

Chapter 971

“Mrs. Fuller!” Suddenly someone stood beside me, giving me a scare. I smiled as I noticed it was Stella.

I managed to squeeze myself in when the elevator doors opened. Maybe everyone knew my identity, so no one mentioned the rumors between Ashton and me. They were chatting to Stella instead.

From their conversation, I could deduce that Stella was well-liked by the other employees. Well, pretty and bubbly girls were always well-liked by others.

I got out when the elevator reached Ashton’s office. However, I was thunderstruck because I would need Ashton’s fingerprint to enter his office.

I decided to call him. Just as I whipped out my phone, the door opened, and out came Stella again.

Her gaze flickered between me and the door. “Mrs. Fuller, were you busy recently? I don’t see you visit Mr. Fuller much these days.”

I gave her a once-over and saw she was holding documents that require Ashton’s approval. “Yes. I’ve been busy with something.”

She smiled faintly in response then entered Ashton’s office. As I followed her, I stared at her back. It gave me a sense that it was all thanks to her that I was able to enter.

In the office, Ashton was sitting behind his desk reviewing documents while Stella stood silently by his side waiting for his signature. As Ashton lifted his arm, Stella passed him a pen. Their whole interaction displayed their excellent teamwork from working closely.

I stood rooted at the entrance, staring sightlessly at the scene, thinking they were a perfect team.

A few minutes later, Ashton lifted his gaze from his work, focusing his attention on me. "Aren't you tired standing there?"

I smiled. "Isn't Ms. Collins standing as well? It's not appropriate if I sit while she stands."

His brows drew together as he understood my insinuation. He ordered Stella, "You may leave first. I will send these documents to you later once I'm done."

Stella nodded, "Sure!"

She smiled as she said goodbye to me.

The room fell into a dead silence after Stella left.

Finally, Ashton said, "Standing too long is not good for you now."

I arched my brow and leaned against the door. "It's fine. Mr. Fuller, please finish your work first. My feet can stand for a few more minutes. I shouldn't bother you, seeing as you're busier than a bee."

He raised a brow and stood. "Scarlett, do you have to talk to me like that?"

I laughed, "Like how? It looked like Mr. Fuller didn't even want to speak to me anymore. That's fine. Mr. Fuller, please continue with your work. I won't disturb you further."

I turned and left.

However, Ashton wasn't the kind of person who let problems fester into the night. He blocked my exit. "You know that is not what I mean."

I chuckled, "It's fine. Finish your work first."

He grabbed my wrist. "Let's settle this. The person who should be mad is me. You know the kind of person Armond is, yet you still meet him privately. I'm angry because I'm worried about you. Why can't you understand that?"

I raised my head and stared at him. He looked more mature as if he had experienced the vicissitudes of life. It made me panic for a second. I kept my panic in check and smiled. "So in your opinion, I'm a useless person who didn't know how to take care of myself? I'm just a clueless idiot, is that it?"

His forehead creased. "You know that is not what I mean."

I chuckled, "But that's what your words are implying."

"Whatever. You don't have to explain anymore. Go and finish your work. Don't bring emotion into your work. It's not professional."

I left his office and entered the elevator.

I left with a smile as I looked at Ashton's frowning face. I knew that it was my fault regarding Armond because I didn't explain it clearly to him, but there were times when things were more complicated than it seems. An explanation could've saved all this trouble, yet we persisted with the solution that made us all unhappy.

I saw Stella again after I exited the elevator. She seemed to be waiting for me. "Mrs. Fuller, are you heading back now?"

I nodded with a smile, "Yes."

She looked at me hesitantly, so I stopped and asked, "You seemed to be focused on your work recently. Are you dating now? Your parents must be urging you to get married at your age."

She was surprised by my remark. "Not really. My parents were quite open-minded. I haven't met anyone compatible, and they respected my decision."

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I chuckled, "I see Justin treating you well. Are you guys together?"

Her face turned dark at the mention of Justin. She was keeping her anger in check, but I was still able to discern it. She answered after a short pause, "We're just friends. He has someone he likes, and it's not me. So please don't misunderstand. I am dating anyone at the moment as I want to focus on my career."

I nodded with understanding. “Both career and relationship are equally important. A woman will only get married once in their lifetime, so you have to take your relationship seriously. When Ashton and I were younger, we didn’t get to experience the whole dating scene. We just got married. Now that I think about it, it is quite regretful. I think it is best if people could date more before getting married.”

Her eyes sparkled at my comment. “Did you and Mr. Fuller got married without dating first?”

I nodded and replied, “Ashton and I were an example of love after marriage. Our grandparents were the ones who arranged our marriage. His grandfather and my grandmother were good friends.”

Surprise crossed Stella’s face. “So you and Mr. Fuller didn’t have the freedom to date.”

I nodded in agreement. She couldn’t hide the look of surprise. “I thought that both of you had dated freely, and it turned out that it was actually because of your grandparents’ friendship. But I heard from my colleagues that the Fullers prioritize status above everything else.”

I laughed at her remark because it couldn’t be further from the truth. Not many of the employees knew my background. Rachel had always thought that Ashton was way out of my league all these years. She considered herself to be on par with me and that she could marry Ashton as well.

I laughed at my thought. “Ms. Collins, are you close to Ms. Zimmer from the Technology department?”

She was puzzled at my remark but shook her head in reply. “We’re not close. Why do you ask?”

