

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1431

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Rebecca seemed oblivious to the pain. Her eyes had never left mine as she yelled, "Ashton's not dead, and so are you. Why must Armond die when the two of you managed to live?"

I had no clue what she was going on about. I was only certain of her resentment of me.

Emery butted in angrily, "Armond deserved it. No one owed anything to him. If you think your life's too long, I can always send you and your b*tchy face to prison for life!"

Rebecca ignored Emery's words completely. Her ire was directed completely at me. "You know what, I'm glad to be alive. I'm going to make your life a living hell!"

Emery slapped her. "Rebecca, you should go see a doctor if you're barking mad. Don't make me show you what a living hell really is!"

Just then, a fashionably dressed man in a beret walked past our room. At the sight of Rebecca lying on the floor, he rushed forward to help her up. "Oh god, why are you making a mess again? What if the paparazzi were around? You'll be dead!"

"They can take as many photos as they want! They're all just a bunch of keyboard warriors. They've been attacking me since my debut, but I'm still as popular as I've ever been!" Rebecca retorted. Her prima donna attitude turned me off.

I guessed that she was some sort of celebrity. The frustrated-looking man beside her was probably her manager.

Her manager seemed to be more tactful than Rebecca was. When he recognized Emery, he immediately offered an apology. "Ms. Moore, I'm so sorry. Vivian must be drunk. I hope you can forgive her behavior. I'll apologize on her behalf."

Haughtily, Emery replied, "If this happens again, I'll put both of you out of work."

"It won't, I promise."

With an awkward smile on his face, he dragged Rebecca out of the room.

When they reached the doors, Rebecca stopped and glared at me.

It took me a long time to collect myself after Rebecca had left.

Emery shouted, "What a b*tch!"

She turned toward me and noticed that I appeared lost. "Scarlett, are you hurt?"

I shook my head and croaked, "Is she my enemy?"

"Yes." Emery sat down and explained nonchalantly, "There were rumors that she had died at a drug rehabilitation center. Apparently, someone had brought her out of the place. She got herself a new face and a new identity. Now, she's made herself into a C-list celebrity. Her acting's pretty sh*t, though she's great at keeping up her popularity. Or should I say, notoriety."

"She's in showbiz? Why and how do I know her?" I was even more confused.

"Hmph, I think it's probably best if you never have a thing to do with Rebecca again." Emery scoffed. "That woman stole your man, and she almost stole your entire life and your kids. She's a living example of an ultimate a**hole. Back then, I was still wondering what kind of blind idiot would save a hopeless drug addict like her. Now, I realize it's something a psycho like Armond would totally do."

"If that's the case, shouldn't I be the one hating her? Rebecca made it seem like everything was my fault. Are you sure you're not just sugarcoating things because you're my best friend?"

"Huh?" Emery stared at me in incomprehension. "You're blaming yourself for her evil schemes?"

I didn't know how to argue with that. I guess there are plenty of things in this world that I'll never understand. Just like love and hate. We may never outrun or hide from them.

"Ms. Stovall!" Gregory's childish voice drifted in through the door.

Turning around, I saw Ashton and Gregory framed in the doors of the private room.

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Gregory was visibly shaking with excitement. Pulling on Ashton's elbow, he dragged him into the private room. He leaned so much of his weight into Ashton that he almost toppled over.

Ashton, on the other hand, seemed perfectly calm. He walked over slowly.

I didn't know to expect to meet them in the same place twice. "Greg, why are you here?"

"I'm hungry, so Daddy brought me out for lunch!" Gregory loosened his grip on Ashton and plastered himself to me.

Faced with Ashton's chilly stare, I unconsciously took a step away.

Ashton looked between me and Emery. He seemed surprised that we were together.

A few seconds later, I recalled Emery's bombshell. I looked at Gregory with mixed emotions.

Is Gregory really my son? I used to be married to Ashton?

As this thought crossed my mind, I tried to stare surreptitiously at Ashton. I began appraising him seriously for the first time.

The more I looked at him, the less sure I felt about ever having marital relations with this man.

Plus, my impression of Ashton was a man who was difficult to please. He wasn't my type at all.

As if he sensed my roving eye, Ashton lifted his eyes and met my gaze head-on.

His gaze was as cold as his demeanor. I couldn't help but shiver at the hostility.

