

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 81

Like a devil, his mere presence instilled terror in others. Such was the description that fitted John Stovall.

“You!” He hung up after spitting out the word sinisterly.

Just when a myriad of emotions was rushing through me, a message soon arrived from him. It read: Lucksville Lane 221, four o’clock. Letty, be there or be square.

As I held onto my phone, looking at his message time and again, I forced myself to calm down. I tried to convince myself that it was impossible for a person to fall into the same trap over and over again.

Since I could not avoid John, I might as well brainstorm a way to make him stay away from me on his own accord.

Bzzzzzzttt! My phone vibrated suddenly, indicating an incoming call.

It was Ashton. The moment I picked up the call, a frosty voice filled with indifference came from the other end of the line, “Get ready. You’ll be accompanying me to a party later.”

Still feeling troubled because of the matter regarding John, I tried to come up with an excuse after a pause, “Is it necessary for me to attend? I’m feeling a little unwell today. I want to stay home and have a good rest.”

There was silence on the other end of the line before it was broken by his deep voice. “Is it very serious?”

Shaking my head, I assured him, “It’s not that serious, but I don’t want to go out.”

After a pause, I asked tentatively, “Is the party important?”

“It’s fine. Go ahead and have a good rest then.” His voice was low and almost devoid of any emotions.

After hanging up the call, I sent a message to Macy. After that, I spent some time preparing before getting in my car and drove directly to the address sent by John.

It was four o'clock in the evening.

The sun was blazing and people were coming and going on the streets. The address John sent me pointed to a high-end private dress shop.

Keeping my guards up, I did not step in immediately. Taking out my phone from my pocket, I called John, yet I could not get through to him. Just then, a young lady in a green dress ambled out from the shop.

With a smile on her face, she looked at me and asked, "Are you Ms. Scarlett Stovall?"

Surprised, I nodded.

Still smiling, she said, "Please come in, Ms. Stovall. Don't worry. Mr. Stovall has given us his instructions. Please leave everything to us."

I followed her up to the VIP room on the second floor. After giving some orders to a few people, she brought me to pick a gown.

I could tell what they were going to do since I wasn't a fool. That being said, I had no idea what was John actually up to. It wasn't before long before my phone was confiscated.

After that, I was escorted to the dressing table, the girl in green dress smiled at me and said, "Ms. Stovall, don't be nervous. Since Mr. Stovall has already prepared everything, all you need to do is cooperate with us."

Within ten minutes or so, the whole process was done. Looking at my almost unrecognizable self in the mirror, I frowned and felt displeased.

John himself did not show up but instead arranged for a black, sleek Bentley to wait for me outside the store. As I glanced at the car, I noticed that the chauffeur looked really young.

Feeling reluctant to get into the car, I stared at the man with my arms crossed and questioned, "What's the address? Since I have a car, I'll drive myself there."

"Does this means that Ms. Stovall doesn't trust me?" the chauffeur asked with a smile on his face.

I nodded and replied curtly, "Yes."

Perhaps he did not expect me to be so brusquely direct, he was slightly taken aback. It didn't take long for him to recomposed himself though as he tried to convince me with a smile on his face, "Ms. Stovall, don't worry. Mr. Stovall just wants to bring you to a party where he hopes to introduce you to everyone."

"Cut the crap and just tell me the address." I wasn't going to let my guard down since I had no idea what John was up to.

In response, the chauffeur got out of the car and opened the door for me. With the smile still plastered on his face, he said firmly, "Ms. Stovall, please don't make things difficult for me. By the way, Mr. Stovall knows that you've given Ms. Markle a call. In fact, he has already sent someone to pick her up too. Surely you don't want to trample on his kindness, right?"

Is this a threat?

Is he using Macy to threaten me?

After mulling over it for a long while, I gave a bitter laugh and got into the car in an elegant fashion. I guess John really understood me, huh.

The chauffeur drove me to a resort located somewhere in the southern part which was more than an hour's drive away. At first, I had no idea where I was being taken to.

However, after seeing the car driving into the golf course, which was located in the southern suburbs, I instantly knew where I was. After all, J City was a famous ancient capital for three successive empires back in the past. Despite the rapid infrastructure development and modernization in this present day, it still managed to retain its cultural heritage of the old city.

Although the place was not a military nor political capital, many great talents had been produced here in the past century. As a result, many senior citizens who used to hold high positions in the capital preferred to own a piece of real estate here in J City, seeking a stable investment for the next hundred years for their offspring's generation.

