

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 880

I burst out laughing and typed back a reply: Ok. I'll definitely keep an eye on him for you.

Ashton raised a brow at me when he heard me laugh. "What's gotten you in such a good mood?"

After sending the message, I explained, "It's Nora. She said Armond is in Moranta, and she wants me to keep an eye on him. She said that she'd fly right over and kill him herself if he messes around with other women."

Ashton abruptly hit the brakes, causing the car to screech to a halt. Then, he snapped his head toward me. "Armond is in Moranta? Since when?"

Seeing the grave expression on his face, a sense of foreboding filled me. "Nora messaged me last night, so he probably arrived yesterday."

Ashton's brows drew together. Then, he put the car in drive and was about to turn the car around.

Having no idea about what was going on, I peered at him with concern lining my features. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Boom! Suddenly, there was a muffled noise. Before I could understand what was happening, Ashton's expression turned grim. He was initially going to make a U-turn, but the car lurched forward right then.

"Ashton..." I barely got one word out when the car swerved violently, making me feel like I was about to be thrown out at any second.

Glimpsing the solemn and anxious look on Ashton's face, I suddenly realized that the situation might be more serious than I thought.

Ashton kept ramming the brakes, but the car went out of control and abruptly veered off course.

Realizing that the car was about to crash into an obstruction ahead, Ashton turned the steering wheel with all his might in an attempt to avoid it, but it turned out to be useless as the car still collided into the concrete wall.

The impact was so strong that I nearly flew out of my seat. When the ringing in my ears finally stopped and I regained my bearings, I looked at Ashton and saw blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

Half of his body was hit by slabs of concrete, and he was injured.

“Ashton! Ashton!” I twisted my body and leaned toward him, reaching out to touch him as I called out his name several times. Finally, he opened his eyes and looked at me. In a weak voice, he urged, “Go, quick. Find Holden. He can save me.”

Soon, I realized that there were several black off-road vehicles approaching not far behind. Ashton’s frantic voice sounded again. “Go now. Otherwise, both of us won’t be able to leave.”

The cars behind were closing in. I knew that if I didn’t run, not only would I fail to save Ashton, both of us would end up in trouble.

Within a few seconds, I twisted the other way and crawled out of the car. Then, I stumbled toward a wall not far away and hid behind it.

The black vehicles pulled to a stop and a few hulking men in black got down.

I watched as they pulled Ashton out of the car. To shield me, Ashton’s entire body was pinned down by the car and sustained heavy injuries. The men completely disregarded that as they roughly dragged him into a black car that was parked behind. Then, one of the men stepped forward. With a glacial expression, he took out a cigarette and drew a few puffs before flicking the cigarette butt next to Ashton’s G Wagon. I didn’t realize it earlier, but the collision had damaged the car’s fuel tank. Upon closer inspection, I also noticed that the car tires were completely flat. Thus, the reason Ashton suddenly lost control of the car was because someone had shot the tires.

As soon as the cigarette butt came in contact with the gasoline on the ground, flames sparked to life and spread toward the car. As though carried by a strong wind, the flames quickly engulfed the whole car.

It was going to explode soon. I glanced at the car that cost millions with pursed lips. Drawing in a deep breath, I turned and left in the other direction.

However, I didn't go very far, only putting distance between the explosion and myself. Once I confirmed my safety, I directly called the police. Originally, I wanted to call Holden, but I didn't have his number, so I could only try the numbers Zachary had given me. The call was picked up after only several rings. "Ms. Stovall!"

It was someone Zachary had arranged for me in Moranta. Breathing a sigh of relief, I explained, "Ashton and I were hunted down. He's injured and was just taken away. The car has been burned down. Can you find Ashton as soon as possible?"

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds. Then, he answered, "Okay, but we'll probably come over to ensure your safety first."

I nodded and agreed.

Because I didn't have Holden's contact, I could only wait until the person arranged by my father to come over. A middle-aged man arrived after a while and made sure I wasn't injured before informing me, "The police will be here soon, and they might bring you to the station to take your statement. I've sent someone to search for Mr. Fuller, but it seems like the other party made careful plans in advance. I'm afraid we'll have to regroup and strategize our next move."

I nodded and tried my best to stay calm. "Okay. Ashton told me to look for Holden at the Taylor residence. Maybe he knows how to save Ashton."

"Understood."

The person my father sent to protect was called Boris Irwin, the subordinate he entrusted in managing the assets in Moranta. Over the years, everything here was basically handled by him.