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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1133

Ever since we had accepted each other, Ashton had only become more thick-skinned.

He deftly intercepted my missile and started twirling it between his fingers like a toy. The insouciant man did not appear to be threatened by me and continued in his roguish tone, "The contract only stated that we need give them first consideration, and not necessarily to work with them. If a better offer comes along and GW's development ideals does not align with Fuller Corporation's, we could easily cook up an excuse and blow them off with it. What's there to be concerned about?"

"So you're pulling a fast one on them?" I was quite astonished.

As the reality in business was ever changing, it would be necessary to be adaptive should one wish to take it by the reins. I had seen Ashton being swift and decisive, and also seen him lay low. Witnessing him throwing fits and playing punk with a large investment group was something new.

"Whoever said that the boss of a listed company couldn't do that?" Ashton said as he carefully helped me up and led me outside, as though I had really conceived. "Don't be fooled into thinking that GW are upstanding people just because they gave up three percent to us. The truth of the matter is, the shares of the company is a battleground for control. I could still manage if I let out fifteen percent. But if I were to relinquish another five, I'd be looking over my shoulder wondering when GW might knock me off my perch. I'm extremely

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cautious when it came to the stock numbers. Hence, GW's the real hooligan here. By offering them my verbal assurances, I've already shown them ample respect."

That got me thinking. Though I was not able to fully grasp the implications of this, I found myself somewhat in agreement with him. The expression that Sean ultimately showed us was indeed no different from that of a thug. Sooner or later, we might likely find ourselves on the losing end should we choose to deal with someone like that.

I had reached the lobby without realizing it and had no idea when Stella had started following behind. She took the initiative to move ahead and hold the elevator for me.

With little else to concern myself with since the issue with GW was now concluded, I heeded Ashton's words and made my way home first.

Stella rode shotgun with the chauffeur in front while I occupied the backseat on my own. Even though my relationship with her had been decent before, neither of us tried to converse with the other en-route the whole way home.

I was not sure whether it was owing to my awareness of her feelings for Ashton, or out of a sense of guilt for rejecting her application for promotion previously, I do not feel the need to go out of my way to act friendly with her.

So it was said that a woman's intuition was kind of a scary thing. You would never know when it came and went, but once it showed up, it would lead you by the nose and would not let up.

I could tell that Stella was not a happy camper through the rear-view mirror. She was a little down, probably because she just went from being a working

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professional to a nanny-like attendant. The abrupt change in mindset might take some time to adjust to.

Soon, we were home.

Before the chauffeur even stopped the car, I was able to see Emery's car parked by the side of the road from a distance.

Our eyes met as we alighted about the same time as she did.

"Back in from the hospital?" Emery had an arm around me as we walked toward the inside. She noticed that Stella was following close behind. "Who's this? Did Ashton find you a new nurse?"

Even if it was unintended, that came across as quite vicious. Stella might have only been a receptionist before, but she was now Ashton's assistant. For the assistant to a general manager of a listed company to be described as a mere nurse, even I would not have been happy about it.

I felt bad and did not dare to look at Stella's expression. Then, I patiently explained to Emery, "No, that's Ashton's assistant. He's concerned whether I might need help with certain things ahead of my pregnancy, so he assigned her to assist me temporarily. She would be returning to the company eventually."

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“I see.” Emery did not much care to know and quickly moved on. “I’ve been thinking lately that perhaps I should purchase the villa next to my place and gift it to Hunter’s parents. What do you think?”

I goaded her in good humor. “Is the five-hundred square-foot home of yours not spacious enough for the five of you?”

We arrived at the living room as we chatted. I saw that Stella was standing by the door, not quite sure what to do with herself. “You don’t have keep staying with me. Since we’re at home, do make yourself comfortable. If you’re bored, you could take a look around and familiarize yourself with the environment.”

The corner of Stella’s lips perked up gratefully before she went through the nearest side door and toward the garden.

Emery paused and cast her eyes inquisitively in the direction of the woman’s footsteps. “Ashton’s such a pervert. He couldn’t resist the advances of his assistant, so he sends her here to let you clean up after him?”

I laughed when I recalled how Ashton thought I might have fancied Stella, and collected myself before I waved her off. “You’re overthinking this.”

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“It’s you who’s not thinking hard enough about it.” Emery sounded somewhat perturbed. “Ashton might be considered the reliable sort, but I bet that there are plenty of girls who would be drawn to that handsome face of his. You won’t always be young, so it’s imperative that you be more attentive.”

Nonetheless, I took this in my stride. She looked sideways at me, quite exasperated before the admission material on the table caught her eye. She picked it up and casually flipped through it. “Are you preparing for another admissions test? Why are you wasting your time on this?”

“How could this be considered a waste of time?” I replied with a smile. “After all, I’m a shareholder at Fuller Corporation. It seems a little embarrassing to show others my current academic credentials. Besides, I intend to try for the bar examination afterward. With Ashton forbidding me from any involvement with the company, surely I have to find something else to do.”

She placed down the book. “Then, why don’t you go straight for the bar examination?”

“Can I do that?” That was something that did not occur to me before. “Why not?” Emery said candidly. “Even if you managed to get yourself into graduate school, whatever you learn from books would have little practical use. I’d say you might as well go straight for the bar examination. With a few years of experience under your belt and connections through the Moore family and Fuller Corporation, you’d be starting your own practice in no time.”

I was not that fixated on whether I would be able to start my own thing, but Emery’s analysis did align with my own interests.

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Going for the admission test was something that I always wanted to do. Perhaps it had been an oversight on my part that I could pass it up and go straight for the bar examination.

Why complicate matters when it would all lead to the same outcome?

After careful deliberation, Emery and myself signed up for the closest available date for the bar examination online right there and then.

Once this was done, Emery stretched herself and started looking around for Summer. "Where's Summer? I haven't seen her since I've been here."

"She might be playing in the rear house with Mrs. Eriksen." Summer could withstand the cold fairly well for someone of her age, and would engage in snowball fights ever so often. With the snow in K City yet to start melting, she must have dragged Mrs. Eriksen off to build snowmen again.

With that, Emery and myself linked arms and made our way to the rear house.

We barely stepped onto the gravel path when Summer's laughter filled the air. That did much to uplift my mood.

When I got closer, I saw that her petite hands were reddened from the cold. There was still a half-formed snowball inside her grasp which she threw across the way.

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