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After some thought, he asked, "I have some recollection of her. How did you get in touch with her?"

"Actually, she looked for me. We already knew each other after meeting on a few occasions. Now, I'm worried about Summer. What if Armond betrays me after Summer gets the kidney from Amy? We're not the only ones who need to bear the consequences. My parents will be dragged into this mess as well. I can't let Summer's affairs disrupt their newfound peace."

Though Summer's situation wouldn't involve something as heinous as murder, as in Hailey's case, it would be hard to predict Armond's actions after the operation. He forced me down this path, claiming we wouldn't be able to proceed with a normal, legal operation. But he could always turn around and threaten us with Amy's existence. If he fabricates a story to the press, it'll be a huge blow to the reputation of the Fullers and the Moores.

I looked at Ashton, who'd pursed his lips as if in deep thought. He looked at me and said, "I think we should postpone Summer's operation and follow the legal procedure. We shouldn't touch Amy if we can. You should also look out for your parents. I'll do my best to find a suitable donor ASAP. I'm sorry, but I think Summer will have to wait a while longer."

I frowned slightly. Though this went against every instinct I had as a parent, I nodded and agreed with Ashton. I couldn't drag two whole families into the mud to satisfy my own wishes.

"We'll stick with our original plan then. Try not to give away too much information to anyone else." He then pulled out his phone and called Joseph.

He seemed to be discussing some matters about Moranta with Joseph. I wasn't in the mood to worry about such things. My mind was fixated on my proposed visit to the hospital with Brandon tomorrow.

The next day, Ashton rushed to Moranta on company business. He had left in a hurry, saying that there were problems at a few ports in Moranta that were recently acquired by the Fuller Corporation.

I stayed in A City to continue working on Summer's affairs.

Brandon sent me a text containing the address of the hospital as well as our meeting time. Before I left, I gave Cameron a call. She sounded like she'd barely slept the night before. She answered in a hoarse tone, "Scarlett, what's going on?"

"Mom, do we have the results of Amy's health checkup? Did the doctor mention when they can arrange for the operation?"

"Not yet, I think the results will only be out at noon. Yesterday, the doctor told us that they couldn't find her personal information. They need to log her identification details in the hospital's system before they can carry out the operation. Could you contact her parents and get them to send her information over? If it's possible, we can send someone to bring them here so they can sign off on the operation," Cameron said, sounding exhausted.

I paused for a moment before answering her. "Mom, Amy doesn't have any form of identification. Her parents had eight children and she was the only one who wasn't registered. If they need that information, it's going to take a long time to iron out all the paperwork, and Summer's operation is going to be delayed. This was something I overlooked at the beginning. I was hoping you could help me find a solution."

My answer stunned her. "She doesn't have any form of identification? They have eight kids; how could they just forget about one of them? What about her future? Oh dear, we need to think of something quickly. How about you ask Boris to bring her home? We can give them some money and get her registered."

I mumbled an agreement and hung up.

Amy's lack of an official identity wasn't the only problem at hand. I couldn't elaborate on my plans to investigate Armond, so I could only delay the operation with this excuse.

Even if Summer needed that operation, we had to follow the legal procedure. If we committed to an illegal operation, we'd be inviting trouble for ourselves in the future.

After I hung up, I took a car ride to the address that Brandon had given me. The car came to a stop at a large factory located just outside the suburbs.

I was surprised when I saw the deserted building. This isn't a hospital. It's more like some abandoned factory!

There was an elderly man in the security booth near the gates of the factory. As I walked toward him to ask about my location, my phone rang with a call from Brandon.

As soon as I picked up, he said, "Just come in. You don't need to ask him anything. He has Alzheimer's and can't remember a thing."

Taken aback, I turned and saw the elderly man smiling at me. I returned his smile and walked into the factory grounds. Just like Brandon had mentioned over the phone, there was a two-story house behind the factory. He asked me to wait for him outside.

He came down five minutes later. He opened the metal doors to the house. He wore a leather jacket over his floral print shirt, though his protruding belly made for a rather unflattering display. He looked around behind me and confirmed that I was alone. He arched a brow in mild surprise. "Ms. Stovall, I thought you'd at least have some company. I didn't expect you to really come here alone."

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I chuckled, "We're only here to take a look at the hospital and the medical equipment. We're not here to tear down this place. Why did you bring so many people?"

He chuckled and replied, "Let's go. The doctors and equipment are up there. You should take a look at them so you'd feel more assured. Rich people like you tend to be more cautious."

