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Elliot, being the perfect gentleman, accepted her kind gestures graciously while maintaining a respectful distance from her.

Their lukewarm exchanges did not escape Marshall, and he involved me in the conversations. I deflected them all by playing dumb.

As time went by, Elliot started to ignore the passionate gazes from Katharina as his vision fell on me overtly.

Sensing he was about to say something from the corner of my eye, I stood up abruptly. "Excuse me, I'm going to the washroom."

I moved my chair, strode purposely, and bumped right into Ashton and Thora when the waiter opened the door. My feet were suddenly glued to the ground.

Of all days, Lady Luck has to choose today to let me stumble upon all these people that I've been avoiding!

"Ms. Stovall, you live such a busy life. While holding on to your ex, you're also flirting with." Thora made a snide comment after she noticed Elliot in the room.

Ashton glanced at me briefly before he shifted his piercing gaze around the room. His vision fell on me again as I caught an inexplicable yet meaning look in his eyes.

Hold on a second. I did nothing!

I instinctively balled my hands into fists and tried to explain myself. However, before I could utter a word, a figure zoomed past me from behind and stopped next to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, what a pleasant surprise to see you here! I have missed you so many times trying to secure a meeting with you at your office. Now that you're here, please join us. And I'm not taking no for an answer this time!" Marshall said cheerfully, while holding onto Ashton's arm.

"Such an honor to meet you too, Ms. Ziegler. Please come in. This must be my lucky day!" Marshall was so all over himself he had completely failed to comprehend the complicated relations between the few of us.

The next moment, a sense of despondent overtook me as I watched Ashton and Thora sat down together.

What's this? The Last Supper?

As though he was in a contest with Elliot, the expressionless Ashton's mere presence exuded the demeanor of a victor.

Resigned, I reluctantly returned to my seat at the table.

Emery was the only person who found the whole situation amusing. She stifled a chuckle and muttered, "Things are about to get really interesting."

"Just zip it." I rolled my eyes and poked at her arm as a warning.

"Mrs. Fuller," an oddly familiar male voice called. I turned around in surprise. A third person was with Ashton and Thora.

The bespectacled man was now smiling ambiguously at me, suggesting he knew me well.

"Do we know each other?" I gave him a mental thumbs up for openly addressing me as 'Mrs. Fuller' in front of Thora.

The man then removed his sunglasses and stared into my eyes merrily. He had a burly man with a crew cut. After a few seconds, his identity finally struck me.

He was Joe Quinn, the person who used to pull out all the stops to sabotage my relationship with Ashton, was now calling me "Mrs. Fuller" so intimately.

I was astonished. "When did you come back?"

Joe had distanced himself from Ashton after he got married. I took it as a sign that he wanted to retire from the corporate world. His sudden appearance caught me by surprise.

The man said sullenly, "I never left K City, Mrs. Fuller. It's sad enough that you and Mr. Fuller didn't come for a visit before. Now it's just plain hurtful that you think I'm no longer living in this city."

It was rather amusing to see a man in his thirties with manly stubble on his chin to pout like a teenage girl.

Is this still the Joe Quinn that I used to know?

"Um..." I was at a loss for words.

"Mr. Quinn, I believe today is an important day for Ms. Stovall. You should leave your reunion for another time." Thora chimed in. "It's great to see that you are finally letting go of your failed marriage and started dating again. Your effort is really commendable, Ms. Stovall."

The woman paused for effect, then turned to Elliot. "Mr. Jacobson, you made the right decision to go out with Ms. Stovall. Everyone in K City knows all the virtuous qualities she possesses."

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I really admired Thora's flawless choice of words that masked her sarcasm perfectly to make it sound like a heartfelt compliment.

The mere mention of my marriage with Ashton was bound to confuse those who did not know me well. A simple search online would produce results of me clinging on to him like a jealous ex-wife.

Thora is still holding grudges on the fact that I had previously forced a kiss on Ashton.

On second thought, she might have miscalculated her move to tarnish my image in Elliot's mind. If she succeeded, her master plan would backfire and give me more legitimate excuses to continue latching on to Ashton.

