

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1260

It was finally time to get off work. I was dying to see my kids, but Zander entered the office with a stack of documents before I could leave. He stared at me in confusion.

We stared at each other for a moment with me feeling awkward while Zander frowned.

After a while, he said, "You're getting ready to head off?"

"Yes." I pointed at the clock as I asked, "It's six, right?"

Zander glanced at the clock before he said coolly, "On the first day of my apprenticeship, I was in the office till six in the evening the next day. Ms. Stovall, I hope you understand that Tinsel Group is where it is today because of our hard work. Becoming a lawyer isn't child's play."

As if agitated by his own statement, he carried the documents back to his own desk silently. The mood of the room cooled several degrees.

Being thirty of age this year, I didn't think I would be told off this badly by a man a few years younger than me.

Despite my embarrassment, I knew Zander was absolutely right. Being a lawyer was never going to be a piece of cake.

As such, I tossed my purse back on the desk before walking out of the office in search of a paralegal. I had her produce all the case files related to Eugene in the past year. I was determined to work my ass off and make up for my inexperience.

When I re-entered the room with the paralegal and piles of papers in hand, Zander's expression told me he was viewing me in a different light.

However, his impression of me was the least of my concerns. I wanted to do a good job for my sake, as well as Ashton's and my children's. No one else's opinions mattered.

I soon realized that the situation was more complicated than I had imagined. Zander was working like a machine. The clock struck eleven but he showed no signs of getting off work.

While I didn't want to give up like this, I began to feel annoyed. Frankly, poring through the case files was a bore. I was no longer used to sitting in an office for long periods of time as well. Every second I stayed here felt like torture.

Finally, at eleven thirty, a welcome voice rang through the office. "Scarlett? Where are you?"

It's John!

"I'm in here!"

I felt immense relief at his arrival. I jerked up from my seat and looked out the office for him, holding back the urge to rush out straight away.

John had planned to fetch me home that day but I sent him a WhatsApp message about my plans to stay late in the office that day and didn't check my phone afterward. Luckily, he was smart enough to come knocking on the office himself. Otherwise, I might really have to stay here till the next morning.

John followed the sound of my voice till he located our office. Pushing open the door, he looked at the chaos within. Zander stopped whatever he was doing and met John's gaze. There was suddenly an awkward tension in the air.

"You're Letty's supervisor?" John raised a brow, putting on an intimidating stance.

"You're mistaken. I'm just her colleague." Zander placed his hands in his pocket, an indifferent expression on his face.

"Right, then we're leaving." John turned his head away from Zander before tilting his jaw in my direction. "Come on, let's go home."

John exuded a natural commanding aura. Though he didn't introduce himself, his arrogance hinted at his powerful position. A smart person would avoid offending him.

However, there were smart people in this world who held different beliefs. While they were well aware of the social niceties associated with such figures, they chose to ignore them in favor of the rules and regulations.

“As Scarlett’s family, you should be happy that she’s working hard toward her goal. You shouldn’t be blocking her path.” Zander spoke firmly, further souring the mood.

I froze in the middle of slinging my bag on my shoulder.

No one could deny Zander’s diligence when it came to working, but I felt that he had crossed the line with his provocative statement. He seemed like a totally different person compared to our previous interactions, and I felt somewhat cheated by my earlier impression of him.

“I’m sorry Mr. Hoffman,” I interrupted before John could open his mouth. I planted myself next to John before declaring to Zander, “I hope you understand that John is the closest family I have. What he does or says isn’t any of your business. I know that you’re a senior here, but that doesn’t mean you can criticize anyone as you please.”