

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1298-1302

Chapter 1298

"Haha," I smiled, adjusted my emotions, and turned to ask Brooklyn, "why did Mr. Queen file a lawsuit against Ziegler Corporation?"

Brooklyn looked at Bryson helplessly, then lowered his head and explained in a polite tone. "There is an investment company under Ziegler Corporation that deals with stocks and funds. Two months ago, Mr. Queen invested in some commodity futures that amounted to around two hundred million following the suggestion of a top investment agent.

However, in only one month's time, he suffered a complete loss from this investment. During this time period, not even a single soul checked with him whether to sell off the futures to cut losses. After this whole event, Mr. Queen went to the investment company to demand an answer for his unreasonable loss. They refused to do anything about Mr. Queen's loss citing the reason of the company not being responsible for unpredictable market changes."

At the mention of his misfortune, Bryson was especially inflamed. He took off his glasses and ranted, "Damn it! I thought the Zieglers were an elite family and hoped to make friends with them. That was the reason I gave all that money to the Ziegler woman without worry. Who would have foreseen that it was a trap?"

I went all the way to their company, waited a whole day, and that wretched woman didn't even bother to appear. Whatever it is, I am a director of a listed company, so she's definitely looking down on me! I will remember this! I am not a Queen if I don't make them pay!"

I was taken aback. I have only heard one person speak in this manner, and that was John. There was someone like him in K City? Why haven't I heard anybody mention him before?

Looking at Bryson, I suddenly felt a slight regret at not having met him earlier.

Based on my first impression of him, there was nothing especially remarkable about Bryson. Nonetheless, his daring attitude toward Thora made him a person worth befriending.

"Alright, I understand. Don't worry, Mr. Queen. We will take up your case, and assign our best lawyer to you. If that arrangement doesn't work for you, I shall represent you myself," I offered generously.

"Really?" Bryson looked at me skeptically. He lowered his head; his cunning fox-like eyes flickered rapidly. "It seems what was said in the magazine was right..." He mumbled to himself.

He said it at a very low volume, but my ears caught the intriguing statement. Therefore, I gossiped unabashedly. "What did the magazine say?"

Bryson paused for a beat, then collected himself and put his glasses back on. Grinning cheerfully, he answered, "It said that the Stovall family had a bone to pick with the Ziegler family and that you were always on the lookout to stir up trouble for them.

Going by this logic, it made sense to contact the Stovall family. By the looks of it, the magazine had been spot on. I have already made it known since a month ago that money is not an issue as long as I can win the lawsuit against the Ziegler family and embarrass them. Up until now, you are the only one daring enough to take up my case."

What Bryson talked about was probably the whole ruckus that John stirred up to deal with Mitchell. It was no longer a trending topic, but some small publications were still milking and sensationalizing this incident to sell their magazines.

Whoever gave Bryson the idea must have intended to land a blow on the Ziegler family by using the Stovall family, and they could avoid landing themselves in hot water at the same time. Yet, Bryson told us everything up front. He was evidently quite frank and not a manipulative person.

This type of people was actually the easiest to deal with.

I smiled and courteously replied, "The Stovall and Ziegler families did have a small misunderstanding. However, it's not to the extent of having bad blood. Since both of our families are running businesses in K City, we are bound to have dealings with each other. It would be impossible to cut all ties. But let me clarify what I heard just now. You said that as long as we win the lawsuit, we can ask for any price. Did you really mean it?"

People who had dealings in the corporate world have to be cautious and versatile, especially those from prominent families. Even if two families could no longer tolerate each other, they would not make it obvious to the public. Saving face for one another is crucial because enemies could become friends under other circumstances. No one would opt to burn down all their bridges.

Still, no one was willing to take up Bryson's case except for me. The message that I was sending out by doing this was clear as day.

