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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 763

Ashton looked up unexpectedly and caught me staring. Panicking, I averted my gaze immediately. "What's wrong?" I asked when he stared at me intently.

"Pick up the phone!"

"What?" I asked, feeling even more confused.

"Your phone!" Ashton reiterated as he closed the first aid kit with a slam.

I wrenched myself out of my reverie only to notice dully that my phone had been ringing for the past few minutes. It was Nora on the line, and she did not sound happy at all.

"Babe, what's up with you? Why weren't you picking up?"

I felt slightly embarrassed. "Oh, I had something on. What's the matter? Are you here?"

I recalled earlier in the day that she had called to state her desire of coming over to the base and then going over to her grandfathers for dinner.

"I've reached a long time ago. I'm at the hotel now, but I don't know the exact location of your base. Why don't you send someone over to pick me up?"

I shot a glance at Ashton. Joseph had been dispatched to send Rachel to the hospital, and Linda was probably off with her own tasks. Armond, too, was busy with the incident of the theft.

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It looks like I'm the least occupied one for the moment.

"What is it?" Ashton asked when he saw me staring at him.

"Nora wants a lift from the hotel, is that alright with you?" I did not know if he had anything going on currently, so I thought it'd be better to ask first.

Ashton grunted. "She's at the hotel?"

I nodded.

Other than his grunt, he did not indicate that he had heard what I said after that. I was doubtful that he understood the situation but trusted him to handle it and allowed the matter to drop.

It wasn't a big deal. We emerged from the office and headed for the museum.

Joseph was already waiting there. At the sight of us, he hurried over. "Mr. Fuller, there are some documents from Mr. Quinn for your kind attention."

Ashton nodded and took the stack of documents that Joseph was offering him. "How are things being handled?" he asked with a glance toward the museum.

"There was a breakthrough," Joseph answered. "The perpetrator had contacted his partners on the outside. It doesn't appear to be a simple break-in now, but we're still not certain."

Ashton frowned but nodded. He took the documents and headed over to the visitors' room.

I found Linda, who was back to her old self again. She stared in surprise at me. "Did you not have a fight about what happened earlier?"

She was, of course, referring to Ashton and me. At that, I nodded and told her, "He told me to defend myself and not let myself get hurt the next time."

She gaped at me and burst into laughter. "Hats off to Mr. Fuller for giving his wife an unlimited berth."

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We suddenly caught sight of Rachel who had had a change of clothes. She glared at us with hatred when she passed by. It was as though she would love nothing more than to rip us from limb to limb.

However, Linda was not intimidated. She stared provocatively across and said in a loud voice, "She thinks that she is so popular just because she's good-looking. But it all amounts to nothing if her manners and character are rotten."

I tugged at Linda's shirt. "Alright, that's enough," I said softly. "Nora's coming here; Ashton sent for someone to pick her up. Do you still have much to do? When we're done here, we're going over to Mr. Oberick's house for dinner."

Linda was taken aback. "You're going to her grandfather's for dinner?"

I nodded. "She's been bored all day and is in desperate need of companionship."

Linda shrugged but ceased her attempts in taunting Rachel.

After some time, Nora made her grand entrance by emerging from Armond's car. Linda cast a look of surprise at me.

I was surprised as well. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that Ashton was still absorbed in his documents and paid no attention to Nora's appearance.

Nora had on a demure skirt with plain and natural-looking makeup. It made her appear unusually mature.

Linda teased her. "You're not planning on meeting the boyfriend's parents today, are you?"

Nora giggled. "Linda, I'm still relying on you to make that happen for me."

"What do you mean, relying on me?" Linda answered. "It all depends on your own efforts. Meeting the parents is the easy part – just promise an heir for them! Old Mr. Murphy has always wanted a great-grandson. There's your ticket in."

"That's a bad idea," Nora pouted.

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“Though the Murphys are rich and proud, they take etiquette very seriously,” I chimed in. “If Nora gets to be part of the family with your scheme, she’d be frowned upon.”

“Hey, you wanted my advice. Here it is.” Linda shrugged.

Armond appeared. “Tonight, you girls should take Rachel out for dinner as a truce,” he said to Linda and me. “You’d be seeing a lot more of each other, and you might even need each other’s help.”

Linda and I nodded solemnly. Armond could see that we weren’t taking this seriously and sighed, “Linda, you are a veteran in this organization. You shouldn’t show your displeasure like that. Think of the bigger picture! What’s more, the issue with Fuller Corporation is still not resolved. If things went sideways, the procurement of the equipment would depend on her.”

Linda nodded. “Yes, Mr. Murphy,” she replied with the utmost sincerity. “I will be more mindful with what I say.”

