

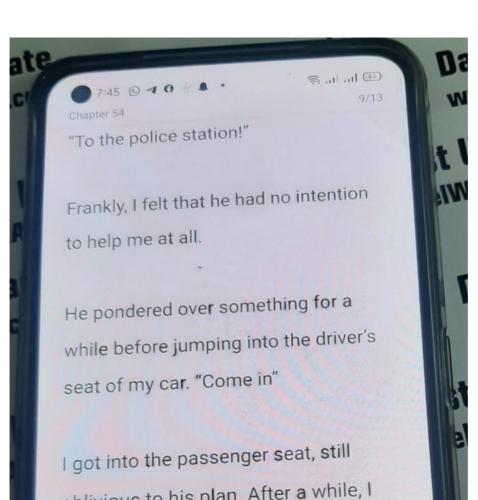
though he was on a freaking holiday.

The little warmth that I had felt in the morning was now fumes coming out of my ears.

I looked at my watch and realized that it was already one in the afternoon, but Ashton did not seem like he was going to the office or the police station. At this rate, I might as well take matters into my own hands.

I went upstairs to get my handbag and was about to head to Hour Bar when Ashton stopped me midstride and asked nonchalantly, "Where are you going?"

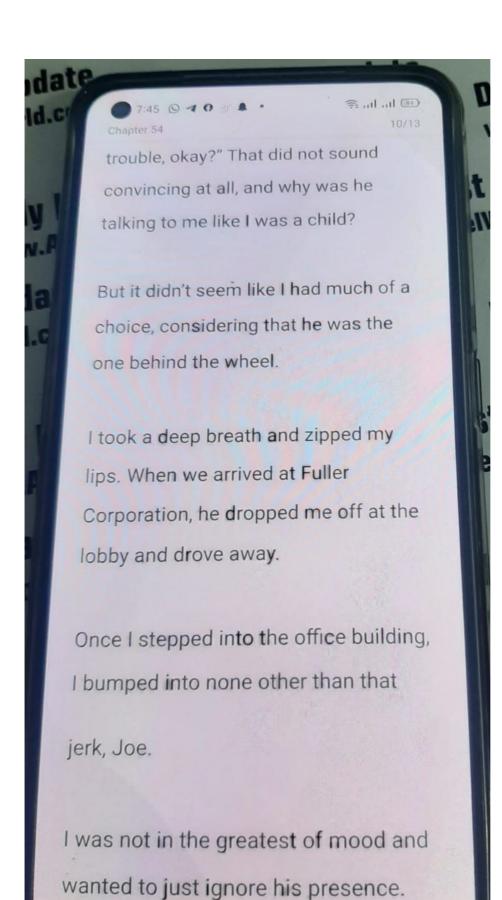
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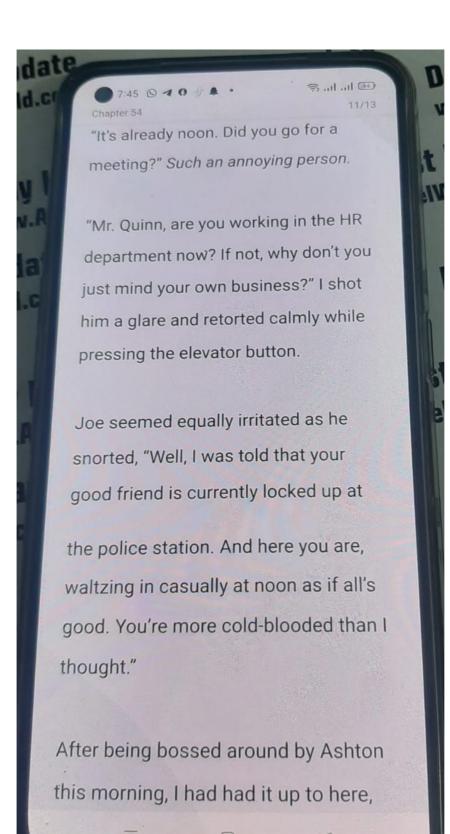