“It’s nothing.” I shook my head and prepared to leave. “It’s getting late, and I have a date with someone, so I’ll be taking my leave.”

She opened her mouth to say something but snapped her mouth close when she saw that I was leaving. She finally uttered, “Bye!”

After leaving the company, my phone received an apology text from Ashton. I gave it a glimpse, then stuffed the phone in my purse.

It wasn’t that I was mad at him. Sometimes, some things didn’t need to be clarified too clearly.

Shortly after, I received a call from Nora. “Scarlett, what are you doing right now? Are you busy? I’m so bored that I could watch the paint dry.”

I glanced at the time, and it was two in the afternoon. I just realized that it was possible that Ashton hadn’t had lunch yet. He went to search for Zachary in the morning, then was busy searching for me. So all his work from the morning must have had compiled to be cleared in the afternoon.

“Scarlet, are you there? Why are you not talking? What’s wrong?” Nora’s questions from the phone dragged me back from my thoughts. “I’m here. What’s up?”

“Do you know the location of the company Armond is working at? I couldn’t reach him since I’ve arrived at K City. He didn’t pick up his phone, and I didn’t get any replies from him on WhatsApp. Do you know if something had happened to him?” Worry was laced in Nora’s tone.

Thinking back to the morning when I just met Armond, I frowned and said, “K City has many places of interest. Take some time out to visit them. It could be that Armond is quite busy with work these days, so he didn’t have time to take care of you.”

She breathed out a long sigh. “I know he’s busy with work, but he couldn’t have been busy the entire day, right? Even if he is busy, don’t tell me he didn’t even have time to glance at his phone. I have never asked him to pick up all my calls, but it has been a few days, so I am sure he must’ve seen the texts on his phone. I mean... he could’ve at least replied to one of my messages!”

My head was starting to ache. “I’m not sure where the headquarters of the Murphy Corporation is in K City, but even if I do know, Armond may not be there.”

She sighed, “I understand. I don’t know what’s wrong with him these days. It felt like he was avoiding me, and I don’t know what I’ve done wrong. Scarlett, could it be that he had met someone he likes?”

“Nora, how much do you like him?” I didn’t know how to advise her because Armond wasn’t sincere in dating her. I had kept quiet initially because I didn’t see his true color. However, I knew it now, and she would fall deeper into the rabbit hole if I continued to remain silent. I was worried that she would hate me for not telling her.

She was silent for a while. “I couldn’t say how much, but I was planning to spend the rest of my life with him. Scarlett, I know it isn’t wise to tie my emotions and everything on a man, but I can’t control it. He was the first person I loved in my entire life. When I couldn’t find him these few days, I wanted to head to the Murphy Residence to look for him. I know I’m not inferior to him, but I just couldn’t control myself.”

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I pursed my lips as my head spun from it all. “Nora, maybe Armond is not the man for you. I think you deserve someone better.”

A long silence ensued. Nora calmed down on the other end and finally spoke, “Scarlett, do you know something about Armond? Has he found another woman, and fallen in love with her? Is that why you’re saying this?”

Her question made me realize that my remarks were out of line. Stumped, I spoke, “No, I just didn’t want you to head into a blind alley. I’m just trying to remind you that there’s more to life other than being in a relationship. Don’t overthink it. I’m really swamped these days. I’ll ask you and Hailey out for lunch after this. Speaking of which, how is Hailey doing?”

Nora did not dwell on my words, and snapped out of her emotions and said, “She’s doing okay, but I really find her so odd sometimes. She just stands by the window and lets the cold wind brush past her face, and she rarely talks. Even if she does, she’s making all these weird remarks like there’s something wrong with her. Hailey’s really not good business material. I mean, people are put off by her somber outlook, and really reluctant to talk business with her.”

She paused for a moment before continuing, “Right, I accidentally saw her taking a shower in the bathroom yesterday, and noticed a really long scar on her left breast. Has she gotten injured in the past? I didn’t dare to ask her since we’re really not that close, and I haven’t known her for long. Are you close to her, Scarlett? To be frank, I’m a little scared of her.”

I creased my brows slightly and said, “There’s nothing wrong with her. It’s just that she has depression because of what happened to her father. Don’t worry, she’s still in control of her emotions. Just chat her up more often if you have the time.”

“Huh?” Nora seemed surprised at my statement. “She has depression? I didn’t know that! How did you know that? How long have you known her anyway? Why do you seem to know a lot about her?”

I was rendered speechless. Nora was just pining over Armond moments ago, but now the woman was inquiring about Hailey with such gusto.

I found it hard to explain everything to her and merely said, “I met her when I was back in A City. She’s really not business material, but I think her father is the reason why she’s so hung up about doing business. Don’t overthink it. Just talk to her when you’ve got the time. The same goes for Armond. Don’t waste your time overthinking things. He will call you if he really wants to see you. I think you should know that if the man doesn’t want to see you, there’s no way you could reach him anyway.”

I initially planned to go the hospital after I hung up the phone. However, at the thought that Ashton might not have had his lunch yet, I bought some of his favorite foods at the city center before dropping by.

Since Jared’s bone marrow did not match Summer’s, the only way right now was to get to A City as soon as possible. I was not sure if the name card Armond gave me was of any use, but I got to give it a try no matter what.

I called Cameron and asked him about Zachary. I didn’t know what Ashton said to him, but according to Cameron, he had calmed down and was no longer rushing to A City.

Organ trade is never an option. These words were only fit for people whose children were perfectly healthy.

