

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1461

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It took me a while to regain my composure. Afterward, we left the house and were greeted by Joseph, who stood waiting beside the car.

Although Ashton had mentioned arranging a chauffeur, I didn't expect Joseph to be the one.

Noticing our arrival, he was quick to open the door. With one hand still on the handle, he greeted politely, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Gregory, you're here." He smiled at the latter.

My son was delighted to see him. "Mr. Campbell!"

After Gregory entered the car, it dawned on me to ask, "Mr. Campbell, aren't you busy? Are you sure it's ok for you to accompany us?"

"There's nothing to worry about. Also, Mr. Fuller won't feel safe unless it's me." His voice was earnest.

Joseph's overly respectful behavior puzzled me. Since he had been the one to gather intel about me, he should know that I am not Scarlett. There was no need for him to treat me as such.

But what he said about safety made sense. With Gregory's identity still a secret, Ashton would definitely want someone trustworthy, like Joseph, to look after him while he was out. "All right, thank you." After I got in the car, Joseph kindly closed the door after me.

Emery chose The Jade for our meetup because it offered more privacy, especially against paparazzi. By the time we arrived, Alexander was already waiting by the entrance.

"Scarlett!" Alexander exclaimed zealously. Although he called my name, his eyes were on Gregory. Sensing his intention, I pulled Gregory behind me, busting his attempt to lift him up.

"Mr. Zimmerman." I chuckled triumphantly. Even adults needed time to warm up to strangers, what more, a six-year-old. Since Ashton trusted Gregory with me, I ought to keep him safe.

Having seen through his plan, Alexander released an awkward laugh. "Emery's waiting for you in the private room." Then, he half-squat to match Gregory's eye level. "You must be Ashton's son, Gregory, right? You can call me Uncle Zimmerman!" He looked at the kid with adoration.

Gregory popped his head out from behind me. His eyes darted around nervously before replying, "I am."

Alexander could not stop grinning at his adorable behavior. Then, he fished for some milk candies from his pocket and handed them out to the boy. "Want some?"

Had I not known Alexander's identity, I would've assumed he was up to no good.

Although Gregory loved sweets, he resisted the urge to take them and reluctantly pulled his gaze away. Then he looked at me. "Ms. Stovall, can I..."

I took the sweets and placed them in his hands. "You can have them. But what should you say?"

"Thank you, Uncle Zimmerman."

That small interaction had Alexander on cloud nine. "Gregory, I have lots of other delicious food. Hamburgers, fried chicken, cakes..."

Preoccupied with his sweets, Gregory paid no heed to him.

Noticing his unresponsiveness, Alexander stopped his rambling.

I hurriedly added, "Gregory's a picky eater so he won't eat many of those. Let's not keep Emery waiting now. Lead the way."

Thankfully, Alexander listened and led us to the room.

Noticing our arrival, Emery walked excitedly towards us. "Sweetie! We're finally by ourselves. Let me carry you!"

Gregory retreated a few steps back, then looked at me for assurance. Seeing how I was not stopping her, he allowed Emery to carry him.

With the boy in her arms, she was overflowing with happiness. "After so many years of interference by the Hall family, and Ashton's unwillingness to recognize our ties, I finally have you in my arms again!" Emery checked him up, taking in all the changes. Her affectionate gaze made her seem more of his real mom than me.

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Alexander got jealous of their interaction and turned away childishly.

Based on Gregory's behavior around Emery and Alexander made me certain that this child was not one to judge based on appearance. Although the latter had a handsome face and a good figure, I could tell the kid was more comfortable with Emery.

After a while of bonding, Emery asked sarcastically, "Don't our superstar here have any commercials to shoot today?"

Alexander ignored her underlying message. "Work is never-ending. It's such a rare opportunity to see Gregory. Naturally, I want to spend more time with him!"

His mischievous tone seemed like a provocation to Emery. Try all she might, but he would not leave.

She rolled her eyes and resumed playing with Gregory. She could not be bothered to entertain his childish behavior.

After the waiter served our dishes, he closed the door tight after him. Emery got down to business.

"Do you know Ashton had a fallout with his sister recently?"

