

## **In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 975**

Despite furrowing my brows, my face split into a grin. "You're good at ordering people huh!"

He gave me a slight smile and put the document in front of me. "You're going to get so

bored just sitting around. Why don't you take a walk instead?"

I walked out of his office after taking over the document. I had been feeling quite bloated

recently, perhaps because the baby was developing in my belly.

Meanwhile, at the Finance Department.

Perhaps my visit to Fuller Corporation was too frequent, the staff over at the department

was not at all surprised by my unannounced appearance. However, it was surprising to

bump into Stacey there. It suddenly hit me that I had not seen her for some time.

She had lost some weight, and her figure was lean. Her long hair was now short, and there

was a certain dignified aura to her. Her clothes accentuated that aura, but not because she

was piling on designer pieces. Rather, it was her keen sense of style that brought out her

noble vibe. Overall, she looked like a shrewd iron lady.

We locked gaze, and I smiled. "I thought you weren't at K City!"

She replied with a smile too. "This is my battlefield. I can't get used to the environment out

there anyway. This feels right to me."

I shrugged. "Yes, obviously. K City really agrees with you."

One thing that bugged me was that we were in the same building, and it was not like I was a

rare visitor here, but we had never bumped into each other. Fate has a funny way to bring

people together.

She kept the document I brought over and looked at her watch. "I'm getting off work soon.

Want to have dinner together?"

“Not today,” I said, smiling. “I have a lot going on at home recently, and there’s not much time for me to have a night out. Let’s take a raincheck, and maybe we can go shopping next time?”

She nodded. “I notice that you’ve gained some weight. Are you pregnant?”

I was taken aback at how spot-on she was. However, I did not want to deny nor confirm her guess and merely replied, “It’s only normal because I have a little bit too much to eat these days. Anyways, go get busy first. Let’s meet up next time.”

She hesitated for a moment before asking, “Are you and Mr. Fuller doing okay recently?”

I chuckled in response. “Are you saying that Mr. Fuller has done something over the line to make you guys misunderstand him?”

“No, it’s not that. I’ve just heard some rumors going around, and it’s just me being nosy. You know how women are, we gossip.”

My lips curled into a smile once again and said nothing. “I think it’s because there are too many women in Fuller Corporation.”

Stacey smiled, and changed the topic. “Alright, I’m going to get busy first. We’ll meet up some other day!”

I nodded and headed out of the Finance Department, lost in my thoughts.

I took the elevator to the floor where Ashton’s office was, and headed toward the bathroom.

I’ve heard other people saying that pregnant women were more likely to be constipated. I did not whether it was true, or I was merely conditioning myself to conform to the stereotype.

After heading into the bathroom, I stayed in my stall, taking my time.

Suddenly, I heard sobbing outside. And then, someone spoke up to comfort the sobbing woman.

“Don’t cry. Just stay away from her radar. You already know what kind of person she is. Why get on her nerves then? See, now you’re going to have pull an all-nighter.”

The sobbing woman spoke, “I did not do anything wrong. She’s just coveting something that doesn’t belong to her, and yet doesn’t want others to talk about it. It’s so obvious that Mr.

Fuller has no feelings for her at all. Is she oblivious to how pretty Mrs. Fuller is? Does she think she stands a chance just because she’s working closely with him? She really needs to take a piss and take a good look at herself in her own reflection.”

“Forget it, there’s no use grumbling about it. You’re the only one who’s going to suffer while she’s still out there living the best life. She’s been taking care of all Mr. Fuller’s meals. You know for a fact that Mr. Fuller has rewarded that woman with what she deserves.”

The woman continued to sob, “What do you think Mr. Fuller has in mind, exactly? It’s not like

Mrs. Fuller is only here once in a blue moon. How does he think he can get away with this?

Is Mrs. Fuller really not aware of it all?”

The other woman replied, “I don’t think she’s totally oblivious to it. But maybe Mrs. Fuller

doesn’t think that Stella is a threat at all. Anyway, that woman is not going to be able to stir

anything up unless Mr. Fuller gives her a chance to do so. Otherwise, she’s just going to be a

clown entertaining herself. Well, it’s not going to last.”

There was a hint of anger in her voice as the sobbing woman continued, “She is a clown! Mr.

Fuller doesn’t even care about her. She knew that Mr. Kroner had a crush on her, and she

wouldn’t have gotten this chance if she hadn’t begged the man to recommend her to Mr.

Fuller for a promotion. Otherwise, Mr. Fuller might even not be aware that she exists. That

woman really has no shame.”

