

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1421

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“Scarlett, let’s look for a place to hide!” Emery cried as she frantically pulled my arm and ran back from where we came. I felt like a stiff mannequin being dragged along for the ride.

The paparazzi were not professionals in their field for nothing; in the blink of an eye, they were in full pursuit and soon ran us down and separated us.

Emery felt overwhelmed and could have barely taken care of herself, much less of me. She kept running and soon led the paparazzi off.

They came and went like a hurricane. Their target identified, the paparazzi pursued with full force. In other words, Emery had “sacrificed” herself.

I was just about to head out and hail a cab when a casual glance around stopped me in my tracks in surprise. Gregory was at the entrance staring at me. His charming features were alight with delighted mischief.

“Mommy, I ran into you again!”

Was this how rich families cared for their six-year-old children?

He was the heir apparent of the Fuller family. By standing still unsupervised, he became an easy target for kidnappers. There wasn’t a bodyguard anywhere near him.

I walked over and knelt down next to him. “Why are you here all alone?”

Emery invited me out at last minute. Even if Gregory was precocious enough, it would have been impossible for him to know ahead of time to intercept us.

As soon as I spoke, the wunderkind suddenly pouted. He tugged on my thumb and said in a pitiful voice. "Mommy, I'm lost. I'm scared."

What?

Child, you had harnessed your father's resources on your own to make an appointment with a stranger. It wouldn't do for you to be so pathetic at such a young age!

"Alright, I'm here. No one will capture you." In the end, I gave in to him. I tousled his hair in an attempt to comfort him as I picked up my phone. "Greg, what's your Daddy's number?"

As soon as I unlocked my phone, Gregory snatched it off my hands. "Let me do it, Mommy," he said. "Daddy is at work; I am not allowed to call him. I'll just text the bodyguard and tell him where I am."

To my amazement, the child sent out a text with a fluent understanding of my device right in front of my eyes. It took him less than a minute.

"Alright, Mommy. Mr. Campbell will be along to pick me up soon," Gregory said smugly as he handed the phone back to me.

I heaved a sigh and took the phone from him.

I saw clearly how Gregory had drafted the text. He had even entered the precise location of the mall we were in. The ability to recite phone numbers without hesitation seemed second nature to him; he did it all without even breaking a sweat.

I even suspected that he would have been able to find his way home by himself if he wanted to.

At this point, I was ready to leave. "Come on, I'll take you to the mall security."

Gregory tugged on my sleeve with an even more pitiful look on his face than before. "Mommy, you aren't going to abandon me, are you? I'm scared to be alone..."

As women, our hearts are the softest when confronted with adorable children, especially when they were being coy. I was still able to muster a look of cold indifference earlier, but at this point, I would consider myself mollified.

After all, we weren't waiting for Ashton to come. It would be fine to keep the child company a little longer. If I went home now, I would just be having a staring contest with the potted plants.

We decided to look for a safe place to wait.

We passed a fast food restaurant and Gregory stopped in his tracks. His beady little eyes were fixated on the fries and burgers on the menu.

Children were greedy, after all. I was just curious about the fact about rich people having a fondness for such unhealthy food.

"Greg, would you like a burger?" I asked.

"Yes," Gregory said calmly with a nod. "I'd like to give it a try, for Daddy never lets me have any."

He turned to me. "He's very bossy and unreasonable. A fascist."

I was stunned. Suddenly, I recalled the other day at The Jade when I heard a kid yell "Ashy". So it was him.

Gregory was unusually brazen to call Ashton that.

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At the sight of me hesitating, Gregory lowered his voice. "Mommy, I'll just try a bite. I won't eat more than that, okay?"

I understood now. Gregory was the same as his father; information had to be repeated to them multiple times!

"I don't mind treating you, but you mustn't call me Mommy anymore. Deal?"

“No problem.” Gregory flashed a wide smile and pulled me by the arm into the shop. “Let’s go, Ms. Stovall!”

Gregory ordered a set meal for children on top of one of each of the best-selling items on the menu. A table for two was soon filled up.

The child was true to his word; he literally tried a bite of everything. The only thing he was particularly fond of was the sundae.

“I thought only girls like sweet things, Gregory?” I teased him.

