

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 606

I nodded, indicating that I was going to go downstairs soon.

Ashton's voice travelled from the phone. "Joseph will be there soon. You should go over together!"

I knew he was worried about me, but I felt he was making a mountain out of a molehill. "Stacey and I will be fine."

"I told you to go with Joseph!" he barked.

Helpless, I could only nod and agree.

I noticed that it was late and said, "I'm leaving now. I'll call you when I reach home."

"Go back after you've had dinner and put on more clothes. Wear a thicker coat too," he reminded me.

I nodded. "Got it. It's spring now. Besides, this is J City, not K City. It's hot here!"

Many girls on the street had started to wear skirts.

He ignored my words and said, "Wear more clothes. Don't forget to call me when you reach home."

I knew that he was about to start nagging. I quickly curbed the onslaught by saying, "Got it!" I hung up the call.

So it was true. After being together for some time, our conversations were mostly filled with trivial chatter. This was probably how life was supposed to be.

Downstairs, Mrs. Eriksen had hung up the call. When she saw me come down, she said, "Letty, have dinner before you return home. Mr. Campbell is on his way here. He should be here by the time you're finished."

I looked at the phone she had just put down and asked, "Did Ashton call you?"

As I spoke, I walked to the dining table and took a seat. I started to eat and Summer watched me with twinkling eyes. "Mommy, you're just like a child. Mr. Fuller has to remind you to eat," she teased.

I placed a piece of food I knew she did not fancy into her bowl and snapped, "You're the child. Hurry up and eat."

Mrs. Eriksen set down a pot of soup in front of me and said, "Mr. Ashton told me to make this soup for you this morning. He said you have to drink it because it'll nourish you."

My mouth fell agape as I stared at the large pot of soup. My head started to ache and I choked out, "Mrs. Eriksen, there's no way I'll be able to finish all this."

She shook her head, her expression solemn. "No. You have to finish the soup. Mr. Ashton said that you won't eat much at the auction. All you ate were desserts. Too much dessert is bad for you."

I had a sneaking suspicion that Ashton was not in K City at all, rather he was in J City. He tracked my every movement like a shadow.

I sighed and silently gulped down the soup. Once I was done, I was too full for any more food.

I looked at Mrs. Eriksen vexedly and asked, "Are you satisfied?"

She seriously inspected the pot before scooping out some of the ingredients and placing them in my bowl. "You have to eat these. They're good for you," she said.

The rumble of an engine could be heard coming from the yard. I stood up and said to Summer, "Summer, finish these ingredients."

"Mrs. Ericksen, Mr. Campbell is here. I'll be taking my leave. Please take care of Summer tonight."

"Hey, you haven't finished the food!" yelled Mrs. Eriksen from behind me.

I quickly climbed into the car and said to Joseph, "Head towards the southern suburbs. I'll send you the address through WhatsApp."

Joseph nodded and started up the engine. He looked out at Mrs. Eriksen who had come out of the house and remarked, "Mrs. Eriksen's legs are in great condition."

Are you kidding me?

She followed me all the way out here. Her legs must be very strong. Thankfully, the car had started to drive away and Joseph did not seem to intend to stop.

During the journey, Joseph stole glances at me. He seemed to be hesitating to speak.

After a few glances, I could not help but blurt out, "What's wrong? Do you have something to say?"

As he maneuvered the steering wheel, he said, "The Murphys are the number one petroleum conglomerate. They might have a deeper reason for choosing J City to be the site of the auction."

I nodded and replied, "I know. I heard that the eldest grandchild of the Murphys is coming. He always fancied holding auctions in various locations. When he finds a treasure that he likes, he always snaps it up at high prices."

Joseph glanced at me and paused before replying, "It's best if you stay on your toes. Mr. Fuller wants you to be careful."

I nodded. Ashton seemed overly cautious. Although the Murphys were powerful, every large clan had members with hobbies. In the past, kings had concubines, riches, and artifacts.

It was normal for the Murphys to have a member that was obsessed with antiques.

Fifteen minutes later.

The car stopped outside the museum where the auction was being held. I climbed out of the car. "Mrs. Fuller, you go in first. I'll join you soon," said Joseph.

I nodded and fished the invite out of my bag. I tilted my head to admire the steps that seemed to extend forever. For some reason, architects liked to include long flights of stairs at the entrance when they were designing meaningful sites.

Were they trying to enforce the message that one needed to work hard in order to enter houses of knowledge?

Several people dressed in military uniform stood at the museum's entrance, their backs ramrod straight.

A member of the staff dressed in a suit was checking out invitations.