In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1006

This was a tricky matter. Kurt was right. If Boris insisted on saving Alma, Kurt could get another daughter from Ronald. After all, it was Ann who got his son killed.

Boris' frown deepened. He was smarter than me, so he knew he should stay out of this.

I grew frustrated. "You can take her away, no problem. I'll call the cops right now. Ann Weeder killed your son, so the cops will arrest her. But if you take any of the girls away or kill someone here, the cops will arrest you, too. We're not here to interfere in your business, but we can still call the cops."

At once, a murmur erupted in the crowd. Many of the villagers didn't register themselves at birth and were without birth certificates. If the cops were to come, many of them would be forced to register themselves and pay a fine.

Kurt sneered. "Sure, go ahead. I'm not scared of you. I'm the one on the suffering end, anyway."

My threat failed to scare the shameless man. Perhaps he thought I wouldn't dare to call the cops.

I stared at Ronald, who huffed, "You're a bully! Ms. Stovall, call the cops. I'll admit to everything."

His reaction took me by surprise. I didn't know he would come to his senses that quickly. Whipping out my phone, I announced, "Indeed. We shall leave this to the cops."

If the cops were to deal with this, neither side would have the upper hand. Both Kurt and Ronald knew that well. They were considering their own benefits.

Indeed, before the call got through, Kurt spoke. "Well, what do you want? This has nothing to do with you, so I want you to stay out of this."

I smiled and nodded. "Don't worry. I too want to stay out of this. However, just like you, I wish to settle this matter ASAP."

Kurt pursed his lips silently and waited to see what I would say next.

After a brief silence, I continued, "It's illegal to take any of the girls with you as they are underaged and protected by the law."

Kurt narrowed his eyes. "My son's dead, and I spent the money without getting anything in return. Are you asking me to do nothing? Do you think I'm a fool? Or are you too innocent?"

Instead of refuting his words, I offered, "Of course not. If you trust me, why don't you listen to my suggestion?"

"Sure, go ahead." He nodded.

"Death cannot be reversed. Your son's dead, and we cannot bring him back to life. The culprit who killed your son should be punished, but as you said, Ann had escaped. Now, we should sit down and come out with a solution in peace. I think the Weeders should give you back the one hundred thousand you paid them. That's the least they should do."

Kurt scoffed. "I'm not in need of money."

I flashed a grin and added, "That has nothing to do with whether or not you need money. About your son's death, I am in the opinion that you should hand all evidence to the cops so they can arrest the culprit. The Weeders can only offer monetary compensation."

With an ugly scowl, he retorted, "Money? How much can Ronald compensate me? My heir is dead! How should he compensate me? By giving me his son?"

Ronald hung his head low and dared not utter a word. Instead, it was his wife who offered, "If you wish, you can have my daughter. She can bear your son. You're only in your forties, Kurt. My daughter might be able to give birth to your son soon. What do you think?"

I got the shock of my life. After what I said, the woman still hadn't changed her mind about giving her daughter away. It didn't cross my mind that she would willingly let her daughter bear a middle-aged man's child.

Ronald said nothing and appeared to agree silently.

Meanwhile, Kurt glanced at the woman, who had remained silent the whole time by his side. She was glowering at Ronald's wife viciously.

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Suddenly, I realized why Kurt hesitated to take the girl away earlier though he clearly wanted her. He calmed down and listened to me because he was afraid of his wife.

Silence ensued. I thought the woman would disagree, but she uttered, "Sure. My son's dead, so your daughter shall bear Kurt's child. If she gives birth to a son, she shall be free.

Otherwise, she needs to stay in our house until she gives birth to a son."

Ronald's wife nodded profusely and offered a smile. "No problem. She can bear children and satisfy your needs."

Her words nearly drove me crazy. I was about to speak when Boris took my hand and stopped me in time. He whispered in my ear, "You can't do anything. The ending will still be the same. The Weeders won't return the money."

Stunned, I glanced at Alma's pale expression as a sense of hopelessness washed over me. No matter what I do, nothing would change their fates.

Seeing my reaction, Ronald's wife offered me a polite smile. "Ms. Stovall, thank you for your concern. This is our family's business, so we won't trouble you."

Huh, how rude.

Indeed, I should stay out of their affairs.

In the end, Kurt led a devastated Alma away. Peace was restored in Ronald's household.