“Really?” Some time back, I had noticed Ashton got mad during the company’s performance appraisal. However, he had done nothing to Tiffany then. After all, they were family. Who knew what happened afterward.

“I’m quite certain this is true. Now that Ashton discharged Tiffany from all responsibilities, many people in the upper management are getting restless.” She analyzed the situation seriously.

Alexander chipped in his two cents’ worth. “Perhaps Ashton regained his memories. He’s just paying back for what the Hall family did to him. They deserve it.”

“What’d you mean?” I asked.

Emery glared warningly at him. “That’s enough. Shouldn’t you leave now? If your fans discover you, it’ll disrupt my business.”

Alexander clearly had more to say, but kept it in. He could not go against her words and left reluctantly.

Then Emery took the spot right next to me. “So... any progress with you and Ashton?”

“Not really. But if I have to name one, I wish he would go away.”

She felt dispirited by my response. “Do you really hate him this much?”

I shrugged helplessly. If Emery was being harassed by Ashton repeatedly like I was, she probably wouldn’t even have the mood to meet me for dinner. I asked her seriously, “Has Ashton ever loved anyone seriously before?”

“I mean, if he didn’t love you, you probably won’t have given birth to his children.” While speaking, her eyes reflexively landed on Gregory. “What a looker! I’m so envious.”

I teased, “Alexander has good genes too. Why not have one with him? I bet the child won’t pale beside Gregory.”

“Forget it. One troublemaker is enough. I won’t want to get myself involved in another. And, we’re talking about you now! Don’t digress.”

As the conversation got deeper, she advised, “You know, the both of you have been through so much all these years. Obviously, it’ll be great to have your memories back. But if that’s not possible, shouldn’t you think for yourself and the kids? If the Hall family knows you’re still alive, they won’t let you off easily.”

Some words did not have to be said explicitly. Tiffany’s behavior was enough for me to infer what the Hall family was like. Pretending to recover my memories was so that I could help Ashton get his custody of our daughter back. No matter what, it would only benefit the Halls.

“I haven’t thought that far. Ashton’s plan is to get Audrey back first.”

“What about you? Do you feel the same way?”

I pondered for a few moments. “A child can’t grow up without a mother. Six years is enough. I don’t want to miss any more of her growth.”

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Emery lowered her head, deep in thought.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing! Some things are best experienced yourself. If you think that engaging in a lawsuit with the Stovall family is the right thing to do, then do it. But I know that rather than the outcome, some people will be happy just to see you alive and well.”

Her words stunned me momentarily.

She was clearly hinting that the Stovalls were waiting for their Scarlett to come home. But if that was true, why didn’t they search for me these past six years? They had even published her

obituary to the world. As she said, there was no point figuring out with limited information. The only way was to experience everything myself.

Amidst our conversation, Gregory had fallen asleep. Before leaving, I woke him up. "Can you walk yourself?"

In a half-asleep state, he rubbed his eyes. Meanwhile, he grabbed my thumb with his other hand and replied sleepily, "Yes."

Bequeath with this adorable scene, Emery and I smiled at each other. I held his hand as we made our way out.

At the main hall, Alexander popped out of nowhere, holding an exquisitely wrapped gift bag.

"What are you up to this time?" Emery asked suspiciously.

"Can't you be gentler with me?" Then he squatted. In place of his furrowed brows was a tender gaze. He handed the gift bag to Gregory. "Little one, here's a gift for you! Your laptop's outdated, so I got you the latest model. It'll be more efficient to use this."

At the mention of a laptop, Gregory's eye lit up. "Thank you, Uncle Zimmerman!" He was no longer wary of the man.

Although it was of average size, together with the packaging, it seemed huge in the hands of a six-year-old. On the other hand, Gregory didn't seem to mind its weight. He was hugging it tightly.

I let out a bitter laugh. Men knew themselves best.

"I'm glad you like it!" Alexander took the opportunity to pat his head. "It's not convenient carrying this. I'll get someone to send both of you home."

I was just about to decline his offer when I noticed someone heading towards us. "My ride's here."

Alexander turned around. Ashton and Joseph were making their way here.

