# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1199

Ashton helped me to take off the slippers and sit down on the bed. "The food is tasteless without you."

His words were void of emotion, but they brought a lump to my throat.

I had the same feeling too when I was in Stovall residence. After all, the person who had been with me for ten years had already become a part of my life; thus, his absence would make my life meaningless.

After tucking me in, Ashton got up and went to the wardrobe before walking back to me with two files in his hand.

He opened one of them and handed it to me.

Taking it over, I took the content out curiously and frowned when I read it. "Didn't you give this to the Murphys already?"

The petroleum subscription agreement was the chance for the Murphys to make a comeback. Now I understood why Armond returned.

Knitting his brows, Ashton cast his gaze down and said nothing.

I knew that he was hiding something else from me again.

Putting the file aside, I let out a long exhale. "Tell me everything that you're hiding from me."

"That's all," Ashton replied without hesitation.

"What's this, then?" I asked while pointing at the other file.

At this, Ashton stared at the file in a daze for some time, seemingly thinking of something.

"What's wrong?" I gave him a nudge.

Only then did he come back to his senses. He forced a smile. "What would you do if I tell you that it's a divorce agreement?"

My heart skipped a beat as I frowned with a reluctant look on my face.

I could say those great lines for my children, but it did not mean that I could do it with ease. It was true that I could cut ties with him if we divorced now, but he would have to face the rivals that colluded with the backing of government officials all alone. Without the support of the Moore family and Stovall family, he would probably end up being on the losing side.

"Have you thought it through? If we divorce this time, you won't be able to find me again."

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I pursed my lips while having an expectant look in my eyes, hoping that he would take a step back.

Looking down, Ashton said nothing for a while. Then, he took the file and opened it. Taking out the content, he passed it to me. I looked down at it and saw that, as he said, it was a divorce agreement.

It turned out that he had decided to choose revenge over our family a long time ago. He had chosen to bear the responsibility as a son, while my understanding and love were nothing to him.

"Look at the last page." Ashton's voice was attractive at night. It was uniquely charming and made me want to obey everything he said.

I flipped through the agreement and saw my signature on it.

That's weird. When did I sign this agreement? Could it be the previous agreement? But it can't be. The previous content is different from this, but this signature does belong to me...

"I got Joseph to find someone else sign this for us," Ashton said in a low voice, "Does it look like your handwriting?"

Oh, so he got a professional to mimic my signature. No wonder I can't even tell that it's not mine. I nodded my head. "Yes, it does. I can't even tell myself, but why do you prepare a fake divorce agreement?"

Looking at the file, Ashton smiled and reached out to pinch the paper before he unveiled another piece of document behind the page that I thought was the last.

Compared with the formality of the divorce agreement, the hidden document was somewhat informal. The word "Agreement" could still be made out easily. After looking at it for a while, I only found out that it was an assets transfer agreement that Ashton drafted. It stipulated that all assets of the Fullers would automatically be transferred to me if something happened to him within two years.

In other words, as long as I signed it, I would become the sole heir to Ashton's wealth. Even our kids could not inherit anything.

Although this proved just how important I was to Ashton, it was not something to be happy about. Such a preparation from him only indicated that even he himself was not sure if he could escape unscathed during the course of his revenge.

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What Ashton said next confirmed my guesswork.

"I've long considered John's opinion, but it'll only be my last resort." He looked a little tired with his downcast eyes. "What happened today reminds me that Armond is a viper that's waiting for the perfect timing to strike, but I don't know when that will be. Besides, there's still some uncertainty in the identity of the people who killed my parents back then. Since I can't stop now, I can only get bolder to catch them off guard so that they'll give themselves away. After

the divorce agreement is announced, we should stop seeing each other for some time. This is the best protection for you and our kids."

Ashton paused and placed his palm over my belly. "After they're born, let them bear your last name."

I understood what he was planning. He wanted us to divorce and to let the kids bear my last name because he wanted everyone to think that our relationship was over.

The look in his downcast eyes was unfathomable while he exuded an air of melancholy. At this moment, he looked like the aloof man I knew when we first met.

I knew that Ashton would be trapped in living hell for the rest of his life if he were to watch the enemy who killed his parents live a happy life.

"Go ahead and do it." I gritted my teeth. I was not sure if I would regret it, but I knew that only in this way could Ashton have the chance to break free from a life of misery.

As though not expecting me to agree to it so soon, Ashton looked up at me in surprise.

Smiling at him, I reached out to touch his chiseled face. "You'll protect yourself, right? I can trust you to do that, right?"

He held my hand and assured me in a gentle voice, "Of course. I haven't repaid you for all the things I've owed you. I don't dare to die without your permission."

Not knowing what to say, I looked down at the agreement and tore it in half.

"Why?" Ashton was taken aback.

I pursed my lips and gave him a sidelong warning look. "I don't want these things now. I want you to give them to me slowly over the remaining decades of your life!"

I don't want a two-year guarantee. What I want is a lifetime one.

While on the way to visit Jackson at the hospital, Emery called me on the phone. "Check your Facebook. John has gone crazy!"

Launching my Facebook, I found out that John meant what he said the day before and got people to gather the dirt on Mitchell after he left.

Those scandals, which were initially suppressed by the Ziegler family, were exposed by a magazine called 24-7 Entertainment. Of the top ten trending topics, six were related to the Ziegler family, putting them in the center of public attention.

Ashton turned off my phone as he did not want me to keep looking at it. "Zachary is right. John's still too thoughtless."

"Why?" I did not understand. "The fact that the topics about the Ziegler family become trending shows that they can't do whatever they want anymore, isn't it?"

It had been more than twenty years since Ashton's parents passed away.

Many things had changed, and statements made online could often easily

make waves. So one needed to win the hearts of netizens to thrive. Admittedly, some people used public opinion for profit, but it was a very small number of people.

It was precisely because of this that Ashton could be so active under the noses of Ezra and the others.

"Putting aside the fact that Mitchell has been sent abroad, witnesses will be needed if those cases are taken to trial. As a future lawyer, do you think there's a possibility of conviction in cases without witness and evidence?"

"Are you saying that the Ziegler family will buy off witnesses?" Although I had not passed the exam, my sense of justice as a lawyer-to-be screamed inside of me. "There would be victims who would rather ask for justice than the money."