

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 627

It was May and the temperature had begun to rise.

On our way to the cemetery, we saw many people offering flowers to the deceased.

Q City was relatively small, with a slow pace of life. Most citizens of the city were born and raised there.

Many still hold their local traditions close to heart.

Marcus named the child North and decided not to give the child a surname.

The photo of North had already faded, and his grave was covered with weed.

I kneeled to pluck the weeds and tidied the area around it.

After that, I leaned toward his grave and said with a weak smile, "I'm sorry to have only come now, my dear child."

I had been avoiding him for so long in hopes of letting go, but it was impossible.

Next to us was a lady in her thirties sobbing quietly.

I glanced over at the tombstone and saw that it was a middle-aged lady. My first thought was that the grave probably belonged to the lady's mother.

There was no point in consoling her, so I kept silent. I felt empty as I watched her crying her heart out in pain. I wonder why am I not tearing up like her?

Sometime later, the lady stopped crying. She was startled when she noticed me and spoke with her hoarse voice. "You..."

I gave a slight smile and replied, "I'm here to see my child."

She gave the blurry photo on the tombstone a side glance. Even though it was a blurred photo, anyone could tell it was a baby.

She stared blankly for a moment and asked, "How old is he?"

"A full gestation month old." Maybe slightly longer.

She looked at me with her eyes still red and swollen. "Life is so short."

I remained silent and slowly lowered my gaze onto the ground.

When I was about to leave the cemetery, the lady was still around, seemingly unwilling to leave.

She told me a story about an eight-year-old girl. That girl was born into a blissful family with her mother, father, and younger brother.

However, periods of joy tend to end with sorrow. A disaster occurred and took her father away. Her mother was unable to withstand the pain, so she brought along her brother and remarried, leaving the girl in the care of her grandmother.

Her grandmother was a fortune teller and depended on that job for a living. She did not earn much and the girl's presence was an added burden for her.

So, her grandmother channelled all the pain and suffering she had gone through into verbal and physical abuse. Eventually, the young girl chose to end her life in front of her father's grave.

I found it a little weird when she told me, a stranger, the story.

Regardless, I did not wish to dwell on it.

After all, I was not a resident of Q City, and my purpose there was to visit my child.

Back at the apartment, I took a long nap and dreamt of North waving to me to bid farewell.

I woke up in tears and could no longer fall asleep.

My heart ached as the painful memories unfolded.

The following morning on my way to buy breakfast, I overheard the conversation between the steamed buns' stall owner and her husband.

"I heard that a young lady killed herself at the cemetery last night. Such a pity," the stall owner sighed.

"Don't listen to those rumors blindly!" her husband exclaimed.

She raised her voice and retaliated, "I wasn't listening blindly! I saw it on my social media feed earlier. I'm certain it'll be on the news later. You'll see."

Her husband let out a deep sigh, probably assuming that she was overthinking.

They had great chemistry at work. While one packs the buns, another collects money from the customer, providing efficient service.

I saw the news of the young lady's suicide when I returned to the apartment.

The location was eerily familiar. I gasped as they uncovered the face of the deceased.

It reminded me of the story that I heard. But... why did she choose to commit suicide?

And which role did she undertake in that story?

There was no way for me to find out. Regardless, I had no regrets. After all, I had achieved what I set out for.

There was a cemetery called Sedan on the outskirts of Q City. The people there were devoted Buddhists. I went there before, and the road there was steep. It was a sacred place, filled with countless souls that provided relief.

Some people travel into the mountains to find their peace of mind, and also to find a sense of relief.

That narrow path, with no vehicle traffic, had been flattened by countless believers. Regardless, people still went to get closer to their deities.

Donned in a red scarf, I followed the pilgrimage group and kneeled with them without chanting prayers.

Instead, I prayed for the misery and suffering to be gone through each step of the journey.

Just then, an elderly beside me who seemed to notice my awkward movements advised, “Young lady, do wear some knee guards or you’ll injure your knees.”