

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1375

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.

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."

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?"

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.