In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1523

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?"

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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.

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"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.

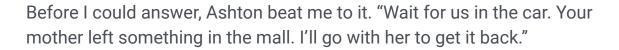
When the elevator came to a halt at the underground parking lot, I moved to step out but was stopped by Ashton.

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?"

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"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.