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Chapter 30

I knew what he meant. I had to be careful since there was another life inside of me. Who knew what would happen if I decided to drown myself in alcohol?

Joe obviously didn't want Jared to rain on their parade. "Stop meddling, Jared! Let's go, Ms. Stovall."

I followed them to their room.

As though afraid I wouldn't get knocked out, Joe ordered ten bottles of whiskey and two crates of beer.

"Think you can handle this, Ms. Stovall?"

"Ha!" I wanted to laugh. *Does he think this is fun?*

After filling ten glasses with beer, Joe said to me, "The rule here is that you can get anyone here to drink for you— anyone at all. But that depends on your own abilities. If you can't convince anyone to help you, you'll have to drink everything on your own."

Seeing the table full of glasses, I frowned as I subconsciously placed a hand over my belly. *Hang in there, my baby*, I prayed silently.

I picked up a glass and began to drink. Yet, my stomach began to churn from just a few sips.

"Ugh!" Unable to contain my nausea, I dashed toward the bathroom and retched over the toilet.

Jared followed me from behind and stroked my back. "Show Ashton your vulnerable side and ask him to help you. You're his wife, after all. He won't let Joe do as he pleases."

I smirked coldly. Unlike Rebecca, I wasn't someone who could captivate the hearts of men just by shedding a few tears.

Not responding to that, I asked him, "Is there anything that can reduce the side effects on the baby?"



He nodded. "But drugs are drugs. They can't undo all the harm."

"That's fine. Please get me some later."

I left the bathroom. Joe had put on a song and was casually singing when I made my way back. "What's wrong? Can't even handle one glass?"

Not bothering with him, I glanced at the table. Apart from the glass I had drunk from, all the others remained untouched.

Ashton and Rebecca sat close to each other. I watched as the woman muttered something to him, and he responded with a slight nod.





The man's gaze darkened upon seeing me, but he soon looked away.

Feeling my heart ache, I walked to the table and glanced at Joe. "I hope you won't go back on your word, Mr. Quinn."

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Chapter 31

## Chapter 31

After speaking, I lifted my full glass of wine. Resisting the urge to throw up, I chugged down a few glasses in a row. My alcohol tolerance wasn't that high to begin with. Hence, by the third glass, a dull ache had formed in my lower abdomen.

Jared sensed the change in me and held down my hand. Glancing at Ashton, he said slowly, "Ashton, she's still your wife now. You know she can't drink in her current state. It'll be too late to regret if something happens to her."

"Let me go!" I was already a little dizzy. Driven by rage and indignance, I

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Wi-Fi signal strength, cellular signal strength, and battery level icons.

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pushed Jared's hand away and reached out to grab a glass of wine.

I was stopped by a powerful grip, right before being pulled into a familiar embrace. Joe stared at Ashton with a bewildered expression. "Ashton?"

"She's my wife, so I'll drink the rest!" With that, he finished the remaining amount of wine. As Rebecca watched him, her eyes instantly glowed red.

My stomach felt queasy, the urge to retch surging within me several times, but I was trapped in Ashton's arms. Thus, I had no choice but to fight through nausea.



Ashton had been polishing off glass after glass for quite some time when Rebecca abruptly stood up and ordered Joe, "Take me home!"

Anger and hurt could clearly be detected in her voice.

Joe looked at Ashton with a conflicted expression, opening his mouth to speak, but no words came. In the end, he trailed after Rebecca and left.

Immediately after, Jared snatched away the wine glass in Ashton's hand and snapped at him, "If you don't want anything to happen to her, you'd better take her back now!"

He was referring to me.

Ashton frowned and carried me out of the nightclub, bridal-style. My head spun slightly and I didn't know what happened to Jared after that. After Ashton put me in the car, I felt a stabbing pain in my abdomen.

Seeing me curled up into a ball while cradling my belly, Ashton's brows scrunched together and his palm caressed my abdomen. "Does it hurt very badly?"

I nodded in response, a layer of sweat already forming on my forehead.

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He started the car and said, "Hang it there. I'll take you to the hospital!"

Breaking out in cold sweat, I quickly grabbed his arm and peered into his dark eyes while shaking my head.

"Bring me back to the villa and get Dr. Crest to come. He can treat me!"

He frowned, looking slightly unhappy.

Afraid that he might overthink things, I explained, "After the surgery, he was the one who monitored my recovery, so he knows what to do."

Ashton paused for a moment before putting the car into drive and heading back to the villa.



I breathed a sigh of relief at that.

Ashton skillfully maneuvered the car and floored the accelerator at the same time, so we reached the villa in no time.

Ashton carried me into the bedroom, where Jared gave me some medicine which slowly eased the pain in my abdomen.

After a hectic day, I was exhausted, not to mention light-headed as well, so I gradually drifted off to sleep.