I followed behind him and let out a soft chuckle. "I have no choice, she's my precious daughter, and I want to give her the best."

His laughter echoed in the lift. Upon arriving at the second floor, I followed him past a metal gate that led to a fifty square meters big office. There were five doctors donned in their white gowns.

After an exchange of greetings, Brandon announced, "Alright. Since everyone knows each other, let's jump straight to the equipment. Please explain to Ms. Stovall their functions and attend to her queries as soon as possible."

They all nodded.

I was not in a rush to look at the equipment, so I asked, "Mr. Dumphy, I'm not an expert in this field, so there's no point in me trying to know more about the equipment. However, I have a request. I hope you wouldn't mind."

He smiled at me and replied, "Of course I wouldn't mind. I have no reason to reject your request as long as it's logical and legal."

Logical and legal?

I let out an awkward chuckle. Would my request be logical and legal?

I looked at him and continued, "I'd like to look through the doctors' credentials. To be qualified as either a clinical or surgical doctor, one needs to attain certain qualifications. I hope you all don't mind letting me take a look at them."

A few of the doctors' faces froze while Brandon was puzzled. "Ms. Stovall, I believe you know that such information is confidential. Rest assured that our doctors are all

experienced and capable, and they all graduated from top universities. We'll definitely do our best for your daughter."

I furrowed my brows and was hesitant. "Mr. Dumphy, there are two major factors that can determine the success rate of surgery – a safe operating environment and the doctor's capabilities. Since I'm not an expert in the medical field, it doesn't make sense for me to measure the safety level of the equipment. However, I would be able to verify the doctor's qualifications. Since they're from top universities, can I take a look at their certifications?"

It seemed like my request was ridiculous to them, as none of them intended to show me their qualifications.

I looked at the doctors, then at Brandon, and smiled slightly. "Mr. Dumphy, I don't think I'm making a difficult request. I believe this would form the basis of the trust I have with you all. If I'm unable to trust your doctors, I would rather engage the surgery somewhere else. I don't wish to bet on my daughter's life."

Brandon frowned and replied, "Ms. Stovall, you know the significance of this surgery very well. We share the same purpose of saving your daughter's life. It's not that we don't want you to look at their qualifications, but if you were to leak such information, it would ruin their career. After all, they do not have a perfect record on their portfolio."

I nodded slightly and did not refute his words any further. "Indeed. Since you want to protect your doctors while I want to save my daughter, let's come to a compromise."

"What are your thoughts?" he asked me impatiently.

"You could rent the operating theatre to me. Since you won't be able to show me their qualifications, I won't be able to trust them with my daughter's surgery. Hence, I would get other doctors to perform the surgery. Despite that, I'd still pay the same amount."

It was a logical offer, so he had no reasons to reject it. He thought about it for a moment and replied, "Your request is not impossible. However, we need to bring it up to the senior management for approval."

I nodded with a smile. "Please bring it up to them as soon as possible. As you know, time is running out as my daughter is in critical condition."

He nodded profusely.

It was not easy to flight a taxi in the suburbs. I was calling someone while pacing around the factory. I wonder if Hailey did her surgery here as well.

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Upon a thorough look at the factory, it had nothing special about it. There was not much human traffic around. If someone were to walk past, they might think that it was an abandoned building. No one would have guessed that there would be an operating theatre there.

On a closer look, several rooms on the second floor showed signs of being cleaned. Those might be the wards where the patients stayed in. Most patients here were likely from wealthy families.

"Ms. Stovall, you're..." Brandon came down to check on me, squinted his eyes, and asked, "Are you taking a stroll?"

I chuckled lightly and replied, "I was just walking around while waiting for a taxi."

He chuckled and said, "This place is in the suburbs, so there won't be many taxis around. Since I'm also heading back, I can give you a lift."

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Dumphy."

He chuckled and replied, "You're welcome. Please wait at the entrance. I'll go get the car."

I smiled and nodded in response. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

It was noon as I walked past the doorman having his lunch. "Hi Miss, you're heading back now?" he greeted.

I nodded in reply. I walked over to him and asked, "How long have you been working here? It's so isolated here. Did your family send you lunch?"

He laughed. "I've been working here for several years. My wife has difficulties walking, so she's currently staying at home. These were made by her last night. I heated it and brought it here for lunch."

I nodded. "That makes sense. Do you live far away from here? Is it convenient for you?" I asked while I glanced at his legs.

