In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 765

"Let's talk about how we are going resolve this," Ashton said sharply. He then threw his documents on the table.

The table fell silent at once, and all eyes were on me.

I was unnerved but spoke slowly and confidently, "The project still has to continue no matter what. As for the theft, we will conduct an internal investigation. It is too big of a coincidence for both the surveillance and equipment to malfunction at the same time."

Joseph frowned. "We've investigated everybody at the base. They're all clean."

"Isn't that the biggest suspicion?" I protested. "How is it possible for everybody to claim an alibi at the same time?"

"I will communicate your concerns to the police," Joseph said after a pause.

"So we're back to where we started. There's no way to proceed with our investigation." Rachel laughed derisively. "We are always-"

A knock on the door of the conference room interrupted Rachel.

Joseph got up and opened the door. Leedon was on the other side.

"Ms. Stovall," he said in a panic. "The lady with you earlier is a friend of yours, is she not? Something's happened to her. Could you come and have a look?"

Nora?

I rose hurriedly. "Mr. Fuller, Mr. Murphy, please excuse me."

Armond got to his feet as well. After a mumbled explanation to the rest of them, he came out of the room with me.

"What happened?" I asked Leedon, who looked like he was in despair.

"The land adjacent is undergoing some renovation, and the lady fell into one of the holes dug into the ground when she was on her way to pick some fruits," Leedon explained as we hastily made our way out.

"The foundations that they'd dug aren't that deep," I asked with confusion. "Why couldn't you just bring her up?"

Leedon shook his head. "It's a little more serious than that. There is no parking lot over here; it would have been a waste to use a plot of land as parking spots. We've decided to have an underground parking compound instead."

I shivered. In that case, the foundation dug must be quite deep to accommodate the dimensions of a parking compound.

"Have you brought her up?" I couldn't help feeling anxious.

"I'm not sure. When I first came, Ms. Oberick appeared unconscious. She might have been rescued, but she could be injured."

The route around the outside of the base was difficult to traverse on foot. I jogged along with Leedon leading the way to the site where Nora fell.

A crowd gathered around the spot. With some trepidation in my heart, I joined them.

The paramedics were already there and were preparing their equipment to treat Nora, who was being lifted out at that moment.

She was indeed unconscious. "What happened to her? Where is she hurt?" I demanded.

"It might be her brain, but we can't be sure without tests from the hospital," one of the paramedics replied.

A stretcher was brought over, and Nora was placed on it. They carried her swiftly to the ambulance.

Leedon dispersed the crowd as I glanced down to where Nora fell. It wasn't very deep.

At the bottom were several pears that were squashed. Those would be the pears that Nora had plucked.

But the question is – what was she doing all the way over here by herself? An ordinary woman would cringe at the amount of mud around the site and would rather die than soil their footwear. Why did she come all the way over here for?

Armond followed the party carrying Nora away. Soon after that, Ashton and the rest came toward me.

"What're you looking at?" Ashton asked me as I stood next to the base.

"Why do you think she ran all the way over here for?"

"You need to be asking her that," Ashton answered, just as confused as I was.

I shrugged without any further questions. We got into the car and followed the ambulance to the hospital.

With the chain of accidents that had occurred, coupled with Nora's identity, the project was called to a halt.

Back at A City, the doctors who had examined Nora had revealed that she had hit her head pretty hard during the fall and would be remaining comatose for the foreseeable future.

Armond visited her, while the project in Lavelian Village was halted. The only thing left for me to do was to return to the villa for some rest.

Back at the villa, I attempted to key in the same passcode as I always have but was denied access.

Nonplussed, I gave Armond a call. "Did you change the passcode to the villa?"

He paused for a moment before answering. "Yes, Ashton does not wish for you to continue living with me. Your things have been relocated to the other villa."

I hung up and sighed deeply.

It was futile to hide from it. I trudged next door, entered the passcode, which was my birthday, and the door swung open.

There was a car already in the yard; it seemed as though Ashton had arrived before me. The door to the living room was wide open.

Joseph was occupied with watering the plants in the yard. "Mrs. Fuller, you're back!" he greeted.

I nodded, feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

"Is Ashton not back yet?" I asked after a pause. I cast a gaze around the perimeter of the living room just to be sure.

"Mr. Fuller is in the study upstairs," Joseph replied. "He is probably going over some documents. Why don't you go upstairs and have a look?"

Upstairs in the study, Ashton was hard at work. His black-rimmed spectacles rested on the bridge of his aquiline nose as he peered at the documents intently.

