

tea Mrs. Eriksen brought him as 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?"

"To the police station!"

Frankly, I felt that he had no intention to help me at all.

He pondered over something for a while before jumping into the driver's seat of my car. "Come in"

I got into the passenger seat, still 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

trouble, okay?" That did not sound convincing at all, and why was he talking to me like I was a child?

But it didn't seem like I had much of a choice, considering that he was the one behind the wheel.

I took a deep breath and zipped my lips. When we arrived at Fuller Corporation, he dropped me off at the lobby and drove away.

Once I stepped into the office building, I bumped into none other than that jerk, Joe.

I was not in the greatest of mood and wanted to just ignore his presence.

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"It's already noon. Did you go for a meeting?" *Such an annoying person.*

"Mr. Quinn, are you working in the HR department now? If not, why don't you just mind your own business?" I shot him a glare and retorted calmly while pressing the elevator button.

Joe seemed equally irritated as he snorted, "Well, I was told that your good friend is currently locked up at the police station. And here you are, waltzing in casually at noon as if all's good. You're more cold-blooded than I thought."

After being bossed around by Ashton this morning, I had had it up to here,

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and now he just struck the match that kindled my explosion. "Is it because you've been such a lapdog to Rebecca for so long that you forgot how to talk like a human? Your loyalty to Rebecca is really commendable, but I can't help but wonder, is it because she plays catch with you all the time or because you get to learn tricks from the greatest pretentious snob in the office?"

As I fired away, something suddenly came to mind. "Oh, and there's something you should know. Although Hour Bar is registered under Rebecca's name, her assets basically all came from Ashton. If it pleases me, I can always hire a lawyer to repossess

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."



## Chapter 55

"You think you're better than me!" He was not prepared for my counterattack and now looked like he had swallowed a bitter pill, fumbling for more insults.

At that moment, the elevator door opened, and I shot him one last dirty look. "I sincerely hope to see you upgrade from a second-rated bootlicker to a first-class minion. See you around!"

Imagining smokes coming out of Joe's ears made me forget about Ashton pissing me off this morning.

When I stepped into my office, there was already someone waiting for me.

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Stacey quickly walked up to me and said, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Harrison from Harrison Credit has been waiting for you all morning in your office."

After nodding in acknowledgment, I told Stacey to fetch me a glass of warm milk.

Upon entering my office, I saw Nick sitting comfortably in my chair with his legs up and eyes closed as though he had been resting for a while.

He heard me walking in but did not bother to open his eyes. "Ms. Stovall, do you always come to the office whenever it pleases you?"



Ignoring his sarcasm, I set aside my handbag and sat down on the couch. Stacey came over with my milk and asked, "Ms. Stovall, do you want me to bring over all the audit reports for Fuller Corporation?"

I shook my head and took a sip of milk before suggesting to Nick, "I suppose you have already received the message. Since you're here, shall we sign the contract right away?"

Nick finally opened his eyes, half squinting them at me while he said, "Does this mean you have decided to collaborate with us?"

Furrowing my brows, I took a deep breath to ease the numbing ache

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radiating from my lower back. Then I turned to Stacey and asked her to bring the contract over.

After receiving it, Nick merely glanced through the papers without an ounce of seriousness and signed the contract on the spot.

I was only responsible for the signing of the agreement, and the next step would be for Harrison Credit to liaise directly with our Finance Department. That part was out of my scope.

But Nick did not seem like he was ready to leave, so I shot him a questioning look. "Mr. Harrison, is there anything else?"

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Chapter 55

Hearing that, he stood up and walked over to sit next to me. "Let's have lunch 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

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Feeling annoyed, I gave him a cold glare. "Mr. Harrison, in terms of work, my job here is done. As for personal relationships, I'm married, so I'd appreciate it if you could keep your distance."

Massaging my temples, I walked back to my desk and pulled out HiTech's file. After settling Fuller Corporation's audit, there were still more HiTech cases to follow up. Just thinking about all these pending matters made my headache worse.

I could not understand what was going through youngsters' minds these days. Do they not fathom social cues at all? I thought I had made myself crystal

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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 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.

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Lowe from AC Credit has come looking 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."



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"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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well?"

At that point, he was starting to get on my nerve. "You're saying you will only handle Fuller Corporation's audit but not Quinn Corporation's?"

He nodded and said, "Fuller Corporation's financial reports are massive and complicated as it is. If we are to include Quinn Corporation's, we won't be able to catch up with the release of next quarter's financial statements."

I was almost hyperventilating after listening to his assertion. "That's nonsense! The two companies were already merged last year, and they're

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."

## Chapter 56

*Such an idiot!*

"Get out!" My whole body was trembling with anger.

"Hahaha! Take care, Ms. Stovall." He continued to laugh on his way out.

My head was pounding again, and I was very close to losing my sanity. *Having two auditors working for one company is just ridiculous!*

"Ms. Stovall, should we get AC Credit to take over the whole job? Mr.

Harrison doesn't seem very reliable," Stacey suggested.

*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,



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

Stacey was worried about my well-being. “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



interrogating Macy yesterday.

Unfortunately, he just reiterated what I already knew; there was no substantial development.

Just as Jared had said before, the security cameras in the hotel were broken that night. In other words, there was no admissible evidence.

As such, I was not allowed to see Macy until they concluded their investigation.

Feeling helpless, I headed over to Hour Bar only to find out that the bar was cordoned off and no one was allowed in.

It was times like this that made me