

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 436

I choked up while hugging her. "I'll bring you to K City to see Daddy. You'll be just like your little friends, spending time with Daddy every day, okay?"

Bewildered, she widened her eyes. "Really? Mommy, you're not lying to me, are you?"

"When have I ever lied to you? Hmm?"

"Then, can we bring Michael along?" She gave me those puppy-dog eyes.

"Summer, Michael needs to live with his daddy. If he follows us to K City, he has to part ways with his parent. Do you want to see him live separately from his daddy?"

She shook her head. "No!"

"Each of us has something that we hold close to our hearts. We get what we ask for."

She fell silent for a while, then lifted her head to stare me in the eyes. "Mommy, I'll go with you to K City."

I nodded my head as a response to her decision. We all have different needs and wants. Hence, our priorities are different.

I had not fixed a date to return to K City. First, I needed to ensure that all tasks in R Province were completed thoroughly.

Thanks to the back-to-back appearance of the Stovalls and coupled with the special treatment from Colin, I was ostracized by others at the hotel.

Where there are more girls, there are more dramas.

When I was in the bathroom, I heard some people talk behind my back.

“Who do you think is the father of Scarlett’s child? Would it be John’s?”

“That’s highly unlikely. Aren’t they siblings?”

“There’re a series of scandals swept under the carpet amongst the rich and famous. Otherwise, why wouldn’t she stay in K City and enjoy a lavish life as a Stovall? Don’t you find it strange that she came all the way here to a small county with a child?”

“That’s true. We’ve never heard her mentioning the father of the child, let alone meeting him in person. Could it be that it’s John’s daughter?”

“Probably a case of incest. She got pregnant and hid herself here in a small county to avoid speculations.”

This is ridiculous. I cringed. Such was the frightening effect of gossips.

A girl ran into the bathroom frantically. “Oh my, I think I’ve got my period. Who has a sanitary pad?”

“No, not me.”

“What should I do? I forgot the date and wore a white skirt today. I’m afraid I’ll stain it later.”

She was in an awkward position.

I pushed the cubicle door open and handed a pad over to her without saying a word. Subsequently, I washed my hands and left.

My abrupt appearance caused a few peeps to feel extremely uneasy.

Anyhow, I was so used to all these talks and had heard different versions of them.

I returned to my desk and continued arranging the files. I wonder how I should tell Colin about my resignation.

“Excuse me... thanks for helping me out just now.” The embarrassed girl placed a glass of milk on my desk as she whispered into my ear.

I looked up and was met with a blushed face. It was the girl whom I met in the bathroom.

“Save it,” I blurted subconsciously and then felt it sounded a tad bit harsh. So, I added, “It’s just a small matter.”

Biting her lips, she looked down. “So sorry, I...” she faltered.

It seemed like she could not squeeze the rest of the words past her lips.

I guessed she wanted to apologize for gossiping.

I stopped what I was doing and gazed at her. "Don't worry about it, I didn't take it to heart."

Indeed, I'm not bothered by the vast rumors about me that I've heard thus far.

"Abby, what we said is true. Why are you apologizing? The fault isn't ours," someone retorted.

Abby?

I've been working in this hotel for almost two years and I don't remember a colleague with that name.

I studied her name tag carefully. Abigail Schoot.

Panicked, Abigail turned to the other colleague, who snapped back at her. "Don't say anymore."

Feeling bad, she turned to me again. "I'm sorry!"

She then returned to her desk.

At noon, Abigail took the initiative to approach me.

"Scarlett, let's go for lunch together."

I was surprised at her invitation and checked the time, only to realize that it was already lunch hour.

I wanted to decline, but changed my mind when I saw she was looking forward to an affirmative response.

“Sure, let’s go.”

There were not a lot of restaurants nearby the hotel, besides some fast-food joints and small eateries.

She chose the latter. We ordered and found a table for two.

She looked like she had something to say.

I sipped my tea indifferently.

“Scarlett, sorry about this morning. I’m really sorry. Please don’t take it seriously.”

She paused before continuing, “Also, thank you.”

I accepted it with a smile. “It’s fine. It’s all tittle-tattles. I’m used to it by now.”

She felt so guilty. “Why don’t you explain to everyone?”