

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1401

Just then, Millie passed through the crowd and approached me. Leaning towards my ear, she whispered, "Ms. Stovall, it's not safe here. You need to leave with me."

After we arrived at the island, Millie had come here with Ashton's men and had been protecting me from the shadows. During this time, she had been finding out the situation on the island. As she was a mature and staid person, she was not easily flustered, but it was obvious from the tone of her voice that she was feeling a little panicky.

When I looked up and saw the somber expression on her face, I knew my suspicions had been confirmed.

"What's going on?" I asked softly.

Millie frowned and replied, "While you were here, I spent the entire afternoon inspecting the nearby area. Armond brought a lot more men with him here. His subordinates are stationed all over the island. I followed a few of them secretly and found out that they were carrying explosives!"

When she said the last word, I could hear the tremor in her voice.

Just then, Joseph, who was beside Nora, took out his phone and took a glance at it. It seemed like he was also aware of the situation and pulled Nora and her baby towards us. After making sure that other bodyguards were protecting us, he walked towards Ashton and whispered into the man's ear calmly.

Ashton did not react to what Joseph told him. It seemed as if it was all within his expectation, just like Sally's appearance. Meanwhile, Armond had also noticed the interactions on our side and seemed to have guessed what was going on. With a dry laugh, he tossed his gun onto the ground and slumped down on the chair.

"We can all die together then. It'll be nice to have company on the way to the netherworld. Hahaha... "

Upon hearing the man's hysterical laughter, I took a deep breath instinctively.

It didn't matter if we died. However, the kids were on the island too. We had gone through so much to find them. It didn't make sense to put their lives in peril again.

Just then, Ashton instructed Joseph indifferently, "Joseph, take my wife to the kids and ensure that they stay together."

"Understood!" Joseph nodded respectfully and quickly requested that I leave with him. "Mrs. Fuller, please come with me."

I could not figure out what Ashton had in mind and was at a loss. I looked at him and knew that there was no way I would leave him here all by himself.

Ashton understood me well; he knew I wouldn't leave willingly. He turned to look at me, and with a faint smile on his face, he said, "The kids have not even reached a year old yet." He was right, and that was something I couldn't refute.

I was stunned. Ashton had surprised me with his decisiveness even during a life and death situation like that. He did not hesitate to use the kids as a reason to force me to compromise, giving me the will to live on.

I looked at his smiling eyes and clenched my fists tightly, digging my nails into my palms. With gritted teeth, I put on a brave front and replied, "Don't worry about us."

With that said, I stood up, about to follow Joseph to go to the kids.

However, right after I turned around, Armond, who did not seem to be pleased with our decision, shouted, "Stop right there!"

After a pause, he continued, "Scarlett, do you really think your family calls the shots here? Is this a place you can just come and go as you please?"

I stopped in my tracks but did not reply.

Just then, Ashton growled in a low voice, "This is the contract you wanted. Let's strike a deal. If you allow Scarlett to reunite with the kids, I'll give it to you. Otherwise, I'll tear this into pieces in front of your eyes right now."

Armond had been forever yearning to make a comeback with the petroleum production contract, so he would definitely not pass on the opportunity presented to him. It only took him a moment to think before replying, "Fine. I'll grant your last wish then. Scarlett, you can leave now. Savor these last moments with your children. There won't be any more chances for you to do so in the future! Hahaha... "

The man's laughter was extremely unpleasant to my ears, and I subconsciously clenched my fists again. However, I managed to force myself to relax and exited the golf course calmly.

As I left, I could hear Armond barking out orders behind me, asking for the contract, "I've already done as you wish. You can hand over the contract now... "

Flanked by Millie and Joseph, I hurried back to the Hall residence.

Nicolas had been able to survive on the island for such a long time, so it was possible for him to have measures in place to deal with emergencies. But even if that was the case, having ample time to implement the measures was still crucial.

However, it was apparent that Armond had planned for everyone to perish together with him as a last resort. As such, it was likely that no one would be able to leave the golf course alive. If Ashton could not escape in time, he would surely be blown into pieces.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1402

At that thought, I slowed in my steps.

"Mrs. Fuller, please don't worry. Everything is going according to Mr. Fuller's plan," Joseph suddenly said.

I froze, processing his words. "Did Ashton already know that Armond was intending to bomb the island?"