He took a mouthful of food and replied, "Not far. I live in the village across. I may appear old, but my legs are still strong!"

I chuckled. "Since there are not many people that come here, and your house is nearby, why don't you head home for lunch and return after?"

He looked at me and smiled. "It may appear to be quiet, but there are many vehicles that drop by daily. Since the boss ordered for me to deny entry to unauthorized vehicles, I'd have to obey the order."

I got curious and asked, "This building looks very old. Why are they so strict on entry? Are there other offices located within this building as well?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. It has always been the same few cars. I find it weird that people are going in and out of this place too. I've walked around but did not spot anything unusual. I heard that the boss had set up a live stream studio, and there have been young girls and kids coming here to work. However, due to my poor eyesight, I couldn't catch a proper glimpse of them."

I nodded slightly. It seemed like they were tight on security. Though they hired an elderly to guard the entrance, they enforced strict rules.

Since I knew the location of the operating theatre, I could easily gauge the location of other hidden places too.

Brandon drove over and waved at me. I got in the car and had a light chat with him.

It was afternoon when we arrived in the city. My stomach grumbled loudly as I had not eaten anything that day. I entered a restaurant, ordered my meal, and took out my phone. As I was about to call Ashton, I noticed I had several missed calls.

Out of habit, I had placed my phone in silent mode. The calls were from Ashton and Hailey.

Ashton probably called to check if I had eaten lunch, so I decided to call Hailey first.

Ashton called before I could dial Hailey's number. I picked up the call and chuckled. "Mr. Fuller, I feel very honored to receive your call despite your busy schedule."

He scoffed at my mocking. "I'm guessing you missed your lunch. Why didn't you pick up my calls earlier? What were you busy with?"

This man seemed to grow more protective as the days pass. It seemed like I might need to start reporting to him every hour.

"I told you that I had an appointment with Brandon to view the operating theatre. That appointment ended, and I was about to feed your baby and myself."

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He sighed with worry. "What about the breakfast that I've prepared for you this morning? Did you skip it?"

I scratched the tip of my nose and replied, "I ate, and I got hungry again soon after. I plan to eat more later." The truth was, I did not eat breakfast as I was in a hurry.

He sighed once more helplessly. "You're already a mother, yet you're not taking good care of yourself. Should I get a nanny for you?"

I immediately rejected his offer. "We don't need a nanny for now. I'm fine. I'm only two months pregnant. It would be better to wait till Summer's recovery and at a later stage of my pregnancy. What do you say?"

He agreed as he knew that it would not be easy to convince me otherwise. "Sure. On the condition that you would start taking good care of yourself and our baby."

I smiled, knowing that it was out of his concern for me. "Okay, I'll take note. Let's put this aside for now."

While the waiter brought out the dishes, I took a bite and continued, "Do you know where the hospital is located? It's within a factory in the suburbs. That building looked abandoned, but they built an operating theatre on the second floor of it. They had five doctors and a few wards as well. It's inconspicuous – no passerby would've guessed it."

"Hmm. An operating theatre in a factory – inconspicuous and could be shifted easily. It was indeed the perfect place. However, our focus now is to be careful. There had been several issues that occurred at the ports of Moranta. It seemed like the Murphys had intentionally caused the delay. Please be careful. Joseph will arrive within these few days. Keep in mind, safety first."

I nodded in agreement. I had guessed that Armond had been keeping his eyes on the Fullers. He did not seem like the type to give up after one failure.

We chatted a while more before Ashton hung up, and I gobbled the food down. I planned to look for Hailey after.

If Armond chose to act up in Moranta while I create some trouble for Ashton in A City, he might not have sufficient energy left to deal with the issues at Moranta. Furthermore, Ashton had taken over the ports not long ago and need some time for things to settle down. Our plan had a high risk of falling through if Armond were to sabotage.

All of them were looking out for their own benefit. The illegal operating theatre was not a piece of substantial evidence to bring Armond down. We need to find a witness and the family members of those who supplied medical equipment to them as soon as possible.

At the hospital.

Upon arrival at the hospital, I saw Hailey packing while wearing a fur coat. I frowned and asked, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave? What did the doctor say?"

She turned and was stunned to see me. "I'm fine. I've had this illness for quite some time already. I prefer to rest at home. I don't like to be in the hospital."

I sighed as I failed to convince her. "You need to take good care of yourself, especially now that you're all alone. We have to accept that some things cannot be changed and carry on with our lives. You have to hang in there."