The truth was, they might have a paradigm shift once their children could benefit from it. Outsiders would not have a clue as to what the parents were put through when their children were diagnosed with a terminal illness.

I went back to the Fuller Corporation and took an elevator with some of the employees. I noticed that the girls were stealing glances at me. Frowning, I could not help but wonder if there was anything odd with my appearance.

Nobody liked to be stared at, and I was starting to get annoyed. "Which department are you guys from?" I asked with a stern face.

Stumped at my sudden question, the group looked at me and replied, "We're from the Publicity Department."

I merely nodded and said nothing. The group went silent as well.

After some time, the group was at a loss and asked, "Mrs. Fuller, are you going to see Mr. Fuller?"

I nodded and gave them a slight smile. "I'm going to send him lunch."

The others nodded and smiled. "Mr. Fuller is so lucky, but normally Ms. Collins will prepare snacks for him..."

Another woman nudged at the person who was clearly talking too much. She managed an awkward smile and stopped talking.

The smile on my face remained unchanged as I commented, "That's very thoughtful of her."

The others smiled and said nothing further.

The elevator door finally sprung open and I stepped out of it. The smile on my face disappeared. It's never easy to try to ignore the elephant in the room, is it?

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A rhythmic clacking of heels rang in the hallway. I lifted my head and noticed that it was Rachel. She was carrying some documents. After noticing the food in my hands, she asked, "Are you sending lunch to Mr. Fuller?"

I nodded. There was no common topic for us to talk about, and I did not try to stretch our conversation. After a brief pause, the woman looked at me and said, "I guess you should be quite busy lately."

Oh, so she has something to say to me.

As expected, she continued, "I know you're busy, but don't neglect your family. Some things can really sneak their way in when you're not paying attention."

Surprisingly, I was not as vexed as I thought I would be at her remarks. I merely replied, "I think you can be more outright with what you're trying to say. There's no need to beat around the bush."

She shrugged and said nonchalantly, "I'm not trying to beat around the bush, actually. It's just some words going around, maybe I'm overthinking this."

"Hmm, I really have a lot of work to do. I'd better get going then, talk later," she said as she trotted away with documents in her hands.

I pursed my lips as I watched her silhouette walking away. Damn it, this is really starting to get on my nerve.

I reached the entrance of Ashton's office, and his door was ajar. I stood at the door with the food clutched in my hand and hesitated for a moment before deciding to just go inside.

However, a voice rang just when I was about to push the door in. "Mr. Fuller, since you're already done with these documents, I'll send them downstairs." It was Stella Collins.

"Okay." Ashton's voice sounded impassive.

Seeing that he was still busy with work, I did not rush to head in. Instead, I played with my phone in the visitors' room.

Exchanges from inside the office could be heard. Everything seemed normal. After half an hour, his office door sprung open, and Stella headed out with a pile of documents in her hands. She was stumped at the sight of me before she snapped out of it and smiled. "Mrs. Fuller, when did you get here?"

I gave her a thin smile. "It's been some time. I didn't want to interrupt you guys working."

She smiled in response. "Mr. Fuller is reviewing some documents. He's been swamped with work lately since a lot is going on in the company, and he might not have time to accompany you recently. I think he'll be able to spend more time with you after this."

With a thin smile, I mumbled a response and said nothing further.

Ashton heard my voice and came out of his office. His furrowed brows eased a little, and his impassive face lit up with a warm smile at the sight of me. "What did you bring me?"

I looked at him and gestured at the food I brought. Looking directly at Stella, I said, "I heard the girls over at the Publicity Department saying that you would bring Mr. Fuller dessert every day. I have a sweet tooth too. Am I in luck for any today?"

Her smile stiffened for a brief moment before she said, "I brought Mr. Fuller some because he did not have lunch just now. He's always had some trouble with his stomach, and I was worried about him getting gastric. What do you think if I bring you some when you come over next time, Mrs. Fuller?"

I smiled at the woman and nodded. "Thanks for the trouble then, Stella."

Ashton had shown no interest in our exchange and had already removed the packaging of the food that I brought over. Noticing that Stella kept talking to me, he furrowed his brows and ordered her, "Go get busy."

The woman nodded and took the documents away.

As I watched her leave, I could not help but think that the girl really was something else.

Ashton noticed that I was eyeing her. Frowning, he asked, "What's the matter?"

I turned around to look at him, my annoyance with what happened back in the elevator just now dissipated into thin air. "Is Joseph going to stay for long at Moranta?"

He nodded. "The project is quite demanding. He wouldn't be able to come back for some time."

I noticed that he was wolfing down on the food that I brought over and asked, "Does it taste good?"

Maybe I had changed the topic too abruptly, as the man paused and looked at me. "Why do you care about when Joseph is coming back suddenly?"

I pursed my lips in frustration. "So you like having Stella around?"

Bemused, the man furrowed his brows. "Something is off with the way you talk. Aren't you quite close to her? What's the matter with you lately?"

"What do you mean I'm close to her?" I was surprised at his remark. What have I done that made him think I was close with that woman?

He raised a brow in response. "It seems like I've misunderstood. No big whoop. I'll just swap her out after a few days."

I frowned at his nonchalant reply. "What will other people think when you promote her and dismiss her for no apparent reason? Since you like having her around, just put her to good use, as long as it doesn't interfere with your work."

Maybe I was being too sensitive about the matter.

