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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1467

Gregory was very talented at programming. Resultantly, he was able to smoothly operate programming software on the new laptop within that afternoon.

His coding skills were seriously amazing.

I could not help but take a seat on the sofa next to him, watching him silently.

After a while, I realized how interesting programming actually was.

Since Ashton knew Gregory's character very well, he knew that his son would not leave once he saw a computer. Without saying anything else, Ashton headed upstairs.

After about twenty minutes, Gregory said excitedly, "Ms. Stovall, I can show you something fun very soon."

However, as soon as he was done speaking, a large hand appeared and shut the laptop.

Gregory and I raised our heads simultaneously, coming face to face with Ashton's expressionless face.

"Go and wash up. Your bedtime has long passed." His tone was cold, leaving no room for bargaining at all.

Gregory's face fell, and he was reluctant to go. However, he was facing Ashton after all, so he had no ability to fight back. He could only reluctantly reply with an "Okay" before he stood up to leave.

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Yet, my reaction was a second too slow. I did not realize whose territory I was in before I jumped up and shouted, "Why are you going around switching off others' computers!"

It was a critical moment since we were about to see the results of the code. To have been interrupted just like that was indeed a very annoying thing to experience.

Compared to my threatening reaction, there was no change to Ashton's demeanor. He asked indifferently, "What time is it now?"

I glanced at the clock on the wall and replied, "Ten. So what?"

Ashton only spared me a cold glance before he turned around and made his way upstairs.

Only in hindsight did I realize that usually by that timing, Gregory would have been deep asleep.

Thus, Ashton was only doing it out of consideration for the boy. However, his plain, straightforward manner made me subconsciously want to resist him.

Can't you just talk properly?

Just then, someone pulled on my sleeves. I looked down to see Gregory giving me a pleading look. "Ms. Stovall, I still want to use the laptop for a while and finish writing the program."

I was speechless. How was I to tell this smart yet silly boy that I wanted that too, but we had to do things according to the rules?

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I pondered for a while, then sighed and squatted in front of Gregory. Trying my best to treat him like an adult, I explained, "Gregory, it's too late today, and I'm tired. The data is saved on the laptop so it won't get lost. But if you don't have enough sleep, you won't grow tall, and you won't be able to protect the people you love in the future. Let's go wash up and sleep, and we'll continue tomorrow, okay?"

Seemingly understanding my intentions, he replied, "Okay."

"Good boy!"

Although I had already interacted with Gregory for a few days, his good behavior still surprised me a little.

It was Monday the next day, and the whole family got up very early to have breakfast. Then, Ashton dropped Gregory at school on the way to work.

Once they left, I was the only one remaining in the huge house.

Bored, I decided to pick up my old hobby again and headed out to the garden to care for the plants and flowers alongside the workers.

While I trimmed the potted plants, I could not help but think of Marcus and his wife. When I had previously investigated him, there was no information about his marriage, so I did not know what kind of entanglements they had previously.

Suddenly, there was a hoarse, tired male voice coming from behind me.
"Letty."

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The voice was soft and sounded as if its owner had been crying. The moment I heard it, my heart sank, and my body felt heavy. I could not help but turn around instantly.

The voice belonged to a man wearing a white suit and whose chin was covered with stubble. He stood on the gravel path in the yard, next to a little girl about Gregory's age. She wore a Lolita-style dress and donned a princessy-looking hat, her eyes filled with energy.

Both of them looked as if they had come out of a comic book.

However, the man's gaze was heavy. Although he had perfect facial features, his eyes were full of complicated emotions—rejoice, exhaustion, relief, and lost.

Perhaps women were more empathetic for the moment my eyes met his, I could not help but feel sad.

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