

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1466

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“Let him go,” Ashton said, not bothering to raise his head as he stared silently into space. There was no way to tell whether or not he had even listened to what the doctor said.

When the doctor left, Ashton fell back into his own thoughts. His expression remained indifferent, and his emotions were hidden, causing others to be afraid to approach him.

Although I was not afraid, I did not dare to provoke him either. Thus, I sat to one side and waited patiently.

A long time later, Ashton eventually gathered his thoughts and pulled me out of the hospital.

Only after driving for a while did Ashton speak. His voice was low and deep. “What do you want to eat tonight?”

“Do I even have a say in front of you, Mr. Fuller? You should decide.” I suddenly thought of something and asked, “We’re not going back to eat?”

Ashton did not reply and simply parked the car after turning the corner. By the side of the road was a restaurant selling local cuisine.

Helpless, I followed him out of the car as I muttered absently to myself, “Gregory’s going to be so lonely eating by himself.”

Ashton stopped in his tracks and glanced at me with an expression that said he knew it well, signaling that I did not need to worry about Gregory.

How could I not worry about it? Children were aware and had their own thoughts as well. Once he realized that the adults had left him to fend for himself, he’d feel so wronged.

Who knows how long our mother and son relationship will last. As long as I’m still his mother, I won’t just leave him alone!

Just as I prepared to go home alone, Ashton's voice rang out. "The peak hour in K city will at least last until ten at night. There're two more hours to go. Are you sure you're not hungry?"

"I can bear..."

Just as the word "bear" left my mouth, my stomach growled loudly.

Ever since I woke up, I had constantly taken all three meals on time. Even if a meal was late, I always had snacks lying around. Therefore, as I had been getting a checkup the entire afternoon, my stomach had been long empty. Needless to say, I was hungry.

There was nothing more embarrassing than that exact moment.

Ashton narrowed his eyes, and a slight smile appeared on his face. It was as if he had seen through my words.

Obviously, there was no use in trying to act tough anymore. Thus, I continued walking into the store while blushing.

Ashton took a seat opposite me, then passed me the menu.

Surprised, I widened my eyes. He's so kind?

I glanced over the menu before returning it to him while keeping vigilant. "You order. I'm not picky."

Without another word, he ordered a few simple dishes.

Since Ashton was still deep in thought, he barely spared me a glance while we waited for the dishes to be served.

Soon after, the dishes arrived. I was a little surprised once I put my phone down.

Half of the dishes were lightly seasoned, while the others were well-seasoned and spicy.

I asked, "You like to eat spice?"

Previously, he had enjoyed the light-tasting food that I made. Did his taste buds change?

Then, a thought suddenly popped into my mind.

Is Ashton trying to accommodate my eating habits?

As soon as I had that thought, my chair seemed to have grown spikes. No matter how I sat, I felt uncomfortable.

Ashton's suddenly acting so considerate. Don't tell me he's hiding something from me?

Just as I was mentally calculating the possibility of me falling for one of his traps, Ashton replied in a dark voice, "Yeah."

He had perfectly exhibited what it meant to be a man of few words while at the same time exuding an unexplainable, attractive force.

Ashton was actually trying to cater to my habits.

I was fidgety throughout the meal, not daring to even lift my head.

On the other hand, Ashton was calm and had a better appetite than I had ever seen before.

Since we had avoided the rush hour, the drive home was particularly smooth.

When we entered the living room, Gregory was holding on to Alexander's gift, one of the latest laptops. His gaze was solemn, similar to the first time I had seen him using a computer.

"Greg..." I said in a singsong voice.

However, Gregory only half-heartedly hummed in reply. His eyes never left the laptop, and it was as if his hands were glued to it, constantly typing away.

I walked over to stand behind him and gently patted him on the head.

“Ms. Stovall!” Gregory said distractedly as he smiled and looked up at me. Then, he turned back and continued studying the laptop screen.

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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.

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?

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."

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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“Do we know each other?” I stammered hesitantly, frowning.