As such, these precious lands in the southern area of J City had become a melting pot for those with power, prestige, and possessions. The saying that all were created equal was simply not true. For the ordinary everyday folks, this luxurious land in the southern suburbs of J City was way beyond their means even if they had strived and toiled hard for a hundred years.

Despite so, there were still many people who racked their heads daily to try to enter here. In their minds, they thought that anyone they met here had the potential to be their life's benefactors and would help them paved their way to success.

Upon entering the compound of the golf course, the car stopped. Someone came and ushered me out to get into another privately contracted black Bentley which was waiting by the side.

The moment I boarded the car, I saw John inside with his usual smug, masculine aura and a gentle expression. A pair of clear, foxlike eyes were fixed on me as he greeted, "Scarlett! It's been a while!"

Unable to react in time, I propped my long skirt and wanted to get out of the car. However, it was too late as he wrapped his arms around me and pinned me to the seat. In a low voice, he whispered, "Be a good girl now, won't you? For our first encounter, I have hoped that we can be a tad more romantic."

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No matter how enchanting his words were, anything that came out of his mouth sounded malicious. Forcefully suppressing my fear deep inside, I put on a tough front and asked, "What have you done with Macy?"

Raising his hand, he edged closer and peered at me before saying casually, "She's fine." Lifting up my chin, he remarked helplessly, "Letty, you've grown thinner, but you still look stunning still!"

I lowered my gaze, refusing to talk to him.

"J City's Harrison Family is a prominent centuries-old clan. They have produced many top military leaders and politicians throughout the years. In the business world, they are second to none. You'd better stay close to me later." he said with a strict tone. [Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query](#)

Hearing that made me frown. It's been five years since we last met, I wonder what he has been doing for all these years/ How did he transform himself from a hacker into someone who could reach the pinnacle in both business and politics?

Just as I was lost in my thoughts, my ride came to a stop outside a European-styled luxurious villa. John alighted first from the car before opening my side of the door and ushered me out in a gentlemanly manner. He then whispered in my ear, "Make sure you hold my arms at all times."

I hated and feared his hypocrisy. His smiling façade was simply revolting. He had always been the type of person who would stab someone in the back without even blinking an eye. Everything nice he ever did was always the precursor to his evil intent.

Yet I had no choice but to listen to him. Holding onto his arms, I got off the car.

The villa was architecturally elegant outside while tinged with culturally inspired design on the inside. The entrance led not into a hall as per a normal villa, but rather a cobblestone path that meandered through a small garden before arriving at the actual hall.

Walking arm-in-arm with John, I strutted on smoothly in my high heels.

Outside the hall, I caught sight of Ashton standing not far in front. He was clad in a black suit and a white shirt underneath. With crisp-white collars, short-cropped hair, and groomed-sharp features, he looked handsomely stunning.

His mere presence exuded a strong, manly aura that even among the crowd, he could still be easily spotted with a mere glance.

Realization finally dawned on me that this elegant party was Cameron Anderson's aforementioned birthday banquet. Ashton, together with many from the J City's business and political circles were invited. My eyes widened as I realized that I knew quite a few of them.

I was Ashton's wife, yet here I was, holding onto another man's hand. By showing up like this, I knew that it was akin to a slap on Ashton's face.

I descended into a state of fear and worry and abruptly withdrew my hand.

However, John was never the type of person to miss out on opportunities to torment others. Grabbing my hand forcefully, he growled, "Letty, behave!"

I could only bit my lips as sweat started to break out from my palms.

Raising my eyes to look in the direction of Ashton, I realized to my horror that he had his sights on me too. His deep, dark eyes narrowed as his gaze fell on the black, drop-shoulder gown on my body.

Shortly after, he turned his attention to John and greeted, "Mr. Stovall, it's been a long while since I last saw you."

What? Ashton and John know each other?

John pulled me closer as he smiled, "Indeed, Mr. Fuller. It has been a while since our last meeting."

The exchange between the two seemed ordinary enough that I could not sense anything wrong.

Ashton shifted his gaze onto me and queried, "And who's this lovely lady beside you, Mr. Stovall?"

"My fiancée!" John's false admission clearly shocked Ashton. The latter's expression became grim as his gaze turned frosty.

Still, he maintained his smile as he remarked, "Words on the street is that Mr. Stovall has no interest in women. But I guess that's not true, seeing that you have such a stunning fiancée by your side."

John held my hand as he smiled, "It's not that I don't have interest in women. It's just that I've been waiting for the right one to appear."

