

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1381

Within ten minutes, the hashtag #FulleReconciliation had been propelled to Facebook's most widely searched and used term.

Ashton seemed in no mood to talk once he got into the car. Wary of disturbing him, I continued scrolling through Facebook.

The photo that was the most widely-circulated piece of information regarding this trending topic was my intimate photo with Ashton at the airport.

The internet was ablaze with theories and frenzied discussions.

Tsk tsk! Look at them! That's what I call true love!

The president's a real man indeed! He didn't abandon the woman who gave birth to his child after all.

Scarlett's gorgeous! She and Ashton really look like a match made in heaven.

I definitely ship this couple! None of those messy relationships for me!

Isn't this great? I'm glad the twins won't be separated. I was so worried that if they divorced, they'd end up splitting the twins between them!

I was rather thankful that the bulk of the comments were positive. A handful of cynical netizens questioned the validity of our relationship, citing the ambiguous closeness between Ashton and Thora. However, these naysayers' voices were quickly drowned out by the flood of other netizens eager to express their delight and support.

As I read on, a smile hovered on my lips. The comments, no matter their nature, didn't affect me much. I found myself immensely moved, however, by the genuine outpouring of well-wishes from people Ashton and I have never even met.

Ashton sensed my body weakening in gratitude. Perhaps mistaking it for unhappiness, he reached out a warm hand and pressed mine firmly into his palm.

I turned to look at him in surprise, but he had already reclined against his seat, his eyes shut.

Perhaps Ashton merely wanted to hold me. I thought to myself, and another wave of pleasure washed over me.

It had been a while since Ashton had managed to get any rest. I briefly considered waking him up, then thought otherwise.

As it turned out, however, the decision to let Ashton rest for long wasn't mine to make.

The car soon pulled up at the Stovall residence. The moment we'd entered, Thora was already waiting with Herman in the living room. They were both engaged in a frosty standoff with John and Emma.

At the sound of our arriving footsteps, the four of them swiveled around in unison to face us.

Ashton, however, looked utterly unconcerned. He airily led me into the house, where we took a seat beside John.

Herman scoffed. "True love, huh, Ashton? You and your wife really know how to put on a good show, stringing the rest of us along by the nose. Do you take us for fools?"

The Trivett family had always been suspicious of the Stovalls and naturally took an excessively defensive attitude towards us. When they'd initially agreed to let Ashton vouch for us, The Ziegler Corporation's collaboration with Pitcoin had seen a meteoric rise in value, all thanks to the conflict between Ashton and me.

The relationship between Ashton and me was harmonious again now. Furthermore, Ashton had publicly declared that he'd never separated from me. Neither had he ever fallen for anyone else. The Trivetts saw this as an affront to their alliance with Ashton. Herman, however, was reluctant to give up his privileged access to confidential data.

Ashton remained silent, his face expressionless. His look of complete vacancy was as impenetrable as a solid wall. Unable to bear the mounting tension in the room, John burst out, enraged, "Mr. Trivett, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't blame others for your own faults. Everyone can clearly see that the love between Letty and Ashton is real. You're the only one who's blind, I suppose. Who's to blame for that?"

Aggrieved, Herman glowered at John. "Don't think I won't dare to touch you just because you have Louis to back you up! If you get on my bad side, I won't rest until I've destroyed you."

At that, John let out a snigger. "Be my guest. Go ahead and try."

"You..." Herman spluttered, leaping to his feet. The air in the room was almost crackling with the abundant aggression between the two men.

Just then, Ashton intervened in a low voice. "Mr. Trivett, you're concerned about your Pitcoin business, aren't you? I'll promise you that whatever the relationship between Scarlett and me, I'll ensure that it doesn't affect Pitcoin at all. Are you satisfied?" he asked coolly.

Herman had actually been harboring the fear that Ashton and Louis would combine their strength. They would thus emerge as a formidable opponent. Ashton's declaration, however, greatly reassured Herman. However, another thought struck him, prompting him to thus further demand, "Mr. Fuller, I would have been more inclined to believe you if you had openly announced your relationship with Ms. Stovall at the start. In fact, I would have been willing to continue with that deal. However, now that I've come to know about this matter through hearsay, your credibility has been utterly reduced to zero in my eyes. How do you expect me to continue working with you?"

"What do you want, then?" John asked sharply, his wild eyes once again meeting Herman's level gaze.

