# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1257 - 1258

This seemed to strike a chord with Emma. She remained in silent contemplation for the entire duration of our elevator ride.

"Hey Emma, we're here." She jolted from her thoughts at my gentle reminder, and she left the elevator in a jog.

"Thanks for the reminder. I almost got caught between the doors." Emma patted her chest in relief before she suggested, "Since we haven't been out in a while, shall we go shopping? We can visit the mall."

I remembered Summer's pleas for some new stationery, and I agreed. Women were born shopaholics. The impulse to shop sustained itself on the never-ending introduction of newer products to the market.

I had initially planned on visiting the kids' section, but Emma had different ideas. She dragged me into a luxury goods store once we reached the mall. She tried on no fewer than ten outfits but wasn't impressed by any of them.

"This set looks good. John would like it." Bored, I decided to tease her a little.

"I didn't say I was wearing this for him." Her lips had hardened into a flat line, but she was obviously checking herself out in the mirror. I could tell from her eyes that she was imagining John's amazement at her appearance.

Women will always doll themselves up for men that they love. I guess this saying holds even now.

I smiled to myself but didn't call her out on her behavior. I walked to the men's section.

Ashton was now in the upper echelons of K City society, but his stylists couldn't keep up with his image requirements. They always dressed him in formal suits. While his build and features could easily carry off such a get-up, it made him seem stiff and unapproachable.

I took a turn around the men's section but nothing caught my eye. Just as I was thinking about hiring a dedicated fashion designer for Ashton, I spied an impressive sample display in the distance. I picked up my pace as I walked toward the display in excitement.

Just then, the phone in my purse began ringing. I stopped as I rummaged for my phone. The number seemed familiar, but I couldn't recall who the caller was at that very moment.

When I lifted my head again, I saw an elegant-looking lady summoning a salesperson to help her pack up the outfit I had had my eyes on.

Oh well, I guess I was just a bit too late.

I answered the call in a fit of impatience. "Hello, who is this?"

"Ms. Stovall, it's me." Zander's Koandrian accent gave his identity away.

His call reminded me of the apprenticeship. "I'm sorry I haven't called you back. I've been busy lately, so I forgot all about the apprenticeship."

"That's ok. I'm calling you now to remind you about it. I hope you didn't forget how I made a grand promise to my superiors to keep a precious talent in our

apprenticeship program. They even agreed to keep your slot even though you would be going on maternity leave. Please don't tell me you're backing out now?"

I could tell that his goodwill was a front for his urgent hope of my confirmation.

Since becoming a lawyer was my lifelong dream, I chose not to call him out on his attitude. I confirmed my participation as well as the reporting time and date for my apprenticeship.

After I hung up, I thought back to the outfit I had seen, feeling a tinge of regret at the missed opportunity.

I walked toward the cashier in a poor mood, curious about the person who had snagged such a great outfit.

When I saw the couple paying for the outfit, though, my heart sank.

Emma had just come over as well, and her eyes followed my gaze. "What are you looking at?"

When she saw them, her reaction was stronger than mine. She took in a few deep breaths to calm herself down.

Our eyes followed Hunter in utter disbelief as he entered the elevator, holding hands with a mysterious lady as he held a large shopping bag in his other hand.

Under our watchful gaze, it seemed that Hunter felt a twinge of guilt at his actions. By chance, he glanced in our direction and met our stares.

Awkwardness flashed across his features before the elevator doors closed.

"Letty, please pinch me and wake me up from this nightmare. I must be seeing things, right?" Emma's jaw had dropped at the scene.

I frowned, my emotions a chaotic mess.

Emery and Hunter's relationship had always been the envy of many. Emma herself was always going on and on about Hunter's penchant for romance and humor. What we had seen today was a huge blow to her fantasies.

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Maybe I should be reflecting on my taste in clothes. If Ashton's wearing the same suit as Hunter, might we be in a similar situation ourselves?

I had always thought that keeping secrets from someone was nowhere near as difficult as pretending nothing was wrong in front of them.

Emery's attention had been consumed by Audrey and Gregory these few days. She brought Xavier along with her on her daily visits, and she typically spent an entire day at our house. Before Emma and I had even left the mall, we were bombarded by a slew of WhatsApp messages from her, urging us to go back.

Emma and I were terrible liars. We exchanged looks and prepared to stay out until it was late.

We had only just settled down in a cafe when Hunter showed up.

He found us easily thanks to his towering height. He then started walking toward us.

Emma gave up her seat and sat on a chair directly next to mine.

The cheating men that I had encountered in the past typically behaved in a stiff, panicky, or furious manner. I had never seen one as calm as Hunter.

He sat opposite us, exuding the confident and cultured charm of a university professor. His courteous exchange with the waiter almost made our meeting seem like a casual get-together rather than a damage control session for our awkward encounter.

I guess we were all fooled by his polite manners.

Once the coffee was served, Hunter looked at the cup for a moment before lifting his gaze to us. Upon seeing my impatient gaze, he spoke sheepishly. "You saw everything just now."

We didn't ask any questions.

Hunter sighed before taking a sip of his coffee. He stared directly at me and said, "I'll talk to Emery about this, so I hope you won't intervene."

"When are you going to tell her?" I asked calmly.

He took a deep breath and adjusted his glasses. He answered resignedly, "Soon."

"Good. I hope you keep your promise, Professor Zane, or you'll lose whatever little respect we have for you."

He had pushed his glasses up his nose bridge countless times in the past, but the action merely disgusted me now. I placed a few bills on the table to cover the cost of our drinks and left with Emma.

On the way home, my emotions were in turmoil.

From what I could see, I couldn't understand how that woman was better than Emery. Yet this had happened.

Maybe in the world of the literati, love is but a cheap commodity to be discarded once it has run its course.

We reached home at about seven at night. We thought Emery had left, but there was a hubbub in the living room when we walked in. Louis was here.

"Mommy, let's eat dinner!" Summer ran toward me and dragged me toward the dining room.

I exchanged a look with Emma before we sat down at the dining table.

Emery happened to be seated on my other side. She nudged my elbow gently and asked, "Where did you two go? You didn't reply to my WhatsApp messages either. Was there an emergency?"

"I'll tell you about it later." I glossed over her question, pretending I couldn't talk about it openly in front of the others.

Emery had always been an easygoing person to begin with, so she dropped the topic good-naturedly.

Clink!

Louis suddenly tapped on his wineglass with a fork, catching our attention.

"The incident this time has taught me many valuable lessons!" Louis was the picture of a natural leader as he raised his voice before continuing, "Most importantly, I've learned that steering clear of others doesn't necessarily mean that you'll remain unscathed. I've always been proud of my morals, yet I never expected to be a victim of sabotage, let alone dragging my own grandchildren into this mess. I've disappointed my own family and the Stovall name."

He shot me a regretful look before he continued in better spirits, "From this day on, I promise not to put my family in harm's way again. I vow to spend the rest of my days getting rid of Ezra's syndicate!"

On the first day of my apprenticeship, John insisted on sending me to the office.