# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 991

I nodded. Amy must be talking about the time when Ronald had some doctors do a check-up and blood test for her and her siblings.

Feeling sorry for the little girl, I wrapped my arms around her. Summer's condition had become worse. If I still couldn't make up my mind, I was afraid it might be too late to save her life. Yet, if Amy was to go under the knife, she needed to donate both her bone marrow and her kidney. I had no idea of the risk of the operation Amy might be facing. I would be the one who caused her death if anything happened to her during the operation.

Half an hour later, Zachary and Cameron arrived at the hospital. Meanwhile, Summer, whose vein was cannulated with an IV tube, was wheeled into the ER. The little girl's arm was full of hematomas from chemotherapy.

Anger boiled within me whenever I saw my daughter suffering from the side effects of chemotherapy. Each time, the urge to kill Jared grew more intense. All humans had dark sides, yet we had the ability to eschew evil, which explained why Jared still survived until now.

Soon after, Zachary ordered the doctor to do a checkup for Amy. My mind was a mess as I held the little girl in my arms. "Dad, why don't we wait until we ask Summer's doctor about her condition?"

Knowing I would go soft, Zachary persuaded, "We are just going to do a full-body check-up for this kid. They said her bone marrow is a match for Summer, but we are not sure about it. We'll discuss it after the doctors perform the check-up. Alright?"

Zachary was right. As reluctant as I was, I had no choice but to nod my agreement.

When the doctor took Amy away, the little girl kept turning his head to look at me. I knew it was her instinct to feel scared. "Amy, don't be scared. It's just like taking an injection. It won't hurt, and you'll be fine."

She nodded and followed the doctor quietly.

I waited agonizingly for Amy's return.

An hour had passed, the little girl still hadn't come back. Feeling panicked, I decided to look for her, yet Cameron halted me. "The doctor is with that kid. Summer is still in the ER, and you should stay here."

I nodded. Still, I paced back and forth as I couldn't cast my worries away. Meanwhile, a nurse showed up. "Miss, the patient, Hailey Webster, has regained consciousness. We're transferring her to the ward now, and a family member is required to take care of her."

I told Cameron about Hailey before I went to check on her.

In the ward, the doctor informed me of the things I needed to pay particular attention to during the patient's preoperative care and aftercare.

Since I had no idea of Hailey's health condition, I went after the doctor and asked, "Doctor, what happened to her? Why did she suddenly collapse?"

The doctor looked at me doubtfully while he asked, "So, you're not the patient's family member?"

I nodded. "I'm her friend. I only found out about her health issue today."

The doctor nodded before he stated, "The patient underwent a heart transplant surgery a year ago. Transplant rejection is common during this period, and it can occur anytime. If the patient gets emotional, that might trigger episodes of acute rejection. Thus, you need to pay attention to the patient's emotional changes."

I remembered Hailey telling me about her having a heart transplant before she collapsed. Shouldn't she be grateful that she is still alive? Why does it seem like she is aversive to the donor's heart?

Back in the ward, Hailey still couldn't move her body under the effect of anesthesia. Nevertheless, she was conscious. She wore an oxygen mask and looked at me as if she had something to say.

Sitting next to her, I spoke up, "I know you have something you wanted to tell me. Perhaps we'll talk when you feel better."

Hailey shook her head. The next moment, she said under her breath, "Don't sacrifice someone to save another's life. They are innocent, and they will die. Those who survive won't be happy either."

I was dazed. "What do you mean?"

In a barely audible voice, she explained, "I have congenital heart disease. Over the years, my heart deteriorated. My father told me I could live for a long time if I get a heart transplant, but it was just too difficult to find a matching heart. After many years of searching, my father finally found one. They told him the girl was sick and that she couldn't live long. After she died, she could donate her heart to me. So, my father adopted her. For many years, she was the one who kept me company when I felt lonely or sad. Unfortunately, my condition was getting worse. Yet, surprisingly, she became fit and healthy as time passed."