“It’s me,” The man muttered thickly. He looked as if he was struggling to quell some intense emotion that was rising within him. He cleared his throat, then said, raising his voice, “It’s me, John Stovall.”

John’s eyes were brimming with tears. When his statement elicited no response from me, he looked at rueful, then asked, “Have you really forgotten who I am?”

John? I pondered. That name sounds strangely familiar...

My eyes darted from him to the little girl standing just beside him. Realization dawned upon me.

John was a member of the Stovall family and “Scarlett”’s relative. I recalled briefly seeing him listed amongst the material that Ashton had given me. John had grown out his beard, which hindered me from recognizing him at first glance.

According to Ashton’s plan, I was to battle John in court over custody rights.

Why do I feel such an overwhelming surge of regret within me now? I wondered. The sight of John and the little girl standing next to each other caused an unspeakable ache in my heart.

I felt sorry for agreeing to Ashton, for using the pretense of “Scarlett” to tear John and the little girl apart.

In the living room, John sat the girl down on the sofa facing me. He then placed the manila envelope he’d brought along with him on the table beside.

Before we’d entered, John had briefly announced, “I’m taking you with me.”

He seemed to be in a great hurry. Once the maid had brought us a round of water, John immediately broke the ice by saying frankly, “The Stovall family and the Moore family have never given up on

searching for you. To take care of the child, as well as to accumulate enough funds, we arranged to migrate. We'd even made the entire company move. It was all to no avail, however. That's why I was only able to finally meet with you today."

John sounded weary. He'd spoken calmly, but I could detect more than a hint of sorrow in his voice. In front of the child's inquisitive eyes, however, John had to maintain his composure. He paused and took several long, deep breaths. Lowering his gaze for a while, John's elegant fingers drumming furiously on the surface of the manila envelope as he contemplated how he should continue.

"I know you don't remember anything. I'm here for you. Don't worry about anything else. This envelope contains DNA proof of your relationship with Audrey, as well as a Share Transfer Agreement of half of Stovall Corporation's shares. When you return, you'll be the second-largest major shareholder in Stovall Corporation. Just focus on your own happiness for the rest of your life and leave the rest to me," John finally declared.

Before I could respond, John exhaled, then turned towards the little girl. He took her hand gently, then led her over to me. "Audrey, this is your mommy," he said tenderly.

Audrey bit her lip and looked at me uncertainly. She turned back to face John, who smiled at her encouragingly and gave her a nudge. Audrey turned back to look at me with an enormous beam on her face. "Mommy!" she called out with a sweet voice.

Audrey had initially appeared more cautious than Gregory had been at our first meeting. She seemed emboldened now by John's affirmation that this was indeed her mommy. Audrey ran towards me as fast as her short legs could carry her and wrapped her stubby arms around my neck. Sobbing, she cried again, "Mommy! I missed you!"

Audrey spoke in Ustranasian, and even though I wasn't fluent in the language, I was nonetheless moved by the earnestness with which Audrey cried. As she clung to my neck and wept, my heart broke. I, too, embraced her.

It was the oddest feeling. Just as I had when I'd hugged Gregory, I felt a sudden rush of tears now as I held Audrey's small body in my arms.



After a long time, Audrey stopped crying. Both of us looked at each other, smiling despite our tear-stained faces.

Audrey's resemblance to Ashton was uncanny. Their large, dark eyes were practically identical. The main difference, however, was that Audrey's eyes were soft and gentle, without a trace of the ruthlessness in Ashton's.

I opened my mouth to speak, but Audrey broke in, saying, "Mommy, it's my birthday today. Are you going to spend it with me?"

She smiled winningly at me. However, I could see undercurrents of grief ripple beneath her sunny eyes.

As much as I did not want to cooperate with Ashton, I could not bring myself to refuse Audrey and shatter her heart.

Thus resolved, I swallowed the words that were on the tip of my tongue.

I reached out and ruffled her hair, saying, "Audrey, you haven't met your brother, have you? Gregory will be coming back for lunch later. Do you want to go play in his room for a while? We'll give Gregory a surprise when he comes home."

