

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1412

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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."