In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1293

Millie did not seem to be joking.

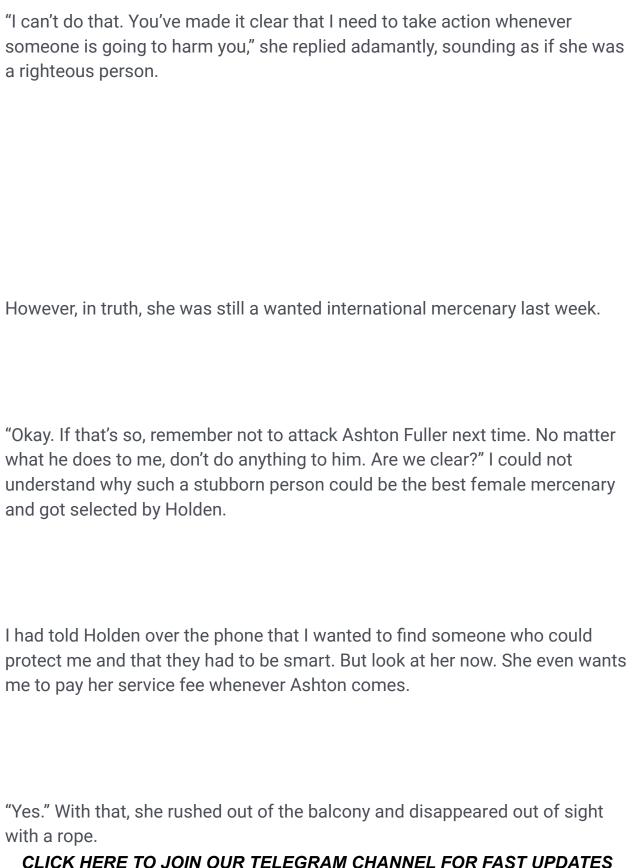
I could not help but frown. "Millie, don't you know how expensive it is to hire you? Yet, you still want me to pay you more? If this goes on for long, I wonder if I can still afford your salary."

"Then, you should pray for this guy to visit you less often." She took out her phone and showed us a QR code. "Ten million, and I won't let anyone bother both of you tonight."

"What? Are you serious?" I was getting a bit mad. "What about the medical expenses for the kick you gave my husband?"
She looked down, deep in her thought. Before she could reply to me, Ashton walked past me and scanned the QR code on her phone. "I'll pay you."
Beep! The transaction went through.
Then, he put back his phone and commanded, "Go out and guard the room."
Millie glanced at him warily before looking back at me, staying still.
I massaged my temples and said, "You can leave now. I'll call you when I need you. And don't attack without my order next time."

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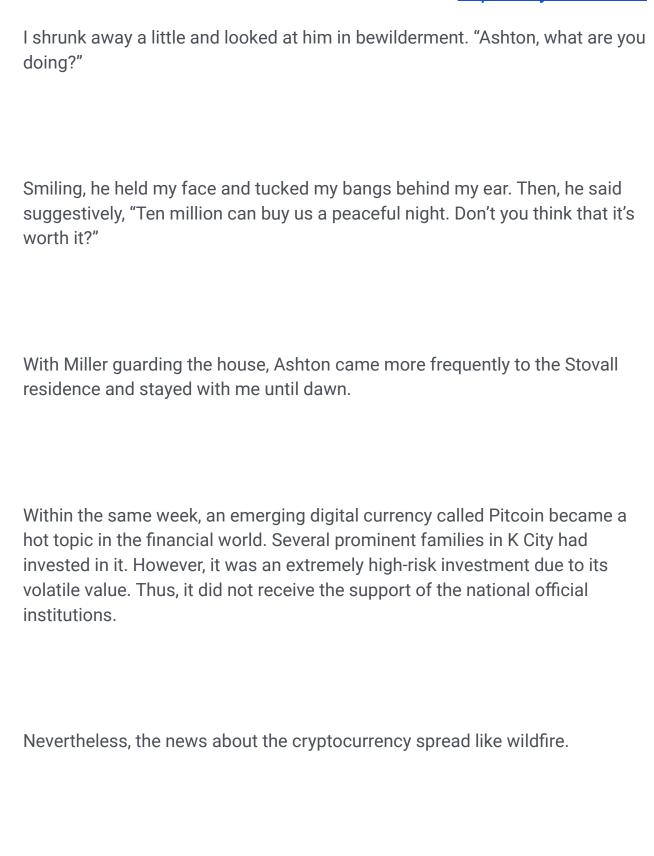
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Ashton, who had been keeping quiet, went over to the window and pulled the curtains. "Where did you find this imp?"
"Holden introduced her to me. She's as tactless as him," I grumbled. "Speaking of which, why did you give her the money? That was an unreasonable request. If you continue to pay her like that, I'm afraid that even the Stovall family won't be able to afford her anymore."
He removed his blazer and placed it on the couch before walking toward me. "It's okay. If the Stovalls can't pay her, you still have the Fullers. If that's still not enough, you can ask her to find the Moore family. I'm sure they could pay her forever."
"Yes, but" My voice trailed off.
Wait a minute. Something's not right. Why is he inching closer and closer? And why is his hand caressing my shoulder?



