

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1128-1132

Chapter 1128

Rose believed me because she was a guileless person. Stirring her chocolate milk, she seemed to be in a trance as she said to herself, "Letty, your friend and his wife looked enviably sweet! If only Nick and I met each other earlier, then we might be as sweet as them."

Feeling a little unsettled, I put my phone back into my pocket and replied nonchalantly, "Well, you and Nick have a blissful marriage too. I envy you because you're already pregnant a few days after your wedding."

Rose was startled upon hearing that and immediately changed the topic.

As my mind was occupied with Jackson, I didn't dwell on the conversation. After sitting for a while, I excused myself to go home.

Once I got home, I kept staring at the checkmark and didn't even realize it when Ashton returned. When I felt someone putting a blanket over my shoulders, I turned around and saw that he was bending over behind me. It turned out that he had been observing me for quite some time.

"You're back." I turned off my phone screen and put it back into my pocket carefully.

However, it was too late because Ashton had seen what I was trying to hide. After sitting down, he fiddled with my hand and asked casually, "Did you meet Jackson?"

It appeared that he wasn't surprised to know that Jackson had returned.

“You knew that Jackson has returned?” I asked nervously, knitting my brows.

Ashton looked up at me gently and heaved a long sigh. Then, he caressed my forehead and replied casually, “I heard about it not long ago. However, you guys have met even before I could figure out the best way to tell you.”

I was a little upset. “You should’ve told me earlier.”

If I had known it beforehand, I wouldn’t be that befuddled in front of Jackson.

I was frustrated with myself, for I didn’t have the courage to ask for his forgiveness. Similarly, I hesitated for several hours but still hadn’t sent my friend request to him.

Deep down, I knew that I couldn’t blame Ashton for my misery. Collapsing onto the couch, I then slid to the floor and knelt on the mat. The next moment, I sprang upon the table and rested my head on it, screaming, “Ah! I’m useless!”

Tears streamed down my face uncontrollably. How could Jackson be so heartless? We’ve been friends for more than twenty years, yet he ditched me just like that.

Ashton didn’t comfort me with words but merely caressed my back slowly, giving me enough time to vent my frustrations and calm myself down.

Exhausted from all the crying, I sat on the floor and fell into a trance. After a while, Ashton stood up and carried me into the bedroom.

After tucking me in, he turned around and was about to take a shower when I instinctively grabbed his wrist. I was reluctant to see him leave.

“Ashton, not only has Macy passed away, but Jackson has also ditched me. Did they leave me because I don’t deserve them?”

Ashton frowned after hearing that. He sat on the bed beside me and comforted me in a deep voice, “Macy’s death was an accident. No one wanted it to happen. As for Jackson, he’s bound to marry someone else and have kids sooner or later. Besides, you’ve nothing to do with the change in his personality. So don’t punish yourself for their misfortune.”

After pausing for a while, he held my hand tightly and added with a smile, “Besides, I’ve always been here for you, right?”

Unable to shake off the uneasiness I felt, I couldn’t help but knit my brows.

It wasn’t easy for two people to stay together. However, even my friendship with Jackson, which lasted for decades, ended just like that. Hence, even though I had been with Ashton for a long time, I couldn’t help but wonder if we could withstand the test of time.

Chapter 1129

I offered no retort. The intense crying I did leave my eyes tired and puffy. I watched Ashton for a while before I drifted off to sleep.

I then had a lengthy dream.

In it, Macy, Jackson and I were back in high school. We were lazing around beneath the shade of a tree, watching other kids play with crickets. The fearless Macy pissed off their head honcho. Jackson then charged up and tangled with them. He was like a brave gladiator who did not cry out even as his head bled.

When I awoke, there was only the sedate expression on Ashton’s face as he slept next to me.

I extended a hand to caress his face. There was simply no going back to where we came from.

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After the ten-day long hormone therapy, I was finally able to have an ovum successfully extracted from my body. The artificial insemination process also went well. In three days, the cultivated embryo would be ready to be inserted into my uterus.

