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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1367 - 1368

“There’s a lot that you don’t know. Money is never enough. It’s nothing wrong to have investments here and there if we have extra money in hand. In fact, it’s important to segregate our money to prevent losing everything at the same time if any hiccups occur.” She paused and turned to look at me. With a stern look, she advised me, “You must remember that nothing in this world is forever, except money. As assertive modern women, we can only be independent if we have money in hand!”

She sounded as ambitious as any other business elite in town. I could even foresee a successful entrepreneur right in front of me!

As for me, I could only try my best to strike a balance between the money invested and profit gained for the law firm. Emery had different investments ever since her divorce. Her net worth had multiplied significantly with time. It was undeniable that one’s success in the business sector was closely related to one’s potential and capability.

I truly agreed with her point of view and nodded before I entered the washroom.

Before bedtime, I spent some time to search online for the charity auction to have a better overview of the points that I should pay attention to.

Feeling more relieved after the search, I drifted to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning, Emery was gone. She left me a note saying that she went sightseeing to relax her mind. I was not sure if she was trying to

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avoid Alexander, or she really intended to have a leisure session as mentioned in her note.

The charity auction was scheduled at six in the evening. At half-past five, a car arrived to pick me up from the hotel.

Most of the seats were occupied when I arrived at the venue. After taking a seat, I looked around and was impressed by the classy grand hall. The foreign media were well-disciplined and on standby in the corners.

“Ladies and gentlemen...” the host of the auction emerged on the stage and greeted everyone warmly, indicating that the long-awaited event would start at any moment.

The moment the auction started, I scanned the rows of guests attentively to see the items for the bidding on the stage.

Ashton was seated not far away from me. He seemed so unapproachable with his usual air of indifference. As he gazed at the stage, no one could tell what he was thinking.

I remember him saying that whatever I wished to know would be unveiled at the auction. The event seemed legitimate. It went smoothly without a glitch. The only imperfection was the host invited Bill Young to give a speech on the stage before the official start of the bidding session.

I kept thinking about Ashton’s words. He was obviously hinting that I would get a clue from this auction, yet I can’t seem to trace anything unusual!

There was a banquet after the auction. To my relief, it was not open to the media. I spotted Ashton’s stunning figure among the guests effortlessly and approached him with a wineglass in my hand.

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However, I was puzzled to see his grim expression suddenly. Sensing something awry, I slowed down my pace instinctively without shifting my gaze away from his face.

When I remained on the spot, I was startled that Ashton was looking even grimmer than a while ago.

He always maintains his cool, no matter the circumstances. What's the matter with him tonight? He's really not his usual self! Something is bothering him now?

I followed his gaze.

A far distance away, Bill's glowing white hair was indeed unmissable among the guests. Even though majority of the guests at the banquet were billionaires at their peak from all over the world, he seemed to gain a certain level of popularity among them. At the moment, he was surrounded by some business elites, engaged in a pleasant conversation. The joy was clearly reflected by the smile on their faces and their occasional laughter.

I still could not spot anything amiss. Even if Bill was the manipulative mastermind behind Armond, Ashton would not have looked at him in that way as well.

After gazing at Bill and those surrounding him for almost one minute, I noticed the man standing aside him raised his wineglass in a toast. In a split second, I gaped at the sight of the man's face.

He had a face and a pair of eyes identical to Ashton's! I could not believe my eyes.

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Is it possible for someone who died in a car accident over twenty years ago to be alive?

As time elapsed, the name Christopher Fuller was gradually erased from everyone's memory. The man's features were no different from twenty years ago. He might have preserved his looks by traveling through a time machine. Miraculously, there wasn't the slightest bit of residue on his face and complexion. He was looking his best, as if he was still in his twenties.

I even had a wild imagination that he might not be real. Nonetheless, my idea was proven absurd by his liveliness.

Am I having a hallucination or hypnotism? In an instant, I felt a rush of complex feelings within myself. He probably sensed someone gazing at him closely, and he turned instinctively.