His phone rang after a few bites. He picked up the call, and dived right back into work. Noticing that it was almost time for him to get off work, I decided to just wait for him for a visit to Summer later.

A document appeared right in front of me when I was preoccupied with my thoughts. Ashton handed over the document to me and said, "Mrs. Fuller, would you be a dear and send this over to the Finance Department?"

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Despite furrowing my brows, my face split into a grin. "You're good at ordering people huh!"

He gave me a slight smile and put the document in front of me. "You're going to get so bored just sitting around. Why don't you take a walk instead?"

I walked out of his office after taking over the document. I had been feeling quite bloated recently, perhaps because the baby was developing in my belly.

Meanwhile, at the Finance Department.

Perhaps my visit to Fuller Corporation was too frequent, the staff over at the department was not at all surprised by my unannounced appearance. However, it was surprising to bump into Stacey there. It suddenly hit me that I had not seen her for some time.

She had lost some weight, and her figure was lean. Her long hair was now short, and there was a certain dignified aura to her. Her clothes accentuated that aura, but not because she was piling on designer pieces. Rather, it was her keen sense of style that brought out her noble vibe. Overall, she looked like a shrewd iron lady.

We locked gaze, and I smiled. "I thought you weren't at K City!"

She replied with a smile too. "This is my battlefield. I can't get used to the environment out there anyway. This feels right to me."

I shrugged. "Yes, obviously. K City really agrees with you."

One thing that bugged me was that we were in the same building, and it was not like I was a rare visitor here, but we had never bumped into each other. Fate has a funny way to bring people together.

She kept the document I brought over and looked at her watch. "I'm getting off work soon. Want to have dinner together?"

"Not today," I said, smiling. "I have a lot going on at home recently, and there's not much time for me to have a night out. Let's take a raincheck, and maybe we can go shopping next time?"

She nodded. "I notice that you've gained some weight. Are you pregnant?"

I was taken aback at how spot-on she was. However, I did not want to deny nor confirm her guess and merely replied, "It's only normal because I have a little bit too much to eat these days. Anyways, go get busy first. Let's meet up next time."

She hesitated for a moment before asking, “Are you and Mr. Fuller doing okay recently?”

I chuckled in response. “Are you saying that Mr. Fuller has done something over the line to make you guys misunderstand him?”

“No, it’s not that. I’ve just heard some rumors going around, and it’s just me being nosy. You know how women are, we gossip.”

My lips curled into a smile once again and said nothing. “I think it’s because there are too many women in Fuller Corporation.”

Stacey smiled, and changed the topic. “Alright, I’m going to get busy first. We’ll meet up some other day!”

I nodded and headed out of the Finance Department, lost in my thoughts.

I took the elevator to the floor where Ashton’s office was, and headed toward the bathroom. I’ve heard other people saying that pregnant women were more likely to be constipated. I did not know whether it was true, or I was merely conditioning myself to conform to the stereotype.

After heading into the bathroom, I stayed in my stall, taking my time. Suddenly, I heard sobbing outside. And then, someone spoke up to comfort the sobbing woman.

“Don’t cry. Just stay away from her radar. You already know what kind of person she is. Why get on her nerves then? See, now you’re going to have pull an all-nighter.”

The sobbing woman spoke, "I did not do anything wrong. She's just coveting something that doesn't belong to her, and yet doesn't want others to talk about it. It's so obvious that Mr. Fuller has no feelings for her at all. Is she oblivious to how pretty Mrs. Fuller is? Does she think she stands a chance just because she's working closely with him? She really needs to take a piss and take a good look at herself in her own reflection."

"Forget it, there's no use grumbling about it. You're the only one who's going to suffer while she's still out there living the best life. She's been taking care of all Mr. Fuller's meals. You know for a fact that Mr. Fuller has rewarded that woman with what she deserves."

The woman continued to sob, "What do you think Mr. Fuller has in mind, exactly? It's not like Mrs. Fuller is only here once in a blue moon. How does he think he can get away with this? Is Mrs. Fuller really not aware of it all?"

The other woman replied, "I don't think she's totally oblivious to it. But maybe Mrs. Fuller doesn't think that Stella is a threat at all. Anyway, that woman is not going to be able to stir anything up unless Mr. Fuller gives her a chance to do so. Otherwise, she's just going to be a clown entertaining herself. Well, it's not going to last."

There was a hint of anger in her voice as the sobbing woman continued, "She is a clown! Mr. Fuller doesn't even care about her. She knew that Mr. Kroner had a crush on her, and she wouldn't have gotten this chance if she hadn't begged the man to recommend her to Mr. Fuller for a promotion. Otherwise, Mr. Fuller might even not be aware that she exists. That woman really has no shame."

The other woman sighed. "What can we do, though? She's on the crest of a wave right now, and you'd better not offend her. She will be punished once she steps over the line. We have no backer to do anything like that. Don't forget that Justin is going all out for that woman. The only thing we can do right now is to just wait."

Chapter 976

“I have something that might work!” The sobbing woman muttered excitedly before she paused and whispered, “I am not going to take this silently any longer. Why do I have to put up with her? I’m going to make her burn her finger, and yet there’s nothing that she can do about it.”

“What do you plan to do about it?”

I could only hear hushed whispers, but not what they were saying clearly. However, I felt oddly amused by their demeanor. No wonder people were looking at me all weird whenever I came into the office recently. It looked like this was the reason.