Gregory may look like him, but he hadn't inherited even an ounce of his coldness.

Joseph showed up later, probably facing some difficulty in securing a parking spot. He looked surprised to see me and Emery. He greeted us politely, "Good day, Ms. Stovall and Ms. Moore."

I nodded in acknowledgment.

Emery was shocked at his appearance. "Joseph?"

She glanced at Ashton, puzzlement in her eyes.

A second later, she exchanged a loaded glance with Joseph right under Ashton's nose. They seemed to reach a wordless agreement.

Joseph came forward and reminded, "Mr. Fuller, the private room is ready."

"Good," Ashton replied lightly. "Gregory," he called as he prepared to leave.

I could almost see the little gears turning in Gregory's head as he reached out to hold my hand in a vice grip. "I want to eat with Ms. Stovall!"

Ashton's gaze darkened, though he didn't voice his opinion. After a short moment, he gritted out, "Fine, up to you."

He left our room right after that.

I guess he agreed to Gregory's request.

“Ms. Stovall, come with me,” Gregory pleaded eagerly. He used all his might to drag me with him after Ashton.

I had always had a soft spot for Gregory. Soon enough, I found myself in the private room reserved by Joseph. Emery had followed me here, though she purposely remained a few steps back, whispering furiously with Joseph.

Just as we sat down, Ashton gestured for Joseph to retrieve a laptop from his briefcase. He switched it on before handing it to Gregory, who rushed toward a nearby couch ecstatically with his gadget.

Once he confirmed that Gregory was preoccupied with the tablet, Ashton lifted his head and stared sharply at Emery and Joseph. He demanded sternly but softly, “Spit it out.”

Thanks to his muscular physique and naturally imposing aura, he seemed absolutely intimidating, though there was barely any anger displayed on his face.

I thought I could guess what he was talking about, though I wasn’t a hundred percent sure. I also stared intently at Emery.

Feeling dwarfed by his imposing aura, Emery blurted, “I want Scarlett and Gregory to reunite with each other. Nothing in this world can stop a mother from reuniting with her own son!”

I wasn’t taken aback at Emery’s abrupt statement thanks to the bombshell she had dropped on me earlier.

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My entire focus was on Ashton’s reaction.

Ashton happened to look toward me at the same time. His gaze lingered on me for a moment before he turned his head away.

Ashton lowered his eyes and sneered as if someone had told him a childish joke. “Then what?”

Emery continued on in that headstrong manner of hers. “She is your only wife.”

She seemed to realize she might have gone too far with that statement. She peered at Ashton cautiously.

Ashton seemed to be rather adept at hiding his emotions. His features had rearranged themselves into an expressionless mask once more. His silence was intimidating.

Emery tugged on the corner of my blouse worriedly, unable to suss out his true feelings. She seemed to be hinting at me to protect her if he made any unexpected moves.

I was confused at her immense faith in my ability.

Even if Gregory liked me, that didn’t mean Ashton would extend his kindness to me. Before figuring out the truth, Ashton would always think of me as a woman who approached his son with ulterior motives.

Frankly, I was less concerned about Ashton’s feelings than I was about the truth. I bit my lips briefly before I blurted, “I know Emery may sound unreliable, but I don’t think she has anything to gain from lying.”

Ashton barely flinched at my words, though I saw his eyes sharpen in focus as he pondered about my statement.

As long as he’s willing to listen, we’re one step closer to uncovering the truth.

I paused and glanced at Gregory.

He looked like an adult trapped in a small boy’s body. Enchanted by the lines of code on the laptop, he seemed to have a good hand in programming. His small lips were curved in a smile.

My whole heart softened at the sight. I couldn’t help but smile along with him. I suggested, “Actually, the solution is simple. Just

let me do a DNA test with Greg, and we'll have our answer soon enough."

Now, everyone's attention had turned to Ashton.

I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

Feeling suffocated by the silence in the room, I started flicking my nails subconsciously.

Emery's truth bomb was already hard for me to accept, let alone Ashton.

He's the richest man in this country, and he has an upper-class fiancée. If Emery's telling the truth, it's going to give him a lot of problems.

A sudden thought crossed my mind. I asked Ashton, "Did you also forget about the past?"

Since Emery's confession, I had placed all my attention on Gregory. I forgot all about my supposed relationship with Ashton.

