

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 873

I looked at him and waited for an answer.

He smiled and said, "Mr. Taylor has already passed both the Kingston area and foreign trade area of Moranta over to me. Abe has no way of staying in Venria anymore since the country has become too strict, so all he can do is escape into Moranta. Logically speaking, his father was friends with Mr. Taylor. Since he wanted to help his old friend, he sent me to deal with Abe but still ended up choosing me in the end."

That was why Holden had seemed so unsure in the private room just now. He wasn't completely sure whether he was on Ashton's side yet. Instead, he was checking out Ashton's abilities. If he hadn't used my father as a trump card, Holden might not have ended up helping Ashton.

Before the contract was signed, what Holden said to Archie had been the deciding factor. Archie choosing Ashton over Abe was probably because Holden knew that the person who could help him the most after Archie's death was his true ally.

Ashton alone wouldn't have seemed so useful to Holden. However, if the Moore family was included, it was an automatic win. My father no longer joined in a lot of events, but he definitely still played a prestigious role in our society.

Ashton looked at me calmly. "Aren't you mad that I used your father's name in my case?"

I shook my head with a smile. "I'm happy as long as I can help. It's one of the ways I can come to terms with having someone as talented as you."

He smiled back and kissed me on the cheek. "Silly girl. You're more talented than any woman could ever become. I'd choose you over anything and anyone."

The man was simply flirting, but all of his words found their way into my heart.

Everyone should avoid saving their compliments toward the ones they love. After all, if it makes them happy, it will be worth it in the end.

It wasn't exactly cold in Moranta, but due to the high population, the sky was almost always grey and cloudy.

Ashton had to leave the hotel rather early. After Holden took over the Taylor family, he was working together with Ashton since he needed his help quite often.

I was rather bored since I was simply lying on the bed. After a while, I got up and left the hotel. Since I was in Moranta, I naturally had to visit the attractions.

The streets were flooded with people hurrying here and there. On the contrary, my languid, relaxed stride seemed out of place.

Some people would occasionally look my way, clearly confused.

Nonetheless, I pressed my lips together and simply ignored their stares.

Suddenly, a beggar on the roadside caught my attention. It wasn't as if I had never seen a beggar before, but that one beggar looked a bit familiar to me.

The beggar returned my stare with a slightly furrowed brow. His stare was originally careless, but once he met my eyes, he jolted slightly in shock before smiling at me.

That smile immediately reminded me of where I had seen him before. Ashton and I saw him at the casino that day, and he was surrounded by a bunch of burly-looking men.

What happened to him? I wondered. Why did he end up as a beggar?

I couldn't help but frown. Yet, I couldn't manage to feel any sympathy from those who dug themselves into such a hole. After simply glancing at him, I turned and started walking away.

I continued my stroll but started to feel someone following me. With a frown, I looked back only to see the same beggar from before. My frown deepened, and I pulled out some cash I had on me and placed it on the ground. "I don't have that much cash on me now. Just take this and leave me alone, please."

Despite that, he kept staring at me with the same foolish smile on his face.

I didn't know what he wanted, so I asked, "Is that not enough?"

He shook his head and kept smiling at me until I started to grow visibly annoyed. Finally, he opened his mouth. "Ms. Stovall, don't you know who I am?"

Of course, I knew who he was. I looked at him with a frown still on my face. "This money is enough for you to eat some proper meals. Stop gambling and get a proper job."

Despite knowing my words would simply bounce off of someone like him, I still felt like I had to say it.

Nonetheless, He was still smiling like a fool. "I don't want your money. My mom told me to thank you because you're a good person."

I frowned again. "Your mom? Who is she?"

He tilted his head in thought before answering, "Well, she's my mom. Who else would my mom be?"

I felt like he was just teasing me at this point and couldn't help but say, "What I meant to ask is, how does your mom know me?"

He chuckled, and for some reason, it started sounding creepy to me. "My sister's name is Sasha Brooks."

That name had left a significant impression on my brain at this point. I instinctively froze in shock for quite a few seconds.

Finally, I asked, "You're Sasha's brother?" How can her brother be someone as reckless and addicted to gambling as this man?