In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1480

Seeing that I had seen through his act, Ashton looked away in embarrassment and snapped, "That's none of your business."

He then placed his other hand on the steering wheel and took another drag of his cigarette. "Bear in mind that you're just Scarlett's substitute."

Under a veil of the cigarette smoke, he drew a rather lonesome figure as if he had worn himself to a frazzle, trying to bear all the lies and deceptions in his life.

As he refused to say anything else, I had no choice but to stop pressing him for more information.

As the saying goes, you can't wake a person who is pretending to be asleep. Moreover, with his personality, no one on earth could make him say something he refused to say.

An hour later, after he finished half a pack of his cigarettes, he finally started the car again and returned home.

Halfway through the journey, Gregory called and said he wanted a cake from the bakery we went to previously, so I asked Ashton to stop the car when we were passing by the mall.

When I was unfastening my seat belt, he said with a hint of contempt in his voice, "Why bother to get the cake by yourself? You can always get someone else to deliver it straight to the house."

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I paused in my movement and rolled my eyes at him. "It's more thoughtful to get it myself. Nah, I can't blame you for not knowing this. How could Ashton, the genius in the business realm, understand the importance of sincerity? Don't worry, you don't need to come with me. I'll go by myself while you wait for me here."

With that, I got out of the car and headed to the mall. Two minutes later, a well-built figure appeared and walked alongside me to the mall.

Curious, I glanced up and saw Ashton's chin. "Didn't you think that this is a waste of time?"

He did not even glance at me. "My son is worth the time."

I chuckled inwardly. This guy is so full of himself.

Ignoring him, I whipped around and deliberately walked faster, leaving him behind.

As we entered the bakery at the basement level, the cake that Gregory liked happened to have just one left. Overjoyed, I pointed at the cake and said, "I'd like to take away this cake."

The store manager seemed to be in a hurry to close his business. He gave me a perfunctory smile, put the cake into a take-out box, and handed me the box without giving me a carryout bag.

Worried that Ashton might get impatient, I did not care much and took out my wallet. "How much is it?"

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"It's on the house. Please leave as soon as possible." The manager hurriedly put away all the leftover desserts and pressed on his Bluetooth earpiece. "We're going to close soon. Sorry for that. You can come again next time."

It's for free?

They close at seven? Isn't it too early?

Holy crap, is he a filthy rich guy who opens a small bakery to experience a commoner's life? I had no other choice but to leave him a fifty on the counter before taking away the cake.

As we walked towards the exit, I kept thinking about the strange behavior of the store manager.

He looked young, and when he tapped on his earpiece, he had his other hand in his pocket.

Besides, I noticed that there were no other customers in the mall since Ashton and I entered here.

In an instant, I started to feel a trace of panic rising in me. However, when I saw that Ashton was still as calm as ever, I took a deep breath and calmed myself down, consoling myself that I was probably overthinking matters.

As soon as we stepped out of the bakery, an elevator nearby dinged and opened, revealing a man in a cap and a camo inside. He came out and strode in our direction.

Without much thought, I immediately tugged on Ashton's sleeve and pulled him to the escalator at the other side. This floor was absolutely empty, so the

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man in a camo spotted us instantly and rushed towards the escalator next to us.

Seeing him getting closer to us, my heart started to race, and my breathing turned rapid.

The shops in the mall were all open, but it was all quiet, and no one was loitering around. I suddenly thought of the bakery shop manager who seemed to be warning me to leave immediately.

And the cautious, serious look was more like a plainclothes police officer!

As I glanced sideways surreptitiously, I immediately locked eyes with the eyes of the suspicious man. He had taken off his cap and was leaning against the handrail. When he saw me looking at him, he grinned.