

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1368

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.

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.

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.

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