

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1292-1297

Chapter 1293

Millie did not seem to be joking.

I could not help but frown. "Millie, don't you know how expensive it is to hire you? Yet, you still want me to pay you more? If this goes on for long, I wonder if I can still afford your salary."

"Then, you should pray for this guy to visit you less often." She took out her phone and showed us a QR code. "Ten million, and I won't let anyone bother both of you tonight."

"What? Are you serious?" I was getting a bit mad. "What about the medical expenses for the kick you gave my husband?"

She looked down, deep in her thought. Before she could reply to me, Ashton walked past me and scanned the QR code on her phone. "I'll pay you."

Beep! The transaction went through.

Then, he put back his phone and commanded, "Go out and guard the room."

Millie glanced at him warily before looking back at me, staying still.

I massaged my temples and said, "You can leave now. I'll call you when I need you. And don't attack without my order next time."

"I can't do that. You've made it clear that I need to take action whenever someone is going to harm you," she replied adamantly, sounding as if she was a righteous person.

However, in truth, she was still a wanted international mercenary last week.

"Okay. If that's so, remember not to attack Ashton Fuller next time. No matter what he does to me, don't do anything to him. Are we clear?" I could not understand why such a stubborn person could be the best female mercenary and got selected by Holden.

I had told Holden over the phone that I wanted to find someone who could protect me and that they had to be smart. But look at her now. She even wants me to pay her service fee whenever Ashton comes.

"Yes." With that, she rushed out of the balcony and disappeared out of sight with a rope.

Ashton, who had been keeping quiet, went over to the window and pulled the curtains. "Where did you find this imp?"

"Holden introduced her to me. She's as tactless as him," I grumbled. "Speaking of which, why did you give her the money? That was an unreasonable request. If you continue to pay her like that, I'm afraid that even the Stovall family won't be able to afford her anymore."

He removed his blazer and placed it on the couch before walking toward me. "It's okay. If the Stovalls can't pay her, you still have the Fullers. If that's still not enough, you can ask her to find the Moore family. I'm sure they could pay her forever."

"Yes, but..." My voice trailed off.

Wait a minute. Something's not right. Why is he inching closer and closer? And why is his hand caressing my shoulder?

I shrunk away a little and looked at him in bewilderment. "Ashton, what are you doing?"

Smiling, he held my face and tucked my bangs behind my ear. Then, he said suggestively, "Ten million can buy us a peaceful night. Don't you think that it's worth it?"

With Miller guarding the house, Ashton came more frequently to the Stovall residence and stayed with me until dawn.

Within the same week, an emerging digital currency called Pitcoin became a hot topic in the financial world. Several prominent families in K City had invested in it. However, it was an extremely high-risk investment due to its volatile value. Thus, it did not receive the support of the national official institutions.

Nevertheless, the news about the cryptocurrency spread like wildfire.

"Trivett Real Estate Has Started Accepting Pitcoin Payments"

"The First Successful Payment Transaction Using Pitcoin At The Automobile 4S Store"

Louis was livid. Every day after dinner, he would gather the whole family in the living room and asked us to watch the news together.

“What are these television stations doing? Why are they letting Truman Bowen appear on television shows and brainwash citizens into buying Pitcoin?” he spat.

We were only two minutes into the news and his face had already turned red with anger. He looked as if he would do anything to get into the television and punch the stock analyst who promoted Pitcoin.

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“Don’t be so angry,” coaxed John. “In this era where the Internet rules all, who has the time to watch cable television, anyway? Just let him spout his nonsense. If no one watches or listens to him, nothing major will happen.”

“I disagree.” Emma rolled her eyes at him gloomily. As she watched the two person on the screen discussing excitedly, she analyzed, “You don’t dabble in stocks, so you don’t understand them. To those who exchange stocks, Truman is like God. All of them address him in a very respectful manner. For every single stock that he mentioned, countless people would rush to buy it. Now that he’s promoting Pitcoin, I’m afraid that the demand for it would soon exceed supply.”

“What does the fluctuation of the price of Pitcoin have to do with a mere stock analyst like him? Doesn’t he know that Uncle Louis’ subordinates are keeping an eye on Pitcoin?” John narrowed his eyes suspiciously, obviously doubting Emma’s words.

“Of course he has nothing to do with it. However, the person directing his actions probably wishes for Pitcoin to be highly sought,” rebuked Emma.

“Are you saying that Truman has been bribed by the Trivetts?” John, who was quite bright, immediately understood. After a slight pause, he continued, “Why is a designer like you so familiar with stocks, anyway?”