Bryson may be a straightforward person, but he got my hint and guffawed. "Don't worry about that for I have done my survey around for a bit. As long as we manage to win the lawsuit, even the worst outcome would call for Thora to pay a hundred million. You can have all of it by that time. What I want is just the thrill from seeing her atone for her wrongdoing!"

Chapter 1299

What Bryson said was very much to my liking.

“Here’s to working together.”

After shaking hands, this whole arrangement was thus confirmed.

As I sent Bryson downstairs, he kept holding on to my hand, saying a million thanks. “Ms. Stovall, from today onwards, we are good friends. If you need anything in the future, do not hesitate to ask me!”

“I won’t hold back when the time comes, thank you.” I sent Bryson away with a huge smile. My mood lightened considerably.

Although he did not speak in a cultured and refined manner, he wore his heart on his sleeve. Socializing with a person like this was not taxing, as I didn’t need to beat around the bush.

“Shouldn’t we inform Mr. Stovall about this matter first?” Brooklyn suddenly appeared by my side and reminded me.

I tilted my head toward him, then directed my gaze to Bryson’s conspicuous Cayenne. In a relaxed tone, I said, “There’s no hurry. I will inform him myself. He would be interested to know about this.”

In the evening, I purposely got off from work earlier. Before going home, I picked up Summer and went to the supermarket to get ingredients for cooking dinner.

Out of habit, I left Ashton a message to invite him to drop by for dinner prior to cooking. As for whether he could make it or not, it would depend on his schedule for the day. With Millie around, I could see him almost every day. Hence, it was not a must for him to come over.

Louis was temporarily staying at the hostel because of the Pitcoin issues. Because of that, there were only four of us at the dining table during dinner.

As soon as I sat down, I took an abalone and gave it to John. "Give it a taste. Let me know if my cooking skills have deteriorated." I did my best to please him.

John peered at the abalone on his plate and raised a brow. "My my, this is a rarity. I didn't think that you would be in the mood to cook when Ashton is not around."

With his eyebrows scrunched, he narrowed his eyes at me. Then, he crossed his arms and lazily leaned against the back of his chair. "This is too good to be true. Spit it out! What the devil are you up to this time?" he queried.

"Devil!" Summer gasped. "Mommy, where's the devil?" She was scared at the mention of the word 'devil' and looked at me with watery eyes pleading for help.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I patted her on the top of her head lightly to comfort her. "There is no actual devil! What Uncle John means is that our Summer is so smart that she's a cute little devil!"

"Really? Hehe, thank you, Uncle John!" Summer seemed relieved and smiled contentedly. The next moment, she tilted her little head as she recalled something. "Mr. Cress praises me for being smart too!" she boasted proudly.

John, on the other hand, was unhappy after hearing this. "Mr. Cress again! Summer, isn't Uncle John your favorite man?"

“Summer likes Daddy the most! Uncle John and Mr. Cress are second!” She exclaimed loudly while looking at me, as though she wanted my acknowledgment.

“Oh? Did Uncle John not treat you well? Is that why I am in second place along with another person?” John seemed to be jealous, so he continued asking Summer about it persistently.

“Um...” Summer was in a pinch now. Looking at John innocently, she fell into deep thought. After quite some time, she started muttering to herself. “Summer likes Uncle John, and Mr. Cress too. I like them both all the same...”

Her tiny face was scrunched up with conflict. She looked like a little grown-up when she seriously considered who was her favorite person. Seeing my little Summer being forced to make such a difficult decision, I felt pitiful for her.

“My dear Summer, you don’t have to choose and make a ranking out of it. Just follow whatever your heart tells you. As long as you are happy, it’s okay. Do you understand?” I comforted her softly.

Summer raised her head to look at me, and I could see the confusion in her eyes. I was not sure whether she understood me, but she nodded earnestly and replied, “Yes, Mommy! I understand.”

She would slowly understand as she grew up. Explaining too much right now would just increase her mental burden. I quickly gave Summer the green pea fritters which were her favorite and signaled at Emma to look after Summer. With that, we diverted Summer’s attention.

