

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 1

Six weeks pregnant.

Shellshocked, I was riveted to the spot by the three words that appeared on my ultrasound report. It

only happened once! How did I get pregnant?

What should I do now?

Should I tell Ashton about this? Will he refuse to divorce me because of this? Nah, I doubt it! He'll

probably think that I'm shamelessly using this child to blackmail him.

Suppressing the frustration that was rooted in my heart, I stuffed the ultrasound report into my bag as

I made my way out of the hospital.

There was a Maybach waiting outside the hospital with one of its windows rolled down by a fraction.

An attractive man with a frosty expression could be vaguely seen sitting at the driver's seat.

A handsome man in a luxury car would undoubtedly garner the attention of many passersby.

Ashton Fuller was the epitome of wealth and good looks. I had long

grown used to the curious gazes of

the passersby after so many years. Ignoring them, I slid into the front passenger seat.

When the man who was resting with his eyes closed felt a slight movement, an indistinct frown settled

between his brows. Without opening his eyes, he asked in a deep voice,

"Has everything been settled?"

"Yes!" I nodded as I passed the contract signed with the hospital to him, uttering, "Dr. Ludwick told me

to send his greetings to you." I had intended to sign the contract alone at the hospital today, but I ran

into Ashton on my way here. For a reason unknown to me, he offered to drive me here, saying that it

was on his way.

"You'll be in charge of the case." Ashton had always been a man of few words. He didn't take the

contract; instead, he gave me these instructions in a perfunctory manner before he started the car engine.

I nodded and kept silent.

Obedying him and carrying out his orders seemed to be the only two things that I knew how to do.

The car drove toward the city center. It was already evening now, so I was confused as to where he was headed if not back to the villa. Although I felt puzzled, I never took the initiative to ask him anything. I simply remained silent.

The ultrasound report was at the forefront of my mind, but I didn't know how to broach the topic with him. Caught in a dilemma, I peeked at him from the corner of my eye. As usual, he exuded a cold and distant aura, his sharp and ruthless gaze focused straight ahead.

"Ashton!" I blurted out. My palms grew a little clammy as I clutched my bag; it was probably due to my fraying nerves.

"Speak." This single syllable was barked out without a trace of emotion. He had always treated me like this anyway. After a good few seconds, the tension gradually left my body as I calmed my nerves. Taking a deep breath, I announced, "I'm..." Pregnant.

I had merely two words to confess, but I swallowed the second word that was on the tip of my tongue the moment his phone abruptly rang.

"Rebecca, what's wrong?" Some people only reserve their gentle and loving side for one person.

Ashton's gentle side was only reserved for Rebecca Larson; it was plain to see from the way he conversed with her.

Rebecca's words over the phone caused Ashton to abruptly hit the brake as he spoke to her in a soothing tone, "Alright. I'll be over in a while. Don't go anywhere, okay?" As soon as the call ended, his icy expression slipped back into its place.

Glancing at me, he ordered in a clipped tone, "Get out."

His order left no room for discussion.

This was not the first time that he had kicked me out of his car. Seeing as such, I nodded and shoved the words I had planned to say down my throat before opening the car door and getting down.

My marriage with Ashton came about due to a twist of fate, but love was never in the equation.

Ashton already had Rebecca in his heart, so my existence was redundant. Perhaps, it could even be considered an obstacle.

Two years ago, George Fuller, Ashton's grandfather, suffered from a heart attack. While he was hospitalized, he forced Ashton to marry me. For his grandfather's sake, Ashton reluctantly did so.

During the two years that his grandfather was still around, Ashton disregarded my existence but otherwise did nothing else. Now that his grandfather had passed on, he couldn't wait to get a lawyer to draft the divorce papers for me to sign.

The sky was already dark when I returned to the villa. The enormous house was empty, resembling a haunted house. Perhaps it was because of my pregnancy that I didn't have an appetite. Hence, I went straight to my bedroom to wash up and call it a night.

In my drowsy state, I heard the faint sound of a car engine being switched off; it was coming from the courtyard.

Is Ashton back?

Isn't he supposed to be with Rebecca?

Chapter 2

The bedroom door was abruptly pushed open before I could ponder any further. Slightly drenched, Ashton headed straight for the bathroom without sparing me a second glance. Following that was the sound of running water.

His return made it rather impossible for me to continue sleeping, so I got up and put on some clothes. I

took out a set of his pajamas from the wardrobe and placed it by the bathroom door before going straight to the balcony.

As it was the monsoon season, it started to drizzle outside. The sky was dark and the sound of the rain pelting on the bricks could be heard vaguely.

Sensing the sound of movement behind me, I turned and saw that Ashton had emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair was damp and the droplets of water dripping down his muscular body created an enticing sight.

He probably noticed my gaze, so he glanced at me with a slight frown. "Come here," he commanded in a voice void of emotion.

I obediently walked over and caught the towel that he had thrown toward me. He then demanded, "Dry my hair."

I had long gotten accustomed to his domineering ways. Just as he sat on the edge of the bed, I climbed onto it and kneeled behind him to wipe his hair.

"Grandpa's funeral is tomorrow. We should head over to the family home earlier," I reminded him. I wasn't trying to make conversation with him. Rather, I was worried that he would possibly forget about it as his mind was rather occupied with Rebecca.

"Mm," he grunted out a response and said nothing further.

Knowing very well that he didn't want to interact with me, I kept mum and focused on drying his hair.

After that, I lay on the bed once again, ready to sleep.

I realized that I had been feeling rather sleepy lately, and attributed my behavior to my pregnancy.

Ashton would usually head to his study after he showered and would stay there until midnight. Given that was the norm, I was befuddled when he got under the sheets after he put on his pajamas.

With reasonable effort, I managed to withhold my questions even though I was utterly confounded. In

spite of that, his arms suddenly wrapped around my waist as he pulled me in toward him. Then, a feather-light kiss brushed across my lips.

I raised my eyes to gaze at him in perplexity. "Ashton, I'm..."

"Unwilling?" he questioned. His obsidian eyes flashed, a hint of wild desire swirling within them.

I lowered my gaze. Indeed, I was unwilling, but it wasn't for me to decide.

"Can you be gentler?" The fetus was only six weeks old and the risk of a miscarriage was high.

His brows furrowed, and without a word he rolled over and started ravaging me roughly. My body curled from the pain and I could only do so much to protect the child from harm's way.

The rain started to pour heavily in tandem with his rough movements. Lightning flashed across the sky and thunder boomed right after that, causing the room to be illuminated every time that happened.

After a long while, he got up and went into the bathroom.

