

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 196 - 200

The sun was at its highest point, and the temperature hit the highest of the day. When Ashton was back, I was sitting on the couch in the living room, sweating profusely while staring blankly into space.

Upon noticing the perspiration covering my forehead, he raised his voice to reproach me, "Are you planning to die from heatstroke, killing the baby as well?"

I shoot him an indifferent glance while remaining silent. Then, ignoring his presence, I went back to the bedroom to get some rest. I was not in the mood to talk with him, knowing very well that we would end up getting into an argument.

He entered the bedroom after me. After looking around for some time, he found a white smock dress and tossed it to me. "Get yourself changed! We're going out right now."

I was feeling exhausted, so I gave him the brush-off. "I don't want to."

He said as a matter of fact, "Today is Benjamin's birthday, and they are having a small family gathering. Aunt Sally called just now to invite us over for dinner."

Although he didn't put pressure on me, it would be too unthoughtful of me if I absented myself from Benjamin's birthday. Letting out a sigh, I changed into the dress and then put on light makeup.

In the car, Ashton gave me a sidelong glance before he asked, "What did Ms. Anderson say to you?"

I was slightly bewildered but immediately understood that either the bodyguards or the doctors must have informed him that someone had paid a visit to the villa.

"She gave me a lucrative offer. I can then find myself an honest and reliable man who will take care of me and provide my baby with fatherly love."

"Honest and reliable man?" Raising his brow, he snorted while starting the engine. "Looks like you have got it all planned out. But aren't you afraid that this 'honest and reliable man' of yours might run away with all your money?"

Hearing that, I pouted and couldn't help but roll my eyes at him. "You can only see the ugly in humanity, huh? There's still plenty of good guys in the world!"

"What is considered a good guy?" he retorted. "Ms. Anderson asked me to leave you for her daughter. Pretty good deal there right?"

When the car came to a stop at a traffic light, he turned to face me. "What did she offer you?"

"Well, she offered me two companies and a handsome sum of money. These can afford the baby and me a comfortable life." The way the rich settled matters was surely unimaginable to the ordinary people.

Hearing that, he sneered, "Did you accept it?"

Raising my brow, I retorted, "Why shouldn't I?" "What if the baby asks for his father when he grows up? How are you going to answer him?" He pretended to ask casually while turning the steering wheel to the right, keeping his eyes on the road.

Being caught off guard by his question, I was at a loss for words. Regardless, he continued criticizing me with his sharp tongue, "Must you find the baby a stepfather when he has his own father? Scarlett Stovall, are you stupid or something?"

"You're the one who's stupid!" Glaring at him, I scoffed, "Don't you know why I'm finding the baby a stepfather? That's because his own father is problematic."

"I'm problematic?" He sneered, "Why don't you use that poor little brain of yours to think why Cameron was willing to spend so much money just so that you would leave a "problematic man" like me?"

I spoke up, "Because Rebecca likes you. Cameron loves her daughter so much, so she did all this to make her daughter happy." This was what I truly thought.

However, he looked at me disdainfully as if I'm an idiot. "Now I believe motherhood does really make a person stupid."

I was pissed at his sarcastic remark. Ugh! This man is truly a conversation killer!

"Don't meet Cameron again. I have nothing to do with Rebecca, and we don't need to care about them. What's important is that you take good care of yourself and the baby. We'll live

a peaceful life, with just you, me, and the baby.” He made a turn onto the avenue before continuing to reassure me. “You need not worry that I can’t take good care of you and the baby. We can live a good life with the Fuller family’s fortune.”

Instead of answering immediately, I turned to look at the passing scenery outside the car window. A moment later, I asked in a barely audible voice, “If you have nothing to do with Rebecca, then why was she pregnant?”

Furrowing his brow, he shifted his eyes to me. “What does her pregnancy have to do with me?”

“She likes you!” How can I believe in you when all past incidents point to the fact that the two of you have an intimate relationship?

He let out a cold smile at my lack of trust in him. “So, according to your logic, does that mean your baby is John’s since he likes you?”

“How is that the same?” Hmph! That’s pure sophistry!

“How is that not the same?” he retorted. Soon, the car pulled up in front of the Whites’ villa. After helping me out of the car, looking deeply into my eyes, he uttered, “It’s my responsibility to take care of her since Parker entrusted her to me. There’s nothing more between us.”

