

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1153-1157

## Chapter 1153

As soon as I spoke, Ashton's expression became frigid. He was silent for almost a minute before finding his voice again.

"Is that really what you want?" he asked coldly; it frightened me to think that he could sound this devoid of warmth.

I averted my eyes from him and hung my head. "When I was at White Corporation," I said wearily. "The work was easy. Though I'd be very tired, you needn't worry. On the other hand, if I can help Marcus on my own, I would be very happy. Even if I were so tired that I'd just fall over asleep, it would add value and meaning to my day-to-day life."

I meant every word of it.

Ashton hadn't spent much time with me at home. He wasn't aware of the suffering that I endure every night before bed. Yesterday night, the bad dreams did not appear for the first time since I started the job at White Corporation.

Ashton wasn't convinced. He took out his phone. "I'll give Marcus a call now, and he'll tell you to stay out of it."

I interrupted his act of dialing. "Don't bother. He's currently on the plane to M Country. He'll be unreachable at least until tonight."

I looked into Ashton's eyes. "Even if you did manage to contact Marcus, it'd be useless," I said with steely determination. "This is my decision. Everybody in White Corporation knows how Marcus treats me. As long as I have the intention to return, nobody will suspect anything. I will take over his duties in

his absence to the best of my ability. Even if I fail at that, those parasites will have to crawl over my dead body to take advantage of White Corporation!”

I’d managed to get a grasp of the situation at White Corporation after an entire night of study. Though it had been a problematic month, it had been under control thus far. As long as we intercepted the problem at this early stage, we could subdue it before it got out of hand. We didn’t have to rely on investments and acquisitions as long as we weren’t broke.

I couldn’t help but feel emotional in my passion. It sounded like I was speaking for the sake of arguing with him but I meant every word.

I loved him but I couldn’t tolerate his business ethics. We were able to make up and embrace the opportunity for a fresh start all because Marcus did not leave me to die. Therefore, I could not stand idly by and watch Marcus suffer because of how Ashton felt about him.

Ashton’s stony expression did not change for some time. Slowly, he lowered the half-dialed phone in his hand.

After glaring at me for two whole seconds, he turned around left in utter disappointment.

I only felt my anger ebbing away when Ashton’s footsteps were nowhere to be heard. I slumped back into the chair as if I had lost the pillar of support

I have predicted this day a long time ago. A day when Ashton would not hold back against Marcus as I knew it was unavoidable.

I wanted an opportunity to ensure that all of us were on the same page. I loved Ashton but I could not pretend that Marcus didn’t exist. As long as I could make up for all of my past transgression, live and love without guilt, Ashton and I would leap at that opportunity.

Ashton had not been gone for very long before I saw the representative of GW Group. It was Sean.

Sean came during mealtime. Mrs. Eriksen cooked plenty of food, but since Ashton did not show any sign of returning any time soon, I invited Sean to eat with me.

Our last encounter wasn't pleasant, but Sean was courteous enough to pretend that that never happened. He behaved like a perfect gentleman. It felt like he endured another round of insults while trying to gain control of the White Corporation.

These businessmen enjoyed talking business over a meal; Sean was no exception. He initiated his proposition halfway through the meal.

#### **Chapter 1154**

"Mrs. Fuller, I have heard that you are currently the acting chairman of White Corporation. What is your opinion regarding the acquisition bid raised by GW?"

I was honest with Ashton, and I treated Sean exactly the same. I placed my cutlery down, wiped my lips, and looked him full in the face. "Our prior encounters had not ended well," I said slowly. "Mr. Blondell, you may still harbor a grievance and possibly wariness toward me, but let me assure you that I personally have no malice toward GW group."

I spoke from the heart and believed that I portrayed a sincerity upon my face to match what I felt. Sean appeared satisfied and nodded eagerly for me to carry on.

"However, it pains me to have to apologize to you." I watched as Sean's smile faded a little, but he did not interrupt. "In my capacity to represent White Corporation, I officially decline GW's offer to acquire us." He was the third person I've rejected on the same day. It would seem to an observer that I was being particularly difficult and prickly.