After hearing nothing for some time, I thought the two women had left. My stomach was still wringing in pain, and there was no rush to leave the bathroom. However, I could hear heels clacking coming from the outside all of a sudden.

Then, someone chimed, “Hi, Ms. Collins!”

Stella? I was stumped.

Suddenly, the air grew still in the bathroom. A text came in on my phone. It was from Hailey. She asked when I would be able to meet her as she was planning to go back to K City.

I replied to her and kept my phone. Then, I heard a scream from my neighboring bathroom stall. “Ahh! Who is that?”

Sounds of water splashing could be heard, and I was stumped for a brief moment. I headed out of my stall, and bumped into two women holding two big buckets.

Are these two women trying to teach Stella a lesson?

“Who is that? Have you lost your mind?” A voice berated from inside the stall. I turned around to the bathroom stall, and noticed that someone had locked it from the outside. The person inside had no means of getting out of there unless someone unlocked the door for her.

The three of us exchanged glances in astonishment. We were still reeling in from the shock. I could have pretended that I didn't know if I hadn't seen the culprits, and just treated it as a prank. But now that I'd seen them...

I had no interest in meddling in their business as well. I gestured for them to shush while they were still eyeing me in trepidation. Then, I signaled using my hands that we could all get out of here, quietly.

The two women were dumbfounded at my response. Then, all of three of us tiptoed out of the bathroom in silence.

After we got out of the bathroom, the two women high-fived each other triumphantly and broke into a cackle. Then, they snapped back into their senses and realized that I was actually there too. The two of them ceased smiling in an awkward manner and looked at me. “Mrs. Fuller!”

I smiled back at them and asked, “Who is inside that bathroom stall?”

“It’s... Ms. Collins!” The two women were obviously embarrassed and cast apprehensive looks at me. “Mrs. Fuller, will you...”

“No,” I gave them a grin. “I won’t rat you girls out. But don’t do this again, it’s not um... safe.”

The women grinned from ear to ear and nodded.

It had been some time since I left, and I turned on my heel to head back to Ashton’s office. However, the two women stopped me in my tracks and asked, “Mrs. Fuller, aren’t you going to ask why we’re doing this to Ms. Collins?”

I thought for a brief moment and replied, “It’s none of my business. Alright, get back to work, you two.”

The two of them exchanged glances at my reply and nodded before they left.

Not long after, I noticed that the cleaning lady was heading to the bathroom. I said nothing and made way to Ashton’s office.

Before I could head inside his office, I heard hasty footsteps behind me. Turning around, I noticed that it was Stella. Her clothes were soaking wet, and she looked disheveled with her damp hair and her faded makeup.

I stopped and put on a surprised face. “Ms. Collins, what happened to you?”

The woman seemed taken aback at the sight of me. She forced a smile and replied, “I was attacked by a few crazy people in the bathroom.”

I nodded. "You'd better sort yourself out. Luckily, you're about to get off work. Take care, or you're going to get sick from the cold weather."

She lowered her head and mumbled a response before leaving.

To be frank, I was actually surprised at the way she dealt with her coworkers. She had always given me the impression of a tactful person, and I was confounded by the way other people talked about her.

Back in Ashton's office, he was still on a conference call. I did not disturb him and waited for him to finish the meeting as I sat on the sofa. He was finally done after half an hour.

He kept his document when it was time to get off work and looked at me. "What would you like to eat? Let's go have dinner together."

"We're going to the hospital tonight. Mom and Dad are worried about Summer. Let's go to the hospital and visit her later, and just think of a way for her to undergo the bone marrow transplant surgery as soon as possible. She doesn't have all the time in the world to wait."

He nodded, took his keys, and held my hands as we exited the office.

In the elevator, he bit on my lip and looked at me, "Don't meet Armond without me next time. I don't know what I'm going to do if that happens again."

I was rendered speechless. He's still pining over it. Move on... mister.

Chapter 977

It was already night-time when we reached the hospital. Fortunately, we made a call beforehand and asked Cameron to get Mrs. Dune to prepare some food and send it to the hospital so that we could have a simple dinner.

My father pushed Summer over for a checkup. Cameron looked at me and said, "Your dad said that you might be able to find bone marrow that matches Summer. Is that true? Don't do silly things, my dear. You're pregnant now, and you need to make yourself a priority."

Judging by how worried she was, I knew she was thinking that I was going to do a bone marrow match myself to see if my bone marrow would fit Summer. "Mom, you're overthinking this. Ashton and my blood types don't even match Summer's. We wouldn't have to be so worried if my bone marrow could match hers."

Stumped, she paused for a moment before she replied, "Yeah, you're right. What do you plan to do then?"

Armond gave me the card, but I did not have complete faith in that man. The only way I could find out if this was legit was if I made a trip to A City. If this indeed produced a viable lead, my plan was to make Ashton fetch Summer over there.

"Don't worry about it. Summer is going to undergo chemotherapy soon. You need to take good care of her. Ashton and I are really busy, and we really need your help in this matter."

Cameron sighed. "Don't worry about that. I know that you guys are busy. I've handed over all the projects under Anderson Corporation to Nick. I'm going to take care of Summer full-time now. And you, you need to take good care of yourself now that you're pregnant. Don't tire yourself out."

I was planning to ask more about Nick but decided against it. I'd better deal with things on my plate first before thinking about poking my nose in other matters.

After half an hour, Zachary pushed Summer back into the ward. The girl had fallen asleep, and he looked tired. He leaned back against the chair in a daze while Cameron asked the nurse on the things that she should look out for these few days.

