

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1520

The waiter was shocked when he saw Ashton's face and apologized profusely. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Fuller and Ms. Moore. I didn't see where I was going. Are the two of you alright?"

Emery only realized the situation after a beat and immediately chided the waiter with a stern expression. "Didn't the manager make sure that you passed basic training? If you run into a guest, can you afford to bear the consequences?"

This was her own business after all and there were still guests waiting beside them. Hence, Emery held back her anger and said, "Alright, send our guests off first, then bring a good bottle of wine over later."

"Yes, I'll go right away!" The waiter didn't dare to meet Ashton's gaze at all, lowering his head while he spoke and hastily leading the guests away.

Ashton stood there with a face devoid of expression, but the moment the waiter left with the guests, he lifted his hand to dust off the spot he was bumped into.

I initially thought he wouldn't pursue this matter, but Emery frowned and immediately called over the front desk manager.

"Transfer the employee from just now to logistics. He's not allowed to come to the lobby anymore."

Of course, the manager didn't care much about a small fry's welfare. He quickly nodded and bowed respectfully. "Yes, I'll arrange it right away."

"Good." Emery nodded. Seeing that Ashton gave no reaction, she decided to leave things at that.

Only then did I realize that Ashton was seething in silence, waiting for Emery to suggest a solution. After all, The Jade belonged to her.

The outcome was already considered merciful. If it were in the past, that waiter's fate would be much worse.

I guess this was the life of an insignificant person. If he failed to do what was required of him, he didn't deserve his position and could only face the consequences. Not to mention, the one he offended was a somewhat paranoid perfectionist such as Ashton.

Subsequently, the manager guided us further in.

We walked along a hallway and reached a private room. Emery stepped aside to give way to us.

Baffled, I linked arms with Ashton and walked into the room. Upon seeing the people inside, I stood paralyzed to the spot.

The girl at the table was wearing a student uniform with her hair swept in a high ponytail and her head already reached the shoulder of the man beside her. There was a layer of mist in her eyes, but I could see that she had blossomed into a graceful young lady.

At that moment, I thought I was seeing Macy standing there while smiling at me with joy.

Pressure built behind my nose as tears stung my eyes. I subconsciously let go of Ashton's arm and shuffled closer to that familiar figure. "Macy?"

"Mommy..."

The girl's clear voice reminded me of the sound of bells. Perhaps it had been too long, but I couldn't seem to recall Macy's voice. At that moment, I only felt like I was meeting someone I knew a lifetime ago.

Dazed, I slowed in my footsteps.

However, the girl couldn't seem to wait anymore, running toward me with tears in her eyes. Before I could react, I was already enveloped in a warm embrace.

"Mommy, I missed you so much!"

I finally snapped out of my daze. This girl wasn't Macy; she was Summer.

She looked so much like her mother that I found it inconceivable.

I slowly hugged her back and parted my lips to exhale a long breath, holding down the urge to cry. Then, I patted her on the back and whispered, "Thank God you're alright. Thank God..."

Many times, when missing her kept me up throughout the night, I would think about all the things I wanted to say to her. However, I found myself bereft of speech upon finally seeing her again. Instead, all those words seemed to be channeled into my actions and the silent tears rolling down my cheeks. At that moment, it seemed like nothing I said would be enough to alleviate the pain that came with six years of separation.

After what seemed like an eternity, a deep male voice broke through the silence.

"Let's sit down first and talk."

Following the source of the voice, it took me two seconds to recognize the man as Jared.

He kept the same hairstyle he had six years ago. Genuine warmth and humility shone in his slightly squinted eyes. The only difference was that the strands of hair curled at his temples were already white, making the dark stubble on his chin look a bit fake.

Perhaps it was.

Time was enough to resolve all grudges.

I could no longer remember which great man said this, but when our eyes met, it felt like many things from the past had faded away. We nodded to each other in greeting, but we both knew who it was really for.