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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1442

Marcus' half-awakened eyes promptly lit up, and his inflection elevated a notch. "To see who?"

I replied with a stutter, "It's..."

He did not wait for me to finish. "Go ahead if you want to, but be careful. There may be something more to the traffic accident than meets the eye."

His tone was calm, but his words discouraging.

I nodded. "I understand. I'll be back as soon as possible."

With that, I poured a glass of water and left it within his reach. "Rest up first. Mrs. Kingsley will be over soon."

"Okay."

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I left only when Mrs. Kingsley arrived.

I was about to hire a ride when a black van honked at me.

Its number plate was not unfamiliar to me. Ashton had once unloaded from this vehicle when he moved in next door to Marcus.

I instinctively reached over for the handle. When the door to the rear seating opened, there sat Ashton.

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Cautiously, I withdrew my hand. “Mr. Fuller?”

“Get in.”

Ashton spoke briskly and without much emotion, so much so that I was unsure whether I had imagined hearing him.

I caught a glimpse of his fingers rapping upon the armrest ever so often. Their movements were casual yet confident. Only then did I understand that he had been waiting for some time, so I promptly lowered my head and entered without a fight.

The soundproofing inside the vehicle was excellent as it was relatively quiet even while we traversed the bustling commercial district.

I was first between us to break the silence. “Have you found out the results of the paternity test yet, Mr. Fuller?”

“Not yet.” Ashton’s lips lifted somewhat patronizingly before he went on to light up a cigar for himself.

My body had been subsisting on medication and supplements during this period and was more sensitive than most. I cupped my nose inside my knuckle against the smell of tobacco drifting toward me.

In the next moment, the windows to the side steadily lowered.

When I turned, I saw that the freshly lit cigar was now resting quietly inside the ashtray. With the inside of the car completely ventilated by the night breeze, the scent of the tobacco quickly dissipated.

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I felt warm inside and pursed my lips as I regarded him and his considerate gesture.

Ashton's gaze was directed forward and unwavering. The calmness that was also reflected in his gaze made him hard to decipher.

Shortly, the car rolled to a halt.

Joseph came up to open the door. "Mr. Fuller."

It would appear that he, too, had been waiting for a while as well. Upon detecting my presence, he bowed in greeting. "Ms. Stovall."

He then walked himself to Ashton's right and whispered into his ear as he led the way.

I followed behind in silence with a clamminess inside my palms.

Even though it was conclusive enough over on Marcus' end, I could not help but hope for some luck and some surprises going in.

We did not have to wait very long before the doctor arrived with the paternity test report in hand. A bunch of the specialized terminology was broken down and explained, but it was all Greek to me.

Ashton must have noticed my unease. He stretched out his legs and said staidly, "Be concise."

The doctor immediately closed the file and replied solemnly, "Ms. Carlette Stovall and Gregory Hall are not biologically related."

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“No?” I could not mask my disappointment. Could it be that Marcus was right while Emery and the rest were mistaken about this?

I absentmindedly looked to Ashton for his reaction. His face was darkened as he sat frozen in his seat.

After a brief pause, he looked up and instructed Joseph, “Send Ms. Stovall home.”

His tone was frostier than before, and there was a subtle sense of urgency about it.

Joseph, too, seemed surprised at the outcome and took a while to recover. He then duly gestured to the door, saying, “After you, Ms. Stovall.”

I did not get up right away, turning to the side instead. “Mr. Fuller!”

It was the ties that bind. I refused to believe that Gregory’s attachment toward me came out of nowhere. We must be missing something.

Even though I was unable to convince myself, I would not be able to accept this if the results currently in Ashton’s hands had been tampered with.

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