Armond nodded and hurried off to attend to his matters.

As soon as he left, Nora stared at us both uncomprehendingly and asked, “What happened?”

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“Before you came, we had a fight with Rachel. We’re all bruised and battered,” I explained, with an automatic glance toward Ashton.

Nora’s eyes widened. “God! Why didn’t you include me for this?”

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Linda chastised. “It’s already happened, and Rachel must be holding a grudge. It’s hard to tell how she would make things difficult for us in the future.”

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I pursed my lips, deep in thought. Armond had a point.

Though I did not like Rachel, it was indisputable that she was a capable employee of the Corporation. If it weren't so, Ashton wouldn't have gone through the trouble himself of hiring her all the way from Ustrana.

Aside from the fact that Ashton had no romantic interest in her whatsoever, her skillset and professionalism were second to none, and Ashton valued her for it.

If Rachel left in a rage, the only one at a loss would be Fuller Corporation.

"Alright then. Do you still have work to do?" Nora asked. "If you don't, we'll head over to Grandpa's for dinner. It's harvest season for the fruits he had grown in his yard."

"What a glutton!" Linda teased. "We still have a meeting to attend. There still isn't a concrete plan to deal with the situation at the base, and we can't afford to delay this any longer."

I nodded in agreement. "There are some pear trees outside the base," I informed Nora. "They're ripe enough to be eaten. Go and amuse yourself. We'll call you once the meeting ends."

She nodded glumly. "What an awful life it is to have to amuse oneself."

Linda and I laughed for the lack of anything else to say and headed to the meeting room.

Leedon saw us and, for some reason, smiled awkwardly to himself and went on his way.

Seeing that, Linda and I were startled. What was that about?

In the office, Linda heated up some water. While she searched for a paper cup, Leedon pushed some freshly harvested fruit to her. "Ms. Linda, could you help me peel these?"

She was busy, but I got up and volunteered on her behalf. "I'll do it!"

Leedon was startled at my enthusiasm. "Oh, there's no need. I'll do it myself!"

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I frowned as I tried to recollect our interactions over the past couple of days. I don't think I had offended him. Why was he behaving like this?

Nonetheless, I did not spare much thought for the matter after he brought his fruits out of the conference room. Soon after, Ashton and Armond entered.

Then, Rachel entered after them. When everybody was seated, Joseph began. "I'm sure everybody has their own suspicions regarding the situation of the base and are keeping a close eye on it. We're here today to discuss our progress."

"This project was launched half a month ago. Right now, all of our tasks are bottlenecked, due to the mistakes of some people. We have been unable to get started even until today. How are we supposed to discuss progress?" Rachel cut across with an ugly look on the face.

Her words had truth to them, even if they were scathing. Linda did not retort, but she did not object either.

Ashton and Armond remained silent as well. As leaders, they were just here to listen.

After that, Joseph briefs a little regarding the status of the project and opened the floor for each of us to express our opinions.

"It's my fault that the project is currently stagnated," Linda voiced out. "I accept the blame fully. But the most important thing right now is to think of a way to catch back up."

"What a load of rubbish!" Rachel scoffed coldly.

Linda frowned but did not say anything.

Everybody present was well aware of the source of Rachel's discontent.

After a brief pause, I said, "The items stolen from the base are impossible to be recovered right now. I wonder if Fuller Corporation has any comparable technology that can substitute the stolen goods for the time being? For the project to continue, we need the equipment."

Joseph nodded. "It has already been arranged. Don't worry, Mrs. F, I mean, Ms. Stovall!"

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"Nice save, Mr. Campbell." Linda laughed.

Joseph grinned apologetically.

Rubbing my nose thoughtfully, I said, "Besides, I've been curious about what's been going on here at the base. It's very unlikely for Linda to forget the operational steps. How was it so coincidental that the thief would have been able to pick that up?"

"Coincidence? Sounds to me like we have a traitor in our midst. How easy it must have been to have something worth billions at one's disposal. They get the goods, and they get the man as well. Hah! What a breeze!" Rachel said bitterly, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

"Rachel, you should clarify who it is that your filthy mouth was accusing." Linda was losing her temper by the second.

"Well, well... Who else could I be referring to? I mean, if the shoe fits." Rachel laughed coldly.

"You..." Linda spluttered, her anger rising steadily.

I pulled her back into her seat. "We'll deal with what we have to deal with," I said hastily. "Ms. Zimmer, there's no need to bring your personal issues to a professional setting, and there's even less need for you to use that tone with all of us. We will bear the price of our mistakes, but we are here to discuss what we can do better moving forward, and we will do exactly that!"

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