Unwilling to let go of this matter, I was determined to elicit an answer from him. “If the baby is not yours, then who’s the baby’s father?”

“Is it that important to know? Why do you care so much about it? That’s her own business.”

Biting my lips, I fell into silence. I couldn’t care less about Rebecca’s life, but it was just that I was still suspicious of him being her baby’s father. Also, I couldn’t think of someone else other than him to be Rebecca’s baby’s father. If the baby is not his, then why is Cameron willing to spend so much money for me to leave him? Don’t tell me they are treating Ashton as a beta provider!

As we walked along the cobblestone path and walked up a few steps, the grand and magnificent villa came into sight. Even though it was not a long distance away, my pregnant belly left me panting. It took us a while to reach the villa as I stopped to rest intermittently.

“Arhhh— “ I let out a shriek when all of a sudden, a black furry figure was running toward me.

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Ashton reacted swiftly by giving it a kick, which sent it flying onto the ground.

Later, I returned from my shock. As I took a closer look at the attacker, I recognized it was Marcus’s Tibetan mastiff. The last time when I saw it, it was tame and docile, lying beside his master. What’s wrong with the mastiff?

The mastiff was seen lying on the ground, whimpering in pain; maybe it was seriously injured by the kick.

Just then, the people came out of the villa as a result of the commotion. Upon seeing his injured pet, Marcus frowned slightly and then shifted his gaze to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, why did you hurt my pet?” His anger was clear in his voice.

Holding his gaze, Ashton replied calmly, “Please understand it was not my intention to injure your pet. In fact, I’m trying to protect my wife.”

Hearing that, Marcus shifted his gaze to me. He didn’t utter a word when he saw me hiding behind Ashton, shivering in fear. Being at a loss, I lowered my head to avoid his gaze.

Just then, Sally came running out of the villa in her heels. Being as clever as always, she drew a causal link between the injured dog and my abnormality and immediately figured out what had happened.

Before I had even realized it, she had rushed up to me and held both sides of my arms. “Are you alright? Your hands are shaking. Should we go to the hospital?” she asked worriedly, her voice loud and clear.

Walking behind her was Benjamin, whose wrinkled face was clouded over. Fixing his cloudy eyes on Marcus, he scolded angrily while pointing at the mastiff, “Get rid of this savage beast! Fortunately, Scarlett and the baby are alright. If not, you and your dog must pay for the harm caused with your lives!”

With his eyes full of hostility, Marcus let out a snicker. "To you, I'm no different from a dog." His words oozed with sarcasm.

However, I could tell he was upset when I caught sight of the emotions hidden at the bottom of his eyes. "Benjamin, I'm fine. Today is your birthday, and we shouldn't let this spoil the mood." I tried to introduce a note of levity so that Benjamin would go easy on his son.

Sally, too, tried to jolly Benjamin along. "That's right. After all, Letty is alright. Dinner is almost ready, so let's get in!"

Benjamin's expression softened as he cast his eyes at Ashton and me. "You and your wife are so thoughtful." Then, he invited us in. "Now, come on in! I bet you guys must be hungry already?"

I shook my head, smiling faintly. "No. I've been eating all day. Ashton has been feeding me up since I got pregnant. Hopefully, I won't become as fat as a pig the next time you see me."

"Haha!" Benjamin gave a hearty laugh. "You're such a cheeky young lady!"

"That's true," Sally concurred with his husband, "Letty is indeed lovable. That must be why she caught my dad's eye."

The tension in the atmosphere was reduced in a minute.

As the others entered the house, I turned around to check on Marcus, who was standing beside his dog. The man held a gloomy expression, and an air of desolation surrounded him.

In the living room, Sally was serving us tea.

Ashton took out the gift we prepared, handing it over to Benjamin. "I heard from Aunt Sally that you love collecting antique porcelain. I came across this at the Glenderg Auction and decided to bid it, thinking you might like it."

Benjamin brightened up the moment he saw the porcelain. "That's very caring of you. I've sent my men to look for it at the auction, but I was told that it was bid on by someone else. It turns out it was you." While carefully holding the porcelain, a smile gradually appeared on his face. "Thank you for the gift. I like it a lot."

Smiling pleasantly, Sally complimented, "Ashton has always like that. Now that he is going to become a father himself, he has learned to be more considerate toward others."