After all, Ashton was nothing more than a despicable stranger that I had known for a few days. I thought Ashton planned to remain silent throughout this entire exchange. To my surprise, he threatened us. "Everything that's been said in this room stays in this room. If even a word of this makes it out of here, don't say I didn't warn you about the consequences."

This statement stunned me. I nodded eagerly after I understood his true intentions. "Don't worry."

Ashton was the face of the Fuller Corporation. Anything that happened to him or his family could influence the survival of the corporation.

The engagement between the Zieglers' daughter and Ashton was public knowledge. If the media found out about a son from his former wife that he had been secretly raising, share prices of the Fuller Corporation could fluctuate out of control.

Suddenly, Ashton lifted his head and shot me a piercing stare. "You're pretty good at acting, aren't you? Did Alexander send you here?"

He knows Alexander? This means he still remembers our mutual friends. Though I must say, his tone is really hostile.

"What are you going on about?" I was perplexed at the malice he directed at me.

Yes, I may be your ex-wife, and yes, maybe we split up in an ugly mess. That doesn't mean you should be this pissed off when I'm back after fighting at death's door, right?

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Ashton completely ignored my words as he turned to face Emery. He knocked his knuckles on the table rhythmically as he stated calmly, "Scarlett's obituary was published two years ago. If you're trying to get something from me, try not to make such stupid mistakes."

Emery froze as if Ashton had struck exactly at her weakness.

I was, however, utterly stunned.

I was dead two years ago?

A string of words flashed through my mind. The law states that once a person has been declared missing for four years, their immediate family or spouse can apply for their death certificate.

I lay on that bed for six years, but the obituary was only issued two years ago. The person who wanted to prove that I was dead had given up a long time ago. Once the four years were up, he or she immediately filed for the death certificate.

It was at this very moment that I understood what Marcus had meant. Just take it that Scarlett no longer exists.

My head hurt from the unwelcome revelation. I looked at Ashton. The only people who can apply for a death certificate are my immediate family. Who did the deed? Was it my missing family or this indifferent man in front of me?

I was fairly certain from his expression that Ashton still held out hope for his wife's survival.

My heart sank inexplicably as I processed the thought. There was an odd sort of ache in my chest.

But now's not the time for me to be sad.

I regained my composure and stood up before addressing Ashton, "I don't know what happened in the past, but you can see that I'm clearly alive now. I definitely have the rights and means to raise my own child, so I would like to spend some more time with Gregory."

I truly believed that I could make up for lost time with my son.

Ashton lifted his head slowly and stared at me. The deepness in his gaze was chilling. "Did you not understand what I said earlier?"

He paused and glanced at Gregory before continuing impatiently, "I'll make myself clear then. Gregory's mom is dead. No matter how alike the two of you are, don't ever fantasize about becoming her replacement. Trust me; you do not want to test my patience."

His words confused and angered me. "Mr. Fuller, you're the delusional one. No one is trying to pass off as your wife. I am your wife. I'm Carlette."

I pulled out the ID from my purse and showed it to him.

I had to admit that my move was rather childish, but in the heat of the moment, this was the only way I could think of to prove my identity.

I thought he'd be convinced when he saw my ID. Instead, he cast a disdainful glance over the card and laughed mockingly.

My hands shook as my diffidence rose.

Just then, Emery came over and looked at my ID. She frowned and tugged on my blouse. She seemed to be coaxing me to stop.
“Keep it, Letty.”

“Why?” I couldn’t understand the situation. I snapped, “Can’t my face and ID prove that I’m Ashton’s former wife and Gregory’s mother?”

“The former Mrs. Fuller was named Scarlett, not Carlette,” Joseph explained.

There was no more fight left in me at Joseph’s words. I tightened the grip on my ID sheepishly.

Now I recalled Marcus’s words as he handed me my ID. “Carlette, not to be confused with Scarlett.”

Was this just a big misunderstanding? Could I really look so alike to someone else?

Witnessing my daze, Ashton let out a deep sigh. He appeared to rein in his anger as he said quietly, “The Jade has been performing well under your management, but that doesn’t give you leeway to stick a nose into my private business. I want you to prepare an official apology for this. I don’t want to see this happen again, or I won’t be so forgiving next time.”

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Ashton’s words were directed at Emery, though his gaze was on me.