I simply played along and turned to Ashton. "You're absolutely right, Ms. Ziegler. Everyone in K City knows how devoted I am with love. I'll never let go of my man no matter what happens."

Thora's expression darkened instantly as she struggled to control her anger. "What if your love is one-sided?"

I let out a small yet victorious smile and replied slowly, "Ms. Ziegler, you've never been married before, so it's natural that you don't understand the ins and outs of a couple's married life. As we overcome the trials and arguments in

our relationship together, we build a rapport and strengthen our love for each other. This emotional bond is exactly why we, and other married couples, want kids?

"Having kids only proves that the man has normal functioning organs, nothing else. No sane man would reject when a woman offers herself to him for sex. One should know that schemers won't last forever."

Thora's eyes were burning with rage as I continued unceremoniously. "It doesn't really matter how outdated the methods are as long as it works. Given your confidence, your relationship with your partner must be exemplary. But come to think of it, I haven't seen much of your current relationship being reported by the paparazzi. Ah, your tight security must have stopped them from obtaining any sort of materials. Why don't you share with us which security company you hired?"

Upon hearing my sarcastic retort, Thora was livid beyond words.

Everyone in the VVIP room knew Thora and Ashton were always seen in each other's company at various public events. Despite that, the two had zero interactions in private. In her presence, Ashton never failed to maintain his distance out of courtesy.

Although I was the clingy and shameless ex-wife, I didn't have to worry about suffering a backlash if I hugged or kissed him in public because we used to be legally married.

Regardless of how sound Thora's argument was, moral and the law were on my side.

Both women refused to back down. The silent room was instantly filled with a tensed awkwardness which was unbearable for the guests.

Joe, being immune to catfights, spoke up fearlessly at this moment, "Well, if you ask me, I think it's pointless to fight; the result speaks for itself."

He then raised his wineglass to no one in particular. "It's not every day that we get to gather here with everyone. Why don't we set aside our differences make a toast to this chance encounter instead?"

After a prolonged silence, Marshall stood up. "I'm with you, Mr. Quinn. Cheers!"

I inhaled sharply and looked at him with disdain. Such an idiot for making the situation ten times more awkward than it already is.

To think that Emery was wasting such wonderful wine on this person got under my skin, but there was nothing I could do right now other than hoping for this meal to end as quickly as possible.

Ashton and Elliot remained eerily silent and motionless throughout the whole time.

Marshall refilled his glass and approached the former. "Mr. Fuller, I heard Fuller Corporation has successfully won the bid for a piece of land lately. Will you consider developing it as a potential joint venture to share the workload?"

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I heaved a long sigh of relief, feeling grateful that the ball was no longer in my court.

Ashton was unmoved by the flattery and replied flatly, "I prefer not to discuss business during meals."

I stifled a laugh at his outright rejection.

From the moment Marshall had arranged for Elliot to sit next to me, he was destined to fall on the wrong side of Ashton. It seemed that he would never get his hands on pie for the real estate and properties industry.

Marshall was caught by surprise as his hand was still hanging in mid-air; his smile froze awkwardly on his face.

Coming from a prestigious background himself, he was usually on the receiving end of adulation. It was no wonder that he looked as though he had just swallowed a hard pill.

The air in the room once again turned frosty.

Thora furrowed her brows. She didn't want to offend Marshall, but she couldn't go against Ashton too. At last, she decided to just keep her mouth shut.

Just as Marshall seemed like he was about to blow a fuse, Elliot intercepted, "Mr. Tiedemann, I think Mr. Fuller is tipsy. It would be wiser to continue the discussion about the land another time. Why don't we talk about the financing plan for your company?"

Upon Elliot's timely rescue, a broad grin crept across Marshall's face as he turned around and said, "Mr. Jacobson, I appreciate you getting straight to the point. I'm willing to absorb another extra five percent on the prior agreed amount."

"That's fine by me, as long as it's a win-win solution."

Before long, Elliot seemed to have the situation under control while he cultivated the image of a reliable business partner.

Nonetheless, just as the two men were about to drink to a deal successfully struck, Ashton intervened, "If I may, Fuller Corporation might not be the best in the city, but we have a team of top analysts. Those companies they deem as having no potential to grow may not submit their proposals in the president's office."

