

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 529-534

Chapter 529

Jared patted her back and said, "Your throat is still sore. No more laughing."

Although his words sounded stern, the affection in his tone was obvious.

Summer looked at me and said, "Mommy, you have the same answer as Mr. Crest. It's impossible for durian and watermelon to feel hurt. Your head will be the one in pain."

For the next few minutes, Summer continued to play riddles with Jared.

At the dining table, Summer ate more than usual. She was so excited and joyful throughout the meal. Shortly after lunch, she fell asleep.

Jared got up from the sofa and picked up his doctor's bag as he prepared to leave.

I was silent for a moment before saying, "Dr. Crest, can I have a word with you?"

He pressed his lips together and nodded. Then, he sat back down and looked at me with dullness in his eyes.

I took a deep breath and went straight to the point. "When Macy left, she told me never to let Summer know that you are her father."

His eyes turned cold, with a pained expression on his face. He said, "I can understand."

"Summer is your child and no one can deny that," I said calmly. "Including Macy."

He was a little surprised and looked at me with a frown. "So?"

"This is a matter between you and Macy. It's none of my business. But I have no choice but to intervene now. I raised Summer myself and treated her as my own daughter. I hope you can understand that."

He nodded and sat there calmly, as though waiting for me to finish what I have to say.

I pursed my lips and said, "You and Ashton are good friends. He's a man who needs a little extra emotional support. Of course, same goes to each and everyone of us. And I don't wish for us to quarrel and part in bad terms."

After a pause, I continued, "I will let Summer know that you are her father, but we'll have to wait till she's eighteen years old before breaking the news to her. Then, it'll be up to her to decide if she wants to acknowledge you as her father or otherwise. Of course, within the eighteen years, you may come and see her anytime you want. And if the Crest family can take good care of her, then I will agree to let her go to the Crest family during the holidays."

He was momentarily stunned. It was as though he never thought that I would say such a thing to him. He also never even thought that I would ultimately give in.

For a long time, he looked at me solemnly and asked, "Are you sure?"

I nodded and said, "Yes, I'm sure. I didn't make this decision because of you. I did it for Ashton. I don't want him to end his long-term friendship with you all because of me. I hope that you guys will maintain your friendship for the years to come."

He seemed a little surprised, and he was silent for a while before he spoke again. "Thank you, Scarlett."

He was still a man of little words.

I lowered my gaze and said, "You don't have to thank me. Although I don't know how deep you feel for Macy, I know for sure that you love Summer. In my opinion, it's not a bad thing for one more person to shower Summer with love."

Having said what needs to be said, I was prepared to let him leave.

He was silent for a moment and said, "I want to take Summer to W City. Not to introduce her to the Crest family, but to bring her there for sightseeing. I made a promise to Macy before that I would bring her to W City."

I frowned and felt a lump in my throat. But I nodded and said, "Okay. But I don't want her gone for too long."

"Just for three days."

"Okay."

I couldn't keep Summer by my side forever. Sooner or later, she was going to grow up and leave me.

After seeing Jared out, I went to Summer's bedroom. I couldn't believe how much she had grown as I looked at her.

Unknowingly, I became a socialite in K City, all because of Emery's wedding.

It could either be Emery's way of introducing me, or it could be Louis' doing.

Unintentionally, I became a well-known socialite in K City.

I took a call from Emery while Summer was still sleeping.

There was some background noise but I could hear her clearly. “Scarlett, I found the sandalwood box that you wanted. It’s with Cameron. I told her that you want it, and she said she’ll give it to you. So I’ll mail it to you later.”

I nodded. Not wanting to disturb Summer’s sleep, I lowered my voice and walked out of the bedroom.

It was hot in the living room as I leaned back on the sofa and said, “I’ll have to trouble you then.”

She scoffed, “It’s no trouble at all.”

After a few seconds of silence, she said, “There’s something I don’t know if I should tell you.”

“What’s that?”

Emery took a moment before she said, “Ashton and Marcus fought at the wedding banquet. I heard from Hunter that there was some exchange between them before the fight. Hunter said it was no big deal, but Ashton seemed very angry about it. Marcus must have said something to him.”

I pursed my lips and thought back to the night at the banquet. He had been acting strange and got himself drunk. Was it all because of something that Marcus had said?

Chapter 530

“Are you still there, Scarlett?” Emery asked on the other side of the line.