While I was asleep, the muffled sound of Ashton calling me pierced through the haze in my mind, but too drowsy to



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open my eyes, I vaguely felt him taking off my clothes and carrying me into the bathroom to give me a bath.

My subconsciousness wanted to refuse him, but I just couldn't wake up no matter how hard I tried.

His palm seemed to graze my abdomen. Unsure of what he was trying to do, I squirmed away from him a little.

In my groggy state, I felt him carry me back to bed. Once again overcome by exhaustion, I fell into a deep slumber almost immediately.

The next day.

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Chapter 31

Perhaps it was because I had too much to drink last night, I woke up with a hangover. I sat in bed for a long time while my phone rang a few times.

After feeling more relaxed, I checked my phone to see that there was a message from Macy.

*How was the male escort last night? Did everything go well?*

I held my forehead, utterly speechless, and typed out a message: *Macy, you do know that after a miscarriage, it's not advisable to have sex for at least a month, right?*

Not long after I sent the message, she



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called me.

I answered it and Macy began fussing on the other end. "What the heck? You should've told me that earlier! Do you know how much I paid that male escort yesterday?"

I stretched lazily and got out of bed to draw the curtains open while speaking into the phone. "Let's go shopping one of these days and I'll get you something you like. By the way, I ran into Rebecca last night."

Macy was stunned to hear that. "Isn't she always flaunting about what a virtuous woman she is? Why did she go there then?"

"Ashton and the rest were there too."

"Ashton and the rest were there too."

After a heavy downpour, the villa's surroundings seemed to sparkle brilliantly, as if cleansed by the rain.

Macy sighed. "Forget it. Let's not talk about her anymore. Have you planned when to leave J City?"

Thinking about this matter gave me a headache. "Ashton hasn't signed the divorce papers, and I haven't settled things at the company yet."

She hummed a response, falling silent for a while before saying, "Tell me after you're done with all of those. I'll head to Q City in a few days to check out some good locations, then settle the

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some good locations, then settle the bar transfer here.”

I felt my throat tighten from emotion.

“Hour Bar has been operating for so many years already. Don’t you feel sad about giving it up?” The fact that she was doing it for my sake didn’t leave a pleasant feeling in my heart.

“Tsk!” She sounded slightly exasperated when she spoke again.

“Some things come and go in life. What’s there to be sad about? Besides, it’s not like I can’t open up another bar in Q City.”

Having said that, she instantly chirped excitedly, “Have you ever thought about what you wanna do once you leave



Having said that, she instantly chirped excitedly, "Have you ever thought about what you wanna do once you leave Fuller Corporation and move to Q City?"

## Chapter 32

I was caught off guard by her question, because not once have I ever thought about it. After everything here was settled, my belly would probably get bigger, so it wouldn't be convenient to look for a job in that state.

"I might take a short break or something." After the baby was born, I would probably have my hands full, so it would be best to wait until the baby was older to think about this.

"That's a good idea." She stayed silent for a while, probably contemplating something. "You've suffered so much all these years because of Ashton, so

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it's time for you to take a good rest. It's a good thing I've saved enough money for the two of us to spend over the years!"

I burst out laughing. "Don't worry. I won't be completely helpless even after Ashton and I divorce. I still have my savings." The villa was left by Grandpa. Even if Ashton gave it to me after we divorced, I probably wouldn't sell it away. As for the company shares, I still hadn't decided what to do with them.

After a few good laughs, we ended the call. I wrapped my arms around myself and leaned against the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing at the scenery



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outside.

Indeed, it was time to think about what I wanted to do with my future.

For some inexplicable reason, the air seemed to turn slightly chilly. Rubbing my arms a little, I turned around to look for a coat and was startled to see Ashton standing behind me in a rigid posture.

I was so alarmed my hands instantly turned clammy, "Didn't... Didn't you go to the company?" I had no idea how long he had been standing here and how much of my conversation with Macy he had heard.

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Chapter 32

He obsidian eyes seemed to bore into my soul as he asked in a brooding tone, "Going somewhere?"

His question stunned me, and I guessed that he must have heard some of our conversation. "What do you mean?" I feigned cluelessness with a guilty conscience.

Seeing him stalk toward me, I started to panic and racked my brain for a way to divert his attention. I abruptly clutched my abdomen and furrowed my brows. "Ow! My tummy! It hurts so much!"

With that, I squatted down to finish the act.

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He faltered in his steps, then quickly came to my side and hauled me up with a frown. "Let's go to the hospital!"

*Crap. Does this count as digging my own grave?*

"No..."

I rejected him a little too quickly. He narrowed his eyes at me, his gaze on me intensifying. "You seem to be really against going to the hospital, Scarlett."

"No..." A hint of sadness flashed across my face, and I answered him with red-rimmed eyes, "It just reminds me of how helpless and afraid I was while lying on the operating table!"