Hearing those words, Ashton narrowed his eyes dangerously as his lips repeated softly, "The right one to appear..."

At this point, I was already in full-blown panic mode. I had never mentioned John to Ashton. Even though I might be able to do so in the future, but for now, the matter itself had been exacerbated to a critical point. All I wished at that moment was for a hole to open up and swallow me whole.

However, I could not get away as my hand was held firmly by John. I dared not open my mouth either to deny the nonsense he spouted.

My heart was in a mess.

Ashton's dark gaze fell upon me for a moment before he suddenly smiled and asked sarcastically, "How shall I address you now? Mrs. Fuller? Or Mrs. Stovall?"

My heart sank. Forcefully yanking away from John's iron grasp, I stepped forward and grabbed Ashton as I stuttered, "A-Ashton, I..."

"Ashton!" Just then, a gentle and sweet voice of a woman called out from the side. Turning my head toward the source, I saw Rebecca coming over. She was wearing a nude-colored, mermaid-bareback gown that fully accented her gorgeous figure. Lifting her gown skirt in one hand, she sashayed gracefully to Ashton's side and hooked her arms into his.

Standing together, they looked like a match made in heaven.

Rebecca was not surprised when she noticed me. Her expression betrayed a certain dislike as she greeted, "I see that Ms. Stovall is here as well."

As her eyes rested upon John who was beside me, she smiled faintly and remarked, "Ms. Stovall, is he your... friend?"

She purposely emphasized the word "friend" in an ambiguous manner.

I looked down and averted her gaze. I was prudent enough to suppress the retort I had in mind because no matter how I put it, in the current situation, I would be merely making a fool out of myself.

"Letty, let's go in." John simply glanced at Rebecca with indifference as a look of disdain flashed across his face. Holding onto my arm, he pulled me toward the hall.

Truthfully speaking, it wasn't that John had no interest in women, it was that he was disgusted by women. He had been repulsed by women since the age of eight. If it were not for the fact that I grew up with him, he would have also hated me.

His special condition was like a sentence to hell for me, as it made it that much harder for me to escape from his evil clutches.

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I could hear Rebecca's voice coming faintly from behind, "Ash, I'm surprised that Scarlett is acquainted with Mr. Stovall from Animus. No wonder Cameron told me that the guests tonight are all big names and prominent people."

Animus Corporation?

Rather than a birthday banquet, it would be better to describe the party as a gathering of the societal elites. That night, Cameron was garbed in a black velvet gown that had golden flowers embroidered onto it and a pair of exquisite aquamarine-adorned high heels.

The woman was almost fifty years old, yet she looked young for her age, and seemingly free from the ravages of time. For others, beauty and youth would pass with time, but for her, time seemed to have added a certain charm to her, and she was still in her prime.

She caught sight of John from afar. Excusing herself from the few guests she was entertaining, she sauntered over to John with a glass of champagne.

"Mr. Stovall, thank you so much for coming!" Smiling and holding her champagne, her eyes then fell onto me. Cocking her head at John, she asked, "And who might this be?"

Without waiting for John, I spoke first, "Ms. Anderson, you are looking absolutely gorgeous today!"

She froze for a moment before she regained her composure and smiled, "Ah, it's Ms. Stovall! You're so dazzling tonight that I failed to recognize you at first. Do forgive me!"

Grinning politely, I said, "Ms. Anderson flatters me too much. I'm just a bit sloppy usually. It's only natural that some simple tidying and touching up would make me look different. It's not Ms. Anderson's fault for not recognizing me in the first place."

She looked at me intently for a while before noticing that John was holding my hand. Taken aback for just a slight moment, she mumbled faintly, "Do the two of you know one another?" before looking at John with doubts in her eyes.

John smiled, "Of course! We've known each other for more than a decade!"



Cameron obviously had more questions to ask. However, she suddenly fell silent upon noticing that many guests had directed their gazes outside the hall.

Instinctively, I turned my head to look as well. What greeted my sight was a middle-aged man dressed in a lavish coat with a suave temperament striding in from outside the hall, escorted by four men in black.

The appearance of the middle-aged man drew the attention of many people who rushed over to greet him. Right then, his gaze fell straight upon Cameron and he approached her promptly.

“Ah, it’s the great Mr. Zachary Moore of D City. Be it in J City or D City, the moment he makes his entrance, the nobles and the rich alike would tremble in fear,” John whispered with a straight face.

I observed both Cameron and Zachary discreetly and noticed that the level of intimacy exuded from both of them was different from that of ordinary people, and the curious side of me could not help but wonder.

