

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 857

Joseph frowned. "Why? They're clearly here to cause trouble."

"They look hungry and pitiful... especially the child. Please do as I said."

"Alright." He didn't sound convinced, but nodded and went off anyway.

Entering Ashton's office, I spotted him reading a document. I placed the lunchbox that I brought right in front of him on his desk. Snatching the pen and document in his hands away, I chided, "I know you're a workaholic, but you've just burnt the midnight oil. At least eat some breakfast and then take a nap on the bed." I was acting angrier than I truly felt.

The faint hints of a smile grew on his face as he pulled me to sit in his lap. "Why are you here so early in the morning?" He sighed deeply and buried his face in my hair. "Did you not sleep last night?"

The sight of his stubble starting to poke out of his chin pulled at my heartstrings. "Enough about me; have you seen what you look like? That's it, no more chit-chat. Eat your breakfast and then take a nap!"

I climbed off of his legs and opened up the lunchbox for him.

Surprisingly, he obediently ate the food in silence, and then insisted on having me sleep beside him. I was unwilling at first, but he looked so serious when he said, "I can't sleep without you."

Thus, I had no choice but to lay down in his embrace and closed my eyes.

Soon after, I heard the sounds of his even breathing. He must be exhausted after pulling an all-nighter.

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The echoes of footsteps rang out from the office. Taking advantage of Ashton's deep sleep state, I slowly tiptoed out of bed and left the private restroom. The first thing I saw once I was back in the office was Joseph pacing back and forth looking worried.

Upon seeing me, he quickly asked, "Mrs. Fuller, is Mr. Fuller currently taking a break?"

I nodded. "Did something happen?"

Joseph sounded slightly apprehensive as he explained, "The situation with Sasha's family is getting worse. They've rounded up a large number of distant relatives and are continuing to be a disturbance. The lobby is a complete mess, and it's starting to affect the employees' work."

"Didn't Ashton asked you to investigate Sasha's relationship with her family yesterday? Did you find out who the kid is?"

"Yes, the child is her four-year-old daughter. Sasha was a single mother who had gotten pregnant when she was a university student. No one knows who the child's father is. Both of Sasha's parents were local laborers and had now retired. They're not very poor, but Sasha has an older brother with a gambling addiction who stole their parents' retirement savings and rent savings. Now, all her parents have left is a rented house that's fifty square feet large. They're going through a relatively hard time."

That was the reason why Sasha's parents were so desperate for money after her death. After all, her entire family had been dependent on her income solely and had already been living a frugal life before this. Now that she had suddenly passed away in a freak accident, it was near impossible for two senior citizens and a young toddler to survive on their own.

After pondering for a long while, I told Joseph, "You haven't slept at all, have you? Go and take a rest in the office. I'll handle the situation in the lobby."

"N-No, I'm fine..." he stuttered.

"Joseph, I know I haven't been a consistent employee of Fuller Corporation, but that doesn't mean that I don't know anything," I insisted. "Besides, the issue downstairs is just a civil

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dispute and not something that requires special knowledge. I can handle it myself. So relax and go take a rest, alright?”

He opened his mouth as if to argue further, but his phone suddenly rang out from his pocket. Awkwardly excusing himself to answer the call, I heard what sounded like his wife on the other side of the phone. “Hubby, the baby has a fever, please come home quick!”

His expression swiftly changed upon hearing that. Turning to me, he stressed, “I’ll leave things in your hands, Mrs. Fuller. I have an emergency at home, but I’ll come back as soon as possible.”

I nodded, reminding him to take care of himself once more.

I went downstairs to the lobby at the same time that Joseph left the building. It was still working hours, so there was only a group of about ten or more people of all ages standing around in the lobby. They had somehow gotten hold of a huge banner and had written the words “A life for a life! Repay your debts!” across it. They seemed quite serious about the message, too.

The receptionists were all cowering in fear behind the counter, deathly afraid that one wrong word would unleash the family’s wrath upon them.

I couldn’t help but feel thankful that Sasha’s body had been taken away prior to this by workers from the funeral parlor. If they hadn’t, her relatives might have carried her coffin case all the way here as a part of their demonstration.

There were security guards stationed at the elevators to prevent them from barging into the upstairs offices and disrupting the employees’ work.

I immediately caught sight of the group that seemed to have run out of energy as I exited the elevator. Heading for the front counter, I asked one of the receptionists, “Have the reporters been here today?”

Logically speaking, there should have been more reporters today than yesterday, but there was not a single one to be seen.

