In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1376

From Charlie's dark eyes, I could tell he was not surprised to see those photos. This confirmed Ashton's prediction — Charlie had known Christopher was alive.

Ashton had once told me that even though Charlie treated him well, he often felt as if his uncle intentionally stayed away from him. Charlie's behavior eventually caused Ashton to lose trust in him. It had got to a point where Ashton did not bother trying to figure out what went on in his uncle's mind.

Ever since he took over the Fuller Corporation, Ashton had finally learned that he could trust no one in this world.

He had always attributed the problem he had with Charlie to interpersonal difficulties. Never in his life had he questioned if he was really related to this family.

Everything that had happened recently had made the man question his identity.

"Am I really your nephew?" Ashton asked icily.

If Christopher could change his identity and forge his death, Ashton believed the man was capable of manipulating the paternity test results too.

Charlie took a deep breath to calm his nerves. "Why do you even bother to ask me such a question if you've already guessed it right? You're right. We're not related by blood. You might not be a Fuller, but we've never treated you differently."

Ashton let out a cold snort but kept mum. Upon seeing his reaction, Charlie shuddered.

Charlie let out a sigh, thinking Ashton did not buy his story. "Your grandpa adopted Christopher, your father. He was not only a hardworking person, but he also has strong business acumen. He did all he could to repay your grandpa's kindness. The Fullers have always had a close relationship with your mother's family. Your grandpa decided to matchmake your mother with Christopher when the patriarch learned that she had fallen in love with him. Though your father was not pleased with the arrangement, we all still lived a rather peaceful life."

"Unlike your grandpa, who didn't know how to run a business since he was a soldier, Christopher turned the Fuller Corporation into a successful establishment," Charlie explained, "Yet, one day, Christopher's biological family came to J City to look for him. Your grandfather panicked and sent him off to another country. That family, who eventually took my DNA sample for the paternity test, gave up after obtaining the results."

Ashton's face continued to be stiffened with dismay. "And?"

He wanted to know why his own father detested him so much.

While Charlie was caught up reminiscing the past, a hard glint flashed through his eyes all of a sudden. He stood up impatiently and made a condescending

remark. "That's all. The Fuller family has done Christopher wrong, but we've raised you well. Tell him he should consider all the old scores settled."

Charlie shot Ashton a sullen glare before stalking back to his room upstairs.

"Uncle Charlie," Ashton called out, but before he could say anything, Helen interrupted, "It's getting late. He hasn't been feeling well lately. Let's talk about this some other time."

Ashton and I stared at the couple's backs as they made their way upstairs in a rather hurried manner.

We eventually went back to your room. Annoyance was written all over Ashton's face as he went out to the balcony and took a puff at a cigarette.

I sighed. It must be devastating for him to find out he isn't a Fuller by blood, even though he lived with them for more than two decades. More importantly, he finally knows that Charlie had kept a distance from him because of Christopher.

Ashton was tired of dealing with all the lies; he was afraid to know the truth. However, the man knew he had to face them, no matter how hard and painful they may be.

Instead of piling all the pressure to spill the beans on Charlie in one night, Ashton decided to take things slow and spend the next couple of days in J City. He was determined to uncover more information. He wanted the truth.

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Plans were bound to break when changes occurred. After Charlie and Helen saw through us and our intention, they packed up and left the house early in the morning. When Ashton and I headed downstairs in search of them, they were nowhere to be found.

"As the saying goes, you can't wake a person who's pretending to be asleep. It's going to be hard to make them spill the beans." I sighed.

Ashton stared blankly at the door for a few seconds before taking his phone out to dial Charlie's number.

The call rang for a while before it got through.

Charlie immediately stated, "Hi, Ashton. I forgot to tell you that we're going on a trip today. We've planned this trip for a long time. Feel free to stay at the house for a couple more days and take your time to pack before..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Ashton cut him off, "Uncle Charlie, I won't force you to say anything if you're not willing to tell me the truth, but I don't want to be kept in the dark anymore. I promise I won't bother you again after you tell me all the things I have the right to know."

After a brief silence, Charlie replied, "Meet me at the café opposite Fuller Corporation."

Ashton and I arrived at the café an hour later, nine o'clock sharp.

Soon we ordered our coffee, we sat down at a table by the window, waiting for Charlie and Helen to arrive.

About half an hour later, a deafening screech of tires suddenly came from the road outside, masking the relaxing music in the café.