He visibly stiffened at that. After a long while, he roughly pulled me out of the bedroom.

Thinking that he was going to take me to the hospital, I tugged on his sleeve and protested with teary eyes. "I really don't wanna go to the hospital, Ashton!"

Besides, I didn't actually have any stomach pain.

"Go down and eat something." He glanced at me with cold eyes, but there seemed to be a trace of helplessness in them too.

For a while, an indescribable feeling

grew in me. Last night, he rescued me, and today, he compromised. Somehow, he wasn't as impassive toward me anymore.

Humans were greedy creatures. Once we had a taste of something, we would crave for more, and in the end grow possessive.

After seating me at the dining table, he went into the kitchen and came out with a bowl of something in his hand.

I thought it was just canned mushroom soup, so surprise was an understatement when I saw that it was home-cooked ginger carrot soup. For a moment, I stared at him as conflicting emotions raged through me. He only

cast me an indifferent glance before informing in a low voice, "Jared will come over to check up on you later. Don't go to the company for now. Even though the project with Dr. Ludwick has been completed, you still need to bear the losses due to the delay you caused. But for today, just rest at home!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he put on his jacket, grabbed his car keys and left.

I was frozen in place for a while. *When did he start treating me differently? After knowing that I was pregnant?*

For a long time, all I could do was stare



at the ginger carrot soup.

When Jared came over, I was still a little bit out of sorts.

He frowned as he looked me over. "You don't have to eat this if you don't like it. You can still eat whatever you like. The fetus isn't that fragile, you know?"

His voice jolted me out of my stupor and I looked up to see him standing by the dining table, staring at me with his medical kit in hand.

I quickly got to my feet. "Oh, you're here!"

He blinked in surprise, but didn't comment. Opening his kit, he took out

some medicine and handed them to me. "Take this 3 times a day for 21 days. Abstain from alcohol from now on, as it might cause fetal growth retardation or malformation. Also, you might need to start going for pregnancy checkups at the hospital."

I nodded and took the medicine from him. "Thank you!"

He was initially going to leave after this, but he hesitated and looked toward me. "In your current state, I don't think you'll be able to leave just yet. Why don't you be upfront with Ashton? Since he intends to keep the child, I'm sure he'll handle everything else too!"



I knew what he was getting at. The "everything else" he said was referring to Rebecca.

I didn't know much about things on her end, neither have I ever asked Ashton about it, but I couldn't help from blurting out, "Ashton must really love Ms. Larson!"

Jared walked toward the sofa and took a seat, sending me a fleeting glance before replying, "This has nothing to do with love. If you really want to be with Ashton, tell him the truth. He has his own way of handling things."



## Chapter 33

*What way?*

I didn't voice this question. Everyone had their own way of thinking, so I didn't know what Jared meant. All I knew was that this child belonged to me alone.

Ashton never had any feelings for me to begin with. If Grandpa were still alive, I could probably stay by Ashton's side for a few more years, but he was gone, so I didn't have the confidence to continue holding onto him.

Risking my child to do it wasn't a wise choice.

Silence stretched out between us before I spoke again. "Since I'm pregnant now, I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you for the time being. As for everything else, I have my own plans. Thank you, Dr. Crest."

He probably thought I didn't understand him as a crease formed between his brows, but he didn't say any more.

He sighed. "I have something to do later on. Remember to eat your medicine. I'll take off first."

After seeing him off, I didn't eat the bowl of ginger carrot soup Ashton cooked for me as my stomach felt



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slightly uncomfortable. Perhaps it was because I was still in the early stage of pregnancy, I didn't have any morning sickness, but I really didn't have an appetite.

I had just gone back to the bedroom and lay down on the bed when my phone rang. It was an unknown number, but I picked it up anyway.

Half a beat passed before the person on the other end spoke. "It's me, Rebecca!"

I blinked in surprise, then frowned. "Do you need something from me, Ms. Larson?"



"Let's talk! I've sent you the address!"

Before I had the chance to refute, the line went dead.

I couldn't fathom why Rebecca was looking for me now.

I bet it had something to do with Ashton though.

But what made her think that I would rush over to meet her just because she told me to? Looking at the address she sent to me, I took a screenshot and sent it to Ashton with a single sentence beneath it. *Ms. Larson asked me to meet her, but I was afraid that I might get triggered and end up punching her, so I declined.*

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Ashton called me not long after the message was delivered.

I answered the call and leaned on the balcony railing while enjoying the scenery, then said in a carefree voice, "Yes, Mr. Fuller?"

After saying this, I could almost picture the frown on his face. "Where are you?" he asked in an unhappy tone.

"Home."

"Mm." There was a brief pause. "Rest well at home!"

I nodded. "Okay."

It seemed that he had read my