“What’s up with them?”

John raised his eyebrows and looked at me mysteriously, “They’re a pair of lovebirds who are destined to be apart.”

I could not quite catch the meaning of his words. “Didn’t Ms. Anderson get married once before this? I heard it was to some ordinary guy. After that, she got remarried to Nick’s father and gave birth to Nick. So...”

So where did this Zachary guy fit in the picture? Seems like they have quite a messy relationship.

John sneered and whispered, “I guess the stories she cooked up for the outside world are too realistic.”

Just then, I saw Ashton leading Rebecca to greet both Cameron and Zachary, I also noticed that Cameron had whispered something in Zachary’s ear.

As Zachary examined Rebecca, his facial expression seemed to change a little. His initially determined look had a flash of surprise which he managed to recover from. Meanwhile, Rebecca's gaze was that of pure adoration.

I could not figure out what had transpired between them. John, who was observing me the whole time, was amused and whispered to me, "Rebecca is the daughter that Cameron been searching for the past twenty-plus years. By the way, she's also Zachary's daughter. Do you get it now?"

I gawped at him in shock at the sensational revelation. Rebecca is their daughter?

How in the world is there no rumor about this at all?

After Cameron and Zachary finished their conversation, they stole a glance at John and me. The moment Zachary saw me, he cocked his brows in surprise.

Cameron seemed to know what he was thinking, so she whispered a few words back in his ear that made Zachary regained his composure.

John released my hand and stepped forward to greet Zachary.

Now that I had regained my freedom, my eyes darted around to search for Ashton. The last I saw of him was when he was greeting Zachary. However, he was now nowhere to be found.

After looking around, I heard a familiar voice coming from the corner of the hall. I walked over and found Nick there.

He was surprised to see me but managed to utter his greeting, "Good evening."

Seeing that he was not looking too good, I could not help but ask, "It's your mother's birthday. What's with the haggard look? I just heard someone said that your mother has found her long-lost daughter. Why don't you go over and check it out?"

"What's there to see?" he said with a lonely look in his eyes, "Her mind and heart had always been filled with nothing but her daughter. As for me, I'm merely an accidental offspring."

Hearing the sorrow in his words, I grabbed a plate of cheese and tried to offer him some, "Every child is a treasure in the hearts of their parents. Besides, she lost her for more than

twenty years. Now that she has found her, let her savor her joy to make up for the lost time. After this, I'm sure everything will be back to normal."

He sneered bitterly as his eyes fell upon the cheese I was offering him. In a thoughtless manner, he quipped, "I have hoped that the daughter they've found is you instead of Rebecca. That girl is too much of a schemer, and will only cause trouble if she is to stay in Pear Garden in the future."

Confused by his outburst, I could not help but smiled, "You sounded as if it is so easy to become a daughter of your family."

He peered at me with a condescending look as if he were looking at an idiot, "Really? You seriously think that my mother is so free that she would purposely look for you just to have a casual chat?"

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What does he mean by that? Is he referring to the matter the other day?

Having no idea what he was implying, I asked, "What do you mean by that?" It was true that Cameron had asked me some strange questions that day and although I was puzzled, I did not think those questions would amount to anything.

Now that Nick had brought it up, doubt started to grow within me.

"Hmph!" With a tinge of derision in his voice, he prodded, "You are lucky to be able to marry Ashton with that little IQ of yours. I reminded you before that you possess similar features to my mother, just as Rebecca. Are you so naive to the point where you'll believe that people would actually resemble one another for no apparent reason in this world?"

I furrowed my eyebrows deeper and demanded, "What do you mean?"

Rolling his eye at me, he revealed, "It simply means that my mother has already taken your DNA as well as Rebecca's DNA for a paternity test."

Having said that, he seemed a little confused as he continued, "I thought you were the one at first. I never expected Rebecca to be the one confirmed by the paternity test."

My mind was filled with a thousand unanswered questions by then. Surveying the hall, I decided that it was unwise to interrogate Nick here, hence I dragged him into the lounge next to the corridor.

Glaring at him, I questioned in a serious tone, "So the lot of you stole my DNA for a paternity test just because I bear some teeny resemblance to Ms. Anderson?"

He pursed his lips and replied, "Of course not. My mother has been searching for more than twenty years. She would not persist for so long without a clue to lead her on. Since many of your experiences are consistently similar to Rebecca's, my mother wasn't sure who was the genuine daughter. She plotted with Ashton to meet you and Rebecca separately. Only after that she went and did the paternity test for both of you."