Joseph turned around and took a cautious look at Armond's men, who were behind us. Then, he glanced at his phone before urging me to carry on walking.

I quickened my steps while looking at Joseph. "Tell me. How is Ashton intending to handle this?"

Joseph lowered his voice, and with a grim expression, he replied, "Armond's men are scattered around the island, as such, their weaponry forces are not very concentrated. Two days ago, our men took control of one of the island's piers. If Armond's forces try to attack us, they will not be a match for us. We will be able to leave from that pier after meeting up with Mr. Gregory and Ms. Audrey."

"What about Ashton? The golf course is already entirely under Armond's control. How do you plan to rescue him?" I asked further while observing our surroundings, worried that something would crop up again.

Before Joseph could reply, I spotted the nanny with my babies. They were heading towards us, escorted by a few bodyguards.

The nanny was walking at a very fast pace, so the kids were understandably frightened by the bumpy journey. Audrey brawled as if she was in anguish, sounding extremely pitiful.

I rushed over and took Audrey from the nanny. At once, my little girl stopped crying. I heaved a sigh of relief, but sorrow filled my heart the next instant.

Now that the kids were here, the only one to rescue was Ashton.

"Mrs. Fuller, we should leave this place as soon as possible. Mr. Fuller's instructions were for us to wait for him at the pier," Joseph cut in, his voice piercing through my thoughts.

Perhaps it was because the man had worked for Ashton for a long time; he knew very well how to convince me. After considering for several seconds, I decided to send the kids to the pier first.

At the pier, Ashton's men had already gotten ready the ships for us to leave in. Other rescue personnel was seen disembarking from the ships, and they were rushing towards the island. They aimed to get rid of Armond's men as well as to buy Ashton more time.

After settling the kids, I waited for Ashton at the pier.

However, more than ten minutes soon passed, and he was still nowhere to be seen. I got impatient and asked Joseph, "Why is Ashton not here yet?"

Joseph's face was clearly filled with tension. Frowning, he replied, "He should be here soon."

I turned around and looked at the ship that was ready to leave the pier. Then, I said solemnly, "I'll go get him."

Joseph immediately objected to my suggestion. "If any one of us were to go get him, it should be me. Mrs. Fuller, you need to remain in safety with Mr. Gregory and Ms. Audrey."

I sighed and asked him a rhetorical question, "If you go, do you expect me to be the one protecting the kids if someone attacks the ship and seizes the kids?"

Between me and the kids, anyone besides Ashton would choose the latter without hesitation. Indeed, Joseph was swayed by what I said.

"Millie will be staying with me. Don't you trust her?" After I said that, I turned to Millie and asked, "We're really risking our lives this time. are you alright with that?"

In an unyielding manner, Millie replied with a resolute nod, "I've been waiting for this day."

After seeing that Joseph did not have any further questions or objections, I turned around and headed towards the island.

Ashton and Armond were still in the same stance as before we left. It seemed all peaceful on the surface, but I could feel the tension mounting in the air.

Armond did not appear to be concerned about Ashton's escape plan at all, which was strange.

His hatred for Ashton was a well-known fact, so it wouldn't make sense for him to let our family off so easily. Could it be that he has suddenly developed a conscience and decided to be merciful to the kids?

No matter what, I was determined to leave with Ashton.

"Scarlett?" Armond was the first to discover my presence. With a mirthless smile, he tilted his head and looked at me.

Only then did Ashton turn around. A deep crease appeared between his brows when he saw me. I could sense that he was reprimanding me with his eyes, as if he was screaming at me silently, questioning my presence.

After taking a deep inhale, I walked towards Ashton and stood next to him.

Armond's smile broadened. Even though the man was a monster, on the surface, he looked like a gentleman. The way he looked was no different from the time when we first met. He was still the dashing man from a prominent family he used to be.

But at this moment, I was clearly aware that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, a heartless and cruel beast.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1403

Armond was going all out; he was prepared to destroy everything.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down as I turned to look at Ashton. "Are you alright?" I asked.

"I'm fine," Ashton replied, holding onto my hands as he did so. As we both had sweaty palms due to our nervousness, our hands slipped slightly as they came into contact before we managed to hold on to each other tightly.

Ashton let out a barely noticeable sigh and glanced over my shoulder. When he saw that it was just Millie who had come with me, he relaxed visibly.

Then, I noticed him shoot Nora a meaningful look. Understanding Ashton's intentions, Nora approached Armond slowly together with her child.

