

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1416

I was rendered speechless by his harsh remark. “Mr. Fuller, I think you have misunderstood me—”

He strode over and brought Gregory away from me with brute force before I could finish my sentence. “There are a lot of women who wish to become Mrs. Fuller, yet no one has tried something as silly as this.”

Halfway through his speech, he paused and signaled Gregory to stay away from me. Although the little boy was stubborn, he dared not defy his father’s instructions. Albeit reluctantly, he inched away from me.

Ashton looked at me and spat out, “You’re a smart woman because you’re capable of utilizing your strength. Unfortunately, you have picked the wrong target. If you wish to become my wife, why don’t you come after me? You better stay away from him in the future. Otherwise, get yourself ready for the things that are in store for you.”

Huh? Is that a warning? Why does he make himself sound so superior?

At that point, I had had enough of the man’s arrogant remark. Suppressing my wrath, I repeated myself, “I’ll make myself clear for one last time—this is nothing more than a misunderstanding. I have no intention to approach your son, let alone be your wife. Although you’re not half bad in terms of look, you’re nothing more than a single parent with a son. I don’t see the need to waste my time with you.”

Since he didn’t bother to hold back against me, I decided to return the favor and went all out in front of him.

The man frowned when he heard my words. I could detect a hint of frustration through his eyes that had narrowed to a slit.

There wasn’t anything else I could do to prove myself innocent because he seemed to have gotten used to different women saying the same things.

Okay! Considering he's such an exceptional bachelor with a great look and sturdy figure, it's not entirely impossible for those who have ulterior goals to approach his son to win him over!

If he compares me to those with ulterior goals, it makes me seem as suspicious as them!

"Since you think I'm up to something else, I'll leave you and your son alone at once! Also, you should really keep a closer eye on your son. Goodbye!"

"Mommy!"

I was about to leave, but the moment I heard the little boy's voice, I brought myself to a halt and turned around to look at him for one last time. In the end, I gritted my teeth and walked out of the room.

I'm so sorry, Gregory! It's your father's fault! He's such an irritating man!

Once I got out of The Jade, the chauffeur that had brought me there was still around. Therefore, I asked him to bring me back to Marcus' place.

As always, those in the villa had long tucked themselves in. Only a mere few faint sources of illumination were available. I tiptoed my way back into the villa, afraid of waking others up.

On top of being dehydrated after heading out for two hours, I was afraid of being busted. My thirst became unbearable when I reached the stairs, so I had no choice but to revert to the kitchen to get myself a glass of water.

The light in the living room switched on the moment I stepped out of the kitchen. I looked in the direction of the door and noticed Marcus, who was in a set of gray pajamas, craned over and looking at me.

He broke the silence before I could provide an excuse. "Have you run out of water in your room?"

As he had brought up the perfect excuse for me to disguise my trip, I played along with him and nodded. "Mmm. I have gulped down the entire bottle of water in my room because I'm thirsty."

He nodded and said, "You don't have to worry about the utility bills. Just switch on the light if you're heading downstairs."

When I was about to say something, he suggested, "I'll head out and get you a few sets of pajamas tomorrow."

Once he was done, he returned to his room, leaving me behind.

It took me some time to snap out of confusion. I looked down to stare at the set of casual clothes I had on and soon lost myself in another train of thoughts....

I had a hard time falling asleep after the encounter with Gregory. I blamed it on a woman's nature for being overly motherly.

In the end, I ended up tossing and turning on the bed until five o'clock in the morning. When I had enough of wasting my time, I got up and decided to head over to the kitchen.

Marcus always had someone to send different types of ingredients over on a daily basis. In other words, there were different types of ingredients available in the kitchen.

Oddly, the proper way to prepare the different ingredients available would pop up in my mind. I wondered if it had something to do with my survivor's instinct. I ended up preparing different ingredients for a few dishes I had in mind.