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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1273

The moment those words left my lips, the nosy employees behind me started gossiping again.

“Assistant supervisor? Is Ms. Stovall being serious? Doesn’t that mean that Stella will get a pay raise? Is Ms. Stovall that kind-hearted?”

“Tsk, tsk. Dream on! Once Ms. Collins is transferred to the Logistics Department, she’ll never be able to come back to this floor. What hope does she have when she has to face a bunch of old and rough men each day?”

“I think that’s not too bad. As long as I can get a good pay, I don’t mind working with a bunch of ugly people every day.”

“Don’t be silly. Don’t you have any pursuit in life? Once she leaves, she’ll never get the chance to marry up.”

Brushing off these comments, I kept the smile on my face and stayed calm.

Many years later, Emery would recall that day’s incident and say, “At that time, when I saw the fake smile on your face, I finally understood that deep down, you’re as ruthless as Ashton.”

She was right. I indeed wanted to give Stella a hard time.

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The Logistics Department was on the lowest floor of Fuller Corporation and the furthest away from the president's office. If everything went smoothly, she would never be able to see Ashton again. Working in the same company without meeting each other was even more disheartening than kicking her out of the company. She would lose hope as she watched other women approach and seduce Ashton.

I suppressed my feelings and compassion. The only thing I wanted now was to let Stella reap what she had sown.

"It's up to you," Ashton answered without a second thought. "Leave once you get it done. There's no place for monkey business in the office." With that, he turned around and walked away.

Before long, his towering figure slipped into the president's office. Perhaps the conflict between us annoyed him.

Emery and I exchanged glances, and meaningful smiles spread across our faces. Soon, we redirected our gaze back to Stella, who was still in a daze.

"Ms. Collins, you heard him. Can you help me out now?" I raised my voice deliberately.

It was confirmed that Stella was going to be transferred to the logistics department.

Just like the way she addressed me as Ms. Stovall, my voice sounded cheerful as I glanced down at her triumphantly.

None of her colleagues dared plead for her. In the end, Emery and I took her to a small conference room on the lower floor.

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Previously, Emery was better at tormenting people, but now, I had become a self-taught expert.

“Ms. Collins, please head to the eighth floor and get the records of this year’s projects...”

“I forgot to tell you that I need the information about the investment plans in the coming year. Please go to the eighth floor again.”

“Is that all? How about going to the branch office and get our customers’ information? Ashton is one of the shareholders of Emery’s company, so it’s fine to share our resources with her. Come back within two hours, because we’re in a rush.”

Throughout the afternoon, I lost count of how many times I bossed Stella around, giving her no time to take a seat or rest.

As soon as the door closed, Emery could no longer hold back her laugh. “Look at you! You’re the new king of torture in K City. You’ve made a beautiful woman so miserable.”

“Thank you. And same to you! Now I know Ms. Moore has much compassion for others.” I made fun of her.

Emery poured two glasses of warm water and handed one to me. “Stop mocking me. The way you handled the matter today is rather brutal, but I like it. Good job!”

She froze for a second, pursing her lips. After drinking half a glass of water in one gulp, she stared into space and said, “Perhaps Hunter and I wouldn’t have ended up this way if I had staked my claim in our relationship earlier.”

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I rarely saw this side of her. She appeared so forlorn, like a traveler who was heading home alone at night, worn out and desolated. For a moment, I was at a loss for words.

Fortunately, Emery didn't dwell on her emotions. In the blink of an eye, the loneliness within her faded away, and she asked inquisitively, "When are you and Ashton going to stop pretending to be divorced? Luckily, I reacted fast enough just now. Otherwise, I would've slapped Ashton to teach him a lesson after seeing his attitude."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1274

"I don't know. Perhaps it has to go on for a little longer." I heaved a sigh, feeling dejected all of a sudden.

No couple would want to pretend to be enemies if they could show off their affection openly.

There would always be women around Ashton. Most of them might not have compatible family backgrounds or capabilities. But the possibility of an outstanding woman coming along one day was never zero. Once that happens, what should I do then?

The moment I finished speaking, I heard the sound of my phone buzzing in my pocket.

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I fished out my phone right away and saw that it was a video call from Ashton.

“Will you look at that, the big boss is checking on you now. I’ll give you guys some space,” Emery poked fun at me before she stood up and walked away.

It required connections with the influential and reputable people for Emery’s company to gain a foothold in the corporate world. However, her relationship with Zachary had always been lukewarm, so she asked for Ashton’s investment. That was also why he was present for the ribbon-cutting ceremony previously. Since then, Emery had always joked about herself working for Ashton.

Feeling helpless, I shook my head with a smile before picking up the phone.

“Why did you ignore me for so long? Are you still mad?” Ashton raised a brow and gave me a devilish grin.

“Are you feeling bad for her?” I teased.

“I’m just worried that you might be exhausted. You had to stay outside and didn’t get to rest the entire day. How are you feeling now? Is there any uneasiness?” Ashton chose not to banter with me. Listening to his gentle tone, I couldn’t bring myself to keep speaking sharply to him.

“No, I’m fine enough to get mad and mock people. Actually, I felt as if I’ve been reborn. I look nothing like a sickly person.” I bet there was no terminally ill patient who was as optimistic as me.

“Well, your happiness is more important than anything else.” He gazed at me. His expression was unusually solemn as he spoke.

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I knew he was genuinely concerned about me, yet his gaze made me felt like he was seeing through me at my soon-to-be-dead face.

All the terminally ill patients had one thing in common. We loved making jokes about death, but when it struck us that death was actually on our way, we lied to ourselves and refused to accept it.

“Of course I’m happy, but that might not be the case for you, since you won’t be getting those lunchboxes made with love anymore.” I changed the subject, avoiding talking about death.

“What lunchbox are you talking about?” Ashton seemed puzzled.

“Huh?” I narrowed my eyes and stared intently at him. “Are you trying to play the fool? Stella sends you a lunchbox every day. Didn’t you eat it?”

The entire company knew about it. So how could it be fake?

“When did she send it?” His expression looked innocent as if he was completely clueless about it.

“Whatever.” It seems that I did it again... getting jealous after hearing some baseless rumor. In fact, Ashton had never seen any lunchbox all this while. Yet, the rumor about him and Stella still spread like wildfire. This showed that she was quite the scheming woman.

Ashton, however, wasn’t going to let it slide. Keeping the conversation going, he said, “By the way, it’s been a long while since I last had your cooking. I really miss it.”

“What?” I was engrossed in my own thoughts that I didn’t hear him. A few seconds later, I finally recollected myself. Is he trying to hint at me to prepare a

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lunchbox with love for him? With that thought, I teased him intentionally. “Oh, I don’t do lunchboxes.”

Disappointed, the gleam in his eyes became dimmer as he stared helplessly and dejectedly at the phone screen.

“But... it’s the weekend tomorrow. If you’re coming to see the babies at the Stovall residence, I don’t mind cooking for you.”

“Haha... Okay, see you tomorrow night, then.” Ashton chuckled. His mood was already lifted as he hung up the phone.

I found that it was rather easy to console him. Like a cat, I only needed to stroke his head a few times, and he would be tamed right away.

Long after I ended the call, Emery came back in. When she saw that I wasn’t on the phone with Ashton anymore, she walked over to my side, took her bag, and was about to leave.

“Something came up in my office, so I have to go over there now. Do you want to come with me?”

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