"Trivett Real Estate Has Started Accepting Pitcoin Payments"
"The First Successful Payment Transaction Using Pitcoin At The Automobile 4S Store"
Louis was livid. Every day after dinner, he would gather the whole family in the living room and asked us to watch the news together.
"What are these television stations doing? Why are they letting Truman Bowen appear on television shows and brainwash citizens into buying Pitcoin?" he spat.
We were only two minutes into the news and his face had already turned red with anger. He looked as if he would do anything to get into the television and punch the stock analyst who promoted Pitcoin.

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"Don't be so angry," coaxed John. "In this era where the Internet rules all, who has the time to watch cable television, anyway? Just let him spout his nonsense. If no one watches or listens to him, nothing major will happen."

"I disagree." Emma rolled her eyes at him gloomily. As she watched the two person on the screen discussing excitedly, she analyzed, "You don't dabble in stocks, so you don't understand them. To those who exchange stocks, Truman is like God. All of them address him in a very respectful manner. For every single stock that he mentioned, countless people would rush to buy it. Now that he's promoting Pitcoin, I'm afraid that the demand for it would soon exceed supply."

"What does the fluctuation of the price of Pitcoin have to do with a mere stock analyst like him? Doesn't he know that Uncle Louis' subordinates are keeping an eye on Pitcoin?" John narrowed his eyes suspiciously, obviously doubting Emma's words.

"Of course he has nothing to do with it. However, the person directing his actions probably wishes for Pitcoin to be highly sought," rebuked Emma.

"Are you saying that Truman has been bribed by the Trivetts?" John, who was quite bright, immediately understood. After a slight pause, he continued, "Why is a designer like you so familiar with stocks, anyway?"

"What's wrong? Are only men allowed to do business while women are barred from being well-versed in it?" rebuked Emma coldly, not holding back at all.

John was at a loss for words to retaliate. As the previous incident with the girls put him at a disadvantage, he could not come up with a reply. All he could do was glare angrily at her.

These two enemies could probably argue for eternity.

"Alright, stop arguing," chided Louis, his face darkening. "The Trivetts are seeking collaborations with many people. Keep an eye on your own assets. John, I'm warning you. I can't be bothered to care about the times when you're almost breaking the rules, but if you dare to dabble in Pitcoin, I'll break your leg!"

"I'll never do that." John chuckled appeasingly before deliberately changing the topic. "Don't be so angry. I'll talk to Truman tomorrow and instruct him to stop running his mouth on the television."

"Don't try to fool me with those tricks of yours. When negotiating with him, take note of how you do it. You're my nephew, so don't let others have leverage over you. Otherwise..."

I was not interested in Pitcoin or stock analysts. All I was worried about was whether the Trivetts would try to bring Ashton down through this.

According to what Louis said, this was not a legal transaction. I was worried if Ashton had no choice but to participate in order to take revenge. If others got dirt on him because of this, it would be hard for him to extricate himself from the mess in the future.

However, I did not expect Thora to meet me before Ashton made his decision.

When she walked into my office, I was in the midst of discussing Emery's lawsuit with Brooklyn. After the first trial, Delilah was convicted of intentional assault and sentenced to a jail term of five years. As she was still pregnant, the jury decided to postpone the jail term to a year later. However, we all thought that this was not the result we wanted.

Someone like Delilah would not stop at harming others as long as she had the chance to continue. I had hoped that she would be thrown into jail immediately. After all, the environment there was much different than bygone eras. Even though the prisoners needed to serve their sentence and work there, they could still enjoy basic human rights. If she was there, she would still be able to have her child.

"Ms. Stovall, you have a guest," announced the secretary as she knocked on the door. We raised our heads and glanced over, spotting Thora standing at the door.

Our gazes met and Thora flashed me a slight smile. Just like during the party, she seemed friendly yet distant at the same time.

Then, I turned my gaze behind her and noticed that she did not bring anyone along with her. I thought that it was quite bold of her to come here all on her own.

"Let's wrap it up here. We'll discuss the remaining details next time." After dismissing Brooklyn, I invited Thora in. "Sorry for making you wait, Ms. Ziegler. Come in and have a seat."

Immediately after sitting down, Thora made her intention of coming clear. "I won't beat around the bush. I'd like to buy all the Fuller Corporation stocks you have. Just quote a price. I won't negotiate at all."

I heaved a sigh. Leaning against my chair, I scrutinized her with narrowed eyes. As expected of the most powerful woman in K City. She sounds like she's certain of her success. It's definitely a good experience to do business with her.