"Sure!" Audrey bounced on her feet happily, clapping her hands in glee. "I have a brother! I want to meet my brother!"

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I beckoned to the maid waiting to come over to clear the glasses of water, and gestured to Audrey, instructing, "Bring her to Mr. Gregory's room."

Excitedly, Audrey hopped over and took the maid's hand, demurely allowing herself to be led upstairs to Gregory's room.

I watched their departing figures until they had fully vanished upstairs, then turned back to gaze soberly at John. He looked a lot warmer and kinder than Ashton, but something about him raised my suspicions.

I vainly probed my memory in an attempt to uncover just what inspired my current feelings of uneasiness. In the face of John's apparent sincerity, however, I found myself defenseless.

John and Ashton each maintained their respective versions of the truth. However, the identity Marcus had bestowed on me back then was clearly Carlette. My mind was in a whirlwind, uncertain of who I could trust.

"Don't you trust me?" John persisted. His voice penetrated the fog of emotions in my head as if he could see right through my suspicion.

I felt strangely relieved that I no longer had to keep up my facade of confidence. I raised my head and met his eyes, saying gravely, "I'm sorry. I don't think I have the capability to make a decision now."

I shifted my gaze to the manila envelope on the table, then reached out to touch its smooth surface. I laughed awkwardly, then confessed, "To tell the truth, I've seen this DNA report more than three times already this month. It has outlined a different result every time. If even science can be as unreliable as all that, I really don't know who I can trust."

John was silent for a moment. He looked down, his nails digging into the flesh of his thighs. In a low voice, he muttered, "You're blaming me."

John's words pierced my heart like a knife.

I had decided to trust Ashton's claim that I wasn't Scarlett, largely because I could not bear to face the fact that my family had utterly abandoned Scarlett for six whole years.

One could blame it on either mishap or mistake, but didn't that mean that our familial ties couldn't even endure a hurdle like that?

Having lost my memory, I felt as if I was spending every waking moment on thin ice, not knowing whether my next step would be

fatal. On the bright side, if one could call it that, any loss would mean absolutely nothing to me. Without any ties whatsoever, I was completely at liberty to do anything, or go anywhere I pleased.

Whether I was Scarlett or Carlette, I had been reborn. I no longer had any earthly attachments, nor was I under any obligation to forgive anyone.

I thus replied mildly, "I'm sorry, I don't know how to deal with this at the moment."

John appeared devastated. Looking into his dark, troubled eyes, I added, "If I'm really Gregory and Audrey's mother, however, I hope you will leave her with me. I'm thankful to you for having looked after her for so long, but raising her is my responsibility, after all. I don't want to trouble you any further."

"Trouble?" John blanched. He gave me a long, hard look, then said tersely, "I won't leave either Audrey or you here. Now that I'm here, I'm taking you along with me."

Are all of Scarlett's friends and family that domineering? I thought in despair.

I shrugged, then shook my head helplessly at John. "I'm sorry, but I can't go with you."

"You can't go with me? Then, who did you intend to go with? Were you planning on staying here with Ashton instead, that pathetic excuse of a man?" John demanded, his voice trembling with agitation.

Without waiting for my reply, John turned towards the stairs and bellowed, "Audrey, get down here now!"

When Audrey heard John's roar of rage, she raced out of the room and stood uncertainly at the top of the stairs. She was clutching a photo of Gregory tightly in one hand. In a meek voice, she ventured, "Uncle John, did you call me?"

Without saying a word, John bolted up the stairs two steps at a time. He swept Audrey up in his arms, then stormed downstairs.

When they passed by me, John seized my arm and hauled me out together with them. "Follow me!" he commanded brusquely.

I hurried along with him. At the door, however, we almost collided headlong with an incoming Ashton.

The eyes of the two men met. I could almost feel the air crackling between them, charged with tension as it was. My hair stood on end.

Joseph followed behind Ashton, panting heavily. Both of them looked as if they had hurried over immediately after receiving the news.

