

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1370

He's still alive?

Ashton's expression turned grim and crestfallen. "I don't even know who I am anymore. There are times I thought I might not be his biological son. I even stole Uncle Charlie's hair to run a DNA test. Yet, the results showed that I'm a Fuller!"

He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. I could hear the cracking sound of his bones as he did so.

I totally understood his disappointment and frustration.

Why would a father fake his own death and dump his own child for more than two decades? While his son grew up in misery, he was enjoying the time of his life on the other side of the world. What kind of father is he?

Christopher's existence at this point had turned Ashton's entire life into a joke.

I decided not to probe further as I could tell he was overwhelmed with emotions. After a short drive, Joseph parked the car by the road.

"I'll drop you here, Mrs. Fuller," Joseph said, "The hotel is just right across the street, and Millie's car is right in front."

I nodded and got down from the car.

Since we did not know if Christopher was our foe or friend, it was better if we remained cautious.

So many thoughts popped up in my mind that day that I could hardly sleep.

When I was just about to catch some sleep at sunrise, someone knocked on the door.

It must be Emery. I woke up and walked over to open the door. However, the moment I lifted my head, I saw a seemingly affable man standing by the door. It was Christopher.

By right, I should call him Dad, but I could not bring myself to do so. I just stood there and locked eyes with him for a few seconds.

What's his relationship with Bill? What did Christopher do when they exchanged the kids?

Wait a minute! What's he doing here? He should be meeting Ashton in Bill's house right now to sort things out!

"I thought you'd invite me into your room," Christopher smiled and said. From the expression on his face, I could not tell what was on his mind at all.

I did not respond to his snide remark. After a short pause, I stepped aside and allowed him to enter.

Without hesitation, he headed straight into my room.

He moved just like Ashton; it was as if they were cut from the same cloth.

I began to wonder if Bill had truly arranged a meeting for them.

Anyway, since the man was here, I might as well talk to him on behalf of Ashton.

I grabbed a coat and wrapped it around myself before I sat opposite Christopher.

"How can I help you, Mr. Hall?" I asked, "Or should I call you Mr. Fuller? I thought you were supposed to have a meeting with Ashton."

There's no point in me playing nice. This man is why Ashton suffered in the last twenty years.

In fact, he should also be held responsible for the death of our first child.

Christopher did not seem to take offense at my hostility. Instead, he poured himself a glass of water and remarked, "You're smarter than I thought."

"I'm flattered. If you have nothing to say, I have a few questions for you." I shot him a cold stare, detesting him for the sleepless nights he put Ashton through. How can he behave so casually as if nothing had happened?

The man's lips curled into a smile. He took a sip of water from the glass and looked at me before asking, "I know you grew up as an orphan, but hasn't Ashton taught you patience and respect after he married you?"

So condescending. How dare he question my attitude after what he has done to Ashton!

"Of course, he taught me well," I responded with a perfunctory smile. "But I'm afraid not everyone deserves my respect and patience."

He let out a cold snort and leaned against the couch, crossing his legs. His eyes held a silent warning as he gave me a condescending stare. "Ashton or the twins? It's your call."