

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 612

I searched my memory but could not remember any such person. Who could he be? As far as I could remember, my Grandma did not have a friend like this.

Out of curiosity, I could not help stepping forward. "Hello!"

The man paused for a moment and turned around to look at me sharply.

His elegant handsome features seemed aloof as he cast me a glance. Without a word, he turned around, ready to leave.

Noticing the white chrysanthemums and offerings in front of the tombstone, I couldn't help looking in the man's direction, asking, "Mister, you are...?"

The man turned around and cast me a glance, saying, "Just a passer-by!"

After this short phrase, he said no more.

Watching him walk away, I could not help being curious. When did my Grandma make friends with someone like this?

Leading Summer to pay respects and bid goodbyes, I set aside those thoughts. Macy's grave was the newest. After five years, there were no weeds or damages. It looked brand new.

I could not understand Jared. Perhaps, he had never loved Naomi or Macy. To him, they were just passers-by and his feelings for them are just guilt.

Neither of them was around anymore nor so all that was left was a heart filled with remorse.

If both of them were still alive, I'm afraid he would still be cold and indifferent to them as if they were just strangers.

On the way back, we met the man with the aloof expression again. His car was parked in front of the cemetery, it was a black off-road vehicle, cool and domineering.

When I arrived with Summer, he cast us a nonchalant glance and put on his sunglasses. Then he entered his car.

In the car, Joseph told me, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller instructed me to book the air ticket for tonight. Is that alright for you?"

I smiled. "Alright!" It was already booked. There was no point in cancelling it.

The car had barely started when there was suddenly a screeching sound of braking. It was so loud that my eardrums hurt.

Our car stopped abruptly and Summer fell into my arms. Joseph calmed himself and looked with narrowed eyes at the black car in front of us.

I came back to my senses as two men alighted the black car with wrenches in their hands, obviously coming at us.

Crack! The windscreen was smashed.

The windscreen on the driver's side crashed down even as Joseph cried, "Mrs. Fuller, call the police!"

His door was opened and two well-built men pulled him out, tying his hands and shoving him into their car.

My mind went blank. When I got out my phone to make the call, it was snatched away.

Before I could react, the back door was pulled open and two big and burly men stood there, expressionless, looking at me. "Ms. Stovall, please come with us!"

Holding Summer lest she be traumatized, I said calmly, "What do you want?"

"We only need half an hour of your time!" The two men said coldly.

I did not react for fear of putting Summer in harm's way, so holding her, I came down from the car and looked at the two men as calmly as I could. "Show the way, then!"

It was a good thing that they wasted no words but led the way, one in front of me, one behind.

"Where are we going?" A cool and clear voice was heard. It was almost devoid of emotion but the tone was loud and clear so that the listener could understand each and every word well.

The two men stopped in their tracks and I looked in the direction of the voice. It was the man we saw at the grave just now.

"Damn, who the hell are you? It's none of your business." The two men burst out in anger and spoke roughly.

The man smiled just as calmly and coldly as before. "This is broad daylight. Please be cautious of what you do."

"What's it to you?" The two men were unreasonable.

“If you are inviting a guest, you should show the necessary courtesy. Here you are behaving like abductors. Can I understand it as you’re up to no good?” The man pulled his coat leisurely and his expression was cold.

When the two men saw that he wanted to get involved, they said no more and just moved forward to beat him up.

Unexpectedly, this tall slim man was a skilful combatant. With just a few moves, the two burly men were beaten to a pulp. Humiliated, they looked at him and threatened, “It’s better you mind your own business.”

The man nodded, “Well, I rarely bother others but when I see something unjust, I have to barge in because I have an obsessive-compulsive disorder.”

“Damn!” They knew they were no match for him so they just threw the tied-up Joseph out of their car and drove away.

I busied myself untying Joseph. After Joseph was freed, I turned to thank the man but he was gone.

Without making a fuss, I looked at Joseph and said softly, “Are you good?”

He shook his head, got into the car, and drove straight to the airport.

All the while in K City, Ashton had arranged for bodyguards to be with me but this time, in J City, we had only planned a short stay and so he thought Joseph would do.

What happened today was unexpected but it had been a close shave. Joseph, being a vigilant person made sure I did not stay in J City longer than necessary.

Hence, the air tickets to K City were booked immediately.

By the time we reached K City, it was eleven at night. Summer had fallen asleep and Joseph carried her in his arms.