"Actually, I almost forgot to bring the gift. Luckily, Scarlett reminded me," Ashton said humbly.

I was slightly bewildered when he suddenly gave me credit. In fact, I had not the slightest idea that he had prepared a gift.

Benjamin handed the porcelain over to Sally. "Keep it in the display room. Be careful!" Then, he turned to face me. "I suppose the due date is around the corner. Have you gotten in contact with the hospital? Make sure you make all necessary arrangements before the delivery of the baby."

I nodded in response. "Yes, we've contacted the hospital. Ashton has had everything prepared."

Sally gave her husband a nudge. "Oh! Ben, put your mind at ease. Ashton and Letty know what they should do."

Soon, dinner was ready, and all of them took their seat in the dining hall. While the servants were serving the dishes, Sally tried to strike up a conversation with Marcus. "Marc, you're not young anymore. It is time for you to settle down and build a family. Are you dating anyone?"

However, her effort to engage Marcus in their conversation was in vain. With a cold expression, the latter replied impassively, "No." An awkward silence ensued in his curt reply.

As if she was used to his distant attitude, Sally laughed it off as if nothing untoward had happened. Benjamin, on the other hand, was displeased. He scoffed, "I wonder who would have their eyes on him. He is in no way husband material nor a good father."

"Well, well, now that is the pot calling the kettle black." Marcus sneered while asking rhetorically, "You think you're really a good father?"

In an instant, Benjamin's anger spiked. "You... How dare you!"

“That’s it! I believe Marc didn’t mean what he said. Don’t take it to heart.” Sally interrupted her husband. “Don’t ruin this wonderful atmosphere. Come, have a try at this wine from the Merlin Winery.” With that, she raised her wine glass to make a toast.

Observing their exchange from the sidelines, I must admit that Sally played a crucial role in the family. Although she had the potential of stirring up a fight between the father and son, likewise, she had a knack for defusing potentially explosive situations between them.

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Since I was pregnant and couldn’t consume alcohol, I raised my teacup and toasted Benjamin. “Benjamin, I wish you a happy birthday. May God bless you always!”

My words brought a smile to his face. “Thank you for your blessing. May God bless everyone! Cheers!”

Throughout the meal, except Marcus, who was apathetic as before, everyone greatly enjoyed themselves.

In the end, Benjamin was drunk, so Sally took him upstairs to rest in the bedroom. In the meantime, Ashton played chess with Marcus while waiting for the cake cutting session.

I had eaten a little too much just now, so I decided to take a walk in the yard. Ashton was attentive enough in asking a housemaid to accompany me.

The Whites’ villa had a huge yard, which was home to a diverse range of flora. I got tired after a while and decided to take a seat on a nearby granite bench.

Just then, the housemaid advised, “Mrs. Fuller, it’s rather cold outside in the evening. Why don’t we head to the pavilion? It’s more comfortable to rest there as it is equipped with a cushioned hammock.”

I nodded my agreement. Reclining in the hammock, as the housemaid suggested, it was indeed more comfortable. The oscillation of the hammock made me drowsy, but I was trying to take the edge off sleepiness.

Right then, I heard the housemaid's voice. "Mrs. Fuller, feel free to take a nap. Mr. Fuller asked me to look after you while you're asleep. Don't worry. We regularly put snake repellent in the yard."

I nodded blankly. "Thanks."

Ever since I got frightened by the snake last time, I didn't dare to stay long in the yard. Yet, I never expected Ashton would take notice of my fear.

As I cast my worries away, the soothing evening breeze slowly lulled me into a deep slumber.

When I woke up, I realized it was nighttime, and the pavilion was dimly lit. In my half-awake state, I saw a tall figure standing before me.

Thinking it was Ashton, I buried my head in the pillow, grumbling in a muffled voice, "Ashton, my back aches a lot. I think it must be a boy because he's so uncaring, like you." Experiencing mild stomach pain and cramps, I closed my eyes to rest.

Receiving no response from him, I requested, "Help me massage my leg. It hurts."

"Alright." He agreed and then laid his fingers on my leg.

It suddenly dawned on me that that voice was not of Ashton's.

The next moment, when I opened my eyes to see Marcus's face, I quickly retracted my legs to back away from his touch.

In a panic, I blurted out, "Mr. White, how... Why are you here?" I regretted my words the moment they emerged. What a stupid question I've asked. This is the White family's villa, of course, he could go wherever he wants!

