

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 410

In the end, I pulled the blanket over my face and shut myself off.

Cameron and Zachary rushed over and were met with the sight of a dejected Ashton standing by the bed.

The older woman turned her attention to me. "Why did you vomit blood? Were they able to find out the cause?"

I did not answer, as I had neither the strength nor the desire to.

Ashton looked at them but continued to keep mum. It was the beginning of a prolonged silence.

In the days that followed, Ashton, Cameron, and Zachary all visited in turn. It was as though they had a mutual agreement to maintain the placidity.

As it was not any serious affliction, I was discharged after three days.

Ashton came to fetch me and brought me to the villa.

The quietude almost felt like second nature to me. One look at everything in the bedroom had me feeling what a joke this life of mine had been.

I did not have much that I needed to take with me, as everything that came into my possession since my marriage into the Fullers was purchased by Ashton. Apart from my identity card and graduation certificate, I had practically brought nothing along.

"It's already late and won't be safe for you to go out now. You should rest for today." Ashton reached out from behind me and held down the hand I was packing with.

With my lips pursed, I withdrew and regarded him staidly. "That won't be necessary. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Fuller."

His brows folded into a deep frown. "Must we go down this path, Scarlett? It doesn't have to be like this."

"Yes. We didn't. But why have I come to see this as the only way out?"

His expression was wrenched in despondency and misery. "I'm sorry!"

"If you could bring back my child and Macy, I'd gladly accept your apology." To believe that a simple apology could erase his sins was sheer mockery.

It was a grey day in February. A slight drizzle tapped icily against the other side of the fogged-up windows as I took my luggage from his hands.

When I left the bedroom behind and stepped outside the doorway, I breathed a sigh of relief. At long last, it was over.

Jackson turned in. With his hair cropped short, he looked energetic as he loaded my bags into the trunk.

He then looked me straight in the eye. "Let's go!"

Ashton was by the entrance to the house as I got into the car.

This was goodbye, and may be forever.

We had gone far, yet he remained where he was. His tall and slender frame subtly faded into the distant mist.

"Perhaps it wasn't so bad that it could not work out!" Jackson said.

I held the divorce papers in my hand. “At times, even when the flesh wounds heal, the trauma remains.”

Am I not able to let go?

From the fate that befell my child to learning about Macy’s death—I kept searching for excuses. I heaped my hatred and indignation upon Cameron in an attempt to absolve Ashton of all blame.

He really was an innocent party—helpless to do anything about the child and unable to look out for Macy. He took care of Rebecca out of a sense of obligation and responsibility. That was what I kept telling myself—over and over again.

I was not that petty. I could have accepted everything if he only cared about me.

What I had not expected was that he knew exactly what he was doing because he knew that Cameron and Zachary were my parents. I did not hate him for not telling me. Neither did I hate him for swapping the DNA samples of Rebecca and myself.

What I could not come to terms with was how he allowed Cameron to hurt me and for my contempt for her to fester in spite of him being aware that we were related by blood.

He could have let me go right from the start. He could have agreed to divorce when I first proposed it. I could have taken Summer and Macy to Q City and had my child there. We could have found sanctuary there.

In spite of foreseeable struggles with my finances, I could have raised the two children and lived out the rest of my life alongside them. Anything would have been better than contending with the loss of a child and my best friend.

At Glenwood Apartments.

Nick stood by the doorway with Summer in his arms. He paused when he saw Jackson and me. "The food's ready. It'll be served in a while."

Inside the house, he passed the little girl along to Jackson before he returned to the kitchen.

Summer had been well behaved. It softened my heart just looking at her. I reached out and held her little hands in mine and played with her.

This went on for a while more before Jackson spoke up, "What's next?"

"I'm going to take Summer to R Province," I replied after giving it some thought.

I then turned to regard him. "Help me make some calls. I'd like to sell the apartment that I have here at Glenwood."

"Are you short on cash?"

"No! Macy and I bought one unit each back then. With the proceeds from the sale of the bar, I could get another in Q City. Couple that and the remaining one here, Summer should be set for the future."