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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1299

What Bryson said was very much to my liking.

“Here’s to working together.”

After shaking hands, this whole arrangement was thus confirmed.

As I sent Bryson downstairs, he kept holding on to my hand, saying a million thanks. “Ms. Stovall, from today onwards, we are good friends. If you need anything in the future, do not hesitate to ask me!”

“I won’t hold back when the time comes, thank you.” I sent Bryson away with a huge smile. My mood lightened considerably.

Although he did not speak in a cultured and refined manner, he wore his heart on his sleeve. Socializing with a person like this was not taxing, as I didn’t need to beat around the bush.

“Shouldn’t we inform Mr. Stovall about this matter first?” Brooklyn suddenly appeared by my side and reminded me.

I tilted my head toward him, then directed my gaze to Bryson’s conspicuous Cayenne. In a relaxed tone, I said, “There’s no hurry. I will inform him myself. He would be interested to know about this.”

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In the evening, I purposely got off from work earlier. Before going home, I picked up Summer and went to the supermarket to get ingredients for cooking dinner.

Out of habit, I left Ashton a message to invite him to drop by for dinner prior to cooking. As for whether he could make it or not, it would depend on his schedule for the day. With Millie around, I could see him almost every day. Hence, it was not a must for him to come over.

Louis was temporarily staying at the hostel because of the Pitcoin issues. Because of that, there were only four of us at the dining table during dinner.

As soon as I sat down, I took an abalone and gave it to John. "Give it a taste. Let me know if my cooking skills have deteriorated." I did my best to please him.

John peered at the abalone on his plate and raised a brow. "My my, this is a rarity. I didn't think that you would be in the mood to cook when Ashton is not around."

With his eyebrows scrunched, he narrowed his eyes at me. Then, he crossed his arms and lazily leaned against the back of his chair. "This is too good to be true. Spit it out! What the devil are you up to this time?" he queried.

"Devil!" Summer gasped. "Mommy, where's the devil?" She was scared at the mention of the word 'devil' and looked at me with watery eyes pleading for help.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I patted her on the top of her head lightly to comfort her. "There is no actual devil! What Uncle John means is that our Summer is so smart that she's a cute little devil!"

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“Really? Hehe, thank you, Uncle John!” Summer seemed relieved and smiled contentedly. The next moment, she tilted her little head as she recalled something. “Mr. Cress praises me for being smart too!” she boasted proudly.

John, on the other hand, was unhappy after hearing this. “Mr. Cress again! Summer, isn’t Uncle John your favorite man?”

“Summer likes Daddy the most! Uncle John and Mr. Cress are second!” She exclaimed loudly while looking at me, as though she wanted my acknowledgment.

“Oh? Did Uncle John not treat you well? Is that why I am in second place along with another person?” John seemed to be jealous, so he continued asking Summer about it persistently.

“Um...” Summer was in a pinch now. Looking at John innocently, she fell into deep thought. After quite some time, she started muttering to herself.

“Summer likes Uncle John, and Mr. Cress too. I like them both all the same...”

Her tiny face was scrunched up with conflict. She looked like a little grown-up when she seriously considered who was her favorite person. Seeing my little Summer being forced to make such a difficult decision, I felt pitiful for her.

“My dear Summer, you don’t have to choose and make a ranking out of it. Just follow whatever your heart tells you. As long as you are happy, it’s okay. Do you understand?” I comforted her softly.

Summer raised her head to look at me, and I could see the confusion in her eyes. I was not sure whether she understood me, but she nodded earnestly and replied, “Yes, Mommy! I understand.”

She would slowly understand as she grew up. Explaining too much right now would just increase her mental burden. I quickly gave Summer the green pea

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fritters which were her favorite and signaled at Emma to look after Summer. With that, we diverted Summer's attention.

Glancing to the other end of the table, a sullen John entered my vision.

I couldn't help but poke fun at him. "Did you really have to compare yourself against her teacher?"