Ashton, however, stepped in before the situation could escalate once again. Icily, he informed Herman, "Fuller Corporation will withdraw from all collaborations and related enterprises with Trivett Corporation. We'll compensate you for the breach of contract."

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That single statement silenced Herman entirely. At the same time, it had come at the cost of Ashton's bargaining power.

Fuller Corporation's withdrawal from the collaboration with Trivett Corporation meant that Ashton would be unable to interfere no matter what evil ends Pitcoin would be used for.

It seemed as if the discovery that his parents were alive had utterly transformed Ashton. The upright, dignified man that George painstakingly raised had vanished.

Ashton's words thus dropped like a bomb in the living room, scattering the uneasiness that had hung so heavily in the air before.

Thora, who had been observing the scene unfold from the sidelines, chose this moment to speak. "You're going to withdraw from all collaborations? Ashton, do you really intend to sever all ties with me?" she seethed.

The Ziegler family was no longer Ashton's target. In fact, from certain perspectives, Ashton had indeed wronged Thora in some aspects.

A flowering career was all well and good for a woman, but her relationships and emotions would always remain her core occupation.

Thora waited in agony for Ashton's reply. Ashton, however, was in no frame of mind to deal with anything other than the recent tragedy. He merely gazed at her blankly with disinterest, looking absent altogether as if his soul had flown off to another dimension entirely. Wherever it was, it was neither present nor ready to engage with Thora's demands.

It wasn't that Ashton wanted to evade her questioning. He didn't quite possess the capacity to at the moment.

Every second that ticked by threw Thora into a greater frenzy. The expression on her face was growing increasingly desperate.

Unable to endure this long-drawn awkwardness, I hastily chipped in, “Ms. Ziegler, allow me to apologize to you on behalf of Ashton. He only hid our marriage from you due to the circumstances. If there’s anything you’re dissatisfied with, we’ll do whatever we can to make amends.”

Thora was an intelligent woman. I truly believed she would know that negotiating a compromise would enable her to achieve the best possible outcome from this catastrophe despite the hurt she’d suffered.

Besides, Ashton and Thora were both victims of the previous generation’s wrongs. There was no real benefit in furthering this resentment.

Thora, however, did not act like the reasonable woman I expected her to be. “I was played for a fool by the two of you. Do you think I’d let you off the hook that easily?” she asked bitterly.

Upon further reflection, I realized that it must have taken a considerable amount of courage and pride for Thora to have arrived at her current position. For her to have cast off the help of the Ziegler family and establish her own business, she must have had an unimaginable amount of perseverance. I knew I should not expect her to back down without a fight, then.

I heaved a sigh. “What does Mr. Ziegler think of this matter?”

At the mention of his name, Thora instinctively started and glanced away. I followed the line of her gaze and realized that she’d been looking at Ashton.

She had her jaw clenched in contemplation. After a while, she said evenly, “I want Ashton to sign a five-year contract. It must clearly state that within the stipulated period, Fuller Corporation will only collaborate with one of Ziegler Corporation’s construction companies.”

I gaped at her. Thora clearly had no qualms about allowing her personal grievances to interfere with professional matters.

Five years of collaboration with the Fuller Corporation was a surefire way for Thora to propel her own company to the top. It

was the best maneuver the woman could make from unrequited love.

Ashton, however, had no discernible reaction upon hearing Thora's demand. He nodded, saying gravely, "As long as the work is legal and reasonable, I have no problem with it."

Despite such an enormous ask, Thora remained discontent. She piped up again, "Furthermore, this scandal put me in a bad light. Both of you will have to find a way to fix my reputation."

"Don't take advantage of their kindness! How do you expect them to clean up your mess? Are you expecting Ashton to divorce Scarlett to pursue you, then let you dump him this time around?" John retorted heatedly.

Thora, however, remained unflappable. She obstinately stuck out her chin at him before saying haughtily, "That's just what I'm asking him to do. I'm the only one who should be permitted to dump others, not the other way around."

Her ridiculous statement made John give a snort of incredulity. "Who do you think you are to make such ridiculous demands? You..."

I hurriedly cut in, "Wait, John." I glanced at Thora thoughtfully, then said, "I think Ms. Ziegler's request can be met in another way."

I was certain that Ashton's and my divorce was not the only option for Ms. Ziegler to recover her standing.

Thora's features softened upon hearing my attempt at conciliation. The corners of her mouth twitched before she spoke, "I've finally seen for myself today that you're a practical woman. You're not the spoilt princess I thought you were, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. You really did put up a good performance all those other times we met."