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The receptionist did a double-take after seeing me, but she quickly regained her composure. "They usually come by during noon or at night. That's when the lobby is filled with people, and that's the only time that Mr. Fuller will pass through the lobby."

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I finally understood that the reporters' main objective was Ashton, and Ashton only. As for the victim's relatives, the reporters would likely just snap a few pictures and then try to compete with each other for who could write the most heart-wrenching news article.

I took several thousand out of my purse, telling the female receptionist, "I need you to get someone to buy some fruits and snacks, the more expensive and higher quality, the better. After that, arrange for it to be delivered to them. Buy some toys and give them out to the kids here, too. It would be best if you could start up a conversation with them and find out why they're going to such lengths, and perhaps ask if they're acting on someone else's orders. Also, call up some more reliable reporters and tell them to come over to take pictures."

She looked shocked as she received the money, nodding numbly. To my surprise, the young woman worked efficiently, swiftly giving out water bottles and snacks to everyone in the lobby. She also instructed some of the other security guards to help with her errands, and they naturally mixed in with the crowd and started talking.

It just so happened to be lunchtime. Reporters filtered in slowly but surely. However, they seemed to have learned from their previous lesson and were acting a lot more reserved than last time.

After a while, the female receptionist ran over to me excitedly. "Mrs. Fuller, those people aren't Sasha's family! Someone is paying them a hundred per day to come here just to make a fuss! All of them are simply retirees who jumped at the chance of earning money, and some even dragged along their grandchildren to make it look more realistic."

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My mouth fell open. I had thought that these people would at least have some relation to Sasha, but it turned out that all they wanted was to cause chaos and confusion.

Falling deep in thought for a minute or so, I then instructed her, "Think of a way to get an audio recording of that confession, then pay them twice the amount of money to send them away. Apart from that, instruct them to tell outsiders that Sasha committed suicide. As for everything else... Let them add as many 'saucy' details as they wish, as long as it doesn't affect Fuller Corporation negatively."

She nodded and walked away, leaving me to wonder, who would go to such lengths to ruin Fuller Corporation's reputation? What do they want from us?

The lobby was slowly clearing out, and the receptionist approached me to show me that she had recorded a video. "I've asked them all to leave, Mrs. Fuller. The only ones left are Sasha's actual parents." She shook her head in awe, exclaiming, "You made everyone calm down and caused the reporters to come all the way here for nothing. You even helped promote our company along the way! You're amazing!"

I laughed lightly, my gaze settling on Sasha's daughter out of the corner of my eye. The little girl appeared a little worse for wear, and for some reason, I had a feeling that she wasn't just an ordinary child.

I turned back to the receptionist. "Thank you for everything you've done today. Give me your number so that you can send the video file to me. By the way, what's your name?"

Her cheeks flushed at my request before shyly exchanging numbers with me. "My name is Stella Collins, Mrs. Fuller. You can just call me Stella! I'm glad to have been of assistance."

I smiled politely back at her. Minutes later, she sent me the video file through WhatsApp.

"Help! Someone, help!" Suddenly, the peace and quiet of the lobby was broken by someone's screams.

Glancing up, I saw Sasha's parents sobbing and shouting desperately for help. "Go over and see what they need," I ordered Stella.

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She rushed over, pushing through the small crowd that had formed around Sasha's parents as I followed closely behind her.

The young girl that had just been playing on one of the sofas in the lobby had passed out, her face was as pale as a ghost with blood streaming down from her nose. It didn't seem like she was suffering from an external injury.

Her grandparents were panicking, cradling the child in their arms as they cried.

At a loss for what to do, Stella turned to stare at me in confusion.

No one had any understanding of the child's condition. She had stayed here for the entire day, and I had only just instructed people to give her and her family snacks. If anything happened to her, people would find a way to somehow blame it on Fuller Corporation.

Clearly, the other staff was also thinking the same thing I was. Stella became even more frantic, as she had been the one to personally buy the snacks and hand them out.

The young woman in question was nearly in tears as she stared at me. "What should we do, Mrs. Fuller?"

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to calm down and think rationally. "Hello, Mr. Brooks, Mrs. Brooks," I greeted them. "I'm Ashton Fuller's wife. If you're willing to trust me, will you hear me out?"

The old couple was already frozen in shock because of their grandchild. When they looked up at me, it was as if their eyes suddenly lit up with hope. Clutching onto my arm, Sasha's mother pleaded, "Madam, please help her! I'm begging you, please help!"