Drenched in a cold sweat from the pain, I had the urge to get up to take some painkillers.

Nevertheless, I dismissed the idea as soon as I thought of the child.

All of a sudden, the phone on the bedside table rang. It was Ashton's phone. I glanced at the clock on the wall and saw that it was already eleven o'clock.

Rebecca was the only one who would call him at such an hour.

The sound of running water in the bathroom stopped. Ashton stepped out once again, wrapped in his towel. Wiping his hands dry, he hurriedly answered the call.

Unable to hear the words that were being uttered on the other end of the line, I could only observe

Ashton's brows furrowing slightly as he exclaimed, "Rebecca, stop fooling around!"

With that, he ended the call, got changed, and prepared to leave. In the past, I would have turned a blind eye to it, but this time I abruptly grabbed Ashton's arm and pleaded softly, "Can you stay tonight?"

He frowned as a hint of displeasure made its way to his handsome face.

"Did I pleasure you so much that you're starting to act out?"

His words oozed with sarcasm.

I was taken aback for a moment before I began to think that his words were absurd. Tilting my head to

gaze at him, I explained, "It's Grandpa's funeral tomorrow. Although you can't bear to let her go,

shouldn't you practice a little restraint?"

"Are you threatening me?" He narrowed his eyes at me. He gripped my chin in a trice and spat out in a low and dangerous voice, "You seem to have grown a spine, Scarlett Stovall."

Chapter 3

I knew very well that getting him to stay was impossible, but I still wanted to try my luck. Leveling my gaze with his, I announced, "I agree to a divorce, but I have my conditions. Stay here tonight and accompany me throughout Grandpa's funeral. I'll sign the divorce papers as soon as it ends."

His gaze narrowed. His dark orbs brimmed with ridicule and his mouth twitched slightly. "Please me."

He released my chin and leaned forward to whisper against my ear, "All talk and no action will get you nowhere, Scarlett."

His voice was icy with a hint of provocation. I knew what he meant, so I snaked my arms around his waist as I leaned my face close to his. I probably looked comical due to the height difference between us.

I didn't know how to feel about it; I had used such a despicable method to force the person I liked to stay with me. Pathetic, perhaps.

Following my instincts, I was about to slide my hand downwards when I was suddenly grabbed by him.

I snapped my head up and was met with his dark and impenetrable eyes. "That's enough."

His flat voice stunned me for a moment as I tried but failed to comprehend his words. He then took his grey pajamas from the bed and put them on in a few elegant motions. I was dumbfounded for a while before I eventually recovered from my shock. Is he... staying?

To my utter misfortune, before I could even feel happy about my accomplishment, a woman's voice sounded outside the window amidst the pitter-patter of the rain. "Ashton..."

While I was still in shock, Ashton had already reacted. He walked toward the balcony in large strides and looked out. Then, with a gloomy expression, he picked up his coat and left the bedroom.

Rebecca was standing in the rain below the balcony. The cold droplets had already drenched her thin dress completely by then. The beautiful woman was already frail, and she looked increasingly pitiful as she persevered in the rain.

Draping the coat that he had brought with him over her shoulders, Ashton was about to chide Rebecca. In spite of that, she hugged him tightly and sobbed in his arms. As the scene unfolded, a sudden realization dawned upon me. I finally understood why my two-year marriage with Ashton couldn't compare to a single phone call from Rebecca.

Ashton led Rebecca into the villa with his arm around her. I stood at the top of the stairs when he brought her up, blocking their way just as I scanned their soaked clothes. "Get out of the way!" Ashton snapped in disgust.

Was I sad?

I didn't know, either, but my eyes hurt more than my heart did, having witnessed the person they loved treating another woman as a precious gem, all while trampling all over me.

"Ashton, back when we'd gotten married, you promised Grandpa that you would never allow her to set foot in this house as long as I am here." This was where Ashton and I lived together. On more nights than I could count, I had let Rebecca have him. As if that weren't enough, he was allowing her taint the only place I could call mine.

"Hah!" Ashton sneered in return. Shoving me aside, he retorted coldly, "You think too highly of yourself, Scarlett."

His mockery toward me knew no bounds. In the end, I could only watch as he brought Rebecca into the guest room like the bystander I was.

Tonight was destined to be a restless night.

Rebecca was exposed to the heavy downpour outside. Her body was already weak, to begin with, so she developed a high fever from standing in the rain. Ashton cared for her like a precious gem, assisting her in changing into a clean set of clothes while using a towel to bring down her temperature.

Perhaps the sight of me standing there was an eyesore to him, so he directed his cold gaze at me and ordered, "Go back to the Fullers' family home now! Rebecca won't be able to go anywhere tonight in her current state."

He wants me to go at this hour? Haha...

I guess I really am an eyesore.

After staring at Ashton for a long time, I couldn't find the words to remind him that the family home was miles away from here; it would be dangerous for a woman to go out alone this late at night.

However, such things didn't concern him. He only cared about making sure that Rebecca's rest wasn't affected by my presence.

I forced myself to breathe through the bitter pain in my chest before declaring placidly, "I'll return to the bedroom. It's not... appropriate to be heading to the family home now!"

I would not allow him to step all over me even though I knew he didn't cherish me one bit.

Upon leaving the guest room, I met Jared Crest along the corridor as he hurried over. Noticing that he was still clad in his black pajamas, I deduced that he must have rushed over to the villa. He hadn't even changed his shoes and his pajamas were almost completely soaked through.

Chapter 4

The corridor wasn't exactly wide, so we came face to face with one another. Stunned for a while, he then straightened his clothes and explained, "Ms. Stovall, I'm here to treat Rebecca."

Jared was Ashton's best friend. They say that you only need to look at the attitude of a man's best

friend to truly know whether he holds affection toward you. Attitude aside, the way that he addressed me was enough to prove that I would only ever be Ms.

Stovall.

What a polite and distant form of address!

I learned not to dwell too much on the details as they would only bring me heartache. Forcing a smile

onto my lips, I gave way to him as I replied, "Mm, go ahead!"

Now and again, I truly admired Rebecca. She merely needed to shed a few tears to receive the warmth

that would never be bestowed upon me even after half a lifetime of hard work.

Back in the bedroom, I found a suit that Ashton had never worn before.

Eventually, I brought it with

me as I walked down toward the living room.

Jared made quick work of treating Rebecca. After measuring her temperature and prescribing her the

relevant medications, he was prepared to leave.

When he came downstairs and saw me standing in the living room, he offered me a civil smile. "It's

getting late now. Aren't you going to sleep yet, Ms. Stovall?"