"Armond, I really hope that you and I, along with our child, the three of us, can leave this place together safely and have a fresh start."

"Come here," Armond ordered as he lifted his hand and beckoned her to come closer.

The corners of the man's lips curled into a faint smile as he took over the child from Nora's arms.

He had never carried a child in his arms before, so his actions were obviously a little clumsy. But one could tell that he was being extra careful. As such, it was a rather comforting sight to behold.

Nora let out a small smile as she observed the man's interactions with the child. "I knew you were a good man. I have always believed in you."

While they were immersed in that seemingly heartwarming moment, I scratched Ashton's palm with my nail purposefully. When he looked towards me, I mouthed to him, "Explosives, run."

Ashton seemed to understand what I said but did not react to it. He merely narrowed his eyes slightly to let me know that he got the message.

I turned to look at Armond and noticed him looking at his child like a lover. It was a passionate and somewhat victorious gaze.

Judging by the way Armond was holding the child's hand, he seemed to be trying to gain strength from the small being. His expression was so gentle at that moment, and there was even a hint of a smile in his eyes.

Could it be that I have really thought the worst of Armond? Or it could also be that he was influenced by the purity and innocence of his child and saw the light out of a sudden?

Just as I was contemplating such a possibility, I saw Armond take a few steps back when Nora tried to approach him. He handed the child to a fierce-looking bodyguard next to him and stood up slowly. "Take the child away," he instructed.

"Understood," the bodyguard replied with a nod and proceeded to leave with the child in his arms.

Nora was momentarily stunned at the man's sudden maneuver and immediately stepped forward to snatch her child back. However, Armond stopped her, shoving her onto the ground. Ignoring her cry of pain, he said with disgust, "Didn't you say you love me? If that's the case, stay and accompany me in death!"

Not expecting him to say such a thing, Nora's mind went blank for a second. Unable to believe what she had just heard, she yelled, "Armond, you've gone mad! Our child is so young! Where are you taking him to?"

Armond was not moved by Nora's display of outrage. With a frosty expression, he replied, "I will be responsible for my own child. You don't have to worry."

"What do you mean... " Nora's voice trailed off.

Ignoring the woman's words, Armond crossed his arms in front of his chest and looked down at her while saying, "He is my child, so he will be well taken care of no matter where he goes. You should feel honored to have given birth to a kid who's as outstanding as me."

Suddenly, Jackson's reminder flashed across Nora's mind. Those who suffered from antisocial personality disorder were incapable of loving anyone. Even if they chose to enter into a relationship and eventually got married, their objective was to have a child who was exactly like them...

After Armond finished speaking, he slumped hard onto the chair and announced, "I've completed my mission. I'm feeling so

exhausted. From now onward, my child will be responsible for taking over what I did not manage to complete in this life... "

No one knew what Armond was fantasizing about at that moment. It seemed like he had suddenly ascended to a whole new level and wore a contented expression on his face.

Suddenly, Ashton yelled, "Run!"

Before I could react, my legs had already lifted up in the air. Ashton was holding my hands tightly as the both of us dashed towards the exit.

As we ran, I could hear Armond's eerie laughter lingering behind us. "Hahaha, it's too late, Ashton! In the end, you have still lost to me... "

Thereafter, sounds of explosions could be heard continuously.

My last memory was Ashton holding my hand as we ran for our lives amidst the explosions. The force of the explosions was so powerful, causing sand from the golf course to propel into the air. With our visions blurred, we accidentally ran into another explosion site while escaping from one site. The blast sent Ashton and I flying into the deep ocean.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1404

An awful stench consumed my senses, the effect of Ashton's blood gushing out of his wound from his injured arm. As the effect of the poison kicked in, I slowly ran out of strength. He held me in his arms and tried to swim us back to the shore.

Unfortunately, a strong shock wave stopped us from approaching the shore. I could feel Ashton's convulsing arm and knew that he was almost running out of strength. He held me firmly in between his arms again, yet we were nowhere close to the shore.

After I pulled myself together, I mustered all my strength and pushed him away from me.

A few seconds later, I was washed away by a powerful wave. That was the last time I ever saw Ashton.

...

“The chairperson of Fuller Corporation, Mr. Fuller, has shown up for the opening ceremony of Eastsummer International School. The six-year-old little boy who delivered the speech on behalf of the students resembled Mr. Fuller. The onlookers speculated he was Gregory.”