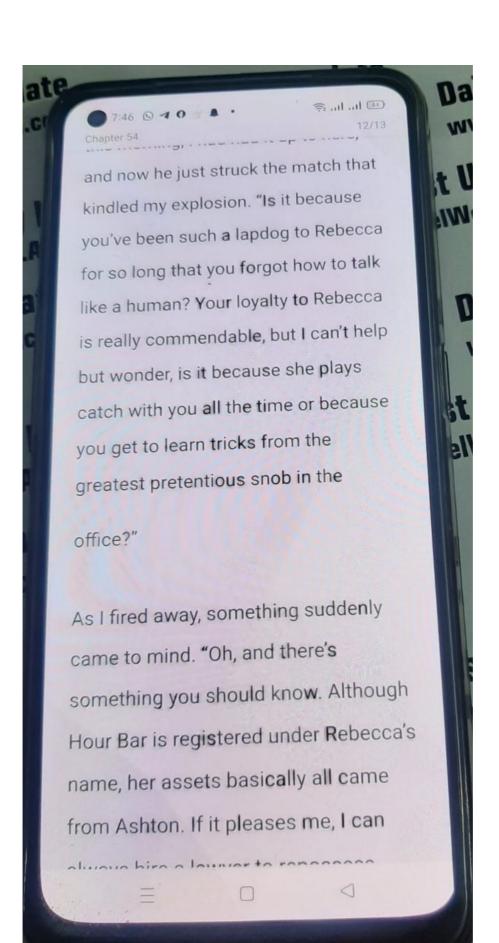
oblivious to his plan. After a while, I realized he was not driving to the police station. Instead, we were on the way to the office.

"Ashton, you..."

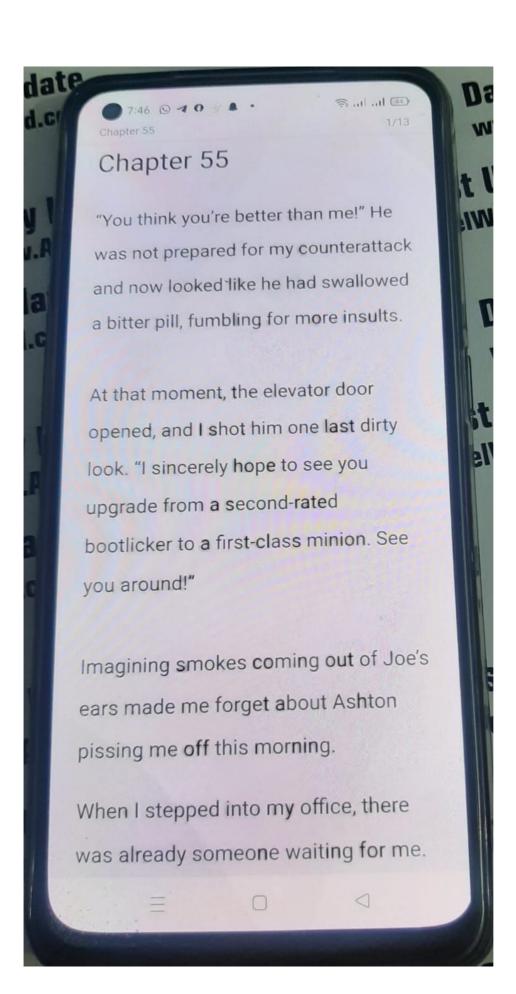
"I'll deal with Macy. You're going to stay in the office and not cause any

