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The way she gave the order was as though she was the owner of this company.

Right after she spoke, the employees in the pantry poked their heads out stealthily, waiting for the drama between the president's ex-wife and his flirtatious secretary to unfold.

"Are you deaf or something? Scarlett is asking you to help, not anyone else." Emery stood up for me.

Instantly, Stella's brows knitted together at her words. Biting her lip, she seemed troubled as she bowed her head and said, "Mr. Fuller hates lateness the most. Outsiders might be clueless, but Ms. Stovall, I believe you know that well."

Although I was a woman too, as I stared at her pitiful look, even I couldn't help but frown and felt sorry for her.

Given the situation, it would look like I was the inconsiderate one if I forced her to work for me that day. Staying calm and collected, I kept the smile on my face as I stood rooted to the spot. I wanted to see if she had other tricks up her sleeves.

Stella's voice gradually softened and trailed off. A few seconds later, a whimper was heard in the empty corridor. Sure enough, her shoulders moved up and down, and her chest heaved as if she was deeply aggrieved.

"Ms. Stovall, it's alright if you want to pick on me, but please don't take the company's businesses for granted. Let me send these files to Mr. Fuller first, and I'll help you afterward..."

Taking a closer look, I saw a few glistening tears trickle down her smooth, flawless face. It reminded me of how Juliet cried for Romeo.

Nevertheless, she was not Juliet, and I was not Romeo. Hence, my heart wouldn't ache for her. In fact, I found her act ridiculous.

"Ms. Collins, I would've forgotten if you hadn't told me about it. Previously, Ashton always worked too hard and overlooked his health. Now that it's lunchtime, it's the only time he could take a break. However, as his secretary, you're bringing documents to his office, disturbing him. Have you ever consider if he's able to handle it? If he forced himself to work, and something bad happened to him, would you be able to take responsibility for it?"

I asked in an interrogative tone while walking over to her. Just as I finished speaking, Stella lifted her head and wanted to refute me. I met her gaze, staring right into her reddened eyes with an assertive and unflinching gaze.

Did she think that I'm an easy target just because I rarely flew off the handle?

Stella's expression froze for two seconds. Afterward, she recollected herself and took a step back to get further away from me. She retorted, "Who said that I don't care about his health? I..."

"You what? What do you have to say?" I became aggressive the second I spotted her clutching the lunchbox in her hands tightly.

Stella knew full well that I had seen the lunchbox many times before. If she had the nerve to admit that she had been sending Ashton a lunchbox every

day, it would indicate that she already had her eyes on him much earlier and that she was a pretentious woman.

"Nothing." Stella looked away indignantly. Her gentle expression was replaced by a scowl.

"What's happening?" Joseph showed up unexpectedly. Perhaps he had come over earlier and heard our conversation for a while now. As he approached us, he questioned Stella in an icy tone, "Why didn't I know there are some urgent documents which Mr. Fuller needs to sign right now?"

Stella bit her lower lip, a hint of panic appeared on her face. She couldn't utter a word in the face of the upright and fair-minded man.

"Ooh, someone just got busted." Emery gloated at her embarrassment while leaning against the wall with her arms folded. The smugness on her face was comparable to that of John when he ridiculed someone.

Stella's face flushed beet red, and she went speechless.

Ignoring the woman, Joseph cut to the chase. "Ms. Stovall, what brings you here? How can I assist you?"

Undeniably, Joseph was shrewd and worldly-wise. Stella almost prevailed against me just now. Joseph's question reminded me that I was one of the company's board members, and that saved my crumbling dignity.

As a board member, I must carry myself with pride and authority.

With an expressionless face, I sized him up and nodded faintly. "Emery just started a new company, so she needs guidance from us. I thought that Ms. Collins was the most sweet-tempered person in our company and that she would definitely be willing to give us a hand, so I came over. however, it turns out that I've disrupted Ms. Collins' work. I'm sorry, that was rude of me."

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The world honored wealth and power more than anything else. So for an insignificant secretary like her to disrespect a board member and pretended to be pitiful afterward was downright preposterous. I was interested to find out if she would be able to get away with this.

After all, she was not the only one who could put on a show.

Staring intently at Stella, I heaved a long sigh and plastered on a guilty face.

Anyone who had experience in the workplace knew it was full of hypocrisy. Normally, a subordinate was doomed when their superior put on such an expression. Unable to pinpoint any mistake that their superior had done, they could only accept their misfortune. I heard gasps of horror behind me. It seemed like the other colleagues could already foresee what was coming Stella's way and started praying for her.

Joseph glanced at Stella and me. Then, he instructed curtly, "Ms. Collins, please head to the Finance Department and get three months' worth of salary. You don't need to come to work from tomorrow onward."

His voice was firm and loud. Even I was amazed by his boldness. He actually had the guts to fire an employee whom Ashton hired just like that.

Well done, Joseph! I couldn't help letting loose a smirk.

"Mr. Campbell?" Stella couldn't believe her ears as she gaped at him in shock. She forced a smile and asked, "Please don't joke about this. I'm Mr. Fuller's secretary, so you need to get his approval before firing me."

Joseph cast her a cold glance with an indifferent expression. "So you do know that you're only a secretary. I'm in charge of coordinating all the company's affairs, it's only natural that I have the authority to terminate you. You can't even fulfill a small request from our board member. Are you waiting for Mr. Fuller to clean up your mess? Giving you three months' worth of salary according to the employment agreement is the kindest thing I can do. Don't try to push your luck."

"I..." Stella bit her lower lips. Her face contorted with distress, but she couldn't find the words to refute him.

Unfazed, I watched them nonchalantly, enjoying the victory. Stella had overestimated herself. She wasn't even as gorgeous and talented as Rachel. It was dumb of her to attempt to seduce Ashton just because she worked closely with him.

What happened to Stella that day served as a warning to everyone in Fuller Corporation. The position of being Ashton's wife was mine alone and anyone who tried to replace me had better be ready to stand against the board members, as well as the Moore and Stovall families.

"Why is it so noisy?"

A man's familiar, husky voice came from afar. Turning around, I saw Ashton step out of his office. With a stern face, he strode past the inquisitive employees to us.

"Mr. Fuller, Ms. Stovall asked for Ms. Collins' help with some simple tasks, but the latter declined her with many excuses. I'm asking her to head to the HR Department to process her termination."

Ashton's dark eyes landed on Stella, whose eyes were still reddened. Thinking that he could be her lifesaver, Stella gazed at him with tears glistening in her eyes, and her brows furrowed slightly, looking delicate and pitiful.

As the two locked eyes, time seemed to have stood still, and the office fell silent. My eyes couldn't help but flick between the two speculatively, and my brows drew together instinctively.

Although Ashton only looked at her for less than three seconds, I felt as if a century had passed, and every second passed in an extremely slow motion.

What's going on? Is Ashton going to sympathize with her just because she sent him lunch consistently?

"Is Joseph's words true?" Ashton asked. His attitude was just and unbiased.

Stella was smart enough to realize that Emery and I were against her. Looking down, she nodded her head firmly and admitted her fault in silence. Her docile face made it look as though I made her confess to it by force.

She may look pitiful to others, but for me, I was downright irritated by it.

"Mr. Fuller, you don't need to hesitate. I know you're indebted to Ms. Collins for saving your life, so there's no need to make a big fuss out of this." I marched over and interrupted them, staring straight at Stella boldly. "I heard that Ms. Collins is good at meal planning and taking care of people. So why don't we transfer her to the Logistics Department as an assistant supervisor? She'll be able to make good use of her talents there."