Glancing to the other end of the table, a sullen John entered my vision.

I couldn’t help but poke fun at him. “Did you really have to compare yourself against her teacher?”

John’s eyes narrowed. He lifted a hand to his chin and started analyzing in all seriousness. “She just started primary school, and my place in her heart was quickly replaced by a teacher. This person must

be something else. I have to go see for myself. You don't need to go pick up Summer tomorrow. I'll go instead."

Chapter 1300

"What do you plan to do? Don't scare the teacher. I've already asked Emery to check and Mr. Cress isn't a bad person. It's not easy for Summer to open up to someone. You better not mess it up," I nagged.

"Alright, I know what to do," said John, waving his hand dismissively. He immediately changed the topic. "Let's talk about your business. You haven't asked me to do anything in quite a while. What do you have for me this time?"

"I knew I couldn't hide it from you." I shrugged and lifted my wine glass to toast him. "Teach me how to do business!"

"Business? What kind of business? Aren't you the boss of a law firm now? On top of that, you are also the lady boss of Fuller Corporation. What else can I teach you?" John was teasing me. His shrewd eyes scrutinizing me closely, like he was trying to look into my soul.

I pursed my lips and put down my glass. I responded with a laugh, "Since I took the initiative to talk to you about it, it's definitely not a small business. You'll help me, won't you?"

John took in a deep breath. "Are you short of money lately?" He asked incredulously.

"Yes! Very!" I nodded vehemently.

To put things into perspective, hiring a mercenary of Millie's caliber was way more costly than hiring a high-level manager in Ashton's corporation. In addition to that, I hired a small team of bodyguards to protect Summer. That was a huge expense for me too.

However, my main objective for collaborating with John was not to make money. In fact, I needed John's network of contacts to get a chance to approach the Trivetts.

John's incredulity went up a notch after hearing what I had said. He looked at me like I was some sort of prehistoric creature. From his expression of disbelief, you could hear his thought without him saying it out loud – Are you kidding me?

To be fair, I was the second major shareholder of Fuller Corporation, a daughter of the Stovall family, and I had financial backing from Cameron and Zachary Moore. If a person like me was short of money, then the rest of the population would all be poverty-stricken.

After being stared at for a while, I shifted my gaze out of guilt. "Okay, I'll tell you the truth. Pitcoin came to Ashton and I need to see the perpetrator who started all of this."

"You want to get close to Herman Trivett?" John's expression suddenly changed to a stern one, and he rejected me in a heartbeat. "No way."

The smile on my face froze. "Why?"

John's face darkened, and he didn't bother to be polite anymore. "Scarlett, you are awfully full of yourself, aren't you? I opened up a law firm for you and let you have a job. I did all this so that you could settle down, not for you to use it as a platform to act recklessly!"

I swallowed the words that were at the tip of my tongue after getting reprimanded by him all of a sudden. The atmosphere at the dining table became tense instantly.

Although he said it in a harsh way, I understood clearly that he was just too concerned about my safety.

Pondering the issue for a while, I lifted my phone and dialed Millie's number.

The call got through immediately. "What's up?"

"Come in for a while. I'm at the dining room."

With that, I hung up. John and I faced each other squarely. I waited in silence.

In less than a minute, footsteps were heard from upstairs. John and I looked toward the direction of the sound and saw Millie walk down the stairs nonchalantly with her hand on the railing.

She was halfway down, and then she stopped. Her distant eyes lifted and peered down at us arrogantly.

"What's going on?" asked John anxiously. "Isn't this the secretary that you recently hired? When did she come in?"

"That's right, I hired Millie. However, her main task is not secretarial work. Instead, it is to protect me." I explained.

John stared at me suspiciously. I could see him analyzing the credibility of what I said.

