

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 862

I smiled at him. The scandal about Fuller Corporation had spread like wildfire in K City. Many people in the industry heard about it, so I'm not surprised that he knew it too.

He waved at the waiters and asked them to serve the dishes. As we chatted away, all the dishes were served. The man looked at me and said, "It seems like the Lavelian Village project can't be completed anytime soon. Are you going to stay here or return to A City after this?"

I shrugged. "I haven't thought about it. I'll see how things go after I go back during the holiday." Thinking of Nora, I glanced at him while asking, "I thought you would bring Nora along this time. "

He smiled without answering me. "Did you bring the box here?"

"Of course I did, but there's something I need to ask you first." I had been pondering it for so long, yet I just couldn't get to the bottom of it.

"Go ahead." He nodded.

"The box that you put up for auction back in J City... was that your grandpa's?"

The man nodded his head in response.

Pausing briefly, I questioned, "Did someone give him the box? Can you help me ask him whether he knows someone named Winona?"

My questions wiped the smile off his face. In a split second, his expression fell, giving off a hint of indescribable coldness. The temperature around me seemed to have dropped. I couldn't help rubbing my arms.

With my eyes on him, I asked cautiously, "What's wrong?"

A few seconds later, his expression turned solemn as he looked at me and said, "Is Winona your grandma?"

I nodded. The scene of him standing in front of my Grandma's tombstone in the cemetery in J City crossed my mind. "Armond, I've always felt that you're getting close to me on purpose."

Unexpectedly, instead of making up excuses, he stared at me and nodded. "Yeah, before we met in the cemetery, I saw you in K City before, but you didn't notice me."

I was dumbstruck. Not wanting to talk further about the past, I steered the conversation back to my grandma. "So Mr. Murphy and you know my grandma. Am I right?"

Nodding his head, he gave me a faint smile. "Yes. On top of that, they're quite close to one another."

I furrowed my brows slightly, waiting for him to go on, but the man seemed to have no intention of telling me more about it. "Give me the box," he said.

I took the box out and handed it to him. Despite my desire to ask him more about my grandma, I bit my tongue since he remained tight-lipped.

I was bewildered by his reaction. It seemed I didn't know Armond as much as I thought I did. Most of the time, he was an approachable and amicable man. Even though he was from a wealthy family, he was nothing like the other rich kids. He had pitched in to help us with many things as if he was part of our family.

However, there were times when I felt he was distant and out of our reach. The man had too many secrets which we could never understand.

Staring down at the box in his hands, he examined it once and found that it was fine. With a brow raised, he glanced at me. "I don't know much about your Grandma. I only want this box out of curiosity. Does Ashton know that you've given me the box?"

Nodding my head, I replied, "He knows."

His brows knitted together. The man seemed puzzled as he said, "Didn't he say anything?"

I shook my head while staring at him. "Why? Is there anything wrong?"

He simply shrugged and said nothing.

After lunch, I had nothing else to do, so I drove home straight away. As soon as I reached home, Ashton called me. His voice was deep and restrained. "Are you home?"

I nodded while glancing at my watch. It was already in the afternoon, so he was about to get off from work.

"Are you coming home?"

"Yeah, I'll be home in a while. Why? Do you miss me?" As usual, his voice was music to my ears. My cheeks heated instinctively.

"What do you want to eat tonight? I'll cook for you," I said.

After giving it some thought, he answered, "How about eating you tonight?"

Oh God, this man...

Later, I received another call. The person on the other end of the phone lashed out at me the moment I picked up the phone. Utterly baffled, I hesitated for a moment before asking tentatively, “Are you Sasha’s mother?”

The woman hummed in response a few times. Her voice sounded like she was on the verge of crying.

I paused for a few seconds. “Mrs. Brooks, like I’ve told you before, I’ll help you as much as I can. The police have yet to release the report. Let’s wait for it before we do anything else, alright?”

“What on earth are you talking about? The police have already given me the autopsy report much earlier. Just say it if you’re reluctant to help. Are you delaying it on purpose? Once Sasha’s cremated, we’ll have no evidence, and you’ll insist that she had committed suicide, won’t you?” The woman was a little agitated. Her tone was full of bitterness and distrust.

My brows snapped together at her accusation. I had yet to receive any update about Sasha’s autopsy report. Pulling myself together, I said, “Mrs. Brooks, I really haven’t seen the report. Let me find out about it before we discuss anything further. Is that okay?”