I nodded, trying my best to soften my tone in order to reassure her. "Please listen carefully. The most important thing now is saving this child's life. We will call an ambulance to send her to the hospital, but you have to agree to settle everything else only after we've confirmed that the child is no longer in danger."

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The middle-aged couple froze for a second and exchanged glances with each other. After a moment of hesitation, they stared at me and said, "Okay, we believe you, but don't you try to fool us. No matter what, Fuller Corporation has to compensate for my daughter's death."

I nodded, having no time to think things over. Then, I gave Stella a meaningful look, and she called for an ambulance right away. However, seeing that it would take a while for the ambulance to come over, I had no choice but to drive them to the hospital.

After sending the child to the ER, a nurse approached us and asked, "Who is the child's family?"

"We're the child's grandparents. How is she now?" the middle-aged couple answered in unison.

The nurse nodded politely at them. "We're unsure of the child's condition yet. Please go to the first floor for registration and payment. Once the result is out, we'll inform you immediately."

The couple was stunned by her words. Seeing the look of embarrassment on their face, I said, "Give me the child's identification card. I'll settle the registration and payment."

The two were dumbfounded. In the next second, their eyes turned red-rimmed as they gazed at me. "Mrs. Fuller, we can't thank you enough."

I didn't say much. Taking the necessary documents, I headed to the first floor to register and pay the admission fee.

When I came back, I returned the medical records and identification card to them. Staring at me with reddened eyes, the woman thanked me again.

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I simply nodded in acknowledgment. My phone had rung several times just now, but I was too busy to pick it up. Now that I was free, I fished out my phone and unlocked it. It was Ashton who called me earlier.

He sent me a few texts as well: Where are you? Why didn't you answer my calls?

I replied: You should rest more. I'm at the hospital. Sasha's daughter passed out all of a sudden, so I gave them a ride. Sleep for a little longer. Your health is more important. Don't worry, I'll manage this issue properly.

Afterward, I kept my phone in my bag. The woman glanced at me while asking, "Mrs. Fuller, do you think that we're too unscrupulous for doing this?"

Stupefied, I gave no comment.

She chuckled dryly. "We've never been in such dire straits before. Some children are here to bring joy, while others bring despair. My husband and I have two children. The one who's here to bring joy has kicked the bucket, while the other is racking up so much debt that it's forcing us to a corner. Isn't it funny? Still, no matter how desolate we are, we have to survive. Only then we can hope for better lives and see our granddaughter grow up."

As I listened to her in silence, a sense of sorrow welled up in my heart. In life, there were many twists and turns. People had only a few reasons to be happy, but there were thousands of instances that could make people miserable. As for the couple who were over their fifties, their granddaughter was their only reason to live.

A few moments later, the ER door opened, and a doctor came out. The couple hurriedly approached him and asked, "Doctor, how's the child now? Is she alright?"

Glancing at the couple with his brows drawn together, the doctor contemplated for a few seconds before saying, "Please come to my office for a discussion."

I grasped the meaning of his words at once. It seemed that the child had a critical medical condition.

Later, in the doctor's office.

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The couple squirmed nervously in their seat while staring at the doctor. Having experienced similar situations countless times before, the latter sighed and handed a medical report to them.

In a daze, Sasha's mother took it, but she couldn't understand the content, so she passed it to her husband.

After a while, the middle-aged man gaped at the doctor in disbelief. His voice quivered as he questioned, "Leukemia? Doctor, did you make a mistake? How can she have leukemia? She's such an obedient and sweet child. I can't believe it..."

While speaking, he broke down, and tears started trickling down his face unceasingly.

The woman's body went stiff at the news. Staring at the doctor with widened eyes, she tried hard to choke back her tears. "Doctor, did you get it wrong? Maybe she hasn't rested well these days, but there's no way our granddaughter has leukemia. She's only four years old. This is impossible!"

Looking at the couple who seemed to have grown much older within seconds, the doctor sighed helplessly. "I wish the child was well as much as you do. We've performed a full-body medical checkup for her. Now that the results are out, I hope you can stay rational and positive. You need to be prepared because her upcoming treatment and chemotherapy aren't going to be easy. Apart from that, a bone marrow transplant is the only way to cure leukemia. I'm guessing that you're the child's grandparents? You must talk to her parents and get them ready for the operation."

All of a sudden, Sasha's mother burst out crying, wailing so hard that she could barely speak. Her husband quickly consoled her. However, words meant nothing to the couple who were utterly devastated by the news.