I had this odd sensation that he was seeing someone else as he looked at me. Or maybe, he’s just like Emery and the rest. They see me as the dead “Scarlett”, yet they won’t let me become the real Scarlett.

Emery wasn’t a woman to be trifled with, but faced with Ashton’s firm demeanor, she could only agree meekly. “I’ll give you a proper explanation.”

She dragged me out of the room after that.

As we reached the door, Ashton's deep voice rang out. "You may not be able to carry the burdens of another person's life. Don't overestimate your abilities."

I heard his meaning loud and clear. I'm not Scarlett, and I don't deserve her life.

Little did he know that his attitude only served to strengthen my resolve. I glanced at Gregory out of the corner of my eye, my emotions still a jumbled mess.

After leaving The Jade, Emery offered to drive me home.

I rode shotgun. I buckled myself in at an excruciatingly slow pace as I replayed the scene in the shop over and over in my mind.

Emery could tell that my mind was elsewhere. With one hand on the steering wheel, she began assessing the situation. "Don't you think Ashton was acting weirdly just now?"

"Was he?" I was clueless.

Emery elaborated on her thoughts. "Think about it. If he had been convinced that you were impersonating Scarlett, he would have skinned us alive! Why would he let us off unscathed?"

"Maybe it's because I'm close to Gregory," I guessed.

"I don't think so." Emery shook her head. "You know what I think? I don't think he didn't recognize you at all; he didn't want to."

I knitted my brows in confusion.

He recognized me but didn't want to? What the heck does that mean? Who else can take better care of her own child than a mother?

Emery turned serious as she said, "It's too complicated. I can't explain it to you now. Let me put out some feelers first."

Since she herself was confused about the whole ordeal, there was nothing useful I could do at the moment. "Ok."

After a moment's thought, I asked, "What did Ashton mean by my obituary? What kind of person was I?"

Maybe it's not that Ashton can't believe his wife is still alive. Maybe he just can't acknowledge that he had ever married a woman like this.

My mind was a tangled mess. I asked Emery shakily, "Maybe you really did recognize the wrong person. You saw it yourself. Perhaps I just happen to share a face and a similar name with this 'Scarlett'."

I furrowed my brows. I didn't know if I was unable to figure out the truth or unwilling to accept my supposed death.

If my closest family can't wait to erase traces of my existence, how am I different from those people who are rejected by the rest of the world? I'll always feel like I'm living in some purgatory, forgotten and left behind by all that I love.

Emery opened her mouth as if to say something, but I didn't have the emotional capacity to listen to her. I lifted a hand to stop her. "It's fine. Let's not talk about this anymore. I'm tired; could you send me home?"

Emery didn't force me to face my emotions at this very moment. She drove toward home in silence.

As the car passed through the technology district, I had an urge to talk to Marcus. I had Emery drop me off at the side of the road.

It wasn't hard to locate White Corporation. A short five-minute car ride later, I found myself walking into the lobby of its offices. The receptionist greeted me warmly, "Good day, Miss. Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I'd like to meet Marcus. I'm his, erm, friend," I stammered, glancing towards the office area surreptitiously.

I had never been to Marcus' office since I woke up from my coma. It was crowded with tech workers dressed in flashy attires. It looked hectic.

The receptionist frowned at my explanation. "Mr. White has many friends, and he doesn't meet just anyone. Please register, and I'll give you a call if he's able to meet you."

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Looks like Marcus' business is thriving.

"That's fine. It's not urgent." I was just acting on a whim. If Marcus was busy, I could always talk to him later.

The receptionist raised a brow as she kept the visitor log. She said indifferently, "Have a nice day."

Just as I turned around, the elevator doors opened with a ding. Marcus exited with a few men. An older man in the group appeared to be his client.

I guess he has a business meeting.

Marcus saw me immediately. He seemed to hesitate for a moment before talking to the assistant standing beside him. He arranged for the client to be brought to a meeting room. Thereafter, he approached me. "Why didn't you tell me you were dropping by? I could send someone to drive you here."

The receptionist probably didn't expect us to have such a close relationship. Her face soured.

Before I could reply, Marcus had slung his arm around my waist. He dragged me with him as he said, "Let's go to my office."

I shivered involuntarily at his sudden and intimate gesture. Once the doors of his office closed, I stepped away to put some distance between us.