As soon as I said that, he put down his spoon and wiped his lips in a dignified manner, refusing to touch another spoonful.

“Hey, I’m just messing with you. Carry on,” I said as I pushed the chocolate sundae back in front of him.

“That will be enough,” Gregory said with a solemn shake of his head.

“Really?” I probed him. Children are greedy.

Gregory nodded again determinedly. “Statistics show that an excessive consumption of deep-fried and sweet food is harmful to the body,” he said in a serious manner.

I couldn’t decide whether the child before me was a six-year-old or a genius who was familiar with the workings of the world. After a stunned silence, I said, “If that’s the case, shouldn’t you abstain from them completely?”

“They wouldn’t do you any harm in small portions. The more Daddy forbids me, the more I want to try. I’m a child; it’s normal for me to not be able to restrain my urges!”

His arrogant expression was bizarre. If it was normal for a child to not being able to reason, doesn’t it make accommodating him a grievous sin?

At the thought of this, I felt a pang of guilt, like a bright spotlight following me around. I looked up instinctively and jumped as I caught sight of a pair of cold eyes outside of the glass.

Ashton stood outside the restaurant with a straight face, but the coldness that he was exuding permeated invasively through the glass and lowered the ambient temperature in the restaurant by several degrees.

The guilty feeling solidified instantly upon looking into his eyes.

When I had regained my senses, Ashton was already walking in.

“Ashy!” Gregory called cheekily and stood up as he caught sight of Ashton.

“What are you supposed to call me?” Ashton asked coldly with a frown.

Gregory chuckled to himself as he hugged Ashton’s thigh.
“Daddy!”

Ashton’s eyes flashed with helplessness but did not lose his temper. I stood up slowly.

As I was about to say something, Gregory came to my rescue.
“Daddy, have you seen Ms. Ziegler? She said she would pick me up in a while but it’s been a long time and she hasn’t shown up yet. The adults here at the mall were ignoring me. Only Ms. Stovall was willing to lend me her phone. I remembered that I shouldn’t call you unnecessarily. Aren’t I clever?”

What?

Thora left him here? Why didn’t he say so?

Besides, with Gregory’s ability to be coy, what kind of a normal adult would bear to leave him behind?

After he intentionally emphasized my role again, it looked as if I taught the child to say some good words to claim the credit on my behalf.

“Hmm,” Ashton grunted indifferently before looking up at me. The depths of his dark eyes made guessing his thoughts impossible.

Businessmen thought very deeply. Furthermore, we have had an interaction before. It wasn't an experience I wished to repeat in a hurry.

“You have your child now. I won't bother you anymore. I've got to go.”

I retrieved my purse. “Goodbye Gregory, listen to your Dad, will you?”

The indifferent and conceited man before me suddenly spoke up. “Thank you for caring for Gregory today. How can I return this favor?” I was stunned as I did not expect him to be so courteous. “There's no need.” I shook my head with a smile. “Gregory is adorable. Anybody who runs into him wouldn't ignore him. I know it's not my place to say this, but though it's important to earn money, please do not forget the safety of your family. If possible, you should assign a couple of bodyguards for Gregory.”

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I did not intend to meddle; I simply cared for the boy and did not wish for him to be harmed. His father was too busy earning a living outside to care much. Today, he was abandoned by his future stepmother. Who knows what would happen tomorrow?

With those thoughts in mind, I couldn't help but feel sorry for the little fellow. It looked like he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It was not necessarily all sunshine and rainbows for him.

Ashton's face changed at my words. He stared at me with an odd look in his eyes.

I was uncomfortable with being scrutinized like that and was about to come up with an excuse to leave when the phone in my purse rang. I extracted it only to discover that it was Emery.

"How's everything? Are you home yet?" Emery sounded remorseful. "It was all my fault; I should have planned for this beforehand. It was such a rare occasion that we got to hang out and now it's all ruined."

"That's alright," I consoled her. "We can do this again some time. I walked around by myself for a bit and was preparing to leave. I'll give you a call once I reach home."

I had been chatting with Gregory non-stop after we had ordered, and had completely forgotten about Emery.

I ended the call but the screen remained bright as a call from Marcus came in.