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I turned to look at the doctor and let out a sigh. "Doctor, other than bone marrow transplant, is there any other method?"

The man shook his head. "Our technology isn't that advanced now, so there's no alternative. Besides, the success rate of a bone marrow transplant is only around eighty percent, not one hundred percent. The child's leukemia is likely an inherited disease, which means either her father or mother carries the gene of leukemia."

"No! That's impossible!" Sasha's mother shouted in a croaky voice. "Both my husband and I have no blood disease, and the same goes for my daughter. How can Renee get it?"

The doctor's forehead puckered. "It could be her father who has the gene. Nevertheless, the incidence rate of this disease is low. Even if one carries the gene, the disease won't manifest unless there're external triggers."

Immediately, the woman fell silent. I continued talking to the doctor to get a better understanding of the child's condition.

Stepping out of the doctor's office, Sasha's mother suddenly knelt before me, sobbing while pleading, "Mrs. Fuller, I beg you. Please help my granddaughter. Now that Sasha has passed away, Renee is our only hope now. She's only four and has never seen the outside world before. Life has been cruel to her. Since birth, Renee has had no father, and her mother was always busy working. Despite her age, we have not sent her to a kindergarten, because we couldn't afford it. Why does she have to face such a hardship when she's still an innocent little girl? Mrs. Fuller, please have mercy on her. I'm willing to do anything to repay you. Please!"

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Her sudden action befuddled me. I reached out to hold her up, but she refused to stand up. The corridor was packed with passers-by. Having no other choice, I squatted on the floor and looked at the woman. "Mrs. Brooks, I truly sympathize with you. I'll definitely help you if I can. So please, don't do this."

The woman's face was already drenched in tears as she stared at me and said, "Please, Mrs. Fuller. We don't have a job. After Sasha's gone, our financial support was cut off. That's why we had no choice but to stay put at Fuller Corporation day in and night out to ask for compensation. We need money to survive."

I nodded at her. My heart was filled with compassion for the family. Bad luck often haunts the unfortunates. Now that their granddaughter was diagnosed with a critical disease, their lives would only get even harder.

After paying Renee's operation and medical fees, Ashton called and asked what time I would be home.

After the chaotic day, I was worn out. The only thing I wanted to do was to see him and nestle myself in his warm embrace.

After hanging up, I drove away from the hospital and headed home straight away since Ashton was already home.

Back at the villa.

There was an unobtrusive black Maybach parked in the yard when I arrived home. I pulled over next to it and when I walked into the living room, I saw Ashton reading on the couch.

Hearing the sound of me coming in, he glanced up at me. The corner of his lips quirked up. "You're home."

I nodded in response. Sauntering over to the couch, I sat by his side and wrapped my arms around him. "Have you solved the issue in the office? Why aren't you resting in the bedroom?"

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He held me in his arms with a smile on his face. "You've helped me settle the issue so well. It's only fair that I come home and spend some time with you."

Tilting my body to lean against his shoulder, I sighed lightly. "Ashton, has the police done investigating Sasha's case?"

He pursed his lips slightly. "What's wrong?"

I thought about it for a while before I decided to tell him anyway. "Sasha's daughter has been diagnosed with leukemia today. I know I have to deal with it rationally. After all, no one can escape sickness and death. However, I've met them when they're in need of help. I'll feel so bad if I choose to turn a blind eye to them."

"Mmm." The man gazed at me calmly. "So what are you planning to do?"

I shook my head, feeling lost while staring at him. "I don't know what to do. That's why I'm asking for your opinions. What do you think I should do?"

He gave it some thought before replying solemnly, "I think you should help them, but treating leukemia is like throwing money down a bottomless pit. There's no guarantee that it could be cured."

I nodded in agreement. I know that money didn't grow on trees. Moreover, Fuller Corporation was dealing with a series of scandals, which caused the company to suffer heavy losses. Sasha's death was a crushing blow to the company, whether it was a suicide or an accident. According to the law, once Fuller Corporation compensated them, the family would have nothing to do with the company anymore.

Breathing out a sigh, I stood up and looked at him. "Okay, let's drop the subject. What do you want to eat? I'll cook you a delicious meal tonight."

He flashed me a smile. "Anything's fine!"

He paused for a moment and asked, "Can you come with me to Moranta in mid-October?"

Moranta?

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I was puzzled. "Why? Did something happened?"

He nodded. "Yeah. One of my Grandpa's comrades-in-arms is at death's door. We have to make a trip there on behalf of my Grandpa."

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