“Yes.” After a pause, I asked, “Where are you going for your honeymoon?”

She thought about it and said, "I had a talk with Hunter, and we decided to go to the Miralaea for our honeymoon. The weather is nice over there."

There was a noise coming from the bedroom, so I quickly said, "Have a safe flight then. I think Summer is up, so I have to go and check on her."

We said our goodbyes and hung up.

Summer was awake. She was curled up under the blanket, and she still appeared to be weak. When she saw me, she said softly, "Mommy, I'm thirsty."

I poured her a glass of water and brought it to her lips. I placed my hand on her forehead to check her temperature and found that the fever had subsided.

"Mommy." Seeing that I was lost in thought, Summer called out to me and passed me the cup.

I came around and took the cup from her hand.

Then, I pulled the blanket up to her chin and asked, "Do you want to sleep for a little while more?"

Summer shook her head. "I don't want to sleep anymore. Did Mr. Crest say that I can get out of bed?"

I smiled faintly and said, "Of course, you can."

With that, she threw the blanket off her and got out of bed. Although her fever had subsided, she still seemed a little tired.

It had stopped snowing. Standing by the window, I stared at the snow-covered ground and was lost in thought.

What was the exchange between Ashton and Marcus? It must have been something that triggered both men to be in a fight.

Ashton had always been able to keep his emotions under control, and he wouldn't get angry easily.

An hour later, I received a call from Camelia. "Let's have a talk, Scarlett."

I could tell from her tone that she was anxious. "Okay."

"Are you free to go out?"

I cast a glance at Summer. She was lying on the sofa, and she was about to fall asleep.

"I'm afraid not."

There was a pause before she said, "Ashton bought most of the White Corporation's shares at a high price. Together with the fake news of White Corporation's shares falling, the rumours about the three of you, and him cooperating with other investment companies to crush White Corporation. Why is he so ruthless?"

I know nothing much about the stock market. But from what Camelia had said, it seemed to have reached a critical stage.

"I'm not quite sure about this. Perhaps you can find out what did Marcus said to Ashton at Emery's wedding." Women should never interfere in the battle among men.

She sighed. "Scarlett, you don't have to worry about any losses because Ashton is backed by a ten-year HiTech company. But that is not the case with White Corporation. For the past few years, things are not looking good. OrbitTech was acquired by White Corporation in a short four years' span. Although it's profitable, it can't be compared to HiTech. Ashton loves you, so please ask him to have some mercy."

I felt a sense of annoyance after hearing that. Clamping down on my emotion, I asked, "Did Marcus asked you to say that?"

"Are you angry?" she asked irritably in return.

"Yes."

"Scarlett, Marcus is my fiancé and the father of my child. I have to defend him and help him. You can resent me all you want. But I'm begging you, please."

"Ashton is my husband. Did you ever think of that before you asked me to help you?" I sighed and continued. "Camelia, you and I are the same. We stand by our men."

After a pause, I said, "I won't intervene in the matters concerning Marcus and White Corporation. If you really think of me as your friend, please stop with this emotional blackmail. I won't participate in the business affairs and I won't do anything to go against Ashton."

I hung up the phone and composed myself. When I turned around, I saw that Summer had fallen asleep.

Initially, I wanted to sit for the admission test. But as the day went by, I missed my admission test.

That evening.

When Ashton returned home, he looked somewhat tired, probably still a little hungover.

Seeing me sitting dazedly in the living room, he put down the car key and walked over to me. He pulled me into his arms and asked gently, "Why didn't you give me a call?"

I was taken aback for a moment. I looked up at him, and my eyes fell on his evening shadow. "I'm afraid that you're busy."

He leaned his head on my shoulder and said, "Nothing is more important than you."

After a few seconds, he asked, "What's for dinner?" He scanned the living room and asked, "Where's Summer?"

"She's asleep in her bedroom. She was running a fever this morning," I said. I wondered if I should ask him about Marcus.

He nodded and cuddled me. "Jared came over?"

I answered with a yes. After being silent for a moment, I looked up at him and said, "I saw the news this morning. Fuller Corporation bought quite a few shares in OrbitTech. Is Fuller Corporation venturing into the AI sector?"

It wasn't a straightforward question. But he had a strong insight, and he could tell what I really wanted to ask.

Ashton's expression darkened and he asked, "Who called you today?"

For a moment, he realized that his tone was a little too harsh. He controlled himself and said, "I'll take care of the business side of things. Don't worry about it."

