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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1129

I offered no retort. The intense crying I did leave my eyes tired and puffy. I watched Ashton for a while before I drifted off to sleep.

I then had a lengthy dream.

In it, Macy, Jackson and I were back in high school. We were lazing around beneath the shade of a tree, watching other kids play with crickets. The fearless Macy pissed off their head honcho. Jackson then charged up and tangled with them. He was like a brave gladiator who did not cry out even as his head bled.

When I awoke, there was only the sedate expression on Ashton's face as he slept next to me.

I extended a hand to caress his face. There was simply no going back to where we came from.

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After the ten-day long hormone therapy, I was finally able to have an ovum successfully extracted from my body. The artificial insemination process also went well. In three days, the cultivated embryo would be ready to be inserted into my uterus.

It was also today that Ashton did not have me sent home as usual. Instead, he ferried me to the Fuller Corporation personally.

There was hardly time for me to warm my seat before Ashton produced a file from under the table, which he opened up before passing it along.

I was not sure what to make of it. The heading read—Letter of Authorization for the Shares of Fuller Corporation.

Ashton meant for me to transfer all the shares I have on hand to his name and make him my legal executor.

Confounded, I placed down the document. "Has this something to do with the investment with GW?"

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Even though he had explained to me the importance of the financing, I still had reservations about it as the risks involved were too great.

Ashton nodded. "I could not categorically deny that. Though I haven't green-lighted it, it's inevitable that I might have to make a decision on this on your behalf once you sign the letter. More importantly, the lab results would be confirmed in the next few days. It was difficult enough for us to be able to conceive, so whatever GW may be up to, I don't want you to become a target for them. Not only is this about the transference of shares, but you will also be completely removed from all involvement in Fuller Corporation."

His reasoning was sound but his one-sided approach had me feeling that my opinion was made peripheral. "Are we discussing this, or are you informing me?"

"I am fine with either one. Which do you prefer?" He shrugged, but appeared sincere.

There was not much I could say in response as it did not seem that he had any ulterior motives.

His concerns were not completely unfounded. Everything that happened before this could have stemmed from our failure to maintain a low profile. Ashton might have thought that perhaps I should step away from the public eye before the pregnancy happened.

In the end, I declared in indignation, "You might as well publicly announce that you are divorcing me if you really want to ensure my safety."

Ashton took into serious consideration something I merely said in jest, and nodded solemnly. "If it came down to that, sure."

I was flabbergasted.

Who wants him to go down that route?

I rolled my eye disdainfully at him and dumped the file on the table. "I'm not going to sign on this."

A frown appeared between his eyebrows as he did not expect me to turn him down. His mouth was agape as though he wanted to say something before he was cut off by a knocking on the door.

Knock! Knock!

Both us turned in toward it in unison. It was Joseph, and with him was Stella.

"Come in," Ashton said.

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I was delighted at Joseph's sudden appearance. Be it in the company or elsewhere, I would greet him all the same. "When did you come back?"

Joseph tone was staid. "I came in on the morning flight, and just got back to work today."

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With Joseph around, Ashton would not need to make as many trips between the company and home every day. My smile widened at the thought of Ashton being able to squeeze in more low time. "You should go home to check in on your family after being away in Moranta for so long."

His wife had just given birth not so long ago when he was deployed to Moranta. As Ashton did not know how to care for his subordinate, it was my duty as his spouse to say something nice in his stead.

"Yes." The mention of his family put a smile on Joseph's face. "Mr. Fuller has given me half the day off. I've already dropped by earlier."

Ashton?

I turned to regard my husband with slight skepticism. Could this notorious workaholic possibly be so considerate?

Ashton beamed proudly as though it was the natural thing to do. He then leaned back on his chair and got right back to business. "From now on, Joseph would stick with me while Stella would become your personal assistant. Take her with you whenever you head out."

I was bewildered at this peculiar decision to place his little fan-girl at my side. Was he trying to help, or to create problems for me?

I did not have the opportunity to state my protestations before Stella and Joseph simultaneously voiced their acknowledgement and made their exit.

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“What’s happening here?” I narrowed my eyes at Ashton the second the door closed. “Trying to get me to relinquish my shares and getting Stella to keep tabs on me. What are you really up to?”

Ashton shrugged slyly. “Whoever said I was getting Stella to do that?”

“Hehe...” I scoffed. “Surely she’s not here for my protection?”

Even though a modern female professional, I knew Stella to be an extremely frail woman. Her memory could not had been jarred into amnesia otherwise.

Ashton snorted. There was a sinister smirk on his face when he pushed the document in front of me once more. “I took the initiative to convince her to become your personal assistant when I caught you staring at her more than once. You know, I am aware that you women like looking at pretty girls too. So never mind your lack of good taste, I’m happy to oblige.”

His attempts at being thoughtful had me nonplussed.

What was he blabbering about? Why that sleazy look in his eyes? Jerk!

Does he think that I had taken a fancy to Stella? I was lamenting his overtly progressive thinking when he rapped his finger upon the table and pointed to the letter of authorization. “One good turn deserves another. Come on and sign on it.”

With victory seemingly at hand, the smug face he had suddenly left me feeling cheated. “Are we talking business here, Mr. Fuller?”

My signature in exchange for Stella Collins was not business. It was coercion!

The corner of the man’s lips raised as he regarded me like I was a lamb to the slaughter. “We are man and wife so surely there’s no need to put it that way. Consider this our way of shouldering each other’s burdens.”

He was totally into it before he paused and exhaled, as though he was in a bind. “As you know, I’m quite bogged down with everything that’s going on at the company. I don’t think I’d be able to handle it if you were to pile more on my plate. Take it that you’re doing me a favor. Just sign off on it, would you, Mrs. Fuller?”

The man had already circled to my rear and had me wrapped inside of his embrace. He spoke with pen in hand, just awaiting my signature.

I looked askance at the enthusiasm with which he regaled me. It seemed that he earnestly would like me to withdraw from the den of thieves that was the corporate world.

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