In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1466

"Let him go," Ashton said, not bothering to raise his head as he stared silently into space. There was no way to tell whether or not he had even listened to what the doctor said.

When the doctor left, Ashton fell back into his own thoughts. His expression remained indifferent, and his emotions were hidden, causing others to be afraid to approach him.

Although I was not afraid, I did not dare to provoke him either. Thus, I sat to one side and waited patiently.

A long time later, Ashton eventually gathered his thoughts and pulled me out of the hospital.

Only after driving for a while did Ashton speak. His voice was low and deep. "What do you want to eat tonight?"

"Do I even have a say in front of you, Mr. Fuller? You should decide." I suddenly thought of something and asked, "We're not going back to eat?"

Ashton did not reply and simply parked the car after turning the corner. By the side of the road was a restaurant selling local cuisine.

Helpless, I followed him out of the car as I muttered absently to myself, "Gregory's going to be so lonely eating by himself."

Ashton stopped in his tracks and glanced at me with an expression that said he knew it well, signaling that I did not need to worry about Gregory.

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How could I not worry about it? Children were aware and had their own thoughts as well. Once he realized that the adults had left him to fend for himself, he'd feel so wronged.

Who knows how long our mother and son relationship will last. As long as I'm still his mother, I won't just leave him alone!

Just as I prepared to go home alone, Ashton's voice rang out. "The peak hour in K city will at least last until ten at night. There're two more hours to go. Are you sure you're not hungry?"

"I can bear..."

Just as the word "bear" left my mouth, my stomach growled loudly.

Ever since I woke up, I had constantly taken all three meals on time. Even if a meal was late, I always had snacks lying around. Therefore, as I had been getting a checkup the entire afternoon, my stomach had been long empty. Needless to say, I was hungry.

There was nothing more embarrassing than that exact moment.

Ashton narrowed his eyes, and a slight smile appeared on his face. It was as if he had seen through my words.

Obviously, there was no use in trying to act tough anymore. Thus, I continued walking into the store while blushing.

Ashton took a seat opposite me, then passed me the menu.

Surprised, I widened my eyes. He's so kind?

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I glanced over the menu before returning it to him while keeping vigilant. "You order. I'm not picky."

Without another word, he ordered a few simple dishes.

Since Ashton was still deep in thought, he barely spared me a glance while we waited for the dishes to be served.

Soon after, the dishes arrived. I was a little surprised once I put my phone down.

Half of the dishes were lightly seasoned, while the others were well-seasoned and spicy.

I asked, "You like to eat spice?"

Previously, he had enjoyed the light-tasting food that I made. Did his taste buds change?

Then, a thought suddenly popped into my mind.

Is Ashton trying to accommodate my eating habits?

As soon as I had that thought, my chair seemed to have grown spikes. No matter how I sat, I felt uncomfortable.

Ashton's suddenly acting so considerate. Don't tell me he's hiding something from me?

Just as I was mentally calculating the possibility of me falling for one of his traps, Ashton replied in a dark voice, "Yeah."

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He had perfectly exhibited what it meant to be a man of few words while at the same time exuding an unexplainable, attractive force.

Ashton was actually trying to cater to my habits.

I was fidgety throughout the meal, not daring to even lift my head.

On the other hand, Ashton was calm and had a better appetite than I had ever seen before.

Since we had avoided the rush hour, the drive home was particularly smooth.

When we entered the living room, Gregory was holding on to Alexander's gift, one of the latest laptops. His gaze was solemn, similar to the first time I had seen him using a computer.

"Greg..." I said in a singsong voice.

However, Gregory only half-heartedly hummed in reply. His eyes never left the laptop, and it was as if his hands were glued to it, constantly typing away.

I walked over to stand behind him and gently patted him on the head.

"Ms. Stovall!" Gregory said distractedly as he smiled and looked up at me. Then, he turned back and continued studying the laptop screen.