

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 852

However, Fuller Corporation's AI technology had been hyped up in its initial stages, and everyone had thought that it would send Fuller Corporation which was already at its peak to an even greater stride. Now it seemed like everything was not as simple as we had thought.

Their press conference was over a month ago. This meant that Fuller Corporation would allegedly be sued for plagiarism. Normally, a hefty fine would be imposed under these circumstances, but that would only be a minor problem. The major problem would be whether Fuller Corporation's reputation could survive this crisis.

Ashton had ventured into AI to diversify the projects that they could take on in the future since the market was an ever-changing tapestry. The real estate market that George built his empire upon was already a red ocean. The best that they could do was only to sustain the business and, at best, earn meager money from it. Ashton foresaw that it would be near impossible to achieve greater strides in the same sector. Hence, Fuller Corporation's investment in AI technology aimed to better serve the ever-developing market.

There was no time to explain everything to Emery. I hung up the phone and went over to Fuller Corporation immediately.

Once there, I noticed that reporters from various different media outlets were already crowding the Fuller Corporation building. It was impossible for me to drive past the crowd. Hence, I got off the car and planned to sneak inside the building.

However, to my dismay, someone in the crowd suddenly exclaimed, "It's Mrs. Fuller! She's here!"

The exclamation sent the crowd into a frenzy. Before I could react, blinding flashlights hit my face as the reporters began to throw questions at me.

"Mrs. Fuller, are you aware that Mr. Fuller had plagiarized the product of CBU?"

“Is this Mr. Fuller’s doing, or is the whole Fuller Corporation also involved? How much do you know about this?”

“Mrs. Fuller, it’s rumored that you’re not working in Fuller Corporation, but your company is collaborating with your husband’s company for this project. Did the two of you conspired to anticipate huge earnings in the local market after the AI technology has been launched?”

“Mrs. Fuller, rumor has it that you’re managing all assets registered under Mr. Fuller’s name. I’d like to know, given that you’re the wife of the man who tops the billionaire rankings every year, does he extort it all from the public?”

The questions got increasingly crude and demeaning. Swarmed by the reporters, it was impossible for me to make my way through the crowd. Exasperated at the flashing cameras that were hurting my eyes, I could no longer hold myself in.

“Please do not accuse my husband and me of anything without any concrete evidence. Otherwise, I will give everything in my power to sue every single one of you for defamation!”

Seeing that my path was blocked and that there was no place else to go, I could only use my hands to shield myself from the glaring flashlights. Unfazed by my threat, a reporter provoked, “Is that your guilt talking, Mrs. Fuller? Even though we do not have any concrete evidence in hand, there is no smoke without fire. If Mr. Fuller is truly innocent, then he’d have no fear of us accusing him of such, unless he’s truly done something that he shouldn’t have. Are you putting up a farce because you know you’re in the wrong?”

Someone in the crowd pushed me, and I was knocked to the ground. Before I could react to the sudden turn of events, my hand was stepped on by someone, and I gasped from the pain.

There were just too many people around. I tried to get up as I feared being trampled over. However, no matter how hard I tried to stand back up, it was as if the swarm of people was united in their attempt to keep pushing me back down each and every time.

After a few tries, I was trampled over and suffered a few kicks here and there. All of a sudden, the reporters swarming me fanned out, and the air grew still.

I lifted my head in response and fixed my gaze on the entrance of Fuller Corporation. Ashton walked out of the entrance with a cold, hard look on his face, flanked by the top management of Fuller Corporation.

As the reporters had fanned out all at once, I was left sprawled on the ground in everyone's plain sight. It wasn't hard to imagine how disheveled and shabby I looked to him and everyone else.

The surrounding temperature dropped several degrees with the frigid look on Ashton's face. The man was burning with fury as he approached me. He shot his icy gaze at the reporters surrounding us, eliciting gasps from the crowd.

He pulled me up from the ground and held me in his arms. His usual gentle voice rang in my ears, "Are you alright?"

I nodded. "I'm fine!"

He nodded as well before he scanned the surroundings with his dark eyes. It was apparent that he was demanding retribution from the demeaning crowd.

"I am very honored that you guys had taken the time and effort to crowd the building of my company. However, there is no good reason for all of you to inflict injury on my wife, and I expect an explanation from all of you for that. Please go back. You guys are only qualified to interview me when you have a job." Ashton did not raise an octave, nor were his words crude, but it was obvious that his words were a warning to them. Even though I did not quite understand what he meant, I could tell that the lot of reporters had picked up on what he was trying to say judging by the looks on their faces.

With that, Ashton took my hand and headed for his office. he then ordered Joseph to fetch him a first aid kit. He got me to sit on the sofa and tended to my wound in silence.