

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 557

While looking at her, I laughed bitterly. "I've told you that I hate you. However, when I found out the truth four years ago, I chose to distance myself from everyone. All of the clues point to the fact that I can never hate you because you are my mother, whose blood runs in mine."

Perhaps, my words were all too much for her to bear. She fell silent, and her face turned pale. Squatting down, her tears rolled off her cheeks and fell onto the ground. Although they made a faint dripping sound, it was thunderous to my ears.

I could not bear to stay there any longer, so I turned to leave the kitchen. My heart ached, but it was still bearable.

Life is a long journey. As we trudge on and get hurt along the way, our wounds will eventually heal, and we can start anew again.

Coincidentally, Ashton and Zachary had just returned from their walk and were in the yard.

As soon as Ashton noticed the strange expression on my face, he came over to me and placed his hands on my arms. He softly probed, "What happened? Are you feeling unwell?"

I shook my head and forced a smile. Yet, there were tears in my eyes. What is the point of feeling hurt after losing my baby? I can always have another one anyway.

His face darkened when he spotted my tears. Wrapping his arms around me, he pulled me into a hug and whispered, "What's wrong?"

I shook my head again. It was too painful for me to speak.

Meanwhile, Zachary grew worried since Cameron was nowhere in sight, so he headed to the living room to look for her.

After ten minutes, he helped Cameron out. Her face had been drained of color, and there were beads of perspiration on her forehead.

Sally blurted, "Are you okay? You look ghostly, and you are breaking out in a sweat. I think you should go to the hospital."

However, Cameron waved her hand and refused, "I'm fine. I have gastric pain, but it will be alright after a while."

"I think we should still get it checked at the hospital," Zachary worriedly remarked.

"I'm alright!" Cameron hissed in pain. "The pain will go away soon. Besides, we have to spend New Year's Eve together."

Frowning, Zachary looked at her with concern.

I studied her condition, and after some time, I finally declared, "Let's get you to the hospital. If it is appendicitis, things may escalate if we drag it out."

Agreeing with what I had said, Zachary immediately scooped Cameron into his arms and left the villa.

Sally followed behind them.

Unconsciously, I clenched my fists as I watched them hurry out the door.

At that moment, a pair of arms hugged me, and I looked up to see Ashton. His gaze deepened, and he whispered, "Don't worry. The hospital isn't far from here."

Although I nodded in acknowledgment, there was still an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

In the end, I tagged along with them.

At the hospital, the doctor diagnosed Cameron with appendicitis and advised that she would need surgery. To allow everyone else to remain at the hospital, Sally decided to head back to the villa to look after Summer.

While we waited in the corridors, I felt bad for the woman in the operating room.

My eyes started to sting after staring into space for a long time. Therefore, I took a deep breath and looked away. It breaks my heart to look at the closed doors of the operating room.

“It’ll be alright,” Ashton assured me in a gentle tone.

“Yes,” I uttered before leaning against his chest as he tried to rub my arms to warm my icy cold body.

Thud!

The doors flew open, and the head surgeon stepped out while removing his surgical gloves.

Jumping to his feet, Zachary rushed forward and questioned, “Doctor, how is my wife doing?”

“It was a successful surgery, and she will make a full recovery after a few days of observation here. You don’t have to worry,” he explained before heading to another surgery.

Hearing the news, I heaved a sigh of relief and could finally relax.

A few nurses wheeled Cameron out of the room and to her ward moments later.

Zachary scurried after them, but I stood rooted to the ground. After some time, I announced, "Let's leave."

Seeing that I was heading to the elevator, Ashton said puzzledly, "Aren't you going to see how she is?"

"No. Summer is still at home."

Taking the hint, Ashton did not continue.

Silence ensued as we drove home. Watching the flashing lights along the road, I realized that the sky had already turned dark.

Initially, I planned to make dinner for Hannah. But looking at the time now, she probably would have already eaten by the time I got home.

I fished out my phone from my pocket and did not expect to see that it was switched off. Nonetheless, I turned it on and dialed Hannah's number. It took only a few seconds for her to answer. She anxiously asked, "Scarlett, how is Ms. Anderson doing? Is she alright?"

I froze for a split second. "How did you...?"

"After we ended our call, I called you back, but the call could not go through. Since I was worried that something had happened to you, I called your landline. Summer answered it and told me that an older lady had fallen ill. I'm guessing it was Ms. Anderson, am I right?"

I confirmed her suspicions and apologetically replied, "My original plan was to send something over for you to eat, but it slipped my mind. Have you eaten?"

“Yes, I have. In any case, don’t fret! I have a housekeeper at home with me anyway. I’m doing okay.”

That is true.

Out of the blue, I thought of John. “Is John around?”

As though it was a sensitive question, Hannah paused momentarily before she muttered, “No. He is probably busy with work.”