I took the time to chat Zachary up and handed him a glass of warm water. "Dad, how did you know about the organ trade thing?"

Ashton was not in the ward, and as a matter of fact, we were alone. Hence, I could be as outright as I wanted. Zachary was almost dozing off but set his back straight at my question. "Your mom told you that?"

I nodded. "I got the gist of it. Dad, could you tell me more about it? Summer is my daughter, and as long as they're legally sourced, it doesn't matter how much it's going to cost. But I'm not going to risk breaking the law."

He pursed his lips, lowered his head, and sighed. "I heard this from someone too, and I'm still asking for more information on it. Previously when I contacted them, they had mentioned that with the right price, the organs would be donated by children who died of unnatural causes. Your mother is really worried about me after knowing this. But don't worry, I know what to do."

After contemplating for a moment, I said, "Dad, I think it's better that you stay out of this. I will find out more when I go to A City. It's not appropriate for you to get involved with this. The Moore family is going to be in so much trouble if you've been exposed. I'll take this over from here."

He went silent. After some time, he said, "Hmm, it will be better if you're the one to deal with this. I'll ask Boris to come back from Moranta and accompany you to A City. I'll be more at ease if he's with you."

I got curious at the mention of Boris. "Dad, how are you related to him? Judging by his status at Moranta, I don't think he's just a normal bodyguard."

Zachary smiled and said, "He's not a bodyguard, my dear. You have enough bodyguards following you around. Boris is not my subordinate, nor I his. He doesn't have a family, and he just decided to settle down in Moranta."

I was actually surprised. Given Boris' age, I thought the man would have had a family already but the man was not even married yet.

Cameron came back after consulting the nurse. She had been so busy these days her face looked so pale. I felt a lump in my throat and led her to a seat. After debating with myself, I looked at her and my father. "Mom, Dad, I need you guys to help take care of Summer these few days. I need to head to A City to deal with something.

Zachary was slightly stumped before he asked, "Have you decided to head there?"

I nodded and replied with a smile, "Yes, I'm hoping to get back as soon as possible."

Cameron looked at me, then turned to Zachary. Shrewd as she was, my mother quickly caught up to us. She frowned and asked, "Are you going to A City because of Summer?" She had always been against us doing anything that might have harmed our future even it was for Summer. As expected, she spoke up to oppose our ideas. "I don't agree with this, Scarlett. I understand how exasperated you feel about saving your child, but you need to stay clear-headed and think straight. Think about your family, think about your father and me. Please don't act rashly. What should I do if anything should happen to you both?"

Chapter 978

I could not divulge further and only said, "Don't worry, Mom. I'm just going over to take a look. I'll discuss it over with you guys before making any decisions. I know this is something big, so I won't make rash decisions."

Her lips pursed into a thin, hard line before she said, "Okay. But you have to tell us everything that happens at A City. Don't be rash and rush into decisions. Please discuss it with us first."

I nodded. "Don't worry, I know what to do."

Ashton was back from taking a call. He noticed that my parents were eyeing me with a worried look on their faces, and asked, "What's the matter?"

Cameron spoke first, "Mr. Fuller, are you going to A City with Scarlett too? I'm really worried that she's going on a trip alone, especially now that she's pregnant. I know that you're a busy man, and you have a lot on your plate. But she's pregnant with your baby. I'd appreciate it if you could make her and the baby your priority."

Ashton actually had no idea that I was heading to A City. After listening to my mother, he cast a glance in my direction, and his brows creased slightly. Luckily, he did not inquire further and merely replied to Cameron as he nodded, "Yes, I will."

Noticing the time, Cameron was worried that I might have to stay up late if I stayed any longer and egged us on, "It's getting late. You guys should head back soon. Please inform us when you're heading to A City. Your father will send someone to look after you."

I nodded. Actually, I was planning to head to A City alone, but I knew they would not be able to stop nagging me if I had told them my plan. In the end, I relented and headed out of the hospital with Ashton.

After getting into the car, I did not actually talk to Ashton. Instead, I was on the phone with Hailey.

I had not noticed Ashton's odd demeanor, even after we had reached the villa. When I was about to head upstairs for a shower, the man who was sitting on the sofa finally spoke up, "You've never planned to tell me that, nor have you ever considered how I'd feel about the matter, right?"

I was stumped and turned around to gauge him. His deep-set obsidian gaze was frigid. Feeling a chill down my spine, I explained, "No, that's not it. I was actually planning to tell you after we got home, I mean after I've told Mom."

He continued to stare at me. "Then, why didn't you say anything?"

I was rendered speechless. This man was really starting to act like a child. Helpless, I explained myself. "I actually gave what Dad said in the morning some thought, and thought it was worth a try. I'm really worried about Summer's prolonged stay at the hospital. So, I was thinking to make a trip to A City myself to find out if there's any bone marrow match for her. That way we wouldn't have to worry all the time."

His lips turned into a disapproving hard line. "Do you plan to head there alone?"

I nodded and noticed his gaze darkened. I could not help but ask, "Can you really let things go unattended at Fuller Corporation? Don't you have a lot of things to deal with?"

The man frowned. "I'm going with you."

I was going to reject his offer, but thought better of it since he wouldn't listen anyway. Nodding my head, I said, "Fine. We'll go together then."

I was getting sleepy and said nothing else. He had a call coming in, and I headed for a shower upstairs.

