In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1411

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"Maybe? Why don't you try to think about it?" Marcus kept his eyes on the road as he drove.

"You mean you don't know him?" I was startled by his answer as I had come to the conclusion that Marcus and Alexander had not been on good terms ever since a long time ago.

"That was my first time encountering him. Therefore, I can't be sure if he was telling the truth. After all, we were separated for a long time. We only have a few friends in mutual."

I thought we used to have a superficial relationship where we would pretend to be lovely in front of one another's friends and families. To my surprise, it was the exact opposite.

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On top of that, I was surprised by how Marcus seemed to be aware of the things I had in mind. "C-Can you tell?"

"Currently, you're not much different from an elementary school student. It's not tough to read you—all it takes is a little effort and some time."

It was an answer to my question, yet he stared dead ahead of him instead of looking at me in the eyes.

I could see his side profile from my point of view. He was relatively unfazed.

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All of a sudden, he turned around and looked at me in the eyes. "You need to tell me if you're touched. Miscommunication was the reason we were apart from one another for so long."

My lips curved upwards when I heard his reply. Placing my hands in front of my chest, I announced, "It feels not half bad."

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He narrowed his eyes to a slit and smiled in return.

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When I got downstairs for breakfast the next day, I noticed that Marcus had long departed.

I spent my time in the courtyard reading and enjoying the sun. When it was around ten o'clock, he showed up with his bag and took a seat next to me, carrying on with his work.

Just as the maid served us a plate of fruits, Marcus received a call. He headed over to the nearby corridor to answer the call. Occasionally, he would turn around to check on me.

Suddenly, the maid pointed at the milk in front of me and suggested, "Ms. Stovall, you should hurry up and finish the milk when it's still warm."

Since the maids had been pretty friendly, I picked up the glass of milk and gulped it down without a second thought.

When I was about to place the glass on the table, I noticed a note there. The maid looked at me and wouldn't stop signaling me to pick it up with her eyes.

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I knew the things she had in mind and stuffed the note into my pocket without hesitation.

After I placed it in my pocket, I took a peek at Marcus, who happened to be on his way back to take his seat next to me.

"Is there something on my face?" he questioned.

"Nope." After I answered his question, I stretched my limbs and yawned. "I'm quite sleepy. I'm going to head inside and take a short nap."

I had no idea who had acquired the maid's aid to deliver the message to me, let alone the content of the note. Thus, I was afraid to check on the note in front of Marcus.

Afraid he would notice something was wrong, I trudged back to my room. The moment I entered the room, I rushed into the washroom and locked the door before digging the piece of note out.

I arched my brows in confusion when I read the contents. Apart from a single phrase, there wasn't anything else on the piece of paper.

Meet me at The Jade at nine o'clock. I'll be waiting for you in room 608!

The person hadn't bothered to include a message to earn my trust, but the neat and tidy handwriting made me feel somewhat at ease to follow the instruction.

On top of that, The Jade seemed to ring a bell as well.

After muttering to myself, I tore the note into countless pieces and flushed them down the toilet.

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When I walked out of the washroom, I encountered Marcus, who happened to be walking into the room. He looked at me with a straight face, but I started breathing heavily, guilt washing over me.

"I respect your privacy. Therefore, you don't need to lock the door when you're merely going to use the washroom." He must have heard the clicking sound of the door being unlocked.

"I guess it has always been a habit of mine."

His eyes flickered as though he recalled something, but he didn't seem to doubt my words. "Maybe you're right. You're free to do anything that makes you happy, but I hope you open up and make yourself at home."

I shrugged my shoulders and forced a calm front, replying nonchalantly, "I'll be fine. After all, you have been taking great care of me."

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To my surprise, Marcus wrapped up the conversation and responded with a thought-provoking smirk.

It might be a baseless accusation, but it felt as though he didn't have much faith in me.

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After our dinner, I returned to my room way ahead of my usual schedule and pretended to fall asleep.

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All this while, Marcus had been adjusting his schedule based on mine. Therefore, after an hour of me pretending to tuck myself in, he switched off the light of his room.

The maid who had passed me the note seemed to be anticipating my arrival—I saw her waiting for me at the entrance to the courtyard the moment I walked downstairs.

"Ms. Stovall, this way!"

I had made up my mind to meet the person behind the note, so I stopped doubting her and tiptoed my way out of the villa.

Once I made my way out, a nearby car beamed its headlamps, signaling me to get into it.

When I marched over, I was shocked because a sense of familiarity struck me when I saw the vehicle registration plate.

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Thus, I stopped holding back and sprinted over because I was afraid Marcus would get in my way and stop me.

On our way to The Jade, I had been wondering if the upcoming session had something to do with my encounter with Alexander at the Ferropenian restaurant.

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I was way skinnier than I used to be. Therefore, I had a relatively different look from my previous self. No one could possibly tell me apart when I had merely been out for a few hours.

After I alighted from the car, I noticed that the other party had already gotten everything ready.

Someone had been anticipating my arrival at the entrance of the hotel. Once I arrived, he showed me the way to room 608.

It was a spacious room that was the size of two ordinary dining rooms. The room had a modern contemporary design that could enable the guests to enjoy themselves on top of mere dining experiences. When I was on my way there, the waiter told me it was an exclusive dining room limited to a few important guests only.

Thus, I knew the person who had been anticipating my arrival was a member of the upper echelon.

Shortly after I made my way in, I heard the sound of the door being opened after my walk around in the room.

Someone with a pair of high heels seemed to have entered the room with a trolley.

A few seconds later, a child's mellifluous voice could be heard, expressing his frustration. "Stop meddling with my affairs! I know what I'm doing!"

