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I was not planning to hide it from her anyway, so I took a sip from the cup and nodded. "I did not."

She paused for a few seconds in surprise and gently responded, "What are you planning to do then?"

"After I divorce Ashton, I will move to Q City and raise my child by myself." This had always been my plan.

Rolling her eyes, she sighed. "I'm not referring to that. I meant, what are you going to do in this period of time? With the state you are in, it's already obvious to me. Every day, you are living under Ashton's nose. Do you think he is an idiot and would not notice?"

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I know that, but how can I leave? How can I possibly pack up my things and leave immediately? If I leave abruptly, Ashton would definitely get suspicious.

After thinking about it, I called Jared. It did not take long for the call to go through.

After the lesson I learnt when Ashton picked up the call the last time, I waited for Jared to speak first. "Dr. Crest, do you have any solution to suppress or reduce morning sickness?"

Macy discreetly inched towards me and whispered beside my ear, "Who is

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Dr. Crest? How can he help you?"

Instead of giving her a reply, I silently waited for Jared's answer. "There is a medication for it. However, it may be harmful, and I don't recommend that you use it. I will consult with Devon tomorrow instead and see whether there are other less harmful medications that you can take to tackle your morning sickness."

"Sure. Thank you, Dr. Crest," I thanked him.

"No problem!"

After I hung up, Macy probed, "What is your relationship with Dr. Crest?"

him.

"No problem!"

After I hung up, Macy probed, "What is your relationship with Dr. Crest?"

I playfully pushed her head away and left the bedroom. "Don't be nosy and go to sleep already."

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"Ah, Scarlett..."

I ignored her whining and went back to my bedroom. Then, I continued on with my work for Fuller Corporation.

Tomorrow, the bidding for the audit would begin.

At first, I thought the middle-aged man would reappear that night. After forgetting about him, he had not appeared for a while.

The details of the situation was unclear to me.

The next morning, the sun rays already spilt into the apartment by eight. The

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weather in J City was getting hotter, but Macy was a night owl, so she was still sleeping.

Meanwhile, my body clock woke me up after being so busy for the past few days.

When I arrived at the office in a hurry, Stacey immediately handed me the documents she prepared. She suggested, "Let's go straight to the bidding venue."

Nodding, I brought the documents and my laptop to head out of the office with her.

While waiting for the elevator, I

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bumped into Ashton and Jared. The latter casually passed me a lunch box. "Devon made some soup for you that will be good for your recovery. I heard that you were vomiting quite badly recently, but I guess it is a side effect of the miscarriage. You should take some time to rest."

Initially, I was worried that Ashton would notice that something was wrong. Thankfully, Jared phrased it well, and I gratefully responded, "Thank you!"

On the other hand, his boss had a gloomy expression, and I could not tell what he was thinking about. It was hard to figure out what he was feeling

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and who I was to him. *How does he feel about me?* Ding! The elevator doors opened, and four of us entered it. No one dared to speak, as the atmosphere seemed cold.

When we finally got out, Stacey cautiously inquired, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller and you..."

"We don't have much time. Let's get to the bidding venue as soon as possible!" I cut her off and changed the topic. Since I met Ashton at the restaurant that day, we had not seen nor spoken to each other.

Just as we arrived at the bidding venue, we bumped into Nick. *Just my*

luck! He stepped forward immediately after seeing my arrival, and with vigor, he exclaimed, "Scarlett, you are here!"

I hate how he pretended to be close to me. Nonetheless, I politely nodded and entered the site. There were more people here today because they all wanted to fight for the audit of Fuller Corporation.

The bidding exercise went on for a while, and my head began to hurt. Seeing how uncomfortable I seemed, Stacey brought me to the lounge and handed me a glass of water. "Ms. Stovall, for the bidding, there are still a few more companies to go. If you don't feel well, we can head to the hospital."

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I shook my head. Anyway, I had already listened to the majority of them. I gulped the water down then instructed, "For the remaining companies, you can keep those that you deem suitable. Otherwise, forget about them."

After listening to so many companies' speeches, I could roughly gauge the rankings. While I rested in the lounge, Stacey listened to the remaining session in my place.

To be a mother was not an easy task. Someone as tough as me would make mistakes in such situations too.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Abruptly, a cold voice sounded in a mocking tone.