Although he sounded gentle, there was a hint of coldness in his words.

I understood what he meant. He didn't want me to get involved, and he had his own way of dealing with the matter between Marcus and him.

Chapter 531

I pursed my lips and looked down at my fingers. "Give yourself a break."

He got up, and before heading to his study, he turned towards me. "Actually, there are still some things I need to deal with. I'll try to get it done asap, and see you in a bit."

I mellowed as I saw him walked further away. When I finally came back to my senses, I realized I forgot to check if he wanted dinner.

Regardless, I went to the kitchen, made some spaghetti, and brought it upstairs.

The door was left ajar, and I could see him on the phone.

I wasn't sure what the conversation was about. The fountain pen in his hand landed so heavily on the contract that it pierced through it. The ink spread into quite a sizeable area from the persistent pressure. Something vexatious was brewing.

Those solemn dark eyes of his noticed what'd happened, but his hand was still driving the pen deeper into the table.

PlayvolumeAd

"Are you done?" Fury shadowed his face.

The person on the other end of the line seemed to sense the tightness in his voice. Nevertheless, the conversation continued.

“Brothers? Him and I? You don’t know what the market is like,” Ashton growled.

Yup, he is angry.

After he hung up, ferocity lurked in every corner of his narrowed eyes. He glanced at the patch of ink, lifted his hand, and proceeded with signing as if everything was okay.

Splash! The flick of his wrist spilled his coffee.

He maintained his poise, pulled a few sheets of tissue, and pressed his desk dry.

All these years jostling in the market had made him stoic. A poker face was his go-to expression.

After going through certain phases in life, a man would know clearly what he desired and what he’d rather keep his hands off. Those were the means of survival.

Knock, knock!

Ashton looked towards the door and saw me standing outside. “So, what have you brought me?” The gloom that was on his face a second ago vanished. A faint smile supervened.

I smiled back and walked into the room. After putting the spaghetti on his desk, I wiped the remaining coffee off, feigning oblivion.

After that, I scooped the tissues from his hand and chucked them into the bin. “I’ve made some meatball spaghetti. It’s my first time making it though.”

He gave out a warm twinkle, sat himself down, and munched away as if what happened just now was a trivial event.

“By the way, how’s Aunt Sally?” I asked as I tidied the desk.

Sally was Marcus’ stepmother. Thus, it wasn’t wrong to say that Ashton and Marcus are cousins.

“Umph!” He responded with spaghetti still bunged up in his mouth.

My eyes looked towards the documents on the desk. It was the proposal of the acquisition on White Corporation drafted two years ago.

Why was it only signed now?

I scrunched some tissues and dapped on the spread ink.

“It won’t come off!” I whined. “Ink is the hardest thing to remove. Moreover, it’s on paper.” Coming from behind was his low and calming voice.

I curled my lips and put down the document. I couldn’t get myself to ask him about what happened.

Looking at the empty plate, my sense of accomplishment launched me into an attention-seeking puppy.

“How was it?”

He nodded. “Invigorating.” Then, he kissed me on my forehead. “Also, Hannah should be discharged soon. Let’s pay her a visit tomorrow.”

It was amazing how he kept track of such paltry matters. “Sure thing!” I bobbed my head, and as I tilted my chin up, I purred, “Ashton, shall we make an appointment to remove the vasclip?”

“Hmm?”

“The past should be left in the past, shouldn’t it? Summer was born to the Crest family. I love her as much as I love you. With Jared visiting her every now and then, she’ll be showered with more love.”

There was a short pause before he laid his eyes on me. “You’ve given Jared the green light to see Summer?”

I nodded. “I’m in no position to oppose as he’s her father after all. Plus, I’d love to have a child of our own.”

His muscles went taut upon hearing those words before his smile grew wider. “Yes, Ma’am!”

He was with me on this.

Finally, something to cheer our day up.

As for the thing between him and Marcus, I guessed it’d be better if I stayed out of it.

After putting the fork and plate onto the tray, I headed back downstairs.

Summer was as active as a hungry squirrel after sleeping for the whole day. She was running around with Snowfluff in the living room.

It was nice to have a dog to keep her company.

Contrary to the tranquil and snowy landscape outside, Ashton was so wrapped up with work that I almost thought he was at the office all the time.

“Mommy, does Mr. Fuller have tons and tons of work to do? It looks like he’s having a hard time.”