I was not interested to know what similarities I shared with Rebecca. Rather, I was more interested to know whether my initial meeting with Cameron was the result of Ashton wanting to save Macy, or him merely returning Cameron a favor.

I couldn't believe that I was kept in the dark and completely clueless about everything the whole time.

"Does Rebecca know about these things at first?" I asked, feeling uneasy.

He nodded, "I think that Ashton must have told her in advance. That's why she has kept herself close to my mother after that. It surely doesn't look to me like she doesn't know anything."

I felt like laughing out loud. Throughout the whole thing, I was the only ignoramus all along.

"Hah!" I wanted to chuckle, but my chortle was stuck halfway in my throat. I had been made a complete moron and an oblivious fool to such a degree that I would not have realized even if I were to be sold off.

Seeing that I was upset, Nick paused. Perhaps he had realized his tactlessness, he tamped down his sarcasm and started talking to me in an emphatic manner. "Don't think too much about this. No one told you about this matter because they were worried that you might get the wrong idea about the whole thing. Since no one was sure of the outcome, so..."

"So, you decided for yourself that I should be kept in the dark, like a fool?" I burst out, baring the discontent that had filled my heart.

Frowning, he defended himself, "Scarlett, you know full well I don't mean that."

"I don't know! I never knew!" I rushed out of the lounge. I had naively thought that as long as I was kind and trusting toward others, I would not suffer too much hurt. However, it seemed that I was too gullible, and life always had a way to even out everyone's share of sufferings.

In the main hall, droves of people had arrived. All of them were high-ranking officials. In the midst of the crowd, Rebecca was the center of attention. As Cameron and Zachary greeted the guests, they also introduced her to everyone. Such a beautiful and heartwarming scene.

It's true, some people have been blessed with good luck since birth.

Getting my emotions under control, I proceeded to circle around the food area. No matter how pitiful my life is, I can't neglect myself. I need to get some food in me. After all, The little one in my tummy still needed to grow up.

Feeling distracted, I accidentally walked into someone. The cake that I had just put onto my plate rolled a few times before it splattered onto someone's suit.

"I'm so..." Panicked, I looked up only to see Joe's stern and sneering face.

I immediately regained my composure. I even retracted my apology. I knew that in this situation, an apology would not make an ounce of difference. Instead, it would only lead to more unnecessary arguments.

I wanted to avoid any confrontation. But apparently, Joe had decided not to let me off that easily. Glaring at me, he sneered, "Scarlett, tell me, are you feeling bitter now? Are you jealous? With Rebecca being Cameron's daughter, her whole life is going to go through a drastic change for the better. Meanwhile, a woman who grew up in the slums like you will never be worthy of someone as noble as Ashton no matter how hard you work."

I put down my plateful of food and directed my scowl at him, "Since I am not worthy of him, do you consider yourself worthy then?"

"You..." His anger shot up his face as he prepared for a retort.

Before he could do that, I interrupted, "I have married Ashton. We even have a child together. Seeing how much you loved to mock me, can I surmise that this is due to you not feeling

qualified enough to be with Rebecca? Is your inferiority complex bubbling inside you so much that you're coming to me to vent it all out?"

"Nonsense!" Flushed with anger, he took off his stained suit and threw it at me before he demanded, "Get it cleaned."

There were times when I thought that Joe could be quite endearing. Every time he tried to annoy me or get in my way, he would always be the one who ended up getting flustered, just like right now.

Even though he had never beaten me once, he still kept trying. And that in itself made him adorable.

Glancing at his suit in my hand, I remarked coolly to Joe, "I would advise you not to let me handle your suit. Who knows, you might end up wearing a wet suit in this grand party here and that would definitely not score you any appearance points in Rebecca's book."

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"I don't care! Figure out yourself how you're going to clean my suit!" Not wanting to say more, Joe took the food in his hand and walked to Rebecca's side before handing it to her. The birthday banquet officially began, and Cameron went up the stage to speak.

Rebecca noticed how Joe was looking distracted, hence she scanned around. When she spotted me, her delicate face produced a provocative yet disdainful smile.

I returned her look before realizing that the suit in my hand needed my attention more. As I racked my brain, trying to figure out what to do with it, Ashton walked up to me with a small gift box in hand.

With a cold look, he said curtly, "This is Ms. Anderson's birthday gift."

With that, he passed me the box in his hand. When he saw the suit in my hand, he frowned and asked, "Whose suit is that?"

"Joe's. I accidentally bumped into him and spilled some food onto it just now," I explained while examining the box he passed to me. Did he prepare it?