Marshall's body stiffened at his sudden snide remark. His expression was now as dark as thunderclouds.

Even though Ashton did not spell out any names, his intention was clear. Despite being a reputable company, the Tiedemanns thought too highly of themselves to think that they could have the resources to collaborate with Fuller Corporation. One might consider his words to be a warning for Elliot to be cautious when choosing a business partner.

It looked like Ashton was determined to interfere with Marshall's business plan.

A clever man like Elliot understood Ashton's subtle hint for him to cut ties with Marshall. However, he was completely unfazed as he raised his wineglass and clinked gently with Marshall's. "Mr. Tiedemann, you heard the man. It's time to pull up your socks and show your real capabilities to the public."

Upon hearing his business partner's reassurance, the tension on Marshall's face eased up instantly. "Thanks so much for your confidence in me. You won't regret this."

Ashton's attempt to sabotage the business deal fell flat. It allowed Elliot to gain an upper hand over the situation without engaging him head on.

Clink!

Following the toast, Ashton stood up nonchalantly and announced while buttoning up his coat. "Excuse me. It's pointless to stay for the meal since we don't share a common view."

Before Thora and Joe could respond, he left the room without another word.

The remaining guests in the private room exchanged puzzled looks with one another, wondering what was wrong.

I shrugged and teased playfully, "He's still that same eccentric man. I suppose I just couldn't help myself from falling for my ex-husband's charm again and again."

Emery shook her head in exasperation to show her disdain at my very public declaration.

Her disapproval didn't concern me since I was no longer having depression. I now had a newfound understanding of exerting my sovereignty over things. And in this case, a person who belonged to me.

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Marshall was obviously vexed at Ashton's sudden exit. His face grew stern as he hurled a cup to the floor and sneered, "It's great for youngsters to have dignity these days, but he's going to be taught a lesson sooner or later for being this disrespectful."

My lips curled into a thin smile as I glanced in his direction. "Well, that will have to depend on the man's capability if he wants to teach Ashton a lesson."

At least for now, you don't look like you are the man.

Of course, I kept the last remark to myself. However, my downcast gaze was enough to express my derision.

Marshall snickered and said nothing further. A shrewd businessman like him would not risk offending his two benefactors on the same day.

Thora took the liberty to speak on behalf of Ashton. "Mr. Tiedemann, Ashton is not in the best mood today, but he means well. You're the senior, please forgive him for his manners."

"Hah..." I snorted and got up after taking my bag. "It seems that Ms. Ziegler still does not know Ashton well enough to make this statement. With his domineering demeanor, he would never bow down to others. You're too naive to think that he would apologize."

Emery took her coat to leave with me. She paused for a moment when she reached the door and headed back to the table with a wide grin. "Ms. Ziegler, don't forget to foot the bill before you leave. Even though I'm quite close to Mr. Fuller, I still think it's better for us to draw the line, no?"

Thora came from a noble family, and she had always enjoyed privileges in all of K City, except in the Ziegler family. Even though Emery was from the Moores, she was superseding Thora by using her identity as The Jade's owner. Fuming with the obvious attempt to embarrass her, Thora and said through gritted teeth, "Don't worry, Ms. Moore. I will ask the manager to put it all on my tab."

"Thank you so much." Satisfied with the response, Emery beamed with delight as we headed out of the room together.

I nudged at her and muttered, "Thanks for that."

"For what?" She feigned ignorance.

"Drop the act. There are so many people in the room, yet you called Thora out to foot the bill. I know you're retaliating against her for mocking me just now." Emery was one who would always stand up for her friends.

Without batting an eyelid, she added, "I'll ask the manager to put the bottle of DRC on her tab too."

I paused in my tracks and eyeballed my friend. "You really are something else. How did you manage to learn all the trickery of those evil businessmen in such a short time?"

"Well, I've never been a conscientious businesswoman anyway," she smirked. Her lips formed a devilish grin as she led me to the elevator.

I had almost forgotten that Emery had concealed her true nature and transformed into the perfect trophy wife after marrying Hunter. However, the woman before me was indubitably the proud daughter of the Moore family, a conglomerate and one of the richest merchants in Chanaea.

