

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 858

I finally understood that the reporters' main objective was Ashton, and Ashton only. As for the victim's relatives, the reporters would likely just snap a few pictures and then try to compete with each other for who could write the most heart-wrenching news article.

I took several thousand out of my purse, telling the female receptionist, "I need you to get someone to buy some fruits and snacks, the more expensive and higher quality, the better. After that, arrange for it to be delivered to them. Buy some toys and give them out to the kids here, too. It would be best if you could start up a conversation with them and find out why they're going to such lengths, and perhaps ask if they're acting on someone else's orders. Also, call up some more reliable reporters and tell them to come over to take pictures."

She looked shocked as she received the money, nodding numbly. To my surprise, the young woman worked efficiently, swiftly giving out water bottles and snacks to everyone in the lobby. She also instructed some of the other security guards to help with her errands, and they naturally mixed in with the crowd and started talking.

It just so happened to be lunchtime. Reporters filtered in slowly but surely. However, they seemed to have learned from their previous lesson and were acting a lot more reserved than last time.

After a while, the female receptionist ran over to me excitedly. "Mrs. Fuller, those people aren't Sasha's family! Someone is paying them a hundred per day to come here just to make a fuss! All of them are simply retirees who jumped at the chance of earning money, and some even dragged along their grandchildren to make it look more realistic."

My mouth fell open. I had thought that these people would at least have some relation to Sasha, but it turned out that all they wanted was to cause chaos and confusion.

Falling deep in thought for a minute or so, I then instructed her, "Think of a way to get an audio recording of that confession, then pay them twice the amount of money to send them away. Apart from that, instruct them to tell outsiders that Sasha committed suicide. As for everything else... Let them add as many 'saucy' details as they wish, as long as it doesn't affect Fuller Corporation negatively."

She nodded and walked away, leaving me to wonder, who would go to such lengths to ruin Fuller Corporation's reputation? What do they want from us?

The lobby was slowly clearing out, and the receptionist approached me to show me that she had recorded a video. "I've asked them all to leave, Mrs. Fuller. The only ones left are Sasha's actual parents." She shook her head in awe, exclaiming, "You made everyone calm down and caused the reporters to come all the way here for nothing. You even helped promote our company along the way! You're amazing!"

I laughed lightly, my gaze settling on Sasha's daughter out of the corner of my eye. The little girl appeared a little worse for wear, and for some reason, I had a feeling that she wasn't just an ordinary child.

I turned back to the receptionist. "Thank you for everything you've done today. Give me your number so that you can send the video file to me. By the way, what's your name?"

Her cheeks flushed at my request before shyly exchanging numbers with me. "My name is Stella Collins, Mrs. Fuller. You can just call me Stella! I'm glad to have been of assistance."

I smiled politely back at her. Minutes later, she sent me the video file through WhatsApp.

"Help! Someone, help!" Suddenly, the peace and quiet of the lobby was broken by someone's screams.

Glancing up, I saw Sasha's parents sobbing and shouting desperately for help. "Go over and see what they need," I ordered Stella.

She rushed over, pushing through the small crowd that had formed around Sasha's parents as I followed closely behind her.

The young girl that had just been playing on one of the sofas in the lobby had passed out, her face was as pale as a ghost with blood streaming down from her nose. It didn't seem like she was suffering from an external injury.

Her grandparents were panicking, cradling the child in their arms as they cried.

At a loss for what to do, Stella turned to stare at me in confusion.

No one had any understanding of the child's condition. She had stayed here for the entire day, and I had only just instructed people to give her and her family snacks. If anything happened to her, people would find a way to somehow blame it on Fuller Corporation.

Clearly, the other staff was also thinking the same thing I was. Stella became even more frantic, as she had been the one to personally buy the snacks and hand them out.

The young woman in question was nearly in tears as she stared at me. "What should we do, Mrs. Fuller?"

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to calm down and think rationally. "Hello, Mr. Brooks, Mrs. Brooks," I greeted them. "I'm Ashton Fuller's wife. If you're willing to trust me, will you hear me out?"

The old couple was already frozen in shock because of their grandchild. When they looked up at me, it was as if their eyes suddenly lit up with hope. Clutching onto my arm, Sasha's mother pleaded, "Madam, please help her! I'm begging you, please help!"

I nodded, trying my best to soften my tone in order to reassure her. "Please listen carefully. The most important thing now is saving this child's life. We will call an

ambulance to send her to the hospital, but you have to agree to settle everything else only after we've confirmed that the child is no longer in danger."