It was silent on his end except for his voice. "Have you gone out?"

"Yes." I glanced at my watch and realized that it was almost seven; he would have gotten off work by now. "I went shopping with Emery and lost track of time. I'm coming home."

"Send me the address and wait for me there."

"No, that's alright. I'll hail a cab. I'm not that spoiled."

I wouldn't be able to argue with him if this went on. The only thing I could do was to forcefully hang up.

As a result, I left the mall accompanied by Ashton and his son.

It could be due to the father-and-son duo's attractiveness that cause many to glance in our direction as we were walking.

At the entrance of the mall, we discovered that it was pouring outside.

The rain did not help matters in regards to the traffic conditions. Being close to seven, the roads would be congested. To hail a cab under these circumstances was completely based on luck at this point.

“Ms. Stovall, why don’t you catch a ride with us?” Gregory asked with a tug on my sleeve. Before I could respond, he turned his large watery eyes toward his father. “Daddy, Ms. Stovall has been kind to me today. Can we give her a ride home?”

Ashton stood silent without a reply.

We were all adults; it wouldn’t do to display our rejection too overtly.

I was about to respectfully decline when Ashton spoke in a low voice. “I’ll drive the car over. Watch the boy.”

I looked up and he was already leaving the mall.

Soon, Ashton returned with his black Maybach to the hotel entrance. Though it was drenched in rain, his prestigious status was on full display.

I was deliberating on whether I should get in when the mall security held an umbrella over me and Gregory.

With courteous gestures, he practically shoved us onto Ashton’s car. I had no choice but to allow myself to be chauffeured.

“Oh yeah! We’re going to Ms. Stovall’s home!” Gregory cheered excitedly in the car.

I reached out and tousled his hair with a smile. I did not speak to Ashton after providing him with the address.

Ashton drove intently with Gregory and I in the back seat. We chatted the entire journey in a rare moment of camaraderie.

Ashton looked back at us through his rearview mirror and seemed distracted. I wasn’t sure if he was feeling wary toward me as I noticed that he stole glances at me more often than was necessary, as if he was studying me.

It wasn’t a pleasant feeling to be suspected like that. The strangest thing was that this car did not feel unfamiliar to me at all.

It bothered me and made me feel somber and thoughtful throughout the entire journey.

“We’re here.” Ashton’s deep voice interrupted me in my reverie.

With a jump, I exited the vehicle. “Thanks a lot, Mr. Fuller,” I said gratefully.

The rain had already subsided. It would only take a few strides to reach the shelter of the villa from the side of the road where I was dropped off.

“Hang on,” Ashton called out before I got off.

With one swift motion, he descended from the driver’s seat, opened the trunk, and came up to me with a black umbrella in his hand. He stood in silence with the umbrella over the door in preparation for my descent.

I spaced out as I wasn’t used to this sudden intimacy. Before I managed to come to, Ashton said in a cold voice, “Are you getting off?”

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“Oh, yes of course. Thank you for your trouble.”

Just as the words fell from my lips, I heard a familiar voice not far away.

“Scar.”

Ashton and I turned in unison toward the direction of the voice. It was Marcus.

“Marcus? It’s only a few steps. You don’t have to come out to receive me.”

Marcus had his grey silk pajamas on. With a transparent umbrella in his hand, he walked over in a leisurely manner.

“Is this a friend of yours?” Ashton asked. It could have been my imagination, but his voice sounded a few degrees colder.

“I’m her fiancé,” Marcus interjected at once.

I didn’t respond at the risk of sounding like I was overcompensating. The only thing I could do was smile awkwardly.

“Come here, Scar.” Marcus beckoned.

I walked over to him obediently.

Before I could even take a step, I felt my wrist being gripped roughly.

It felt very strange.

Ashton’s palm was meaty and rough. He barely exerted any force but when he touched me, it scalded like magma. My skin seared as the pain felt as if it had penetrated my skin and burrowed deep into my bone.

“Mr. Fuller, is there anything else?” I asked while I was rooted on the spot without an attempt to push him away.

Though he did not use much strength, I had a sense that it wouldn’t be easy to wrench myself from his grasp.

