

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 396 - 400

I instructed Mrs. Eriksen, "By the way, I have a friend coming over soon. Can you please prepare some fruits and cake?"

She nodded and urged for me to finish my breakfast.

As I didn't have enough sleep, I could hardly eat anything. After just taking a few mouthfuls, I no longer had the appetite to continue.

I thought I might as well wait in the living room while watching TV. When Stacey arrived, she was shocked to see my dark eye circles. "Aren't you recovering well? What happened?"

I pinched my forehead and replied, "Ashton is hiring a secretary for his headquarters in K City. Are you interested?"

She was surprised. "The president's secretary? Doesn't Mr. Fuller already have Mr. Campbell? Furthermore, he never hires a female secretary."

My head was buzzing at that point. I took a sip of water and explained, "After the new year, the company is expanding. There will be many trivial matters that Joseph will have no time for. Since you have worked at Fuller Corporation before, you know his character and would fit right into the job."

She didn't understand the reason behind it. "Ms. Stovall, now that you're not as busy with work at White Corporation, you can come straight back to Fuller Corporation. So, why?"

"It's true that White Corporation is running well by itself. But, I won't join Fuller Corporation as I still have my own plans. Anyway, you can decline the role if you don't want it."

She shook her head. "You've misunderstood. Honestly, my current position is no different from being a receptionist. Hence, it is an honor to be offered the role of the president's secretary at Fuller Corporation. But what about the Moore family..."

"You have nothing to worry about that." I had done everything I needed to do. The punishment had been meted out accordingly as well.

Since a year had passed, it was time to start anew.

Passing me the sleeping pills she brought, she was stunned by my words. "Felix knows a little about what happened between Mr. Crest and Mr. Fuller. He mentioned that when Mr. Crest was a teenager, he fell in love with a girl who was Mr. Fuller's cousin. Later on, the girl committed suicide by jumping off a building. Since it happened a long time ago, the Fullers hardly talked about it. As for Mr. Crest, he probably hasn't gotten over it yet. Hence, he wants to create a little trouble for Mr. Fuller at work."

I couldn't help but furrow my eyebrows. "Just a little trouble?" More than ten years had passed since that incident.

Furthermore, cousin? Doesn't Uncle Charlie not have any children?

What's going on?

There seems to be more to the matter than it meets the eye.

She grunted in acknowledgment before adding, "I've been watching Kristina recently. Other than being close to Mr. Crest, I don't see her keeping in contact with anyone else. However, she has just gone on a trip to K City. But, I'm not sure what it was for."

"She went there despite the holidays?"

Stacey nodded. "If I'm not mistaken, she has gotten in touch with the White family."

I grunted in acknowledgment. In the meantime, Mrs. Eriksen had prepared the dishes. After my meal, I took the sleeping pills. Its effects came quickly. Hence, I went straight back to my room.

This time, I slept through the night and only woke up at dawn. Mrs. Eriksen seemed to have been waiting for me to get up.

When she heard a sound from the bedroom, she quickly came upstairs and brought some food. "Luckily, you're awake. Are you hungry? Mr. Fuller called to say that his return has been delayed. Knowing that you have fallen asleep, he asked me to prepare food for you the moment you wake up."

After sleeping a few hours, I finally felt better. Looking out at the sky, I realized it was still dark. The clock on the wall showed that it was one in the morning.

Having just woken up, I had no appetite to eat. "Mrs. Eriksen, why don't you leave the food here. I'll eat them later. Anyway, it's already late, so you should get some rest."

As Mrs. Eriksen was advanced in age, she looked a little tired. After nagging me to finish my food, she went back downstairs.

Despite feeling recharged, I regretted sleeping for such a long time. Even though it was nighttime, there was no way I could sleep anymore.

In other words, I had to struggle through the night again.

Suddenly, the phone rang and it was Ashton on the line.

I answered with a gentle tone. "I just woke up."

"Mmm-hmm!" his voice was raspy but pleasing to the ear. "Try and eat something later. It's alright if you can't sleep. Coincidentally, I have nothing on now, so we can chat awhile."

I nodded. "Mmm-hmm!"

"I have to stay in M Country for a few more days. So, remember to have regular meals and don't stay up late. You should also get Jackson to bring Summer to you."

"Mmm-hmm!"

"Uncle Louis and John won't be in J City these few days. If you need anything, give Nick a call, and he will help you."

