

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 611

Seeing me, she came over and said, "Mr. Ashton called a few times, enquiring if you are back. He's probably worried. Please call him back."

I nodded. Just now we had been busy all the way and so I had neglected my mobile phone. Taking it out, I found that it was off.

I decided to charge it in my bedroom. After freshening up, I called Ashton. Immediately the call was picked up.

He seemed to have been waiting for my call and his voice was a little low, "Are you lying on bed?"

That was funny. I turned on the speakerphone and placed it on my dressing table. "I've just taken a shower. How about you?"

"Thinking about you!" Sometimes, this man is really...

I did not banter but laughed instead. "How was your day? Did it rain in K City?"

It rained often during this time of the year. The rain was heavy in J City. It was sowing season and sufficient rain was a good thing.

He hummed in reply and his voice was still low. "How was the auction?"

After some thought, I said, "I saw the box. It's identical with the one at home."

"Why didn't you get it?" He asked softly.

I was stunned and thought of asking how he knew I bid for the box but I realized that Joseph must have told him.

After a pause, I said, "The price was too high and I thought it was not worthwhile."

He said, "As long as you like it, then it's worth the price. Besides, it's meaningful, too."

Knowing his arrogance, I did not argue but just replied, "It was taken away by a man named Yuri Bates. Joseph left him a message. After All Souls' Day, I want to ask him to open the box."

He grunted and asked, "Yeah, what time will you leave tomorrow?"

"Possibly early. The cemetery is rather far away."

"Great. I'll wait for you at home."

I smiled as I always felt that he was like a child. After hanging up, I slept early.

The next day, we got up earlier than usual as we were going to the cemetery. Summer was still half asleep. In the car, she finally leaned on me and dozed off.

Joseph would be driving us. Perhaps, it was too early and he had not slept enough. There were dark circles under his eyes.

In the morning, Mrs. Eriksen had prepared breakfast. I looked at him and said, "Later, I'll swap with you. Please take your breakfast first."

He cast me a sidelong glance and shook his head. Smiling, he said, "There's no need. I've already eaten."

Today is All Souls' Day so I said, "I can go on my own. You need to visit the cemetery with your family too. You can go with them."

He smiled, shook his head, and said, "It doesn't matter because my parents are around and they will go themselves. So long as the people we care about are all here. They go to the cemetery to see their ancestors. For us, younger folk, we only need to know the place."

All those who are important are still around. These are probably the words that everyone wished to say on All Souls' Day. In our life, if those who mean everything to us are around, then we don't need to go through life and death and think about them on All Souls' Day. Neither did we need to suffer the pain of separation.

This was the best blessing that anyone could ever ask for.

After driving for a short while, he spoke, "By the way, last night I checked out Mr. Bates. He's from K City and highly secretive. However, I managed to get some information. He seemed to have met old Mr. Murphy a few times.

I could not help frowning, "Then, he probably knows the Murphys."

After hesitating for a moment, I voiced my thoughts. "Could this Yuri be a member of the Murphy family? Did they buy the sandalwood jade box at the auction just to find the other one?"

Joseph was silent for a while as he kept his eye on the road. Then, he said plainly, "It's hard to tell."

It was noon when we arrived at the cemetery and the drizzle had stopped. The sun was out and a rainbow hung in the sky. The air was fresh.

Summer had a good memory. She had only been here once but she could find the tombstone all by herself even though there were new tombstones added in the cemetery.

In paying respects to the departed, we started with the most senior ancestors. It's been five years and Old Mr. Fuller's photo is slightly blurry and barely recognizable.

Summer asked, "Mommy, will all of us die?"

I nodded. When I was a child, I didn't understand what death was. When I grew up, I found that the people around me were gone one by one.

Sometimes people leave before we can say goodbye.

I said, "All will die but we don't really die per se."

Summer did not understand, neither did I. I gazed at old Mr. Fuller's photo, lost in thought. He must be rather disappointed because Ashton is not here.

When he left, Ashton held a lot of grudges against him and so Ashton did not come to send him off but now that the grievances had faded away, it seemed as if the thoughts he harbored toward the deceased was lesser too.

I don't know if it's a good or bad thing to have someone weeping in front of the new tombstone. It must be someone who has just passed on. The family had not come to terms with the loss and they were still grieving.

I don't like crying in front of a grave so I led Summer away to Grandma's tomb after saying goodbye to Old Mr. Fuller.

Summer tugged at my hand and asked, "Mom, why is that man in front of Grandma's tombstone?"

I looked in that direction and saw a tall, slim man, dressed in black, standing solemnly in front of Grandma's tombstone. His back was facing us so we could not see the expression on his face.