Marcus seemed to be used to this. He merely fetched a glass of water for me.

After taking a small sip, I explained, "I had a spot of free time, so I decided to come and check out your office since I was in the area."

"Why did you suddenly feel like leaving the house today?"

"I went to meet a friend." I decided it would be prudent to keep some information to myself.

Maybe it was because I didn't know many people here, but Marcus immediately guessed, "Ms. Moore?"

"Yes." There was no point in hiding this.

The atmosphere became awkward after that conversation. I held on to my cup as I mulled over the suspicions in my head.

Marcus was observing me closely. His relaxed attitude told me that he had an inkling of my thoughts.

He sat down in the chair behind his desk. Nonchalantly, he asked, "Did you two meet for a chat? You didn't bump into the paparazzi, did you?"

I had mentioned our old run-in with the paparazzi to Marcus in passing.

Marcus' question had opened up a Pandora box. I couldn't rid myself of the thoughts in my mind. I blurted, "Marcus, you've known Mr. Fuller for a while, right?"

Marcus schooled his expression into a neutral one before asking, "Who's been spreading rumors?"

His reply put me at a loss of words.

Meanwhile, he didn't look guilty at all.

Now I was the awkward one. How can I question a man who's been by my side for the past six years over a stranger I've merely known for a few days? That's too much.

Observing my hesitation, Marcus asked seriously, "Is it Emery?"

I pursed my lips. "Emery only wants me to regain my memories ASAP."

This didn't surprise Marcus, who opted not to interrogate me about our conversation topics. "Do you think she's telling the truth?"

"She has nothing to gain from lying to me." My trust in Emery was unshaken.

"That's good." Marcus smiled gently. "As long as you believe that she's not lying to you, then she's telling the truth."

Marcus' cryptic statement unnerved me.

Marcus had never felt like a fiancé to me, let alone someone I had loved romantically in the past. He felt more like a platonic, male confidant who wasn't petty or jealous of my relationships.

Even though we lived together, we seemed to live our separate lives in that house. We didn't flirt or behave romantically toward each other.

This thought had been weighing on my mind for a long time. This time, I couldn't hold in my curiosity. "Am I really your fiancée?"

Marcus' expression changed at my question. In an unusually playful mood, he asked, "What do you think?"

I shook my head. "I don't know."

Suddenly he laughed. He took out his phone before addressing me casually, "It's getting late. Do you want to wait for me, or shall I arrange for someone to send you home?"

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His blatant shift of the conversation topic wouldn't fool anyone.

Somehow, I felt that his words masked a deeper meaning.

Marcus was the first person I saw when I opened my eyes. Naturally, he was the most familiar person to me.

At this very moment, though, I felt like I didn't know him at all.

As if sensing my thoughtful gaze on him, Marcus lifted his eyes to mine. His large hand patted me lightly on my elbow. Sounding every bit like the perfect gentleman, he advised, "Don't force yourself too hard. You'll gain your memories back eventually. Take your time."

I answered weakly, "Of course. Since you're getting off work soon, I'll wait for you."

If I go home early, I'm just giving myself more time to imagine nonsensical scenarios in my head. I should use that time to observe Marcus in his daily life instead.

Marcus arranged for his secretary to bring me a cup of coffee before he left for his meeting.

His company adopted an open office concept. Glass walls segregated different areas in the office. From where I was seated, I could observe the situation in the conference room.

Marcus seemed exceptionally commanding in front of his business partners. He had full control over the atmosphere in the conference room. His stance reminded me greatly of Ashton.

Ashton's already this imposing in daily life. He must be even more striking when it comes to closing business deals.

I paused in the middle of drinking my coffee. Why am I thinking about him again?

I shook myself awake from my stupor as I started observing the decor in the office. I thought it was an impressive feat that Marcus owned all of this at his age, especially since his office was located in the bustling city center.

My thoughts wandered to the crazy Rebecca.

I didn't manage to question Emery about our relationship thanks to Ashton's and Gregory's sudden appearance.

Like Alexander, Rebecca was in showbiz. It shouldn't be too hard to dig up some information on her.

I pulled out my phone and keyed in "Rebecca Larson" in the search box.

Rebecca Larson And Ashton Fuller Sighted On A Public Date.

Cameron Moore's Daughter Makes A Flashy Comeback.

The Golden Girl Falls Down The Wayward Path.