"Mm, I'll sleep soon." I passed him the clothes in my hand as I professed,

"Your clothes are wet and it's

still raining outside. You should change into this before you leave or you'll catch a cold."

He was probably surprised by my gesture because he blinked at me without saying anything for a

while. Then, his handsome face stretched into a grin. "It's alright. I'm as

fit as a bull, so I'll be

completely fine!"

I stuffed the clothes into his hands and insisted, "Ashton has never worn this before. Even the tags are

still there. You two are almost the same size; just take it."

With that, I climbed the stairs and returned to the bedroom.

My actions weren't out of pure kindness by any means. Back when my grandmother was hospitalized,

Jared was her attending surgeon. He was an internationally renowned doctor. If it weren't for the

Fullers, he would never have agreed to perform surgery on my grandmother. The clothes were my way

of repaying him.

The next day.

After a whole night of heavy rain, the morning air was filled with a musky and fresh scent. I was used to waking up early. After washing up, I went downstairs only to see Ashton and Rebecca in the kitchen.

Ashton had a black apron tied around his hips as he was frying eggs by the stove. Gone was his harsh and wintry vibe. Now, he seemed as though he was surrounded by a halo of joy.

Rebecca's bright eyes followed his movements. Her delicate and pretty face was slightly flushed, likely due to the fact that her fever had only just subsided. She actually appeared both cute and charming.

"Ash, I want my fried eggs to be slightly burnt." As she spoke, her hand lifted to feed Ashton a strawberry before she continued, "But not too burnt, or it'll taste bitter." Ashton munched on the strawberry as he turned his gaze toward her. Although he had merely kept silent, his eyes were enough to convey the extent of his indulgence toward her.

They were both blessed with refined features and they made such a fine couple.

Their gestures were warm and sweet; there was indeed romance in the air.

"They look really good together, don't you think so?" A voice resounded from behind, startling me. I

looked over my shoulder and found Jared standing there. I forgot that it had rained heavily last night, and given Rebecca was down with a high fever, of course Ashton did not let Jared leave.

"Good morning!" I smiled when my gaze lowered and realized that he was wearing the clothes I had given him the previous night.

Observing my gaze, Jared raised his brows with a smile. "These clothes fit me quite well. Thank you."

I shook my head. "Don't mention it!" I had bought it for Ashton, but he never once bothered to try it.

Hearing our voices, Rebecca turned toward us and called out, “Scarlett, Jared. You’re both awake.

Ashton has fried some eggs for breakfast. Come on over and have some!”

She spoke as though she was the lady of the household.

Shooting her a bland smile, I hurriedly refused, “It’s fine. I bought some bread and milk yesterday. The

milk is still in the fridge. You’ve only just recovered, so you should drink more.” I lived here for two

years; the title deed had both my name and Ashton’s listed on it.

Although I was often compliant, it was only natural that I could not bear seeing someone else barge

into my home and acting as if they owned the place.

Chapter 5

Rebecca was stunned upon hearing my words. Her eyes darkened a little and she looked back at

Ashton, tugging on his sleeve before telling him softly, “Ash, I was out of line last night. I see that I

have disturbed both you and Scarlett. Can you ask her to stay to have breakfast with us? Just take it as

an apology from me, please?”

I...

Haha! Indeed, some people don’t need to work to earn an ounce of affection. All they need to do is bat their lashes and act vulnerable, and they’ll be able to get away with even murder.

Ashton had initially paid me no heed, but when Rebecca spoke up, he glanced at me and stated, “Let’s eat together.”

His tone was cold and commanding.

Did it hurt? I was already numb to the pain.

I flashed a smile and nodded. “Thank you.”

I could never bear to refuse Ashton. Because he was someone whom I had fallen in love with at first

sight, getting over him would be undoubtedly difficult.

I supposed that it was my lucky day since this was the first time that I got to taste the food made by

Ashton. Fried eggs and bacon were nothing special, but they still left a deep impression on me. All

along, I had thought that a man like Ashton Fuller was above everyone else. I thought he would never stoop so low as to cook with his own two hands.

“Scarlett, try the fried eggs that Ash has made. They’re excellent. When we were together, he always made this for me,” Rebecca urged while placing an egg on my plate. Then, with a saccharine smile on her face, she gave one to Ashton as well. “Ash, you promised to accompany me to see the flowers today. You can’t break your promise, okay?”

“Mm!” Ashton responded while eating his breakfast, his movements as refined as that of a prince. He was never one to speak unnecessarily, but whenever it came to Rebecca, he would always be sure to respond to all of her questions and requests.

Jared seemed to be accustomed to this already as he ate his breakfast in a sophisticated manner. He

was quietly watching our interactions as if he was an outsider.

I lowered my gaze as my brows furrowed into a frown. Grandpa’s funeral is today! If Ashton leaves with Rebecca, what’s going to happen to our plan of going to the Fullers family home...

No one could fully enjoy their breakfast today. After having a few bites, Ashton headed upstairs to

change his clothes. I set my cutlery down and followed after him.

In the bedroom.

Ashton knew that I had entered after him so he asked in an indifferent voice, “Do you need something?”

With that, he casually removed his clothes, putting his sturdy figure on display. I instinctively turned

around so that my back would face him. “Grandpa’s funeral is today!”

I heard some shuffling noises behind me as well as the sound of his zipper being zipped. His

monotonous voice soon followed. “You can go over yourself.”

The frown on my face deepened. “He is your grandfather, Ashton.”

Ashton was the eldest grandson of

the Fullers. If he were absent from the funeral, what would the rest of his family think?

“I’ve already told Joseph Campbell to handle the funeral. You can communicate with him on the details.” He spoke without emotion as if he were explaining a matter that was irrelevant to him.

When he walked toward his study, a pang of sadness engulfed me. I was quick to raise my voice.

“Ashton, is everyone other than Rebecca dispensable to you? Does your family mean nothing to you?”

He paused in his stride before turning to look at me with narrowed eyes.

Emanating a chilly vibe, he

told me, “You’re not in a position to lecture me on my family matters.”

After a brief pause, he curled his lips and spat disdainfully, “You’re not worthy!”

His words hit me like a bucket of cold water, chilling me to the bone.

As I listened to his gradually retreating steps, a mirthless chuckle escaped my lips.

I am unworthy!

Hah!

Two long years had passed. Yet, my efforts in getting him to warm up to me were futile.

“I thought you’re thick-skinned, but I never expected you to poke your nose into other people’s

businesses as well.” A mocking voice reached my ears.

