

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1430

“Neighbor?” This seemed to catch Emery’s attention. She asked hurriedly, “When was this?”

“Just yesterday.” I didn’t think she would be so surprised at the news. “He moved into that villa opposite my house.”

“Oh my god,” Emery gasped, placing her hand on her chest in apparent shock.

A moment later, she seemed to recover herself. “So you’ve met each other already? And I’m guessing several times?”

“Yes. We had dinner together last night too. Why? Is something wrong?” Now I was the worried one. I recalled yesterday night’s dinner situation. I mumbled to myself, “Marcus doesn’t seem to like Ashton very much.”

“Hmph, shoot me dead if he does,” Emery spat.

“What did you say?” I didn’t know if I had heard her correctly.

“Nothing,” Emery said before changing the topic. “What do you think of Ashton’s son?”

“He’s a very interesting kid.” I couldn’t help but smile when I thought of Gregory. “You know, a while back he used to call me Mommy.”

Emery’s expression turned serious at my words. Staring intently at me, she blurted, “You are his mom.”

The private room fell into silence so intense you could hear the sound of a pin drop.

Sometime later, I managed to collect myself. Testing the waters, I asked, “Emery, you’re not pulling my leg about something this serious, right?”

I didn’t think Emery was really telling the truth.

As if she had long expected my reaction, she rearranged her features into a serious mask and answered, "I swear on my heart that everything I've told you is nothing but the truth."

My certainty began to waver at her bold statement.

Though Emery seemed like a jokester, I knew she wouldn't mess around when she dealt with serious issues. Her revelation was just too inconceivable to me.

Ashton has never publicly revealed the identity of Gregory's biological mom. How can it be me?

Ashton and I were a thing? If that's the truth, why am I engaged to Marcus? Is Emery telling me that Marcus has been lying to me all along?

"Gregory Hall is my son?" I hugged myself, trying to calm my nerves. "Does this mean Ashton and I were-"

Emery cut in and confirmed my suspicions, "It's not just a thing of the past. The two of you were never separated. Even if you did, it was to protect each other. You were always in love with each other."

Clink!

As I lost focus, the cup in my hand knocked against an ashtray on the table. Coffee spilled from the cup, staining the tablecloth a dirty brown.

I scrambled to clean up the mess with a bunch of napkins. I eventually calmed myself down before addressing Emery, "I know you have nothing to gain from lying to me. But you must understand, there's a lot to process from what you just told-"

Before I could finish my sentence, I heard a piercing scream.

"Scarlett?"

The loud click-clacks of high heels approached me. I turned around and saw a beautiful woman stomping furiously toward me.

Her gaze was full of hatred as if I had killed her family or something.

“Damn it. Who let her in?” Emery swore.

Soon, the woman was right in front of me. Her tactfully made-up face was tinged with hostility. Our proximity amplified her aggression.

I had no impression of her. Subconsciously, I knew we didn’t have a great relationship in the past, and I knitted my brows in worry.

“It’s really you! You’re still alive!” She spoke impassioned, grabbing my elbow in the process. She began yelling like a banshee as she made a move to slap me.

Emery got up from her seat and pushed the woman away. “Rebecca, you’re mad! Are you done acting like a b*tch?”

The woman named Rebecca wasn’t paying attention to Emery, who suddenly shoved her mercilessly against the door of our private room.