Seeing my reaction, he retrieved his gaze from my leg while replying softly, "I'm out here taking a walk."

I gave a perfunctory nod. Having nothing to say to him, I rose to my feet and decided to leave.

Just then, he took a seat on the hammock. "Are you avoiding me? Am I that scary to you?" he asked casually.

I shook my head. "No."

He nodded and then uttered, "They have sent Snowball away. I apologize for Snowball's behavior, but it didn't mean to scare you."

It took me a second to understand that "Snowball" was referring to the mastiff. My lips twitched upon realizing that his black mastiff was named "Snowball". His brain sure works differently from normal people.

"I'm fine. I didn't blame it." Noticing he had gotten the blues, I paused for a while before I added, "You don't need to send Snowball away."

As long as he leashed the dog properly and made sure it wouldn't cause harm to others, he need not send it away.

Raising his brow, he sneered, "I have no say in this matter."

Sensing the resentment and a hint of sorrow in his voice, I felt sorry for him. "I'm sorry, I didn't..."

"Why are you apologizing?" He furrowed his brows. "I find you are in some way similar to Sally. Both of you know how to act pitiful and what to say to tug on a man's heartstrings." His words were rather rude and humiliating.

I got tired of standing, so I leaned against a nearby pillar. With my brows knotted, I fixed my gaze on him. "You need not direct your anger at me because I have no idea things would turn out this way. Even though your dog didn't mean it, it has indeed frightened me. After all, I've accepted your apology. It has nothing to do with me that Snowball was sent away. As you've said earlier, you have no say in this matter, neither do I."

I was not mad at him, but I felt displeased that he cast blame on me. Letting out a sigh, I continued, "It's not my place to meddle with your family affairs, but I must tell you that Aunt Sally didn't ruin your parent's marriage. You know better than anyone else that your parents' marriage was broken not because of Aunt Sally."

In fact, Benjamin had divorced Sharon way before he married Sally. It was Sharon who later regretted it, putting Sally into an awkward position. That woman wanted to ruin Benjamin's life when she saw the latter had already moved on, living a happier life than her.

"Huh," Marcus snorted. Narrowing his eyes, he shifted in the hammock, staring at me with a scornful smile. "It sounds to me that you know a lot about the Whites' family affairs."

"I know nothing, and I don't care about your family affairs," I replied curtly.

However, before I could leave, the man had grabbed hold of my arm. "In your eyes, having a second marriage is no big deal at all, huh? Are you prepared to remarry as well? What do you think about me? You can divorce your husband and marry me. I don't mind if you have a baby!"

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Hearing his flighty remarks, my face darkened in an instant. "I'm thankful that you don't mind being my baby's stepfather, but you're too good for a woman like me, as you've said, who doesn't treat their marriage seriously," I riposted, glaring at him.

I shouldn't waste my time on him. This man is way too unpredictable.

With that, I walked past him out of the pavilion and then briskly walked along the pond, heading toward the house.

I was annoyed when I heard his footsteps getting closer.

My anger was aroused the moment he laid his hand on my shoulder. Without a second thought, I turned around and shoved him away.

As a result of being caught off guard by the sudden force, he fell into the pond with a thud.

The yard light was the only illumination in the pitch-dark night. I tried to take a closer look, but I saw nothing but water ripples in the lake. I hit the panic button when it hit me that he was drowning. "Help! Someone is drowning!"

Then, I leaned on the edge of the pond, calling out his name. However, I received no response. Since I had no idea of the depth of the lake, thinking that he was drowned, I got too frightened that I broke into tears. "Somebody, help! Help!"

"Pfft!" All of a sudden, Marcus emerged from the water, wiping the water off his face. "Stop crying! I'm not dead yet!"

I was in a daze the whole while when he climbed out of the lake with his clothes soaking wet.

Looking at his composed manner, I realized he had frightened me on purpose. My chest heaved heavily while I was quivering in anger.

"Marcus White! You think this is funny?"

How could he scare a pregnant woman like that? My heart nearly leaped out of my chest!

Despite my anger, he was acting calm and relaxed. "It's cooler in the lake, so I decided to stay there a little longer."

His lame excuse further aroused my anger. Being overcome by fury, I once again pushed him into the lake. "Then you should stay in there forever!"

