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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1157

I had a vague impression of the man in question. I met him once when I entered White Corporation for the first time. He had an unctuous smile and an air of deception about him. I wouldn't even be surprised if he was the one who had orchestrated Marcus's absence.

"Can't we pursue this matter through legal means?" I asked with a frown.

Wanda sighed helplessly. "I've told Mr. White this before, but he had insisted on settling the matter in private. He mentioned that Mr. Yondel had once helped the White family. Mr. White's father had given orders before when he was still alive: if the Whites and the Yondels were to ever have a disagreement, it must be settled diplomatically as opposed to an all-out war."

She paused with a look of disgust on her face. "Actually, Leonard Yondel still cared about his friendship with Mr. White's father and was unwilling to embezzle from the company. Mr. White had approached Mr. Yondel once regarding this matter. If he was smart he would have given up his rights voluntarily. But until today he still has not done that. The amount of scheming he had done makes one ponder as to what else he's up to..."

Marcus did not expect to be backstabbed for his compassion. The opportunity for Leonard to steal was too good to pass, and it had gotten to the point where Marcus himself was needed to resolve this.

"It all comes down to locating him and bringing him back," I thought out loud.

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“Since nobody is able to contact Mr. White, it will be easier to find a needle in a haystack,” Wanda said.

I lapsed into silence for a while. “Actually, no. There is someone.”

“Who?” Wanda asked at once.

“Me.” I gathered up the documents and looked at her. “Even if the call goes through, he may ignore it if it’s someone from the company. But he wouldn’t ignore a call from me.”

He was once willing to get rid of his wife for me. I was confident that he would pick up if it was me who called.

For that exact reason, the person most suited for this task was me.

Suddenly, a palpable chill invaded the room. As if by instinct, I turned toward the door and saw Ashton standing there with an intense gaze in his dark eyes. It was frightening to behold.

Did he hear everything we discussed?

Wanda saw him too. “Mr. Fuller,” she greeted him.

Ashton ignored her and stared right at me. “You will be going to M Country personally,” he said softly.

He did not even bother to postulate this as a query. His tone made it clear that he was in a towering temper, and was in no mood to be agreeable to my plan.

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Keen to avoid a confrontation in front of strangers, I turned to Wanda. "Ms. Tanner, could you please give us a moment? I have something to discuss with Mr. Fuller."

"Understood," Wanda said tactfully and promptly exited the room.

"No need," Ashton said as he blocked her path with his large frame; the gap was hardly enough for her to squeeze through. Frigid gaze still latched on me, he said, "There's nothing that can't be said in front of outsiders. Now, Scarlett, repeat what you said for me. Our two children are gone. Are you sure you want to go running around right now for someone irrelevant?"

The room was suddenly tense with the air of three people each determined for things to go their way.

I had not prepared myself for the task of convincing Ashton on the matter. "Marcus had saved my life once before," I blurted in a panic. "He isn't irrelevant. "Did you forget the extent you went to for Parker Larson?"

It was not my intention to keep score on our history but to illustrate a point. If Ashton could look into his conscience and find it clear, so could I with my own.

He did not expect me to bring up Rebecca. He scowled at me. "So you've made up your mind?"

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1158

That was my last desperate attempt. I was pregnant. Of course, I wasn't going to risk myself. "No, it's just that if that step had to be taken, no one is more suitable to take it than me."

Ashton was silently processing my speech. He looked up at me and studied me up and down as though he was seriously considering the feasibility of my plan. At last, he suddenly relaxed and turned around. As he walked out he called out to Wanda. "You, come with me."

Wanda looked at me for my approval. When I nodded, she stood and followed him out. I did not know what Ashton said to Wanda, but she left without returning to the study. Even her documents and laptop were left here.

I had a vague idea that Ashton suspected that Wanda and I were scheming to travel to M Country to locate Marcus. He must have lost his temper at her and forbade her from interacting with me.

I did not see Ashton again the entire night. I sent a text to Wanda only to realize that her phone was in her purse that she had left here. She left in such a hurry, as though Ashton had threatened her with everything he could.

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I sank into the couch after coaxing Summer to sleep to do a bit of revision while waiting for Ashton to return.

Our conversation earlier that day was not pleasant. I'd figured that after a couple of hours, we would both calm down enough to talk things through.

I was the best person for the job of locating Marcus. Although, Professor Zidd had reminded us that my pregnancy was not stable yet and I shouldn't undertake long journeys. I held on to the hope that Ashton would come up with a solution that was the best of both worlds.

However, I had forgotten that pregnant ladies fell asleep very easily. Not long after I sat down, I fell into a deep slumber.

Suddenly, a movement in the corridor outside startled me awake. I got up to investigate and there was nothing in sight.

After standing by the door for a little longer and seeing nothing, I put it down to my imagination returned to the couch for an even deeper sleep.

I awoke the following day in the bedroom. Frowning at the quilt over my body, I got up and went downstairs to an empty living room. Breakfast was prepared on the table, with a note attached.

Mrs. Fuller, it read. Breakfast has been prepared for you. Please heat it up if it turns cold. It was written in Mrs. Eriksen's hand. It seemed like she had to take an emergency leave.

I wasn't raised with people to wait on me, so I didn't mind. I heated up the mushroom soup and had it with some bread.

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It didn't take long for me to realize that there was something wrong. Usually, Summer would be aware that I had woken up and would be chattering around me at this time. But she wasn't here. I searched the back of the house to no avail as well. It wasn't just her; all the servants were missing. I stood alone in a completely empty house.

I couldn't care much for anyone else but I was most concerned with Summer's safety. After some time of nervously expecting to be contacted with news of her, I broke down and started searching for my phone. The strangest thing was that despite looking all over the study and my bedroom, there was not a communication device in sight, except for the landline in the office.

I stood flabbergasted for a good while before realizing that Ashton had me under house arrest.

The movements I heard last night were not random. Ashton must have had people in here to pack up every item that could connect me to the outside world. He was thorough; even the internet was disconnected. Without it, the once omniscient computers were now nothing more than a scrap of vinyl.

I was furious and anxious to the point of using the landline to dial Ashton's number from heart. It wasn't a demonstration of my memory, but a testament to the decade we spent together. If it were someone else's number, I wouldn't even have been able to recall the first three digits.

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