

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1521

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After taking our seats, Summer explained that Ashton was the one who arranged for them to return to the country. They had originally planned to come back with the elders, but due to having other plans, they arrived earlier but Ashton didn't tell me because he wanted to give me a surprise.

I had to admit, he achieved his goal.

I wanted to thank him properly, but Summer clung to me and prattled on, "Mommy, do you know? I feel like I'm the happiest person in the world now. Mr. Cress said that you were sick like me too and went to a place where no one could find you. Dad couldn't handle your departure, that's why he left us. I was sad for a very long time but believed that you'd come back someday. And now you have! I knew that you would never abandon Audrey and me."

As Summer spoke, she clung to me like she used to when she was younger, making her look like an overgrown child.

My lips curved into a smile and I gently rubbed the crown of her head with mixed emotions in my heart.

Perhaps to Summer, the "truth" that everyone so carefully maintained around her had become the best part of her life.

As long as the lie was built out of love and belief, it could protect a child's growth.

It had been six years since Summer and Gregory saw each other. She had grown up into a cheerful person and was especially fond of her quiet and elegant little brother, constantly teasing him when she got the chance.

It seemed like absence indeed made the heart grow fonder because upon entering the private room, Audrey had hung around Summer and completely ignored Ashton.

As a result, the table was divided. My side was a lively long-lost reunion, while John and Ashton's was quiet and lonely.

Summer's attention was fully focused on Gregory. "Hey Greg, do you remember me? I'm Summer. Your big sister."

Gregory shook his head. "No, but I'll remember from now on."

Audrey cut in right then with an expectant look on her face. "Summer, did you miss me?"

"Of course I did! I thought about you every single morning when I woke up," Summer answered without missing a beat, then pinched Audrey's chubby cheek before turning back to tease Gregory. "Greg, you're so cute. I'm sure there are plenty of girls who give you love letters in school, huh? How many have you received? Tell me, hmm?"

Gregory fell silent for a moment before speaking. "I don't like girls."

"Huh?" Summer grew up in an open-minded environment after all. Hence, she smirked and continued probing, "Do you mean you like boys, then?"

"No," Gregory immediately denied. "Children are too noisy. I don't like all of them."

Summer's reaction was exactly the same as mine back then. She froze for a moment as astonishment flashed across her face. Then, amusement filled her eyes, probably thinking that she had underestimated this six-year-old brother of hers.

Gregory wasn't insulted by Summer's expression, but perhaps it was to take care of his feelings, Summer stopped interrogating him. During the meal, she made sure to treat Audrey and Gregory equally.

Although Gregory didn't display any particular affection, I knew that it was only because he wasn't used to being the one who needed protection.

This boy resembled Ashton in this regard. Due to his pride, it would take him some time to adapt to this sudden change of roles.

I didn't eat much during the meal, but it wasn't because I didn't have an appetite. Instead, looking at Summer just filled every cell in my body with so much happiness.

She had become such a radiant and kind girl who effortlessly took care of other people's feelings. It seemed like she had inherited at least half of Macy's genes. Every time I stared a second too long, I would mistake her as Macy and feel like she was beside me again. Subsequently, I would take a few extra glances at her, which completely distracted me from the delicious food spread out on the table.

We stayed at The Jade until three in the afternoon before finally leaving.

It was rare for the whole family to gather. Hence, I was more than eager to return home and spend the rest of the day enjoying life as a family.

However, after getting into the car, Ashton took the liberty of changing our schedule. "Go to the largest shopping mall in the city."

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"Aren't we going home?" I asked.

"No." Ashton elaborated with a neutral expression, "Let Summer and Audrey shop for new clothes. Children enjoy the process of selecting clothes in malls."

Finding his words reasonable, I didn't object and went to the mall with them.

Audrey was the happiest one. As soon as we entered a high-end clothing store, she tugged John along with her and expertly maneuvered her way to the princess section, wanting to try on every dress there.

Ashton followed behind silently and explained in a justified manner, "I just don't trust John's fashion sense."

He's obviously jealous.

No one exposed him despite it being clear as day. With knowing smiles on our faces, we watched the three of them walk further in.

Come to think of it, I was quite rusty in selecting clothes. Being brought her so abruptly and without Ashton by my side, I lost my confidence. The last time I picked clothes for Summer was six years ago, and a lot could change in that amount of time. Would my taste still suit hers?

While I was doubting myself, someone linked arms with me. Turning around, I saw that it was Summer. As she leaned against me affectionately, she set her sights on the women's clothing section a distance away. "Mommy, let's go over there. I saw something I like."

I breathed a sigh of relief and walked over arm in arm.

Meanwhile, Jared and Joseph watched us from afar. At first glance, one would think that they were mannequins. Hence, the two of them drew quite a lot of attention.

Summer had good taste. The two outfits she casually threw on accentuated the vibrancy of a girl her age.

While waiting for her to try more clothes, I tried choosing a modest one for her.