He glanced at the suit with impatience and suggested, "Just throw it away!"

At this moment, the banquet had become lively as Rebecca was ushered onstage by Cameron. Squinting and trying to get a better view, I poked sarcastically, "Isn't my dear Mr. Fuller supposed to be escorting the lovely Rebecca?"

His face soured as he ignored my jibe, "Scarlett, shouldn't you explain to me how you and John got acquainted?"

If it were half an hour ago, I would definitely have explained it to him. At this juncture, however, I did not feel like explaining at all.

Walking to a nearby trash can, I threw Joe's suit in as I coldly answered, "There is nothing to explain. It is exactly as what Mr. Fuller sees."

Meanwhile onstage, Rebecca and Cameron were hugging each other, staging a mother-daughter bonding scene. To show her maternal love, Cameron announced that she would put fifty percent of her properties under Rebecca's control. Also, the latter would gradually be integrated into Cameron's company to learn management skills.

At the same time, Rebecca would also move in with Cameron at Pear Garden. After all, she was the long-lost daughter that was finally found after two decades. With Zachary onstage as well to show his support, the signs were clear. The stars had aligned in such a way that Rebecca now had the powerful backings from two of the most prominent persons in both D City and J City.

Turning to look at him, I could tell that Ashton was really in a bad mood. Luckily, we were at a party, or else he would have initiated a quarrel. He restrained himself and said sternly, "You will be my dance partner later."

In response, I scoffed and said, "Is Mr. Fuller not afraid that Ms. Larson may... Ah, no. I mean she should be Ms. Moore now. Shouldn't Mr. Fuller be Ms. Moore's dance partner instead? Don't worry, I won't participate so as not to disturb you two."

"Scarlett!" he gritted his teeth as he pulled my wrist. His sudden force made me felt a jolt of pain. Seething with suppressed anger, Ashton threatened, "Stop being so stubborn."

Me? Stubborn?

I was bitterly amused. Locking my eyes on him, I nodded and said, "Ashton Fuller, you really are something else, you know that?"

Glancing around and seeing John approaching, I shook myself loose of Ashton's grip and headed toward John. Sometimes the devil can be much better than the angel.

John's eyes narrowed and studied me as I approached. With a smirk, he remarked, "Letty, this is the first time you've voluntarily come to me."

Ignoring the gloom in his eyes, I asked, "When can I leave?"

"For you, anytime!" he shrugged as he raised his eyebrows questioningly, "Where do you want to go?"

Since he had stated earlier that he wanted me to accompany him to this party, and he did not mention anything else, I took it to mean that as long as I had shown my presence, I was free to leave at any time.

With that thought in mind, I glanced at the gift box in my hand before turning to look at Cameron who had already finished her speech.

Carrying the box, I walked toward her. When she saw me, she beamed at me and greeted, "Ms. Stovall, I do apologize should you feel any misgivings about my lack of reception, it seems that I've underestimated the number of guests."

I smiled faintly. Her politeness had seemingly added more distance between us. "Ms. Anderson is too polite. Here's the birthday gift I prepared for you. I wish you a happy birthday and may you stay youthful at all times!"

It was obvious that she was in high spirit that night. Laughing good-naturedly, she took the gift and replied, "Ms. Stovall is too kind. I'll gladly accept your blessings and wishes then."

Zachary, who had brought Rebecca to mingle with the other guests, saw me chatting with Cameron. After whispering a few words in Rebecca's ear, he proceeded to walk toward us.

Rebecca peeked at me with a darkened glare before she walked away.



Zachary was tall and imposing. Even with his age, his noble temperament and awe-inspiring aura were still present. Peering down at me, his dark eyes had a hint of affection in them when he asked, "Are you Scarlett?"

I nodded, and simply greeted him in a way that I usually do to other people. "Hello, Mr. Moore."

"Hahaha!" he guffawed good-naturedly as he nudged Cameron who was beside him, "This girl looks like you when you're younger. Not only the looks but also the attitude and resolve."

Cameron nodded in agreement as her eyes softened. She smiled and said, "When I first saw her, I had the same thought too. If I hadn't read the DNA test results, I would have thought that this child is my daughter."

"Letty," Zachary called as his gaze fell upon me again. "May I call you with that name?"

I nodded. Something in my memory seemed to be triggered. However, perhaps it was a memory from long ago, all I could see was a fleeting scene that flashed past my mind in a blur. All I got from that memory was the vague sense that his voice sounded really familiar.