

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1377

Plans were bound to break when changes occurred. After Charlie and Helen saw through us and our intention, they packed up and left the house early in the morning. When Ashton and I headed downstairs in search of them, they were nowhere to be found.

“As the saying goes, you can’t wake a person who’s pretending to be asleep. It’s going to be hard to make them spill the beans.” I sighed.

Ashton stared blankly at the door for a few seconds before taking his phone out to dial Charlie’s number.

The call rang for a while before it got through.

Charlie immediately stated, “Hi, Ashton. I forgot to tell you that we’re going on a trip today. We’ve planned this trip for a long time. Feel free to stay at the house for a couple more days and take your time to pack before...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Ashton cut him off, “Uncle Charlie, I won’t force you to say anything if you’re not willing to tell me the truth, but I don’t want to be kept in the dark anymore. I promise I won’t bother you again after you tell me all the things I have the right to know.”

After a brief silence, Charlie replied, “Meet me at the café opposite Fuller Corporation.”

Ashton and I arrived at the café an hour later, nine o’clock sharp.

Soon we ordered our coffee, we sat down at a table by the window, waiting for Charlie and Helen to arrive.

About half an hour later, a deafening screech of tires suddenly came from the road outside, masking the relaxing music in the café.

Then, a clamor of footsteps and screams ensued.

“What a terrible driver!”

“Did they survive? Quick, call the police!”

“Go and check on the victims.”

I frowned. Though I felt sorry for the people in the car, the situation did not affect me as much as the others in the café.

Meanwhile, Ashton looked out of the window, seemingly deep in his thought. Suddenly, as though realizing something, he sprang to his feet and rushed out with a frown. Worried, I immediately followed him out.

The two squeezed through the crowd and saw the crash.

The victims were a man and a woman. The face of the unconscious woman was so bloody that no one could even see her appearance. On the other hand, the man, who was nearer to us, lay face-down, and his body was twitching slightly.

Realizing that he might be conscious, Ashton went forward and tried to put him in a comfortable position.

However, as soon as he saw the man’s face, Ashton froze and called subconsciously, “Uncle Charlie? Are you Charlie Fuller?”

The dying man tried to open his mouth to say something, but he suddenly gasped and collapsed to the ground, motionless.

One of the bystanders found the victim’s wallet and saw his identification card. “Oh my gosh! This guy is Charlie Fuller!”

“That Charlie Fuller?”

“Then... The woman must be his wife, Helen Clarke.”

“The Fullers were doing quite well in K City recently. Of all times, why did such a horrible thing happen now?”

“I don’t know. Maybe they were making dirty money. It’s probably karma.”

Just then, the police and ambulance arrived at the bloody scene.

“Move aside! Don’t block the authorities!”

Once the police dispersed the crowd, he shook Ashton’s body and snapped him out of his trance. **“Sir, please cooperate with us. You need to leave now.”**

With a blank face, Ashton stood up and walked towards me, his face painfully expressionless.

Behind him, the police placed a finger under Charlie’s nose and checked his pulse before reporting to his colleagues, **“No breath. Weak pulse.”**

Ashton and I went to the police station to give our statement, and at 3 p.m. that day, Charlie Fuller was pronounced dead.

The Fullers did not have any other relatives, so all the legal proceedings were handled by us. By the time we were done, it was already late at night – daytime in M Country.

As we made our way out of the police station, Ashton’s phone rang.

The silence from the other side of the line made Ashton’s face fall. **“Why did you do it?”**

He did not say much, but I instantly knew who had called him.

Only the heartless hypocrite, Christopher, would call at this hour to check the condition here.

Ashton’s voice was low, but it was laced with anger. His face remained expressionless, but he was exuding an aura of deep resentment and boiling hot anger.

The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb. For Ashton, the Fullers who raised him were much more important than his biological parent.