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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1371

“Excuse me?” His statement got me confused.

“The twins belong to the Hall family. Do you want to hand them over to me, or do you want me to get rid of Ashton, so I can become the custodian of the kids?” Christopher threatened in a nonchalant manner.

What? He came all the way here to see me because of my children?

Instead of atoning for the mistake he made two decades ago, Christopher was now threatening to get rid of Ashton to get his hands on our babies.

Why does he want to do this? What on earth does he want?

It was obvious the man did not care for Ashton at all.

A father who wanted his son to vanish off the face of the Earth. How outrageous!

Rage throbbed in me like a heartbeat, but I tried to keep my cool. “Listen carefully, Mr. Hall. My children will carry the Fuller family name. You faked your death twenty years ago and made Ashton’s life hell. And yet, you now return merely to snatch our kids away? Are you heartless? How can you even bear to do such a thing?”

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I minded my words, not wanting to ruin things any further for Ashton, but I wanted Christopher to know how angry I was.

Had Christopher been a decent human, he would have known that his request was absolutely nonsensical. I thought I had knocked some sense into his head and made him feel sorry for the things he had done. Yet, I saw no remorse in his eyes after my outburst. He remained unaffected.

“Are you done talking yet?”

The way he spoke and his tone was exactly like that of Ashton. I felt like I was dealing with another Ashton, but I could not read his mind as he showed no emotions.

Imagine how scary it was for me to deal with Ashton with zero emotions.

Ashton was a man who would not show mercy to all his contenders even when they had conceded defeat. And that was how he made a name for himself and the Fuller family in K City. Right now, I was dealing with someone like him all by myself.

I squinted and organized my thoughts before noting calmly, “Ashton is your son. How could you do this to him?” I willed my voice to stay calm, trying to defuse the tension.

“If you really have no intention to apologize to him, then at least tell him the truth,” I continued, “Tell him about the accident. Tell him about his mother.”

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"That's none of your business." Christopher folded his arms across his chest. "You should be glad your children wouldn't need to go through what Ashton experienced."

The man paused for a moment and let out a mirthless laugh that left me feeling baffled. He then lowered his eyes and mumbled, more to himself than to me, "That's the only reason we kept him alive."

"That's enough!" I could not take it anymore. "You really think Ashton is solely a tool to procreate? Don't you care for him? I'm absolutely disgusted by how you present yourself as the perfect man to others."

He's nothing but a heartless beast!

Christopher was apparently taken aback by my reaction. His expression turned grim for a moment before he warned in a calm voice, "Do you know the danger of talking to me in such a manner?"

His threat worked. I instantly regained my composure and consciously kept a distance from him.

There was no point in arguing with him, but I could tell he was not confident that things would work out the way he wanted. Otherwise, he would not have come all the way here to confront me.

I must not let my emotions get the best of me. It's not about me now. It's about Ashton; I need to be strong and do this for him.

I let out a heavy sigh, stood up in a gradual manner, and took a sidelong glance at the phone nearby.

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I inched closer to the phone while trying to divert his attention. "You're right. I might be too young to understand the consequences of my actions. However, I must seek Ashton's advice since he's the father to my kids."

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"Just give me the kids," Christopher cut in, "I'll handle Ashton."

While Christopher spoke, I moved close to the phone, immediately crossing my arms to distract him while I dialed Ashton's number.

I supposed Ashton would have known that he had been tricked by now.

As expected, he answered the call almost immediately.

After turning off the screen while leaving the phone on, I casually walked up to Christopher.

"You want my kids because you want them to inherit your family business," I stated, "But why don't you consider Ashton? Is it because of his mother? Do you hate Ashton because of something his mother did?"

That assumption sounded awful coming out of my mouth, but that was the only way I could think of to clear all the misunderstandings.

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We all need closure from broken relationships.

He laughed. "I thought you would know the answer, given how you had him investigated into before."

"How did..."

"Enough!"

Before I could complete my sentence, Ashton's furious voice roared from the other end of the phone.

Both Christopher and I could all hear him, even though I had not turned on the speaker. He must be at his breaking point.