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I saw Nick in my peripheral vision. Frowning, I scoffed, "Aren't you supposed to be preparing for the bid? What are you doing here?"

"I'm concerned about you!" Then, he walked behind me and massaged my temples. His hands were strong, and the amount of power he used was just right. At first, I wanted to move away, but he held me in place."

"Stop pretending you're okay." He chided.

Without the energy to struggle against his grip, I went along with it. Not long after, my headache reduced into a mild throb.

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Loosening his grip, Nick muttered,
"How does it feel now?"

I smiled. "I feel a lot better. Thank you!"

Settling down in an empty spot, he no longer had the frivolous expression on his face. Sternly, he commented, "What is your relationship with Ashton?"

What a boring topic. I narrowed my eyes before questioning, "Aren't you supposed to be concerned about the bidding results by now instead?"

He chuckled. "Well, I'm more concerned about you."

I ignored him. At that moment, Stacey walked in. *The bidding event must be*

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over. She informed me that all the relevant information had been put together for comparison.

From the pile, I picked out a few suitable candidates and instructed, "Can you draw up a report and compare the audits that these companies have done in the past two years? After you have filtered them, you can submit it to me."

Stacey took the documents from me and nodded. Glancing at Nick, she hesitantly offered, "Ms. Stovall, should I send you back or..."

"Ms. Holmes, you can get back to work. I will send her home!" Nick

immediately chirped.

However, Stacey still looked at me to see if I agreed. I looked at Nick, then shrugged. "You can leave."

After Stacey left, I turned to Nick and stated, "If you keep beating around the bush, I don't mind waiting for you to get to the point."

He would not show up here for no reason. After the whole time he had been here, he still did not reveal his true intentions. *What a waste of time!*

In response to how direct I was, he pouted. "Scarlett, it is not always a good thing for a woman to be so

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clever.”

I could not bother to deal with him anymore, so I took my bag, preparing to leave.

Stopping me, he finally uttered, “Fuller Corporation’s audit is crucial to its future. Aren’t you curious about why Ashton chose to partner with me instead of AC Credit, whom they have partnered with for a long time?”

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Sitting down again, I said nothing and waited for him to continue.

He found a space to sit beside me and continued, "It has been about a year since Fuller Corporation was listed. On the surface, the company's growth seems to be in full swing and has yet to meet any problems. However, if you think carefully about it, why would the company lose so much simply because of a short delay in the project you and Caleb handled? Do you really think the loss was due to the delay in funds because the company was growing too fast?"

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Frowning, I pondered about it.

"If Fuller Corporation lost so much due to the delay in the final payment of a project, it indicates that the company's internal funds have been used up.

Ashton is not partnering with AC Credit because once Fuller Corporation's deficit shows up in their audit report, Fuller Corporation's stock prices will plummet, and investors will panic."

Squinting at him, I probed, "Wait, but Ashton did not directly appoint you to conduct Fuller Corporation's audit.

Besides, as the director of the company, don't you think I would know better?"

"Haha!" He mocked, "Scarlett, don't jump to conclusions too quickly."

Agitatedly, I rose to my feet and cut him short. "Since we made everyone bid for Fuller Corporation's audit, we shall see if Harrison Credit is worthy enough to win the project. As for my company's situation, I think I know it better than you. You should return home and wait for the news instead, Mr. Harrison."

Then, I left the lounge and headed for my car.

As I started the engine, I recalled what he said. There was some truth to his words, but I could not believe it as a

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whole. After all, Fuller Corporation had suffered losses from delays of payments before, so this is nothing out of the ordinary.

Nonetheless, I could not assume that there was nothing wrong with Fuller Corporation either.

When I drove back to my office, I was surprised to see Jared there, and it seemed like he had been waiting for me.

At the sight of me, he put down the magazine in his hands and greeted, "How was the bidding?"

"It was alright." Then, I stared at the

lunch box on the desk. Raising my brows, I asked, "What is this?"

"It's the soup Devon made, and it helps with reducing morning sickness." He explained while stepping forward to open the lunch box.

I remembered the serving he gave me this morning. It seemed to work as I did not feel nauseous the whole morning since I had some. *I guess the soup is effective.*

"Thank you!" I gratefully exclaimed and returned to my seat. Then, looking at him suspiciously, I jabbed, "Are you only here to send me soup?"