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When I shifted my gaze towards him, his handsome features exuded an elegant and alluring aura. He had also changed into a pair of grey sweats. It seemed like he had just emerged from a shower, as his ebony hair was in damp tendrils. Originally, Ashton had much shorter hair. He must have neglected it due to his increasing workload. His hair was now long enough to fall across his forehead. Overall, it gave him a very youthful appearance.

He did not notice my presence when I entered the study. He must have been too immersed in his work. Seizing the chance, I tiptoed over to his figure.

While he was distracted, I sneaked my way behind him and pointed my fingertip to the back of his head.

"Don't move! This is a robbery!" I uttered in a low and raspy tone.

Gently, he set down the documents along with the glasses perched on his nose bridge. "What do you plan to steal?" he asked.

"I'll take all your money!" I answered as I ruffled his hair with my fingers in a playful manner.

In a swift move, he turned around and pulled me onto his lap. "Mrs. Fuller, you can take anything you want," he rumbled, "But you should repay my generosity before you leave."

"Your guest is downstairs," I said with a mischievous grin as I wrapped my hands around his neck. "Won't you be embarrassed if there's a commotion?"

"You don't need to worry. He has left." He reached out a hand to pinch me. His dark eyes were fixated intently on my face.

As soon as he uttered those words, the loud noise of a car engine echoed downstairs.

"Mr. Fuller, I have a serious question. Is Mr. Campbell's impeccable timing a talent or skill that he trained?" I asked.

"Both!" his lips curled into a smile.

"Why do you keep calling me Mr. Fuller? Scarlett, shouldn't you address me with more affection?" He caught my chin in his grip and bit my lip cheekily.

"We both have our own names," I replied with a saddened pout. "What do you want me to call you? Baby? Sweetheart? Darling? Or Hubby?"

These loving titles seemed out of place for such a stoic person like Ashton.

Although we have been married for many years, I could not recall the last time I referred to him in such an intimate manner.

Ashton remained silent; his dark gaze was unreadable and impossible to decipher. "Hubby?" I asked tentatively.

The usually solemn Ashton seemed to be stunned by my words.

His flustered face nearly made me laugh aloud. How adorable! "Hubby!" I crooned gently and leaned on his chest.

According to Nora, there was a key technique when it came to flirting or being coy. A woman should sport a flirtatious gaze and a gentle voice; this would give the recipient an electrifying experience.

I felt a hint of glee when his muscles stiffened under my touch. It seems like Nora's advice worked!

After my brief moment of triumph, mortification swept over me. Something feels off...

A crimson red blush painted my cheeks as I stared at Ashton. "You..." I didn't expect to receive such a huge reaction!

Besides, we just did it last night...

"You are the worst!" The words slipped out through clenched teeth.

"I can't hold back when you call me hubby!" Ashton rasped as his grip around my waist tightened.

"Say it again!" he demanded. He lowered his head until his nose bumped against mine. I could feel the warmth of his breath fanning my cheek.

My face warmed upon his request. Of course, I wouldn't call him hubby again!

Quickly, I slid off his lap in an attempt to flee. "Go ahead with your work. I'm a little hungry; I'll find something to eat."

Before I could take another step, Ashton enveloped me in a back hug. My back was pressed against his broad chest as his chin rested on my shoulder. "How can you walk away after teasing me?"

"How is it my fault that you have no self-control?" I raised my hand to halt his advances. My face flushed in a mixture of frustration and embarrassment.

Ashton lifted me in his arms with ease and carried me to the table. "You can't leave things unfinished," he rumbled in a deep voice.

After so many years, Ashton knew my body like the back of his hand. A simple touch from his fingers was enough to strip my resistance away. It felt as if a cat had sunken its claws into my heart.

"Ashton, you were too rough last night! I can't do it now!" I cried and reached out my hand against his chest to stop his advances.

He seemed to take my rejection as an invitation instead. Ashton didn't stop his movements as my pleas were in vain. On the other hand, he seemed to redouble his efforts.

"Of course, I'll get excited when I see you." He clamped a hand over my mouth. "How can you be so cruel to neglect me?"

I was utterly speechless.

Yet, the arrow had been released from its bow. It was impossible to bring it back.

In the autumn days of September, the nights had begun to turn longer as the days shortened. Although it was seven in the morning, the sky remained dim. There was only a sliver of light that illuminated the clouds.

The sharp ringtone of my phone echoed noisily throughout the room. Before I could reach out to grab my phone, Ashton pinned me in place. It took several tries before I could grasp it in my hand.