Thump!

"Scarlett Stovall! You..." He was flailing about in the water, but I decided to turn and leave.

That was when I saw Ashton's tall figure standing in the shadows. His expression was perfectly hidden in the darkness, but I sensed his aloofness.

I paused for a while before making my way toward him. "Has Sally sobered Benjamin up?"

He retrieved his icy gaze from Marcus as he answered, "Yes. He's feeling better now."

A moment later, Benjamin and Sally were seen coming out of the house. The former was displeased upon seeing Marcus climbing out of the pond. "How did you get in there? Couldn't you be more careful?" The reproach was clear in his voice.

Inexplicably, I felt pity for Marcus because of his father's attitude toward him. That poor guy never got any concern from his father.

I raised my head to face Benjamin. "Benjamin, I..."

"I accidentally fell into the lake." Before I could finish my words, Marcus interrupted me. With a defiant smile, he provoked his father, "Sorry to disappoint you, but I didn't drown."

As expected, Benjamin hit the roof. "You... You..." He stuttered while pointing at Marcus.

Sally quickly patted his back, trying to ease his breathing. Then, she turned to face Marcus. "Marc, you shouldn't make your father angry. It's cold outside. You better go get changed, or else you might catch a cold." With that, she helped her husband into the house.

Marcus sneered while looking at his father and stepmother's back figures. Then, giving Ashton a taunting sidelong glance as he walked past him, he stopped in front of me. "Stop crying. You're the one who pushed me into the lake, but now you're crying for me. Aren't you contradicting yourself?"

I couldn't help frowning as I found his words puzzling.

As Marcus's figure vanished from sight, I instinctively looked at Ashton to explain to him in case he misunderstood me. "I'm not crying for him! I'm crying because I was frightened."

Smiling gently, he tucked my hair behind my ears. "I know."

Luckily, the following hours passed uneventfully. It was already late at night, and I became sleepy by the time the cake-cutting session ended.

On the way of walking us to our car, Sally reminded us, "Stay at home for the next few days as your due date is near. It's your first time having a baby, so you guys should be more careful."

I nodded, taking her advice to heart. With that, we departed from the villa.

When the car came to a stop at a traffic light, he gave my pregnant belly a sidelong glance. "The baby is due within half a month. I've made all the necessary arrangements with the hospital."

Feeling sleepy, I nodded quietly, leaning against my seat to get some rest.

The car in front started moving when the light turned green. In my half-asleep state, I heard his deep voice that was tinged with discontentment. "Stay away from Marcus!"

"Huh?" My sleepiness was driven away by his words. "But why?" I asked.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eyes while slowly accelerated the car. "You're not willing to?"

I shook my head in denial. "No. I'm just curious, why are you asking me to stay away from him?"

Seeing him remaining silent, I gave a chortle. "Don't tell me you think Marcus would take a fancy to a pregnant woman."

"From where did you get that confidence?" he asked, furrowing his brows.

Raising my brow, I held my head high and flashed him a cheeky grin. "You gave me the confidence!" I couldn't help teasing him, thinking he was making a big deal of it. Ever since I got pregnant, I didn't even dare to look at my swollen limbs in the mirror. Ashton was definitely thinking too much because Marcus would never be attracted to me, a woman inflated like a balloon unless he had unusual tastes.

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Thus, Ashton was simply overthinking it.

When we finally arrived home, I was too tired to even get out of the car, so he carried me bridal style all the way into the bedroom.

In no time, I was soundly asleep.

...

The next day, I woke up to find the other side of the bed empty. When I tried to find my handphone, only did I realize that I've accidentally left it in the pavilion.

After washing up, I headed downstairs and was instantly greeted by Mrs. Eriksen, who was brought back to the house by Ashton. "Good morning! Your baby bump looks bigger! Well, I bet it's a baby boy."

I was amused. "We didn't check the baby's gender to keep it a surprise, so I can't tell right now."

Mrs. Eriksen pursed her lips upon hearing my words. Fixing her eyes on my belly, she insisted on her opinion, "Believe me, the baby must be a boy! Oh, I almost forgot! We've prepared some fish stew for you. The broth is rich and well-seasoned. Come, have a taste!" Both Mrs. Eriksen and Molly had prepared a tableful of dishes.

Having not seen Ashton anywhere, I asked, "Where is Ashton?" Has he gone to the office again?

