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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1239

Right now, I could only try my best to make sure my dreams wouldn't come true.

Ashton snorted. "Try your best?"

He was obviously angry. I met his gaze and realized he was about to take action. Instinctively, I tried to escape. Before I could leave, Ashton pulled me against him tightly.

When I returned to my senses, I found myself drowning in Ashton's passionate kiss. Feeling breathless, I patted his hand a few times so he could release me, but the man ignored my silent pleas.

Left with no choice, I made some protesting sounds before Ashton got enough of me and let me go.

"This is your punishment for not trying your best, get it?"

My breathing was uneven as I glared at him furiously.

Ashton gazed at me in amusement. It didn't seem like he had just scaled the walls just to sneak in earlier.

Suddenly, a shadow appeared in the crack underneath the door. Someone was here. I immediately placed a hand on Ashton's thigh, signaling him to be quiet.

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Yet, the shadow sensed something was wrong and came to a stop outside my door. As it remained unmoving, it might be eavesdropping on us.

That wasn't a good sign.

Besides the bed and a coffee table, there wasn't any other furniture in the room. There was nowhere for Ashton to hide in the toilet, too. If that person outside barged in, Ashton would be discovered at once.

The only choice left was for Ashton to leave now.

We exchanged looks. Ashton's expression darkened as he made his way to the window. I tiptoed to the door in case the person came in. That way, I would be able to stall him or her.

The door was the only obstacle between us. My heart leaped to my throat as I glanced at the shadow through the crack while keeping an eye on Ashton.

When Ashton was about to climb out of the window, Marcus' hoarse voice rang out. "Letty, let's talk. I know you're still awake."

Marcus?

Didn't he refuse to talk to me earlier? Why did he suddenly change his mind?

I stepped back and lowered my voice. "I'm asleep. Let's talk tomorrow."

After I answered him, he fell silent for a long while. If I wasn't staring at his shadow underneath the door, I would've thought he had left by now.

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As we waited, Ashton changed his mind and walked toward me carefully. I only realized it when he came to a stop next to me. At once, I leaned into his embrace.

We were only separated by a door, but it seemed like a bridge we could never cross.

It took some time before Marcus replied, "Have a good rest. Your wish will come true tomorrow."

With that, the shadow under the door moved toward the direction of Marcus' room and disappeared from sight.

I waited until the sound of his footsteps faded away before I heaved a sigh of relief. "My wish will come true tomorrow?" I muttered. "Is Marcus bringing me to see Baby tomorrow?"

Ashton's deep voice rang out above me. "Do you still think he's your Santa Claus?"

His voice seemed odd.

"Did you realize something was wrong with Marcus ages ago?" I inquired.

Ashton didn't reply to my question. Instead, he stalked to the window and lit up a cigarette. He puffed away, seemingly reluctant to share it with me.

"I won't ask questions if you don't feel like saying it." I went to him and closed the windows. Turning at my shoulder, I reminded him. "Smoking is already bad for your health. Why are you taking in the second-hand smoke, too?"

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Ashton was taken aback by my outburst. He put out his cigarette and threw the almost intact cigarette out.

“You won’t smoke anymore?” I was surprised. “You don’t have to worry about being caught. I’ll open the window and ventilate my room.”

“No,” came Ashton’s reply. He changed the topic abruptly by asking, “If you were to choose between me and our son, who will you pick?” He seemed intrigued.

That was the worst-case scenario, so I didn’t expect Ashton to ask me about it. Initially, I was stunned into silence. However, after seeing how serious he was, I burst into laughter. “Ashton, do you know you look like a jealous man in a relationship? You’re worse because you’re even jealous of your own son.”

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After getting rebuffed, Ashton looked away and smiled wryly. “I know the answer. It is no surprise to me.”

I smirked. “Who do you think I will pick?”

“I know you won’t pick me.” Ashton shrugged as disappointment flashed across his face. “But Scarlett, you’ll be my only choice no matter what.”

It seemed like he was joking, so I didn’t know how to react.

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Without waiting for my response, he climbed out of the window deftly. “See you tomorrow.”

He then jumped and disappeared into the night.

I went to the window and looked around, but he was nowhere to be seen. I waited a while longer before closing the windows.

The next morning, I woke up early.

Eager to see my son, I dressed up for the occasion.

After breakfast, Marcus brought me out.

I thought it was going to be a long ride, but ten minutes after we entered the city, our car came to a stop.

Marcus opened the door and left, so I hurriedly followed him. We entered a shop selling watches and clocks.

The shop had an old signboard hanging above the entrance. There were twelve clocks, each showing different time zones, on display.

We walked past the counter, where an elderly gentleman was examining an old watch using professional equipment carefully. He didn't seem surprised at our arrival.

Marcus ignored the elderly man and went into the inner space. As he took long strides, I had to dash to catch up to him.

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After taking a few turns in the house full of clocks, we finally arrived in a vast room. Bottles of red wine were lined up on both sides of the walls, and there was a velvet couch in the middle of the room.

Marcus went to the wine cabinet and took out one bottle of wine. After a momentary silence, the wall right in front of me move aside and revealed a door behind it.

My lips parted in surprise when I realized the red wine wasn't a decoration but the key to the hidden door.

There were two wine racks and hundreds of bottles of red wine. It would take hundreds of attempts for someone to get the right key. Besides, no one would pay attention to the red wine as there were too many bottles of them.

"Come with me." I was still in a daze when Marcus stepped into the secret space. I scurried after him at once while peeking at the wine bottle he picked up earlier.

I couldn't remember which bottle exactly that Marcus picked up as he was too fast, but I forced myself to remember the direction. If I were to come here again, at least I wouldn't be wandering around cluelessly.

I thought I would see my son as soon as I entered, but an underground factory appeared in my sight instead.

We were on the second floor, and below us was an assembly line. There were workers dressed in silver protective suits handling unknown bottles on the conveyor belt. I was too far to see what was inside the bottles.

"This way."

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Marcus' voice snapped me out of my train of thoughts. I was still curious, but I followed behind him nonetheless.

Finally, after making a few turns, I heard a child wailing in the distance.

Just when I was about to get excited, something occurred to me.

I could hear children, plural, wailing.

The nearer we got, the more I was sure that there was more than one child here.

Indeed, when Marcus pushed the door open, I was greeted by the sight of over a dozen incubators.

Inside the incubators were newborn babies wailing at the top of their lungs as their mothers weren't with them. It was a chaotic but heart-wrenching sight.

I immediately rushed in to find my son. Alas, after circling the room, I realized he wasn't there.

Standing amidst the incubators, I demanded, "What is this?"

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