“What’s wrong? Are only men allowed to do business while women are barred from being well-versed in it?” rebuked Emma coldly, not holding back at all.

John was at a loss for words to retaliate. As the previous incident with the girls put him at a disadvantage, he could not come up with a reply. All he could do was glare angrily at her.

These two enemies could probably argue for eternity.

“Alright, stop arguing,” chided Louis, his face darkening. “The Trivetts are seeking collaborations with many people. Keep an eye on your own assets. John, I’m warning you. I can’t be bothered to care about the times when you’re almost breaking the rules, but if you dare to dabble in Pitcoin, I’ll break your leg!”

“I’ll never do that.” John chuckled appeasingly before deliberately changing the topic. “Don’t be so angry. I’ll talk to Truman tomorrow and instruct him to stop running his mouth on the television.”

“Don’t try to fool me with those tricks of yours. When negotiating with him, take note of how you do it. You’re my nephew, so don’t let others have leverage over you. Otherwise...”

I was not interested in Pitcoin or stock analysts. All I was worried about was whether the Trivetts would try to bring Ashton down through this.

According to what Louis said, this was not a legal transaction. I was worried if Ashton had no choice but to participate in order to take revenge. If others got dirt on him because of this, it would be hard for him to extricate himself from the mess in the future.

However, I did not expect Thora to meet me before Ashton made his decision.

When she walked into my office, I was in the midst of discussing Emery's lawsuit with Brooklyn. After the first trial, Delilah was convicted of intentional assault and sentenced to a jail term of five years. As she was still pregnant, the jury decided to postpone the jail term to a year later. However, we all thought that this was not the result we wanted.

Someone like Delilah would not stop at harming others as long as she had the chance to continue. I had hoped that she would be thrown into jail immediately. After all, the environment there was much different than bygone eras. Even though the prisoners needed to serve their sentence and work there, they could still enjoy basic human rights. If she was there, she would still be able to have her child.

"Ms. Stovall, you have a guest," announced the secretary as she knocked on the door. We raised our heads and glanced over, spotting Thora standing at the door.

Our gazes met and Thora flashed me a slight smile. Just like during the party, she seemed friendly yet distant at the same time.

Then, I turned my gaze behind her and noticed that she did not bring anyone along with her. I thought that it was quite bold of her to come here all on her own.

"Let's wrap it up here. We'll discuss the remaining details next time." After dismissing Brooklyn, I invited Thora in. "Sorry for making you wait, Ms. Ziegler. Come in and have a seat."

Immediately after sitting down, Thora made her intention of coming clear. "I won't beat around the bush. I'd like to buy all the Fuller Corporation stocks you have. Just quote a price. I won't negotiate at all."

I heaved a sigh. Leaning against my chair, I scrutinized her with narrowed eyes. As expected of the most powerful woman in K City. She sounds like she's certain of her success. It's definitely a good experience to do business with her.

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Unfortunately, I was not a businesswoman nor did I have the intention to collaborate with her.

After a moment of silence, I smiled and made an outrageous quote, "Thirty billion, then."

Thora immediately lowered her head and chuckled. "You're so funny, Ms. Stovall. Fuller Corporation's assets don't even exceed a billion. It doesn't seem appropriate that you'd quote such a price."

"Is that so..." I placed my arms on the table and propped my chin up. After pretending to rack my brains for a while, I raised my eyes and asked innocently, "Didn't you say that I can quote any price that I want?"

When Thora heard that, a stunned expression crossed her face and a look of suspicion flashed across her eyes. It was as if she was doubting my intelligence.

Her offer to quote my own price was merely empty words. People who made such an offer were trying to seek a sense of superiority while expressing their sincerity to collaborate. Furthermore, the quoted price had to fall within fifty percent of the reasonable range. This was an unspoken rule in the industry. Although the person that made the offer would have to sacrifice more, both would be willing parties. After all, no one would go against money.

However, I took her words seriously that day.

George had transferred Fuller Corporation's stocks to me. Although I did not own as much as Ashton, the stocks probably amounted to around five hundred million, considering how much Fuller Corporation had developed. Yet, I quoted a price of thirty billion, which was six times the market price. Thora was polite enough to merely remark that it "doesn't seem appropriate," but others who were more hot-headed would have accused me of scamming them.

Thora calmed herself down and asked impatiently, "What about eight billion?"

It was the highest price within the reasonable range. Plus, she even threw in an additional five hundred million. I had to admit that it was quite a tempting offer.

However, the fact that she wanted the stocks at all costs implied that there was an ulterior motive behind her actions.