He had acted proudly and haughtily this entire time, but now he wants to play the part of a scoundrel?

Ashton had a puzzled look upon his face as if he wasn’t sure what he was even doing.

Marcus fixed his gaze onto Ashton’s grip on my wrist. “Sir, please let go of her at once.” Marcus’s voice rang with cold fury in every syllable.

Ashton furrowed his eyebrows but did not insist. In the end, he did as he was asked.

I went over to Marcus and stood under his umbrella.

Marcus adjusted his umbrella to better shield me as he turned to address Ashton. "Sir, I'm wondering about your intentions towards my fiancée," he said with hostility. "Aren't you aware of social boundaries?"

"Marcus, listen to me." I hastened to explain lest he misunderstood. "When I was shopping at the mall with Emery, I ran into Mr. Fuller's son who had lost his way. That was when..."

In a few minutes, I had briefly described the events of my afternoon to Marcus.

His countenance had relaxed somewhat after hearing my explanation. "This was clearly a misunderstanding," he said to Ashton apologetically. "I should be thanking you, Mr. Fuller, for sending my fiancée home to me."

Ashton's face remained expressionless throughout the entire encounter. He only gazed deeply at me for a while before he turned around and departed in his car.

"This man is very strange," I remarked without thinking. "His mood changes quicker than the weather. I do not know how to interact with him."

Marcus ignored me completely as he gave my shoulder a pinch. "It's cold out here. Let's get inside quickly." Marcus ushered me to enter the house.

"Okay." As soon as I said that, I realized that we were huddled together rather closely under the umbrella. Subconsciously, I retracted my neck and edged slightly away from him.

I still felt resistant towards Marcus's attempts at intimacy.

He must have sensed my distance, for he lowered his arm from my shoulder a moment later.

When we got home, I took a hot shower before slipping into my pajamas. It was dinnertime when I was done.

Marcus had the maid prepare chicken soup for me. "You were caught in the rain. Have some soup to keep yourself warm."

He took the spoon and was prepared to feed me when I hurriedly grabbed the bowl over. "I'll do it myself."

As I was about to take a sip, I had a déjà vu of having experienced the exact same thing.

In the past, someone used to feed me my medication with care and gentleness like this...

A ferocious pain seared across my head for a split second. It was so intense that my grip on the bowl loosened and was nearly dropped before I hastily set it down on the table.

"Are you alright?" Marcus stared at me with wide eyes after he had jumped to his feet in a panic. His voice was soft as he leaned over to support me.

I couldn't even keep my head upright; the pain was awful. "My head hurts..."

Marcus narrowed his eyes. "What do you remember?"

"Nothing..."

The heavy pain felt like a gust of wind; it blew away from the mere act of speaking. I heaved a long sigh and looked up at Marcus. "Back then when I was sick, did you use to care for me like that?"

His interest was suddenly piqued. "What do you think?"

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I pulled a face helplessly. Marcus was always caring and would not make jokes in situations like these. "You would know. I'd forgotten everything."

"The things in the past are not important," Marcus said evasively as he blew on a spoonful of soup to cool it down before bringing it close to my lips. "It should be cool enough to drink now."

When we were having our dinner, my thoughts wandered over to Ashton and Gregory. "You know, even if Ashton was a rich

businessman with a lot of duties, he's a very caring father. He even picked his kid up during working hours."

Marcus' eyes flashed; his hands paused momentarily. "What kind of a person do you think Ashton is?"

"It depends on which perspective you're looking at. As a father, he's pretty responsible. There were some mistakes on his part, but he undoubtedly always thinks of his child. But as an acquaintance, he has a very odd and unpredictable nature which makes him difficult to interact with. I'm not sure if he behaves like that in front of his child," I analyzed out loud, hardly conscious that the amount of attention I had paid to him was inappropriate.

"Is that so..." Marcus said blandly but did not offer up his own opinion.

I glanced up distractedly only to realize that his attention had wandered too.

"What's up with you?" I asked with concern; it was rare for him to lose himself in front of me. "Is everything in the company going well?"

"Everything is fine," Marcus said with a forced smile as he dropped a piece of salmon on my plate. "Eat up."