I could not imagine the pain he had to go through after knowing why his father left him to fend for himself.

The moment Christopher heard his voice, his eyes flitted around the room, trying to trace the source. He knitted his brows when he realized what I had done and shot me a disdainful look.

He stood up, walked to the phone, and raised his brows. "You've married a capable wife, Ashton, but trust me, one day, you'll let her down. I would advise you to give me the children as soon as possible. There's no point in fighting to the death over this."

With that said, he got up and left.

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There was a point in time during that conversation where I thought the truth had come to light, but I still had a lot of doubts.

Once Christopher was gone, I immediately picked up the phone. After a short pause, I cleared my throat and asked, "Are you all right?"

No answer came for me.

"Ashton?"

There was no still no response from him.

I then unlocked the screen with a tap of a finger and realized he was no longer on the line.

He must have had an emotional breakdown and ended the call after hearing what Christopher said.

Instead of wasting time, I immediately changed into new clothes and asked Millie to drive me around, even though I did not really have a destination in mind.

While doing so, I gave Joseph a call. "Where is Ashton?"

"He just grabbed his car key and drove off!"

"Why didn't you stop him? Don't you know he's not emotionally stable?" I exclaimed while placing my head on my forehead in worry. "His car has GPS installed, doesn't it? Track him down for me now!"

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"I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller. We've just sent his car to the workshop for maintenance. The car he drove belongs to the company, and it doesn't have GPS..."

"Are you kidding me?" I exploded, "Give me the car plate number!" I knew it was not right for me to vent my frustration on Joseph, but I could not control myself at that moment. All I could think about was Ashton.

Millie must have noticed how anxious I was. She hit the gas and sped away. "Don't worry. I'm sure Mr. Fuller wouldn't do anything that will put himself in danger. He might have gone out for a spin on the outskirts. Let's drive out of the city and try our luck there."

"We can't do anything about it now. Just drive." I tightened my grip on the phone. Nothing she said could calm me down.

Unlike K City, danger lurked everywhere in M Country. Ashton had almost been assassinated in that very location. I was afraid saboteurs might take this opportunity to get rid of him once and for all.

Millie managed to beat all the red lights, and in just a short while, she avoided the jam and headed out of the city.

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I kept my eyes on the road, hoping I could spot Ashton. All of a sudden, a yellow sports car overtook us.

The driver's arrogance instantly reminded me of someone.

Without hesitation, I took out my phone and called Holden.

Since I had been his client quite regularly, the man picked up my call immediately.

I gave him the task I needed him to help me with right away. "P917RG. Track this car for me in Fander in M country. You can quote me any price you want, but locate this car first!"

The moment Holden agreed to take this job, I hung up the call.

Around three minutes later, Holden texted me the GPS coordinates. The coordinate showed the target stopped at a river near a sea bridge that connected to the city.

We followed the coordinates, arrived at the destination some ten minutes later, and found the car with the plate number Joseph had provided.

I opened the car door and noticed Ashton standing by the river. He looked exceptionally lonely under the gloomy night sky.

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I walked up to him slowly, feeling bad for him. However, I was even more relieved than I had managed to find him.

The truth might be brutal, and the process of coming to terms with it might be a difficult one, but as long as Ashton did not give up on himself, I would be there for him.

Perhaps he was too deep in thought and not aware of his surroundings. He jolted when I embraced him from the back.

A moment of silence fell between us before Ashton said in a coarse and trembling voice, "Let's go home."

My heart sank. The pain in his voice was so palpable.

I instantly nodded and agreed, "Okay. Let's go home."

The two of us stood by the river for a few more minutes before returning to the hotel together. We finally did not need to travel separately anymore.

Neither of us spoke as we made our way back. Everything that had happened had drained all of his energy. After asking Joseph to make the arrangements for our trip back to the country, he lay down on the bed in the hotel room, exhausted.

I shut the door, went to the balcony, and gave Emery a call.

"We'll be going back tonight. Something happened. Do you want to stay or leave with us?"

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"I'm fine with any arrangement you decide on. What's wrong? Did the auction yesterday go well?" Emery had been away the entire night, so she had no clue what had happened.

