

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 871

Neil shook his head, then said gravely, "Mr. Taylor is doing fine. I'm sorry, Ms. Kate. Mr. Taylor didn't ask for any of his family members."

"Why doesn't Father want to meet us? Even now, why is he still refusing to meet us?" Kate cried hysterically and stomped off in frustration.

I watched her departing figure rather curiously but said nothing.

Right then, Neil brought Ashton and me to a separate room, apart from the rest of the house. He had a few cakes and drinks brought in, then left us to our own devices.

I turned to face Ashton. "Shouldn't we get going? We've already met Mr. Taylor, after all."

"Why are you in such a hurry to leave? What about Mr. Fuller's matters?" A voice rang out just as the door burst open. Alarmed, I froze in my seat. When I looked over to the speaker, I found myself staring at Holden.

Holden was leaning against the door frame, clutching a sheaf of documents in one hand. He wore the same careless attitude with an accompanying smirk on his face, looking utterly irresponsible.

Ashton had also turned to look at Holden. However, he pursed his lips and said nothing.

Holden strode in casually, then placed the documents he'd been holding onto the table before us. Fixing his gaze on Ashton, Holden said, "Dad got me to hand this over to you. Everything's written clearly inside. If you're concerned about any missing details, you may invite a lawyer over right now to take a look at it. If not, then sign it."

A quick glimpse of the documents revealed it to be a contract by the Moranta Foreign Trade Association.

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Ashton merely cast an unworried glance at it, then signed it without a second thought.

Holden raised an eyebrow. "Impressive," he remarked, examining the contract. "All right then. If there's nothing else, I'll look forward to working with you, Mr. Fuller."

Ashton nodded and replied solemnly, "Please thank Mr. Taylor on my behalf. I won't let him down."

At that, Holden nodded in response. "Mr. Fuller, at the rate your business is expanding, are you planning on achieving a complete monopoly?"

Ashton remained silent.

Just as Holden was opening his mouth to speak, Neil charged into the room. "Mr. Holden, Mr. Taylor has just passed away."

The news landed like a bolt of lightning. Holden stood as if rooted to the spot, then roughly shoved the stack of documents towards Neil. "Hold this!" he muttered brusquely, then sprinted out of the room.

Neil flashed us an apologetic smile. "Mr. Fuller, I'm terribly sorry. Mr. Taylor's sudden passing has thrown the Taylor family into a frenzy. I'm afraid we won't be able to continue hosting both of you. I humbly seek your understanding."

Ashton waved away his apology, then said soberly, "We'll head upstairs to say a final farewell to Mr. Taylor then."

Neil agreed.

The entire crowd had since migrated to Archie's bedroom, spilling over into the hallway. Some family members were fussing by his bedside, while others were wailing with grief. A few stood stoically in the shadows, their faces ashen as tears streamed quietly down their faces.

Upon seeing Neil approach, Kate once again stepped forward and tugged at his sleeve. "Neil, has Father's will been written yet? Did he leave any instructions before he died?"

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Kate's voice penetrated through the fog of sorrow that lay over the room. Besides, the impending answer to her question was of great interest to everyone present.

Neil's calm gaze swept over the room. Then he said mildly, "Mr. Taylor did say that if anything happened to him, Mr. Holden would be left in charge of his affairs. The lawyers will be over to read out Mr. Taylor's will in a while."

"What?" Kate scorned, evidently displeased. "Why did Father ask a fool like Holden to take charge of his affairs? The Taylor family isn't short of members. Why did Father choose that bastard? Isn't his existence enough of an embarrassment to the Taylors?"

A murmur spread across the room. The other members of the Taylor family gradually rose up with one voice to oppose the appointment of Holden.

Neil, however, looked unfazed. Placidly, he announced, "I know that there may be some disagreement to Mr. Holden being in charge of the Taylor family. However, this is Mr. Taylor's last wish. He has already transferred all of his belongings to Mr. Holden. If anyone opposes this arrangement, they're free to leave the Taylor family and thereby cut off all ties with the household. If you wish to stay, you'll remain under the head of the Taylor family. You'll have to obey Mr. Holden then."

Neil's proclamation immediately quelled the Taylor family's desire to revolt. Kate, however, remained looking rather vexed. She looked sourly at Holden.

Not long after, the lawyer arrived.

At the sight of his dark suit, the room seemed to light up in anticipation. Each one seemed eager to find out what Archie had bestowed upon them with his passing.

The lawyer seemed to be on familiar terms with the Taylors. After a respectful bow to Archie, he settled down, retrieving a set of documents from their briefcase. He then addressed the waiting room in a measured tone. "My condolences to all. Archie lived to a ripe old age and was able to get all of his affairs in order before he passed. I have here in hand Archie's last will and testament. I will read it out to all of you shortly."

A hush fell over the bedroom. After glancing at his audience, the lawyer continued, "Dear members of the Taylor family, if these words are being read to you, I would have already departed. Having been the head of the Taylor family for decades, I'm well aware that all my things must be in order before I leave. I won't have any of our family members behaving

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disorderly in my passing and becoming a laughingstock to the media and other families.” The will opened briefly with these statements, emphasizing Archie’s responsibility and the Taylor family’s wellbeing without much emotion.