"Alright."

Ashton fell silent after that.

As I wasn't good with words, I didn't know what to say suddenly in that moment of silence.

After about half a minute of racking my brain, I replied, "Come back soon."

There was another long silence before his raspy voice rang out. "Alright."

Since I didn't have much to say, I looked at the phone and prepared to end the call.

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Unexpectedly, Ashton's voice rang out again. "Don't forget to miss me."

Suddenly, a warm sensation enveloped my heart.

"Okay," I couldn't help but reply with a gentle tone.

After ending the call, I still couldn't sleep. Hence, I decided to head for the study. As usual, I spent the whole night awake. But having slept in the day, it wasn't as bad this time.

Mrs. Eriksen was very attentive in her care. Early in the morning, she had already arrived and made breakfast.

When she saw me come down changed with my hair bundled up, she was caught by surprise. "Are you going out?"

I nodded. "I'm meeting someone shortly."

"Do you need me to come with you?" she asked in concern. "The dark circles around your eyes seemed to have worsened. Did you stay up the whole night after you awoke?"

I grunted in acknowledgment and left after having breakfast.

Initially, I didn't plan to go out. Then, I received a message from Emery telling me that she was in town. She wanted me to show her around since we were friends.

As she had blatantly spelled it out, there was no reason for me to refuse. Therefore, I agreed to her request.

I went to the garage to look for a lower-profile car to drive. Unfortunately, they were all sent for maintenance. All that was left were the flashy ones that had just returned from service.

After some thought, I decided to drive Ashton's Maybach. To me, it was among the most ordinary-looking car in the lot.

As I wasn't familiar with driving it, I ended up traveling at a snail's pace on the road.

When I reached our agreed meeting point, I saw that she had already arrived.

She waved at me when she saw me.

Emery was truly the epitome of a lady from a rich family. On top of her illustrious family background, her features and figure were equally eye-catching.

She was older than me by a year or two and was still single. Furthermore, she was also a career woman—someone who was both savvy and decisive in her actions.

The moment I sat down, she called for the waiter without any hesitation and asked me, "What would you like to have?"

As we were in a restaurant that was new to me, I shrugged my shoulders and replied, "I haven't tried anything here before. Why don't you decide?"

Raising her eyebrow, she ordered without delay, "Butter-grilled salmon, seafood chowder, and seared lobster." She pursed her lips for a brief moment. "That's all for now. Thanks!"

As the waiter left, she looked at me coldly. "Why are your eyebags so heavy? What happened?"

"It's no big deal," I replied. "Are you here for work?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm here on a vacation. I wanted to go overseas. But come to think of it, I've been to most places already. So I thought I'd ask you out for lunch and have a little chit-chat.

I raised my eyebrows in surprise. "Is that all there is?"

She nodded. "Of course, what else can there be? Only three things matter to me in my life—my parents, friends, and money."

I figured that the values of someone successful were certainly different.

Dressed elegantly, she looked at me and remarked, "Among all the friends I have, you're the one who seems to be the more boring one."

She didn't mince her words at all.

I responded with a smile.

She added, "Both the Fuller and Stovall families businesses are enough for you to settle down and enjoy life. Hence, I'm curious as to how you managed to mess up your life to this extent? Don't you feel meaningless when you focus all your efforts on love and hatred?"

I looked at her, stunned. As the waiter served the butter-grilled salmon, she changed the subject casually. "Try this!"

I took a bite and it tasted delicious. The chef here was renowned, and he used a wide range of ingredients that were of exceptional quality.

"How is it?" she raised eyebrows cheerfully.

She suddenly reminded me of how I was like when I first graduated. I wasn't rich then but Macy and I would dress up and explore the city. In fact, we would often visit other cities too.

Wherever we went, we would see the famous sights and try the best food. At that time, we even agreed to travel the world when we were rich. This was so that we could try everything that all the different cities had to offer.

"It's juicy and has a great texture!" I remarked as I gradually relaxed.

Next, the waiter served us some sorbet. Raising her eyebrow with a smile, Emery suggested, "Try this!"

When I took a sip, she commented, "The most important aspect of eating here is the VIP experience. After every course, the waiter will serve a sorbet. They are usually a mixture of juice and Champagne. Other than its refreshing taste, they also help whet your appetite."

It was indeed as she described. Not only did it taste good, but it also increased one's desire to eat.

