, thanks!"

I had a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Harrison's friend was Jackson, and the baby was Macy's kid.

Stacey gave me her word before hanging up the phone. I gave a call to Macy, but no one picked up.

After thinking for a while, I decided to call Nick instead. To my surprise, the call went through. "Ms. Stovall, my dear, how did you suddenly think of contacting me?"

"Mr. Harrison, are you in J City right now? One of my friends has gotten into a spot of trouble over there. Could you help me sort it out?"

There was a pause on the other side of the phone. Nick replied warily, "I'm in M Country right now. Is it very urgent? I'll get my men in J City to go over instead."

"Oh, it's alright then. I'll give my other friends a call. I'll hang up now! Let's catch up another time." Why was Nick lying to me?

Stacey's text message came very quickly. The picture she sent was taken in a building in J City's city center. Nick was wearing a brown coat, with both his hands stuck in its pockets. He looked both dashing and very bored. The image was a little blurry, but that was Nick in the picture—there was no doubt about that.

Jackson was standing right next to him, wearing a dark-colored sweater and a casual pair of shorts. Both of them were pushing a pram about. The entire picture was so strange that it was bound to draw some attention from passers-by.

I gave Stacey another call. She was probably on her phone again, because she picked up instantly this time.

I jumped straight to the point. "Stacey, I need your help again. Can you help me find out where they're living? Pay special attention to the man and baby who are with Nick. Also, I need you to find out if Macy is with them."

Jackson had told me they were in M Country. The weather in J City was too cold, he claimed, and it wouldn't be good for the baby. They were going to return after the new year, but unbeknownst to me, they had arrived in J City ahead of time.

With Macy's personality, she would probably give in and contact me eventually. In fact, according to my calculations, she should've called me to ask after the baby by now.

However, it had been some time, and Macy still hadn't contacted me. In fact, I had seen neither hide nor hair of her. Every time I gave her a call, I had a distinct feeling that she was avoiding me on purpose.

"Alright, I'll be keeping tabs on them. Don't worry!" However, as I hung up the call, I couldn't help but worry even more.

I had a feeling that something bad was going to happen.

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The next day, I discovered for myself that John was extraordinarily efficient at his job. Just as Ashton left for work, I received a call from him.

"Come down to Joy Luck Boutique for your gown fitting! Do you want me to send a car over to fetch you?"

I shook my head, climbing up from my bed as I did so. Still feeling rather sleepy, I replied blearily, "It's alright, I'll drive there. Can you give me the address?"

John rattled it off to me. Rather sternly, he said, "Don't take your own sweet time. I'll be waiting for you there."

"Okay!"

He did have quite a blunt, abrupt personality.

After hanging up, I washed up and got ready to leave the house. Afraid that I might be hungry on the way there, Mrs. Eriksen stuffed a few chocolate buns into my hands, clucking her tongue anxiously.

I used to drive a Cadillac back in J City. After Jackson sent it to the car repair shop, I hadn't used it since.

After I arrived in K City, Ashton had gifted me a Cayenne. However, I couldn't get used to driving it—the bottom of the car was too high, and that made it very awkward for me to drive it around.

However, in a place like K City, which was flooded with all sorts of luxury cars, even an expensive car like the Cayenne seemed pretty low-key.

I was planning to go down to Joy Luck Boutique straight-away. When I drove past a pastry shop in front of the city center, however, I couldn't help but remember the delicious pastries I had once enjoyed there.

Before I could stop myself, I pulled up in front of the pastry shop. After my miscarriage, Marcus had brought me here to cheer me up. The pastry shop was very popular—dozens of people queued up to get their hands on freshly-baked pastries and buns almost every day.

However, there were usually less customers on a weekday. When I arrived, the shop had just opened, and there wasn't a queue to be seen.

After going around the entire shop once, I selected a few of my favorite pastries, all of them mocha-flavored. As I paid for my purchase, the shop assistant grinned at me and said, "Miss, our first customer of the day gets a free pastry on the house. Please select another pastry."

I felt delighted. What a pleasant surprise! "Oh, is that so?"

Although I couldn't possibly finish all the pastries, a free gift was always welcome. My mood became much better immediately. I felt as though I had just picked up some money on the sidewalk! Although it was just a pastry, it was enough to lift my spirits. Today was going to be a great day.

I walked out of the shop in high spirits. While I was searching in my bag for my car keys, a harried-looking pedestrian bumped into me while he was trying to cross the road.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. However, since the traffic lights were about to turn red again, he took off in a hurry almost immediately.

I looked down at the squashed box of pastries in my hands, feeling a little sorry at how out of shape they looked. I decided to find somewhere to sit down and finish the pastries.

I watched the city crowds pass me by, shivering as the cold winds of K City chilled me to the bone. After a few bites, I lost my appetite.

There were still so many pastries leftover. I paused for a moment, feeling a little guilty for wasting food. In the end, however, I stood up and made my way to the nearest rubbish bin.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from some distance away. "Mr. White, we've booked your hotel for you."

I flung the box of pastries into the rubbish bin and turned around to look hastily.

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Not far away, a man in a black suit was passing a file of documents to another person in a black Bentley parked by the roadside.