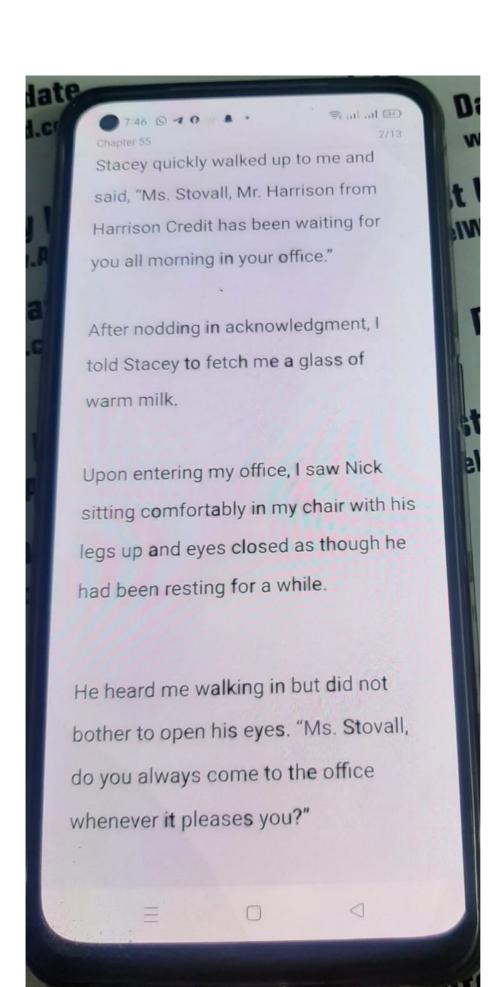


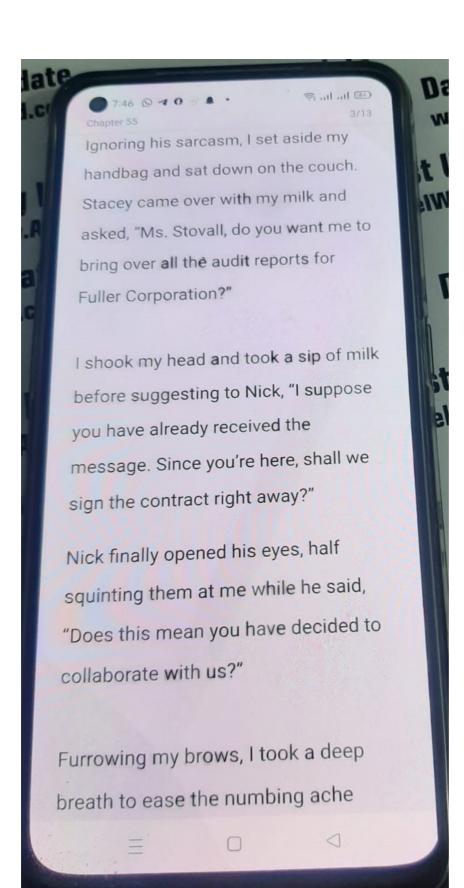




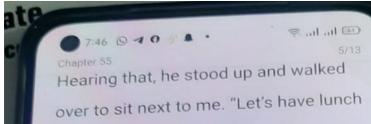
from Ashton. If it pleases me, I can always hire a lawyer to repossess them. As Ashton's legal spouse, I don't foresee it being an issue."







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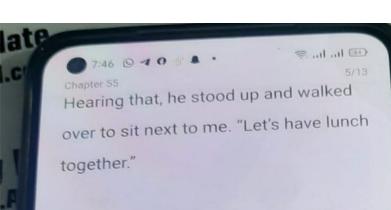


together."

I really did not have the patience for this brat, so I turned to Stacey. "Go downstairs and get Mr. Harrison some takeout."

Stacey was a little startled but nodded her head nonetheless and retreated from my office to get his lunch.

Nick was disappointed and tried to protest, "Hey Scarlett, that was a sincere request to have lunch with you. Did you have to turn me down like that?"