After thinking about it, I leaned back and spread my hands. "I'm not selling them."

I paused for a while and looked at Thora's unreadable gaze. Smiling, I said smugly, "Although my marriage with Ashton ended in failure, I'm not a fool. With his capabilities, Fuller Corporation will only become better and better. I can get far more than eight billion. Why should I pass such an opportune path of success to someone else?"

Thora probably did not expect a spoilt woman like me to be so difficult to deal with.

"Ten billion. And we'll sign the contract today," declared Thora, giving it her all. She narrowed her alluring eyes as a sharp look crept into them. "It's true that Fuller Corporation has great potential to expand, but it'll need a powerful force to back them up. Ashton can't do that alone, but I can. Ms. Stovall, nothing in this world can be gain without putting in the effort. If you refuse to sell your stocks,

Fuller Corporation might lose its best investor. By then, you might even lose your current five hundred million, let alone the ten billion I'm offering you now. It's better if you consider it wisely."

To be honest, her words were quite persuasive. If George hadn't been the one to entrust them to me, I would have been tempted.

Looking at her sincere expression, I feigned a look of revelation. My ignorant act was quite convincing.

When Thora's expression relaxed slightly, I smirked and continued with my stubborn insistence. "I've thought it through, and I still won't sell them."

Afraid that she could not hear me clearly, I deliberately articulated every single word. "Ms. Ziegler, you know very well that with the support of the Stovall and Moore family, I don't lack money. I don't need to sell my stocks to sustain myself. In fact, you just reminded me. Although Fuller Corporation is only confined to the national market now, you're already yearning to buy its stocks at all costs. When Fuller Corporation catches the eye of investors and bankers at Wall Street in the future, I'm afraid that demand for its stocks will exceed its supply significantly. No amount of money can buy them. If that's the case, why should I sell them?"

Thora's face clouded over when she heard that. As she stared at me with her intelligent gaze, a look of fury flashed across her eyes. "You're smarter than I imagined."

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I pursed my lips and gave no reply.

Indeed, a woman who took the words "quote your own price" at face value seriously should not be smart enough to hoard Fuller Corporation's stocks. However, I needed to thank Thora for indirectly giving me an excuse. Otherwise, I would not be able to find a reason to reject the extra two billion she offered for no reason.

Our gazes locked for a while before Thora suddenly looked like she remembered something. She stood up abruptly, grabbed her bag, and turned around. After she took a few steps, she froze in her tracks and glanced back at me coldly. "I'll change your mind."

"I'm looking forward to it." I pretended to look listless and leaned against my chair, looking like an ignorant hooligan.

Not staying for long, Thora exited the room.

Immediately afterward, I dialed Ashton's personal number.

When he picked up the call, he spoke before me. "Did Thora look for you?"

I smiled and nodded. "You've already guessed it?"

"Bitcoin is so profitable now, but the Ziegler family can't dabble in it. Considering how strong-headed Thora is, she'll definitely not let this opportunity go. But since this is such a risky investment, she can't possibly involve her company in it. Naturally, she'd want to use me. Since you're the second-largest shareholder in the company, there's no one else who she'll look for," explained Ashton calmly.

However, I was still puzzled. "Didn't the Ziegler family collaborated with the Trivett family previously? Why didn't the Trivett family rope them into partaking in such a profitable opportunity?"

It was only after listening to Ashton's explanation that I understood the reason why the Trivett family fell out with the Ziegler family. It was all because of Mitchell.

Carolyn, the youngest daughter in the Trivett family, was a lively, smart, and beautiful girl. Everyone in the family adored and doted on her. It was also precisely because of that that her personality was quite wild and proud—she could not stand any injustices at all. Back then, Mitchell’s horrible reputation was already known to all. To protect her, the Trivetts carefully prevented her from meeting him. They even chose the second-best elite school in the city so that they could avoid the unfortunate incident of Mitchell taking a liking to Carolyn.

However, K City was not exactly a large place. The children in the upper-class society usually frequented the same few places. At the birthday party of the son of a listed company’s president, Mitchell met Carolyn and a conflict broke out. Yearning for revenge, Mitchell stopped the Trivetts’ car the next day, kidnapped Carolyn, and forced himself upon her.

After the incident, the Trivetts sent Carolyn overseas and cut off all ties with the Ziegler family.

“Mitchell really sabotaged his family a lot, huh?” I could not help but lament.

“He’s irrelevant. Mentioning him will only ruin our mood.” Ashton sounded like he was short on time and immediately changed the topic. “Thora won’t give up so easily. She might have some other tricks up her sleeve, so be on your guard.”

