

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1301

Millie did not respond and turned to walk back up the stairs. After two steps, she paused. "I'm not used to this," she announced with a sideways glance.

After that abrupt reply, she quickened her pace and soon disappeared at the top of the stairs.

I was befuddled.

Not used to what? Our cuisine?

But we were having seafood. No matter which country you're from, seafood is cooked in almost the same way. There shouldn't be much difference to its taste.

Perhaps she was too far from the table and thought that the dishes were all foreign cuisine that she was not used to.

My thoughts were elsewhere when John suddenly stood up and obstructed my view. His solemn eyes were trained onto me; they were stern yet gentle. "I agree to help you."

"Really?" I was overjoyed. I didn't expect John to change his mind so fast.

"Yeah," he said without expression. I couldn't decipher his emotions. He had a naturally cool-looking face, and the lack of expression made him seem even more distant.

It didn't feel right for me to act playful. Therefore, I composed myself and asked, "John, did you get mad because you think that I was too impulsive?"

John shook his head and sighed. Holding my gaze, he answered, "I was just feeling relieved."

"Hmm?" I expressed my puzzlement.

"I always thought that you were obstinate and rash. You were impulsive like a man and always got hurt as a result. I felt that I needed to keep you safe at all times. But today, after seeing your secretary and learning that you took precautions without us knowing; I know you have matured. As long as you understand how precious you are, what else would I be worried about?"

Matured. This was a very heavy word.

John's words hit a soft spot in my heart. I felt a mix of emotions.

After a while, I caught on to that singular irregularity in his touching comment. I smacked his arm with all my might. "Who did you say was a man?"

"Me! I'm the man, alright? So, what do you want to do? I'll see how I should cooperate with you." John said with a laugh.

"It's very simple!" I walked toward him and started dragging him up the stairs. "Today, let's start with the common business knowledge about Pitcoin trading!"

The next day, John and I went straight to Trivett Corporation. John visited in his capacity as the general manager of Stovall Corporation, while I went as the second major shareholder of Fuller Corporation.

In the ever-changing corporate world, it was commonly agreed that the enemy of my enemy is my friend. John was the mastermind who ensured that Mitchell Ziegler could not return to the country, and Louis was a natural barrier that blocked off profiteers. Despite these facts, Trivett Corporation did not refuse to see us. Instead, they showed us to their reception room politely.

Herman Trivett had always been the leader of the Trivett family. They started in petroleum, then went into all sorts of investments, building up the massive wealth in the process. When the petroleum business no longer worked out for them, they lost their main source of income and got into several financial crises. It was Herman who kept turning the tides and saving the corporation, though the results were not very satisfactory. However, ever since Pitcoin was introduced to the market, Trivett Corporation's share prices soared, and the company's net worth tripled.

By the time the secretary served us our third cup of coffee, John could no longer rein in his temper. He stood up and kicked the potted plant in the corner of the room. Its leaves shook and fell all over the place.

At that moment, the door opened from outside. The secretary led a middle-aged man in a burgundy suit into the room.

The man sported a neat crew cut. Even though he looked like he was around Louis' age, he had a head full of black hair. The only giveaway was the wrinkles on his face which indicated his age. This must be Seth Trivett.

"Why so angry, Mr. Stovall?" Seth asked in the standard businessman tone while sitting down.

After he was seated, another young person entered the room unhurriedly at his own pace. Without any greetings, he simply pulled the chair beside Seth further apart before sitting down. Looking at his features, this was definitely Herman, Seth Trivett's son.

"John, didn't your Uncle Louis teach you any manners? You come to my company for a visit and you damage my property. What is the meaning of this?" Herman put down his phone and criticized John with a long face.