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To my surprise, Macy said nothing more. Thinking we had nothing else to talk about, I was about to hang up when she suddenly spoke up again.

"Come get your man. He's totally wasted."

I froze. "Ashton?"

"What other man would you have apart from him?"

I was at a loss for words.

Why did Ashton get himself drunk?

After ending the call, I packed a few things, put on my coat and drove toward Macy's bar.

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Chapter 23

Hour Bar wasn't too far off from the villa, so it only took me ten minutes to get there.

As usual, Macy was drinking by the counter, and she remarked helplessly upon seeing me. "He's upstairs in the private room. The guy's completely knocked out."

I put the car keys into my purse. "Why did he come here to drink?"

"How would I know? He's been coming over since two days ago, but that hunky assistant of his always took him home before he could get drunk. The assistant isn't here today, though.

That's why your man is wasted," Macy

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responded with pursed lips as she put her glass down. "You got rid of the child without talking to him about it; what makes you think he'd be in a cheery mood?"

I was stunned. Was Ashton really that upset because of the child?

I headed up to the second floor and found the room Ashton was in. No one answered after I knocked twice, so I decided to enter anyway.

The intense smell of cigarettes and booze wafted into my nostrils the moment I opened the door. I kept the door open, secretly airing out the room a little.



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Inside the dimly lit room, a man leaned on the sofa with his eyes closed and lips slightly pursed. He didn't seem drunk at all; in fact, he looked like he was just getting some shuteye.

"Ashton!" As I called out to him, I spotted several empty bottles of whiskey. There was no way his liver could take all this alcohol!

Upon hearing my voice, his eyelashes fluttered as he opened his eyes to gaze at me coldly.

Perhaps because I had disrupted his peace, the atmosphere turned chilly in an instant, and the way he looked at me grew increasingly contemptuous by



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the minute.

"Get out," he ordered in a deep voice, his lips parted slightly.

Knowing that he didn't wish to see me, I sighed and walked toward him.

"You've had too much to drink, Ashton. Let's go home."

Yet, the man squinted as a cold smirk appeared on his face. "Home? Is that what I'd call home?" he sneered.

I furrowed my brows, feeling my temper getting shorter due to my pregnancy. I would usually put up with his humiliation, but this time, I couldn't help but respond grimly, "If that isn't

home, what is it? If you don't wish to see me, Ashton, I can always give Rebecca a call and have her come pick you up. Macy has a business to run, so stop giving her a hard time!"

Suddenly, Ashton grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me onto his lap before wrapping his arms around my waist. Then, he violently shoved a hand down my collar and scoffed, "Home will never be home as long as you're around. I'd say it's more like... an inn."

Chapter 24

Ashton grabbed onto me as he finished.

Rage boiled within me as I frowned in pain. I pulled his hand out, glaring at him. "Well, if it's nothing but an inn to you, feel free to never come back. Sign the divorce papers and we'll never see each other again!"

Suddenly, he bit me on the shoulder, causing me to hiss in pain. My tears were on the verge of spilling out.

"Oh? So you're going to stay far away from me now that you've gotten the money, the house, and the shares?"



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Ashton glared at me and let out a cold laugh. "Your love sure is cheap, Scarlett. To think you're taking it all back so easily."

My head began to hurt seeing how intoxicated he was. What was I doing, trying to reason with a drunkard?

Suppressing my anger, I softened my tone and held his face. "It's getting late, Ashton. Let's go home okay?"

Ashton stopped talking. He closed his eyes and leaned back into the couch, but still held on to me.

Not knowing what he wanted, I paused briefly before suggesting, "If you don't



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Chapter 24

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want to come home with me, I'll ask Rebecca to pick you up, okay?"

He didn't want to return to the villa anyway, I assumed he had been staying with Rebecca all this while. Refusing to let him disrupt Macy's business, I grabbed my purse and took out my phone, ready to give Rebecca a call.

Yet, Ashton snatched my phone before I could even dial Rebecca's number.

Crash! He tossed my phone far away.

I froze in shock before turning to him.

"What the hell do you want, Ashton?"

He didn't want to leave with me, yet he



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refused to let someone else pick him up. Did he intend to die here on his own?

"Let's go home," the man spat out coldly as he carried me and began to stagger out of the room.

I was utterly frightened. With a child inside of me, I wouldn't even have a chance to regret it if he were to accidentally drop me.

Holding onto him tightly, I dared not speak too sternly. "You're drunk, Ashton. Put me down. I can walk on my own! I just had surgery, so it'd be bad if I slipped."

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Ashton suddenly stilled in place before gazing at me with his pitch-black eyes.

"Was it to get back at me?"

I froze, not knowing what he was talking about. "Of course not," I answered while shaking my head. "I love you so much; why would I want to get back at you? Put me down and let's go home, okay?"

God! A drunk man was no different from a child.

Just when I thought he was up to something again, he put me down to my surprise and cast me a glance.

"Let's go home."

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I had grown tired from nodding at this point. "Okay, let's go!" I replied, holding onto him.

