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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1423

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."

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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.

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“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.

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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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