

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 443

When the middle-aged florist in charge of the store not far from the cemetery saw us, she asked, "Do you need a bouquet of white chrysanthemum?"

Smiling, I shook my head and brought Summer into the store. "Is it fine for us to pick the flowers?"

The florist was stupefied for a short while before she nodded in return and asserted, "Of course!"

Macy once told me she was never a fan of chrysanthemums. She would get irked by the melancholic and monochromous colors. Instead, she was thrilled whenever she received sunflowers.

After I got a few stalks of sunflowers, I asked Summer to hold on to it because I needed to get Old Mr. Fuller a bouquet as well. In the end, I got the reliable man a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

Grandma had always appreciated the bunch of celosia by the edge of the yard in R Province. The ornamental amaranth was no match for other species in terms of look, but it could brace itself through harsh weather and flourish in harsh conditions.

As a result of the cemetery's expansion, there were a lot of stairs. Walking through the steps amid the heavy morning fog, I was grateful there were signs everywhere. Otherwise, I would have lost my way.

There were a lot of people there to visit their deceased loved ones on that particular day. After dropping by the two seniors' graves, I brought Summer to visit Macy's grave.

Another tall man with a callous look could be seen in front of her grave. After four years, he was no longer the gentleman I used to know.

People would mature at different ages, but most people would turn into gentle adults as they got older. However, there were also some cases where certain adults might develop the other way and fall into the vicious cycle of despair due to their awful memories.

I wasn't sure if Jared was the former or the latter category. After all, after four years, I still had no idea the sort of relationship he had with Macy.

Staring at the bouquet of balloon flowers in front of the tombstone, I was dumbfounded for a short while.

Balloon flower had two kinds of meaning—eternal love and eternal despair.

At the end of the day, we would be overwhelmed by the things we owned in life if we failed to practice moderation in life. It would be better to appreciate things than constantly asking for more.

“Mommy!” Seeing how I was standing rooted to my spot for a while, Summer broke the silence. When she saw the photo on the tombstone, she asked, “Is mommy Macy dead?”

Her mellifluous voice caught Jared's attention. He turned around and gave me a wide-eyed stare when he saw me.

When he noticed I wasn't the one talking, he turned his gaze to Summer.

The man and the little girl exchanged glances. He pursed his lips with his brows furrowed. Perhaps they were meant to cross paths in life to sort out the complications behind their relationship.

A few seconds later, he looked at me and asked, “Is she—”

Before he could finish his question, I cut him off and instructed Summer, “Summer, can you please place the bouquet in front of mommy Macy's grave?”

Macy would never want Summer to spend her time by Jared's side. I happened to share a similar vision and would never allow that to happen.

Summer nodded; the little girl had no idea the emotions an adult had toward the deceased ones. After she placed the bouquet in front of the tombstone, she gazed at the photo.

She was about the height of the tombstone. When she caught a glimpse of her biological mother, torrents of grief streamed down her face.

"Mommy said you're an important figure in her life. If that's the case, I'll always keep you in mind."

Although the little girl's words seemed to make little to no sense, others would feel wistful when they heard her mellifluous voice.

Jared wasn't a fool. He was aware of my miscarriage back then. Therefore, he could easily rule out the possibility that Summer was my daughter.

Judging by his look and response, I knew he had figured out Summer's identity.

I had never once told him that Macy had passed on. Since he was here now, I reckoned it must be others who shared the news with him.

He asked, "What's her name?"

It was evident he was talking about the little girl. "Summer Stovall." I looked at the photo on the tombstone while replying.

As I watched Summer's attempt to wipe the photo clean, I could feel my heart breaking into a million pieces.

Jared nodded and replied with a quivering voice, "That's a great name."

I pursed my lips and felt a prickling sensation behind my eyes.

Occasionally, she would show up in my dream with a little boy waving at me. She would say, "Scarlett, I'll take good care of him on your behalf."

I started weeping because I wasn't given the chance to spend time with the little boy. Sometimes, I would imagine how our son would turn out since Ashton was such an exceptional man.

On several occasions, I would get overwhelmed by a plethora of emotions. Fortunately, Summer was by my side to keep me company. I was able to move on from the mortifying past because of her.

As we were no longer in the same realm, the only thing we could do was to take care of each other's loved ones on the other party's behalf.

Once the fog subsided, a woman's voice could be heard from behind. "Jared, shall we go home?"

I found the woman's voice familiar. When I turned around, I was stupefied for a few seconds because the woman turned out to be Kristina.

After four years, she had turned into a gorgeous and mature woman as compared to the childish young woman a few years ago.

She was equally surprised when she saw me. When she caught a glimpse of Summer, her eyes flickered in confusion.