Then, a clamor of footsteps and screams ensued.

"What a terrible driver!"

"Did they survive? Quick, call the police!"

"Go and check on the victims."

I frowned. Though I felt sorry for the people in the car, the situation did not affect me as much as the others in the café.

Meanwhile, Ashton looked out of the window, seemingly deep in his thought. Suddenly, as though realizing something, he sprang to his feet and rushed out with a frown. Worried, I immediately followed him out.

The two squeezed through the crowd and saw the crash.

The victims were a man and a woman. The face of the unconscious woman was so bloody that no one could even see her appearance. On the other hand, the man, who was nearer to us, lay face-down, and his body was twitching slightly.

Realizing that he might be conscious, Ashton went forward and tried to put him in a comfortable position.

However, as soon as he saw the man's face, Ashton froze and called subconsciously, "Uncle Charlie? Are you Charlie Fuller?"

The dying man tried to open his mouth to say something, but he suddenly gasped and collapsed to the ground, motionless.

One of the bystanders found the victim's wallet and saw his identification card. "Oh my gosh! This guy is Charlie Fuller!"

"That Charlie Fuller?"

"Then... The woman must be his wife, Helen Clarke."

"The Fullers were doing quite well in K City recently. Of all times, why did such a horrible thing happen now?"

"I don't know. Maybe they were making dirty money. It's probably karma."

Just then, the police and ambulance arrived at the bloody scene.

"Move aside! Don't block the authorities!"

Once the police dispersed the crowd, he shook Ashton's body and snapped him out of his trance. "Sir, please cooperate with us. You need to leave now."

With a blank face, Ashton stood up and walked towards me, his face painfully expressionless.

Behind him, the police placed a finger under Charlie's nose and checked his pulse before reporting to his colleagues, "No breath. Weak pulse."

Ashton and I went to the police station to give our statement, and at 3 p.m. that day, Charlie Fuller was pronounced dead.

The Fullers did not have any other relatives, so all the legal proceedings were handled by us. By the time we were done, it was already late at night – daytime in M Country.

As we made our way out of the police station, Ashton's phone rang.

The silence from the other side of the line made Ashton's face fall. "Why did you do it?"

He did not say much, but I instantly knew who had called him.

Only the heartless hypocrite, Christopher, would call at this hour to check the condition here.

Ashton's voice was low, but it was laced with anger. His face remained expressionless, but he was exuding an aura of deep resentment and boiling hot anger.

The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb. For Ashton, the Fullers who raised him were much more important than his biological parent.

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"Ashton." I held his clenched fist in my hands, letting him know that he still had me by his side.

However, Christopher was by no means a good person who would want the better for Ashton. I did know what the man said to him, but Ashton could not seem to stand another word from him. He hurled his phone into the distance, smashing it into a thousand pieces.

Being the head of the Fuller Corporation in J City, Charlie had a great social influence within his community. After his tragic death, the police formed a special task force overnight to investigate the accident. The report was out the next day.

The car crash that took the lives of the couple was declared to be a motor vehicle accident.

Ashton wasted no time in arranging Charlie and Helen's funeral.

Although the Fullers did not have any close relatives, they had plenty of friends in J City. Many came as a sign of respect for George as well. Hence, many people showed up at Charles and Helen's house that day.

After a long exchange of pleasantries with the guests, Ashton and I headed into the study behind the living room for a short moment of silence. A moment later, Joseph followed us inside.

"Mr. Fuller," the man greeted respectfully.

Slumped onto the sofa, Ashton was too burnt out. He did not bother opening his eyes to look at Joseph as he asked, "Did you find anything?"

Joseph answered stiffly, "It's the same as the report from the police. It seemed to be a simple car crash. The car suddenly got out of control and crashed into Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. I've also checked the driver's background. We found nothing suspicious."

Christopher had once forged a fake DNA report. How difficult would it be for him to plan a perfect car crash?

Back then, the man had also used the same tactic to run away, and he had lived peacefully ever since. Now, the same old trick had been played again; a fatal blow to the man's own brother.

Ashton did not believe that the crash happened by accident. He ordered Joseph to continue to search for evidence and dismissed him right after.

Knock! Knock!

The housekeeper knocked on the door, saying apologetically, "Mr. Fuller, it's time for the eulogy."

It was time for us to pay our tribute.

"Okay." Ashton stood up and adjusted his sleeves before striding out of the room.