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Everyone froze. After a few moments, Ashton coldly surveyed our ensemble. His gaze landed on John's hand, maintaining its tight grip on mine, and lingered. Without betraying any hint of emotion, Ashton said coolly, "Wasn't it enough for you to take Audrey away? You had to come back and take Scarlett too, hadn't you? Did you think I'd stand idly by and let you do that?"

John laughed in derision. Narrowing his eyes, John looked at Ashton with evident contempt.

Ashton, however, did not take the bait. He slowly shifted his gaze to Audrey, who was still perched on John's arms. Ashton's gaze softened. Gently, he cooed, "Audrey!"

Audrey's face burst into an expression of rapturous joy. Squirming in John's arms, she proclaimed, "Mr. Fuller, you're so handsome!"

We were all rather nonplussed by Audrey's sudden confession. Bemused, I reflected, Is this really the best time to be talking about looks?

The charged atmosphere was abruptly reduced to a state of awkwardness.

John's face looked glum. Meanly, he snapped at Audrey, "Audrey, what did I teach you?"

"I remember now!" Audrey's features were squished in a moment of intense concentration. Suddenly, she raised her finger and intoned, as if she was reciting her lessons, "Other than Uncle John, any other men who are handsome are bad men!"

"That's right," John nodded his head in satisfaction. He gestured dismissively at Ashton, then turned to look at Audrey solemnly. "I'll give you another chance. What do you call this man?"

Audrey's mouth rounded into a perfect O. Proudly, she hollered, "You're a bad man!"

"Good girl! I'll buy you a new dress when we get home," John said approvingly. Even as he teased Audrey, however, his eyes never once left Ashton's face. The two men continued staring defiantly at each other, neither willing to concede.

What strange theories has John imparted to Audrey? I wondered in mild surprise. Does this mean that besides John, no other man in this world can talk to her?

I groaned inwardly. Men's egos can really manifest in the oddest forms!

Ashton, however, looked utterly unfazed by the ridiculous skit he'd just witnessed. Beaming brightly at Audrey, he said in a mellow, cajoling tone, "Audrey, it's Daddy! Are you sure you don't want a hug?"

Aghast, John immediately tried to intervene, but to no avail.

"Daddy?" Audrey's ears instantly pricked up. Wide-eyed with delight, she exclaimed, "Are you really my daddy?"

"Of course." "No!"

Ashton and John answered Audrey both at once. The difference between the two men could not be starker. John had spoken

vehemently, his eyes wild. He looked as if he was on the verge of erupting with fury.

Ashton, however, had given his answer confidently, with a look of serene assurance on his face. Entirely blasé about John's indignation, he continued, this time extending both his arms to Audrey, "Come to Daddy!"

As he spoke, Ashton threaded his arms beneath Audrey's, coolly lifting her out of John's arms altogether.

Audrey looked at Ashton, hesitating for a brief moment. She then leaned towards him tentatively.

John was astounded by Ashton's audacity. He tightened his grip on Audrey, then quickly retreated a few steps backward, ordering hotly, "Take your dirty hands off her!"

Ashton's hands were left barren. They hung limply in the air for a moment, then fell back to his sides. A wry smile hovered on his lips, "It's fine. Thanks for coming all this way to deliver my daughter to me, anyway."

A cold gleam flashed across John's narrowed eyes. Maintaining his firm grip on my arm, John drew Audrey and me aside. After gently setting Audrey down, John knelt before her, saying meaningfully, "Princess, you haven't sung for Uncle John in a while, have you?"

When Audrey heard those words, she immediately danced in glee, clapping her hands joyfully. "Oh, goody! Uncle John's going to fight!"

Without another word of warning, Audrey turned me around. Our backs facing John and Ashton, she immediately began singing enthusiastically, "Jingle bells, jingle bells..."

I found this entire scene peculiar and twisted my body to look back at John and Ashton. In those brief moments, the air behind me had become charged once again with clear animosity.

Ashton glanced at Joseph. Joseph, immediately comprehending, walked forward and rested an arm on John's shoulder. Briskly, almost apologetically, Joseph said, "Mr. Stovall, why don't you

step outside with me? Mr. Fuller will take care of Ms. Audrey here.”