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The lawyer paused and took a sip of water from the glass that Neil had thoughtfully prepared for him before continuing. “For the sake of the Taylor family’s future development, I am leaving all of the decision-making rights concerning the Taylor family to my son, Holden Taylor. Holden will be the sole manager and distributor of the Taylor family’s enterprises and assets. This may not be a popular decision, but it was carefully made with the growth of the Taylor family in mind and must be strictly obeyed...”

Minute details regarding the distribution of property and details about the Taylor family’s enterprises comprised the rest of the will. Various expressions clouded the faces of those gathered in the room. Kate glowered at Holden, a mixture of hatred and resentment on her face.

The threat that Neil had issued on Archie’s behalf, however, was still fresh on everyone’s minds. Regardless of their dissatisfaction, none of the Taylor family members was willing to renounce the Taylor family name and the benefits that accompanied it.

I believed that Archie had wisely foreseen the numerous objections that Holden’s appointment would meet with. He’d thus instituted this clause in anticipation. However, the fact remained that Archie was no longer present to dictate things. The Taylor family might formally recognize Holden’s leadership, but there were sure to be ripples of displeasure beneath the surface. The path ahead of Holden looked set to be a bumpy ride.

After Ashton and I had said our goodbyes, we got ready to leave.

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“Mr. Fuller, may I have a word?” Holden shouted, sprinting after us. He caught up, panting and obviously overwhelmed by the entire proceedings of the morning.

Ashton waited patiently for Holden to catch his breath before remarking icily, “Holden, we can always talk another day. I believe that you have more urgent matters to deal with than ours.”

As soon as Ashton said that, he grabbed my hand and stalked off, pulling me along. We left Holden standing there, looking after us rather dazedly.

The moment we got into the car, I turned to Ashton with interest. “Why did Archie select Holden to be his successor out of his numerous other family members?”

Ashton immediately retorted, “Why did you pick me out of all the men in this world?”

I was dumbfounded. What kind of question was this? What sort of answer was Ashton expecting me to give?

Fine! I thought, slightly miffed. Then I slumped down in my seat. I’ll stop asking questions.

Back at the hotel, the phone was ringing incessantly. When I answered, sobs poured through the line. “Mrs. Fuller, I know you’ve already helped me a tremendous amount. I shouldn’t be asking you for more, but I’m really at a loss now. You’re the only one I can turn to! I’m still short of forty thousand for Renee’s operation. Can you lend me that amount? I’m begging you, Mrs. Fuller. I know it’s utterly shameless of me to keep asking for your help, but there’s no one else I can turn to. Please help me.”

It was Mrs. Brooks – Sasha’s mother.

I frowned slightly. I wanted to refuse her, but my heart suddenly softened with a twinge of pity. “Mrs. Brooks, haven’t you raised enough funds for the operation? Why are you suddenly short of another forty thousand?”

She choked, “It’s all my fault! I shouldn’t have told my jerk of a son just before I was about to pay the remaining forty thousand! He stole the money and gambled it all away! Why wasn’t I the one who fell sick instead? What should I do now? Good Heavens!”

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Sasha's mother incoherently rambled on, clearly on the verge of a complete breakdown. Parker was a notorious gambler, as Joseph had once uncovered. However, I didn't expect him to be quite so base as to steal money set aside for his sister's lifesaving operation. He clearly cared about nothing else other than himself and satisfying his own lusts.

I replied slowly, "Mrs. Brooks, I can lend you the money, but this will be the last time. The money doesn't concern me. I'm willing to give the money as long as it will save her life. However, I sincerely hope you won't squander it, or always rely on others to bail you out."

She thanked me profusely, her voice hoarse. My heart ached for her, but we each had our own tribulations after all.

When Ashton finally emerged from the bathroom, I had just hung up and phone and was busy transferring the money to the account that Mrs. Brooks had given me.

Ashton glanced at me, then asked in an unruffled manner, "Shall we go out together tomorrow?"

I considered, then shook my head. "Aren't there a ton of things waiting for you back at Fuller Corporation? Now that we've paid our obligatory visit to Mr. Taylor, when are you planning on heading back to the office?"

Ashton tossed his towel aside, then replied gruffly, "We won't be going back for a while. We have to attend Mr. Taylor's funeral first."

That had slipped my mind entirely. I lowered my eyes with a mix of resignation and frustration.

Looking at me, Ashton gently encircled me with his arms. In a gentler tone, he said, "Why don't you tell me what's bothering you?"

I didn't plan on concealing what had just transpired over the phone. With a few brief sentences, I outlined our conversation, then looked at him sheepishly. "I just transferred forty thousand to them. You won't scold me for that, will you?"

A smile hovered on Ashton's lips. "Why would I scold you? I'm pleased that my wife is a kind-hearted, charitable woman. If we can resolve an issue with money, it shouldn't be an issue at all. Forty thousand isn't too much to fork out for a good conscience!"

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I leaned against Ashton's warm body, stroking his toned arms. "Thank you," I whispered gratefully. Whenever I counted my blessings in life, I made sure to count Ashton twice.

I didn't think of myself as an exceptional individual. As a matter of fact, Ashton's affection for me was a result of good fortune rather than any inherent merit of mine. Whether it was destiny or pure dumb luck, he was mine nonetheless, and I was thankful for that fact.

My mind wandered back to the events at the casino, and I abruptly probed, "Wasn't Abe in A City? Why did he suddenly turn up in Moranta? Were you on the verge of signing a contract with him in that private room?"

Ashton looked at me, a smile playing on his lips. "When did my wife get to be quite so clever?"

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