Hailey let out a bitter smile. "My father soon found out they had lied to him. In fact, she was not sick. Her parents had abandoned her, so they made my father adopt her. At that time, I was in a critical condition and I was dying. Unfortunately, she was the only one who could save me. Having no choice, my father trampled with the vehicle that she would be using that day."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 992

After a short pause, she continued by saying, "When she died, her face was disfigured, her body was covered with blood. My father told me it was an accident, and I have always persuaded myself to believe in his words. However, that girl is deeply rooted in my memory. I lived every passing day, tortured by the feeling of guilt and agony."

Tears rolled down from the corner of her eyes as she pleaded, "Don't make the same mistake again. Don't sacrifice that kid."

I fell into silence. No wonder she became emotional when she saw Amy.

Just then, Cameron called. "My dear, where are you? The kid has done with the check-up. She is now crying and asking for you." For some reason, she sounded cheerful over the phone.

I uttered a response and ended the call. Gazing at Hailey, I uttered, "This is not a major surgery, and it won't risk the kid's life. I only wanted to save my daughter. If I had a choice, I wouldn't let the kid go through this."

Hailey was choking up while crying helplessly. I pressed the call button and let the nurses take care of her before leaving the ward.

Outside the ER, Amy was done with her check-up. With her eyes reddened, she pointed at her pelvic area. "Ms. Stovall, it hurts!"

The doctor didn't perform a bone marrow biopsy. Instead, he only collected blood samples to test the compatibility of Amy's bone marrow with Summer's. Hugging the little girl, I comforted her, "That must hurt a lot. I'll buy you snacks later."

Cameron shifted her gaze back and forth between us. "Summer has been transferred to the ward. You should go and check on her now."

I nodded and then followed her to the ward. The doctor was communicating with Zachary while Summer was lying on the bed, still under the effect of anesthesia.

As the doctor left the ward, I quickly went after him. "Doctor, I want to know more information about the bone marrow and kidney transplant surgery. Will that have any negative effects on the donor?"

The doctor nodded. "Well, the extraction of bone marrow and hematopoietic stem cells won't cause major harm to the human body though it could be painful. As for kidney donation, that will definitely cause some side effects to the donor. It is just like our fingers. If you lose one of them, it won't lead to death, but it will definitely cause a loss of functional hand movements."

My face turned pale at his words. "If a kid donates her kidney, will that have any impact on her health?"

The doctor nodded. "Of course. Well, it won't cause death, but debility is inevitable."

I didn't ask further questions since the doctor had cleared my doubts.

In the ward, Amy was sitting by the bed, looking curiously at Summer. Upon seeing me, Cameron asked, "What's wrong?"

Zachary knew about my worries. He took a glance at Amy as he said to me, "I have considered all the possible risks of the surgery. The possibility of death is little to none. Scarlett, you know how hard it is to find a matching donor. We will take good care of that kid after the surgery."

I knew Zachary was right.

I was glad that we wouldn't have to risk Amy's life. Still, I couldn't help feeling guilty for harming an innocent kid to save my own daughter.

Since Summer had just finished her chemotherapy while Amy's test result was not out yet, we could only wait in the hospital. Meanwhile, I had Boris bring Amy with him so that the latter need not stay in the hospital.

When I went to check on Hailey, the effect of anesthesia had worn off. Her face still looked pale, yet she was visibly relieved after I told her of both Summer and Amy's conditions. "It's great that you don't need to risk the kid's life. However, even if the transplant is successful, cancer recurrence might occur during the five-year postoperative observation period. If that happens, your daughter will need to receive a second transplant surgery. So, what are you going to do with that kid?"

I mulled over her words for some time. Soon after, I spoke up, "Her parents are treating her like their money tree. If I send her back to her parents, I'm afraid they will force her to marry a random guy for a dowry when she grows up. Actually, my parents wished to adopt her. She can go to school with Summer and live at the Moore Residence. She can decide her own future and live the life she wants."

My words brought a smile onto Hailey's face. "If she gets adopted by the Moore family, she will definitely have a brighter future than growing up in that village. That way, you can repay her by providing her a better life. Well, I bet she couldn't ask for more."