As I smiled faintly at her, my mood improved significantly. "You really didn't have to come all the way just to share this delicious food with me."

Shrugging her shoulders, she clicked her tongue, "Scarlett, you are overthinking. Not everyone has an agenda in doing something. I'm here to see you and share a meal with you. That's all!"

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"So, you paid a few thousand for the air ticket from K City to J City just to lunch with me?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Mmm-hmm!"

Evidently, I didn't understand how the rich think.

After the meal, we had a nice chat. And yet, I still didn't know what Emery was really up to.

When I saw that she didn't intend to leave, I got worried and asked, "Ms. Moore, we..."

"He's here! He's here!" Ignoring me, she looked at the person entering the restaurant in excitement.

Stunned for a few seconds, I turned to see who it was that could drive her to react so hysterically.

A man with exquisite features and an elegant swagger entered.

Prince Charming!

That was the only word that flashed across my mind.

"He's called Hunter Zane. What do you think? Is he handsome?" Emery asked as she couldn't peel her eyes off him.

I turned around with my lips pursed. "Therefore, you invited me to spend half a day with you just because you're waiting for him?"

She shrugged her shoulders with an innocent smile. "You have to understand—eating alone for such a long time feels really awkward."

In the end, I was just here to be her wingman.

Whatever. I'm here anyway.

Looking at her, I couldn't help but ask, "How long have you known each other?"

As if we had hit it off, she replied, "Four hundred and sixty-nine days. Including today, it is four hundred and seventy."

That's unusually precise.

After Hunter entered, he sat down at another table where a beautiful girl was waiting for him.

I looked at Emery in surprise. "You're stalking him?"

"Nonsense. Don't make it sound so degrading. This is a coincidental meeting."

Haha!

"He is a professor at J University and the lady sitting with him is his student," she explained while her eyes were still fixated on him.

"A nightclub boss and a professor. Tsk, you really are something, Ms. Moore," I quipped.

She gave me the side-eye in response. When she saw me struggle to hold back my laughter, she snapped, "What are you talking about? We're made for each other."

I couldn't help but cup my chin, "Didn't you just reprimand me for indulging myself in love and hatred? What about you now?"

She squirmed her lips. "Other than career and love, there's still life. Don't you know that?"

When we returned our attention to Hunter, the lady who sat with him had left.



Emery dragged me along and shamelessly suggested, "Come, let's join him."

I was speechless.

When she led me to Hunter's table, Emery's smile became exceptionally sweet.

"Professor Zane, it's been a while. What a coincidence to see you here. Are you here alone?"

Hunter looked at her before turning his attention to me. He raised his eyebrows in surprise while adjusting his black-rimmed specs. "And you are?"

I was shocked to realize that he didn't know her at all despite Emery declaring that she had known him for four hundred and seventy days.

"Professor Zane, I am Emery. I attended one of your talks at K University."

Hunter paused for a moment before he remembered. He then stood up and replied, "You're Lynn's younger sister, Ms. Moore!"

Emery's face lit up when she saw Hunter remembered her. Before he said another word, she added, "Given this rare opportunity, I have many questions regarding economics for you. I wonder if now is a good time?"

Only Emery can make shamelessly joining someone's table look so natural.

Hunter agreed with a smile. "Of course, please have a seat."

The moment we sat down, Emery turned toward me. "Scarlett, don't you have to pick your husband up from the airport? Will you make it in time?"

Dumbfounded, I nodded with a cheeky smile. "Mmm-hmm, both of you should go ahead. I'll take my leave first."

I knew it then—the reason Emery went through so much trouble to ask me out was just so that I can wait with her for her dream guy.

When I stepped out of the restaurant, the sky looked dark, as if it was going to rain.

As it had been two days since Ashton left on business, I missed him suddenly. Hence, I took out my phone and gave him a call.

After a few rings, I finally got through. "Scarlett, how are you doing?" Over the line, his voice was deep, as if he was sleeping a moment ago.

Looking at the time, it was likely dawn still at M Country. Realizing my mistake, I asked apologetically, "Did I wake you?"

"No," he replied in a magnetic voice. "I was just dreaming of you and missing you."

Standing at the restaurant entrance against the wind, I could feel a sense of warmth envelope me.

"I miss you too!" That's right! Love and longing should always be expressed.

Over the line, he seemed to be caught off guard. "Wait for me. I'll be back soon once everything is done."

