

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 609

I was curious about the son of the Murphy family. I looked around the auction area and asked, "Where is Mr. Murphy? I don't see him."

She pointed at several places around the area and replied, "The place is filled with surveillance cameras. The young master of the Murphy family is watching everything from the shadows."

I pursed my lips. He sure liked to waste his time.

I looked back at the box onstage and said after a moment's pondering, "Are you sure the Murphys won't auction it off?"

She shrugged. "I can't say for sure."

"Okay. The current bid is four hundred and fifty thousand. Are there any more bids? Four hundred and fifty thousand going once, four hundred and fifty thousand going twice..." announced the host.

"One million!" someone yelled out, cracking the calm atmosphere.

The bid had come from Joseph. I was appalled and asked in befuddlement, "Mr. Campbell..."

He looked at me solemnly and replied, "Mr. Fuller has requested that I buy this box. It might be able to open your box."

I was stunned. "The thing in the box belongs to Grandma. I just want to take a look inside. But, it doesn't matter whether I'm able to open it or not. I'll always keep it."

He smiled a small smile. "Mr. Fuller hopes that you'll be able to find out what's inside."

The host continued calling for one million...

Stacey leaned towards me and whispered, "It's not a huge loss to buy it for one million. You have both boxes now, which means double the value. They can become family heirlooms."

I thought her words over. It seemed like a good idea. I could not open the box on its own. It was a good idea to open it. They also had value as collectibles.

The host called the bid thrice and was about to bang the gavel. I was sure the box was mine.

Suddenly, a deep voice bellowed, "Ten million!"

A roar erupted amongst the crowd. The bid had far exceeded the box's value.

Joseph frowned. He was about to bid a higher price, but I stopped him. "Don't do it."

It was fine if the box was never opened. If we really wanted to open it, we could always try asking the eventual buyer of the box.

It was not worth it to spend so much money on this box.

I looked around curiously until I found the person who had called out the bid.

From the front seat of the VIP section, Stacey sighed. "This must be the assistant. The boss is still hiding!"

I looked at the man who had raised the paddle. He was dressed in a black suit and his hair was immaculate, giving him a stern aura.

I asked Stacey, "How do you know he's not the boss?"

Judging from his charisma, he had to be a successful person. He seemed like a boss to me.

Stacey glanced at me and shook her head. "You're not observant enough. Take a closer look at his clothing choices. His clothes are all branded and must cost at least a million. He's very well put together."

She looked at Joseph and said, "Now take a look at Mr. Campbell. Do you think his clothes cost less than one million?"

I furrowed my brow. "So expensive clothes aren't a sign?"

She slapped her forehead and whispered into my ear, "I mean that the man and Mr. Campbell are of the same level. They're above ordinary people but not elite enough to be bosses. Think carefully about what Ashton wears. What does he usually put on?"

I had never paid attention to the brands of Ashton's clothes. "Ashton's clothes are all custom made. Moreover, he only wears one color. There isn't anything particularly special."

It was true. He always wore black. This was probably the reason why he needed to have his clothes custom-made.

She scoffed and replied, "Do you think custom-made clothes are worse than branded clothes? The clothes he wears come from designers that charge earth-shattering prices. They're also handmade and made from the best materials. Additionally, his clothes seem to be limited edition. The designers are prohibited from selling the rights to the design. As such, the clothes are one of a kind."

I knitted my brows and stopped talking. I was not knowledgeable about this field. My clothes were supplied by Ashton's instructions to Joseph. To me, they were just pieces of cloth used to cover and protect our bodies. Whether they cost tens, hundreds, or thousands made no difference to me. All that mattered was that they were comfortable.

The box that cost hundreds of thousands was bought by the man in the black suit. The box was not precious to me. All I wanted was to open it.

After a moment's consideration, I told Joseph to ask the man in the black suit for his number. If the opportunity arose, I'm sure he was also curious to know what was in the puzzle box.

The rest of the auctioned items were accessories and antiques. I was not interested and planned to leave soon.

Stacey was a member of the staff and needed to stay to clean up afterward.