When I was about to regain consciousness, I could vividly recall hearing the voice of a mysterious woman. It seemed to be a news anchor’s voice.

I tried to open my eyes, but I had a hard time getting used to the shaft of strong light. Hence, I kept my eyes closed until I was ready to survey the surroundings.

The spacious ward was illuminated by sunlight. I caught a whiff of the lingering scent of the disinfectant used by the hospital.

A few nurses were huddled at the table next to the ground-to-ceiling window, discussing the content of the news they had just heard.

“Don’t you think his son is going to be as handsome as him?”

“I heard his ex-spouse was the little boy’s mother! Since the little boy is already six-year-old, don’t you think they have reconciled?”

“Is that even possible? He has a fiancée, doesn’t he? Why are you bringing the past up again? A man should learn to move on.”

“That’s enough for today. Stop gossiping when it’s time to work! Hurry up and return to your respective positions! It’s time to change the solution for the drip. You better not repeat the same silly mistake you did last time.”

“Why are you so nervous? It’s not like she’s conscious!”

“Shut up! Are you supposed to say something like this as someone in the line of medicine? Stay out of this! I’ll get it changed today!”

After the group stopped bickering, the older nurse returned to the side of the bed. I couldn’t see her clearly because of my relatively blurred vision. Thus, I could only look in the direction of the nurses.

“Oh, God! Hurry up and check this out!”

“What? Did a miracle happen?”

Soon, a few nurses got in my way, blocking the single source of illumination.

“She’s regained consciousness! It’s a miracle!”

“Hurry! Get the doctor!”

I couldn’t figure out the meaning behind their conversation, too overwhelmed by fatigue. After a few seconds, I fell into a deep slumber once more.

By the time I woke up, I heard a man greeting me in a hushed voice, “Letty, you’re awake!”

I tried to form a complete sentence, yet I could merely ask in a barely audible voice, “Are you talking to me?”

The man who spoke narrowed his eyes and stated with a smile, “Yes! You’re Scarlett! Do you remember me?”

I shook my head; I couldn’t recall the man in front of me at all.

He reached over and caressed my head lightly. “If that’s the case, allow me to introduce myself again. I’m your fiancé, Marcus.”

“Marcus?” I repeated his name over and over again. It seemed to be a name I was familiar with.

When he approached me, I deemed it something natural; his tone and the way he carried himself gave me a sense of security. I felt at ease with the sprightly man around me.

Out of the blue, another image flashed in my mind. The man I thought of seemed to be different than the man before me; he had an intimidating presence.

I figured I must be hallucinating because it seemed impossible for the sprightly man to be such an intimidating figure.

I replied with a smile, "Hello, my beloved fiancé."

Marcus' eyes widened in disbelief when he heard my reply.

After a few seconds, his eyes started brimming with tears, behaving as though he had been longing for the title of my fiancé.

To be precise, it felt as though calling him that was a trial imposed on me.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1405

Once Marcus gathered his thoughts, he moved away and instructed the doctor and nurses with a serious expression, "Doctor, please ensure everything is fine."

I furrowed my brows in confusion because my self-proclaimed fiancé of mine didn't seem to be pleased with my condition.

He should be glad that I had regained consciousness after the days he spent watching over me, yet his expression suggested otherwise.

The doctor couldn't be bothered by his harsh reaction. After going through a series of check-ups in the morning, he concluded that he should have kept to himself.

"According to the examination we ran, most of your physical parts have recovered. However, after drowning for such a long time after the accident, you're going to suffer from transient global amnesia for the time being."

I was immediately irked by the doctor's explanation. Halfway through his explanation, my mind went completely blank, and I started playing with a strand of my hair absentmindedly.

Over the few hours of check-ups, I gave my best and tried to recall everything I used to go through with the aid of different equipment. Unfortunately, my effort was to no avail. Overwhelmed by a sense of insecurity, I knew a huge part of my life was gone.

"Can I have a moment with you?" Marcus asked my attending physician for a few minutes outside of his office. Whilst talking about my condition, the two men had serious expressions on their faces. Occasionally, they would look at me through the window, behaving differently than usual.

Suddenly, the nurse, who was about to administer me the prescribed medicine, exclaimed, "Ms. Stovall, I'm so glad you have regained consciousness! Mr. White has been keeping an eye on you over the three years you were unconscious. A lot of us consider Mr. White the perfect man, yet you're the only one he cares about. You have no idea how envious most of us are."