I could not help but take a quick glance at Ashton. "I don't think I can explain it to you through the phone. Long story short, Ashton's father is still very much alive."

"What? Who?" Emery questioned, thinking she had heard me wrongly. "Ashton's father? I thought the man died twenty years ago..."

"To be honest, I'm as just as confused as you are," I sighed. "Ashton has booked us a flight back to J City. I suppose we'll have a clearer picture once he talks to the Fullers."

"Why do I feel like you're not pleased with the turn of events? Is the man a problematic person?" Emery hit the nail on the head.

I responded with another sigh. "Yes. He wants our kids and treats Ashton like his enemy. I don't like him at all."

I seriously detested Christopher. Zachary and Cameron had once wanted to end my life, but that was because they had mistaken Rebecca for their daughter. After they knew that they were in the wrong, they had tried their best to make amends.

Christopher, on the other hand, was nothing short of a heartless monster. Not only did he not bother to find out how Ashton had suffered in the last two decades, but he also acted high and mighty all the time.

"Wow. Someone actually has the guts to treat Ashton like shit? Why though? Why did his father hate him so much?" Emery mumbled as she analyzed.

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Upon realizing she had blabbered too much, she immediately diverted my attention. "Don't worry, okay? Perhaps things are not as bad you thought. Anyway, I don't think I'll be going back to J City with you. I'll see you in K City soon, all right? Take care."

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Not long after we ended the call, Emery sent me a text message: The media back in the country found you and Ashton are staying in the same hotel. Just be careful of Thora.

Isn't it ridiculous for a couple, who has been married for years, to become the talk of the town when they stay in the same hotel?

I replied immediately: Got it. Thanks for the heads up. You be careful too. Emery was our close friend, and I was worried for her safety as well.

The woman replied casually: Nah, I'll be fine. I'm not alone anyway. I chuckled at that message. She must have had the time of her life yesterday.

I teased: Wow. Looks like you had a lot of fun with a special someone last night. Alexander had done all he could to get her attention. Who could resist a man like him?

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Emery expressed her dismay in her next message to me, texting: Stop right there, woman. It has nothing to do with him, alright? You know what? I don't have to explain myself to you. I'm gonna go have more fun now. Ciao!

I closed the app after reading her message and shook my head with a grin. Sadly, that short burst of happiness disappeared the moment I thought of Ashton. My expression turned grim once again.

How I wish Ashton gets the love he deserves just as much as everyone else

Unfortunately, there's nothing he can do to change his fate. The least I can do now is to keep him company and show him that he isn't alone.

We touched down at J City in the evening on the next day and immediately paid Charlie a visit.

Ashton's uncle was busy sprucing up his garden when we arrived.

Ashton walked up and greeted him with a blank face.

At the sound of his voice, Charlie turned around and looked at us. He froze for a moment before asking, "Hey. Since when did you two come back?"

Somehow, I felt there was something amiss with his delayed response.

Charlie was the only Fuller who knew Christopher well. He must have some inside stories about Ashton's father that he could share with us.

Throughout the years, Charlie had raised Ashton well. Though Helen often gave them a hard time, the two men still maintained a close relationship.

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Since Charlie raised him like his own, Ashton did not believe his uncle would lie about his father's death.

There was no reason for Charlie to lie to Ashton.

Charlie might not know the entire truth, but that did not mean the man was entirely innocent. He had watched Ashton suffered for the last two decades, yet he chose not to tell him anything about Christopher. Does this mean he's not at fault? I don't think so.

Christopher had been in hiding for decades. He could have stayed away from Ashton and carried the secret to the grave, yet he chose to appear before his son. There was a high chance Christopher must have been in contact with the Fullers.

Ashton stared at his uncle and asked in an intimidating voice, "Do you really not know why we're back?"

Ever since the passing of Christopher and his wife, Ashton had lived with George and Charlie. Growing up, Ashton had always been emotionally unavailable. Charlie knew one day, this young man would become even more impassive. He had finally witnessed that today.