They were probably conducting a business deal. Seeing as it was rather late, I decided to be on my way.

Just as I was going to look away, I caught a glimpse of the man in the backseat. His face was cold and handsome, and it seemed as familiar as it was foreign.

That's Marcus!

Was—was that really him?

I froze immediately, too stunned to know what to do next. Without turning to pick up my bag from the bench, I ran towards the car immediately.

“Marcus!” I yelled. As soon as he heard my voice, an expression of shock appeared on Marcus’s handsome face.

He swept a cold look towards me, before taking the file of documents from the man expressionlessly. After that, he slammed the door shut, and the Bentley pulled away quickly.

I continued to run after the car like a mad woman, screaming loudly, “Marcus! Marcus!”

However, the car refused to slow down. At that moment, the traffic light turned red, and the Bentley screeched to a halt.

Feeling extremely relieved, I ran over to the car at once. In my haste, I didn’t realize a car speeding towards me until it was too late.

Before I could react, I had flown through the air and landed on the ground with a sickening crash.

I felt an excruciating jolt of pain shoot through my knees and my elbows.

“Miss, are you alright?” The driver of the car emerged from the car and ran towards me, helping me up from the ground. He looked extremely apologetic. “I’m terribly sorry. I didn’t mean to do it! You just appeared out of nowhere—I didn’t see you coming at all.”

I shook my head. Before I could respond, I looked up to see the traffic lights turn green again. The Bentley sped off into the distance.

I stood and gaped as it left, feeling rather confused. My eyes didn’t deceive me—I was sure the person I just saw was Marcus.

But Marcus was supposed to be dead...

“Miss, why don’t I take you to the hospital? You’re bleeding quite badly. Just to be safe, you should probably get a doctor to take a look at your injuries.”

The driver’s face was white as a sheet as he said that. Clearly, he was more stunned than I was.

I snapped out of my daze and looked down at myself. My knees and elbows were drenched completely in blood.

Thanks to Rebecca, I had gotten a couple of scratches on my body while defending Ashton from her attack. However, the wounds had reopened again when I was thrown to the ground.

The wounds were rather deep, and they were bleeding rather profusely.

"Well, I'll have to trouble you then!" I couldn't possibly drive myself to the hospital now, could I?

...

We arrived at the hospital soon enough.

The doctor helped me to clean and dress my wound. Meanwhile, the driver footed the medical bill and fetched my prescription from the pharmacy, looking very apologetic as he did.

Since he seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere, I felt a little guilty at the amount of care he was lavishing on me. "Today's accident was my fault! Thanks for taking the time to send me to the hospital! I'm much obliged to you, and very sorry indeed. I'm fine now, so please leave now if you need to!"

Seeing the bloody mess on my knee, he mumbled, "Regardless, I was the one who crashed into you, so that's on me. Please give your family members a call. When they arrive, I'll let them know that I'm willing to bear all the responsibility."

This driver was a nice, honest man. Feeling bad for taking up so much of his time, I tried to decline his request a few times. However, he insisted on waiting for my family members to show up so he could settle the matter with them.

Left with no choice, I could only give Ashton a call.

He answered the phone in a deep voice. "Have you had lunch yet?"

I opened my mouth and shut it again, unsure of where to begin. Feeling a little awkward, I said, "Ashton, are you busy right now?"

"What's up?" he demanded.

"I just got knocked down by a car and sustained some injuries. Can you swing by the hospital if you have the time?"

"Knocked down by a car?" Ashton suddenly sounded very concerned.

I didn't know how to explain the incident over the phone. In the end, I merely said, "Yes, but I didn't get badly injured. Can you come over anyway?"

"Give me the address!" Immediately, he covered the receiver with his hand and announced to his subordinates, "We'll end this meeting for today. Please make sure to think about how we're going to resolve these issues. That's all from me!"

"Are you still in a meeting?" I asked, stunned. I looked down at my watch—it was already six in the evening.

"Yes," Ashton replied impatiently. "What's the address of the hospital?"

"I'm at Medwin Hospital! Be careful on the way here, my life isn't in danger or anything." With that, I hung up the phone.

The driver continued to gaze at me, his face clouded with worry and despair.

We waited for another fifteen minutes before Ashton arrived at the hospital.

He had arrived in such a hurry that the chilliness of the office air-conditioner still clung to his clothes. When he saw me lying on the hospital bed, he frowned and turned to the nurse beside me. "Is she alright?"

The nurse froze for a second, her eyes brightening with delight as she appraised the handsome man in front of her. Flushing slightly, she replied, "She'll be alright. She just suffered some abrasions, that's all. It's slightly worrying that her old injuries reopened because of the fall, but she'll recover after a few days' rest."

Ashton nodded curtly. His gaze fell on me, and he pursed his lips. He then turned and looked directly at the driver, who was cowering in a corner.

"Was it her fault or yours?"

The driver looked rather stunned by his iciness. After a brief silence, he replied haltingly, "I was driving within the speed limit. This woman here suddenly rushed onto the road and straight into my path. I didn't manage to stop my car in time. I'm really sorry about this, I didn't mean it!"

Ashton turned to look at me. "Is this true?"