Well, that is the best way we could think of. I sighed. Yet, we still needed to wait until Amy's test results came out. After the surgery, I would bring Amy back to the village and let her cut ties with her terrible parents. After that, she could start her new life in the Moore family.

Hailey brought her hand to her chest. In a sorrowful tone, she murmured, "If only I could also choose at that time."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 993

I felt sorry for the young lady. She must have suffered a lot after knowing that her survival cost the life of another girl.

After a while, I asked, "Do you know anything about Armond?" That day in the cowshed, Ann told me that some of the children never returned to the village after they were taken away.

I was not sure if it was what I think it was.

Upon the mention of Armond, Hailey's clenched the blanket, her face darkened. After a long silence, she finally said, "That man is Satan! He has blood on his hands just for money. I suppose many people have died at his hands."

I furrowed my brows. "You have never met him before. How are you so sure that he has something to do with the organ trade?"

She looked up at me and uttered, "I have never met him, but I knew that guy. My father was imprisoned because of him. Initially, my father only wanted to find me a matching heart. That man brought the girl of my age to my father. He told my father that her illness was incurable and that I could get a heart transplant after she died. As time passed, my health deteriorated, only then did he tell my father the truth. He asked for three million for bringing the girl to my father. After the girl died, he blackmailed my father and demanded a tenfold increase in the price as hush money. Having no choice, my father embezzled the company's money. In the end, he was charged and imprisoned. It's all because of him! That man is evil! You need to be wary of him."

I was stunned by her revelation. "Did that girl really died?"

Hailey clenched her fists, her eyes reddened. "Yes. My dad told me he had buried her, but..."

The young lady burst into tears.

Seeing that, I stopped asking further questions and decided to leave her alone. Those children that never return to the village... Did they die just like that girl?

Hailey's words made me realize that Armond must be hiding something. As soon as I left the ward, I made a call to Brandon.

His gruff voice was heard over the phone, "Hello, what's the matter?"

"The kid's test result is out. If the kid is to donate her organ, I need her identity card and her parents to sign the consent form. How are you going to solve this?" Hailey told me that the hospital wouldn't perform surgery without the necessary documentation. I wondered how Brandon was going to deal with this.

After a while, the man said, "You don't need to worry about that. As long as you agree with the surgery and pay us the money, we will take care of it."

Since we hadn't discussed the price yet, I asked, "How are you going to charge me?"

"Well, you will have to bear the costs of the operating room, the doctors, the medication, and also the money for the kid's parents. Why don't we meet up and discuss this? This is a serious matter, and I bet you wouldn't want to discuss it over the phone."

"Alright. You decide the time and the place." I shuddered at the thought that the organ trade was rather systematic and well-coordinated. It seemed like the kids in that village were not the only victims.

When I was back in the ward, Summer had woken up. She hadn't met a girl of her age for a long time, so she was chatty with Amy.

Meanwhile, Cameron was reading a project proposal. Although she had handed over most of her work in the company to Nick, the latter, being inexperienced, still needed her guidance.

Since Zachary was nowhere to be seen, I asked, "Mom, where is Dad?"

Keeping her eyes on the proposal, she answered, "He's gone to meet his friend. Oh, he asked me to ask you from where did you find the kid? She's healthy and fit. It doesn't seem like she's from the orphanage."

I frowned. "Orphanage?"

Cameron nodded. "Your father has contacted an orphanage before. Now, he wanted to donate to the orphanage where the kid lived as a token of gratitude. But, it seems like that little girl came from a village and not an orphanage. Boris told me it took you guys more than seven hours to travel to that village where you found her. Who gave you the address of the village?"

I suddenly understood the reason Ashton became mad at me yesterday. The man knew from Zachary that the latter had contacted an orphanage. Hence, he knew I was lying to him, for Amy was obviously not from an orphanage.

I started to feel the throbbing in my temples. If Ashton knew I was the one who turned to Armond for help, it would be a disaster.