My heart flinched when he stared straight in Ashton's direction, whose eyes were blazing with anger. He finally got to meet his father again after thinking he had died two decades ago.

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As both of them locked their gazes, not the slightest bit of surprise was traceable from their eyes. They knew of each other's existence long ago.

At the moment, Christopher was even greeting Ashton smilingly and gestured to him by raising his wineglass slightly.

Infuriated by Christopher's casualness, Ashton's face fell as he clenched his fists furiously.

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There were armed security personnel at every corner of the hall in order to secure the guests' safety. Anyone who stirred up trouble would be arrested as a terrorist.

I knew Ashton too well. The veins protruding on his forehead was indication that he was seconds away from unleashing his fury. I trotted toward him without any hesitation.

"Ashton, stop!" I made it in time to hold his fists when he was about to stride toward Christopher.

Eventually, he cooled his head off and let out a deep breath after a good twenty seconds. All this while, I never loosened my grip on his fists.

His tension vanished when he caught a glimpse of my anxiety. After throwing another glance at Christopher, he held my hand and led me out through the side door.

At the garden, Ashton finally slumped onto a long bench and let out a deep breath warily.

"I'm sure you know why I have been acting weird lately," he said evenly. Somehow, I could sense the helplessness and despair in his voice.

Nobody could swallow the fact of the sudden resurrection of someone who had died over twenty years ago. If I did not see the man myself, I would have thought Ashton was having hallucinations because he missed his parents too much.

I was at a loss for words, still overwhelmed by the sudden turbulence.

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Leaning against the back of the bench, Ashton stared into the distance. Even before I came to myself and asked him what had happened, he poured out to me softly.

“I discovered the truth by chance when I was investigating Bill Young. My men who were trailing Armond Murphy were suspicious of him. They bribed his subordinates and took pictures of his private residence. Among the pictures, I spotted one of Bill Young playing golf with him. Even though it only showed his profile, I recognized him with just a glimpse.

“Pfft! After hiding himself all these years, his secret is unveiled now. Looks like he’s really aged and can’t make the right judgement now. How foolish of him to be on the same stance with Bill Young!” Ashton laughed mockingly.

“For over twenty years, he has fooled me! What a humiliation!”

My heart ached upon hearing Ashton’s self-deprecating tone. He was feeling dejected, like a defeated wolf that was licking its own wounds in loneliness and dishevelment.

In an instant, it struck me about what he had asked me days ago. Something about losing the faith.

I understood my consolation meant nothing to him. Time would heal everything. He just needed a private space to heal.

I stayed by his side, to offer my sincerest moral support silently. I let him lie down in my arms, like how we did in J City the night before. I could not help him much. At least he could find a temporary refuge in my arms.

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Love was indeed miraculous. Even in despair, there was an incredible power within us. For our loved ones, we harnessed that power as a motivation to help us overcome any hardships.

Intelligent people would not allow themselves to wallow in their despair. They knew the importance to stay rational and alert. After a while, Ashton was back to his usual self again. He rose from my arms and sat up straight.

“Let’s get out of here.” He decided at once.

The next moment, we heard footsteps from the gravel path.

Both of us looked in that direction simultaneously. After a few seconds, a young man came into view.

He looked kind of familiar. I remembered seeing him at the auction. He handed the script to Bill before the speech on the stage. If my guess was right, he was Bill’s assistant.

The long bench was hidden from him. Nevertheless, he found our exact location effortlessly.

Handing Ashton a name card, he bowed and said courteously, “Mr. Fuller, Mr. Young would like to invite you to a gathering at his place tomorrow.”

He placed the name card on the marble table next to us and left.

Ashton picked up the name card slowly, glanced at it and sank into contemplation.

Bill and Armond were on the same side. I assumed they had something to do about the poison in my body as well. If he intended to see Ashton to discuss

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future potential business collaborations, he would not have waited until now. I was sure he had other motives behind this invitation.

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