Sean's expression turned an even uglier shade of green than before. He flung down the cutlery in his hands onto the porcelain plate with a crash. "Mrs. Fuller, from the way you chose to take over White Corporation at this particular time, I had thought that you are different from Mr. Fuller."

It was true to a certain extent. Ashton and I were preventing White Corporation from falling into the hands of foreign investors. As Marcus was traveling between M Country and K City, his company was left without a leader. Despite the best efforts by the government, the shareholders ultimately chose to protect their own interests by voicing their desire to be acquired by GW Group. If I had been in favor of Ashton's move, all I had to do was to be a spokesperson for Fuller Corporation to placate the shareholders. Instead, I replaced Marcus as chairman and unknowingly became the face of corporate greed at the prospect of GW's two billion.

It was not in my nature to beat around the bush. "Mr. Blondell, you know better than me as to why White Corporation had been subjected to so many changes within a short period of time. As Marcus had rejected your acquisition bid once before, I am merely doing him the courtesy of respecting his wishes. I don't think you would go out of your way to be difficult, would you?"

Sean's expression shifted but turned back to normal abruptly. "Mrs. Fuller, I'm not quite sure what you mean," he said as he leaned languidly back in his chair.

He's still pretending? It was pretty convincing, too bad that the truth was more obvious than that. The disappearance of Camelia and Toby coupled with Marcus losing his bearing were no coincidences. GW Group was the most to gain from all those events.

This was one of my reasons for distrusting foreign businessmen. Once they tasted the hint of victory, they would relentlessly buy time by avoiding the problem at hand. To people like Sean, time was their best asset. The longer it dragged on, the higher were their odds for winning.

Too bad they miscalculated this time. White Corporation had diversified in AI technology while severing ties with industries destined to be extinct with technological advancement. With proper management, White Corporation would be right back on track in no time.

"Sean, listen to me." I addressed him by his first name now; it was a gesture of respect from me. "I'm very clear on your motives. Mr. Fuller had rejected your acquisition bid so you felt like you had no choice but to involve Marcus in dirty dealings. Consider this my final warning—you are not in M Country anymore. You are not as influential here as you are over there. The positions of Fuller Corporation and White Corporation will only solidify within K City. If GW Group still intends on doing honest business in our country, you had best advise your superiors to abandon their intentions of blackmailing Marcus."

## Chapter 1155

I remembered Macy telling me once that I didn't have a pretty face, but if one had the patience to wait and watch, my beauty would come through when I was in a cold fury.

This was one of those moments when I stood and faced Sean, distinctly aware of the coldness I was emanating. He definitely would have felt it too.

I narrowed my eyes to prevent Sean from reading them. Hopefully, they would release Camelia and Toby when they saw that I was dead serious.

Sean put aside his pride that was characteristic of a typical subject of M Country. Though his gaze betrayed a hint of suspicion, he appeared to be taking my words into account. After a long while, he spoke again in a carefully measured tone. "Mrs. Full... I mean, Ms. Stovall, now I see why Mr. Fuller is enamored with you. Trust me when I say that one day we will work together."

I did not refute him; the future was full of possibilities. "We shall wait and see," I said, extending my hand.

We were both clear on the fact that these were all business talk.

Sean and men in his field were opportunists after all. He knew that he would not derive any benefit from me by asking outright, seeing as I had rejected his acquisition proposal so blatantly. He did not even bother to maintain feigned courtesy anymore, for he ignored my outstretched hand and departed.

The strange thing was that I wasn't even angry. In fact, after he left I laughed a little. I guess this was a demonstration of the old adage "know thy enemy". Though Sean was just a representative of GW Group, his net worth was way beyond mine. For someone of his stature to be denied by someone like me, I could not help but feel a little pleased with myself.

However, the fear buried deep in my heart resurfaced again as soon as the laughter faded.

I hung my head and held my stomach as I became tormented by an incessant string of thoughts.

When GW Group had failed their initial negotiations with Ashton, they came up with the idea to blackmail Marcus with dirty tactics. It was clear that they did not intend to return to M Country empty-handed. If they were set on acquiring White Corporation, I would undoubtedly be their next target.