I turned toward the voice and saw Rebecca leaning against the door frame with her arms crossed in

front of her chest. Gone was her cute and innocent facade. Instead, a frosty expression had taken

residence on her face.

Chapter 6

“Ms. Larson, I’m surprised at how fast you’ve switched personalities.”

Casting her a cursory glance, I

picked up my bag and prepared to make my journey to the Fullers’ home.

Since Ashton was unwilling to go, it was my job to go in his stead.

As soon as I reached the door, Rebecca stepped forward to block my way. Seeing that Ashton was

absent, she could finally take a breather from pretending to be a harmless little bunny. She questioned

me sharply, “When are you going to sign the divorce papers?”

I was stunned for a second. Nevertheless, I released a chuckle as I looked at her. "Are you playing the homewrecker by forcing me to divorce him?"

"You're the homewrecker!" Calling her that seemed to have hit a nerve because her face darkened as she snarled, "If it weren't for you, the lady of this house would have been me by now. Since George has died, there is no one to protect you, no one who will ensure that you can continue living here. If I were you, I'd sign the divorce papers, take the money that Ashton has offered, and get as far away from here as possible."

"Well, it's a pity that you're not me, Ms. Larson!" I retorted coldly as I ignored her jabs and skirted around her to go downstairs. Other than Ashton, no one in the world could say anything to hurt me.

Being a person who had always basked in the limelight, Rebecca felt dissatisfied that I was ignoring her. She suddenly gave a hard grip on my arm. "How shameless can you get, Scarlett? Ash doesn't even like you, so what's the use of clinging onto him?"

Glancing back at her, I had the urge to laugh but my next words were uttered calmly. "Since you're aware of his stance toward me, what's there to be nervous about?"

"You..." She flushed a bright red, unable to respond.

I leaned closer to her with a faint sneer on my lips and lowered my voice into a whisper. "As for why I'm clinging onto him..." I paused as I evened out my tone. "He's got some mad skills. So you tell me, what's the use of it?"

"You're so shameless!" Rebecca's eyes reddened with anger. Without thinking, she raised her hands and intended to push me. The stairs were behind me, so out of instinct, I twisted sideways to avoid getting pushed by her.

Nonetheless, I never expected her to lose her own footing. She fell right down the stairs.

"Ahhhh!" Her ear-splitting scream resounded throughout the living room, and I stood rooted to the ground for a while, unable to react.

To my misfortune, I was shoved aside just as I sensed a frosty front darting my way. Then, Ashton's figure shot down the stairs as he went to check on Rebecca, who was already lying at the bottom of the stairs.

Rebecca was curled into a ball on the floor, holding her abdomen with an agonized look on her ashen

face. She spoke in a feeble voice, "My child. My child."

There was blood pooling beneath her body, staining a large area of the carpet red. Every fiber in my

body froze. She's... pregnant?

With Ashton's child?

"Ash, the child. The child..." Rebecca tugged at Ashton's sleeve as she repeated the words like a

broken record.

Beads of sweat covered Ashton's forehead, his icy expression sank with dread.

"Don't be afraid. The child will be fine." He comforted Rebecca and

scooped her into his arms before

he strode toward the door.

After taking a few steps forward, Ashton stopped abruptly. His glowering eyes were as dark as an

abyss, and the anger in his voice was palpable. "I bet that you're happy, Scarlett."

His simple words were full of hatred and fury.

I was bereft of speech; I did not know how to react.

"Aren't you going after them to explain?" A deep voice came from behind, jolting me into action. I

turned and was stunned to see Jared there all of a sudden.

Suppressing the panic that was rising in my heart, I calmly asked,

"Explain what?"

He raised his brows. "Aren't you afraid that he would think that you pushed Rebecca?"

My eyes dipped down as a hint of bitterness shone through them. "It's doesn't matter whether I

pushed her. The truth is that Rebecca is hurt and someone has to take the blame for it."

"It's good that you know!" Jared descended the stairs as he left the villa with his medical kit in hand.

He was probably heading off to the hospital to see Rebecca.

Chapter 7

It was an hour's journey from the villa to the Fullers' family home.

Throughout the entire hour, I felt like I was in a daze.

My mind was flooded with thoughts about the child in Rebecca's belly and the look in Ashton's eyes

before he left. I couldn't seem to draw enough air into my lungs.

My chest tightened, and just as the car pulled to a stop in front of the Fullers' family home, a wave of

nausea washed over me. I rushed out of the car and retched on the flowerbed for a long time, unable to throw up.

"It seems like being Mrs. Fuller has made you fragile, seeing that you've almost vomited after a short

car ride." A sharp and distasteful voice sounded out from the front door of the house.

I didn't need to look to know who it was. George had two sons. The elder one was Christopher Fuller,

who had died in a car accident along with his wife years ago, leaving his only son, Ashton, behind.

George's second son was Charlie Fuller.

At that moment, the one mocking me outside the family home was Uncle Charlie's wife, Helen Clarke.

There were many internal feuds within wealthy families, so I had already gotten used to this.

I suppressed the discomfort in my stomach as I stared at Helen, greeting her politely. "Aunt Helen."

Helen had always disliked me. Perhaps she was jealous that I was favored by George despite coming

from a poor background, or perhaps she was disgruntled because George had valued Ashton so much

that he handed the reigns of this household to him. Given the context, she could have been venting

out her anger on me.

She cast an icy glance at me before gazing behind me. Upon noticing there was no one else inside the

car, her expression darkened. "What? Ashton, the favorite grandson, didn't even show up for his

grandfather's funeral?"

There would be many guests here today, so Ashton's absence was indeed unacceptable. I lifted my lips into a smile and gave her a perfunctory reply. "An important issue has arisen, so Ashton might run late."

"Haha!" Helen sneered. "This is the person whom my father-in-law has placed all his hope on. I wonder what he saw in him."

The Fullers were an influential family, so many people attended the funeral to pay their respects.

Although Helen was repulsed by me, for the sake of appearances, she didn't make things too difficult for me.

We entered the family home together. George's casket was in the middle of the hall where some white flowers were arranged on top of it.

Many people entered, one after the other, all clad in black mourning attire. George was well-known, so those who came to offer their respects were all from outstanding backgrounds. Charlie and Helen greeted them outside, while I greeted them inside the hall.

"Ms. Stovall." Mrs. Eriksen strode toward me with a sandalwood box in hand.

"Mrs. Eriksen, what's wrong?" The Fuller family wasn't all that complicated despite being a wealthy family because there weren't many descendants. George had always preferred a life of peace and solace and had only hired Mrs. Eriksen to take care of him.