When the nurse mentioned Marcus, her cheeks flushed a deep shade of red.

Although Marcus and I were slightly older than the nurse, the man was at the prime of his life, especially in the eyes of the relatively young women. He had a well-precedented reputation of being a loyal man, so I knew a lot of people, including the nurses, had a crush on him.

Unsure of the reason behind my emotions, I couldn't be bothered by the nurse's remark at all. Instead of being infuriated by the nurse's response, I responded to her statement with a smile. It felt as though I was genuinely delighted on Marcus' behalf.

A few minutes later, Marcus entered the ward once more. Although the gentleman seemed like a trustworthy man, I couldn't shake the lingering sense of doubt I had towards him.

After he dismissed the nurse, he took a seat on the edge of the bed and served me a glass of warm water. It seemed like a routine he had gotten into.

I took the glass over and held it in my hands to keep myself warm. "Are we really engaged?"

I had a feeling that he was a close acquaintance of mine; something essential seemed to be missing between us for us to be engaged. I had a gut feeling that we weren't actually in such a relationship. He was lying to me.

Something's wrong... If Marcus is my fiancée, why do I not jealous at all? Not even when the nurses were gushing over him!

Smiling, Marcus asked rhetorically, "Do you think I would lie to you?"

"Y-You..." Upon recalling the fact he had been staying by my side when I was in a coma, I couldn't bear to confront him. So, I kept my concerns to myself and shook my head. "I think something happened between us. Otherwise, I'm supposed to..."

We were only engaged, yet he had been through thick and thin with me when I needed someone by my side the most. To a certain extent, he could be considered a loyal man. At the very least, I knew he wouldn't harm me.

Perhaps I don't feel anything because we're not that deeply in love with one another anymore. After all, we're both in our mid-thirties. The passionate kind of love is not for adults like us.

"Indeed, we had all sorts of conflicts when we were young. We were overly naïve back then. We almost lost one another, but the fact that we were able to make it through the challenges in our relationship indicates that God has plans for us. He brought us together again. Perhaps it's our destiny to start all over again." Holding my hand, Marcus narrowed his eyes and asked with an affectionate grin on his face, "Will you give me another chance to take care of you for the rest of your life?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1406

Huh? Is this a confession?

His genuine smile took me by surprise, and I quickly shrugged all of my concerns off my mind. I grasped his hand and nodded as a tiny smile played on my lips.

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After spending another fortnight at the hospital for a series of therapies, the doctor finally agreed to discharge me from the hospital.

As it was early winter, the weather was just about right.

I put on a jacket over my patient gown and took a seat next to Marcus, who was in the driver's seat.

Irked by my hair that was shoulder-length, I ran my fingers across it, drooping it behind my shoulders when the car was brought to a halt at the traffic light.

It took a little longer than usual for the traffic light to turn green. Bored, I wound down the window to survey the surroundings that felt familiar yet odd at the same time. "Have I always been in frail health? It feels like I have made countless trips to the hospital. I can vividly recall this particular route to the hospital."

Marcus stared at me in the eyes. A few seconds later, he stared dead ahead and said, "I neglected you and your condition back in the day, but I won't leave you alone anymore."

His words felt like a double innuendo, but before I could probe further, he showed no signs to carry on with this conversation. Hence, I had no choice but to stop poking my nose into his business.

Suddenly, a limousine pulled over by the road. The lavish vehicle caught my attention because of its ostentatious appearance.

The passenger inside the limousine wound down the window and a mellifluous tone could be heard as a child yelled, "You're a

fascist who can't even keep his word! I don't want to see you anymore!"

It was an adorable sight because the child had uttered harsh remarks that were unbecoming of the image of a child.

A few seconds later, a little boy who looked about five or six-year-old craned over and tried to jump out of the car.

The boy had relatively chubby cheeks and his hair styled up, making him seem increasingly mature as compared to his peers. The checkered suit he had put on made him seem like a miniature version of a gentleman. He had been blessed with great features, befitting his identity as the owner of the limousine.

As he was merely a step away from sneaking his way out of the car, my heart sank.

Suddenly, a gigantic hand could be seen lifting the little boy's collar and bringing him back to the car. The boy seemed like a defenseless prey that had fallen victim to a vicious predator.