Right then, I noticed that Gregory was in low spirits.

I speculated that he was probably upset because he felt left out, so I asked gently, "Gregory, boys must be more tolerant when it comes to girls. Once your sister is done, I'll accompany you to buy some clothes, okay?"

Gregory's face showed no emotion when he raised his gaze to me and shook his head. "It's okay, Mommy. My clothes are custom-made and will be regularly delivered to our house. My wardrobe is already full of clothes. I don't need new ones."

Although his tone was neutral, I still sensed the subtle change in him.

Arching my lips into a smile, I caressed his hair and said, "I need to use the washroom. Accompany your sister here and don't go anywhere. Can you do that?"

"Yes!" Gregory affirmed and he subconsciously straightened his body and snapped his feet together, looking like a miniature soldier.

Ashton was probably the one who trained him to do this.

This boy had been with him for six years and developed well in all aspects except emotionally. Just like his father, he kept everything in his heart.

Feeling reassured by the confident gleam in his eyes, I got up and left.

When I passed by the girl's clothing area, I discovered Ashton and John in a stand-off with each other.

"...Listen to me, Audrey. This princess dress suits you the best. You'll become the prettiest princess after putting it on," John persuaded.

"There's nothing special about it, but this one is different. It's low profile and modest, which highlights a little girl's innocence. Are you sure you don't want to take Daddy's advice, Audrey?"

Goodness gracious. Two grown men coming together to make life difficult for a six-year-old child?

I was about to go in and rescue Audrey, but in the next second, I realized that I was worrying over nothing.

"You should just focus on taking care of your son. What do you know about what little girl like?"

"If I'm not mistaken, you only have a son. Do you think you have more experience than someone who has a daughter?"

“Stop!” Audrey’s shrill voice halted their verbal war. She stepped forward to grab the dress in John’s hand, then turned around to grab the attire Ashton selected for her. With a disapproving yet cute frown on her face, she chided, “Stop fighting. I like both Uncle John and Daddy, so the two of you must behave. Aunt Emma said that we’re not supposed to speak loudly in public!”

Ashton and John exchanged glances and instantly clamped their mouths shut.

Audrey looked at the two of them and nodded with satisfaction. “That’s better. I’m going to try these on now. Wait here for me, okay?” she drew out her question as though she was the adult and they were the children.

“Okay,” they answered in unison.

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Audrey hugged the clothes to her chest and entered the fitting room.

As soon as she left, Ashton and John shot each other withering glares, then turned to face different directions.

I was greatly amused by this scene. Indeed, everyone had an Achilles’ heel.

After staying to make sure war wasn’t about to break out again, I spun on my heels and walked toward my target destination.

When women shopped, we always struggled with indecision, and it was this syndrome that profited many luxury brands. Faced with two sets of clothing with styles that were both to my liking, I made the mistake most women made.

Something that obviously could have been solved in one minute, I used nearly ten minutes. In the end, I decided to just grab both sets.

When I went back to the others, everyone was standing by Audrey's fitting room door, discussing about separating ways to search for me.

I broke into a small jog and called out, "I'm back, I'm back."

"Well, finally. For a second there I thought you lost your way," John said jokingly.

I shot him a deadpan look before bringing the clothes over to Gregory. Holding out one in each hand, I asked, "Which one do you like?"

Gregory's eyes flashed with pleasant surprise, but he recovered very quickly. Glancing at Ashton who was beside him, he shook his head and rejected, "I already have a lot of clothes."

It's obvious that you like it, kiddo.

Ignoring his protests, I stacked the clothes and stuffed them into his arms, then gently pushed him into the fitting room. "How's that the same? These were handpicked by me. You must try them on. Be a good boy and go on in. I'll wait for you outside, okay?" I coaxed.

With the clothes in hand, Gregory took two steps, then looked over his shoulder to gauge Ashton's reaction.

I quickly stepped in between the two of them, blocking them from each others' views, and advised solemnly, "This is between you and me, okay? You don't need anyone else's opinion. Understood?"

At this, Gregory's obsidian eyes lit up. He hugged the clothes to his chest and nodded vehemently. "Mm. Understood!"

Flashing a smile at me, he happily entered the fitting room.

Soon, he emerged in a white two-piece casual suit.

Relieved, I exhaled inaudibly before stepping forward to squat down in front of Gregory, carefully examining every inch of his body.

Luckily, Gregory was a miniature version of Ashton. Hence, everything looked like it was tailor-made for him.

“Now this is what a boy your age should look like. Usually, you either wear your school uniform, or just like your dad, you strut around in formal attire, which is ridiculously boring, if you ask me. From now on, wear the casual clothes I pick for you when you’re at home, okay?”

Gregory’s eyes curved into crescents as he nodded happily.

As expected, which child wouldn’t look forward to receiving clothes selected by his own mother?

I merely said those words to coax a child, but my casual remark was taken seriously by the man behind me.

The next second, a cleared throat carrying a hint of warning sounded.