Mrs. Eriksen placed the sandalwood box in my hands with a sympathetic expression on her face. "This was left to you by Mr. Fuller before he passed on. Keep it safe." She paused briefly before continuing, "Mr. Fuller was aware that Mr. Ashton would possibly force you into a divorce upon his demise. If you don't want that to happen, give this box to him. Once he sees it, he'll think twice before divorcing you."

I dipped my head to look at the square-shaped box in my hand. It was secured with a hidden lock.

Glancing at Mrs. Eriksen, I asked in puzzlement, "Where is the key?"

“Mr. Fuller already gave it to Mr. Ashton.” Mrs. Eriksen studied me as she advised, “You’ve lost a lot of weight recently. You should take care of your health. Mr. Fuller has always hoped that you and Mr. Ashton would have a healthy son together so that there would be an heir to the family. Now that Mr. Fuller is gone, don’t let the family bloodline end with the two of you.” At the mention of a child, I was taken aback for a while. Then, I offered Mrs. Eriksen a smile, deciding not to comment any further on it. After the prayers, Grandpa’s casket would be brought to the cemetery for burial. It was already noon when we arrived, but Ashton still hadn’t shown up. Ashton had yet to make an appearance even after the funeral was over. Charlie soon approached me with Helen on his arm as he urged to me, “Letty, your Grandpa George won’t be coming back ever again. Go and tell Ashton to stop holding a grudge against his grandfather—the old man doesn’t owe him anything.”

Chapter 8

Helen scoffed. “She is merely an ingrate. Dad treated her well over the past few years for nothing.” “Stop it!” Charlie glared at her before he glanced at me helplessly. “It’s late. Your grandpa’s funeral is already over. Go home now.” “Thank you, Uncle Charlie,” Both Helen and Charlie were over fifty years old. They didn’t have any children and lived comfortably on the shares of Fuller Corporation. Helen could be rather sharp-tongued, but she wasn’t a bad person at all. They were a loving couple, envied by many others. As they walked away, I stood in front of George’s grave, still deep in thought. My relationship with Ashton would possibly come to an end since Grandpa had passed on. I’m going to lose him, after all. “Grandpa, take care. I’ll visit you later.” I bowed sincerely before I spun on my heels to leave. In spite of that, I was momentarily shocked by the sight that greeted me.

When did Ashton arrive?

He was dressed in black, his expression thunderous. He was standing close by and was gazing at

George's gravestone sternly. I was unable to sense the thoughts that were running through his mind.

At the sight of me, he hurriedly urged, "Let's go."

Did he come to pick me up?

I stopped him hurriedly just as he was about to leave. "Ashton, Grandpa has passed on. You should let

it go. After all, he has sacrificed a lot for you over the years..."

Seeing that his gaze darkened, I trailed off hesitantly.

I expected him to fly into a rage, but he merely turned around and left.

I followed him out of the cemetery. The sky was already dark by now.

The driver who had brought me

here had left because Ashton was here.

Left with no other option, I got into Ashton's car. He started the engine and drove off silently. I

clenched my fingers, wanting to ask him about Rebecca, but when I saw his dark expression I thought

better than to do it.

After a long silence, I couldn't help but ask, "How is Ms. Larson doing?" I didn't push her, but she did

happen to fall in front of my eyes.

The vehicle let out an ear-splitting screech as it came to an abrupt halt. I was thrown forward by the

force of it. Before I could react, Ashton pinned me down and leaned over.

The man was glowering at me icily. Keenly detecting a sense of danger, I recoiled as I soon parted my

lips. "Ashton."

"How do you want her to be?" he mocked. "Scarlett, do you seriously think that I won't divorce you

because of the box Grandpa has given you?"

My heart skipped a beat. Did he find out after merely a few hours?

That's fast.

"I didn't push her." I met his gaze and held back the bitterness in my heart. "Ashton, I am completely

unaware of the contents inside the box. I wasn't about to use it to threaten you to stay married to me.

Since you want a divorce, fine. Let's get one tomorrow."

The sky was fully dark by now. I could hear the rain splattering outside the window as a heavy silence hung in the air.

Ashton was stunned that I had suddenly agreed to divorce him. After a brief pause, he sneered.

“Rebecca is still in the hospital. Are you planning to get a divorce so that you can get away unscathed?”

“What do you want me to do?” As his beloved was in the hospital, it was evident that he wouldn’t allow me to leave so easily.

“You’ll have to take care of her starting tomorrow,” he straightened his back and announced, his fingers drumming on the steering wheel casually.

Chapter 9

I was unaware of what he was planning, so I merely nodded in agreement.

Sometimes, one could possibly feel inferior in a relationship for no reason. I was accustomed to following Ashton’s requests. I also constantly obeyed his orders even though I despised them.

As the vehicle approached the city, I thought he would drop me off at the villa. To my utter surprise, he headed straight toward the hospital instead.

The smell of antiseptic wafted in the air, permeating every corner of the hospital. I didn’t like it, but I followed Ashton quietly to Rebecca’s ward.

Rebecca was hooked to an IV drip. She was lying on the bed, her appearance all the more frail and petite.

When she saw me entering with Ashton, her expression fell. She spoke up after a long silence, “I don’t want to see her, Ashton.”

Her child had died and her motherlike vibe was gone. She grew increasingly cold and resentful instead.

Ashton approached her and pulled her into his arms. Resting his chin on her forehead in an effort to comfort her, he hurriedly uttered, “She’s here to take care of you. It’s only right for her to do that.”

Their adoration and intimacy pierced straight through my heart like an iron shard.

Rebecca parted her lips to say something but she eventually decided against it. Hence, she flashed a smile at Ashton. "Okay, I'll let you call the shots."

They were talking about me; nevertheless, I didn't get to join in on the discussion.

I was merely forced to listen to their arrangements.

Ashton was a busy man. He was a Fuller but did not attend George's funeral. He had to run the family business, so he didn't have time to accompany Rebecca throughout her stay at the hospital.

It seemed like the only person who was free to look after Rebecca was me.

At two in the morning, Rebecca was still awake as she had slept too much throughout the day. There were no extra beds in the hospital so I resorted to sitting on a chair beside her bed.

Sensing that I was still awake, Rebecca soon turned her gaze to me. "Scarlett, you're too inferior."

I didn't know what to say in response. I stared at the ring on my finger for a long time before I looked up. "Isn't love supposed to be like this?"

She did not understand what I meant. After a pause, she broke out into a grin. "Aren't you tired of it?"

I shook my head. Everything in life is tiring. All I did was fall in love with a man.