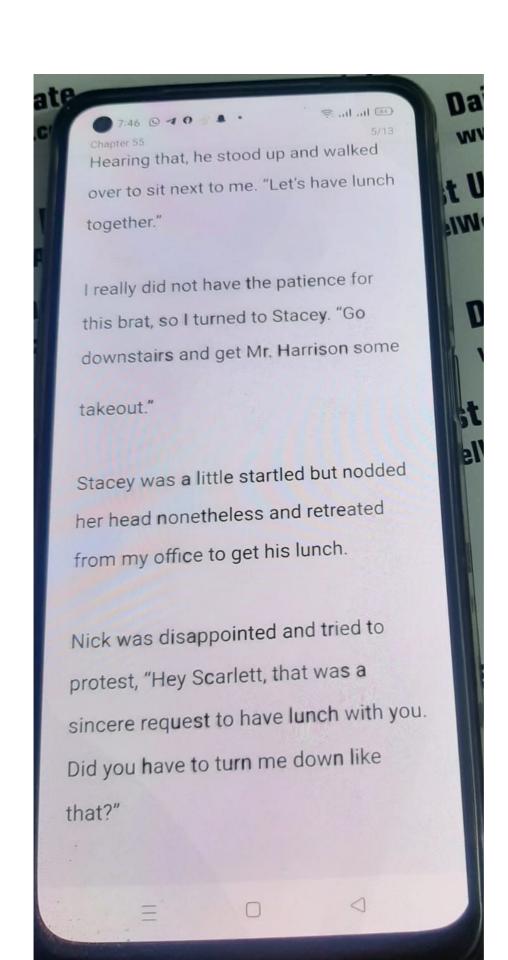


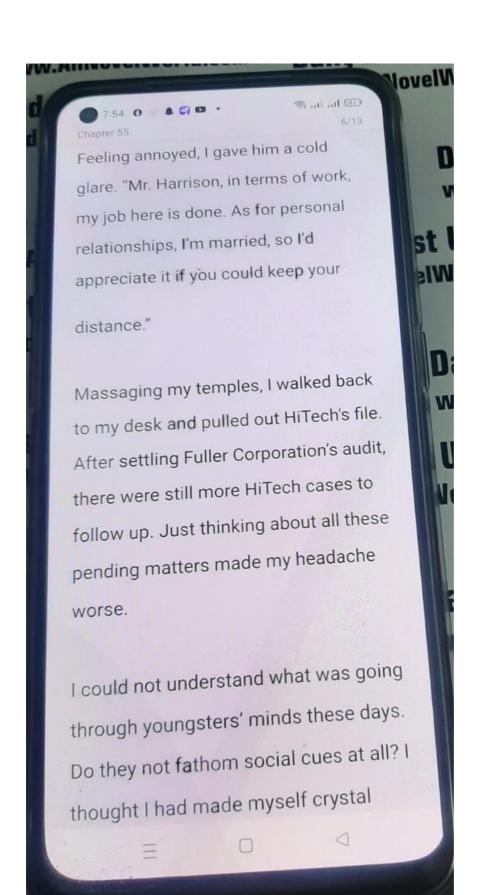
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chapter 55
clear about not wanting to have
anything further to do with Nick, and
yet he was still lingering in my office
like a fungal infection.

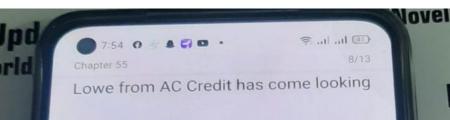
Well, he could suit himself. I'd just get
started with my work.

Right then, Stacey returned to the
office. Placing the takeout in front of

Right then, Stacey returned to the office. Placing the takeout in front of Nick, she said politely, "Mr. Harrison, your lunch."

Nick was not amused at all and replied sarcastically, "Well, thank you so much!"

Responding with a faint smile, Stacey walked toward me. "Ms. Stovall, Mr.



for you a few times. Would you like to

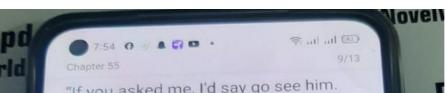
see him?"

I opened my inbox to check for new emails, but there were none. "Not at the moment, Stacey."

I knew this would come back to haunt me. We skipped over the winner of the open tender and gave the job to Harrison Credit. As expected, there was no way AC Credit would let this go so easily.

This was far from over.

"If you asked me, I'd say go see him.

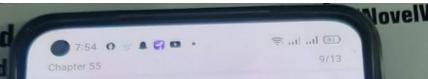


"If you asked me, I'd say go see him.

You may be surprised!" Nick interrupted while eating his takeout, "Ah, I almost forgot to inform you, Harrison Credit will only be responsible for Fuller Corporation's audit. We won't be dealing with any of your subsidiaries."

Furrowing my brows, I asked, "What do you mean by that?"

He slowly laid his fork down and looked at me. "You heard me. Correct me if I'm wrong. Fuller Corporation went public last year and merged with Quinn Corporation. So I suppose their finance falls under your supervision as