“Summer, one has to bite the bullet and endure extreme pain to gain the respect of others. Physical pain is nothing.”

The toughest pain to undergo would be the torment in the deepest corner of the soul.

Camelia appeared in our yard out of the blue. But since she was here, it was only right of me to extend my hospitality.

Her face and ears were crimson red. “Scarlett, I thought you were trying to help Marcus when you gave him all your savings. Now I see your foul intentions! How could you set him up? You and Ashton are the same!”

Chapter 532

I was utterly flustered. “Wait a minute. Tell me what’s going on, and we’ll talk about it.”

I kept my cool.

She followed up with a sneer. “The money you channeled to Marcus for extra cash flow was HiTech’s earnings throughout these years. Has it come to your mind that this illegal loan would crush him? If the media disclosed this, White Corporation’s stocks would plummet and pulverize the White family. You are one cold-blooded cunning b*tch, Scarlett.”

“Illegal loan?” I didn’t get it.

HiTech’s profits had always been under my account, but I’d never used it. If it weren’t for Marcus, it would’ve remained as it was.

“The money loaned was all legal earnings. How on earth would it be illegal?”

“You should ask your husband.” She let out a contemptuous grin. “You couple are so good at playing good cop bad cop and would show no mercy.” Okay, that only made me more flummoxed.

My tongue tied up for a bit but managed to unravel itself eventually. “If this mess was caused by the money I’d loaned, I’ll take full responsibility. Please leave as it’s really late now.”

We were still friends after all. I didn’t think it was nice to be too harsh with my words.

On top of that, it was understandable that her emotions got the best of her since she was currently pregnant.

After seeing her out, I went to Ashton’s study. He was taking a puff on the balcony.

The smoke fogged the room, and it wasn’t friendly on the nose. I looked at the clock and stood behind him. “Hey, it’s already eleven. Wanna call it a day?”

He kept quiet. His slender figure somehow felt alien to me.

My eyes wandered onto the table and saw the same acquisition contract lying on the desk.

“I was the one who gave Marcus the money. He saved my life, and thus, I owed him one. If he weren’t desperate, he wouldn’t have accepted it. Now we’re even.”

Ashton didn’t budge. The smoke from the cigarette between his fingers stung every strand of my olfactory nerves.

I then recomposed myself and carried on. "If you are upset because I didn't talk to you about this? Then, blame me. It has nothing to do with White Corporation. Ashton, if you're acquiring White Corporation because of this, you're doing Marcus injustice."

"Injustice?" He wrenched around and glared at me. "Tell me, Scarlett, what's justice?"

That irked me. "Ashton, didn't we say that the past is the past? What's bothering you?"

Was it jealousy that drove him cruel? Was it because he still couldn't get over the fact that Marcus gave me a month of tender love and care?

He clammed up as his squinted eyes, brimming with anger, pierced through mine. "Who was here?"

I could feel foulness creeping onto me as he inched closer. "Or did Marcus call you?"

Out of natural instinct, I clenched tight to my phone and took a few steps back.

"Ashton, this shouldn't be happening!"

He raised his brows. "Be a good girl. Give me the phone."

I looked down and bit my lip. It wasn't that I have anything to hide from him, but it was his intimidating stance that made me held on to my phone so dearly.

Snap! He snatched the phone over.

The last call was from Camelia.

"Trying to be 'best friends' with her, eh?" He gave a scornful grin.

Startled by his mockery, I gaped at him.

“Stop overthinking. We’re different. I don’t burn bridges unlike you. I’d never push anyone to a dead end, expose all my fiendish intentions, and execute them unscrupulously.”

I was calm and composed when I uttered those hurtful words, thanks to the hell I had been through in the four years.

Crash! Ashton slammed the phone on the floor, and it was in bits and pieces. His pent-up fury got the best of him.

We’d been together for seven years, and never had I saw him exploded with wrath. It almost made me believed that his vehemence could eat me up alive.

Stupefied, I stared at him blankly as this dark and bloodthirsty character simmered inside him.

There was one moment where I actually thought he would hit me.

But he only smacked his lips and spoke. “Sever the ties between you and Marcus and stay out of anything that has to do with him. As for Camelia, stop talking to her.”

To have myself hurt for the benefit of others was just not worth it. It was funny how rage could overthrow one’s gentility and propriety.

Ashton’s sudden burst of anger was the result of repressed emotions.