"Can you pour me a glass of water?" she inquired, sitting up straight.

I nodded and rose to my feet to get her a glass of water.

"Don't add any cold water. I want it piping hot!" she instructed coolly.

After pouring the water out, I handed her the glass. Nevertheless, she didn't take it from me. Rather,

she told me, "I pity you—you're seriously pathetic. I don't blame you for the miscarriage, but I couldn't help but vent my hatred out on you."

I didn't know what she meant, so I offered the glass to her. "Be careful. It's hot."

She took the glass from me as she gave me a sudden tug. I instinctively tried to pull away, but she

gazed at me intently. "Let's have a bet, shall we? Will he be concerned for you?"

Stunned, I realized that Ashton was standing by the door. I wasn't made aware of his arrival. Gazing at

me, Rebecca asked calmly, "Would you like to bet on it?"

I said nothing as I allowed her to pour the glass of scalding water down my hand. A flash of agonizing pain struck my senses.

I had joined the bet with my silent assent.

Rebecca placed the glass down as she spoke innocently, "I'm sorry; I didn't do it on purpose. The glass

was too hot so it slipped from my grasp. Are you okay?"

What a hypocrite!

I retracted my hand as I bit back the burning pain. "I'm fine," I replied, shaking my head.

Chapter 10

Ashton, who was watching the entire debacle, strode in slowly.

Thereafter, he glanced at Rebecca and asked, "Why are you still awake?"

Rebecca acted like she was pleasantly surprised at his arrival. Pouting daintily, she tugged him so that

he would sit by the side of her bed before she wrapped her arms around him. "I slept too much during

the day and I can't sleep now. Why are you here?"

"To visit you." Ashton's gaze landed on me. Frowning, he immediately ordered, "Deal with that now!"

His voice was cold and devoid of concern.

Rebecca put on a regretful expression while her arms were clasped around him. "I was too careless

and I accidentally injured Scarlett."

Ashton calmly stroked her long hair; it seemed like he wasn't going to reprimand her.

My heart ached as if I had been forced to the edge of a cliff. Slowly, I dragged my feet out of the ward.

I knew I would lose the bet, but I was hoping that Ashton would at least inquire if I was hurt. That

would have been sufficient for me.

Alas, he didn't spare me a second glance. He didn't even seem to pity me.

In the hallway, a tall figure blocked my way. I looked up and was met with Jared Crest's stern gaze.

Confused, I greeted him, "Dr. Crest!"

He gave me a long look before he asked, "Does it hurt?"

At his question, sorrow and bitterness washed over me. Tears began to stream down my cheeks and fall to the floor. I couldn't help but shudder as the cold wind blew across the hallway, intensifying the bleakness I felt inside me.

Even an acquaintance would ask if I was hurt. How could he, the person who was married to me for two years, ignore me like a heartless prick?

Jared took my hand in his. I shrunk back subconsciously but his grip simply tightened.

"I'm a doctor!" Jared said pointedly, leaving no room for argument. He was a doctor, so it was his responsibility to treat me.

I knew that he wasn't a nosy person. He only wanted to treat my injuries because I was Ashton's wife.

I followed Jared into a room. He uttered some words to the nurse on duty before he turned to tell me,

"She will tend to your wound."

I nodded. "Thank you!"

After Jared left, the nurse cleaned the burn on my hand carefully. Her brows scrunched up when she caught sight of several blisters. "This is rather serious. It might leave a scar."

"It's fine." This is a lesson to be remembered.

As there were blisters, the nurse had to prick them to clean the burns thoroughly.

Worried that I wouldn't be able to bear the pain, she cautioned me, "It might hurt. Bear with it."

"Mm!"

This is nothing. The pain tugging at my chest is more unbearable than this.

Upon treating my wound, the nurse gave me some brief instructions before letting me go. I was on the way back to Rebecca's ward when I heard someone talking in the stairwell. I came to a stop out of curiosity.

“George has already passed on. When will you divorce her?” It was Jared’s voice.

“Her? You mean Scarlett?” another familiar voice asked coolly. I immediately knew that it was Ashton.

I inched closer to the stairwell and saw Ashton leaning against the railing with his hands in his pockets.

Jared was leaning on the wall, holding a half-lit cigarette in his hands.

Tapping on the cigarette gently, Jared stared at Ashton before he stated, “You know that she is innocent. She loves you.”

Ashton met his gaze icily. “I wasn’t aware that you were this concerned for her.”

At his words, Jared frowned. “Don’t overthink it. I was merely reminding you in hopes that you won’t

come to regret your decision in the future. Even though she loves you deeply now, she may eventually throw her love away.”

“Ha!” Ashton sneered. “I’ve always scorned her love...”

I couldn’t bring myself to listen to the rest of his sentence. Some things are better not heard; I would be a fool if I insisted on eavesdropping.

Chapter 11

When I arrived at Rebecca’s ward, she was already asleep. There was a middle-aged lady in the room

who turned out to be the caretaker that Ashton had hired. The lady greeted me politely as she

informed me that she was going to take care of Rebecca under Ashton’s orders. This meant that I no longer had to stay.

I walked out of the hospital and hailed a cab to bring me home.

After a night that was full of hassle, I found that it was dawn by the time I returned to the villa. I found

that I was frequently exhausted; perhaps it was because of my pregnancy. Hence, I went to my bedroom at once as I fell into a slumber on my bed.

The heavy smell of cigarette smoke roused me from my deep sleep.

Opening my eyes, I was shocked to

see a figure in black sitting at the edge of my bed. It took me a while to realize that it was Ashton.

I didn't know when he had returned, but the bedroom was full of thick smoke. The doors and windows were all shut tightly. There was a burning cigarette between his fingers. It seemed like he had been smoking for a long while.

"You're back." I sat up and gazed at him.

I had never seen him smoke prior to this. Something must have happened, seeing as he was smoking to such an extent.

He said nothing as his gaze landed on me. I couldn't read his mind at all. The smoke was choking me, so I rose to my feet to open the window.

Meanwhile, Ashton was lounging on the sofa. When I walked past him, he pulled me into his arms abruptly. As his grip tightened, I grew increasingly afraid.

"Ashton!" I didn't know the reason behind his sudden action, but I couldn't stand the stench of the smoke. Thus, I struggled while he remained unfazed.

Calming down, I looked back at him. "You're drunk?" I didn't realize it earlier, but now that I was in his arms, I could smell the alcohol on his breath.

"You don't hate me?" he blurted out suddenly. I was confused as I studied him carefully. He was frowning unhappily. I noticed that there were beard stubs on his jaw. He must have been occupied recently, seeing that he had yet to shave.

