In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1265 - 1266

Hunter and Emery seemed like the picture-perfect couple, much to the envy of others around them. However, the more Hunter smiled, the more I found it fake and off-putting. I finally understood why Emma decided against attending the ceremony. After having known the truth about Hunter, there was no way she would have been able to feign ignorance in front of him.

Meanwhile, Hunter was being the perfect gentleman. Ever so charismatic and impeccably dressed, even the female reporters couldn't help but steal glances at him.

"Alright, since everyone's here, we can begin the ribbon-cutting ceremony! Let's... "

"Wait!" Emery interrupted before the emcee could go on. "We're still waiting for someone."

The words had only just left her mouth when she spotted a familiar face in the crowd and waved eagerly at him.

Everyone followed her gaze till their eyes landed on Ashton, who was looking as cool as a cucumber.

He swiftly made his way toward them and stood beside Hunter. The ribbon-cutting ceremony went on as scheduled to roaring applause.

While the reporters were busy taking photos, Emery gently elbowed me to get my attention. "So, what about it?" she whispered, a polite smile still plastered on her face.

"What about what?" I replied in confusion.

"I'm talking about Ashton." Emery sighed as she rolled her eyes. "You should take this chance to talk to him. You've gotten your kid back, so why not just restore your marriage?"

Oh, so that's what she's trying to get at.

I had almost forgotten that other than the Stovall family, no one else knew that Ashton and I had faked our divorce. Still, it warmed my heart to see Emery being so concerned about me, even on such an important day.

A sudden wave of guilt washed over me. I knew that sooner or later, I would have to find an opportunity to tell her the truth.

I was still mulling over it when the ceremony ended. Emery left to entertain the reporters as she showed them around the office. As a member of the Moore family and a prominent figure in the business world, it was doubly important that her business got good coverage to increase her brand exposure.

As the guests and reporters gradually made their way into the office, a woman emerged from the crowd and gracefully made her way toward Emery and Hunter.

I held my breath as soon as I recognized her. She was the woman whom I had seen with Hunter the other day. Who exactly is she?

"Hello, Mrs. Zane, I'm Delilah. I'm here on behalf of our Economic Society to congratulate Professor Zane and yourself." There was a charming lilt to her voice as she handed a gift to Emery.

Unbeknownst to others, I could see the deviousness behind that fake, innocent smile of Delilah's. I had seen the same expression far too often on Rebecca, and the memories that flooded back only irked me even more.

I had a sudden urge to step in and protect Emery from this vile woman, but before I could make any move, a hand shot out from behind to stop me. When I turned around and came face to face with Ashton, he shook his head lightly to remind me not to do anything rash.

Even though I wasn't sure what his intentions were, I nodded back to indicate my understanding. Ashton seemed a lot more relieved after that and stepped away.

Emery accepted the gift from Delilah happily before handing it to Hunter. "Thank you, Delilah. Please, do come in."

It was then when I saw the crack in Hunter's calm demeanor. Panic and embarrassment were written all over his face as if he had been found guilty of something. He frowned and stood quietly between the two women.

Delilah was a smart woman who knew better than to air dirty laundry in public. She still had on a megawatt smile as she accepted Emery's invitation and followed the crowd into the office. Owing to the power and status of the Moore family, many reporters had shown up at the ribbon-cutting ceremony. The crowd was so large that I could only stay with Emery most of the time.

Unfortunately, that also meant I had to be with Hunter.

Even though Hunter and I were distracted, Emery remained friendly and professional the entire time. Whether it was reporters or friends, she entertained them all with a natural flair and charisma.

Her being oblivious to the ugly truth about Hunter made me feel even worse. I hated to see her being kept in the dark and betrayed by the person she loved so dearly. But I was also worried that she wouldn't be able to handle the truth.

When the ceremony finally came to an end, Emery made her way downstairs to see her guests off, leaving Hunter and me behind at the reception area.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1266

Hunter tugged at his tie when he saw Emery walk into the elevator. His anxiety was even more palpable now.

"Did you invite her here?" I asked solemnly.

Hunter glanced at me but remained silent, his expression even more somber now.

I had had enough of his aloofness and could no longer control the rage that had been boiling inside me. "I knew you were good at teaching, but now I know you're even better at breaking promises." The words came out of my mouth dripping with sarcasm.

Hunter continued to stay silent, though his face had turned red with anger.

"Emery is my best friend, and I hope you don't forget what you've said before, Mr. Zane. I don't wish to see a repeat of what happened today."

I knew firsthand how humiliating it was to be provoked by homewreckers. I couldn't stand aside and let Hunter and Delilah play Emery like a fool.

My words had pushed Hunter over the edge, and he was about to object when the elevator doors opened. Emery lifted her gown and walked out, still as graceful as ever.

Hunter had no choice but to bite his tongue. To prevent Emery from noticing the rage in my eyes, I lowered my head and looked away from her.

The combination of exhaustion and the fact that her guests were long gone meant that Emery no longer needed to keep a smile on her face. "What have you been talking about?" she asked wearily.

"Nothing much," Hunter said as he walked up to hold her hand. "It's been a long day. Why don't we head home early to rest? The staff can clean up the rest."

"Alright, as you wish. Let's send Scarlett home first," Emery replied with a grin.

I dreaded the prospect of being in the same car as them, especially after the tension between Hunter and me. "No need, our family chauffeur is waiting outside. You guys can go on ahead," I politely declined.

With that, they bade farewell to me and took their leave.

Seeing their retreating figures, I couldn't help but let out a deep sigh.

They're perfect for each other, so why did Hunter still go astray despite having such a happy family?

"If you stare anymore, she's going to know something's up."

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Ashton showed up so suddenly that it gave me a scare. He cut a dashing figure as always, with his suit unbuttoned and hands in his pockets.

I tried to act threatening and squinted at him. "Oh? So you've figured out what I was thinking about?"

Aston loomed over me before sighing. "Your acting skills are terrible. I wonder how Armond even fell for them in the past?" he asked while patting my head.

I pulled away from him immediately, afraid that there might still be reporters lingering around. If anyone realized that our divorce was a farce, the repercussions would be gnarly.

After looking around and confirming that it was just Ashton and me, I finally relaxed a little. "Armond fell for my act because he was afraid of losing me as his bargaining chip. That had nothing to do with my acting skills. Wait, do you mean to say that my actions earlier were very telling?"

Ashton shrugged nonchalantly. "You were pretty much on par with that Delilah woman."

"Does that mean you saw through her?"

"It wasn't difficult at all," Ashton said matter-of-factly.

Seeing him being so sure of himself left me speechless. If even someone like Ashton could see through the act, surely Emery would be able to as well. After all, she was excellent at reading body language.

But if that was the case, why did she act like everything was fine earlier?

Also, if Ashton's this good at reading people, why wasn't he like this with Rebecca? Or was it just like the old saying where only the outsider sees most of the game?

I could only hope for that to be true. Otherwise, it would be too cruel to Emery.

"You should go home now. It's late, and it's also time for your medication." Ashton reminded, his voice full of concern.