She stopped her movement, turned to look at me, and replied, "Her name is Carmen."

I was taken aback for a moment before I regained my senses and asked, "Did you manage to contact her parents? To compensate for the guilt you hold, why don't you help to take care of her parents?"

She shook her head while her eyes started to turn red. "No. She's an orphan. Dad brought her back from the orphanage. Her parents abandoned her at a young age, so Dad decided to let her stay with us."

Orphanage?

Could it be that the child that Armond had been searching for came from the orphanage instead?

"Do you know which orphanage she came from?" That could be a clue as there would be records of the adoption at the orphanage.

She went through it in her head thoroughly and nodded. "Carmen never told me about it. She only briefly mentioned that she was from an orphanage."

"Does your Dad know?" Hailey's father might have gotten in touch with Armond. It could save a lot of trouble if he could stand in as a witness.

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Hailey shook her head. "That, I don't know."

I stared at her in silence and asked, "Hailey, do you hate Armond?"

She was startled by my question. She looked at me with utter confusion.

"We must get the criminals arrested. If we do not report him, there might be countless victims in the future. You want the same too, right?"

She thought about it for a moment. "What are you planning?"

I knew that we had to keep certain things to ourselves. However, it's only right for people to pay for their crimes. "Could you bring me to your father? He could be a critical witness."

Her face turned pale. "No way. If he confesses everything, he might never be able to get out of jail for the rest of his life. I don't wish to ruin his life. Neither should you."

As she narrowed her eyes, I pursed my lips and said, "I totally understand how you feel. However, deep down, you know that your father is in the wrong, and he has to take

responsibility for it somehow. If he keeps silent, Armond will continue to harm more kids. Do you want another incident like Carmen's?"

"Please leave. I don't wish to hear more of what you have to say. Scar, you're too selfish; you only think for yourself. He's still my father, and I can't bear to let him stay in jail for the rest of his life. Leave! I would never agree to it."

She was getting emotional and shoved me out of the ward. I had no chance to speak.

I understood that it was hard for her to face something like that. She was right. I lacked consideration for her feelings. Furthermore, the only family member she had left was her father.

I returned to Summer's ward. I was startled as she was not there. I tugged at Cameron's sleeve and asked anxiously, "Mom, where's Summer? Did her condition worsen again?"

Cameron patted my shoulder, hinting for me to calm down. "Don't worry. She's fine. The doctor suggested for her to be quarantined in the disinfected chamber. We can visit her once in the morning and once at night."

I let out a sigh of relief. My heart ached as I saw Amy asleep at the bedside. She must have been anxious since the day she had first been there. I felt apologetic towards her as I had no energy and time to be there for her.

"Have you contacted the child's legitimate guardian? The hospital would require their signature before proceeding with the surgery. It had not been easy to find a suitable donor. Let's hope to resolve this quickly." Cameron whispered, "This child is too skinny. I'm worried that she might not be able to recover from the surgery. We need to nourish her to prevent any side effects post-surgery."

I pursed my lips, nodded, and looked at Cameron. "Mom, we might need to postpone the surgery. Firstly, Amy's body is too frail. No matter how much we love Summer, it's not fair for us to make use of another child like that. I bought a house in A City and hired a nanny who is a great cook. Let's wait for her health to improve before we even consider the surgery. Secondly, I need to find a way to register her birth. For that, I need to head to the village. It'll take some time, so we need to postpone the surgery."

"But will this affect Summer's illness?" Cameron asked in a worried tone.

I was worried too, but we should not look back since we already reached this stage. "Mom, We need to have faith in Summer. She'll recover for sure!"

We had no other option.

"Alright, I'll leave it to you. Regardless, what's important is for Summer to be healthy again."

I nodded in agreement. "Mom, don't worry. I won't let anything bad happen to Summer."

As she nodded, her gaze landed on my tummy. "Your tummy is growing by the day. Have you ever seen any pregnant ladies as haggard as you? You need to take better care of yourself."

I consoled her worries for some time and took Amy out for food after.

I planned to buy some daily necessities along the way too.

After a whole day of tormenting, Amy fell asleep. When she woke up, she followed me around, so I asked, "Amy, do you have something you want to tell me?"

She looked at me with her bright and adorable eyes. "Ms. Stovall, could you help to find my sister? I've been waiting for her for a long time. She told me she would come and get me, but I had not seen her for several days already."