I didn't know what to say by then.

"Ms. Stovall, thank you for your help. We can register Amy's birth later, but you need to pay me a hundred thousand first for that. It isn't easy to bring her up. Also, since she's going to extract her bone marrow, her health would be affected, especially her kidney. There are many things she can't touch. She will have difficulties getting around, too. In fact, she'll be useless. For this, I want an extra five hundred thousand. This isn't expensive, and I believe you can afford it," Ronald declared. "Hopefully you can give me the money after I register Amy as a citizen today. Everything you do after this has nothing to do with me."

I fell silent at his selfish statement. I knew he was right in doing so, but that only heightened my distaste for his selfishness.

After a long pause, I replied, "I'll pay you one million to adopt Amy. We shall deal with the adoption process, and Amy will be my daughter. She has nothing to do with you from now on. No matter what she becomes in the future, you aren't allowed to bother her, get it?"

Ronald was taken aback by my request. He let out a sudden laugh. "Sure, no problem. I didn't expect she would be worth this much." He repeated, "Sure, of course. Let's go now."

I thought he would at least hesitate, but contrary to my expectation, he seemed delighted. My gaze landed on Amy. She was still a kid, but she had seen the entire exchange with her sisters. The scar would remain in their hearts forever.

Next, Ronald followed us to the town and dealt with the necessary procedures. "Ms. Stovall, the money," he reminded me once we were done.

I pursed my lips and gestured for Boris to hand him the briefcase full of banknotes. Ronald was clearly excited to see the money and left without looking back.

Amy was standing right beside me as she watched Ronald leaving with his wife on his motorcycle. They didn't even bother saying goodbye to their daughter.

I took her hand and bent down to wipe her tears away. "Amy, you shall stay with us from now on. Is that alright?"

She gazed at me and nodded with a hint of maturity in her expression. "Okay!"

She fell silent after that.

I brought her to my car, and Boris started the engine. Throughout the entire journey, Amy didn't crane her neck to stare at the scenery in wonderment like she used to do. Instead, she sat quietly without showing any emotion.

I parted my lips to comfort her, but the words died in my throat.

Hence, I stayed silent.

After some time, I noticed we hadn't entered the highway yet. Feeling doubtful, I queried, "Boris, did you take the wrong route?"

In response, he glanced at the rearview mirror and explained, "Ms. Stovall, someone seems to be tailing us."

With a frown, I turned at my shoulder and noticed a grey van behind our vehicle. Surprised, I asked, "How long has the van been tailing us?"

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"Since we left the village. I thought it was a coincidence, but they are still behind us even though I took a longer route," revealed Boris.

"Could it be Ronald's family?" I asked though it wasn't likely. Ronald wasn't someone who'd do this.

Boris shook his head. "I don't think so."

After a pause, he sought my approval. "Should I lose them?"

Shaking my head, I replied, "No need. Let's just take the normal route home and see how long they will follow us."

Amy remained silent on the way home. I texted Cameron to ask about Summer's condition. Her reply stated that Summer was fine after undergoing chemotherapy. As Summer was then sent to the disinfection chamber, Cameron could no longer take care of her.

I wanted to call Ashton, but I was feeling nauseous from the long car ride. Hence, I gave up on the thought.

Finally, we arrived in A City at midnight. Boris brought a sleeping Amy to her bed and left some instructions before leaving.

I walked him to the door, where he glanced around carefully and reminded me. "If anything happens tonight, give me a call at once."

Clearly, he was referring to the van which tailed us back then. I nodded and watched as he left. After making sure all the doors were locked, I went to Amy's room and made sure she was still sound asleep.

Back in my room, I was about to call Ashton when a call came in. It was from Ashton. When I answered the call, his voice rang out. "What happened? Why were you unreachable the whole day?"

"Boris and I went to Amy's hometown. The line was bad there, and I've just reached home. What about you?" I explained as I made my way to the balcony.

"Mm, it's a little tricky. Nothing serious, though. Joseph is in A City. You can contact him if any problem arises. I'll be back as soon as I'm done."

I glanced out of the window before closing it. "I've adopted Amy legally. Ashton, I still want Summer to get that surgery in the open."

Ashton fell silent at the other end of the line. I thought he was mad at me, but he spoke. "Scarlett, have you ever thought about this? What is the difference between you, the child's parents, and Armond?"