All the guests were quiet and behaved respectfully. Even though the service was somber, I was glad that the service went smoothly with no hiccups.

Death is not the end of life. I believe they're at a better place now.

After the eulogies were delivered, the guests came forward and paid their last respects to the deceased. Everything seemed to be going accordingly as planned. However, when a woman with a dramatic derby hat caught my eye, a bad feeling washed over me.

She had a model-like figure and a pair of sultry eyes that gave off an air of confidence. Taking a closer look, I realized she looked somewhat similar to Ashton.

The said woman walked towards Ashton with her chin held high, and there was no sadness or sympathy in her eyes. She extended her hand elegantly and shook Ashton's hand. "My condolences."

Then, she flicked her eyes at me, sizing me up, before following the other guests and placed a flower in front of the deceased's portraits.

I was not the only one who noticed her; such an eye-catching woman would undoubtedly catch Ashton's attention as well.

Just as I expected, after the woman walked a distance away, Ashton shot a look at Joseph and whispered, "Follow her."

"Right away." Joseph nodded and took off.

After the funeral ended, Ashton and I headed to the garden outside. We were surprised to see the woman from just now.

Wearing a pair of sunglasses on her, she sat on a bench leisurely and watched us approach her with a steady gaze.

We took a seat opposite of her, our figures reflecting on the lens of her sunglasses that shielded the emotion in her eyes.

"I've always wondered how my elder brother would look like if I had one. By the looks of it, you're not as disappointing as I thought you would be." She broke the silence first.

I was shocked beyond words at her somewhat casual statement. That was not what I had expected her first sentence to be.

If I'm not mistaken, she must be Christopher's daughter. This means Ashton's mother may be alive...

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Ashton, on the other hand, was calm and collected. He seemed unfazed when he asked, "Where is Mother?"

Years of relationship had made both of us have the same lines of thought.

The woman before us removed her sunglasses and flashed a bright smile. "Does it matter? Don't you need to know my identity first?"

Ashton fell silent for a while before answering her impatiently, "You're Nicolas Hall's daughter. One of the top five hundred richest people in the world, and the youngest candidate in the Forbes list, Tiffany Hall."

Ashton seemed to have looked into the Hall family after finding out that Christopher was still alive.

Tiffany lowered her gaze and chuckled. "My achievement normally would overawe my peers, but you look so calm. It's no wonder you're Dad's son."

Ashton's face fell instantly when he heard her mention Christopher. Worried that he might take out his anger for his father on her, I quickly grabbed his hand to placate him. Then, I looked at Tiffany and said, "Please do us a favor and cut to the chase. Tell us what you're here for, Ms. Hall."

The woman had purposely come to meet us on the day of the funeral of Charlie and Helen. Obviously, she was not a person who was considerate of other people's feelings, so she might as well stop with her small talk.

It was only then Tiffany looked at me from the corner of her eyes. "Oh, you must be Scarlett. Your children are certainly a big help to me."

I felt uneasy at once. Both Christopher and her daughter had mentioned our babies. What do they want from my darlings?

She seemed to have read my mind, seeing as to how she added, "Don't worry; I mean no harm. I'm only here to persuade Ashton to bring all of you to the Hall family."

Judging from her appearance and her achievements, she was clearly a career-oriented woman. Why would she ask Ashton to go back to the Hall family and be one of her competitors in the family?

Only the fittest would survive the fierce competition in an affluent family, and Thora was the best example.

Ashton clenched his fists. "Who told you I'm a part of the Hall family?"

His words were filled with anger and extreme disappointment.

A family was supposed to care for one another and stay with each other. But, the Hall family had abandoned Ashton and let him suffer the loss of his parents while they lived happily on the other side of the world.

Tiffany had been pampered since the day she was born; that was why she could speak those words easily. Although she had nothing to do with the scheme of Christopher, belittling the suffering of others was disrespectful and contemptible.

Being able to easily find us here meant that she was not someone ordinary. However, it was beyond me why she would choose the time when Ashton had just lost his family to ask him to return to the other family that had abandoned him years ago.

Perhaps the Hall family members were all ruthless. Fortunately, Ashton was an exception; he did not have their heartless personality traits.

Tiffany probably had not expected Ashton to reject her. She scoffed and rolled her eyes before retorting, "I don't really like to joke around, Ashton. Even though Dad and Mom did not want you, I still accept you as a Hall. I'm not as narrow-minded as them. We're biological siblings, so I believe you can

definitely get along with us. Although the Hall family's property mostly belonged to my brother and I, we can surely help you if you need..."