When the little boy saw me, his eyes widened in disbelief. "Mommy!"

The man behind the little boy glanced at me and asked rhetorically, "Excuse me, Gregory Hall? Have you always considered your father a man with bad taste?"

The handsome man had flawless facial features that seemed to be out of this world. His abysmal pair of eyes seemed to be able to easily intimidate and seduce others according to his will.

Unsure of the reason behind the overwhelming sensation washing over my body, I had a hard time catching my breath. I could feel my heart sinking as the time flew by. I placed my hand on my heart in an attempt to catch my breath, yet it seemed to be of no avail. No matter what, I couldn't tame my rampaging emotions. In the end, I unwittingly leaned forward.

Once the traffic light started flickering green, Marcus started the car again, but he soon noticed something was wrong with me. "Are you not feeling well?"

“No, I’m fine.” I shook my head and lied, not wanting to return to the hospital.

As soon as we got on the move again, I felt so much better and returned to my usual self within a few seconds.

Perhaps it was one of the aftermaths of transient global amnesia—my emotions were flooding in and out.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1407

As I thought about it, I turned around and looked at Marcus next to me.

As compared to the indifferent man from before, Marcus, who was gentle and kind, seemed to be the perfect candidate for me to spend the rest of my life with.

After a moment, Marcus opened his mouth, feeling awkward under my stare. He asked, “Why are you looking at me?”

I shrugged and replied with a smile, “It’s nothing. I just think you’re a reliable man.”

Marcus’s eyes flickered at my compliment. He seemed surprised by the compliment that had come out of nowhere. “I see...”

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We soon pulled over in front of the gate of the White residence.

“We’re home.” After Marcus made sure the car was switch off, he leaned over to unfasten the seatbelt on my behalf.

I subconsciously inched away from him, not used to such an overly intimate interaction. “I can unfasten it myself.”

Marcus stared at me wide-eyed before returning to his seat. “O-Okay...”

Although I was against the idea of being overly intimate with the man, I couldn't help but remind myself that he was the one who loved me wholeheartedly and stayed with me through thick and thin.

The conflicting thoughts in my mind almost drove me nuts. I sprinted out of the car and stood at the entrance, trying to catch my breath.

It had been a fortnight since I regained consciousness. Apart from our last intimate interaction in the hospital, I couldn't get used to it anymore after returning to my senses.

The feeling had morphed into an instinctive response to the extent I couldn't stand him anywhere near me. I couldn't possibly lie to myself and force myself into submission.

"Have you recalled anything?"

Marcus' question snapped me out of my train of thoughts.

When I turned around, I noticed that he had moved to come right next to me.

I shrugged my shoulders and replied with a self-deprecating smirk, "Nah, my mind is still completely blank."

Unbothered by my response, he showed me the way into the house. "It's fine. Let's take it one step at a time."

The villa had a retro theme and was furnished with all sorts of retrospective items. A majority of the house's furniture was made out of wood. A phonograph could be seen in the middle of the living room, giving the entire house a touch of the olden days.

Marcus showed me the way to a spacious room on the first floor. In the room sat a huge window with a wound-up curtain that allowed the entire room to be illuminated with sunlight.

It felt great to be in the room with such a comfortable setting, but when I saw the spacious bed in the middle of the room, I felt myself grow stupefied again.

Though I was glad to be away from the ward full of the lingering scent of antiseptic, I was beginning to feel afraid of the intimate session between Marcus and I that was about to come.

Marcus seemed to be aware of my concerns. He quickly stated, "I'll be staying right next door. Call me if you need anything. We'll talk about everything else once you have gotten used to living here."

I immediately felt a sense of relief and grew even fonder of the detail-oriented man.

Smiling, I replied, "Okay."

Marcus responded in a similar manner and retrieved a remote control from a nearby cabinet. Pointing at the LED television, he asked, "Do you remember this?"

Embarrassed by his question, I asked, "Isn't this an ordinary television..."

I had merely lost my memories, not my mind. Therefore, I could still tell a television apart from other things.

Marcus chuckled and stated, "I'm just fooling around to see if you're still sane."

Soon, he switched on the television and started browsing through different channels.

When he browsed through a financial news channel, the news anchor announced, "Mr. Fuller from Fuller Corporation..."

He was about to browse another channel, yet he stopped and turned around, looking at me dead in the eyes.