"Mmm-hmm, I will."

Realizing that he still needed to work tomorrow, I added, "You should get some rest. I'm hanging up now."

Before he could reply, I ended the call. However, my heart was suddenly racing as I felt the urge to fly to M Country to see him.

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After more than ten hours, I drove straight to the airport.

Along the way, I dropped Mrs. Eriksen a message, informing her that I won't be returning for the night.

As I needed to turn off my phone for the flight, I sent Ashton a message telling him that I was busy. After that, I arrived at the airport and boarded a flight for M Country.

As it was a long flight, I drifted in and out of sleep on the plane. By the time I woke up, there were a few more hours before arrival. Hence, I took out the books I bought at the airport to read.

Along the way, the flight made a transit stop. I went to the ladies and grabbed a bite at the transit airport.

When it was time to board again, I almost forgot my book and ran back to get it.

“Ah!” While rushing back out, I crashed into a lady in killer heels.

She was holding a can of Coke which spilled all over her clothes while the beach hat she was wearing dropped onto the floor, revealing her blonde hair.

“My clothes!” she exclaimed.

I quickly helped her clean up with a napkin. While I apologized profusely, I picked up the things she dropped.

Having calmed down, I finally got a good look at her. She had deep blue eyes, chiseled features, and flawless white skin.

She was so gorgeous that even I couldn't peel my eyes away from her.

“Luckily it's just Coke and my clothes are dark in color. Or else, it would be impossible to remove the stains. Miss, you are really lucky!” she remarked.

Feeling bad for what I did, I apologized again as I handed her hat back to her.

Shrugging her shoulders, she didn't say anything further. As she put on her cap, she mumbled, “Mr. White must be wondering where I am.”

With that, she headed to the boarding gate.

After getting my book from the cafe, I boarded the plane again. When I took my seat, I saw the blonde from just now sitting on the other side of the aisle.

She had put her hat back on together with a pair of sunglasses. Also, she was holding a book. When I glanced at it, I realized it was the same book that I was reading—"And Then There Were None."

When John saw that I was reading "Murder on the Orient Express," he complained that I was boring. I wondered who doesn't like reading whodunnits on a plane.

Noticing that I was looking in her direction, the girl looked back at me in surprise as she removed her glasses, revealing her deep blue eyes. "It's you again!"

I smiled slightly. "I'm sorry about just now. I'm really sorry."

Shrugging her shoulders, she replied, "Stop apologizing. I told you it was nothing."

When she saw the book in my hand, she gasped in surprise. "You're reading the same book as I am. Mr. White always says that the girl he fancies likes to read it too."

I couldn't help but find the girl adorable. I replied with a smile, "It's a very long flight, so I decided to read to while away the time."

She agreed. "Mr. White, says the exact same thing. He loves to read during flights to pass time. Even I have been influenced by him to do the same."

Despite sounding like she was complaining, I was amused at how she kept bringing up Mr. White in her conversation. "You seem too young to be married."

She seemed embarrassed. "Not yet. I just got engaged. The wedding will be in May."

As the plane was about to take off, the flight attendant adjusted the tray tables and inspected the cabin.

In the first few minutes the plane soared into the air, I put my book aside and closed my eyes to rest.

As most of the distance had been covered before the transit, we arrived at our destination shortly.

At the M Country airport.

Due to the long and strenuous flight and the fact that I didn't sleep for two days, I felt light-headed when I disembarked from the plane.

When the blonde noticed that I didn't look well, she approached me and asked, "Do you need help?"

I shook my head with a faint smile. "I'm alright. I'm just feeling disorientated from disembarking. I'll be fine in a while."

She helped me to a seat in the rest area and got me a cup of water. "I know people from your country prefer warm water but it's not readily available here. So, please make do for the moment."

I smiled as I received the water. "Thank you!"

My dizziness was likely caused by not having proper sleep over the last few days. After sitting a while, the girl looked at me and asked, "Are you in M Country to see a friend?"

I nodded. "My husband is here, so I'm going to see him."

She gasped in surprise. "You look really young still. I didn't expect you to be married."

I laughed. "Aren't you also engaged despite being equally young?"

The moment I brought up her fiancé, she easily became shy. "But we aren't married yet."

Just as she spoke, the phone in her pocket began to ring. Giving me an apologetic look, she remarked softly, "Let me get that first."