I gave Cameron a seemingly convincing answer. "I got it from a friend of mine." I was relieved that Cameron was absorbed reading the proposal that she didn't ask further.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 994

I didn't return to the villa that night after my fight with Ashton. That wasn't the main reason for my absence, though. Summer and Hailey were both in the hospital, and Hailey didn't

have any family. I couldn't ask my Mom to stay with her at the hospital, so I went there instead.

The hospital was shrouded in a gloomy aura; I ended up sleeping fitfully that night. Cameron and Zachary dropped by early the next morning with some breakfast.

Hailey was recovering well, as was Summer. After greeting Cameron, I left for my appointment with Brandon.

We met at a heritage eatery that was neither big nor grand. When I arrived, I spied Brandon sitting in the corner of the eatery. Seated, his posture made him seem shorter and fatter.

He looks just like a wobbly man toy.

He waved and hollered when he saw me. Then, he caught the attention of the eatery owner and ordered a few oily dishes. I sat down in front of him, not in a rush to speak.

He didn't appear to be in a rush either. He'd ordered more than ten dishes for the two of us, and he ate most of the food. He didn't question my lack of appetite. I guess he's probably used to it. He devoured his food so quickly I half-suspected that he barely chewed at all. He only spoke to me after we finished the meal.

Now that the food was gone, he wiped his oil-stained mouth and said, "Take a look at the contract. If there aren't any issues, you can sign it now."

He passed a thick stack of papers to me. I was blinded by the rows of complex legalese on the sheets. I frowned, unable to understand much of the contents of the contract.

At least I could understand the sums in the contract. I counted the number of zeroes and knitted my brows. "Why is the cost of the surgery suddenly increased to a million?"

He pursed his lips before cleaning his teeth with a toothpick. "Ms. Stovall, I heard from Mr. Murphy that money isn't a concern to you. Plus, this is a private operation. The operating theatre, doctors, the equipment; everything has a price. I'm sure you know how expensive

these things are. And hey, what about compensation for my efforts? I also need money to settle with that kid's parents. Please, that one million I quoted you is a discount already."

I held in my laughter. He'd managed to make a life-or-death operation sound like a business deal. Still, I wasn't in a hurry to sign. I looked at him directly and said, "You're right. It's actually not a big sum. I do have one request, though. Since this isn't a legal procedure, I want to see the operating theatre, the equipment, and meet the doctor beforehand. There are two children's lives at stake here, one of which is my daughter. I'm sure you understand my concern."

He frowned slightly. After some thought, he replied, "I need to think about this."

I nodded. "Sure."

Our discussion ended here. I supposed he had to discuss my request with his boss before he could give me a firm reply. If Hailey was right, then Brandon was probably acting under Armond's orders.

After saying goodbye to Brandon, I walked into an alley. After waiting for a short while, I came out of the alley and followed him. Sometime later, I saw him get into a black Accord. The driver wore a pair of shades, and he looked vaguely familiar. After a brief greeting, the car moved.

I couldn't walk closer to the car, but luckily the driver rolled down his windows as the car drove off. I was stunned when I realized who he was.

Dante! Why is he hanging around Brandon? Did he end up working for Armond after Abe's death?

I only managed to collect myself after the car was out of sight. From what I know about Dante's character, he wouldn't hang around Armond since he had a hand in Abe's death. All these men are sticklers for loyalty. Abe treated Dante like his own brother when he was still alive. So why would Dante be chummy with one of Armond's lackeys? Unless Dante himself is involved in the black market?

Suddenly, I sensed someone behind me. Nerves taut, I broke out in a cold sweat when I realized that I had nothing to defend myself with.

"Scarlett!" The gruff, familiar voice turned my surprise into joy. I turned and saw Danny behind me.

I smiled happily at him and asked, "Why are you here? Are you ok? How have you been?" I'd tried to track him down when I was in A City, but he'd hidden his tracks well as if he was trying to avoid me. I learned nothing about him and had never expected to bump into him here.

He appeared to have lost some weight, looking much thinner than his usual muscular self. The angles on his face were sharper as well. With a fairer complexion and a buzzcut, he blended right in with the residents of this city.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 995

Faced with my slew of questions, he replied, "I've been well. But how do you know Brandon?"

