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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1524

Only when the elevator door closed did I speak. "I only brought one bag here, and it's obviously still in my hand. What did I leave behind?"

Ashton calmly watched the increasing numbers displayed in the elevator, but as though he hadn't heard me, he gave no reaction.

Hence, I followed behind him in silence. Soon, we returned to the luxury store area in the mall, but this time, Ashton stopped at the men's section.

Don't tell me... He wants me to buy new clothes for him just like how I did for Gregory?

While I was still trying to figure it out, Ashton had already strode in.

Ashton's face was like a pass for ordinary citizens to hit the jackpot in K City. As soon as he stepped through the entrance, a salesperson immediately guided him to the most luxurious area of the store. Each clothing here was designed by world-renowned fashion designers and was one of a kind.

Of course, the price was one of a kind as well.

After giving some recommendations, the salesperson was about to start promoting. "Mr. Fuller, would you like our professional stylist to help you select?"

"That's not necessary," Ashton flatly refused before turning to face me. "You choose."

"Me?" I pointed at myself in bewilderment. "Are you sure?"

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Children's clothes were matching overall, so it was quite impossible to go wrong. But Ashton was constantly under public scrutiny, so I wasn't confident in selecting his clothes for him.

Ashton shoved a hand into his trouser pocket, his expression turning serious. "My dear wife said that my clothes are ridiculously boring. To make my wife happy, of course I'll have to follow her wishes. If I continue wearing those boring clothes, I'm worried that she'd lose interest in me sooner or later. How can I bear for something like that to happen?"

Ah, I see what this is. As usual, he's being all petty about it.

But why did he make it sound like I'm going to divorce him if he doesn't change his clothing style?

The sales manager's eyes widened at me in shock, probably not expecting to receive two explosive news back to back in such a short period of time.

I could almost imagine what she was thinking. The richest man in the city stepped off his pedestal to grace them with his presence and even brought the wife he married in secret with him.

However, the customers who visited luxury stores were of high social standings, so such things were not all that uncommon. The salesperson's expression swiftly went back to normal and she started to flatter me. "Mrs. Fuller, do you need me to give you some recommendations?"

Thanks to Ashton, my "strong independent woman" and "perfect" image couldn't be more obvious, so of course I would feel embarrassed if there was someone watching.

"It's fine. I can handle it myself."

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With that, I dived straight into my task, selecting two sets of moderately casual clothes even though I wasn't really sure what I was doing. The clothes were of the same color tone as Gregory's, so they could somewhat be considered a father-son matching outfit.

Ashton had a perfect figure, so he didn't need to try them on. After asking the salesperson to take his measurements, the bill was settled in a haste and I left right after.

And why was I in such a hurry?

It was because I was the one who paid for it!

Although Ashton had quit his job at Fuller Corporation, he wasn't at the point where he couldn't afford to pay for his own clothes, but when the bill came out, he played the dumb card. "How could I have money? I always spend whatever amount you give me, isn't that right, Honey?"

As soon as those words left his lips, not just the manager, even the staff who were getting the bill for us looked at me strangely. This was practically a public execution.

From then on, I swore to never go shopping alone with this man again!

Drawing in a deep breath to calm myself down, I forced a smile and took out John's card. "Settle the bill."

The staff took the card and swiftly swiped it, then returned it to me with both hands. "Here's your card, Mrs. Fuller."

"Mm." I accepted it calmly and decided to play along on a whim. Steeling myself, I reminded them, "I assume you know where to send it?"

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“Don’t worry. It’s easy to search for Mr. Fuller’s residence,” the manager replied with an ingratiating smile.

I nodded in satisfaction and walked off without looking back, not even bothering to check if Ashton was following behind.

Once I was certain that the staff could no longer see me, I quickened my pace toward the elevator.

Pressing the button, I darted in the moment the doors opened and inhaled sharply when they slid close.

Phew.

He’s obviously the one who should feel embarrassed for living off his wife, but why does it feel like I’m the social outcast?

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