We were the same. Amy's parents and Armond were after money, while I had my own goals.

I tried to convince him. "I adopted Amy, so she'll be treated as my own. Her future will be different now. Just like Summer, she will have both the Moore family and Fuller family behind her. She will have a better future with us."

His reply took me by surprise. "Mm, sounds great."

I was startled, but he immediately added, "But did you ask the child what she wants?"

Knitting my brows, I felt rage bubbling up inside me. "Ashton, Summer isn't your flesh and blood, so it's normal for you to disregard her. I know you think I shouldn't hurt an innocent child, but sorry. I'm a selfish person. I brought Summer up, so I can't bear to see her in pain. I need to do this."

After a long silence, he sighed and replied, "Scarlett, Summer has always been my daughter. I too want to save her life, but we need to make sure how our decision will affect the future."

He might be right, but I could only place my hope on Amy for now.

Ashton was against the idea of Amy donating her bone marrow, so we were at odds.

The next day, I woke up from a restful slumber.

My pregnancy probably made me sleepy. When I opened my eyes, I could hear someone talking in the yard.

After I pulled the blinds open, I spotted Amy in her pajamas, her hair uncombed. She was talking to Nora, which was outside the door. I hadn't seen Nora for some time.

I was confused to see her. Shouldn't she be in K City with Armond now? Why is she back here? I greeted her through the windows before changing my clothes to go downstairs.

The door could only be unlocked using my fingerprint, so Nora couldn't come in. She only walked in after I unlocked the door, her hands full of breakfast and fruits.

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She was rowdy as usual. "Why did you keep putting your phone in silent mode? I've been calling you the whole morning. How are you recently? Do you feel exhausted? You only woke up after ten."

I glanced at my phone in shock. Indeed, it was already half-past ten. "Have you been here for a long time?"

She nodded. "I've waited for a long time. If I hadn't called Ashton who told me you are still living here, I would've thought you moved away. By the way, who is this girl?"

She walked toward the villa and asked about Amy. I helped her with her stuff and answered, "She's Amy, my adopted daughter. I haven't given her a proper name as of now." I asked her, "I thought you went to K City? Why are you back here?"

"It's all Armond's fault!" she complained. "It took me some time to find him in K City, but he told me to come to A City instead. He must be crazy! Is it fun to fool me?"

She opened a box of durians. The smell was too much for her, so she immediately complained, "I can't believe you like durian. It's so smelly."

I was quite surprised. "How did you know I like durian?"

She pouted. "Armond told me you are pregnant, and I was to come to spend time with you. I didn't know what you like, so I asked him. He said you might like durian, so I brought some along."

"Didn't Armond come to A City, too?" I was taken aback.

Nora's lips thinned. "He's here. He said so himself, but the house next to yours is empty. I don't know where he is. Is he that busy? Did something happen to him?"

It was clear that Nora had no clue what was going on. I didn't press on and brought Amy to the bathroom to teach her how to wash herself up. I washed up and sat down to enjoy my breakfast.

Nora must've been bored as she extended an invitation to me. "Are you busy later? If you have time, wanna come shopping with me?"

I shook my head. "I need to go to the hospital. My parents brought Summer here as she needed to be operated on. I'm too busy to go shopping with you."

"Oh, I see," came her disappointed reply. "Alright. We'll see. By the way, have you seen Hailey recently? She won't pick up my calls. What happened to her?"

Shaking my head, I said nothing. Nora differed from me as she was used to leading a comfortable life. She had neither faced any difficulties nor wanted something really bad in life. Perhaps it would be a good idea to be as heartless as her.

As Nora was free, she followed me to the hospital. I had decided to carry on with the surgery even though I would bear the guilt of hurting Amy for my entire life.

Cameron and Zachary were elated to find out that Amy could donate her bone marrow legally. The surgery's date was set for a week later. Amy was too weak, so the doctor wanted her to rest for a few days in advance. Afraid I would be too exhausted, Cameron hired a caregiver to take care of Amy.

There was nothing for me to worry for they would take care of the children well.

On a Sunday midnight, I received a call from Nora.

The background music was deafening, so I guessed she was in a club or something. Her voice came over the line. "Scarlett, can you come to pick me up? I can't drive. My whole body has gone limp."

I hurriedly agreed. "Where are you? Send me your address. I'll be there soon."