"Do you know him too?" I asked, surprised.

He nodded. "Yeah, Dante works with him. I've met him a couple of times. They operate in the black market, so why are you meeting him? Are you sick?"

I shook my head urgently. "No, I'm not sick. But my daughter is."

Shocked, he said, "I see. It's better to steer clear of them if you can, though. If you get involved in the black market, it's hard to get them off your record."

I didn't quite understand his warning but nodded. "Ok, I know."

Since he didn't have more to say, I spoke up again. "Since you're here, shall we grab a bite together?"

He shook his head. "No, I have other things to do. I'll be off then."

Seeing that he was ready to leave, I called out to stop him. "Danny, how should I keep in touch with you next time?"

He turned his head back to look at me. "I'm very grateful for how you've helped me in the past. If you have any questions for me, you should ask them now. I'll tell you everything I know, and then we're even."

This statement confused me. His brows were furrowed in impatience as he watched me. I couldn't help but wonder if I'd underestimated the complexity of our history.

After a pause, I asked, "What are you doing in A City? Do you know about Abe's death?"

He pursed his lips before replying, "I know what happened to Mr. Langston. As for my job in A City, it's exactly what Dante is doing."

I frowned. "But it's illegal!"

He mumbled an agreement but continued matter-of-factly, "I know, but I gotta do what I gotta do to survive. A City isn't a good place to make a living for us foreigners. At the end of the day, we need money to live."

I didn't know how to respond to that. I couldn't deny the truth in his words. We are but slaves to the money that governs our lives in this world.

"Is it true then, that as long as there's money, you can carry out a perfect crime?" I blurted.

He knitted his brows uncomprehendingly at my question. A moment later, he said, "You should go home. It's not safe out here."

I had more questions to ask but he'd already walked away.

If Hailey is telling the truth, then Armond is really engaged in shady dealings. I couldn't imagine the number of innocent lives they had harmed each year.

I was caught in a dilemma. If I pursued this to the end, I was worried I wouldn't be able to accept the consequence. After all, I was a willing participant in an illegal deal, and losses and gains always came hand-in-hand. My decision to seek out Amy in the countryside was entirely due to my wish to save my daughter.

Hailey's father could bring himself to harm a perfectly healthy child to keep his daughter alive. It's hard to pin the blame on anyone, but someone was undeniably killed in the exchange.

I knew I couldn't sort out these dilemmas alone. I called Ashton when I was in the car. The phone rang for a while before he answered. I could hear his clear voice through the receiver. "What's up?"

Ashton was still angry at me over the name card incident. I sighed before asking, "Where are you? I miss you."

My words seemed to surprise him, and there was a pause before he replied, "See you at home."

He hung up on me. Perplexed, I stared at my phone. Why did he just hang up on me like that?

I put down my phone and headed straight for the villa. Ashton was sitting in the living room when I arrived, looking like he'd just reached home not too long ago. His dark eyes showed a hint of surprise as they landed on me.

He pursed his lips and put on a somewhat petty air. "Why did you call me?"

So he's still angry at me then. I walked toward him and said gently, "I did meet Armond when I was in K City; you knew about that already. When I came to A City to find Amy, it was based on information that Armond had given to me. Ashton, I wasn't lying to you. I just didn't want you to overthink things. That's all."

Sensing the cloud of anger around him, I let out a frustrated sigh. "I know this is my fault. I shouldn't have lied to you. Will you please stop being angry at me? Ashton, we shouldn't be upset at each other over such small things. I suspect that Armond has dealings in the black market and probably the deaths of countless people on his hands. I don't know anymore if I can proceed with Summer's surgery. Can we stop arguing and start discussing more important things?"

He frowned slightly as he stared at me. "Black market?"

I nodded. "I found out from my contact that they have their own operating theatre and equipment. On that note, do you remember how we met a girl named Hailey at the public tender in the Oasis Hotel? She has heart disease. Her father colluded with Armond to kill someone so that she could get a heart transplant, though he ended up in jail later on after he misappropriated some funds for his company."