

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1357

The man had a trucker hat on. He deliberately kept his head low when he passed by the reception to evade the surveillance cameras.

Millie had mentioned once during one of our casual exchanges that due to the handsome pay that came with the high-risked nature of their jobs, they had to put their life, blood and sweat on the line or die while they were executing their mission. It became their second nature to keep watching over their own shoulders, even when they were sleeping.

For me, I was just striking a deal with the man. I could not care less how much bloodshed he had caused.

As soon as they took their seats, I cut to the chase. "I want the reports on Ashton's most recent medical records and his whereabouts right now."

"But you promised to give him three days' time to investigate," Millie reminded me.

"No problem." The man kept his head low. From where I was sitting, I could only see the lower half of his face. His chin was stubbled, and he looked slightly darker than most native K City citizens. His thin lips were oddly protruding, bearing the ruggedness of the desert people.

"The figures on his health records, his schedule, and the list of persons he has been in contact with are all simple numbers. I can send them to your phone right now. However, I cannot provide you with more detailed information," the man muttered as he fished out his phone.

Soon, I received a WhatsApp notification. It was a message with an attachment.

I clicked on the file, which took mere seconds to pop open.

I scrolled through the document, zooming in and pinching out, and noticed the "In good health" remark at the bottom of his health report. No major health conditions were detected.

I heaved a long sigh of relief at the health report. He's alright.

Ashton had always been a cautious man. He could lose a tail easily. Although I held little hope on the leads of his whereabouts, the box highlighted in red in the report still stumped me.

J City family home was imprinted on the report.

Ashton would go back and forth from K and J Cities in the evenings, to the family home left behind by George.

Ever since the headquarters of the Fuller Corporation had been moved to K City, the family home had remained vacant. Even Uncle Charlie hardly went back there. I knew Ashton had been swamped lately. So how, or rather why, did he go back and forth between two cities so frequently?

I furrowed my brows, puzzled. No wonder I could not reach him these days. It must have something to do with this.

The answer was right in the family home.

Noticing that I was deep in silence, the man reminded me, "My pay is only to locate Ashton Fuller. If you want to know what happens at the family home, there'll be extra charges."

"I understand. Please continue to find him; leave the rest to me." Money was not my concern. Moreover, the family home was not a dangerous place, so it made no sense for an outsider to poke around, especially when there might be some huge secrets in the house.

The man nodded and said nothing else. He cast a sideways glance at Millie before getting up to leave.

I was about to call out after him to ask him for more details, but Millie stopped me. "Ms. Stovall."

I sat right down in my seat.

"There are forces shaping K City, ones we cannot afford to cross, especially since we're not from around here. It's not safe to put yourself out there."

She was right. Private investigators were discreet and perfect for this kind of work. I steered the topic in another direction and asked, "I've booked two tickets to J City. I want you to follow me."

"No problem."

I received a call from a stranger right after I was done talking.

It was a middle-aged man with a hoarse voice. "Are you Ms. Scarlett Stovall?"

"Yes, speaking. How may I help you?" I tried to register his voice to the people I knew, and only Bryson came to mind.

"I am calling from Coldbridge police department. Your client is detained in our custody for being allegedly involved in a criminal assault. We request your presence at our station."

I received a few cases on economy disputes recently. Both parties were prominent figures, seeking to solve the dispute amiably. I was certain that they would not resort to violence.