The news was about the charity auction Ashton had taken part in. The man in a checkered suit carried himself in a confidential manner that made him seem superior to others.

Marcus must have stopped browsing through the channels available because I had my eyes glued to the television. He looked at the television and asked, "Shouldn't you be interested in the legal channels instead?"

“Why?” I asked without a second thought. When I recalled something, I added, “I saw this man when we were at the junction on our way back from the hospital. His car was right next to ours.”

As soon as I recalled Ashton’s intimidating gaze, I felt a chill running down my spine, yet I couldn’t move my eyes away from the television.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1408

Perhaps the few seconds of interaction at the junction wasn’t enough. God seemed to have arranged the show to satisfy my curiosity.

However, as compared to meeting him in person, he wasn’t as handsome as when he was on screen.

Marcus seemed to have something in mind. He muttered, “Really? I wasn’t aware of it...”

After he finished his sentence, the news anchor carried on with the interviews with other corporate players.

“His son resembles him a lot, yet Ashton addressed him as Gregory Hall as though they’re not biologically related...” I started chuckling when I recalled the interaction between the little boy and the man.

I had a hard time figuring out the reason behind the little boy being addressed with another family name different from his father’s.

“Ashton has been the paparazzi’s favorite target over the past few weeks. According to the news, the court ruled that he has custody over his son, while the custody over his daughter belongs to their children’s mother. Nonetheless, none of them have verified the rumor.” Throughout his orated speech, Marcus wouldn’t stop sizing me up. He seemed to be anticipating something from me.

Confused by his reaction, I expressed my point of view from the perspective of an onlooker. "Is he a celebrity? Why has his personal life piqued the interest of the public?"

Although the man was slightly older than the top-notch celebrities, his gorgeous look would allow him to garner the attention required. Thus, it wouldn't be much of a surprise for him to make it to the headlines.

Marcus stared dead ahead and said blankly, "Fuller Corporation has dominated the real estate industry after acquiring the support of an anonymous magnate a few years ago. As of now, he's the wealthiest man in the country."

I gaped at Marcus' reply and asked, "Have I just missed the chance to take a photo with the wealthiest man of the country?"

He chuckled in return, behaving as though my response was his sole source of joy. Shortly, he continued sharing the news regarding Ashton and Fuller Corporation with me.

To my surprise, I wasn't bored by the news.

I considered it just another success story of a corporation and expressed my respect for the exceptional prodigy.

After Marcus shared everything with me, I directed a tricky question at him. "Why hasn't he gotten married to his fiancée when his child is already six-year-old? Shouldn't he get married as soon as possible? Could it be the rumors weren't mere rumors? Is Ashton just fooling around with his fiancée?"

As a woman, I was also a natural-born busybody. I had heard all sorts of rumors regarding Ashton's relationship during my time at the hospital.

His previous marriage had ended up with a divorce. Thora, his new fiancée, was a renowned corporate figure as well.

The woman was on par with him in terms of look and wealth, yet they hadn't brought their relationship to the next level. That was more than enough to prove Ashton was a jerk.

Marcus cleared his thought to suppress his urge to laugh at my seemingly hilarious and sarcastic statement. "I guess we'll never know because this is their personal affairs. We're not really in a position to comment either."

"I guess you're right. Things work differently for those from the upper echelon. We should stop wasting our time on this, seeing as to how it has nothing to do with us. I'm just sharing my opinion with you because I have no one else to talk to."

At the mention of that, hollowness came flooding out again. I suddenly recalled how I couldn't seem to remember a single close acquaintance of mine.

Marcus had always been a detail-oriented man. Thus, he noticed that I had things weighing on my mind again. "You need to give yourself a break and take your time to reflect on your past. I'll always be here for you."

To be honest, I was glad to have him by my side.

Nonetheless, his companionship couldn't get rid of the odd sensation irritating me. I knew it would go on and on until I could get rid of it once and for all.

Suddenly, I piped another question, "Do I have any other friends in K City?"

I spent the last fortnight at the hospital, but no one dropped by to visit me. It's not my fault for not having friends, right?

Maybe they're not aware I have regained consciousness, but it's fine! I can always pay them a visit to regain my memories!

Marcus seemed to have foreseen my plan. He deadpanned his reply, "We used to fight a lot and spent most of our time apart from one another. You hated it whenever I tried to poke my nose into your business."

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.

...

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.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1410

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?"