Initially, I planned to head to K City after meeting up with Hailey, but I did not expect Ashton to buy the tickets as soon as the next day. What was more, he woke me up really early as well.

Warm cozy beds were especially inviting during winter, and I had not been able to snap out of it despite having sat on the bed for quite some time. I only heard Ashton nagging about the things to bring over to K City. In a daze, I merely listened as he prattled on. After he was done packing, Ashton noticed that I was still sleepy. Helplessly, he edged closer and whispered into my ear, "Do you need me to carry you into the bathroom?"

I opened my eyes and looked at him, still drowsy from being sleepy. "Why the bathroom?"

He could not help but chuckle. "Aren't you going to wash up before heading out? Or are you planning to head outside looking all disheveled?"

I nodded, "Yeah, I need to wash up," I mumbled as I dragged myself out of bed. He could not stand seeing me struggling and proceeded to carry me into the bathroom. I yawned as I leaned in his embrace.

In his embrace, I protested, "Why are we rushing over to A City anyway? I was planning to have a date with Hailey before leaving. I didn't even have the chance to let her know yet."

Noticing that I was still sluggish, Ashton decided to just help me wash my face. I closed my eyes, and enjoyed the warmth of the water that sobered me up a little. As he squeezed toothpaste out of the tube, he said, "You could ask her out anytime, but isn't it better if you could really find the bone marrow match at A City and just get this surgery over and done with?"

Nodding my head, I took over the toothbrush with the toothpaste on it, and said, "You're right." I started to brush my teeth as I leaned against the sink. Being a head taller than me, there was no problem for Ashton to brush through my unruly hair with a wooden brush. I shifted uncomfortably as he combed through the tangles, and mumbled, "I'll do it myself later."

Chapter 979

Ashton pursed his lips into a hard line, and brushed the strand of hair that was blocking my vision to the back, and said, "The flight is really early, we have to speed up."

After I was done with my teeth, he had already done my hair. I cocked my head to one side and peered into the mirror. He had actually done a decent job. Raising a brow, I said to him, "How many times have you attempted to style this for it to turn out this perfect?"

He raised a brow as well and drew out a tissue to wipe the foam off the corners of my mouth. "This is my first time, and I'm still fumbling, but practice makes perfect. However, seeing that you, my client, are quite satisfied. Maybe I'm just a gifted stylist."

I chuckled dryly and headed out of the bathroom. While I was applying my skincare, he had already done packing. All luggage had been loaded into the boot of the car as well.

Ashton noticed that I was putting on makeup and asked curiously, "Why are you in the mood to put on makeup all of a sudden?"

I actually just did my brows and put on lipstick. The man crossed his arms before his chest and glanced at me, he was expecting an explanation. "I just want to look decent standing next to Mr. Fuller."

His lips curled into a smile as he held my hands. "You're already a natural beauty, and you don't need makeup to be pretty. Besides, it's not good for you to put on makeup now that you're pregnant. You should swap these out."

I eyed the makeup on my dressing table. They were all actually high-end cosmetics infused with plant extracts. "That's not necessary. Pregnant women can use these too. Mister, you're forbidden from swapping out my stuff, period."

He would always swap out my clothes and skincare when I was not paying attention, and not because they were not fit for wear, nor was it because I ran out of them. Ashton just had the notion that if I did not finish using the skincare within three months, it simply meant that I did not enjoy using them, which was not at all the case. His little gesture left me confused, and lack of a set of skincare that I truly enjoyed using. I really enjoyed the set I was just using and had to remind him not to swap it out, lest the man acted on his own accord again. I really had no idea how a big boss like him had the time and effort to pay attention to trivial matters like these.

He nodded when I reminded him, and said, "Okay, I'm not going to change that one. Let's go, we have a plane to catch!"

After getting on the car, I leaned against the seat, and felt lethargic all over. My eyes were half-closed when I said, "Call me when we reach the airport, I want to rest for a bit."

I was actually not tired. It was the morning sickness. Maybe I had it too easy the last time I was pregnant. This time, the symptoms were much stronger.

Ashton had wanted to say something but bit his tongue the moment he noticed the weary look on my face. He cradled my hands in his, and said, "Take a good rest. You'll feel better."

I did not feel like talking and merely nodded. It did not take us long to reach the airport.

However, almost half a day went by before we could board the plane. I started to retch as soon as the plane took off, and Ashton asked for some motion sickness medication from the air stewardess. Unfortunately, I couldn't take them because I was pregnant. There was nothing he could do except looking at me with a concerned look.

It seemed like forever before we finally reached A City. I was utterly spent from the flight. Ashton brought me to the villa and started to work after making sure that I had settled down.

After a long nap, I felt much better. I headed downstairs and noticed that Ashton was taking a nap in the living room. I took a duvet and draped it over him. Right then, my phone pinged with a text from Armond.

I caressed my belly. It's been two months, but my belly is not showing yet.

"You're at A City already? It looks like you do really care about your daughter! Such a pity that my mother's soup is going to waste."

Before he mentioned it, I'd almost forgotten about how Armond's mother had misunderstood about the baby in my belly. She did mention that she wanted to brew some tonic for me.

I did not reply his text. My phone pinged with another text from Hailey. "Are you still at K City?"

I replied to Hailey's text, asking her to tell Nora to head back to A City if she had nothing else to do at K City. After all, it would be even more difficult for her to cut off all ties with Armond if she hung out for much longer with the man. There's nothing time couldn't fix.