It didn't matter much to me if I became a target or not; it was the least I could do after what Marcus had sacrificed for me. I couldn't let anything happen to him. The best I could hope for was that the bodyguards dispatched by Ashton will do their jobs. I stayed indoors for the most part and tried to resolve the problems of White Corporation via video conference calls. It wasn't much, but at least I managed to avoid being harmed.

White Corporation's attorney showed up at my study at nine in the morning as I had requested.

"Good day, Ms. Stovall."

I may be a student of the law, but I'd have to admit that my knowledge barely came in handy here. My initial expectation was a smartly dressed professional. I looked up and discovered to my surprise that while the smartly dressed professional was accurately predicted, the attorney turned out to be a woman.

"Come on in." Though I had not passed my bar exams, I intended to in the near future. I could see myself as the lady before me. I took a liking to her immediately. "Are you W. Tanner?" I asked.

I had made assumptions, of course. Her name sounded very masculine on paper. But she seemed to fit the stereotype well with the suave way she wore her suit.

“Yes, Ms. Stovall. W for Wanda,” Wanda said with a respectful nod. She sounded very demure, which clashed with her appearance.

All this time spent around Ashton had accustomed me to being called Mrs. Fuller. It felt strange being addressed by my maiden name. “It’s been a long time since somebody called me that,” I said.

Wanda looked apologetic. “Would you like me to call you Madam instead? It’s just that there is a conflict of your relationship with Mr. Fuller over this project...”

### **Chapter 1156**

“I understand,” I interrupted Wanda. “Business is business. You can call me Ms. Stovall. You’re here today as a witness to the fact that Ashton and I aren’t colluding. Most of the time we are working separately on our own tasks. I will have Mrs. Eriksen clear a desk for you to work here.”

Wanda was very accommodating. She sat herself down on a chair in my study. “There’s no need for all of that trouble,” she said generously as she cracked her knuckles. “I have a computer with me; I just need a chair and I’ll get right to work.”

I smiled at how quickly she settled in and left her to it. Marcus had been managing his company remotely for more than a month. Though the sales had declined, core businesses such as automobile and electrical appliances were still top in the industry, so they weren’t affected much. I was unable to foresee when GW Group would back off, therefore we had to halt the expansion of electronic gadgets and put our resources into the industry mentioned earlier to buy him more time. Lose a limb to save a life, as the saying went.

It was a good thing that Marcus had a good eye for talent. After I had finalized our business plan, the respective departments had begun working intensively toward our objectives. All I had to do every night was to provide final authorization for the documents prepared by them. After a week of doing that, White Corporation was deemed stable enough. I relaxed as well and planned to give Marcus a call that afternoon to brief him on the latest progress.

My call went through quickly but hung up on its own after a long period of silence. Perhaps there was news on Camelia and the child, I thought. That was why Marcus was not picking up at the moment. I tried again a while later and it went straight to voicemail.

“Is Mr. White unreachable?” Wanda asked. She remained close by this entire time and occasionally chatted with me. There were some legal documents that I had no authority to sign for even as acting chairman. Wanda too was anxious for Marcus’s return.

I nodded and turned to head indoors. “Yes, looks like he had turned off his phone.”

On second thought, perhaps Marcus’s personal secretary had an alternate way to contact him. I placed another call only to be informed by her that everybody in the company, including herself, was unsuccessful in their attempts to contact Marcus for the whole month. That was another dead end we ran into.

I stared gloomily at the text exchange between me and Marcus’s assistant as I stewed in my own panic. GW Group would have backed off after my previous encounter with Sean. But at the news of Marcus’s disappearance, all hell seemed to break loose at this point. We had no solid ground to work from.

Wanda surveyed the scene in thoughtful silence. Then, she got up and retrieved a document tightly wrapped in an envelope. “Have a look at this.”

I felt a sense of foreboding at her secrecy as I carefully unwrapped the parcel.

I had some experience in dealing with legal documents of various sorts; it didn’t take much for me to understand them.