I understood where it came from and decided to tolerate it. We all needed to channel our frustrations somewhere somehow, right?

That was why I quietly left the room. We weren’t kids anymore.

When emotions kicked in, despite how hysterical it became, even to the extent of howling in your heart and wishing to part, we couldn't just smash things, nor should we simply run away.

Chapter 533

Grown-ups were conditioned to mask all crumbles and rumbles with insouciance.

When I got back to the bedroom, I went on with my routine—I took a shower, brushed my teeth, blew my hair, and went to bed.

However, I was just tossing and turning.

This very night, Ashton didn't come to bed.

Both of us had our own emotions to deal with. To talk it out would only cut deeper into our wounds.

As I finally started to zone out a bit in the wee hours of the night, a man opened the door. "Scarlett." In a deep soft tone, he called out my name.

He walked up to my bedside and murmured my name a few more times but eventually stopped. I wasn't responding

"I'm sorry." His voice whispered contrition.

I couldn't be bothered, and let my self sink deep into my sleep.

By the time I batted my eyelids open, it was already late afternoon.

I got up and went down to Summer's bedroom. That was when I saw a middle-aged lady in the living room.

Her name was Flora, the new caregiver Ashton hired. She greeted me affably and went back to her task.

Ashton had hired her to take care of Summer.

Summer had gotten much better, and was playing with Snowfluff in the yard.

Seeing this sight, I decided to let it be, and just as I started to head back to my room, Flora called out. "Madam, lunch is ready. Would you like me to send it to your room?"

"Don't worry about it. I'll be right down." And I trod back to my room.

After freshening up, I sat at my dresser, and only then did I notice how long my hair had grown. It was around my waist now.

Back in university, I'd always preferred to have it cropped to my shoulders. Macy once made a joke about it, saying that I could use my short hair to turn down love confessions. All I had to do was tell the person to wait till my hair grew to my waist and never let that happen.

The guy would get the message sooner or later.

I chuckled from the thought of the past. What might seem silly for that instance had turned into a heart-warming memory that could be savored forever.

Serendipity worked in its own peculiar ways. No matter the twists and turns our lives took, what was yours would always fall into your hands. On the contrary, despite persistent efforts, you'd eventually lose what was meant for someone else.

Tap, tap, tap... That must be Flora.

I turned around while braiding my hair. To my surprise, it wasn't her but Ashton.

Slowly, I swiveled back, and everything went half the pace.

Didn't we quarrel last night?

His hand softly caressed my shoulders, and I could see his gentle eyes observing my every braid through the mirror. There wasn't a tinge of viciousness.

I kept my gaze low, refusing to meet his, and kept on with my business. But there's a limit to my hair length, meaning I had to come to a stop eventually.

I chose silence, and so did he.

Huh!

I took a breath, and right before I could ask my question, Ashton put out his. "We're going to visit Hannah later. Do you wanna put on some makeup?"

Oh my, it totally slipped my mind! We spoke about this last night.

I appreciated his initiative. He never had to give in since he'd been treated like a king his whole life, so I had to say or do something.

I nodded and opened the drawer as I took out the hairband, and tied my hair with it.

“Do you still have to go to the company?” I rubbed my lips with chapstick.

I forwent the idea of putting on make-up as I wasn't really in the mood for it. Plus, it'd take time to remove it. A chapstick would do the trick.

“You are so pretty!” He tried to butter me up in a childlike manner.

That put a smile across my face as I stood up and went into the wardrobe.

At the dining table.

I wasn't hungry in the first place. Ashton's phone rang when we were few bites into our late lunch. It was Joseph.

Ashton assumed that it must've been about the company and excused himself.

He got on his feet as he answered the call and turned his back towards the table. His conversation was a string of technical terms, which sounded like a foreign language to me.

One thing that I was positive about was that he was acquiring White Corporation progressively.

The jacket potatoes on my plate didn't manage to whet my appetite. Scrape! My chair dragged the floor as I got up.

Seeing that I was about to leave, he ruffled and hung up. “Hey, what's the matter? Is the food not to your liking?”

Flora was definitely on edge when she heard that. After all, it was her first day at work, and a complaint would send her straight home.

I shook my head and said, "I'm not particularly hungry."

Then, I went upstairs to grab my purse. I need to stop sandwiching myself between Ashton and Marcus, regardless of my intentions. Me handing him the money instead of Ashton would send out a different message.

