In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1454

Ashton's face fell in that instant, a lingering sadness in his eyes. He let out a deep sigh as he muttered, "Letty."

As I peered into his eyes, I couldn't tell if he was calling me or the "Scarlett" who no longer existed.

I had only just snapped back to my senses when I felt the warmth emanating from Ashton as he hugged me tightly.

As soon as our bodies touched, a searing pain once again shot through my entire body. All I wanted to do was push him away, but the sorrow in his voice made me hesitate.

"Can you please give me ten minutes? I just need a hug. I miss her so much."

He had answered the question in my head. It was his late wife that he missed.

As a woman, there was nothing more humiliating than being used as a substitute for another woman, especially when it was by a man she hated. I tried to protest but couldn't get any words out.

Even the strength I had earlier to push him away was gone. That left me with no choice but to give in.

Five minutes had barely passed when Gregory pushed the door and ran in with his tablet. His mouth slowly dropped open when he saw Ashton and I hugging.

"Are you kissing?" he asked innocently.

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Ashton had almost his entire body on top of me, and since Gregory wasn't tall, it did seem to him that we were in a very compromising position.

I snapped out of my daze and immediately wriggled out from Ashton's embrace.

Ashton, however, didn't seem to panic at all. He slowly turned around to face his son with a stern look. "Didn't I teach you to knock on the door before entering any room?"

Gregory bit his lip as he scratched his head in embarrassment. "I forgot."

He must have felt his father's temper brewing because the boy immediately added, "I won't do it again, Daddy! Please forgive me!"

Ashton's expression finally softened at that, and he gently asked, "Shouldn't you be sleeping? What are you doing here?"

"I want to sleep with Ms. Stovall!" Gregory exclaimed as he beamed with delight.

Ashton tried to turn his son's request down tactfully. "Boys shouldn't be so clingy."

Gregory knew better than to go against his father's orders, so even though he felt upset, he didn't dare protest any further. All he did was lower his head as he idly played with his fingers.

He was such a pitiful sight that my heart went out to him. He was only a boy; there was no need to treat him this harshly.

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"Are there rules that state boys can't be clingy?" I asked as I led Gregory into the bedroom. "Children don't know any better. They learn by observing adults."

At least Gregory knows how to use his adorable charms and manners. Ashton forced himself on me, and he still has the cheek to scold his son? Ridiculous!

My words left Ashton speechless, and he could only look on in defeat.

I waited till he had gone into the bathroom before having Gregory sneak out to grab the phone so I could check any incoming texts.

There was just one text from an unknown number: I'm in K City. I'll be back soon.

The content was strange, and there was no indication as to who had sent it.

Just as I was about to continue mulling over the text, Gregory asked if I could sing him to sleep. It was such a sweet and innocent request that I had to accede to it. He was exhausted, so it didn't take long before he was sound asleep.

Feeling bored, I reached over to grab my phone, wanting to text Emery, when I heard the bathroom door open.

Fearing that Ashton might put on another act to gain my sympathy, I immediately turned off the lights and pretended to sleep while hugging Gregory.

I heard his footsteps gradually come closer until they stopped by the bed. After a moment of silence, he padded away, and the next thing I heard was the sound of the door closing.

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| Ashton had left. | | |
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What an odd fellow.

The next morning, I was awoken by Gregory.

He insisted on eating breakfast cooked by me, so I gave in and made something simple for the two of us. To my surprise, he finished everything I prepared and left what the chef had made untouched.

Ashton soon came down and joined us at the dining table. When he realized the food on his plate was different from what we had, he seemed very amused. "Is this how you treat your fiancé?"