Of course I knew that it was from Ashton. With my back still to him, I raised a brow but pretended not to hear him.

John, however, never let go of the chance to make a dig at him. “Finally, someone who has a point.”

The children couldn’t grasp the meaning behind his words. Hence, the topic ended there.

After paying for the clothes, we set about our journey home.

When the elevator came to a halt at the underground parking lot, I moved to step out but was stopped by Ashton.

Audrey took two steps and realized that we weren’t following, so she tugged Summer to a stop and asked in confusion, “Mommy, aren’t you coming back with us?”



Before I could answer, Ashton beat me to it. "Wait for us in the car. Your mother left something in the mall. I'll go with her to get it back."

"I didn't..."

I had only managed to say two words when Ashton stepped forward to press for the elevator. Hence, I could only swallow back my words.

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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?”

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.”

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?"

"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?

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1525

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I couldn't help but feel indignant.

Right before the elevator doors closed, Ashton caught up with a gloating smile playing on his lips.

I rolled my eyes at him and refused to speak throughout it all.

As soon as the elevator stopped, I stepped out without hesitation, went to the car, picked Audrey up, and sat inside.

"Mommy, what did you leave behind?" Audrey asked innocently.

Her question left me even more exasperated. I'm pretty sure I left my dignity behind.

"Nothing." The last thing I wanted to do was recall the reactions of those store employees. Hence, I hastily changed the topic. "Let's go home now, okay? I'm exhausted and don't have the energy to talk anymore." I purposely inserted a whine in my tone.

"Mm, okay!" Audrey got down from my lap and sat obediently. Mimicking the way adults spoke, she instructed Joseph, "Mr. Campbell, you may drive now!"

Ashton bent over to get into the car just in time to hear Audrey's words, casting her a wounded expression as he settled down in his seat, as though saying, "Don't you want your father anymore?"

Audrey stuck out her tongue at him and cheekily hid behind Summer, pretending to ignore him.

At that moment, how I wished I was sitting in the same car as John. At least there, he would expose the “true colors” of this sly and shameless man.

Previously, he intentionally let Ashton believe that he was the Stovall family’s live-in son-in-law just for the fun of it, but I ended up getting the short end of the stick.

No, I have to find a way to cure him of his unhealthy tendency of living off his wife!

Fully absorbed in coming up with a solution, I didn’t realize we arrived home until after a good few seconds.

After passing through the gates, I noticed several trucks parked in the yard, seemingly here to transport large items.

But the workers were making their way out, so I surmised that they were already done with their work.

The service was excellent as they made sure to avoid coming when there were many people at home, so as to prevent accidents.

But when I returned to the bedroom on the second floor at night, every trace of happiness was wiped from my face.

We were only out for a day, but Ashton’s master bedroom had been expanded to double its original size and was currently connected to the bedroom next to his.

Most importantly, the bed in the room was replaced by an excessively enormous one. If it wasn’t for the elaborate linen, one might even think that it was a communal bed stolen from a dorm.

I stood by the door, completely dumbfounded. Later on, when Audrey came over and saw the large bed, she instantly bolted in and flopped onto it with her slippers still on. “Wow! There’s a big, big bed! We can sleep with Mommy and Daddy now!”

Behind me, Summer and Gregory helplessly watched the scene before them. Similar to me, they had grimaces on their faces.

Audrey was probably the most innocent and ignorant one in this family, who was also easily satisfied.

After letting her roll on the bed for a while, Summer walked up and tried to persuade her. "Audrey, we haven't seen each other for so long. Why don't you sleep with me tonight, hmm?"

But Audrey suddenly sat up from the bed and came up with a mischievous idea. "Okay! Summer, Greg, Mommy, and Daddy will all sleep here!"

Summer was nonplussed and could only sit beside the bed to reason with her. "Audrey, you're a big girl now. You must learn to sleep on your own instead of clinging to Mom and Dad all the time, understand?"

Audrey shook her head. "But other kids get to sleep with their parents. I want that too. I like Mommy and Daddy. I don't wanna sleep alone..."

Children were difficult to reason with, and were also easily hurt. As they spoke, Audrey's eyes became red-rimmed and her head drooped as she sobbed softly.

Of course my heart couldn't take it when I saw this. Rushing forward, I comforted her. "Alright, alright. You don't have to leave, okay? You can sleep here with me. You're still small, so you can sleep on your own when you're older. Don't cry anymore, hmm?"

Audrey accepted my offer immediately, sniffing before returning to being all smiles. "Thank you, Mommy! I love you the most!"

Who could have resisted those large, tearful eyes of hers?

My mouth lifted into a smile. Then I told Summer to take her siblings to wash up while I, too, prepared for bed.

After all, we were out for an entire day. Tired, I took a hot shower.

Half an hour later, I opened the bathroom door and was surprised to see Ashton there. At that moment, he, Summer, and Gregory were huddled together and talking in hushed tones, which greatly aroused my suspicion.