To assure him, I further explained, "The security in the Stovall residence is tight, but Millie managed to appear before us without alerting anybody at all. You should believe that she is perfectly capable of keeping me safe."

John did not reply, which probably indicated that he was convinced.

“Do you want to eat with us?” I asked Millie.

“Is there anything else?” Millie’s expression was as cold as ice. She completely ignored my question.

“No,” I replied. I felt guilty for asking her to appear on a whim just to prove her capability to John. “It’s kind of cold outside. Why don’t you have some food to keep warm?”

Chapter 1301

Millie did not respond and turned to walk back up the stairs. After two steps, she paused. “I’m not used to this,” she announced with a sideways glance.

After that abrupt reply, she quickened her pace and soon disappeared at the top of the stairs.

I was befuddled.

Not used to what? Our cuisine?

But we were having seafood. No matter which country you’re from, seafood is cooked in almost the same way. There shouldn’t be much difference to its taste.

Perhaps she was too far from the table and thought that the dishes were all foreign cuisine that she was not used to.

My thoughts were elsewhere when John suddenly stood up and obstructed my view. His solemn eyes were trained onto me; they were stern yet gentle. "I agree to help you."

"Really?" I was overjoyed. I didn't expect John to change his mind so fast.

"Yeah," he said without expression. I couldn't decipher his emotions. He had a naturally cool-looking face, and the lack of expression made him seem even more distant.

It didn't feel right for me to act playful. Therefore, I composed myself and asked, "John, did you get mad because you think that I was too impulsive?"

John shook his head and sighed. Holding my gaze, he answered, "I was just feeling relieved."

"Hmm?" I expressed my puzzlement.

"I always thought that you were obstinate and rash. You were impulsive like a man and always got hurt as a result. I felt that I needed to keep you safe at all times. But today, after seeing your secretary and learning that you took precautions without us knowing; I know you have matured. As long as you understand how precious you are, what else would I be worried about?"

Matured. This was a very heavy word.

John's words hit a soft spot in my heart. I felt a mix of emotions.

After a while, I caught on to that singular irregularity in his touching comment. I smacked his arm with all my might. "Who did you say was a man?"

“Me! I’m the man, alright? So, what do you want to do? I’ll see how I should cooperate with you.” John said with a laugh.

“It’s very simple!” I walked toward him and started dragging him up the stairs. “Today, let’s start with the common business knowledge about Pitcoin trading!”

The next day, John and I went straight to Trivett Corporation. John visited in his capacity as the general manager of Stovall Corporation, while I went as the second major shareholder of Fuller Corporation.

In the ever-changing corporate world, it was commonly agreed that the enemy of my enemy is my friend. John was the mastermind who ensured that Mitchell Ziegler could not return to the country, and Louis was a natural barrier that blocked off profiteers. Despite these facts, Trivett Corporation did not refuse to see us. Instead, they showed us to their reception room politely.

Herman Trivett had always been the leader of the Trivett family. They started in petroleum, then went into all sorts of investments, building up the massive wealth in the process. When the petroleum business no longer worked out for them, they lost their main source of income and got into several financial crises. It was Herman who kept turning the tides and saving the corporation, though the results were not very satisfactory. However, ever since Pitcoin was introduced to the market, Trivett Corporation’s share prices soared, and the company’s net worth tripled.

By the time the secretary served us our third cup of coffee, John could no longer rein in his temper. He stood up and kicked the potted plant in the corner of the room. Its leaves shook and fell all over the place.

At that moment, the door opened from outside. The secretary led a middle-aged man in a burgundy suit into the room.

The man sported a neat crew cut. Even though he looked like he was around Louis’ age, he had a head full of black hair. The only giveaway was the wrinkles on his face which indicated his age. This must be Seth Trivett.

“Why so angry, Mr. Stovall?” Seth asked in the standard businessman tone while sitting down.

After he was seated, another young person entered the room unhurriedly at his own pace. Without any greetings, he simply pulled the chair beside Seth further apart before sitting down. Looking at his features, this was definitely Herman, Seth Trivett’s son.

