

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 996

After some thought, he asked, "I have some recollection of her. How did you get in touch with her?"

"Actually, she looked for me. We already knew each other after meeting on a few occasions. Now, I'm worried about Summer. What if Armond betrays me after Summer gets the kidney from Amy? We're not the only ones who need to bear the consequences. My parents will be dragged into this mess as well. I can't let Summer's affairs disrupt their newfound peace."

Though Summer's situation wouldn't involve something as heinous as murder, as in Hailey's case, it would be hard to predict Armond's actions after the operation. He forced me down this path, claiming we wouldn't be able to proceed with a normal, legal operation. But he could always turn around and threaten us with Amy's existence. If he fabricates a story to the press, it'll be a huge blow to the reputation of the Fullers and the Moores.

I looked at Ashton, who'd pursed his lips as if in deep thought. He looked at me and said, "I think we should postpone Summer's operation and follow the legal procedure. We shouldn't touch Amy if we can. You should also look out for your parents. I'll do my best to find a suitable donor ASAP. I'm sorry, but I think Summer will have to wait a while longer."

I frowned slightly. Though this went against every instinct I had as a parent, I nodded and agreed with Ashton. I couldn't drag two whole families into the mud to satisfy my own wishes.

"We'll stick with our original plan then. Try not to give away too much information to anyone else." He then pulled out his phone and called Joseph.

He seemed to be discussing some matters about Moranta with Joseph. I wasn't in the mood to worry about such things. My mind was fixated on my proposed visit to the hospital with Brandon tomorrow.

The next day, Ashton rushed to Moranta on company business. He had left in a hurry, saying that there were problems at a few ports in Moranta that were recently acquired by the Fuller Corporation.

I stayed in A City to continue working on Summer's affairs.

Brandon sent me a text containing the address of the hospital as well as our meeting time. Before I left, I gave Cameron a call. She sounded like she'd barely slept the night before. She answered in a hoarse tone, "Scarlett, what's going on?"

"Mom, do we have the results of Amy's health checkup? Did the doctor mention when they can arrange for the operation?"

"Not yet, I think the results will only be out at noon. Yesterday, the doctor told us that they couldn't find her personal information. They need to log her identification details in the hospital's system before they can carry out the operation. Could you contact her parents and get them to send her information over? If it's possible, we can send someone to bring them here so they can sign off on the operation," Cameron said, sounding exhausted.

I paused for a moment before answering her. "Mom, Amy doesn't have any form of identification. Her parents had eight children and she was the only one who wasn't registered. If they need that information, it's going to take a long time to iron out all the paperwork, and Summer's operation is going to be delayed. This was something I overlooked at the beginning. I was hoping you could help me find a solution."

My answer stunned her. "She doesn't have any form of identification? They have eight kids; how could they just forget about one of them? What about her future? Oh dear, we need to think of something quickly. How about you ask Boris to bring her home? We can give them some money and get her registered."

I mumbled an agreement and hung up.

Amy's lack of an official identity wasn't the only problem at hand. I couldn't elaborate on my plans to investigate Armond, so I could only delay the operation with this excuse.

Even if Summer needed that operation, we had to follow the legal procedure. If we committed to an illegal operation, we'd be inviting trouble for ourselves in the future.

After I hung up, I took a car ride to the address that Brandon had given me. The car came to a stop at a large factory located just outside the suburbs.

I was surprised when I saw the deserted building. This isn't a hospital. It's more like some abandoned factory!

There was an elderly man in the security booth near the gates of the factory. As I walked toward him to ask about my location, my phone rang with a call from Brandon.

As soon as I picked up, he said, "Just come in. You don't need to ask him anything. He has Alzheimer's and can't remember a thing."

Taken aback, I turned and saw the elderly man smiling at me. I returned his smile and walked into the factory grounds. Just like Brandon had mentioned over the phone, there was a two-story house behind the factory. He asked me to wait for him outside.

He came down five minutes later. He opened the metal doors to the house. He wore a leather jacket over his floral print shirt, though his protruding belly made for a rather unflattering display. He looked around behind me and confirmed that

I was alone. He arched a brow in mild surprise. "Ms. Stovall, I thought you'd at least have some company. I didn't expect you to really come here alone."