John's eyes narrowed. He lifted a hand to his chin and started analyzing in all seriousness. "She just started primary school, and my place in her heart was quickly replaced by a teacher. This person must be something else. I have to go see for myself. You don't need to go pick up Summer tomorrow. I'll go instead."

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"What do you plan to do? Don't scare the teacher. I've already asked Emery to check and Mr. Cress isn't a bad person. It's not easy for Summer to open up to someone. You better not mess it up," I nagged.

"Alright, I know what to do," said John, waving his hand dismissively. He immediately changed the topic. "Let's talk about your business. You haven't asked me to do anything in quite a while. What do you have for me this time?"

"I knew I couldn't hide it from you." I shrugged and lifted my wine glass to toast him. "Teach me how to do business!"

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“Business? What kind of business? Aren’t you the boss of a law firm now? On top of that, you are also the lady boss of Fuller Corporation. What else can I teach you?” John was teasing me. His shrewd eyes scrutinizing me closely, like he was trying to look into my soul.

I pursed my lips and put down my glass. I responded with a laugh, “Since I took the initiative to talk to you about it, it’s definitely not a small business. You’ll help me, won’t you?”

John took in a deep breath. “Are you short of money lately?” He asked incredulously.

“Yes! Very!” I nodded vehemently.

To put things into perspective, hiring a mercenary of Millie’s caliber was way more costly than hiring a high-level manager in Ashton’s corporation. In addition to that, I hired a small team of bodyguards to protect Summer. That was a huge expense for me too.

However, my main objective for collaborating with John was not to make money. In fact, I needed John’s network of contacts to get a chance to approach the Trivetts.

John’s incredulity went up a notch after hearing what I had said. He looked at me like I was some sort of prehistoric creature. From his expression of disbelief, you could hear his thought without him saying it out loud – Are you kidding me?

To be fair, I was the second major shareholder of Fuller Corporation, a daughter of the Stovall family, and I had financial backing from Cameron and

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Zachary Moore. If a person like me was short of money, then the rest of the population would all be poverty-stricken.

After being stared at for a while, I shifted my gaze out of guilt. "Okay, I'll tell you the truth. Pitcoin came to Ashton and I need to see the perpetrator who started all of this."

"You want to get close to Herman Trivett?" John's expression suddenly changed to a stern one, and he rejected me in a heartbeat. "No way."

The smile on my face froze. "Why?"

John's face darkened, and he didn't bother to be polite anymore. "Scarlett, you are awfully full of yourself, aren't you? I opened up a law firm for you and let you have a job. I did all this so that you could settle down, not for you to use it as a platform to act recklessly!"

I swallowed the words that were at the tip of my tongue after getting reprimanded by him all of a sudden. The atmosphere at the dining table became tense instantly.

Although he said it in a harsh way, I understood clearly that he was just too concerned about my safety.

Pondering the issue for a while, I lifted my phone and dialed Millie's number.

The call got through immediately. "What's up?"

"Come in for a while. I'm at the dining room."

With that, I hung up. John and I faced each other squarely. I waited in silence.

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In less than a minute, footsteps were heard from upstairs. John and I looked toward the direction of the sound and saw Millie walk down the stairs nonchalantly with her hand on the railing.

She was halfway down, and then she stopped. Her distant eyes lifted and peered down at us arrogantly.

“What’s going on?” asked John anxiously. “Isn’t this the secretary that you recently hired? When did she come in?”

“That’s right, I hired Millie. However, her main task is not secretarial work. Instead, it is to protect me.” I explained.

John stared at me suspiciously. I could see him analyzing the credibility of what I said.

To assure him, I further explained, “The security in the Stovall residence is tight, but Millie managed to appear before us without alerting anybody at all. You should believe that she is perfectly capable of keeping me safe.”

John did not reply, which probably indicated that he was convinced.

“Do you want to eat with us?” I asked Millie.

“Is there anything else?” Millie’s expression was as cold as ice. She completely ignored my question.

“No,” I replied. I felt guilty for asking her to appear on a whim just to prove her capability to John. “It’s kind of cold outside. Why don’t you have some food to keep warm?”