“John, didn’t your Uncle Louis teach you any manners? You come to my company for a visit and you damage my property. What is the meaning of this?” Herman put down his phone and criticized John with a long face.

Chapter 1302

Both father and son had acted their respective roles out very well.

However, given that Seth was making his son take on the role of offending others, he clearly did not care about Herman’s future at all. If anything happened to Seth in the future, Herman would have offended everyone by then. In short, the world would only sit back and watch when the Trivetts met their downfall.

Whatever, it’s their own problem anyway. It’s got nothing to do with me.

“You’re exaggerating, Mr. Trivett. My brother’s only flaw is that he’s a little anxious. He did that only because he’d drank a little too much coffee and had to go to the restroom urgently. It’d be rude to let the two of you arrive in an empty room, so he was finding another way to vent it out,” I said, hiding my anger with a friendly tone.

Although John was not a patient man, he did know to think of the big picture. He would have never caused such a conflict if the Trivetts had not made us wait so long in the first place. I said those words to

tell them that the Stovall family would not simply remain silent while allowing others to take advantage of us.

Seth glared at me sharply for a while, then looked away calmly. He kept on a slight smile but did not speak.

Then, Herman seemed to have received someone's orders and boldly tried to justify themselves. "Trivett Corporation's not a place that you can come and visit whenever you want. We had to end the quarterly report meeting earlier by half an hour for your sake. Don't tell me that you're trying to accuse us of treating the two of you poorly?"

It seemed like my guess was right. The Trivetts were going to finish acting out their script.

Since that was the case, there was no need for me to expose them. Thus, I got straight to the point. "It's just a small matter; let's not talk about it anymore. We're here today for other matters."

When I spoke, Seth acted as if none of it was related to him. He picked up his tea and slowly savored it, treating us as though we were nothing worth bothering about.

"I want to join the Pitcoin business," I said, raising my voice as I glanced over at Seth. He was still behaving as if he were a mere bystander, acting indifferent to the situation.

However, Herman was very open with his suspicions about our motives. "Don't you know that your godfather is taking the lead to oppose Pitcoin? Isn't it rebellious and unfilial to go against him?" Herman paused and shot John a mocking gaze. "I heard that ever since you came back from J City, you've been obeying everything Louis says. Are you finally unable to take it anymore?"

His words were actually not that hostile. Since it was a business matter, judgments had to be made, and explicit confirmation was required.

“That’s none of your business,” John said. Then, he moved to sit beside me in a carefree manner just as Herman did, provoking him. “Just tell us if we can join in and make some money together.”

With one hand resting on the table and the other holding his chin, Herman raised his eyebrows in thought. A while later, he looked up with a grim, ruthless gaze. “Do you think we’re so stupid as to invite trouble in? If you want to be a spy, go somewhere else. We don’t have time to play along with your petty tricks.”

Just as John was about to speak, Seth leisurely put down his teacup and stepped forward. “Herman, they’re our guests. How can you speak to them like this.”

After a pause, he looked at John. Then, acting as if he were a kind senior, Seth continued, “John, it’s not that I don’t want to work with you. It’s just that it would be too troublesome. You know your status. As Mr. Stovall’s nephew, your family’s finances are all being monitored by the authority. Although we’re not afraid of being investigated, it’ll still bring us a lot of losses at our end. Pitcoin’s actually not as profitable as the rumors make it out to be. If there’re other future opportunities, I’ll definitely reserve a place for you.”

He was obviously saying that they would not cooperate with the Stovall family.

However, it was not difficult to understand where he was coming from. After all, no one wanted to voluntarily invite a predator in.

“You’re mistaken, Mr. Trivett,” I said, taking the opportunity to interrupt. Deliberately raising my voice, I continued, “I’m the one who wants to work with the Trivetts, not John.”