

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.

"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.

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?"