Unable To Cope With Crippling Drug Addiction, Rebecca Larson Commits Suicide In Rehab.

Each article was accompanied by a slew of paparazzi shots.

Rebecca's eventful life had been plastered across the news. Many netizens had expressed their sympathy at her tragic downfall.

She looked completely different from the woman I encountered at The Jade. I guess showbiz wouldn't be so forgiving towards an artist who had fallen from grace, let alone someone who used to do drugs. She would've had a hard time securing opportunities even if she had a strong backing. I guess now I understand why she had to get plastic surgery.

Just like what Emery said, Rebecca had reinvented her appearance and her entire identity. The public now only knew her as "Vivian", and her shocking past had been covered up.

There was still a knot in my mind that I couldn't untie. Emery mentioned that Rebecca was the one who had wronged me. Why

didn't I track her down in the past six years? And why was she infuriated once she saw me?

I felt hopeless about the situation. I couldn't even confirm if I was "Scarlett"; worrying about her enemy was definitely beyond me.

I let out a long sigh as I turned my attention back to Marcus. Acting on my gut, I Googled him instead.

The search results shocked me.

Heir To The White Corporation. The Promising Graduate Returns. Alleged Friction Between Marcus White And Stepmom Sally Fuller. Marcus White Takes Over The Reins After Benjamin White's Death. Marcus White's Mother Dies Of Alleged Suicide.

How did he cope with the loss of his parents in such a short time?

His life seemed a lot more tragic than Rebecca's. Maybe his melancholic behavior was a result of that depressing period in his life.

The articles also reported on his relationship with "Scarlett".

Six years ago, Marcus had apparently disappeared mysteriously without a trace. When shareholders of the White Corporation began eyeing an opportunity to take over the company, "Scarlett" had stepped up to help Marcus protect his family business.

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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.

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.

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."

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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I didn't like kids?

I thought I liked Gregory plenty.

Kids are the best! They're all a bunch of chubby little things that are just bursting with innocence. Just looking at them makes me feel better.

Did my feelings towards children really change after I almost died?

I looked at the photo of "Scarlett" and her kids. I replied absent-mindedly, "I guess so."

I thought that might be one of the reasons Marcus and I were separated for such a long time in the past.

I felt a rush of guilt. If I had thought things through, I never would have allowed myself to reach this age without having any kids.

I felt unsettled as if every fiber of my being was fighting against some unwelcome virus in my body. Despite all this, I felt sorry for Marcus as well.

I didn't want to live in this void any longer. I turned to face Marcus. "I want to see a psychiatrist."

Marcus was taken aback at my request. He set down the silverware in his hand before looking at me. He explained seriously, "I did look into psychotherapy, and I talked to some doctors. Psychotherapy is more suited to patients who have difficulty overcoming emotional hurdles. Since your memory loss was caused by an accident, it might not be too effective for you."

Just then, the waiter arrived to serve our orders. After he left, Marcus continued, "Why did you suddenly think of seeing a psychiatrist? Did something happen? You shouldn't stress yourself out over this."

I thought for a moment before lowering my head in despair. "I just want to recover my old memories. I don't want to live in the shadows of a stranger."

At my words, Marcus fell into a contemplative silence. He said, "Since you've made up your mind, I'll support your decision. We can contact a psychiatrist when we get home later. I'm still going to give you the same advice. Don't hold out too much hope for this. There's plenty of time for you to recover."

"Ok." I looked at him hopefully. No matter how small the opportunity, I had to try to regain every inch of my past.

"Let's eat," Marcus coaxed, a smile on his face.

It was already dark by the time we finished dinner. There was a drizzle outside.

The start of autumn brought plenty of rain to K City, which was somewhat frustrating.

My hair was wet as we walked to the car. Marcus focused on driving slowly in this weather. From time to time, he'd bring up a random topic.

We drove past an intersection as we left the city. Marcus stepped on the brakes, but the car continued moving no matter how hard he pressed on them. In fact, the car seemed to be speeding up.

Marcus tried to pull the handbrake, but we were moving at such a high speed that the brake wouldn't catch. The car shot past a red light like an arrow released from a tightly-strung bow.

Marcus' expression darkened. He kept honking to signal the nearby vehicles and pedestrians as he shouted, "Letty, the brakes are shot. I'll try to control the car, but you need to get off now! Or it'll be too late!"