The other woman sighed. "What can we do, though? She's on the crest of a wave right now, and you'd better not offend her. She will be punished once she steps over the line. We have no backer to do anything like that. Don't forget that Justin is going all out for that woman. The only thing we can do right now is to just wait."

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"I have something that might work!" The sobbing woman muttered excitedly before she paused and whispered, "I am not going to take this silently any longer. Why do I have to put up with her? I'm going to make her burn her finger, and yet there's nothing that she can do about it."

"What do you plan to do about it?"

I could only hear hushed whispers, but not what they were saying clearly. However, I felt oddly amused by their demeanor. No wonder people were looking at me all weird whenever I

came into the office recently. It looked like this was the reason.

After hearing nothing for some time, I thought the two women had left.

My stomach was

still wringing in pain, and there was no rush to leave the bathroom.

However, I could hear

heels clacking coming from the outside all of a sudden.

Then, someone chimed, "Hi, Ms. Collins!"

Stella? I was stumped.

Suddenly, the air grew still in the bathroom. A text came in on my phone.

It was from Hailey.

She asked when I would be able to meet her as she was planning to go back to K City.

I replied to her and kept my phone. Then, I heard a scream from my neighboring bathroom

stall. "Ahh! Who is that?"

Sounds of water splashing could be heard, and I was stumped for a brief moment. I headed

out of my stall, and bumped into two women holding two big buckets.

Are these two women trying to teach Stella a lesson?

“Who is that? Have you lost your mind?” A voice berated from inside the stall. I turned around to the bathroom stall, and noticed that someone had locked it from the outside. The person inside had no means of getting out of there unless someone unlocked the door for her.

The three of us exchanged glances in astonishment. We were still reeling in from the shock.

I could have pretended that I didn't know if I hadn't seen the culprits, and just treated it as a prank. But now that I'd seen them...

I had no interest in meddling in their business as well. I gestured for them to shush while they were still eyeing me in trepidation. Then, I signaled using my hands that we could all get out of here, quietly.

The two women were dumbfounded at my response. Then, all of three of us tiptoed out of the bathroom in silence.

After we got out of the bathroom, the two women high-fived each other triumphantly and broke into a cackle. Then, they snapped back into their senses and realized that I was actually there too. The two of them ceased smiling in an awkward manner and looked at me. “Mrs. Fuller!”

I smiled back at them and asked, “Who is inside that bathroom stall?” “It's... Ms. Collins!” The two women were obviously embarrassed and cast apprehensive

looks at me. “Mrs. Fuller, will you...”

“No,” I gave them a grin. “I won't rat you girls out. But don't do this again, it's not um... safe.”

The women grinned from ear to ear and nodded.

It had been some time since I left, and I turned on my heel to head back to Ashton's office.

However, the two women stopped me in my tracks and asked, “Mrs. Fuller, aren’t you going to ask why we’re doing this to Ms. Collins?” I thought for a brief moment and replied, “It’s none of my business. Alright, get back to work, you two.”

The two of them exchanged glances at my reply and nodded before they left.

Not long after, I noticed that the cleaning lady was heading to the bathroom. I said nothing and made way to Ashton’s office.

Before I could head inside his office, I heard hasty footsteps behind me. Turning around, I noticed that it was Stella. Her clothes were soaking wet, and she looked disheveled with her damp hair and her faded makeup.

I stopped and put on a surprised face. “Ms. Collins, what happened to you?”

The woman seemed taken aback at the sight of me. She forced a smile and replied, “I was attacked by a few crazy people in the bathroom.”

I nodded. “You’d better sort yourself out. Luckily, you’re about to get off work. Take care, or you’re going to get sick from the cold weather.”

She lowered her head and mumbled a response before leaving.

To be frank, I was actually surprised at the way she dealt with her coworkers. She had always given me the impression of a tactful person, and I was confounded by the way other people talked about her.

Back in Ashton’s office, he was still on a conference call. I did not disturb him and waited for him to finish the meeting as I sat on the sofa. He was finally done after half an hour.

He kept his document when it was time to get off work and looked at me. “What would you like to eat? Let’s go have dinner together.”

“We’re going to the hospital tonight. Mom and Dad are worried about Summer. Let’s go to the hospital and visit her later, and just think of a way for her to undergo the bone marrow transplant surgery as soon as possible. She doesn’t have all the time in the world to wait.”

He nodded, took his keys, and held my hands as we exited the office. In the elevator, he bit on my lip and looked at me, “Don’t meet Armond without me next time.

I don’t know what I’m going to do if that happens again.”

I was rendered speechless. He’s still pining over it. Move on... mister.