"I do!" I answered truthfully as I reached out to pry his hands off. Nevertheless, he refused to release his hold on me.

"What's wrong, Ashton?" I questioned.

"Will you stop?" He was staring at me in a daze.

"Stop what?" I inquired quizzically.

He stopped talking immediately. As his palms began to explore my body, I was keenly made aware of what he wanted from me.

I instinctively stopped him as my brows furrowed. "Ashton, I'm Scarlett, not Rebecca. Look carefully."

He said nothing as he picked me up, devouring my lips greedily. I only felt attacked by his alcoholic breath.

“Ashton, I am Scarlett! Look carefully!” I held his face in desperation, forcing him to look at me.

Exhaustion rimmed his eyes as he gazed at me silently. “Mm!” he grunted in reply, resuming his actions.

His suit that was once crisp was all wrinkled now. He removed his blazer as he flung it onto the bed.

When I noticed that our clothes were strewn across the ground, I snapped back to reality. I’m pregnant. We can’t do this.

I shoved him off and covered myself with the covers. “Ashton, you’re drunk,” I told him.

With that, I left the bedroom.

After changing into a fresh outfit, I headed out. I was afraid that I wouldn’t be able to keep the child if I remained in the house.

Chapter 12

I was at a loss, so I went to Macy.

She was at Hour Bar.

It was still early, so there weren’t many customers. Macy ordered a cocktail before she handed it to me. “Why are you here at this hour? Did something happen?”

My gaze swept across the girls spinning around the poles. Hearing the tremendously loud pop music and yells, I shook my head. The cocktail was already on my lips when I put it down. “No. I came here to wind down.”

“Did Ashton bully you again?” Macy asked in exasperation. “If you’ve had enough of it, get a divorce.

You’re pretty enough to get other men whom you’re attracted to. Why would you stay with an ice sculpture forever? Isn’t that tiring?”

Macy was always this outspoken. We were good friends, so she hated seeing me mope over Ashton.

I handed the pregnancy report to her as I uttered helplessly, “Even if I’m pretty, would any man accept me if I have a child?”

Grabbing the pregnancy report from me, Macy studied it carefully. Her eyes widened as she asked me,

“You’re six weeks pregnant? I’d thought that you never had sex with Ashton? How did you get pregnant?”

“Remember how I got drunk last month? Ashton came to pick me up.” I took the pregnancy report from her.

It took her a while to regain her composure. “So what will you do now?” I shook my head. To be honest, I was at a loss too.

“Abort the baby,” suggested Macy. “Ashton and you don’t belong together. George is dead, so being pregnant spells trouble. You should abort it and get a divorce. Life isn’t short. He’s not the only man in your life.”

I was in a daze. As the crowd was growing, I told Macy, “You should head back to work. I’ll stay here myself.”

It was evident that I wouldn’t heed her advice. Seeing as such, she changed my cocktail to a glass of orange juice, rolling her eyes before she left.

As night fell, the bar became crowded and rowdy. Macy was too busy to talk to me, so I sat in a corner and stared into space blankly.

The people milling around in the bar fascinated me.

I didn’t even realize it when the thugs had arrived. It wasn’t until people started yelling and stuff went crashing on the ground that I snapped back into reality.

A few thugs were in the bar; all of them were surrounding Macy. Most of the customers had fled. Even the booming music was now silent.

I was sitting in the corner in the shadows, so no one noticed me. The thugs who were surrounding Macy were holding wooden sticks.

It was evident that they were here to find fault. To my surprise, Macy was eerily calm. Eventually, she asked them, “Are you here to find fault or to have fun?”

“To find fault, of course. Missy, if you’re bold enough, let’s have fun together!” the leader spoke lewdly as he reached out to touch Macy’s cheek.

Slap! Before the pervert could touch Macy, I flung the glass of orange juice right at him.

At the sudden interruption, the thug roared in pain. "Who did that to me?"

"Me!" I stood up from my seat as I boldly approached them. Macy seemed anxious to see me. "Why are you still here?"

I was speechless. She thought that I had left earlier.

Rolling my eyes, I quipped, "Where else would I be?"

"What a fool!" Macy chided. She stood in front of me in a defensive pose as she whispered, "If we end up fighting later, you should escape."

I knew that she was worried for me, so I didn't explain further. Looking straight at the thug who I had hit earlier, I inquired, "Are you ganging up against a young lady?"

Chapter 13

"Why not?" the thug replied with an evil smile. "You flung that glass at me, right?"

I inclined my head. "I didn't do it on purpose. Sorry about that."

"Damn it! Do you have a death wish?" yelled the thug as he waved his baton at me menacingly. Macy and I avoided his attack. Seeing a beer bottle on a table aside, I picked it up and hurled it at him.

The other thugs were enjoying the show before Macy and I retaliated. They immediately grabbed their batons and charged at us.

Macy and I were skilled in fighting, so we weren't taken advantage of. When the police arrived, everyone was lightly wounded. We were brought to the police station together.

After recording our statements, Macy and I had to be bailed out. We were the victims, but we had fought back in the fight.

Macy was an orphan. I was her only friend in J City. Hence, she had to rely on my connections to bail us out.

I spent my days at work and at home. As I was an introvert, I didn't have many friends. Hence, I decided to call Jared for help.

The call was answered after a few rings. As the person on the other end of the line remained silent, I

felt slightly awkward as I spoke, "Dr. Crest, I'm sorry for disturbing you at this hour. Can you do me a favor? I'm at the police station. Can you come to bail me out?"

As there was still no reply, I hurriedly added, "Dr. Crest, please."

Soon, someone uttered, "Scarlett Stovall!"

Isn't that Ashton? Why did he answer Jared's phone?

I was both shocked and terrified. "Ashton, you—"

"Where are you?" Before I could finish, he interrupted me rudely.

I could sense his displeasure even through the other end of the line.

"Metropolitan Police Station!" Once I gave him an answer, he hung up.

Macy was staring at me. "Why didn't you call Ashton directly? Look what you've gotten yourself into."

I massaged my temples. "When I left the villa, Ashton was drunk. I thought that he'd be sleeping by now and I called Jared instead. I didn't know..."

I didn't know that he would answer Jared's phone.

Half an hour later, Ashton entered the police station with an entourage.

He was cool and imposing, like a Greek god.

Besides, his name would appear in the financial paper almost every other day. Almost everyone in the police station came to greet him.

At the sight of that, Macy bumped my shoulder. "I get why you're so infatuated with him. He's an outstanding man, I'll give him that. Women drool all over him, vying to be his wife. I can't believe that you get to sleep with him every day."