She mumbled in response. I hastily got changed and drove out. It took her some time to send me the address— the famous Imperial Hotel in A City.

Nora liked to have fun, so it was normal for her to be in a nightclub. She was usually alert, so I wondered how someone managed to drug her tonight.

When I arrived at Imperial Hotel, Nora was lying in the club's lobby. There were a few attendants by her side. It seemed that someone had ordered them to keep watch on her.

One of the attendants recognized me and hurried over. "Ms. Stovall, you're finally here. Ms. Oberick is about to tear the place down."

After racking my brains, I still couldn't figure out who this woman was. I asked hesitantly, "Do you know me?"

The woman nodded with a polite smile. "Mr. Murphy showed me your photo and told me to wait for you here."

Huh? My confusion deepened. Armond's here? Then why didn't he send her back himself and asked me to come instead? What is he up to?

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I glanced at Nora, who had passed out in her booth. My head was throbbing as I came up with a plan. "There are hotel rooms above, right?"

This was a high-end nightclub, so most of the patrons were rich and powerful. The rooms above were designated so they could continue having fun upstairs in the privacy of their own rooms.

The attendant nodded, but she seemed stumped. "Yes, we have rooms, but they have been reserved in advance. Some of the rooms are prepared for our VIP clients and aren't accessible usually. I'm afraid I can't get a room for you right now."

I pursed my lips. Looks like Armond earns a lot of money here. I pondered slightly before asking, "Does Mr. Murphy have his own room, then?"

"Yes. but..."

I dialed Armond's number, and he answered my call almost immediately. "What's wrong?" came his soft voice. "Are you missing me at night? Do you need me to accompany you?"

Feeling disgusted, I retorted, "I need a room in Imperial Hotel for Nora. It's too late for me to bring her home. I'm still pregnant."

His light chuckled sounded over the line. "Looks like I did the right thing by asking you to pick her up. Let me talk to my staff."

Looking up, I glanced at the attendant before handing the phone to her. "Armond wants to talk to you." She accepted my phone hastily with both hands. "Hello, Mr. Murphy!"

The attendant listened to what Armond had to say attentively. Shortly after, she returned my phone to me. "Ms. Stovall, please follow me!"

She proceeded to order the two other attendants. "Bring Ms. Oberick to No. 2806, the presidential suite on the twenty-eighth floor. I'll help Ms. Stovall check in now."

The two attendants brought Nora into the elevator while I followed the other attendant to the front desk so she could process my check-in. After Armond talked to the lady, she seemed to be extra careful around me.

I wasn't bothered at all. While we were waiting for the elevator to come, a few tipsy men joined us. This was, after all, a nightclub and a hotel in one building.

The attendant seemed to recognize them and greeted them politely. One man took her arm. "You're Rita, right? I heard you're a manager here. Didn't they say there's a virgin here tonight? I didn't see her anywhere. What's wrong? Are you looking down on us?"

The other men chimed in drunkenly. Rita flashed an awkward smile and replied, "You've gotten the wrong information. That girl is here as a waitress. She's just a peasant from the countryside. I'm afraid that you'll despise her."

"Oh?" The man chuckled. "So what if she's from the countryside? Over ten years ago, we lived in the countryside, too. Peasant girls are strong. Don't forget to bring her to our room later so we can have fun together."

Rita nodded hastily. As the doors opened, she bade goodbye to them and led me out.

After bringing me to my room, she flashed a smile and bade farewell to me. I heard her talking to someone on her walkie-talkie. "Logistics, send Ann Weeder to the sixteenth floor. A client just asked for her. Remember to tell her to be obedient."

I was about to close the door when I heard the familiar name. Stopping in my tracks, I looked out, but Rita had already left.

Sixteenth floor?

I entered the room to see Nora sleeping soundly on the bed. She had passed out, and I couldn't wake her up.

As she seemed to be okay, I took the room card and headed to the sixteenth floor.

After I found the room, I stood outside. The rooms on this floor were karaoke rooms. There were girls heading in and out of the rooms. The girls who came out were obviously wounded with stacks of money in their hands, while the girls who headed in were empty-handed.

I couldn't see what was going on inside the room, so I came out with a plan. After getting prepared, I pushed the door open and staggered in. "Friends, come on. Let's drink!" I yelled, pretending to be drunk.

The people in the room froze immediately when I barged in without warning. When they realized I was drunk, someone stood up to chase me out.