“Yes, indeed,” Emery chimed in chirpily. Their relationship ain’t as bad as I thought.

Then she greeted Ashton, “Hey big shot.”

“Mmhmm,” he replied indifferently. Then he greeted Alexander with a nod.

Gregory exclaimed happily, “Daddy!”

Ashton did not respond. His gaze landed on the gift bag. “What’s that?” While asking, he lifted it up.

I answered, “It’s a gift from Mr. Zimmerman.” I smiled appreciatively at him.

In response, Alexander lifted his head proudly.

Ashton fiddled the gift bag aimlessly. “Gregory doesn’t know how to control his usage yet.”

That was true. Gregory’s love for laptops came second after Ashton and me.

Alexander was stunned. “It’s wrapped. How did you know it’s a laptop?”

“Pretty obvious. It’s what he loves.” Anyone slightly observant would have noticed the disdain in his voice.

This put Alexander in an awkward spot. “I mean, it’s just a gift to make him happy. As for usage...”

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Ashton ignored his words and turned to me. “Come with me.”

He’s so harsh and disdainful.

“Where to?”

Before I could even ask how he managed to find me, he had even made other plans for me...

Ashton handed the gift bag over to Joseph and said lightly, "Take Gregory home first."

Joseph bowed. "Understood."

Then, Ashton looked down at Gregory. "Go home with Mr. Campbell first. Daddy and Mommy have to go and do something. Wait for us at home, okay?"

Gregory had probably realized that Ashton had not rejected the new computer. Thus, he was acting especially well-behaved. "Okay."

Ashton was even taller than a model. Thus, although Gregory was already almost at my waist, he looked tiny beside his father. Even though no affectionate words were exchanged, the child's innocence and his father's maturity worked well together to create a heartwarming scene.

However, Ashton seemed to have no interest in creating such scenes. As soon as he was done speaking, he pulled me out, leaving me no time to bid goodbye to Emery and the others.

I could only shout to Gregory as I walked off. "Greg, remember to listen to Mr. Campbell! We won't be gone for too long. Bye-bye!"

Subconsciously, I did not want him to think that we could leave him behind at any moment.

However, Gregory did not think too much about it. He looked at me dazedly, then eventually smiled widely.

Just like that, I was dragged away by Ashton.

Once we entered the elevator, I broke free from his grasp. "Stop trying to take advantage of me. I know how to walk by myself."

This man had made plans for me as he pleased, left our son behind, and had not even said anything affectionate when he saw me. Seriously, is there anything he thinks is worth being gentle for?

Ashton glanced at me but kept silent as he pressed the button for the parking lot.

Upset, I got in the car and asked angrily, "Can you tell me where we're going now?"

Instead of avoiding the question, Ashton said straightforwardly, "The hospital." After his reply, the entire drive over was silent. Soon, we arrived at the hospital.

When I got off the car, I pretended to tie my shoelace, purposely fell behind Ashton.

He only took a few steps before he suddenly stopped in his footsteps and turned to look at me coldly. "Are your feet tied to a rock or something?"

I rolled my eyes. "Whatever. The hospital's only so big. It's not like I can get lost."

For whatever reason, Ashton could not stop nagging at me.

His expression was dark as he stared at me motionlessly.

Not wanting to bother about him any longer, I straightened my back and looked straight ahead, then walked briskly to overtake him.

Peeved, Ashton subconsciously quickened his own pace and managed to follow closely behind me.

Even though I could not see him, I could feel the heat from his fiery gaze, which made me uncomfortable.

Then, I paused and took a step back so that Ashton and I were standing shoulder to shoulder.

Ashton narrowed his eyes slightly as a glimmer of imperceptible pride flashed across his eyes. However, he quickly composed himself.

We then walked into the elevator together, as if nothing had just happened.

When the elevator doors opened again, I noticed the empty corridors and realized that the hospital was rather deserted.

Ashton instantly knew what I was thinking and said faintly, "This saves time."

Was this how the rich lived their luxurious lives? By booking the entire hospital just for a mere visit? If you don't need the money, you can donate it to those in need, okay?

