

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1070

At that, Ashton chuckled softly. "It looks like Mrs. Fuller is missing me. What did you have for dinner?"

Likewise, I giggled. Without answering him, I remarked, "Ashton Fuller, it feels like you have life within you now." In the past, he used to be cold and indifferent without much warmth. From afar, he always seemed rather chilly, but now that I had been with him for a long time, I found that he was oftentimes no different from the ordinary person—he experienced distress, concern, worry, and he would also nag, badger, and always treat me well.

"Why do you say that all of a sudden?" he queried. His voice was still slightly hoarse, and it sounded as though he had caught a cold.

"You've caught a cold! Have you taken any medication?" I blurted even as I resolved to go to A City tomorrow barring any unforeseen circumstances.

"I just caught a cold when I disembarked from the airplane, but it's no big deal. How's the weather over at K City?"

I nodded before slowly telling him about everything that had happened today while he listened quietly. As I spoke, I inadvertently blurted, "I miss you, Ashton Fuller."

The person on the other end was taken aback for a moment, and silence reigned for a long moment. Then, in a low voice, he murmured, "I miss you, too."

"I don't have much to do in K City, so can I go over to A City to look for you? I want to see you." I actually wanted to tell him about my encounter with Marcus, but on second thought, it would only add to his troubles, so I decided not to do so.

At that, he paused for a moment before saying, "Holden is probably arriving in K City tomorrow, so don't be in such a hurry to come to A City. Fuller Corporation needs you and Joseph there. If you come over, I'll worry about Fuller Corporation instead. Armond will most likely seek you out for the sandalwood box, so stay at Moore Residence as much as possible. You'll have a backup if anything happens."

Upon hearing that, I pursed my lips. "Why is Armond still fixated on that sandalwood box? Even if the item in there could get him some money, it'll be a mere pittance. So, why on earth is he obsessed about it?"

"The oil fields in Eastern Epea have been affected by the epidemic this year, so a huge amount of petroleum there can't be exported. The Murphys run a petroleum company, and this is the best time to buy petroleum there at a low price. However, they don't have a contract in hand. While that single piece of

paper agreement doesn't seem to be of any importance, Eastern Epea only acknowledges that piece of paper.

"As the Murphys have been operating on a small scale throughout the past few years, that piece of paper didn't really matter. But now that they want to purchase in huge quantities, it'll be a drop in the bucket without that piece of paper. Furthermore, Armond didn't get anything useful in Moranta, and petroleum is the fastest way to generate profits for Murphy Corporation, so he'll definitely seek you out for that sandalwood box."

Bafflement gripped me after listening to him. Then, I hesitantly questioned, "So, should I give him that sandalwood box?" After all, I might not necessarily be able to hold onto that sandalwood box if Armond demanded it.

The truth of the matter was, I had indeed promised to give him the sandalwood box when I came back from Venria. But then, Ashton changed the sandalwood box when I gave it to him, and I didn't continue pursuing the matter henceforth.

At that moment, Ashton went silent. After what seemed like an eternity, he admitted, "From my perspective, I don't want you to give him the sandalwood box. He's not an honest person, so no one can guarantee that he won't continue targeting me when the Murphy family has stabilized. He has always wanted the business deal in Moranta, but he has no time to bother now that he's all caught up in the affairs of the Murphy family."

Indeed, that's true.

He then paused for a moment before continuing, "Nevertheless, the Murphys is a domestic company, so the country will have sufficient petroleum reserves after they purchase the petroleum at a low price. It's beneficial to everyone in the country since a huge supply of petroleum means a possible lowering of its price. Therefore, it's a good thing to a certain extent."

At that, I grew increasingly conflicted. "So, should I give it to him or otherwise?"

However, he didn't answer me anymore. Instead, he abruptly hung up the phone. When I called him back, the line was busy. When the call was connected after a long time, we bypassed that topic.

The next day, I went straight to Fuller Corporation.

Holden was late, so Joseph briefly informed me about the company's recent condition before leaving the office. When Stella saw me in Ashton's office, she was stunned for a moment. In the next second, she handed me some documents that were to be reviewed with a neutral expression. They were basically collaboration proposals from some small companies and some internal start-up plans. Ashton had previously left me instructions for these, so I had no problems handling them.

I was reviewing those documents in the office when Holden arrived. His method of making an entrance was truly different from others. A long-legged beauty

with wavy curls sashayed beside him, and he wasn't at all bothered about running his hands all over the woman in public.

As soon as he entered the office, he pulled the woman onto his lap and inserted his long and slender fingers between the woman's thighs. Despite it being in the middle of winter, the woman was wearing flesh-colored leggings. He caressed her for a while, but he probably didn't find it satisfying, for he asked the woman to remove it altogether. Hearing his request, the woman looked at him in mild embarrassment and murmured, "This isn't quite appropriate, no, Mr. Taylor?"

"What's inappropriate about it? As you said, you're here to keep me company and make me happy. Why, are you going back on your word?" Holden's roguish appearance then truly seemed as though he was itching for a beating.

The woman's face was a mask of mortification, but Holden merely looked at her apathetically as though everything had nothing to do with him. While he didn't show much of an expression, he vaguely emanated displeasure. Women working as escorts were naturally adept at reading someone's moods, so after a moment's hesitation, the woman bit her lip lightly.

Lowering her head, she mustered her courage to remove her leggings right there in the office. As I sat there at the table, I couldn't help frowning. Staring at Holden, I suggested, "Mr. Taylor, how about I reserve a hotel room for you, and we'll talk business when you're done enjoying yourself?"