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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1527

The two sisters looked to be having more fun out there while Gregory and the housekeeper were hiding under the shade, completely in their own little world as they fiddled with some miniature laptops like usual.

Hearing a commotion coming from the study, I tore my gaze away and headed there.

I stopped at the doorway. Ashton and John were acting strangely civil with one another as they stared intently at the painting bought from Nathaniel's art gallery yesterday.

The painting was being displayed on an easel in the center of the study. John sat in an armchair off to one side, occasionally sneaking interested glances at the artwork.

Ashton, on the other hand, was standing right in front of the easel. His expression was completely serious and his gaze was sharp as he reached out to feel the texture of the painting, as if he would be able to understand the artist's emotions that way.

It took a while for them to notice my presence, Ashton's eyes softening in mirth when he saw me. "You're awake."

"Mhm." I entered the room, sitting down on a chair beside John. "Why were you so insistent on buying this painting? What's so special about it?"

I eyed John as I spoke, curious about the answer.

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“We should take the chance to visit while the older relatives have returned to the country,” John randomly said instead, changing the topic. “It’ll be easier since everyone’s in one place; I don’t have to run here and there.”

On the surface, his words sounded like he was being considerate of other people, but I could detect a hint of sorrow in them.

After all, he hadn’t seen Emma in a long time. He had every right to feel frustrated.

Ashton didn’t react much, but I spoke up, “I think that’s a good idea. We’ll do as you say.”

A reunion with Emma and Drew might be just the thing to lift John’s spirits and prevent any further friction between him and Ashton.

As expected, my brother quickly sprang into action and grabbed his phone off the table, dialing someone’s number as he made to leave the room. “Ask your guy to explain everything to you,” he reminded me before walking out.

Does he think Ashton doesn’t deserve to be called by his name?

I looked exasperatedly towards Ashton, who didn’t seem at all perturbed. The corners of his lips quirked up as he helped me to my feet and led me to stand in front of the painting.

He gently lifted my right hand and guided it to touch the surface of the canvas. The rough, uneven texture of the dried oil paints under my fingertips added yet another layer of vibrancy to the artwork.

Perhaps it was because I lacked an artistic intuition, but I couldn’t feel any emotions rise within me even while observing the painting at such a close

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distance. After a short pause, I awkwardly pulled my hand back. "I'd rather you just tell me outright. I don't have any talents in art, so I have no idea what you're getting at."

His eyes narrowed slightly. He turned around and picked up a single banknote, mysteriously pressing it into my hands.

"Am I supposed to absorb some sort of power from your wealth?" I joked. "Is this going to help open up my third eye or something?"

"Possibly," he answered. "Feel it thoroughly, and then maybe you'll understand the profoundness of this painting."

Is he pulling my leg? Without thinking twice, I crumpled up the banknote into a ball in an act of defiance, acting as if I was going to chuck it at him.

But the moment my fingers properly closed around the ball of paper in my hand, a sense of deja vu came over me. My movements froze mid-air, and I slowly unclenched my hand to take a closer look at the note.

Is this a coincidence?

The texture of the banknote was the exact same as the texture of Nathaniel's oil painting.

"Tell me what's on your mind," Ashton drawled out.

I snapped awake from my daze, reaching out and touching the oil painting again to make sure that I wasn't hallucinating. "Are you trying to say that the canvas used for this painting is the same paper used to print this note?"

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Anyone who had studied law before knew that the entire process of making banknotes, from designing to printing to being made available for public use, was a very strictly monitored process. No matter how high your position was or how much influence you had, no one was entitled to privately own the original material for these banknotes.

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