Immediately after exiting the elevator, a bodyguard came forward to greet him. "Mr. Fuller."

"Is it ready?" asked Ashton expressionlessly.

"Everything has been prepared."

I was confused for a second but then thought of Ashton's painful look that morning. Did he come just to do a check on his body?

Just then, Ashton's toneless voice sounded out. "Bring her over."

Her? Who?

I turned around to see that a group of doctors and nurses had suddenly appeared, blocking the way.

As soon as Ashton was done speaking, a slightly older female doctor stepped forward and said, "Follow me, Ms. Stovall."

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Why are they checking me?

Noticing my doubtful expression, Ashton said, "Take it as a normal physical examination. Everyone does it once or twice a year. There's no need to worry."

When he was done, he gave the doctor a look, and before I realized what was happening, I was being taken away by the doctors and nurses.

"Hey! I've been going to the doctor regularly so I don't need your people to be nosy. I know my body the best. Ashton, get them to stop!"

For the very first time, I felt the coldness of the medical staff. No matter how much I shouted, they paid no attention to me and simply continued their checkup procedures.

As it was difficult to take on so many people at once, I soon gave up on struggling.

It was already eight in the evening when all the checks were completed.

When the nurse brought me into the office, Ashton was sitting leisurely on the sofa as he scrolled on the tablet.

I had been "manhandled" for so long, but he was sitting there so happy and carefree?

Resultantly, my anger rose. However, upon taking a closer look, I noticed that he was looking at my checkup data.

My mood instantly changed, and I took a seat beside him. "So, why on earth am I doing so many checks?"

"In case you're hiding some serious illness from me, which will affect Gregory's health," Ashton replied, not even looking up at me. His toneless voice sounded somewhat heartless.

I stared at him, feeling embarrassed. "You're quite good at seeing things from a different perspective, Mr. Fuller. I can't believe you came up with such a crappy excuse."

Ashton seemed to have finished looking through all the reports as he put the tablet aside. He looked at me and said with a straight face, "You're special too, Ms. Stovall. You're clearly angry, but you can still force a smile out."

Then, I was speechless for a long time.

I locked eyes with him for a few seconds but eventually looked away first. He was simply too thick-skinned. Admitting defeat, I looked away and muttered to myself, "Think whatever you want then."

For once, Ashton did not talk back to me. However, instead of him being kind, it was because the head doctor had entered the room.

The doctor immediately placed a thick hard copy of the report onto the coffee table in front of Ashton.

"Generally speaking, Ms. Stovall's various indicators are stable. However, her body's still a little on the cold side and needs some treatment. These are all just minor issues. As for..."

Ashton then cut him off. "Get to the point."

The doctor obviously knew who Ashton was, for he was afraid to annoy him. He instantly changed his previous kind expression to a more serious one.

"Ms. Stovall's memory loss is probably because the oxygen supply to her brain got cut off for too long, causing the hippocampus to be damaged. According to the medical reports, it's unlikely for her to recover her lost memories."

He paused for a while before he looked at Ashton and continued thoughtfully, "As for your condition, Mr. Fuller, I'm not very sure as of yet."

Ashton reassured him and said, "Just tell me. I won't hold you accountable."

The doctor was able to breathe a sigh of relief then. He relaxed and said carefully, "Although both of you met with an accident six years ago, your situations are very different. Your body is normal,

Mr. Fuller, and there's nothing that would cause you to have amnesia. The only possibility left is hypnosis."

"Hypnosis?" Ashton's expression darkened, and his eyes turned bitter and cold, causing his entire aura to turn frosty.

Even I was a little surprised, not to mention him.

Isn't hypnosis something that only appears in TV dramas?

"Hypnosis has always been a controversial treatment method in the medical field, and is mostly only used to calm patients' emotions..." The doctor pushed up his glasses and continued with a serious expression, "As the public knows, hypnosis plays a very prominent role in memory editing, and it is quite consistent with your situation. However, I don't specialize in that area, so I may not be of much help..."

As soon as he was done speaking, the doctor got up to leave but was blocked by the bodyguards at the door.

"Mr. Fuller?" asked a bodyguard while waiting for Ashton's instructions.