

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1275

"But Stella isn't back yet. What should we do with these piles of documents?" I asked.

Holding out her hands, she shrugged. "Just leave it. Let her clean up this mess when she's back. It seems that you haven't mastered the art of torturing people. You should never be considerate to your enemy."

She was right. Having mercy on my enemy was akin to being cruel to myself, and what was more, Stella was so guileful. She totally deserved this.

After chewing on her words, I stood up, held her hands, and walked out of the room. "You head on over to your office. As for me, I'm going home since I haven't spent much time with Audrey and Gregory. I miss them."

Emery let out a snort of contempt. "Children will more likely be successful if you train them to be independent. They're going to become spoilt brats if you pamper them too much."

I don't mind. I'm fine with it as long as my children stay safe and healthy."

The Stovall residence was quite a distance away from Fuller Corporation. I looked out the car window blankly as the children and my terminal illness occupied my mind.

At a crossroads, the car stopped in front of a traffic light. There were several bars in the commercial district by the road. While waiting, I noticed a commotion in front of the entrance of a bar nearby. It seemed like a woman had offended the head of a group of men. She was probably going to face the music soon.

The scene reminded me of Yvonne. If the child was still around, he would know how to speak already.

After two minutes, the light turned green. The chauffeur slowly drove away, and I watched indifferently as the bar vanished out of my sight.

Half an hour later, the car drove into a residential area where the government officials in K City lived and made a turn. I spotted an eye-catching blue sports car in front of the Stovall residence from afar. As the car went closer, I saw Zander standing right beside the sports car.

I was surprised, as he gave me the impression that he wasn't someone who would do this. There was no association between Zander and the Stovall family. So I guessed he was here for me.

Once the car pulled over, I opened the door and walked toward him.

Zander seemed to have seen my car much earlier. He came over and greeted me first. "Ms. Stovall."

"Mr. Hoffman, I remember that I've made myself quite clear the other day. I don't want to have anything to do with Tinsel Group. And yet, here you are, waiting for me right in front of my house. What do you want from me?"

I had written down the Stovall residence address without much thought about it because ordinary people would avoid a government residential area. If Zander hadn't had an influential background, he wouldn't have come over.

Staring at me, he hesitated for a moment before he spoke with a foreign accent. "I'm here to ask for your forgiveness."

"What?" My forehead puckered. What is he trying to do?

"Chanaeans say that one must be humble and admit his fault if he has done something wrong. I mulled over what happened the other day and I shouldn't have been so stubborn and restrained you and your family with that attitude of mine. I hope you can forgive me." Zander then took two tickets to a concert out of his suit jacket. "My colleague said that the women in Chanaea love this idol group from my country, so I asked someone in K Nation to buy these tickets. Please accept this as my way of apologizing."

For some reason, the way he spoke in my native language was weird, but I simply couldn't tell why I felt that way.

Lowering my head, I glanced at the tickets in his hand. It was indeed a rare opportunity, but I was not a fan of any idol group.

I reached out my hand to push the tickets back to him. However, before I could touch them, a big hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed the tickets away.

Glancing up, I saw Ashton stood on my left with a sullen expression. His sinister gaze was fixed on Zander.

“I remember you’re the man who accompanied Ms. Stovall to take her exam. Nice to meet you again.” Zander seemed oblivious to his sulkiness. With a friendly smile, he held out his hand for a handshake, just like the first time he met us.

“No,” Ashton said curtly. “I’ll speak in your language since you can’t understand mine well. Not only do Chanaeans admit their faults, but we don’t covet others’ loved ones as well. Scarlett is my woman. Even though we’re divorced, she’s still the mother of my children. Whatever you’re planning in your head, you’d better not do it.”