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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1135

I thought she was with Mrs. Eriksen, but when I turned around, it was Stella.

The seemingly frail girl did not seem to mind the weather as she engaged Summer. Not a single hit registered on her, but it was obvious she was not going hard at her opponent at all.

Mrs. Eriksen was smiling as she stood by the side with their coats.

I had not noticed the change in Emery's expression. Relinquishing my hand, I went over and stooped down in front of Summer, then pretended to chide her angrily. "Why have you come out to play when it's so cold?"

Summer pouted, seemingly a little unhappy. However, she wisely loosened her grip on the snowball in her own hand, allowing it to fall upon the ground and shatter to dust.

Mrs. Eriksen hurried over to help her into her coat. "It's all my fault for failing to look after Ms. Summer."

At this moment, Stella suddenly decided to chime in. "I guess this must be Summer. She's really adorable."

I lifted my head to see that the woman was all smiles and full of tenderness for Summer. The discomfort she had from before seemed to have vanished completely.

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I ought to be impressed by such adaptability, yet all I felt was displeasure and it showed on my face. A rather patronizing thank you was all that I could muster.

Summer had a perceptiveness that belied her age. She raised her head in pride as she knew Stella was praising her. "I like Ms. Collins, Mommy. Could she play with me next time?"

Stella got in ahead of me. "I could do that. As I'm your mother's home care aide, we'll be able to see each other quite often."

"Oh yeah! There's someone who can play with me!" While the girl bounced up and down like a little monkey, my own sentiments could only be described as one of ambivalence.

As I expected to be busy preparing for the bar examinations, I would not have as much time to spend with Summer. Despite that, I could not help but feel a little jealous allowing Stella to get close to my own daughter.

Any mother would understand how possessive they could be of their own children. No one would want to share them with other women.

Emery was not the type to hold back on anyone, so regardless of how Summer might have felt about it, she barked sternly at Stella. "A home care aide, huh. Since Ashton's paying you so well, you ought to earn your paycheck. Now, go on and get Scarlett and myself two glasses of warm milk, and head out to buy the latest materials for the bar examination. Make sure you're back within the hour as we've other tasks for you."

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Though the villa was in the suburbs and not that far from the city center, a round trip would take close to forty minutes. Taking into account the time needed to make the purchases, an hour's time was considerably tight.

Stella's expression stiffened, but she dared not protest in the face of Emery's overwhelming presence. The woman merely nodded timidly. "Understood. I'll get right to it."

With that, Stella made her way out in double quick time.

It was hard for me to see her in such harried form. "Hire a ride, and remember to get the receipt so that you may claim for your expenses when you get back."

Stella stopped and turned around. She nodded in gratitude. "Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

Then, she departed without looking back.

Emery rolled her eyes and snorted at the choices of a person like me who was too nice for her taste.

My eyes brows perked up and I pretended that I did not see that.

Once I had Summer settled in, I went on to the study with Emery. I bought a bunch of study material for the admission. In spite of the change in direction, there was still some amongst them that could prove useful.

Emery sat at the chair, drinking her milk. She observed as I categorized my books and started harping on it again.

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"I'm curious as to how you manage to remain so calm when she's that close to shitting all over you, Scarlett?"

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I did not like the way she put it. "It isn't that serious. She just praised Summer a little. The kid probably won't remember it after she wakes up."

"Seems to me that you're a real simpleton." Emery sneered. "What's her name, Stella? Have you seen how she looked at the two of you before? She wears a different face in front of Summer and yourself. This is the sort of people who are the worst. I would advise that you not let her into the main house and just leave her somewhere else."

"There's no need for you to treat her like this. No matter what, she's Ashton's." There was not much I could do about Emery's temperament. She could be quite harsh when it came to people she did not like.

Ashton was no fool. He would not have sent Stella to me if there was a possibility that she might do me harm.

On top of that, there could be many more women like Stella who would become besotted with Ashton's charms. If I were to go pick on each and every one of them, I would only wind up with a reputation as a green-eyed monster and become worn out for my troubles.

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Emery was sorely disappointed to hear that and glared at me in disbelief. “She’s Ashton’s? Who do you say is Ashton’s? Only you, Scarlett Stovall, the proper wife of Ashton Fuller, is Ashton’s. The reverse is true that Ashton is yours. Since you are the one he married, you have earned the right to fix this little vixen on his behalf. What’s holding you back? Do you need me to remind you of what happened back then with Rachel Zimmer?”

I paused with book in hand, positively dumbstruck.

Stella was nothing compared to Rachel. If even someone as ravishing and capable as Rachel could not cause Ashton to waver, I was sure Stella would not be able to turn my world upside down.

I was about to state my case when Mrs. Eriksen knocked upon the door.

“We’ve a visitor for you, Mrs. Fuller.” “Understood. Please attend to them first. We’ll be right there shortly.”

The arrival of this guest was timely, as Emery wisely refrained from pressing further. She gave me a hand in completing my sorting before we made our way downstairs together.

Even though it was past the festive season, we still had the occasional relative who we had not been in contact with in a while, a business associate, or friends both close or distant drop in on us. When I got to the stairs, I saw that the guest was in formal wear, seated with his back to me. The man with a head of fair hair was foreign, and he looked rather familiar from the rear. It was as though I had seen him somewhere before.

I made my way around to the front of the couch upon reaching the living room to find that we were indeed acquainted. “Mr. Blondell?”

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It was just this morning that Ashton turned down GW Group's offer at the office. There was obviously a motive behind his presence here.

We exchanged pleasantries before all of us sat ourselves down. Sean appeared to be as chatty as he was before, but the subject never seemed to deviate far from myself, my relationship with Ashton, and how I miscarried two of my children. To show up in such an untimely fashion and asking about such things had the observing Emery quietly seething by the sidelines.

"... It was not easy to come by, the relationship between Mr. Fuller and yourself. It makes me kind of envious, really. But since it's all in the past, Life still has to go on. Wouldn't you agree, Mrs. Fuller?" Sean's tone switched gears and suddenly appeared to be very motivational, almost like that of a preacher's.

I nodded in acknowledgement. "Thank you, Mr. Blondell, for your concern. We've already moved past that, and are no longer mired in grief."

Sean nodded as though he absolutely concurred. He then seemed to remember something as he produced a name-card from the inside of his suit jacket and slid it across the coffee table and in front of me.

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