

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 517

There's nothing I could say. It seemed like the situation had reached a stalemate and there were no clear boundaries between the causes and effects of everything that had happened.

Who was to determine what was right and what was wrong? That was the way life was.

After a moment of silence, I looked up at her and asked, "Have you eaten?"

Slightly taken aback by the sudden change of topic, Emery shrugged and answered, "Not yet!"

"Let's get something to eat then!" I said as I got up and headed to the kitchen. Life had to carry on no matter what.

We did not have a housekeeper and only had a part-time cleaner who was not around at the moment. While I cooked some noodles, Emery leaned against the door and spoke, "I heard that Ashton was admitted to the hospital. Are you intending to visit him?"

I was in the midst of chopping some vegetables and froze when I heard that. Immediately after, I asked, "Did he catch a cold from last night?"

"Yup," Emery answered briefly before walking over to help me. "He continued to stay in the snow after you left. We know that this was his way of punishing himself. He hoped to redeem himself by doing that. As such, we did not try to stop him. He truly loves you, but he had indeed hurt you along the process. There's nothing we can do since whatever happened has already happened."

I pursed my lips tightly and didn't respond. I suddenly felt a stinging sensation in my eyes as a layer of mist formed on them. I guess it was from the spicy peppers I was holding.

After blinking a few times, I tossed the spicy peppers into the noodles and asked placidly, "Can you take spice?"

Knowing that I was intentionally avoiding the topic, Emery did not pursue and simply replied, "Yup, I'm OK with it!"

She left after we finished the noodles. It was still snowing heavily outside and I sat in a daze in the living room. After a while, I decided to add some wood to the fireplace and build a fire. When it was ready, I got myself a blanket and a book and started reading in the living room.

Should I visit Ashton? It seemed like it was best that I did not.

He did that in order to atone for his wrongdoings so that he could feel better. If he saw me, he would be reminded of his guilt once again and I would also be reminded of the pain. It wouldn't do us any good.

Even though the damage had been done, it was not easy to say for certain who was to blame for it. Perhaps, God had decided to play a joke on us.

I was surprised to receive a call from Camelia in the afternoon. However, I had also kind of expected it.

"Can we meet for a chat?" The frostiness in her voice was a stark difference from the charm she exuded when we first met.

What a joke!

"I don't think there's a need for us to meet," I replied indifferently, but not to the extent of being cold.

There was a moment of silence on the other side of the phone before she said, "Of course, there is a need. There are some things we have to face ultimately, don't you agree?"

I pursed my lips at her words. Camelia was definitely a match for Marcus in terms of their stubbornness. No wonder they said that people who were similar were more likely to be attracted to each other.

“Sure then!” I agreed and we decided on the meeting venue.

Looking at the weather outside, I got a little lazy to go out. It was the perfect weather to snuggle by the fireplace with my book.

I went upstairs to look for suitable clothes to wear and was glad that Ashton had previously bought me some warm and fashionable winter wear.

After getting dressed, I took an umbrella and started walking to our meeting place. As the venue was just nearby, I chose not to drive.

A thick layer of snow was piled up on the road. However, I saw someone sweeping the snow away from the pathway just slightly ahead, making it easier to walk.

When I passed by another villa, I could hear joyous laughter coming from that direction. It came from a couple trying to build a snowman.

The woman had created a huge pile of snow using a shovel while the man tried to shape the snow into a snowball. He had created a flat surface and seemed like they were ready to make the snowman.

What was important was not the process of building a snowman, but that the two of them seemed to be so happy and having so much fun together. After retracting my gaze, I smiled to myself.

Being able to spend every day with the one we loved, having kids together and growing old together. Isn't that how life is supposed to be?

As I drift away further into my thoughts, unknowingly, I had already reached the café. Since Camelia was there yet, I sat down at a window seat and ordered a cup of coffee while waiting.

I had never been a fan of coffee as I found it too bitter and hard to swallow. As such, I asked for more sugar to go with it.

Camelia was chauffeured to the café by her driver. Her winter wear was a little thick and bulky, but it was still apparent that her stomach had grown bigger since the last time we met.

Supporting her waist with one hand, she sat down next to me and ordered a glass of hot milk. Then, she pulled her collar down a little as it was warmer inside the café as compared to outdoors.

While she was rubbing her hands together, which seemed to be frozen from the cold, the milk she ordered was served. Then, she put her hands to the glass to warm them that way instead.

I looked at her quietly and did not speak. It seemed like I was waiting for her to finish warming her hands.

After a while, she finally looked at me and at the same time, sized up the surroundings.

With an air of confidence, she spoke casually, "I can tell that Ashton had protected you well."

I downcast my eyes in response. The media's enthusiasm on me had not completely died down yet and Ashton had arranged for some bodyguards to stay close to me. However, they had tried to be discreet in their movements.

It was quite a feat for Camelia to be able to make that observation.

"I already know about that sum of money," She started speaking and fixed her gaze on me. "When I met him four years ago, it was at Corbett Street. I loved to eat the spicy pasta at one of the eateries along

that street so I go there pretty often. It was raining heavily that day and he was staring blankly into space in the middle of the street. He didn't even realize it had already started to rain. Perhaps he was so good-looking that I subconsciously walked towards him and sheltered him with my umbrella."

That "him" whom she was talking about was Marcus.

I didn't interrupt and listened quietly.

"Women from M Country were not brought up the same way as women from Chanaea, like yourself. Since young, we were taught that men were supposed to be gentlemanly and there were certain things that men were supposed to do. Even though sheltering him with an umbrella wasn't really a big deal, but because he's so charming, I was really attracted to him. As such, I wasn't able to pull away. After sleeping with him, I became addicted to his charm and shamelessly stuck to him from then on."