If he didn't want to elaborate, I wouldn't think much more about it. I turned my attention back to my meal, but we were both lost in our own thoughts.

After dinner when we were watching TV in the living room, Marcus gave me a card with a magnetic chip.

I took it and saw that it was a brand new identification card that had my headshot and an identification number belonging to Carlette Stovall.

It was the first time seeing my name being written down in print. It felt both strange yet familiar.

"This is your new identity and life now. In sickness and in health, it will be yours to control. Do you like your name?" asked Marcus.

To an amnesiac, there was no greater gift than a formal affirmation of one's identity. "Thank you, I love it." I accepted it with joy.

The next morning after I saw Marcus off to work, I prepared to go for my usual walk.

When I exited the door, I saw a BMW parked across the road. Next to it was a man clad in a smart suit. He stared at me intently.

In a split second, he was headed my way.

"Hello."

"Hello," I replied in confusion. "How can I help you?"

The man studied my face intently but composed himself a split second later. "I would just like to enquire," he said politely. "If there are any houses to rent around here. I quite enjoy your neighborhood and would like to rent one for my boss."

"I'm not too sure about this," I said. "You could ask the residential management office. I could help you get a number to call."

He was gentlemanly and soft-spoken, so I turned around and got the number from the maid for him.

"I am indebted to you," he said most courteously as he reached out for the card I handed to him.

"You're most welcome. If we ever become neighbors, we will look out for one another."

"Oh, most definitely."

The man nodded. With a final bow, he departed without another word.

It was such a minor episode that I had completely forgotten all about it until two afternoons later.

I had Marcus's cat in my arms and was heading to the lawn when I noticed that the BMW was there again. This time it was parked at the villa directly across from ours.

The front door swung open and the man I had met the other day emerged.

He walked around to open the back door. The figure of a man and a boy jumped down from the car.

Before I could react, Gregory had already noticed me. "Ms. Stovall!"

The moment Ashton loosened his grip on Gregory's hand, the latter came bounding toward me.

Worried about his safety in crossing the road, I placed the cat down and met him halfway.

When Gregory reached me, he hugged my leg tightly and looked up at me with a smile. "It's so good to see you again!"

"Ha! It didn't take you long to forget. I live here, remember?" I tousled his hair playfully as I moved aside for him to get a better view of the villa behind me.

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It was raining that day; the child's memory was limited to what he was able to see clearly. Furthermore, the architecture for all the villas on my street was very similar.

Ashton gazed at me from afar and then turned to his son. "Gregory," he called, with a hint of warning in his voice.

Gregory frowned when he heard. He reluctantly loosened his grip on me and walked back to his father with a pout.

When he reached Ashton's side, he grabbed one of his fingers coyly.

Children were emphatic; he had probably noticed his father's anger and was keen to make amends.

Their relationship seems a little too stiff, I thought. He was perhaps a little strict for such a young child.

At that age, they were developing actively. Their nature, reason, and emotional quotient had to be nurtured most carefully.

I wasn't close to Ashton as we were merely casual acquaintances. It was not up to me to criticize him about the upbringing of his kid.

Ashton stood where he was for a little while. He then turned and led his child into the villa opposite ours.

When they had entered, the man who had opened the door for them walked up to me. "So, we are officially neighbors now. My name is Joseph. If there's anything you may need, please feel free to ask."

He handed me his card while he introduced himself. I glanced at it before introducing myself in return. "You can call me Carlette."

"Did you enquire on behalf of Ashton the other day? Is he your boss?" I asked after a brief pause.

"Yes, he is," Joseph replied. "Mr. Fuller would like a change of scenery for his child. He chose this neighborhood and sent me over to help him settle in. I must thank you again for that day."

"Joseph." Ashton's voice rang out from behind.

We turned and found Ashton at the door with a sullen expression on his face.

Joseph hastily excused himself and ran to Ashton.

I felt confused as I stared at the shut door of the Fullers' new residence.

This neighborhood is mere of an upper middle class. With Ashton's wealth and status, shouldn't he be living somewhere much more expensive?

Why did he choose to stay here, of all places? Ashton had many puzzling things about him that could not be deciphered if one were to approach the problem rationally.