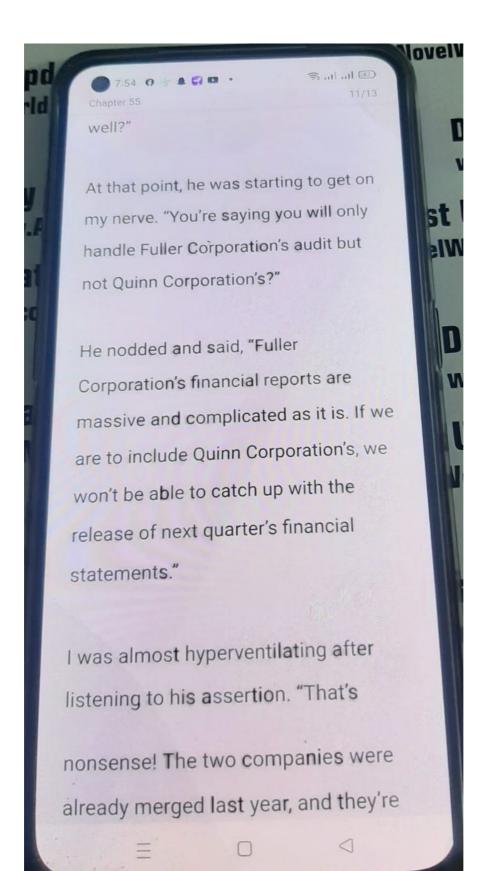
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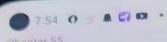
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now operating under the umbrella of Fuller Corporation. If your company is going to handle the parent company's audit, you have to include Quinn Corporation as well."

He smirked and said, "Ms. Stovall, I don't think so."

Piece of sh*t!

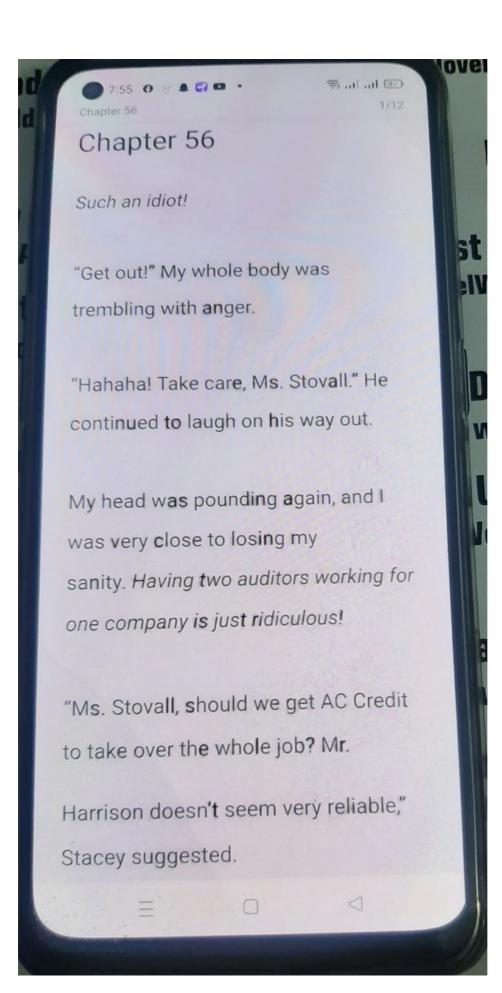
I walked right into his freaking trap.

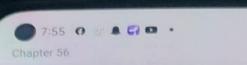
"Stacey, please escort Mr. Harrison out of my office!" I wasn't sure whether I could stop myself from punching his stupid face if he stayed any longer.

I needed to discuss this with Ashton

I needed to discuss this with Ashton immediately. This was just the right recipe for chaos.

Before leaving with the takeout in his hands, Nick turned around and emphasized, "I shall remind you that we have just signed a legally binding agreement, so I'd advise you against screwing us over."





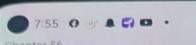
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You're preaching to the choir, sister. But Ashton explicitly said he wanted Nick to handle this job.

I paused briefly before telling Stacey, "I've got to talk to Ashton about this."

On top of the matter with Macy, now I had a plateful of contractual issues to worry about, and my head was about to explode. Speaking of whom, Ashton still hadn't indicated if he was going to help her or not.

I could no longer sit back and do nothing. As I packed up my stuff, I instructed Stacey, "Keep an eye on Nick for me. In the meantime, I'll speak to Ashton about the other matter. Also,



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Chapter 56

3/12

see if there is any need to go outstation for inspection and put everything in a report for me."

Stacey was worried about my wellbeing. "Ms. Stovall, are you sure you're all right?"

I assured her that I was fine and headed out. Since Ashton took my car, I had to take a cab to the police station.

There was not much progress in Macy's case, and she was to be held for fifteen days for further investigation.

After arriving at the police station, I managed to talk to the officer who was

