

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 705

After that, she continued, "No, I'm drunk now. I shouldn't be calling Ashton. I should call Armond, and let him come..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Nora dozed off.

I couldn't help but chuckle at how ridiculous she was. Since she had fallen asleep, I brought her to the bed and tucked her in.

After covering Linda with a blanket, I decided to lie on the sofa to get some shut eye.

Ding dong! I was so close to dozing off when the doorbell to our room suddenly rang. I was stunned and sat up straight from the sofa.

Alcohol had clouded my mind, and I began to fear the worst. What if that there was an intruder at our door?

A short while later, the door opened, and Armond stepped into the room. One of the staff from Nora's bar followed behind, still holding on to the room key.

When he realized the room reeked of booze and was in complete disarray, Armond's face blazed with anger. "How much did you drink?"

Seeing how angry and fierce he already was, I decided not to lie. "A lot. But Nora and Linda drank the most."

"Do you expect me to praise you for having control?" he said coldly, even though the anger in his voice was obvious.

I was still feeling light-headed, but I forced myself to stay sober. "Armond, I..."

"Armond?" Nora suddenly sat up from the bed when he heard his name. In her drunken stupor, she scanned the room until she met his gaze and broke into an enormous grin.

"Armond, you're here? Are you going to take me home?"

She then got up from bed and staggered over, throwing herself into Armond's arms. "I knew it. I knew you'd appear in my dreams. Linda told me you hadn't been a virgin since you were seventeen. I'm sure you must be amazing..."

Nora's words left me dumbstruck.

I didn't pay a lot of attention to what Nora and Linda were discussing earlier. But judging by what we just heard, Linda had been very generous with the details.

The entire situation was so embarrassing that even the staff who had accompanied Armond had left quietly.

Armond was already angry when he first stepped into the room. But, now with Nora all over him, the fury in his eyes intensified even more.

He stared daggers at me like he was about to shred me to pieces. In an instant, I tried to pull Nora away from him but to no avail.

I trembled as I spoke, "Mr. Murphy, Nora's completely drunk now and thinks she's dreaming."

"How dare you, Scarlett!" He gritted his teeth in anger.

I forced a smile, despite feeling like I might keel over anytime from embarrassment.

The commotion had caused Linda to stir from her sleep as she groggily sat up from the sofa. She had a moment of clarity and shock when she saw Armond. "Hello, Mr. Murphy. Please excuse me. I've still got work to do."

Linda then stood up and strode toward the door like she was going back to work. Damn, she is blackout drunk.

I was getting worried about Linda when she didn't show any signs of stopping. She can't possibly believe she's at work, can she? If she walks out in this state, she's going to get into trouble.

Without further ado, I hurriedly apologized to Armond, "Mr. Murphy, I'm so sorry! Linda has had too much to drink. I'll go after her!"

In my hurry to keep up with Linda, I accidentally bumped into someone on my way out. Before I could make out who the person was, I was already once again apologizing profusely.

I had barely stepped out of the room when that same person grabbed me by my arm and pulled me back.

It was only then that I got a good look at him. My eyes widened in surprise when I met the gaze of Ashton. Why is he here? Oh no, that means Nora must have made a real call earlier.

"Where are you going?" Ashton asked before I could say anything.

My mind was a complete mess from the alcohol and all the surprises that had been thrown at me. "Linda's drunk, and I can't leave her on her own," I sputtered.

Ashton hesitated as he looked around the room. He appeared somewhat relieved when he saw Armond getting pestered by Nora, then proceeded to pull me out of the room and toward the bar.

Even in her drunken state, Linda had managed to make her way to the entrance of the bar. That was as far as she went because she made herself comfortable and fell asleep against one of the flowerpots.

Despite many attempts to wake her up, Linda still didn't stir. Ashton had no choice but to call for Joseph, who got to the bar in just ten minutes.

Joseph pinched his brows and sighed in resignation when he saw Linda sprawled on the floor. It was clear what Ashton had called him over for, and he felt a headache coming on.

"Get Linda checked into a hotel room, or try to send her back home," Ashton instructed. With that, he forcefully pulled me up to leave with him.

I was still perplexed as I followed behind him. "Ashton, what are you doing?"

He didn't say a word, not even when he pushed me into the car and sped off.

As the car windows were down, I was constantly blasted by gusts of cold air, making me feel increasingly sick and nauseous.

Eventually, I couldn't take it any longer and tugged at Ashton's sleeves to let him stop the car. When he finally pulled up at the side of the road, I stumbled out and started retching.

I took the bottle of water he handed over and rinsed my mouth with it. "Do you still feel sick?" he asked sympathetically.

I shook my head slowly, even though I still felt dizzy and awful. When I tried to stand up, Ashton immediately came forward and caught me in his arms.

At that moment, my subconscious wanted to push him away. But after a long, arduous day, coupled with the effects of wine, I had no strength left to fight him. I was so tired I just closed my eyes and stayed in his arms.