With a headful of doubt, I waited for the doors opposite to shut again before turning around to return to my villa.

Marcus came home at dinnertime. At the recollection of the events of the afternoon, I perked up at the chance of a conversational starter. "You'd never have guessed who just moved into the house across ours," I began casually.

"Who?" Marcus asked nonchalantly. It was obvious that he wasn't interested.

"They are..."

Ding dong!

The words almost out of my mouth when I was rudely interrupted by the doorbell.

Marcus did not like to be disturbed during his meals. The servants had returned to their rooms after serving us, and there was no one left to wait on us in the living room. The door was nearer to me so I voluntarily got up. "I'll get it."

Marcus had already put down his fork exasperatedly but at my initiative, he resumed his meal.

Due to recent troubles in his life, he had not been attentive towards me.

A chubby little face appeared as soon as I opened the door. "Ms. Stovall!"

Gregory held the door open. His beady little eyes were fixed on me with a gleeful look on his face.

“Hello, Greg! What can I help you with?” I smiled down at him.

“We have no electricity and water in our house. It’s dark all over and no fun at all.”

“Is that so...” I frowned and touched the boy’s head sorrowfully.

Before Ashton moved in, that villa had been uninhabited for a long time. The problems with the utilities were to be expected at the sudden occupation.

Ashton suddenly leaned over and appeared before me through the half-opened door. “Gregory is very picky with his food.”

“Hmm?” I was stunned for a moment, unclear of his intent.

Gregory tugged on my sleeve. “Ms. Stovall,” he said with a grimace. “I’m very hungry. Look, my stomach is all deflated.”

“We can’t cook, and he doesn’t like takeout,” Ashton chimed in.

He remained expressionless as he spoke; it was cold and distant.

I understood perfectly at this point; they had invited themselves over for a meal.

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“I prepared a lot of extra food,” I lowered my head and said with a grin. “Greg, why don’t you join me for dinner?”

“Okay.” Ashton accepted as soon as I had finished extending my invitation.

He spoke extremely calmly but quickly as though he was very eager.

Ashton’s buffet lunches probably cost him tens of millions. I wouldn’t be surprised if his dinners were in the millions as well.

Why would a wealthy man like him want to share the dinner of an ordinary citizen like me?

“Okay!” Gregory cheered as he pulled me by the hand into my own house, leaving me no time to spare any further thought to the matter.

I was a little worried that Marcus would not like the way I led the party in while he was still having his dinner. To my surprise, he did not express any dissatisfaction. Perhaps it was due to the virtues of hospitality that he embodied. “I’ll get two more sets of cutlery,” he said courteously.

Gregory was well-mannered too; he hurried after Marcus to help.

Marcus bent down and patted him on the shoulder. “Young man, just have a seat and make yourself at home,” he said as he turned and walked into the kitchen.

Ashton suddenly walked over to Gregory’s side. “Did you forget what we talked about yesterday?”

“What did he talk about?” Gregory replied, nonplussed. Perhaps they talked about a lot of things and he didn’t immediately realize which one his father was referring to.

“You mustn’t disturb Weird Ms. Stovall,” Ashton said coldly.

“Yes, I remember,” Gregory said with an obedient nod.

“It’s the same with Weird Mr. White. In the future, you have to read the situation better. Understand?”

Marcus emerged as Ashton concluded his speech. It was so awkward for me that I drew deep breaths to calm myself.

Not only did this temper have a temper that was difficult to grasp, but it also seemed that he didn’t know how to accommodate others. How could someone eat and drink for free in another’s house and teach their kids to ignore the owner of the house?

I held my head and cringed on behalf of Gregory. With a father like this, the child would have plenty of hardships to endure in the future.

It was a good thing that Marcus had plenty of patience. He stared Ashton down for a few seconds before looking away and taking his seat. This episode was a small incident to him.

“Have a seat wherever you like, make yourselves at home,” I said to our guests as I resumed my own seat.

Marcus dropped some potatoes onto my plate. “Have some more. If I get off work late again, don’t wait up for me.”

“It’s no trouble. Dinner is no fun to have alone,” I said with a smile. I recalled that Gregory had a sweet tooth, so I gave him a piece of caramelized pork.