"Mr. Ashton left the house early in the morning, but he said he would have lunch with you. I think he'll be back at any minute." Mrs. Eriksen replied while serving the fish stew and other dishes.

I knew Ashton was very busy lately, and I agreed with Cameron in saying he was an ambitious man. After all, his goal was never K City, but the global market. K City was only his stepping stone to take his company global by entering the Western European market.

The thought of this left me feeling deflated. Cameron was right. If Ashton chooses to be with Rebecca, he could've gotten more support and help in building his business empire.

Unlike me, who could be of little help to him. Even after I gave birth to the baby, I could no longer work in Fuller Corporation after that accident at HiTech and the problem with AC Credit. Thus, I could only work in another company.

"Cough..." As my mind wandered off, I swallowed a large piece of fish and had gotten the fishbone stuck in my throat. In an instinct, I made a few forceful coughs hoping to dislodge it but to no avail.

Mrs. Eriksen immediately fetched me a glass of water and then patted me on my back. "Oh no! You got a fishbone stuck in your throat! Are you alright?"

I tried to swallow hard, but the sharp pain in my throat instantly brought tears to my eyes.

Seeing this, Molly picked up the phone to call for help.

Right then, Ashton was back in time to see them in a panic state. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Holding my arms, Mrs. Eriksen answered, "Letty got a fishbone stuck in her throat!"

Ashton rushed to my aid. "Open your mouth!" he instructed.

I was grasping at straws, doing as he said. He lifted my chin with his hand, propping my mouth open with his fingers to examine my condition. Soon after that, he loosened his grip and then gave Molly an order. "Call Dr. Linnard over!"

Molly nodded as she trotted to the living room to grab the phone.

"Hmph!" Looking at me, Ashton snorted. "Why are you eating in a hurry? The food is all yours. I won't steal food from a pregnant woman."

I pouted at his words. Looking at him with a pitiful face, I said in a hoarse voice, "My throat hurts."

He stroked the bridge of his nose helplessly. "That will teach you a lesson. It will serve as a reminder to you to eat slowly next time."

My eyes reddened upon receiving a reprimand from him. I couldn't believe not only that he didn't try to console me, but he reprimanded me instead. "It was an accident!"

Letting out a sigh, Mrs. Eriksen tried to take the heat off me. "Mr. Ashton, I believe she has learned her mistake."

Ashton raised his eyebrow. Eventually, he decided to go easy on me.

It wasn't long before Dr. Linnard arrived. He managed to remove the fishbone from my throat in no time. "Fortunately, it was stuck in your pharynx. It's going to be disastrous if such a large fishbone caused any damage to other parts of your throat."

I was relieved when the fishbone was finally removed, but I had lost appetite for the fish stew.

Seeing my subtle act of pushing the fish stew aside, Ashton shook his head in amusement.

After Dr. Linnard left, he took a seat beside me and then handed me another bowl of fish stew. "Have some more of it."

"I'm not hungry!" With that, I beat a hasty retreat to the study upstairs.

Half an hour had passed when Ashton finally came to the study, bringing me dessert.

Seeing me flipping through a book absentmindedly, he brought a spoonful of dessert close to my mouth, asking, "Are you mad?"

Ignoring his question, I pursed my lips to shun away from the dessert, making it clear that there was no use cozying up to me.

Surprisingly, he was mild-tempered and patient, placing the dessert on the table before picking me up from the swinging chair in a bridal carry. He sat on an armchair, propping me on his thighs. Then, he took a folder out of the drawer, handing it over to me. "Take a look at this."

Pouting my lips, I rejected petulantly, "I don't want to."

"When have you become so childish?" He shook his head resignedly.

Rolling my eyes at him, I took the folder from him and opened it. I was stunned the moment I saw what was inside.

"What are you..." I was at a loss for words.

"These are all yours now." With a faint smile, he explained, "You have access to Fuller Corporation's net income with these credit cards. These are basically all my assets."

In my befuddled state, I flipped through the documents in the folder. It turned out they were all conveyance documents of properties and stores. "Why are all of them under my name?" I had no memories of purchasing all these properties.

"These are all of my properties in the country, and some of them are overseas. A few days ago, I instructed Joseph to transfer ownership to you."

"But why?" Why are you suddenly transferring their ownership rights to me?