

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 500

After hearing Emery's comments, I realized that I was indeed quite out of style

Therefore, I complied with her wishes and bought many things. Right now we had a bit of a problem. I came over by taxi, and she had driven here by herself without a driver.

Looking at the assortment of big and small bags, we were at a loss as to what to do. She considered our situation for a while, whipped out her phone, and called Hunter.

Had I not heard her speaking so gently, I would not have believed that a tough woman like Emery could be as meek as a lamb when speaking to the one she loved.

"Hunter, I am at the mall in the city center. Please come over. There are too many bags and I can't carry all of them!"

I looked at the bags around us. Women are so dramatic sometimes. It's just clothes and jewelry. Sure, there's quite a lot, but it's actually manageable

She hung up and noticed that I was looking at her weirdly. "Women need to show weakness at appropriate times," she pouted, "it's not that I can't carry the bags. It's only because I have him now. So sometimes I can't open water bottles, lift heavy things, or walk over rain puddles."

I chuckled at her confession. It seemed that in a relationship, women were the nurturers, while men were the providers.

Seeing that I was spaced out, she blinked a few times and made another call.

“Mr. Fuller, are you done with work?” The words she uttered successfully brought me back to attention

I widened my eyes at her. How could she call Ashton?

She ignored my penetrative stare and continued, “The mall in the city center, come and help us carry our things.”

She was the only one who dared to say something like this to him.

She hung up and looked at me with a raised brow. “Mr. Fuller said he will be here in ten more minutes.”

I was quite amazed at her. After giving her a thumbs up, I found a place to sit down.

Relief enveloped me as I sat down after a long period of walking. Emery started massaging her feet as she plopped down next to me wearing her heels. “I’m not wearing these again next time. My feet are killing me!”

“You can just wear heels that are 5 cm or 7 cm. Wearing heels that are too high will hurt your feet no matter how good the shoes are,” I said.

She tilted her head, propped her chin in one of her hands, and suddenly started laughing. “Scarlett, when did you start to consider me a friend?”

“Aren’t we friends now?” I replied blankly.

She shook her head. “No,” she said, “when I told you my feet hurt, you would just brush me off if we were true friends.” She continued, “Instead, you just calmly gave me a suggestion. This shows that you think of me as an acquaintance and not a true friend.”

I was a little dazed. I recalled Macy liked to wear heels. We weren’t rich at that time, and the only pair of heels she had was very high. Hence, it was a pain to wear. Whenever she could no longer walk due to the pain, I would buy her a pair of slippers from a roadside booth. I would be making fun of her while forcing her to change into the slippers. She would change her shoes but complain that they did not suit her classy demeanor.

Thinking about it now made me feel as if these incidents happened ages ago, yet it also felt as if they just occurred not too long ago.

I stood up and said to her, “Just sit here and wait for me.”

There were a variety of choices in the mall. Very soon I was back with a shoebox in my hand. I handed it to her and said with a faint smile, "I have taken note of your shoe size just now. Size thirty-seven should be just nice."

I could see that she was momentarily stunned. She took the box, opened it, and looked back at me with incredulity in her eyes. "You bought this for me?"

I nodded. "Although I do not know which design you prefer, I think it can still match your outfit. It isn't from a major brand, but it should still be wearable."

Her shoes cost an arm and a leg. Truthfully, I was a bit reluctant to spend that amount of money. Ever since I returned from R Province, I had not been working. I did not use the credit card Ashton gave me at all. Instead, I was using my own savings. I intended to get a part-time job after becoming a postgraduate student. This way, my usual expenses would not become a problem.

Emery changed into her new shoes, and her amusement was apparent. "Did you know this, Scarlett? You are the first woman to buy me shoes," she said.

“My brother is a straight man, so he has poor taste. I always buy my own shoes and never allowed him to buy shoes for me. After that, I met Hunter, who is a hopeless straight male as well. For as long as I’ve lived, you’re the only one who has ever bought me shoes.”

I smiled lightly. The two elders of the Moore family were always overseas. Emery was the youngest daughter of the Moore family, so she did not know much about the Moore family’s actual situation.

She only knew that she was siblings with Zachary. As for the rest, she did not really know anything.

“You should just wear this for now, as long as it doesn’t cause pain while walking,” I said. As I looked up, I immediately noticed Ashton among the crowd. With his towering figure dressed in all black and unrivaled handsome features, he demanded the attention of all the shoppers in the mall.

“This kind of masculine beauty is simply too conspicuous and would just lead to trouble.” I heard Emery murmuring.

As Ashton came near, she said to him, “Mr. Fuller, I think you better be more low profile when you appear in public next time. There are already people snapping photos!”

Fortunately, the shoppers here seemed to be more of the rational kind. They did not swarm Ashton as if he were a celebrity.

Ashton gave a soft laugh, and his gaze landed on me. “Are you tired? What have you bought?” he asked gently.