"Wait," I interrupted. "Are you saying that Christopher has another son?"

As soon as I finished speaking, Ashton's entire body tensed up. He clenched his fists even tighter.

"Ah..." Tiffany flashed us a small smile. "He tends to keep a low profile, but don't worry; he's a congenial person. Don't you think that it's better to get together? Ashton grew up alone, but now, we can finally be together and take care of each other. I'm sure our family will become more prosperous."

As she continued to chatter away, she suddenly paused and looked at Ashton, smiling. "Ashton, don't you want to be a part of the Halls?"

How could a person who was born into a happy family feel the pain of an abandoned child?

Tiffany's words were indeed hurtful, but I knew, deep down, that whatever had happened was not her fault.

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Ashton, now overcome with emotion, could not take it anymore and left abruptly.

"What's wrong with him? Does he really have to throw a tantrum in front of his sister?" Tiffany grumbled.

I immediately defended him, saying, "Since you know that he's your brother, respect him. You have no right to comment about his rights and wrongs. Don't judge him with your own shallow view of life."

"Why are you getting so worked up, Scarlett? I can understand that Ashton is in a bad mood. That's because we are family. But you're not one of us. I don't like to swallow my anger in front of other people."

What? Ashton and I have been married for ten years, and yet she sees me as an outsider?

Ashton's father hated and abandoned his own biological son, while his sister shows no respect to her own sister-in-law. The manners of the Hall family are surely eye-opening...

Fuming, I glared at her and growled, "Joseph, send our guest out."

Ashton and I decided to go back to K City once everything regarded the funeral had been settled.

Ashton was now the only one left in the Fuller family. Just like the family home, most of the housekeepers in Uncle Charlie's villa were dismissed. Only a few stayed to look after the villa.

The Fullers' family home was now completely empty.

Before we departed, Ashton sat in the car and looked wistfully at the house where he had grown up in. Holding his hand in mine, I leaned on his shoulder and waited quietly. A few minutes later, he squeezed my hand and said to the chauffeur, "Let's go."

As Christopher was still alive, the plan to avenge his death became a joke. Ashton no longer had things to settle in J City and boarded the same plane back with me.

As expected, after we landed, the reporters swarmed us as soon as we reached the gate. Tom and the other bodyguards were escorting us, but still, we could not make it out of the crowd unscathed.

"Mr. Fuller, you've come back here with Ms. Stovall. Does that mean both of you are getting back together?"

"Is the engagement between Mr. Fuller and Ms. Ziegler canceled?"

"Do you guys plan to remarry? Is it because of the children?"

"Will Mr. Fuller reconsider cooperating with Ziegler Corporation?"

"Mr. Fuller, rumor has it that among all your lovers, Ms. Stovall is the one with whom you have had the longest relationship. Why..."

When Ashton heard that sentence, he stopped in his tracks abruptly and shot an icy glare at the rude and nosy reporter.

People who were grieving tended to have emotional outbursts. Worried that he might lose his composure, I quickly called out, "Ashton, no."

Since we landed, I had not made any physical contact with him to prevent the media from making a fuss out of it. Even now, I was trying to remind him with my eyes that held a warning.

Emery had warned me that if Thora found out that she had been tricked, she might go mad and take drastic actions. Therefore, I made a choice to have a low profile for as long as I could.

When Ashton heard me, the grim expression on his face faded away as he turned to look at me affectionately. One of the reporters standing next to us raised the camera in his hands and aimed it at us.

However, a second before the reporter pressed on the shutter button, Ashton pulled me into his arms.

I lifted my head, my gaze meeting his beautiful eyes. He nodded slightly at me, beckoning me to stay calm, and turned to face the camera.

"Since there seem to be so many rumors about my personal life, I would like to take this opportunity to clarify things. Yes, Scarlett is the one with whom I have been in the longest relationship, and she is also the only lover I have. All the other statements are mere rumors."

And that included the engagement and every rumored lover he supposedly had.

While the reporters had yet to recover from their shock, Ashton shot the bodyguards a look and put his arm around me before forcing our way through the crowd and entered the car at the exit.

Men's thirties were their prime. As one of the most eligible bachelors in K City, Ashton attracted even more attention than the others. Choosing to admit his

reconciliation with me during his prime age was tantamount to letting go of the countless potential romantic interests and their relative merits.