Hailey was surprised at the message that I asked her to pass on and asked, "I'm going back to A City at night. How's your daughter doing? Are you going to the A City because of her?"

Bemused, I frowned. I had never mentioned to anyone that I was coming to A City, let alone disclosing that I was here because of Summer. How did she know about that?

It felt awkward to ask her point blank. I replied with a smiley emoji and said, "Okay, let's meet up when you're back in A City then."

Unknowingly, Ashton had woken up while I was engrossed in texting with Hailey. After I sent out the text to Hailey, I could feel someone eyeballing me by my side. I turned around slightly, and there he was, gawking at me. Stumped, I managed an awkward smile. "Did I wake you?"

He shook his head slightly. "No. Who are you talking to? Are you still feeling better?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

He set himself straight and circled me in his embrace. He put his head on my shoulders and asked, "What would you like to eat? Let's eat out."

I did not actually have much appetite and leaned against his chest, shaking my head. “I don’t have anything specific in mind. What about you?”

Chapter 980

“Are we going to cook at home?”

He did not seem like he had a lot of work to do, and so I nodded my head. It’s not like we had the chance to cook homecooked meals together every day.

Five o’clock in the afternoon, it was drizzling in A City, and the weather was gloomy. Ashton was staying in, and I thought I might as well take the chance to contact the person on the card that Armond handed over to me.

I went back to the bedroom, and called the man. It took him a few rings to pick up. A voice rang, “Hello!”

Stumped by the enthusiasm in his voice, I replied, “Hi, is this Mr. Brandon Dumphy?”

The person mumbled a response and replied in a weird accent, “Yes, speaking. Is there anything I can help you with?”

Puzzled by his weird accent, I was starting to doubt the man. How did Armond get to know people like him? However, I decided to just ask, “Mr. Murphy gave me your contact.”

“Oh, I see. Ah, are you Ms. Stovall?”

“Yes, I am. I’d like to ask if your hospital really could find a bone marrow match and kidney?” I had a notion that it was all too good to be true.

“Yes, we can. What about if you send over your daughter’s most recent medical records to me so that I can have a look first? I’d appreciate it if you could take some time tomorrow for me to bring you for a tour. We do have the supply for what you’re looking for. The only question is if it’s going to match your daughter.”

To be frank, I was a little stumped by the sheer amount of information. However, it seemed like the man really knew what he was talking about. So, I agreed to meet him the next day.

After hanging up the call, Zachary called to inform me that Boris had reached A City as well. My father told me to bring along the man wherever I went, and that he would be of great help in the city.

I agreed. After debating with myself, I sent over Summer’s medical records to Brandon. The man replied after some time: “We’ll go visit the place where our stock is coming from. After you have a look at the condition, we could discuss the price.”

Stumped, I replied: “Stock? Did the man just refer to organs in people’s bodies as stock?”

It seemed like the man did not even bother to explain things to me as he merely replied: Yes. There were no more texts from him since.

After contemplating for a moment, I contacted Boris and requested him to tag along for the trip tomorrow. I initially wanted to let Ashton know, but he had been held up in the study all day for work. I did not wish to disturb him.

The next day, Ashton seemed like he had something urgent to attend to, and headed for the door right after he bade goodbye to me. I sorted out things around the house, and it did not take long for Boris to arrive at my place.

Brandon sent me an address and a message that read: Let's meet at the Second Highway exit. It's going to be a long journey for you. Don't be late.

After replying to him, I headed out with Boris. There was a lot of traffic for mornings in A City. We had only managed to meet up with Brandon past the agreed time. The man seemed a tad furious since he had been waiting for quite some time.

He was driving a black Mercedes and did not get off the car even after we had arrived. Even though I could not see his figure, but judging from his face alone, it was not difficult to guess that he was a little plump. The dark-skinned man looked like he would own a successful coal mining business in the nineties.

He pursed his lips into a hard line at the sight of me. "Our stock is in the mountains. I will bring you there later. Did you bring along everything you need? There is nothing to buy there. It's going to be troublesome if you need anything else."

He must have had his fair share of dealing with fussy people for him to make an upfront statement like that. However, I was puzzled by his question. "Aren't we heading to the hospital? Why are we going into the mountains?"

He pursed his lips again, this time with disapproval. "Aren't you going to take a look at the donor's parents since their daughter is giving you what you need? You can choose not to accept it though. Since you're Mr. Murphy's friend, I won't sign any contracts with you. Consider it a deal done if you're satisfied with what we offer."

Bewildered, I cast a glance in Boris's direction.

The man was calm and composed as he nodded his head at me. He was telling me that it was fine for us to go take a look.

Brandon did not beat around the bush either. He told me to trail behind his car, and got into his car right after.

As he mentioned, it was a long journey. We drove for easily seven to eight hours straight. Brandon's car had only come to a stop after night fell.

I fell asleep along the way. After noticing that the car had stopped, I looked outside and was surprised at the surroundings. It was a village on the hillside, populated by around twenty families.

Brandon stopped his car by a well in the center of the village. He got off the car and splashed his face with the cold water. After gulping down a few mouthfuls, he looked at us and said, "We've arrived. Get off the car and drink some water. Follow me!"

Boris got off the car, and he seemed slightly stunned by the surroundings. He fished out a bottle from the car boot and handed it over to me. Then, he gave me some bread that he had brought along and said, "Eat some."