

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1136

I did not like the way she put it. "It isn't that serious. She just praised Summer a little. The kid probably won't remember it after she wakes up."

"Seems to me that you're a real simpleton." Emery sneered. "What's her name, Stella? Have you seen how she looked at the two of you before? She wears a different face in front of Summer and yourself. This is the sort of people who are the worst. I would advise that you not let her into the main house and just leave her somewhere else."

"There's no need for you to treat her like this. No matter what, she's Ashton's." There was not much I could do about Emery's temperament. She could be quite harsh when it came to people she did not like.

Ashton was no fool. He would not have sent Stella to me if there was a possibility that she might do me harm.

On top of that, there could be many more women like Stella who would become besotted with Ashton's charms. If I were to go pick on each and every one of them, I would only wind up with a reputation as a green-eyed monster and become worn out for my troubles.

Emery was sorely disappointed to hear that and glared at me in disbelief. "She's Ashton's? Who do you say is Ashton's? Only you, Scarlett Stovall, the proper wife of Ashton Fuller, is Ashton's. The reverse is true that Ashton is yours. Since you are the one he married, you have earned the right to fix this little vixen on his behalf. What's holding you back? Do you need me to remind you of what happened back then with Rachel Zimmer?"

I paused with book in hand, positively dumbstruck.

Stella was nothing compared to Rachel. If even someone as ravishing and capable as Rachel could not cause Ashton to waver, I was sure Stella would not be able to turn my world upside down.

I was about to state my case when Mrs. Eriksen knocked upon the door.

“We’ve a visitor for you, Mrs. Fuller.” “Understood. Please attend to them first. We’ll be right there shortly.”

The arrival of this guest was timely, as Emery wisely refrained from pressing further. She gave me a hand in completing my sorting before we made our way downstairs together.

Even though it was past the festive season, we still had the occasional relative who we had not been in contact with in a while, a business associate, or friends both close or distant drop in on us. When I got to the stairs, I saw that the guest was in formal wear, seated with his back to me. The man with a head of fair hair was foreign, and he looked rather familiar from the rear. It was as though I had seen him somewhere before.

I made my way around to the front of the couch upon reaching the living room to find that we were indeed acquainted. “Mr. Blondell?”

It was just this morning that Ashton turned down GW Group’s offer at the office. There was obviously a motive behind his presence here.

We exchanged pleasantries before all of us sat ourselves down. Sean appeared to be as chatty as he was before, but the subject never seemed to deviate far from myself, my relationship with Ashton, and how I miscarried two of my children. To show up in such an untimely fashion and asking about such things had the observing Emery quietly seething by the sidelines.

“... It was not easy to come by, the relationship between Mr. Fuller and yourself. It makes me kind of envious, really. But since it’s all in the past, Life still has to go on. Wouldn’t you agree, Mrs. Fuller?” Sean’s tone switched gears and suddenly appeared to be very motivational, almost like that of a preacher’s.

I nodded in acknowledgement. “Thank you, Mr. Blondell, for your concern. We’ve already moved past that, and are no longer mired in grief.”

Sean nodded as though he absolutely concurred. He then seemed to remember something as he produced a name-card from the inside of his suit jacket and slid it across the coffee table and in front of me.

