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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1426

It was raining that day; the child's memory was limited to what he was able to see clearly. Furthermore, the architecture for all the villas on my street was very similar.

Ashton gazed at me from afar and then turned to his son. "Gregory," he called, with a hint of warning in his voice.

Gregory frowned when he heard. He reluctantly loosened his grip on me and walked back to his father with a pout.

When he reached Ashton's side, he grabbed one of his fingers coyly.

Children were emphatic; he had probably noticed his father's anger and was keen to make amends.

Their relationship seems a little too stiff, I thought. He was perhaps a little strict for such a young child.

At that age, they were developing actively. Their nature, reason, and emotional quotient had to be nurtured most carefully.

I wasn't close to Ashton as we were merely casual acquaintances. It was not up to me to criticize him about the upbringing of his kid.

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Ashton stood where he was for a little while. He then turned and led his child into the villa opposite ours.

When they had entered, the man who had opened the door for them walked up to me. "So, we are officially neighbors now. My name is Joseph. If there's anything you may need, please feel free to ask."

He handed me his card while he introduced himself. I glanced at it before introducing myself in return. "You can call me Carlette."

"Did you enquire on behalf of Ashton the other day? Is he your boss?" I asked after a brief pause.

"Yes, he is," Joseph replied. "Mr. Fuller would like a change of scenery for his child. He chose this neighborhood and sent me over to help him settle in. I must thank you again for that day."

"Joseph." Ashton's voice rang out from behind.

We turned and found Ashton at the door with a sullen expression on his face.

Joseph hastily excused himself and ran to Ashton.

I felt confused as I stared at the shut door of the Fullers' new residence.

This neighborhood is mere of an upper middle class. With Ashton's wealth and status, shouldn't he be living somewhere much more expensive?

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Why did he choose to stay here, of all places? Ashton had many puzzling things about him that could not be deciphered if one were to approach the problem rationally.

With a headful of doubt, I waited for the doors opposite to shut again before turning around to return to my villa.

Marcus came home at dinnertime. At the recollection of the events of the afternoon, I perked up at the chance of a conversational starter. "You'd never have guessed who just moved into the house across ours," I began casually.

"Who?" Marcus asked nonchalantly. It was obvious that he wasn't interested.

"They are..."

Ding dong!

The words almost out of my mouth when I was rudely interrupted by the doorbell.

Marcus did not like to be disturbed during his meals. The servants had returned to their rooms after serving us, and there was no one left to wait on us in the living room. The door was nearer to me so I voluntarily got up. "I'll get it."

Marcus had already put down his fork exasperatedly but at my initiative, he resumed his meal.

Due to recent troubles in his life, he had not been attentive towards me.

A chubby little face appeared as soon as I opened the door. "Ms. Stovall!"

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Gregory held the door open. His beady little eyes were fixed on me with a gleeful look on his face.

“Hello, Greg! What can I help you with?” I smiled down at him.

“We have no electricity and water in our house. It’s dark all over and no fun at all.”

“Is that so...” I frowned and touched the boy’s head sorrowfully.

Before Ashton moved in, that villa had been uninhabited for a long time. The problems with the utilities were to be expected at the sudden occupation.

Ashton suddenly leaned over and appeared before me through the half-opened door. “Gregory is very picky with his food.”

“Hmm?” I was stunned for a moment, unclear of his intent.

Gregory tugged on my sleeve. “Ms. Stovall,” he said with a grimace. “I’m very hungry. Look, my stomach is all deflated.”

“We can’t cook, and he doesn’t like takeout,” Ashton chimed in.

He remained expressionless as he spoke; it was cold and distant.

I understood perfectly at this point; they had invited themselves over for a meal.

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