

in Love, Never Say Never Chapter 853

My knees and arms were bloody from being knocked to the ground, and my body was covered in dust.

I was lucky that these were only superficial wounds. Ashton lowered his head and tended to my wounds. There was a hint of anger on his perfectly sculpted face. His anger became even more obvious when I flinched as he was sanitizing my wounds with iodine solution.

He lifted his head and looked at me as he asked in a low voice, "Does it hurt?"

I shook my head and managed a slight smile. "Not really!" I wasn't lying. After all, they were just external wounds, so it was nothing unbearable.

He pursed his lips and continued to work on my wounds. I knew he was mad at me for not staying at home.

Ashton had not said a single word even after he was done with my wounds. Just then, Joseph sent over some clothes for me to change into. He tried to say something but he bit his tongue at the sight of his boss.

Ashton turned to look at me. "Can you change on your own?"

I nodded. Of course I can.

He hummed in acknowledgement and said nothing else.

I turned around and headed for the private restroom. Soon after, Joseph's voice rang. I could still hear him as the private restroom was quite near

"Mr. Fuller, I've done the investigation. The things that CBU had launched last month came directly from Fuller Corporation. They made no changes to the machinery after taking it from us. So far, they have not launched any other new machinery."

I paused after listening to him and recalled that a lot of things had been stolen from the base of the Lavelian Village project not long after it had been launched.

However, no further follow-ups ensued. Ashton and Armond did not seem like they were interested to get to the bottom of things either.

On the contrary, Fuller Corporation simply decided to rebuild another machinery. I had thought that that would be the end of the problem, but now it was clear as day that someone was looking to set Ashton up.

Otherwise, how would CBU be able to launch such a big-scale AI exhibition, showcasing its sophisticated technology without stirring up any response both locally and internationally? Everything about it did not make any sense to me

Ashton replied, "Hmm. Get someone to make a statement to conclude that it would be difficult for us to assemble the AI without the core technology. Then, spread the word that Fuller Corporation had been ransacked in A City, and list out everything that we were about to exhibit back then."

Joseph nodded and fell silent for some time before saying, "By the way, about Mrs. Fuller's injury today, I've contacted the person in charge of those media outlets. We have identified all reporters who had gotten too close, or hurt Mrs. Fuller in any way through the security footage at our entrance. They have all promised that the identified personnel will never be employed in any media outlets and TV stations in all of K City."

"Good."

Then, the room fell silent. It seemed like Joseph had left.

I changed my clothes, and since my wounds were already taken care of, I was fine.

After heading out of the private restroom, I was greeted by the sight of Ashton working. Glancing at me, he asked, "Does it still hurt?"

I shook my head. "No. It's nothing."

Hesitating for a moment, I parted my lips and asked, “What will happen to the reporters?”

He stopped writing and looked at me seriously. “All media outlets and TV stations in K City will never employ them.” There was not a trace of emotion in his voice.

I nodded and said nothing else. I knew that it wasn’t easy for reporters to climb the ranks in K City’s media industry, especially to the ranks of being able to get firsthand news and to get the chance to mingle among the rich and powerful, much less to be able to interview these people. It must have taken those people decades of work just to get to where they were.

However, one order from Ashton was all it took to put an end to their careers. The reporters must have been indignant at the implications, to say the least.

Judging by his calm and composed manner, I could tell that Ashton must have come up with a way to deal with the current situation. I initially came here to help, but it did not seem like he needed any. “Ashton, is someone deliberately trying to stir up trouble this time?”

He raised his brow and poured me a glass of water. “Are you so worried about me that you’ve come all the way here?” He was not answering my question.

Stumped, I nodded solemnly. “Yes.”

His lips curled into a smile, and he seemed pleased. “Don’t worry, I’m doing fine.”

I heaved a sigh of relief at his response. “That’s good, then. The Murphys pitched in for the Lavelian Village project as well, but they’ve been awfully quiet.”

I initially thought that the investigation would not have been so thorough. However, the reporter downstairs had implied that they knew the connection between the Murphys and the Lavelian Village project. But if that’s the case, why are the Murphys being so quiet about it?

He put down the pen in his hand in silence and said, “No rush. We have all the time in the world.”

I could sense that there was another meaning to his words. I was about to inquire further but thought better of it. Recalling that I still had to take Summer to the hospital, I turned to him and said, "It seems like I'm not much of a help to your problems. I'm going to take Summer to the hospital later. Mom said that she's been having fever a lot lately, and asked me to fetch her for a check-up."