I shot her a look. Earlier, she was urging me to get a divorce. Look at her now...

Women are so fickle.

As soon as Ashton signed the papers, Macy and I were free to go.

At the entrance of the police station, the police officer who arrested us earlier told us, "If something similar happens in the future, don't take action. You can call the police directly."

Macy and I looked at each other. We smiled at the police officer as we thanked him profusely.

The moment we turned to leave, Macy muttered, "Damn it. If I hadn't taken action, the police would've already arrived to collect my dead body!"

I wanted to say something, but suddenly, I felt a chill traveling down my spine. Whipping my head around, I saw Ashton standing by his black Jeep in his black suit silently.

Chapter 14

I knew that he was upset, so I bade goodbye to Macy softly as I walked toward him. Lowering my head, I expressed my gratitude. "Thank you!" Ashton merely glanced at me as his expression turned thunderous. "Get into the car!" he ordered.

I entered the car obediently.

On the way back home, I received a text from Macy informing me that she was back home safely.

Hence, I replied and texted her: Good night!

Looking out the car window, I realized that we were almost back home.

The man was still as cool as ever. If he refused to say a word, I would remain silent too.

At long last, the vehicle came to a stop in front of the villa. He alighted the car as he soon made his way inside. I trailed along behind him as I explained, "Ashton, I thought that you were drunk. That is why I called Dr. Crest. I didn't mean anything else."

My explanation was possibly feeble, but I still spoke up even though I knew that he wouldn't care.

Suddenly, he came to a stop as he narrowed his gaze at me. "Anything else? Do you seriously think Jared likes you?"

I was at a loss for words.

He's right. Jared is Ashton's friend. I am also Ashton's wife. Even if I weren't married to him, Jared wouldn't like me.

I knew that Ashton treated me like dirt. If it weren't for George's help, I wouldn't even get to meet

Ashton, let alone marry him.

Seeing that I had kept silent, Ashton glared at me as he stomped upstairs.

All of a sudden, he came to a stop, looking as though something had just occurred to him. Looking

back, he ordered, "Buy some supper for me at Granger's."

I was stunned. Why didn't he say so on the way back? Granger's was on the opposite end of town.

Besides, it was already midnight. Was he telling me to travel across town to buy breakfast for him?

"Do you need it by today? It's already midnight! Wouldn't the shop be closed?"

"It's open 24/7!" came his reply. He headed upstairs immediately.

He doesn't want supper. He wants to torture me.

After all, I owed him one. I headed out of the villa as I prepared to leave.

It was the rainy season, so the air was moist. It seemed like it would rain soon. I wanted to drive

Ashton's Jeep, but he had brought the keys upstairs with him. Seeing as such, I walked to the garage

and drove another vehicle with a lower base.

At one in the morning, I drove across town to buy supper. I was secretly pleased because it hadn't

rained.

Nevertheless, by the time I stepped out of Granger's, it was already pouring.

I drove back home slowly, avoiding the tunnel. J City was famous for flash floods involving highways

and tunnels. Hence, I took a longer route home to avoid the flash floods.

Alas, I never expected that the car would break down halfway. As I took a longer route home, I was

still far away from home. I ended up being stuck in a desolate area. It

was pouring, so I couldn't hail a

cab either.

Whipping out my phone, I realized that the battery was about to go

dead. Seeing as such, I hurriedly

called Ashton.

I called him several times, but he never picked up. My battery was about to go flat, so I rummaged

around in the car and found an umbrella. Grabbing his supper, I alighted the car.

Chapter 15

If I were lucky enough, I would possibly bump into a kind driver who would offer to give me a ride

home. As it was pouring, the tiny umbrella didn't manage to serve its purpose. Soon enough, I was

drenched.

I was seriously unlucky as I was still alone after walking for some time. My belly was throbbing painfully by now. After a while, I could no longer hold back the pain that was attacking my belly.

Worried for my child, I soon decided to stop as I hurriedly covered my belly. Eventually, I knelt on the ground in pain. I reached into my pocket, but my phone wasn't there. I must have left it in the car earlier.

Nevertheless, I was too far away from my car now. My stomach was throbbing so painfully that I couldn't make the journey back. I held on to a rock by the side of the road for support, limping forward slowly. As I was sweating buckets, I finally succumbed and got on my knees.

Suddenly, I felt something flowing down between my legs. Oh no, my child is about to leave me.

According to an old nursery rhyme, little girls were made of sugar, spice, and everything nice.

Alas, not all little girls were destined to lead a delightful life. Some of them were born in poverty and despair, destined for a life of pain.

When I heard the splitting sound of a car hitting its brakes, my vision grew blurry.

Forcing my eyes open, I saw a black Jeep with the plate number ACL999. It was Ashton's car.

Upon realizing that it was him, I mustered up all of my remaining energy as I struggled to stand to my feet.

Unfortunately, seeing as I had been kneeling on the ground for too long, and my head was spinning, I lost balance and toppled backward.

"Foolish woman!" The man's cool voice sounded in my ear. I struggled to open my eyes, but my eyelids were too heavy. I could sense Ashton bringing me into his car before I lost consciousness.

When I regained my consciousness again, I was in a daze. A white ceiling greeted me the moment my eyes fluttered open. I'm in the hospital.

Shifting uncomfortably, I realized that my body was aching all over. Instinctively, I reached out to caress my belly. "Don't worry. Your baby is fine." A sudden male voice brought me out of my reverie. Turning toward the voice, I saw Jared. After a pause, I asked, "Why..." Why are you here? My throat was burning, so I couldn't even complete my sentence. He arched a brow and left to pour me a cup of water. When he returned, he helped me up from the bed. I immediately tried to resist being near to him by putting my arms out between us. Ignoring my actions, he placed the cup right by my lips. I reached out to take it myself, but he brushed me away. "Drink it!" I obliged. After taking a few sips of water, I felt better. He helped me to lay down before placing the cup by the bed. I gazed at him as I parted my lips. "Thank you!" He was looking at his phone and he soon murmured in response. I contemplated for a while before asking, "Is Ashton aware that I am pregnant?" If I wasn't mistaken, it was Ashton who had brought me to the hospital last night. Since Jared knew about it, Ashton must have been informed too. Jared froze before he squinted at me. "You don't want him to know?"

Chapter 16 You Must Abort It

I nodded truthfully. "He wants a divorce. If I tell him of the baby, he might think that I am using it to keep us married." Jared raised a brow in question. "But he already knows of it. What will you do?" Joyread

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