It was also today that Ashton did not have me sent home as usual. Instead, he ferried me to the Fuller Corporation personally.

There was hardly time for me to warm my seat before Ashton produced a file from under the table, which he opened up before passing it along.

I was not sure what to make of it. The heading read—Letter of Authorization for the Shares of Fuller Corporation.

Ashton meant for me to transfer all the shares I have on hand to his name and make him my legal executor.

Confounded, I placed down the document. “Has this something to do with the investment with GW?”

Even though he had explained to me the importance of the financing, I still had reservations about it as the risks involved were too great.

Ashton nodded. “I could not categorically deny that. Though I haven’t green-lighted it, it’s inevitable that I might have to make a decision on this on your behalf once you sign the letter. More importantly, the lab results would be confirmed in the next few days. It was difficult enough for us to be able to conceive, so whatever GW may be up to, I don’t want you to become a target for them. Not only is this about the transference of shares, but you will also be completely removed from all involvement in Fuller Corporation.”

His reasoning was sound but his one-sided approach had me feeling that my opinion was made peripheral. "Are we discussing this, or are you informing me?"

"I am fine with either one. Which do you prefer?" He shrugged, but appeared sincere.

There was not much I could say in response as it did not seem that he had any ulterior motives.

His concerns were not completely unfounded. Everything that happened before this could have stemmed from our failure to maintain a low profile. Ashton might have thought that perhaps I should step away from the public eye before the pregnancy happened.

In the end, I declared in indignation, "You might as well publicly announce that you are divorcing me if you really want to ensure my safety."

Ashton took into serious consideration something I merely said in jest, and nodded solemnly. "If it came down to that, sure."

I was flabbergasted.

Who wants him to go down that route?

I rolled my eye disdainfully at him and dumped the file on the table. "I'm not going to sign on this."

A frown appeared between his eyebrows as he did not expect me to turn him down. His mouth was agape as though he wanted to say something before he was cut off by a knocking on the door.

Knock! Knock!

Both us turned in toward it in unison. It was Joseph, and with him was Stella.

“Come in,” Ashton said.

I was delighted at Joseph’s sudden appearance. Be it in the company or elsewhere, I would greet him all the same. “When did you come back?”

Joseph tone was staid. “I came in on the morning flight, and just got back to work today.”

Chapter 1130

With Joseph around, Ashton would not need to make as many trips between the company and home every day. My smile widened at the thought of Ashton being able to squeeze in more low time. “You should go home to check in on your family after being away in Moranta for so long.”

His wife had just given birth not so long ago when he was deployed to Moranta. As Ashton did not know how to care for his subordinate, it was my duty as his spouse to say something nice in his stead.

“Yes.” The mention of his family put a smile on Joseph’s face. “Mr. Fuller has given me half the day off. I’ve already dropped by earlier.”

Ashton?

I turned to regard my husband with slight skepticism. Could this notorious workaholic possibly be so considerate?

Ashton beamed proudly as though it was the natural thing to do. He then leaned back on his chair and got right back to business. “From now on, Joseph would stick with me while Stella would become your personal assistant. Take her with you whenever you head out.”

I was bewildered at this peculiar decision to place his little fan-girl at my side. Was he trying to help, or to create problems for me?

I did not have the opportunity to state my protestations before Stella and Joseph simultaneously voiced their acknowledgement and made their exit.

“What’s happening here?” I narrowed my eyes at Ashton the second the door closed. “Trying to get me to relinquish my shares and getting Stella to keep tabs on me. What are you really up to?”

Ashton shrugged slyly. “Whoever said I was getting Stella to do that?”

“Hehe...” I scoffed. “Surely she’s not here for my protection?”

Even though a modern female professional, I knew Stella to be an extremely frail woman. Her memory could not have been jarred into amnesia otherwise.