With that, she answered her phone in a sweet tone. "Hello, Darling, I have already landed. However, I just met another lady who isn't feeling well. So, I'm just helping her settle down. I'll be out in a short while."

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Just as she spoke, she protested with a pout after hearing what the person on the other line said. "Hey, I haven't even finished!"

Putting her phone back into her pocket, she suggested, "Come, let's leave together. Where are you heading? If it's on the way, I can give you a lift."

Smiling slightly, I gratefully replied, "Thanks. However, I'll just get a cab. Thanks again."

She smiled and didn't insist. "I'm Camelia Alvarado, you can just call me Camelia. What about you?"

"I'm Scarlett Stovall!"

She nodded and replied, "When I'm married, I'll take on my husband's surname. So I'll be known as Camelia White then."

When we reached the airport's exit, she repeated, "Do you want me to give you a lift? I'm worried that you might lose your way since you're unfamiliar with the place."

Smiling, I found her adorable. "Don't worry Camelia, I won't get myself lost."

She puffed her cheeks and replied, "Alright. By the way, why don't you take down my phone number? In case you lose your way, you can always call me."

After taking down her number, her phone rang again. Having answered it, she looked in the direction of the airport's pickup area.

When she saw a black Ferrari parked nearby, she waved. "Darling, I'm here!"

She turned to me. "Scarlett, I'm going off. See you again!"

Camelia ran towards the car. After she got in, she wound down her window and popped her head out, "Bye! Scarlett!"

When I look in her direction, I was utterly shocked to see the man beside her.

Mr. White was Marcus!

How could it be? I saw Marcus lying lifelessly in a pool of blood with my own eyes.

Inside the car, Marcus shot me a cold glance before averting his gaze and driving away.

The look he gave me was no different from that of a stranger. It took me a while after the car left before I regained my composure.

Jolted back to my senses by my phone ringing non-stop, I quickly answered despite still being shaken.

The voice over the line was one of suppressed anger. "Where are you?"

I was stunned as it was Ashton.

"I'm at the airport." Looking up at the sky, it felt as if it was going to rain. Hence, I looked around for some cover.

Ashton was furious over the phone. "Where do you plan on going? It's already midnight in J City. Scarlett, must you always make me worry? You simply left me a message saying that you were busy and turned off your phone. Do you know how worried I was?"

"I'm at the airport in M Country," I stated as it began to drizzle.

Ashton's anger dissipated immediately as he asked in disbelief, "Where are you?"

Looking for a cab, I replied, "I'm at the airport in M Country. I'm about to get a cab to Fuller Corporation."

"What for?" He was suppressing his emotions.

"I'm here because I miss you!" I wasn't good at baby talk so I came off as being expressionless.

"Stay where you are and wait for me," he instructed with a deep and mesmerizing tone.

I was surprised. Looking around, I saw a cab approaching. "Aren't you at Fuller Corporation?"

He laughed in delight. "Mmm-hmm!"

Just when I was about to respond, I felt a sudden force tug me into a tight embrace.

When I caught a familiar scent, I was surprised.

After being in his embrace for a while, I looked right up at him. His black shirt was visibly wrinkled, probably from hugging me too tightly. Usually, it would be absolutely creaseless.

His dark obsidian eyes were a little bloodshot while his voice was deep and alluring. "Are you tired?"

I shook my head as I snaked my freezing hands underneath his clothes.

He raised his hands to cup my face. I could feel his burning palms as he planted a deep passionate kiss on my lips.

Engrossed in the kiss, he didn't care about the passersby at the airport. All he wanted to do was to ravage me right there and then.

If not for the fact that we were in public, he would have really done it.

After getting in the car, Ashton ordered us to be taken to the hotel. Closing the privacy screen in the middle of the car, he pressed me against the seat, unable to restrain himself.

I held onto his roaming hands and asked, "How did you know I was at the airport?"

He pulled me into his embrace and replied in a husky voice, "Mrs. Eriksen said that she couldn't get through to you on the phone."

I was stunned. "Were you on your way back to look for me?"

He smiled faintly in response. As traffic wasn't heavy in M Country, we reached the hotel shortly. Instead of letting me get down, he carried me out of the car instead.

The moment we closed the hotel room door, he pressed me against the wall and kissed me deeply.

Without anyone to disrupt us here, Ashton's actions were further unrestrained.