Benjamin White and his wife passed away not long ago. Marcus inherited White Corporation only to realize that some shareholders had taken advantage of the power shift to embezzle public funds. Acting under this suspicion, Marcus was able to secure the evidence to prove that the company’s assets had been transferred outwards.

As it turned out that the guilty shareholders were led by an old friend of Benjamin's. Marcus chose to resolve the matter quietly and reached out to him.

Before he disappeared, Marcus had Wanda draft up some documents. They had been notarized by a law firm since then and only awaited his signature. Upon completion, he would then have the power to expel the troublemakers.

However, his absence had been an inconvenience. To make amendments to shareholder rights, his position as the rightful owner of the corporation deemed his consent mandatory. In other words, for every day that Marcus remained at large, it was another day that the thief held on to his shareholding rights. The worst part was that he possibly already had an escape plan in place.

## **Chapter 1157**

I had a vague impression of the man in question. I met him once when I entered White Corporation for the first time. He had an unctuous smile and an air of deception about him. I wouldn't even be surprised if he was the one who had orchestrated Marcus's absence.

"Can't we pursue this matter through legal means?" I asked with a frown.

Wanda sighed helplessly. "I've told Mr. White this before, but he had insisted on settling the matter in private. He mentioned that Mr. Yondel had once helped the White family. Mr. White's father had given orders before when he was still alive: if the Whites and the Yondels were to ever have a disagreement, it must be settled diplomatically as opposed to an all-out war."

She paused with a look of disgust on her face. "Actually, Leonard Yondel still cared about his friendship with Mr. White's father and was unwilling to embezzle from the company. Mr. White had approached Mr. Yondel once regarding this matter. If he was smart he would have given up his rights voluntarily. But until today he still has not done that. The amount of scheming he had done makes one ponder as to what else he's up to..."

Marcus did not expect to be backstabbed for his compassion. The opportunity for Leonard to steal was too good to pass, and it had gotten to the point where Marcus himself was needed to resolve this.

“It all comes down to locating him and bringing him back,” I thought out loud.

“Since nobody is able to contact Mr. White, it will be easier to find a needle in a haystack,” Wanda said.

I lapsed into silence for a while. “Actually, no. There is someone.”

“Who?” Wanda asked at once.

“Me.” I gathered up the documents and looked at her. “Even if the call goes through, he may ignore it if it’s someone from the company. But he wouldn’t ignore a call from me.”

He was once willing to get rid of his wife for me. I was confident that he would pick up if it was me who called.

For that exact reason, the person most suited for this task was me.

Suddenly, a palpable chill invaded the room. As if by instinct, I turned toward the door and saw Ashton standing there with an intense gaze in his dark eyes. It was frightening to behold.

Did he hear everything we discussed?

Wanda saw him too. “Mr. Fuller,” she greeted him.

Ashton ignored her and stared right at me. “You will be going to M Country personally,” he said softly.

He did not even bother to postulate this as a query. His tone made it clear that he was in a towering temper, and was in no mood to be agreeable to my plan.

Keen to avoid a confrontation in front of strangers, I turned to Wanda. "Ms. Tanner, could you please give us a moment? I have something to discuss with Mr. Fuller."

"Understood," Wanda said tactfully and promptly exited the room.

"No need," Ashton said as he blocked her path with his large frame; the gap was hardly enough for her to squeeze through. Frigid gaze still latched on me, he said, "There's nothing that can't be said in front of outsiders. Now, Scarlett, repeat what you said for me. Our two children are gone. Are you sure you want to go running around right now for someone irrelevant?"

The room was suddenly tense with the air of three people each determined for things to go their way.

I had not prepared myself for the task of convincing Ashton on the matter. "Marcus had saved my life once before," I blurted in a panic. "He isn't irrelevant. "Did you forget the extent you went to for Parker Larson?"

It was not my intention to keep score on our history but to illustrate a point. If Ashton could look into his conscience and find it clear, so could I with my own.

He did not expect me to bring up Rebecca. He scowled at me. "So you've made up your mind?"