Ashton snorted. There was a sinister smirk on his face when he pushed the document in front of me once more. “I took the initiative to convince her to become your personal assistant when I caught you staring at her more than once. You know, I am aware that you women like looking at pretty girls too. So never mind your lack of good taste, I’m happy to oblige.”

His attempts at being thoughtful had me nonplussed.

What was he blabbering about? Why that sleazy look in his eyes? Jerk!

Does he think that I had taken a fancy to Stella? I was lamenting his overtly progressive thinking when he rapped his finger upon the table and pointed to the letter of authorization. “One good turn deserves another. Come on and sign on it.”

With victory seemingly at hand, the smug face he had suddenly left me feeling cheated. “Are we talking business here, Mr. Fuller?”

My signature in exchange for Stella Collins was not business. It was coercion!

The corner of the man’s lips raised as he regarded me like I was a lamb to the slaughter. “We are man and wife so surely there’s no need to put it that way. Consider this our way of shouldering each other’s burdens.”

He was totally into it before he paused and exhaled, as though he was in a bind. “As you know, I’m quite bogged down with everything that’s going on at the company. I don’t think I’d be able to handle it if you were to pile more on my plate. Take it that you’re doing me a favor. Just sign off on it, would you, Mrs. Fuller?”

The man had already circled to my rear and had me wrapped inside of his embrace. He spoke with pen in hand, just awaiting my signature.

I looked askance at the enthusiasm with which he regaled me. It seemed that he earnestly would like me to withdraw from the den of thieves that was the corporate world.

Chapter 1131

After giving it some thought, I thought I better have him back down a little. “Sure, I could sign on it, but on the condition that you promise not to push through the plans with GW within the next two years.”

The two-year period was a proposal after much consideration. I would be able to wrap up everything pertaining to my pregnancy during that stretch, and with Ashton’s ability, it should give him sufficient time to gain a foothold in K City.

I know that I would not be able to stop him from pursuing better avenues of development, but with an extended period for preparation, it might help mitigate any potential risks that may arise.

Ashton's eyes widened momentarily as he considered his options. His lips then curled into a smile. "Alright, I promise."

Ten years was enough time for me to learn how to discern when he was being sincere or deceitful. His eyes and his smile told me that I may dispense my suspicions.

I took the pen from him and scribbled my John Hancock above the line. Ashton followed up by having the document sent out to the Notary Office for processing.

The courier had just left when someone rapped at the door twice. "Mr. Fuller, the representative from GW Group has arrived."

My gaze fell upon Ashton the second I heard that. I regarded him with ambiguity and shot him several looks. Would it not be a golden opportunity for him to prove that he had been straight with me?

Ashton gave me a knowing smile before he turned to Joseph. "Have them taken to the conference room."

"Understood," Joseph replied with a nod before he exited.

Ashton went around to other side of the table and retrieved his coat from the rack. He spoke as he put it on and checked his attire, "Come, Mrs. Fuller. You should try to resolve the matter with GW today while you are still able to exercise your rights as shareholder."

He wanted to have me along for the meeting.

And I do not see why not.

I shrugged and put a hand around his arm as we made our way to the conference room.

The representative from GW Group was a blue-eyed blond. He was already seated when we stepped in.

Ashton had an arm around me when we approached. "Good to see you again, Mr. Blondell. May I introduce you to my wife, Scarlett Stovall."

"Oh, my pleasure to meet the very lovely Mrs. Fuller." Sean took ahold of and charmingly kissed the back of my hand before he recovered himself.

He had brought along three foreign assistants, all of them corporate elites.

All of us then took our seats.

Sean seemed to have come to us on his own accord with tremendous sincerity and started as soon as he sat himself down. "According to the terms that were presented to us, Mr. Fuller, GW would only receive a fifteen-percent stake for our investment. After conferring internally, we're willing to settle for seventeen-percent. That would be our best offer. If you are amendable to that, then we would be able to finalize the contract today."

The assistant closest to Sean got up on cue to place the contract in front of Ashton.