Who knew what horrendous actions Ashton would take if I were to put my oar in again? The only way out was to stay out of it.

I reached for the gold bracelet that I bought for Hannah. It was meant for her baby's one-month-old celebration.

John mentioned before that due to the freezing weather in K City, they'd just celebrate the occasion over a nice dinner with their family.

Chapter 534

Ashton's cheeks plumped up when he saw me coming downstairs. He was in the middle of telling Flora the dos and don'ts around the house and with Summer.

"All set?" he asked. I nodded, and we headed out.

Once I got into the car parked in the yard, Ashton carefully placed a box in my hands and started the engine. "This is HiTech's latest model."

I staggered before lifting the cover. Inside lay a classy new phone with a diamonds cast gold rim. Quite fashionable, I'd say.

Right, he smashed my phone last night.

I then took it out from the box, gave it a rough scan, and slid it into my purse.

Our journey to Hannah's place was in absolute silence.

John bought Hannah a villa in South District. It was baroque-inspired, and the yard was a medley of flora. Unfortunately, the deep snow took center stage this season.

John hired two caregivers to take care of Hannah and the baby. He wasn't home when we got there.

Hannah was still in confinement. She came down to the living room when she heard our car's rumbling engine coming to a stop.

She was in her warm puffy pajamas and looked rather pale as if she was just done with the delivery.

It took her some effort to squeeze out a smile. "Hey, how's it going?"

"Not bad. But you lost so much weight!" I couldn't help but noticing how gauntly thin she had become.

"This is what happens once the baby's out," she chuckled.

She then gestured for us to take a seat and had the caregiver bring us water.

I looked around but saw no signs of the child. "Where's the baby?"

"He's sleeping upstairs." She then passed me a glass of water. "You know, he's premature and will need to lounge a bit longer in the incubator."

Despite her light-hearted statement, I still felt sorry for her.

“Summer was like that too. But things got better as she grew up,” I sighed.

Ashton sat quietly like a totem pole. He would pick up his drink or hang up an incoming call once in a while.

Hannah started noticing it and decided to break that drill. “Ashton, I bet that you’ve never seen a one-month-old baby. Why don’t you go upstairs and check it out? At least you’ll know what it’s like when it’s you and Scarlett’s turn.”

He looked at me for a bit and nodded before being led up to the second floor by the caregiver.

Once he was out of sight, Hannah asked, “You had a fight, hadn’t you?”

“No, why?” I denied.

“Come on. It was as obvious as a garish billboard! What made the almighty Mr. Fuller reduced into a gawper, listening to our dull conversation and declining calls from the company? You guys must’ve been in a fight for him to tiptoe around you.”

Was that considered a fight?

I just tilted my head and smiled. Period. End of discussion.

We chattered on till it was time to go home. As Ashton and I left, I blurted, “Let’s go to the hospital.”

“What’s wrong?” His worried eyes swiveled towards me.

“Your vasclips.”

His mind went blank for a couple of seconds before turning the car around and drove to the hospital.

As I waited outside the operation room, his phone rang. It was from Joseph. I was fully aware that I shouldn't be meddling with his calls, but it had been buzzing relentlessly. Thinking that it might be something urgent, I picked it up.

"Mr. Fuller, the Bureau of Industry and Commerce is running an investigation on White Corporation, meaning it would be closed for some time. Do you still want me to give the media the video clip of Mr. White's mother?" Joseph spewed his updates the moment the line got through.

Sharon's video?

"What video?" My fuddled mind demanded an answer.

"Mrs. Fuller?" Joseph was taken aback. Little did he know that I'd be on the other end.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller."

"Joseph, Ashton is occupied at the moment. But let me tell you something. We need to know where to draw the line." I tried to sound less pushy. "I'm in no position to tell him how to run his business, but you, someone who's been working for him for so many years, should know what his rash decisions would lead to. To exterminate a fellow businessman is a big no-no. It wasn't only his capability that kept the ball rolling in K City for the past four years, but also the acceptance of the big shots he was dealing with."

It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. Yet, there's a limit to how vicious you can be to your opponent to ensure amity among allies. Who knows they might be next in line?

A pause ensued. "I understand, Mrs. Fuller."

After I hung up, I tried to get a grip on myself. It was since Emery's wedding that Ashton turned so irascible.

What did Marcus do to cause Ashton to brew such brutish intentions?