

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 861

“Okay, remind me again before we go.” After a short pause, I glanced at him. “Ashton, can I ask you a question?”

He raised a brow. “What is it?”

“I’ve always thought that you’re angry with your grandpa because he broke you and Rebecca up, but I realized that wasn’t true. Can you tell me why you were so mad at your grandpa?” Some incidents of the past were etched in my memory. I remembered he hadn’t shown up during his grandfather’s funeral.

His gaze darkened a little at my question. After staring at me in silence for a while, he said, “It’s been so long. I don’t really remember why I was so mad at that time.”

Baffled by his answer, I was tongue-tied, so I stopped questioning him.

The following day.

Ashton and I went to Fuller Corporation together. The number of reporters waiting downstairs had reduced significantly. They must have left because of the lack of newsworthy information over the past few days.

Sasha’s parents were not around as well. I reckoned that they were taking care of their granddaughter at the hospital.

The lobby that used to be clamorous was now back to normal.

The moment I stepped through the entrance, Stella skipped to my side and spoke while looking at me. “Mrs. Fuller, you’re here. Isn’t it great that Sasha’s grandparents stopped coming over? You’re amazing!”

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Overcome with excitement and joy, she completely overlooked the man beside me. For a moment, I thought she was about to twirl around me in delight while holding my arm.

After a while, Stella finally spotted Ashton. She hurriedly let go of me and greeted him respectfully, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. So sorry."

Glancing at her indifferently, Ashton reached out to hold my hand. Without a word, he brought me into an elevator.

In the elevator, Ashton gave me a sideways glance. "Now I know you have a way with both men and women."

His comment befuddled me. My cheeks flushed red when I finally wrapped my head around his words. "Cut the nonsense. I worked with her yesterday while dealing with Sasha's parents. What are you thinking?"

He chuckled and pulled me into a hug. "That my wife is very sociable."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Stop teasing me!"

Later in the evening, I thought of Summer after preparing dinner, so I called Cameron. The phone rang for quite a while before it was picked up. "Hello, this is the Moore Residence." Zachary's voice sounded on the other side of the phone.

The landline phone didn't display the caller ID, so he spoke rather formally. I froze for a second. "Dad, it's me, Scarlett."

The man remained silent for a short while before asking gently, "Letty, have you eaten? Are you coming home tonight?"

I chuckled. "I've just finished cooking. I'm staying at Ashton's tonight. Have you guys had your dinner? How's Summer today?"

"Mmm. She's fine, and her fever's gone. I guess she'll recover soon. Your mom and aunt are cooking dinner in the kitchen now. We're going to eat soon. Is Fuller Corporation alright?"

I nodded and chatted a little longer with him before ending the call.

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Just as I was about to have my dinner, my phone rang with a call from Armond. Picking it up, I greeted him. "Hello, Mr. Murphy." I habitually addressed him the way I did at work.

I heard a sigh from the other side. "You can call me by my name when we're not at work. I heard from Nora that you're in K City. Are you free to have lunch with me tomorrow?"

His words reminded me of the promise I made to him in Epea, which I put off up till now. Without a second thought, I agreed, "Sure. Let me know the time and the venue. I'm free tomorrow."

He hummed without saying a word.

After hanging up the phone, Ashton's dark eyes were fixed on me. "Was that Armond?"

I nodded. "When I was in Epea, I promised that I would give him the sandalwood box my grandma gave me once we returned to our country safely. Perhaps he's interested in that box."

Ashton's forehead creased slightly. He kept quiet for a second before asking, "Haven't you thought about why your grandma has the sandalwood box?"

I nodded. "I've thought about it, but I can't figure it out."

With his intense gaze still fixed on me, he said, "The way you met Armond seems deliberate to me. Scarlett, it does no harm to stay alert, no matter what you do."

I was perplexed, yet his words made sense to me, so I nodded my head in agreement and hummed several times.

He dropped the subject afterward.

Alba Street.

Heirloom Cafe.

Following the address Armond gave me, I arrived at the restaurant, and a waiter guided me to the table where Armond was. It was already late autumn in K City. He was dressed in a

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casual Korean-style outfit. His hair was neat and chic. A beige trench coat was draped over the back of the chair next to him. His look made him look as dashing as a Korean idol.

The restaurant was equipped with air heaters, so I removed my jacket and put it aside. "Have you been in K City for a few days already?" I asked, looking at him.

He nodded with a half-smile. "I wanted to ask you out a few days ago, but there's a lot going on in Fuller Corporation, I thought you might be busy, so I postponed it."

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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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?"

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