The financing proposal was something that Ashton had put on the agenda about a year ago, and Sean and his assistants had remained in the country for almost half a year since. Thus, their eagerness to wrap things up so that they may all return home was understandable.

I had gone through their proposal. GW's original demands were for a twenty-percent stake in Fuller Corporation's shares. After negotiation with Ashton, Sean was willing to concede three percent, which was considered very generous. No good business person would dabble in any losing propositions. As there was still some profit in it for GW, I need not be excessively obliged to them.

Ashton and I exchanged looks before he reached out and calmly nudged the contract subtly in Sean's direction. "Thank you for your offer, Mr. Blondell. I may have to ask for your understanding as the hostility directed toward Fuller Corporation locally leaves me with other considerations to make. So I'm afraid that we may have to put this proposal on hold until a later time."

Chapter 1132

There was a sudden shift in Sean's mood ,but he managed to force out a stiffened smile. "I hope you're not being serious about this, Mr. Fuller?"

Compared to the behemoth behind Sean, Fuller Corporation was but a palm-sized company. GW had come halfway across the world to initiate the negotiations. They had gone through so many rounds of negotiation and saw various concessions made on their part. For Fuller Corporation to back out now, anyone would feel that they had been taken for a ride.

It would not be prudent to get on the wrong side of GW. Sean's face had me fretting quite a bit for Ashton as spurning GW like this would likely earn Fuller Corporation yet another enemy.

At this moment, Ashton suddenly adjusted his seat to move closer to me. One long arm wrapped around and pulled me in while he had another hand gently placed upon my abdomen. His eyes were filled with hopeful anticipation. "I am, Mr. Blondell. I'm sure you've been thorough in doing your due diligence on me. My wife had already suffered through two miscarriages. It was hard enough for us to be able to conceive again so I do not wish for any more mishaps. Before my child is safely delivered and survives till one, I would not be looking to make any major moves in my business ventures."

I was astounded to hear that I was pregnant. How could it be that I was unaware of that?

Ashton cast an affectionate glance my way before he turned to regard Sean solemnly. "It's only human to aspire for parenthood so I believe this is something that Mr. Blondell and the directors at GW Group should be able to appreciate, would you not agree?"

Every word of his was resolute but not aggressive, which left Sean with no avenue for dissent. The man could only frown distressedly as he sat slump in his seat.

Sensing that Sean had been subdued, Ashton promptly withdrew his eyes and lowered them upon my belly. He nonchalantly rubbed a supple palm upon it as he spoke softly. "If you should find it difficult to answer to your superiors when you return, I could prepare a separate contract for you. In the event Fuller Corporation intends to reopen for fund raising internationally, GW Group would be first in line for consideration. What would you say to that?" That was how thorough Ashton always was, leaving his opponents with no chance to react.

Sean got up and went outside to make a call. As expected, he accepted Ashton's offer, and left quietly with his team once the paperwork was completed.

Their departure from the conference room left just Ashton and myself alone in it.

"The audience is gone, so cut out the act." I reached out and batted off the hand Ashton had on my abdomen. "Don't think about taking advantage of me!"

Ashton was sulky as he shrugged it off. Men were animals who wouldn't know when to stop.

The discontent on Sean's face when he left the conference room was in stark contrast with his gentlemanly and amiable demeanor when he first entered. This had me worried. In my esteem, GW Group could not be that easy to pacify, so I was wary about collaborating with them in future. "Do you still intend to collaborate with GW?"

"What do you think?" Ashton leaned back against the back rest, seemingly quite at ease with himself.

Trying to work out what was on the other's mind had developed into a form of routine between us. Left with little choice, I exhaled as I played along. "With the contract inked, there doesn't seem to be any other option?"

Ashton laughed, "You've said that you'd never want to see me again before, but aren't you still messing around with me in bed every single day?"

"Ashton Fuller!" I grabbed the pen, the only object on the table, and hurled it toward him. Then, my eyes burned at him.