

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1362

His words came out of the blue and I didn't know how to reply. After being dumbfounded for a few seconds, I tested the waters. "Is this related to your parents' death?"

He ignored my question. "There will be a charity auction tomorrow at Subis Auction. The philanthropist who has a connection with Armond will show up. I've already booked your flight ticket."

I was confused. "I'm not asking you about this. All I want to know is what is keeping you busy these days. Is there anything else besides business and revenge? Are you really okay? Can I believe the report for your checkup?"

Ashton was way too intelligent and detail. Since he followed me to J City, he would've everything planned out. Millie's friend might be trustworthy, but K City was Ashton's territory. Altering a medical report was a piece of cake to him.

All my life, I took every step with caution, like treading on ice. I dealt with Armond's schemes and Ezra's endless and deliberate attempts to make my life a living hell. Never in my wildest imagination did I expect the man I loved would keep secrets from me. I couldn't even figure out when he was telling the truth or lying to me.

In the face of my confrontation, Ashton remained calm. A moment later, he whispered, "I'm just carrying out my fate."

With his back against me, he drooped his head and stared at the photo in his hand.

He took in a deep breath and placed the frame back on the cabinet.

While watching his every move, it shocked me to see red gushing out from his palm. The blood was dripping onto the floor.

"Ashton!" I grabbed his hand and flipped it over. My heart sunk when I saw the deep cut on his palm.

Has he been holding the broken shards from the frame all this time?

He stared lifelessly at the red in his palm as if he didn't feel the pain at all.

"Silas!" I shouted at the top of my lungs without a care about my image. "Silas, quick, get the medical kit here!"

It pained the people who cared for us more than the ones who were wounded.

After seeing Ashton in this state, I couldn't bring myself to question him anymore and pushed my doubts aside.

I was expressionless when I bandaged his wound. Sitting face to face with him, I avoided eye contact with him.

I understood how agonizing it was to suppress emotions. Without an outlet to release the unbearable intensity one was experiencing, one would resort to self-harm to minimize the agony.

The pain Ashton was suffering was way worse than losing his parents.

Silas was scared out of his wits when he heard Ashton was injured. He waited outside the room with the maids and refused to leave.

The room was so silent that I could hear our breaths. I fell into a daze, staring at the bandage.

He was human, too. His ice-icy heart would warm up one day.

Perhaps his heart was cold before he met me in this room. However, he couldn't bear to see me in tears after I showed him my pain.

He reached out and took me into his arms. I stayed in his warm embrace for the entire night and he didn't let go.

To board the earliest flight back to K City, we woke up before dawn.

When we left the bedroom, I glanced back and saw the picture frame being placed upside down again.

After an hour, the plane landed. We split up at the airport and went back to make preparations.

The charity auction was a high-profile event, and even those slightly popular media in K City posted articles about this. It was said that only the wealthy and the elites of the world could take part.

I really didn't know how Ashton got his hands on two invitations.

When I reached the Stovall residence, I placed the flight ticket and invitation card on the coffee table in my bedroom. The flight was scheduled at seven in the evening, so I had the entire day to get ready.