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# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1369 - 1370

“Do you think it’s his idea?” My instinct told me Christopher wanted to see Ashton.

“Yeah. I’ve the same thought as you.”

“Are you going?” I asked anxiously.

He held my hand and rose at once without answering my question. “Let’s get back to the hotel now.”

We left swiftly through the back door. After ensuring that there were no reporters around, we got into his car. Joseph sped off at once.

Along the way, both of us were in complete silence. Joseph drove to the nearest hilltop. When the car stopped, Ashton got out right away and lighted a cigarette as he stood against the barricade.

The hilltop was exceptionally chilly at night. As the headlamps from the car shone on Ashton, his lonely figure was shrouded by the smoke.

Gazing at him, I whispered to Joseph, “When did he find out that his father is still alive?”

“About half month two weeks ago. He didn’t really sleep well ever since he knew. Madam, he can only have a good sleep with you by his side.”

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My heart sank; The throbbing pain in my heart almost suffocated me.

It was impossible to resolve a twenty-year grudge and faith within a couple of days or even weeks.

Christopher is alive and living a luxury life while Ashton led a life of abhorrence for over twenty years.

His sudden emergence was a great blow, shattering Ashton's faith and confidence within seconds. How could the arrogant Ashton accept it?

Since he cannot save himself, he can only bear with the torment himself, day and night.

I'm his wife and the person closest to him in this world. I should have known sooner and help him overcome it. I'm really ashamed of myself!

Whenever I asked him with concern, he always insisted that I should trust him when he said he's fine.

Those brief answers reflected his helplessness and struggles in combating his negative emotions. In my eyes, he was a mighty man who was undefeatable. I really thought he could handle anything. I didn't realize he lied so I wouldn't worry. How could I be so insensitive and clueless of his sufferings!

I fought to hold the tears that were welling up in my eyes. After I got my sadness under control, I got out of the car and wrapped by arms around him tightly from behind.

I could feel his body shaking, yet he did not push me away.

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“You’re not alone. I’m here by your side,” I whispered to him softly so as not to trigger his emotion. “No matter what happens, my love for you is forever. I need you; I can’t live without you.”

I shuddered as the chilly wind blew into my clothes. Ashton remained silent for a while and tossed his cigarette away. He stepped on it and turned to wrap his arms around me.

“You’re the only reason I’m alive.”

He tightened his arms around me in case I vanished from his life. Burying his head into my hair, he took a few deep breaths, as if he could regain his courage with my scent.

We held each other tightly for a long time until my hands stiffened from the chilly wind. Ashton finally cooled himself down and led me back to the car slowly.

Worrying that Christopher hatching a scheme, Ashton sent me back to the hotel first. After that, he would return to the banquet by himself to keep Christopher’s suspicions at bay.

On the way back to the hotel, he tried his best to summarize his findings of Christopher to me.

Two weeks ago, Ashton caught a glimpse of Christopher’s profile from the picture taken by his men. He put aside all his plans to mount a full-scale investigation.

Later, he found out that Christopher had secretly changed his name to Nicolas Hall and became a renowned psychology professor. The new identity didn’t offer him wealth, but he gained Bill’s favor and got along with him well.

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Furthermore, Bill gave him protection and took every precaution to keep Christopher away from the media.

Ashton's men tried to sneak into Christopher's house for more leads, each of them went missing one by one. He suspected they were silence after being discovered by Christopher.

His father appeared to be an honorable man. In fact, he was a ruthless man who was good at playing mind games.

"I went to the Halls personally in my family's name. They turned me away." Ashton narrowed his eyes and stared out of the window. His dark eyes were glistening with glints of abhorrence.

After being deceived for over two decades, he was desperate to know the truth. However, he did not even have the chance to see his father in person. That was why he was agitated when he saw Christopher at the auction.

I furrowed my brows as I pressed my palm on the back of his hand gently. Mustering my courage, I asked warily, "How about your mother?"

## 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!"

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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.

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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.

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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."

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