Gregory held his cutlery and eyed the pork without moving. He looked toward his father as though awaiting his approval.

Ashton’s expression was inscrutable. “It’s Ms. Stovall’s treat, eat up. There are no rules to follow today.”

Gregory did not spare his father. “But Daddy, you always look angry...”

He helped himself to the pork, chewing slowly with satisfaction.

Without noticing it, he had gotten the sauce all over his lips.

Ashton caught sight of it. Instinctively, he reached for his handkerchief from his jacket pocket and wiped his son’s lips with a practiced hand.

Gregory took the opportunity to present his father with the pork he bit in half earlier. “Daddy, try it. It’s delicious!” he said coyly.

Ashton frowned and resumed his seat. He held up his hand in a gesture of rejection.

Gregory stuffed it back into his mouth. "Daddy is so petty to be jealous of me," he mumbled to himself. "He wants Ms. Stovall to give him a piece too."

"No talking during meals," Ashton reminded him.

Gregory covered his mouth nervously. He had overstepped his prohibitions again.

With this gesture, even his hands were dirty from touching his saucy mouth.

Ashton frowned resignedly but leaned over and cleaned Gregory up with patience.

I couldn't help but laugh at their antics.

Ashton was a macho man, but also poured his heart and soul in caring for his son.

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However, he had spoiled his son. It was overtly liberal for him to be calling people names.

Gregory waved his fork at me when I was lost in thought. "Ms. Stovall, Daddy would like some pork too!" he said in an attempt to instigate me.

The atmosphere over the dining table instantly chilled.

I did not think that a man of his wealth would stoop to eat something that I took for him.

The difference in our status was clearer than ever before. Just sitting at the same table felt strange; being intimate was out of the question.

"Greg, your dad will help himself if he wants some. He..."

It was a pathetic attempt to diffuse the tension, but Ashton chose this moment to make the situation extra awkward. "Greg, I would like some of that pork."

Though he addressed Gregory by name, it seemed to me that he was speaking to me.

Even Marcus's fork had frozen in midair. Everybody was confused.

"Err..." Gregory muttered with a glance down at his sticky hands helplessly. "My hands are dirty. Why don't you ask Ms. Stovall..."

Marcus couldn't bear it any longer. "Mr. Fuller, you have such a strong bond with your son," he interjected. "You and your wife must be very close."

A hint of coldness flashed before Ashton's eyes. "Mr. White, your relationship with Ms. Stovall appears to be pretty normal," he said with a sardonic laugh.

Marcus kept his expression carefully level. "It's hard to imagine how a busy man such as yourself would have so much time to poke his nose into other people's private matters," he said without hesitation.

Ashton scowled, his eyes dark as storm clouds. "Second only to your ability to worry over nothing, Mr. White."

Marcus suddenly sat up straight in his chair. "Mr. Fuller, you are indeed eloquent." He smiled humorlessly.

"Right back at you," Ashton said mildly as he turned to Gregory. "Are you finished?" he asked. Though his voice had no inflections, it was dangerously soft.

Gregory would undoubtedly have been to plenty of big events. He must have sensed that the atmosphere had turned hostile but was most reluctant to put down his fork. "Yes, I'm done," he admitted against his will.

"Let's go, then. We've overstayed our welcome. Someone's not happy," Ashton said as he got up. "Thank you for your kind

hospitality," he said politely to us. Gripping Gregory by the hand, they departed.

I waited for the door to shut behind them before turning to Marcus. "Do you have a grudge against Ashton or something?" I asked suspiciously.

Their previous encounter was harmonious by comparison. However, upon becoming neighbors, the hostility between them had grown into something tangible.

There was no need for harsh words to be thrown about like that over a meal.

The most unusual thing was that Marcus was usually mild-mannered. He definitely was agitated earlier, which was most unlike himself.

At my words, Marcus resumed his calm demeanor. "Why would you think that?" he said with a light laugh. "You're overthinking. Finish your dinner."

It was obvious that it was a topic that he did not wish to discuss.

It only goes to show that there was indeed something going on between him and Ashton.

Our relationship was different from other normal engaged couples. If Marcus refused to discuss it, I wouldn't have any reason to get to the bottom of it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Gregory's food was virtually untouched.

