

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1367

“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 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.

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.

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.