"Gregory, can you please put everything aside when we're dining? Haven't I repeated myself over and over again? You need to focus on the things you're doing and take everything seriously!" The woman made herself clear in a serious manner. It was evident she truly cared about the child.

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The child pouted his lips and rebuked, "No! I'm not you! I need something interesting to go along with the meal!"

Perhaps because he was way too young—he couldn't express himself and put his thoughts into proper sentences.

After her first announcement, the woman raised her volume and repeated herself, "Gregory Hall! I want you to put your tablet aside!"

Unfortunately, the child went dead silent and dismissed the woman's instruction.

That prompted the woman to yell, "Now!"

"Hmph! You're not my mother! What makes you think you have the right to control me?"

As they started bickering, the scene of a lovely mother and son duo crossed my mind. I felt bad for the woman, but I couldn't hold back my laughter and started chuckling in silence.

I knew it was better for an outsider to stay out of their affair. Since I was right at their blind spot, I inched away and took cover behind the wall.

Suddenly, muffled sounds of steps could be heard, and the child let out a sharp cry, "Hey!"

Similarly, the woman greeted, "Ashton." It turned out that the wealthiest man in the country was there.

Ashton ignored them and instructed the child, "You're supposed to address me as your father."

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In spite of having a wall in between us, I could feel Ashton's frustration. The child, who could barely express his thoughts, caved into his instructions and greeted, "Daddy!"

A few seconds after he made a silly face and stuck his tongue out, he ran away from the man he called his father as though he was afraid his father would teach him a lesson.

Surprisingly, his father paid no heed to him and allowed him to run away.

A few seconds later, the woman's gentle voice could be heard, suggesting in a sincere manner, "Ashton, it has been two months since our last meal together. Please let me spend some time with Gregory."

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"Sometimes, certain things in life take more than grit. If you can't educate a child, why don't you stay away from Gregory in the future?" Ashton threw a sarcastic question at the woman in a callous tone.

"What do you mean?" The woman seemed to be startled by the man's reply.

"You can't even understand that? If that's the case, I can't possibly allow him anywhere near you." Things grew increasingly awkward between them as Ashton deadpanned his reply.

Irked by his response, the woman raised her volume, yet it was evident she had been trying her best to keep her wrath under control. "No matter what, I'm your fiancée! Soon, I'll be Gregory's stepmother! Why are you treating me like this?"

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Ashton fiancée? Thora?

I felt bad for the so-called president of a listed company because, at the end of the day, she was just another woman. Despite trying her best to please the man she loved, her effort was to no avail.

Judging by her reply, this kind of interaction seemed to be the case for a long time.

"Our engagement is nothing more than an agreement between my father and yours. As long as I refuse to give my consent, you will not be my wife. If it weren't because of our families' relationship, do you think I'll allow you to confront me in such a manner?"

The man's rhetorical reply sounded more like a warning in disguise.

I used to come across Thora on the television. She was a gorgeous woman as well, yet Ashton seemed to be relatively indifferent.

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Ashton ignored Thora and reached for his phone, instructing without a second thought, "Joseph, pick Gregory up from The Jade and bring him back."

Soon, he looked at the little boy and asked, "Gregory, you know what to do, don't you?"

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The little boy nodded and answered, "Yes! I'll be waiting for Mr. Campbell!"

Ashton nodded and turned to face Thora, remarking sarcastically, "A little boy can read the mood in the room better than you. I can't help but wonder who's the one behind Ziegler Corporation's achievements."

Shortly after, the sounds of someone marching out of the room could be heard. I thought the little boy was the only one left behind because I could only hear the sound of him playing with his tablet.

Suddenly, the voice of glass being shattered into pieces reverberated in the spacious room.

Crack!

It took me by surprise; the woman was way more aggressive than I had imagined. I was worried about the child, yet his reply proved my concerns to be unnecessary.

The boy seemed to have gotten used to it. He started remarking sarcastically in a manner similar to his father's. "Daddy said you should stop wasting your time if you're aware of the outcome that's in store for you."

Oh, God! He must have learned from the best, huh? That's even more sarcastic than his father's remarks!

I gasped on behalf of the pitiable Thora because she had to go through the same thing again after being picked on by the boy's father.

Another woman's voice could be heard out of the blue. "Why are you getting worked up over such a trivial issue? Are you sure you're not going to regret wasting your effort in building up your image in front of the child?"

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"Why don't you go ahead and give it a try? If you were in my shoes, I don't think you would be able to even go through a day! There's nothing I can do to get him to open up to me! He said..."

She continued sharing the things Ashton had said with the mysterious woman in the room.

The woman went dead silent when she heard Thora.

In the end, Thora heaved a long sigh and complained, "The Hall family shouldn't have fought over the custody for the boy! Since Ashton has to take care of his son, he doesn't have time for me!"

"Enough! Aren't you aware of the things you're supposed and not supposed to talk about in front of the boy?" It was pretty obvious that the mysterious woman was superior to Thora. She had the guts to reprimand the woman without holding back.

A few seconds later, the other woman brought something up to divert Thora's attention. "Ashton asked Dad out for a meal. Why don't you tag along? He's been acting like a different person since that incident, but the Hall family is on your side. If you can't even stand this, you should forget about becoming his only woman. Have you seen him being romantically involved with another woman over the years? He's not just giving you a hard time, but it's everyone—"

"I hate the fact that he considers me just another woman!" Thora was shouting at the top of her lungs, but she soon replied in a hushed voice a few seconds later, "I don't think you will ever get it. Let's forget about it and head over to join your father."