Ashton had said that their kitchen was not ready for use yet and that the boy did not like takeout. It was going to be a long and hungry night for him.

Maybe I can cook them something simple and send it over?

That wouldn't do as well; Marcus may feel even worse. Though he wouldn't say it aloud, he may feel absolutely uncomfortable in his heart.

I shouldn't go against him.

"Are you full enough?" Marcus's voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Yes, I am. I'm going upstairs."

At that, I casually picked up my phone and turned to go up the stairs.

Marcus may or may not have seen it, but he did not say a thing.

After I shut the door and ascertained that Marcus did not follow, I opened up a takeout app and ordered a homecooked meal for the Fullers.

Gregory wouldn't be starving tonight.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1429

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As usual, I went out for a walk the next morning. I bumped into Ashton and Gregory, who were getting ready to leave their house.

Gregory seemed exceptionally excited to see me. "Ms. Stovall!"

"Good morning Greg!" I smiled at him brightly before glancing towards Ashton. I was surprised to see him staring intently at me.

I regained my composure before I greeted him. "Good morning, Mr. Fuller."

"Morning," Ashton replied coldly, bundling Gregory into a black SUV.

As the vehicle disappeared around the street corner, I sighed in frustration.

When I ordered the food delivery last night, I checked Ashton's background before placing an order that might suit his tastes. His frosty attitude made me question if he really ate the food I had ordered.

I snapped back to reality as I pondered about the situation I was in. Why am I so obsessed with them? Is it just because Gregory is adorable? Or is it because they've been appearing in my life far more frequently than Marcus has these days? Argh, it's confusing!

Emery called me just as I got home.

"Letty, there are some things I need to talk to you about." Emery sounded much more serious compared to the last two conversations we had.

"When and where?" I was traumatized by my previous experience with the paparazzi, and I wanted to take every available precaution.

After I was discharged from the hospital, I had been watching the news at home. There was no shortage of dating scandals broken by dogged tabloid reporters. Next time, I may not be so lucky.

"I'll pick you up in a bit." She hung up before I could say anything else.

Half an hour later, I got into Emery's car. I could tell she was in a weird mood. "Are you ok? You don't look so good."

Though we hadn't spent much time together, I could sense that Emery wasn't a natural introvert.

She seemed to fidget uneasily in her seat.

With a somber expression on her face, she nodded. "I'm a bit nervous."

After a pause, she continued, "I'm about to tell you something very important. You need to know about it today. Actually, you- ah, never mind. This isn't the time or place for it. I'll tell you later."

I didn't probe her since she seemed so cautious.

She drove us to The Jade.

“This is my shop; do you remember it? You can order whatever you like. Drinks are on me for life.”

I shook my head. Though I wasn't feeling particularly thirsty, I still ordered a latte since Emery seemed so excited to bring me here.

Emery appraised me carefully before asking, “Letty, it's been so long. Do you really not remember anything?”

“No,” I replied quietly as I looked around the shop.

The private room in this restaurant was decorated in the same style as the one Gregory had invited me to. Beyond that memory, I had no further recollection of this place.

When I visited the hospital two days ago, the doctor had given me a clean bill of health. When I would recover my memories, however, was entirely up to fate.

Living without the memories of my past felt a little like treading on thin ice. While everything seemed like such a wonderful dream, it also felt like it could collapse at any moment.

When I woke up every morning, even the air felt suffocating.

Emery let out a deep sigh. She unlocked her phone and pushed it toward me. “Do you remember who he is?”

There was a photo of a man displayed on her phone. Of course I knew who he was; this was Ashton.

“I remember him. He's Ashton.” Confused, I asked, “Why are you showing me his photo?”

Evidently, Emery had a more important motive for showing me his photo. “You remember? Then why didn't you say so earlier?”

“He's the richest man in this country. His face is in the news all the time. Why are you surprised that I remember who he is?” I was perplexed at Emery's anxious demeanor.

Emery's expression fell. “That's what you meant by you remember?”

“Yeah. Why?” After some thought, I added, “Though it’s funny that you mention him. He’s my neighbor now. His son is pretty cute too.”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1430

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“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.