

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.

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 ask 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 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.

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."