“Okay.” I knew that he was worried, but I did not want him to tire himself out excessively. Hence, I said jokingly, “You’ve personally tested Millie’s capabilities. The Stovall family has also sent a bunch of bodyguards to protect me. I doubt anyone can harm me. On the other hand, are you sure that you want to be involved in Pitcoin?”

Pitcoin was quite a shady transaction. Naturally, I did not support it. If Ashton had other plans in mind, I needed to know them well so that I could react accordingly when I was up against Thora.

“What do you think? With both our capabilities combined, is there a need for us to seek such quick profits?” Ashton’s light-hearted tone made me feel much more relieved.

It was rare to see Ashton so proud. Laughing, I said, "I know what to do now."

After a slight pause, an ingenious idea surfaced in my mind. "Since Thora wants to be involved in Pitcoin at all costs, why don't we play along with her and sabotage her plan?"

When Ashton heard that, he suddenly chuckled.

"Why are you laughing?" I was a bit puzzled. After all, in my point of view, it was always better to make the first move.

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"I'm thinking that after you gave birth to Audrey and Gregory, you can read my mind so well. We share the same idea of sabotaging the Trivetts," replied Ashton with a smile.

It was a great honor to get Ashton's approval. Feigning smugness, I said, "Yeah, I'm very smart now, so you best be careful. If I discover that you're being unfaithful... Well, let's just say you'll be in a world of hurt!"

"Okay, that's enough. I have a meeting later. With regards to dealing with the Ziegler and Trivett families, I haven't thought of the exact plan yet. So, you should just observe the situation for the time being."

Immediately after he spoke, I could hear Joseph urging him over the phone. The call ended then.

I placed the phone down and glanced at the WhatsApp chat on the screen, feeling glum. That man even timed his calls precisely, not wanting to waste a single second.

Forget it, I'll let him off the hook this time. After we finish settling this mess, we'll have nice days to look forward to in the future.

Barely three hours after Thora left, loud arguments could be heard from outside the law firm.

As the law firm was registered under Stovall Corporation, no one in their right mind would dare to seek trouble there. However, the argument persisted for a while, even prompting Brooklyn to intervene. Despite so, he did not manage to resolve it and the conflict simply continued.

Unable to hold myself back, I opened the door to take a look.

Brooklyn and a few other employees were in the corridor outside the pantry. They were surrounding a bespectacled man wearing a grey suit. He looked quite grim, more like an unsatisfied client than a troublemaker.

"What's wrong?" I asked with a smile, walking over and maintaining my composure as the boss.

When everyone heard my voice, they glanced at me. The man adjusted his glasses and scrutinized me with a gloomy gaze.

Brooklyn strode toward me and whispered, "This client has a dispute with the Ziegler family. You instructed us to stay in line with our business and not offend those few families for the time being. I wanted to turn him away politely, but he refuses to leave. He even threatened that he'll file a complaint against us to the lawyers association."

I glanced at the bespectacled man and nodded in acknowledgment.

"So, it looks like you're the boss here, huh?" asked the man with a solemn look.

“Indeed.” I smiled and pointed at my office. “Why don’t you discuss with me in my office? I still have other clients here, so it’s best to not make a scene.”

Thinking that the enemy of an enemy was a friend. I wanted to find out why exactly he came to the Stovall family’s law firm.

The man contemplated for a while before walking toward my office.

When he sat down, he said, “Since you allowed me to stay, it means that your law firm is prepared to accept my case, right?”

He sat in front of me with his legs crossed and hands placed on his knees. Twiddling his fingers leisurely, he did not look like an average man.

After casting my gaze downward and thinking about it, I asked calmly, “How may I address you, sir?”

“Bison Queen,” he replied.

Bison?

Perhaps it had something to do with my recent tendency to be hasty, but when I heard the name, I could not help but raise my eyebrows in surprise.

The name “Bison” did not really suit such a gentle-looking man like him.

As if he could read my mind, he elaborated, “I know what you’re thinking about. It’s Bryson, not Bison. My name’s not that lame.”

I felt embarrassed that he managed to expose my thought so quickly. "I'm sorry."

"Forget it, you're not the first one to mishear my name. A rich guy like me doesn't care about these trivialities," remarked Bryson in a half-joking tone, not bothered by it at all. He then changed the topic. "Let's cut the crap and go straight to discussing the lawsuit. Your law firm isn't a fraud, right?"

I was at a loss for words.

As expected, one's appearance was deceiving. Although he looked like a gentleman, I could immediately tell that he was a wealthy man the moment he spoke. What a drastic contrast...