Charlie looked at Ashton and froze. He lowered his head to avoid his glare. "Watch your manners, Ashton," he said, "How do you expect to know everything about you? You must be tired. Go and take a rest in the guest room. We clean it every day, hoping that you'll come and visit."

He seemed a little absentminded as he spoke, even going as far as accidentally pruning some branches off a well-shaped shrub. However, the man soon snapped out of it, turning around and ordering the maid, "Carry their stuff into the house."

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The maid came up and carried our luggage. "Please come with me, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller."

Unlike Ashton, Charlie was not great at hiding his emotions. Based on his reaction, I believed Christopher must have approached him before.

We decided to come unannounced in the late evening because we did not want Charlie to avoid us. Now that we were face to face with him, we hoped he could tell us the truth.

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After taking a shower, we set out to look for Charlie again.

The living hall was exceptionally quiet; Charlie was not around.

I got hold of a maid and asked, "Where's Mr. Charlie?"

The maid lowered her head and answered, "He has gone to bed."

Ashton tilted his head and took a sidelong glance at the rooms upstairs. Though he had moved out of the family home for many years, he still remembered the location of Charlie's room very well.

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We headed up and stood outside the room. Ashton knocked on the door and called, "Uncle Charlie?"

No one responded.

A corner of Ashton's mouth quirked up. It was as if he had expected this. He held my hand and brought me back to the living hall.

After a short while, Charlie came down slowly with Helen.

"Did you call me?" The man asked, looking like he had just woken up. "I would have slept straight to the next day if the maid didn't call me." He let out a chuckle at that comment.

"You should rest early if you're tired," Ashton said calmly while shooting daggers at Helen.

I glanced at him, paying close attention to his expression. He waited for them to tell him the truth for twenty years. I'm sure he doesn't mind waiting for another few hours and asking them about it tomorrow.

Charlie responded with a wry smile, "It's all right."

"Please take care of yourself," Ashton said, "I didn't get to take care of my parents since they passed away at a very young age. I hope I still get to repay your kindness after I've made a name for myself in K City."

A line formed between Charlie's brows, but before he could respond, Helen stepped in and said, "Thanks, but you don't have to. George raised you, not us."

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I was well aware of the fact that Helen did not like Ashton through and through. She even often went around telling people he was good-for-nothing. Ever since my relationship with Ashton improved, he seldom talked to me about them anymore.

There was just something strange about the couple.

“You’re right,” Ashton began, “But I still hope you can come with me to K City. I can take good care of you that way. We’re the only Fullers left in the family now. We should stay together, don’t you think?” He leaned against the couch and tapped his finger on the armrest absentmindedly as he spoke.

“We’ve thought about that possibility too, but since we’re so used to J City, I don’t think we’d be comfortable living in a big city,” Charlie explained.

No matter how hard Ashton tried to convince them, Charlie and Helen seemed to have all sorts of excuses to turn him down.

I had been observing the woman, and she seemed to be oddly courteous throughout the conversation. I also noticed her tendency to peep at me when she was talking to Ashton. Every time she saw me looking at her, she would offer me a rather awkward smile.

After Charlie had rejected the offer for the third time, Ashton kept silent for a long time. As tension began to build, everyone in the living hall grew nervous. Thankfully, Ashton broke his silence moments later. “There’s something I wish to ask you, Uncle Charlie.”

Upon hearing that, the other man shuddered while he was about to take a sip of tea. He quickly regained his composure and asked, “What is it?”

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Ashton took out a few photos from his pocket. They were the photos of Christopher, whom he had secretly shot. Ashton didn't think twice before he dumped them all on the coffee table.

Charlie took a glance at the photos, and his expression turned grim immediately.

Helen did not seem to notice her husband's reaction. She pursed her lips and grabbed the photos from the table. The moment she saw the photos, the color drained out of her face. She stuttered, "How... how.. how is this possible?"

Ashton shot Helen a cold stare. "Tell me, who's the man in the photo?" He raised his voice. "When the world thought he had passed away, he's still alive and well in M Country. So, explain to me how this is possible."

Clearly, Ashton's patience had worn thin.

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