I had already realized that something was wrong. More than ten vehicles were caught in a mess in the intersection we had zoomed past. The cars coming from the opposite direction were swerving away from us once they discovered how fast we were traveling.

I held on tightly to my seatbelt despite my nerves. "No, I can't leave you alone!"

Marcus seemed infuriated instead of touched at my words. "I'm ordering you to save yourself! I used my life to save you once, and I can't put you in danger again!"

I didn't have time to unpack the meaning behind his words. I gritted my teeth before unlocking the passenger door. I leaped towards a grassy patch on the side of the road.

The soft patch cushioned my fall. I only sustained minor injuries.

I quickly ran after Marcus' car. Suddenly, I heard a loud crash. His car had rammed into a rail guard and was now flipped on its side.

I sped toward the vehicle and located the driver's door. On all fours, I peered through the window to assess Marcus' injuries. "Marcus, are you ok?"

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Blood was streaming down Marcus' face, his gaze unfocused. He opened his mouth to say something, but no words came out. He blinked as if he recognized me, and then he fainted.

I pulled out my phone and called the ambulance. "911? Someone's been involved in an accident. Here's the address."

Luckily, we weren't too far from the city. An ambulance arrived within ten minutes.

I paced outside the operating theater after Marcus had been wheeled in.

Two hours later, the light above the operating theater switched off. The surgeon pushed open the door.

I ran to him in a hurry. "Doctor, is he ok?"

"The airbag protected him. He only suffered external injuries. We've sewed him up, but he needs to remain in the hospital for observation."

Relieved, I thanked the doctor.

Marcus was wheeled out by the nurse shortly after. He looked half-asleep as the anesthetic hadn't worn off.

I approached the gurney and called to him softly. "Marcus?"

I could see his eyes moving beneath his eyelids, though he didn't reply.

I only thought of contacting his friends and family after he was sent to the ward.

What little information I could find online stated that he was an only child. His parents were long dead as well. I knew nothing about him beyond this. I didn't know his relatives or even a single one of his friends.

He seemed just like me, another lonely individual.

I empathized with him in that moment.

The next day, Marcus was finally awake.

I prepared some chicken soup for him.

He sat against the bed as I fed him. He teased, "You look just like one of those model wives."

I rolled my eyes. "Please, this is nothing compared to you asking me to save myself yesterday."

Any delay would've greatly increased the speed of the vehicle, causing more damage to the driver upon impact. Yet Marcus didn't think twice about waiting for me to jump out of the car before he rammed the car into the rails.

I would be lying if I said I wasn't touched.

Marcus smiled and finished the soup quickly. He leaned against the headboard and closed his eyes, weakness evident in his posture.

My guilt overwhelmed me. I croaked, "Thank god you're alive. Or I'll never be able to forgive myself."

Marcus scoffed lightly. After some thought, he said, "Under these circumstances, I'm sure you'll forgive me for anything I'm about to say, right?"

I held back my tears as I asked, "What's up?"

The smile on his face disappeared. Somberly, he stated, "We were never engaged."

I actually felt a bit regretful at his words. I looked at him seriously.

I felt frustrated at my inability to blame him despite his deception. Instead, I lowered my head and avoided his gaze. "Yes, I know."

"If you're angry, you don't have to hold it back, you know. Or are you giving up on me completely?" Marcus asked earnestly. He didn't seem to be panicking at all.

I collected my thoughts before I answered him. "If you really wanted to keep me in the dark, you wouldn't have let me hang around with Emery. Besides, you saved my life and took care of me for the past six years. I'm forever indebted to you over that."

Marcus lowered his head and didn't offer a rebuke.

I poured him a glass of warm water. "I'm curious, though. Why did you make up our engagement?"

He laughed. "In that situation, if I didn't say we were engaged, would you have trusted me and allowed me to take care of you?"

To a person who had forgotten everything, the world was a scary and unfamiliar place. Since the doctors and nurses assumed we were together, Marcus' words felt like the truth. Before I left the hospital, there was no reason for me to doubt him.

My discomfort back then made me cautious about many things. I guess Marcus caught on to that.

He must've lied to protect me back then.

I nodded and decided to drop the topic of his deception. There were more important things I needed to know. "So am I really the 'Scarlett' that Emery has been talking about?"