In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1549

"Nothing much," replied Gregory calmly. "I only told her that if she goes to bed now, I will play with her tomorrow right after I come home from school."

"That's all?" To say that I was dumbfounded would be an understatement. Thanks to John, Audrey was so cheeky that even Ashton could not handle her. Yet, Gregory managed to convince her so easily?

"That's all," confirmed Gregory. Without any change in his expression and tone, he continued, "So Mommy, if I can make Audrey sleep early again tomorrow, can I play on the laptop for half an hour more?"

"Okay..." I was still reeling in disbelief that Gregory persuaded his sister with just a simple offer. I gave my consent unknowingly.

"Thank you, Mommy!" Gregory grinned triumphantly. "Good night, Mommy!"

He turned to walk upstairs without a backward glance right after saying that.

His indomitable aura and unfazed manner reminded me once again that everyone would have their own Achilles' heel.

Thinking of how Audrey had Ashton and John wrapped around her finger as well, I laughed helplessly.

I looked to the side and saw Ashton walk over. He had come in from the balcony when I was unaware. He eyed me with amusement and asked, "What are you thinking of that made you so happy?"

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"Nothing much," I replied. I couldn't let him know that he was inferior compared to his son in the eyes of his daughter. Therefore, I swiftly changed the topic. I looked at his phone and asked, "You're done with work?"

"With Joseph around, there's nothing much for me to worry about." Ashton proceeded to sit down on the sofa next to me and placed his phone on the coffee table. "I have found a well-to-do family. The husband and wife are both infertile. They would be happy to adopt a son."

He had been on the phone the moment we reached home. I see, so he had been busy making arrangements as to that boy.

The Fuller and Stovall families were wealthy; thus, the money needed for bringing up a child was not a big problem. Out of goodwill, we were more than willing to take up this responsibility.

The only problem was that we could not obtain any information about this child. Hence, his past was a mystery. My women's intuition kept alarming me that this could mean he potentially posed an unimaginable threat to my children.

When it came to our own children, all mothers would inevitably be selfish.

Perhaps it was out of guilt, I couldn't help but comment on what Ashton told me. "Material wealth is a secondary factor. The most important thing is that they are of good character. Good family education and environment are crucial for a child to grow healthily."

Ashton was about to respond when I glanced at him from the side and noticed a silhouette quietly standing by the door. I was caught by surprise. Upon seeing my reaction, Ashton put a pause to whatever he was about to say as well.

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The boy had just bathed and changed into pajamas. His hair was still quite wet, and his fragile body was next to the door frame. When our eyes met, I could see a brief flicker in his eyes.

Did he hear everything we said just now?

I felt awkward about it, but Ashton lightly beckoned for him to come over.

Soon, the boy trudged over in slippers and stood before us. The flicker in his eyes a moment ago was now concealed.

"What is your name?" asked Ashton.

The boy looked up at me, then answered, "My name is Shaun."

"You could remember so clearly?" If I was not mistaken, children who were experiment subjects were taken away from their families at a very young age. They would not have such a clear memory of their original names.

Ashton scrutinized the boy closely. He did not say anything, but he gave off a very imposing vibe.

Unexpectedly, under Ashton's gaze that could make a grown man cower in fear, the boy was unruffled and unaffected. He was as bold as ever, like how he had been at the orphanage. He nodded his head to show affirmation. "I remember everything clearly. I was just captured and held there a month ago."

After hearing him say that, I came to a realization.

Nicolas' experiment was to verify the flexibility of the genes in Ashton's body. Naturally, he would have to select research subjects of different ages. This boy who called himself Shaun was just the right age, so he was abducted.

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This explanation justified everything, but I couldn't help but feel something didn't add up somewhere.

It was just like he was purposely leading me to think in that direction so that my suspicions toward him would be abated.

However, I quickly denied my own doubts.

This boy standing before me was just a child. He was a poor soul who lost his family. Even staying alive was a challenge to him. How would he have the capacity for deception?