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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1438

However, there wasn't talk of any romantic liaisons between Marcus and "Scarlett". I supposed it was because "Scarlett" was married to Ashton.

From an onlooker's perspective, I thought there was something more to the situation.

I clicked on one of the articles. In it, I saw a photo of the late "Scarlett".

The similarities in our appearance were uncanny. We looked almost identical other than her healthier glow and stronger-looking physique.

Absorbed in my sleuthing, I didn't notice that Marcus' meeting had ended. He entered the office and commented, "What are you looking at? You look like you're in a trance."

He stopped right in front of me, lowering his gaze to the phone in my hand. When he saw the contents of my browser, he laughed carelessly. He walked to his desk and asked, "Did you think you were the same person?"

His words unraveled my suspicions.

I left my seat and took a chair opposite him. "Don't you think we look very alike?" I enlarged the image before passing him my phone.

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Six years could change a person's appearance, but there were embedded characteristics that time could never remove.

Marcus crossed his legs on his office chair. He appraised my face seriously for a few seconds before he said, "Yes."

If he had made up flamboyant excuses, I could have argued with him over the topic. His straightforward reply baffled me.

He's confirming and denying my suspicions at the same time.

He was basically implying that while I was the spitting image of "Scarlett", that was where our similarities ended. That's why his tone is so nonchalant

I collected myself as I stared into his eyes. I recalled that Marcus had never mentioned his past to me.

Since he's so close to "Scarlett", why is he engaged to a woman who looks exactly like her?

"Come on, I'm getting off work. Let's go out for dinner."

Before I could make sense of the questions in my head, Marcus stood up and began herding me to the door.

I picked up my phone and followed his lead obediently.

I was struck with a thought. When I'm with Marcus, I accept all of his decisions unquestioningly. If he wants to change the topic of our conversation, I always let him.

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As Marcus began to drive, a black vehicle suddenly shot out from nowhere, blocking his path. Marcus barely stopped his car in time.

Marcus honked at the vehicle several times instead of confronting the reckless driver.

A couple of minutes later, it seemed like the driver wasn't going to apologize or move his car. Resigned, Marcus unbuckled his seat belt and approached the car.

Just as he knocked on the driver's window, the car zoomed off.

Marcus was a good-natured person, though even he couldn't help but frown at the driver's rude and puzzling behavior. He didn't want to waste time pursuing the driver whose car had already disappeared around the corner, so he merely came back into his car.

I didn't ask him about the incident since there were a lot of things on my mind. Very quickly, I tossed the incident to the back of my mind.

As we got seated at the restaurant, I received WhatsApp messages from Emery. She had sent me a bunch of photos. They were all taken in the past from when she used to hang out with "Scarlett".

"Scarlett" was holding two young kids in some of the photos. Her joy was evident; I could tell she had a loving family.

"Are you still thinking about the question earlier?" Marcus threw out the question cautiously while he tried to catch a glimpse of my phone screen.

I passed him my phone. "Emery said that these might help me to regain my memories."

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Marcus flipped through the photos for a moment before pausing on one where “Scarlett” was making funny faces at her kids. His gaze softened. “It looks like ‘Scarlett’ had a happy life with her kids before her death.”

“I guess so.” I smiled lightly. “I don’t think there are any mothers who wouldn’t be this happy to play with their kids.”

Another thought crossed my mind as I asked Marcus urgently, “What about us? Did we ever have kids?”

Stunned, Marcus pushed the phone across the table to me. “No. I brought up the idea, but you rejected it. Maybe you didn’t like kids.”

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