

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1418

Emery didn't seem like a pretentious woman. She must have wailed to the extent of her makeup being smudged because something serious had gotten to her.

I ran out of ideas on how to console the dejected woman, so I only had one way of action left—to show them the way into the house first.

After Emery touched upon her makeup and made her way out of the washroom, she finally regained her composure.

Once the maids served us a pot of tea, I dismissed them and served the couple a cup each.

Sitting on the couch, Emery had her eyes glued to me as though she was afraid I would disappear into thin air the moment she tried to blink her eyes.

Not used to it, I shot her an apologetic smile, hoping she would stop. After I handed over the tea to them, I asked, "How have you been over the years?"

At my question, Emery placed her cup aside without a second thought. Nodding to indicate everything was fine, she asked in return, "What about you? Why have you changed so much in terms of looks?"

As a result of her anxious expression, I chuckled lightly. "To be honest, I have no idea because I looked like this once I regained consciousness. On top of that—"

"It's fine! It doesn't matter if you can't recall anything! We have the rest of our lives, so we can just create more memories together!" The way she spoke made me feel as if the fact of me being an amnesiac wasn't a big deal.

Alexander must have mentioned I was an amnesiac. However, she seemed to be thrilled to figure out I was safe and sound. Perhaps me being alive was the only great news she needed.

Judging by her response, I knew she had been telling the truth—we must have been best friends back in the day.

Initially, I had thought I could acquire the fragments of my lost memories through Emery.

Things were now slightly different from what I imagined the moment Emery asked me to tell her everything about me since the day I regained consciousness.

There wasn't much to share because apart from Marcus, they were the only ones who had shown up. I didn't bring up my encounter with the wealthiest man in the country because I was still mad at him.

It felt great to have Emery by my side, and we talked about all sorts of things, only stopping when the clock strikes eleven.

Since it was about time for lunch, I got up from the couch and suggested, "Shall we have a meal together to celebrate such a rare occasion?"

Emery had no intention to turn me down at all. Instead, she added, "Of course! I won't leave even if you try to chase me away!"

It felt comfortable being around her because she behaved as though she was in her home.

When I was about to reach the kitchen, I heard Emery whispering something in Alexander's ear, but her voice was too soft for me to understand what she was saying.

Shortly after I entered the kitchen, she showed up to keep me company.

"Ms. Moore, why don't you wait for me in the living room? It will only take a few minutes."

Emery sighed and stated, "I still preferred being addressed as Emery."

“I’m so sorry.”

“Forget about that. Let me help. You can always use another pair of hands to get things done sooner than usual, don’t you?”

“You’re a guest. I’m not supposed to—”

“You need to stop being so courteous. I have never considered myself a guest.”

...

Since the maid and Emery were in the kitchen to help me, we had the meal prepared within half an hour.

Just as we were about to have our meal, I heard the sound of a car’s engine being turned off.

Once Marcus marched into the foyer, he paused when he saw the guests in the dining hall

I caught his eyes flickering, but it merely lasted for a second. He soon greeted the guests with a smile.

Once he approached us, he said, “You should have informed me of our guests’ arrival. I could have gotten a few extra dishes to treat them.”

He sounded like a welcoming household leader.

“I didn’t have the chance to inform you because it was a spontaneous agenda.” I turned around and instructed the maid to get another set of cutleries over.

Glancing at him, I said, “I thought you wouldn’t be back.”

He responded with a smile and took a seat next to me. “Why don’t you introduce us to one another?”

It felt odd when he placed his arm on my chair, making it seem like I was in his embrace.

Am I overthinking things again? Why do I feel like he’s trying to assert dominance over me in front of them?

I get that we used to be engaged, but we had agreed to start all over again as friends... Oddly, when someone showed up, Marcus started asserting dominance over me despite his promise.