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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1291

“Nothing much. I was just putting on an act for you. You’re the mother of Ashton’s kid and the only goddaughter of Uncle Louis. No one should humiliate you in front of so many people. Since the Ziegler family wanted to make you lose face, firing an ordinary staff is not enough of a punishment for them.”

So I guess the fainted man who was brought out of the room was the guy who splashed wine on me...

Ashton and John had a very simple intention; they just wanted the Ziegler family to know that even though Ashton and I had divorced, they were still not allowed to humiliate me.

Actually, I had gotten back at them, but Thora’s subordinate was too reckless, causing Ashton to be infuriated. Hence, he took the matter into his own hands and made them pay. I sighed. They made me feel so useless.

Despite his nonchalant expression, I still could not forget the scenario I had seen in the garden. He confronted more than ten people, including Ashton, all by himself. Needless to say, it must have been a tough fight. Although he had achieved what he wanted in the end, the fact that he had risked his life for me was undeniable.

In this world, no one should risk their life for the others.

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"I know you're doing it for my own good, but please let me handle it by myself. Whether it's you or Ashton, you should take care of yourself well. You can't look after me forever; you need to think about yourself as well."

John was still as laid back as ever. "Who says I can't look after you forever? Almost half of our life has passed. I don't mind taking care of you for a couple more decades."

I sighed. "That's not the point. What are you going to do with Emma? I don't know why you're treating her like that. Is it a method to test if she would leave? Or is it for other purposes? No matter what it is, I think you should stop."

Hearing this, the smile on his face froze. He looked down at his feet and frowned.

"John..." Seeing him being like this made me sad. "Emma is not Hannah. She has never thought of leaving you. Why can't you have the courage to admit that you love her? Do you still remember the time when you came to me and talked about Hannah? Have you forgotten the heartache that you endured? Even though Hannah is a good woman, she never planned to spend the rest of her life with you. As for Emma, although she has her own issues, she loves you, John. And she's the one who is going to be your wife for the rest of your life. Do you think it's okay to treat her like that?"

He remained silent and narrowed his eyes slightly. I wasn't sure if he was thinking over my advice.

After a long pause, he looked up at me and smiled wryly. "I know what to do. Don't worry. I know what I want with my life. It's getting late. I should call the nurse to give you the injection and let you go to bed early."

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With that, he stepped past me and went downstairs without waiting for my reply.

Looking at him leaving, I felt a sudden pang of sorrow.

John had so many worries that held him back, and I could not deny the fact that the root cause was somehow related to me.

After the nurse left, I called Holden.

“Hello there, Scarlett. You’ve called at just the right moment. I was just about to call and thank you for helping me out with the communication base station. I know you would never call me for no reason, so tell me what you need from me, and I’ll do everything I can for you.” Holden was exceptionally enthusiastic that day. I reckoned that he had probably gained a substantial amount of profit from his cooperation with White Corporation.

Since he had pointed out my intention, I might as well skip the pleasantries and cut to the chase. “I know your social circle is bigger than mine, so I need your help to find someone.”

On the next day, I went to the office and asked Brooklyn to hire a personal assistant for me.

Since the law firm belonged to the reputable Stovall Corporation, we had received more than a dozen of applications by that very afternoon. I interviewed all of them myself and hired an overseas female professor. There was once a joke on the internet that said that humans were categorized into three types of people, that was male, female, and female professors. It was meant to tease those women who had better leadership skills and were more outstanding than the men.

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Although some may find it offensive, I could somehow understand why the joke was made after spending a week with my new personal assistant, Millie. She was incredible in everything; there was nothing she was not capable of. In fact, even Brooklyn was impressed by her. Hiring her was indeed a correct decision as she saved me from a lot of trouble.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1292

After the banquet that night, Ashton seldom contacted me anymore. I knew this must mean that he was getting closer to his goal.

One night, I was staying at home as usual.

As I came out of the bathroom, I habitually went to the single-seater sofa near the balcony to scroll through social media. As soon as I picked up my phone, I noticed a shadow on the ground, moving toward me quietly.

Sensing danger, I kept my guard up instantly and mentally prepared myself for an attack.

Right then, a figure suddenly broke in through the window and charged toward the person beside me. When I turned around and looked at the commotion, I realized that it was Miller in a camo getup fighting with Ashton.

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With his towering height and self-defense martial arts skills, Ashton should have been able to overpower Millie easily, but her attacks were equally swift and brutal. After a few blows, he still had not gained the upper hand and even had an obvious shoe print on his custom-made suit.

Seeing that Ashton was not an easy opponent to deal with, Millie suddenly knelt down and rolled sideways before lunging at Ashton with the dagger that was strapped to her leg.

He was forced to retreat a few steps back while Millie continued to attack him before leaping up and aiming her sharp dagger at Ashton's neck.

"Stop, Millie!" I shouted immediately.

She stopped in her tracks instantly. Ashton grabbed the opportunity to snatch away the weapon in her hand, threw her over his shoulder, and pinned her on the ground.

Silence filled the bedroom as he pressed the knife against her throat.

Worried that he might kill her, I quickly clarified, "She works for me."

Ashton glanced at me for a second before lowering his gaze and spoke in a hushed tone. "Next time, remember to take down your opponents in one hit before deciding if you should let them live. If it weren't for Scarlett, your life would be gone a second ago."

Millie frowned and refused to admit defeat. "Same goes to you. If it weren't for Ms. Stovall, you might not dodge my knife either."

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She had always been like this; diligent and quiet. But whenever she spoke, she would catch everyone by surprise.

“Can you guys talk with each other peacefully without the knife?” I asked. It was quite worrisome to see the knife as they talked.

Hearing my words, Ashton pondered for a while before releasing his grip on Millie and stepped away. The moment he took away the knife, Millie sprang to her feet as well.

“It’s a good dagger, but you’re lacking the skills to wield it properly.” He tossed back the knife to her as a hint of annoyance flashed in his eyes.

“If you’re not happy that you didn’t win against me, let’s fight again and quit the snarky act,” she retorted, not afraid to get on his bad side at all.

Ashton shot her a cold look, and the tension in the air was ramped up again.

I rolled my eyes and decided to distract their attention. I sat down on the couch and moaned in pain. “Ouch!”

Ashton immediately came over and embraced me. “Have you gotten the injection today?”

As soon he finished speaking, I threw my arms around his neck and grinned. “Hehe. Don’t be angry, Ashton. It’s my fault. I should have told Millie about our relationship earlier. That’s why she thought you’re going to harm me and attacked you just now. Can you forgive her for me?”

I bit my lip and looked at him with an innocuous expression, acting cute.

Ashton scowled and shook his head as if he was unhappy with my act.

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Taking a deep breath, I decided to throw my dignity away. I held his face abruptly and left a tender kiss on his forehead. "Please don't be angry anymore. Pretty please with a cherry on top?"

A smile slowly spread across his face at that before turning into a full grin, lighting up his dashing face.

Now that he had smiled, it meant that the matter was resolved. Ashton was actually quite particular about hygiene and cleanliness. Moreover, the suit that was stained by Millie just now was one of his favorite custom-made suits. Thus, if I did not please him enough, he would not have let it slide.

After the situation got under control, Millie chimed in, "I was forced to look at your public display of affection. Ms. Stovall, you should pay me for it. I'll consider it as my overtime pay."

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