We exited the elevator and reached the basement car park.

She noticed Ashton's car before I did and nudged me toward his car as she stood ground.

I staggered for a few steps before I steadied myself. How did she know that I'm not out here to chase after Ashton?

"Go on, I can only cover you till here." Emery went straight to the point, waving her hands as she immediately turned on her heels to head to her car.

Her silhouette suddenly reminded me of Macy. Since she knew me better than I knew myself, she could read my thought with one glance.

Beep! A honking sound rang in my ears, yanking me back to reality.

I turned around. Ashton was watching me with a cold, hard stare. I snapped out of my thoughts and got in the passenger seat hastily.

I thought he had something to say to me, but he simply cocked his head aside, saying nothing.

I inched myself closer to him and asked, "Are you jealous?"

"No." He sprung upright and set his gaze out front with the curt reply.

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Not buying his indifference act. I explained further, "I'm actually here to celebrate with Emery. However, we bumped into Elliot and decided to celebrate together since it's his first day being a boss."

The explanation was redundant, given Ashton's intelligence.

Marshall was a troublemaker. When matchmaking Katharina and Elliot, he started getting ideas about me. Fortunately, Ashton made it in time and nipped his idea in its bud.

His face remained impassive even after listening to me. "Alright, you may get off the car now. I should be leaving."

Just when he reached for the gear, I stopped him.

"Ashton, you are jealous."

"I am. That's why we cannot stay in the same space any longer." He tried to suppress the anger in voice as he retracted his hand.

The best thing about being with Ashton was I never felt apprehensive or insecure after we survived the minor squabbles when we first got together.

A naturally aloof man, he had hated the world with his ever fiber before he met and fell in love with me. I knew he didn't have it in him to accommodate another human being in his heart

He knew I valued fidelity above everything. It was impossible for me to fall for another once I set my heart on my chosen one.

I guessed his sudden tantrum was because I had contacted Elliot on my own, and he was also mad at me for sneaking out and disregarding my health.

Dealing with his enemies, looking for my cure, and dealing with the company's losses was exhausting him. Should anything happen to me, he would break down without a doubt.

My heart ached for him at the thought of it, and I leaned in closer, cupping his face in my hands. As I forced him to make eye contact with me, I planted a kiss on his lips before he could react.

It became my second nature. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES https://t.me/NovelsFuns

He relished in the soft sensation and edged himself closer for more. Before things got out of hand, I dodged his touch, got back to my own seat, and left him hanging.

His hands paused momentarily in mid-air for two seconds before he retracted them with a bitter smile as he leaned back in his seat, disheartened by my withdrawal. "You're the only woman who could take advantage of me repeatedly like that."

Wow. The way he's putting it sounds as though every woman in the world is dying to have him. Are we competing to see who's more charismatic right now?

It did not matter who would win the race. The most important thing was Ashton was smiling.

As long as he was not mad at me, he was quite an easy man to talk to.

Unwilling to concede defeat, he narrowed his eyes as if he was contemplating for a way to give himself the upper hand. "It looks like I have not invested enough in Emery's company. I should buy some of The Jade's shares to keep you guys in line."

"Is it really necessary?" When did Ashton become so controlling?

"Definitely." He nodded solemnly. "I'm exercising my husbandry obligations to ensure my wife's safety by knowing her whereabouts at all times. It is a very heavy responsibility. Do you have any problem with that, Ms. Stovall?"

Feeling a chill down my spine at his smug look, I retracted myself slightly.

With his eloquence, I was starting to think that he had studied alongside me when I was preparing for my bar exam.

"No problem." I shook my head innocently. Do I really dare to object?

Ashton's expression darkened afterward as though he was mad at someone. I wondered who he was directing his anger at.

After a long bout of silence, he looked right into my eyes and sighed. "I could not get hold of more information on Elliot as of now. But from what I've gathered, he's not a decent man at all. Look at the way Cameron and Zachary were trying to matchmake the two of you. I'm really worried that something might happen to the Moore family, or worse."

His car was parked in a dark corner. The dim lights on the ceiling peeked through the car windows, illuminating the grim look on his face right then.