Not knowing how much he had drunk, I helped the staggering man down to the ground floor. Macy stood at by the counter with her arms crossed. "Do you need help?"

I shook my head. "Has he paid the bill?"

Macy rolled her eyes at me. "Paid the bill? My bar is already practically his now."

With Ashton's entire weight on my body, I couldn't be bothered to ponder



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over Macy's remark. I simply nodded and brought Ashton out of the bar.


It took me so much effort just to get him into the car. My back and clothes were completely drenched in sweat by the time I was done.

I finally understood why people said pregnant women were fragile; I was about to fall apart just from doing such a menial task.

I gazed at the man in the passenger seat. With his eyes closed, he didn't look as frosty as usual. Instead, he looked so peaceful in his sleep. This man was surely favored by the gods. He had such a handsome face, a nice



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body, and an infinite amount of wealth.

He was the cream of the crop.

Just as I continued to stare at Ashton, his eyes suddenly flew open, causing my heart to skip a beat.

“Mmph!” Before I could react, the booze and tobacco scent invaded my nostrils as he proceeded to nibble on the tip of my tongue.

Why was Ashton kissing me all of a sudden?

He was even kissing me so hard that I couldn't breathe. My mind went abuzz and he let go of me only when I was about to run out of air.



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Chapter 24

I stared at Ashton in shock. At this very moment, he didn't have his usual cold gaze. Instead, there was a complicated look in his eyes, albeit unfathomable as usual.

"Ashton..."

"I want my child back," he spat out frigidly before leaning into his seat and shutting his eyes once again.

I was speechless.

Unsure whether he had fallen asleep or was just resting his eyes, I decided to just start the engine and drive back to the villa.

the villa.

Yet, the same words played in my mind like a loop. *I want my child back.*

Was he actually not rejecting this child?

The thought of this gave me mixed feelings.

At the end of the day, Rebecca was someone he had to look after for the rest of his life. Even if he didn't actually like her, there was no way he would ever leave her be.

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Chapter 25

Chapter 25

Things would only get more complicated if he were to find out the truth. The situation between the three of us would worsen with the addition of this child.

Hence, I figured that leaving was the best option—a win-win situation for everyone.

I grew frantic upon parking outside the villa. Taking Ashton upstairs was not going to be an easy task.

After contemplating for a moment, I alighted the vehicle, walked toward the passenger seat and opened the car

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door. "Ashton," I called out while tugging at his sleeve.

Ashton instantly woke up upon hearing his name. His stomach was probably giving him a hard time from all the whiskey he had drunk.

The man slowly opened his eyes and glanced at me before scanning his surroundings. "You brought me here?"

I nodded, unsure if he was already sober or still drunk. "Come on down. It's late."

It was already almost dawn by now. Being pregnant, I simply didn't have the energy to stay up with him.

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Chapter 25

Ashton sat up straight, showing no intention of getting down the car. His dark eyes appeared harmless, but I knew he was in a volatile mood.

After giving it some thought, I eventually spoke up. "Do you want me to help you get down?"

"I'm going to bask in the sun for a while," he answered and sat there motionlessly.

I was completely taken aback. Bask in the sun? Now?

How drunk is he?

"Okay. Take your time." Feeling too

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Chapter 25

awful to stay with him outside, I headed into the villa.





I returned to the bedroom and lay in bed. Then, the silence coming from the living room began to fill me with concern. What if he decided to head outside and got into an accident?

After struggling with my own thoughts, I got up and headed downstairs. To my surprise, Ashton was already lying on the couch in the living room.

I could finally sleep in peace.

After such a long night, I fell into a deep slumber and only woke up at noon.

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Chapter 25

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With an appointment with Caleb in mind, I hurriedly washed up and headed out the door. By the time I arrived at work, Caleb was already waiting for me at the office.

He smiled apologetically upon seeing me. "Sorry to bother you at work, Ms. Stovall."

Having just rushed over, I calmed my breathing and had Stacey pour Caleb a glass of water. Then, we signed both the completion and transfer agreements.

After we were done, Caleb offered, "It's already noon. I suppose you haven't had lunch, Ms. Stovall? How about a



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meal together? My wife's been wanting to thank you. Do you happen to have some time?"

I didn't actually have other plans, but I noticed Stacey gazing at me as though she had something to tell me. Hence, I smiled and turned the man down.

"You're too kind, Dr. Ludwick. I should be the one thanking you both. I'm afraid I have something to take care of today, so let's meet up another time instead."

Hearing that, Caleb left after exchanging some pleasantries.

Then, I turned to Stacey. "Mr. Fuller wants you to see him at his office, Ms.

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Stovall," she said.

See him?

I furrowed my brows, feeling stunned. "Has our department done anything wrong recently?" Ashton normally wouldn't summon me over personal affairs while at work.

Unless the issue was work-related.

Stacey nodded. "Finance has approached Mr. Fuller regarding the issue with Dr. Ludwick. Mr. Fuller seems rather unhappy about it and wants you to drop by the president's office."