

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 899

Her words stunned me. I was at a loss for words. “Why, Mrs. Brooks? I’ve sought advice from the doctor. He said there’s still hope. If you’re worried about the cost, please don’t be. Just leave it to me. Renee is still young. There are endless possibilities ahead of her...”

Before I could finish, she broke down in tears and shook his head helplessly. “Still, she can never break free from misery. My husband and I are old now. We will only become a burden for her in the future. Not to mention, she has a wicked uncle. We caused Sasha’s death. So we can’t let Renee go through the same faith as her mother. She should live the rest of her life with no regret. She deserves happiness in this life and the next life.”

I could feel Mrs. Brooks’ pain. Somehow, I agreed with her, because even if Renee pulled through this difficult period, there was no one she could turn to. Shane, that jerk alone, would definitely make her life a living hell. Also, she had to take care of her grandparents alone in the future.

No, I must not give up hope. Before I could muster enough reasons to persuade her, Mrs. Brooks looked at me and said, “Mrs. Fuller. I know you are being kind, and we really appreciate it. It’s getting late now. You should head home.”

I held my tongue and left the ward, utterly frustrated. I knew I have no right to decide on their family matters. Most of all, I couldn’t meddle in that little girl’s future.

Suddenly, I felt a vibration in my handbag and reached for my phone. It was a call from Nora. “Scarlett!” She was as loud as always. “Are you at K City? Have you seen Armond? He hasn’t called me for days! Why exactly did the police seize the Lavelian Village project? And you, when will you come and visit me?”

I sat on the chair as I watched people walked in and out of the entrance. I saw people with different emotions—anxiety, despair, joy, and sorrow. There was also a couple who were holding their newborn baby tenderly. I watched them closely and was fascinated to see the realities of life.

Nora waited for my response on another line, but I could not utter a word. The frustration still lingered in me. “I will not visit you for the time being,” I said after a moment of silence. “Just take care of yourself

and don't worry too much. Something must have happened to the Murphys, but I'm sure Armond will contact you once things have settled down."

She sighed and pouted. "I am hoping for you to come because I am so bored here. You know what? Grandpa is arranging blind dates for me every day! I don't know what has gotten into him. He's suddenly opposing my relationship. He said Armond is not a good match for me. Geez, the old man is so fickle!"

I didn't know how to respond to that, so I just said, "Stop complaining. Maybe Mr. Oberick thinks that's what's best for you."

The sun had already set when we ended the call. I was not surprised because the days were always shorter in that area, especially during autumn, where the weather was unpredictable.

At the villa, I parked my car in the garage. The smell of food lured me to the kitchen. I leaned against the door frame and watched Ashton, who was busy with the dinner preparation. I couldn't help but break into a big smile at the sight of him in an apron.

He noticed my presence and paused. With a startled gasp, he asked, "How long have you been standing there? You should tell me you're home."

"I'm home." I smiled.

He broke into a helpless grin. "Wash your hands. Dinner's ready."

That night was the first time I saw him in a grey sweater. "You look much younger wearing other colors than black," I complimented him.

He arched an eyebrow and gave me a solemn look. "So you mean I look old all this while?"

I found his expression funny. "A little, like an old nerd. You looked intimidating and unapproachable. I prefer you like this. You look more amicable."

“Fine, I will start wearing more colors.”

I was surprised that he would take my advice seriously. He had made changes to his bad habits, control his temper, and even took time to reflect on his life.

I could say it was a hundred and eighty-degree change in his image. The Ashton I knew was rather cold and hardly ever smiled. It was not a sudden change. The transition took ten years long. I didn't notice it until I saw him jealous, longed for attention, and broke the habits. Sometimes, he would even throw tantrums. Tonight, I saw the gentler side of him.

He might not express his love verbally, but he made a habit of caring.