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"Nope!" He replied truthfully. "Have you decided which company to select after the bidding?"

I shook my head. With regards to the selection, it was quite a headache. "I instructed Stacey to come up with a more detailed report. Once it is submitted to me, I will make my choice."

As though he was disapproving it, he frowned. "Don't you realize that if Harrison Credit doesn't get through, AC Credit would be the next best choice?"

Truth be told, there was a huge chance for AC Credit to be selected. I lifted my gaze and stared back at him. "What is



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the real reason behind why Ashton wants to switch from AC Credit?"

"You should ask him directly!" He advised and defended, "There must be a reason why Ashton chose Harrison Credit."

This was too complicated, and I did not want to think too much about it.

Therefore, I changed the topic. "Once we confirm the bidding results of the audit, I may have to go on a business trip. For my trip, I will need your help to prepare some medicine that I can take along with me."

Having to be out often, there would be times where I would get tired. Jared

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had good medical knowledge, and it would probably help to have some of his medicine with me.

Acknowledging my request, he signaled for me to drink the soup. Otherwise, it would turn cold soon.

Before I could take more than two sips, my phone rang. It was Macy. She must have woken up since it was already afternoon.

Picking up the call, Macy exclaimed before I could even speak, "Scarlett, I am at the police station. Please come here!"

I was shocked. *Why is she at the police station?*

The call ended before I could ask any further. Hurriedly, I grabbed my bag and rushed outside. "What happened?" Jared stopped me to ask.

"Macy is at the police station. I have to go there."

"Let me go with you!" Jared offered.

Without rejecting him, we arrived at the police station together and spotted Macy at the observation area. When the policeman on duty saw me, he confirmed, "Are you Ms. Stovall?"

I nodded and anxiously enquired, "Why are you detaining Macy? What happened?"

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"Ms. Markle is involved in the illegal reselling of kyanine. She will need to be questioned, and I hope you can cooperate with us Ms. Stovall." The policeman sternly requested.

I broke out in cold sweat. *Drugs? How could Macy be involved in such things?*

Grabbing the policeman, I agitatedly raised my voice and rebuked, "Sir, Macy can't be involved in something like that. I'm sure there is some misunderstanding, so I hope you can clear it up."

Seeing how emotional I was, the policeman furrowed his eyebrows and assured me. "Ms. Stovall, don't worry.

assured me. "Ms. Stovall, don't worry.
We will carry out a thorough
investigation. There are some
questions we have to ask you
personally though, so I hope you can
come with us."



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I could not think of anything else in that situation and followed the policeman into an interrogation room. After answering a few questions, I could roughly grasp the issue.

Last night, someone found kyanine at Macy's bar, and there was a large amount of it. However, it was odd that he did not report to the police when he found it. Instead, why did he report it a day after?

After the interrogation, I finally met Macy. Although she had been held for only a few hours, she looked especially haggard, bare-faced and with

prominent dark eye circles.

Immediately, she reached for me and pleaded, "Scarlett, someone set me up! I'm sure it is Rebecca. Last night, she came to the bar with a man, and I thought she was only there for a drink. Who would expect her to set me up?"

Rebecca was at the bar with another man?

"Did you see how the man looked like?" Rebecca was only close to Ashton and Joe, so who else would she be with?

"He was tall and looked flamboyant. Oh, and when I went to Fuller Corporation to look for you the last time, someone called him Mr. Quinn."

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Joe?

Well, Rebecca did hate me. However, why did she have to do this to Macy?

“Why would they call the police today? If I were them, I would call the police last night.” There was something that did not match up.

Rubbing her eyes, Macy responded, “They want to torture me. When the police went there to investigate, they found the drugs in my closet.”

“Macy, are you hiding something from me?” Based on Rebecca’s character, she would definitely try to destroy Macy. Why did she only attack Macy

but leave her bar alone?

Macy hesitated before she confessed, "Scarlett, I'll tell you the truth, but you have to promise me not to get mad. Ashton bought over The Hour Bar. When you asked me to go to Q City, I have already sold the bar to him."

Her sudden confession took me by surprise, and I fumbled to think of what to say. "Why would Ashton buy out your bar?" He was busy enough with Fuller Corporation. Why would he take over another business?

Shaking her head, Macy stammered, "I am not sure either. A month ago, he came to look for me and paid me

double the bar's worth. Then, he even registered it under Rebecca's name. I wanted to tell you about it, but you were busy and not feeling well..."

It was a terrifying thought. What is the difference between buying the bar to transfer it to Rebecca's name and Rebecca buying it herself?

Whatever she wanted, Ashton would willingly give to her. Unfortunately, getting the bar was not Rebecca's ultimate goal.

I'm afraid she planned to do this to me.

My head started to hurt, so I comforted Macy and left the detention room.

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Jared, waiting for me outside, immediately walked up to me when he saw me emerging from the room. "Is everything alright?"

"If she gets charged, how many years will she have to serve?" I forced out the words as my head started to pound harder.

"It will be either fifteen years of imprisonment, life imprisonment or the death penalty. The sentence will be based on the details of the case. The heavier the crime, the heavier the sentence will be," Jared clarified as he walked out of the police station with me.

I could hear a buzzing sound in my head, and my world started to spin. Rebecca was ruthless. Simply by using the bar, she ruined Macy's life.

"Don't panic yet. The police are still investigating, and there is a possibility that things may turn out differently," Jared comforted me as he brought me to a corner to rest.

Immediately, I grabbed onto his arm and looked into his eyes. "How can we get her out of it?"

"There is no trace of the kyanine in her body and her closet was in the bar.

There is a high possibility that it may be touched by someone else along the way. As long as the police find out that

she has nothing to do with those drugs, she would not be found guilty."

"Oh yes! We can take a look at the security tapes in the car!" Instantly, I jumped to my feet and headed for the bar.

However, Jared grabbed my wrist and stopped me. There was a sorry expression on his handsome face.

"Your guess is as good as the police. You should be worrying about whether someone did something to the security tapes."

My eyebrows twitched, and in frustration, I tugged at my hair. I turned to Jared and vented, "You should head back first. I need to take a breather!"

Although Jared seemed like he was about to say something, he paused when he sensed my frustration. Then, he left after a short sentence. "If there's anything you need, I'm just a call away."

I stood before the police station for a while before I got onto the car.

At that moment, Stacey called. She reported that she had finished the analysis report and had already emailed me. As my mind was in a mess, I could only muster out an "okay".

After some hesitation, I decided to drive to the villa. It had been a while

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since I had been there because I was trying to avoid Ashton. Unfortunately, there were some things I could not escape from.

By the time I reached the villa, it was still early and bright. There were not many people in the house, and the bedrooms and bathrooms on the second floor had been renovated.

I knew there was no use in worrying about it now. Therefore, I headed to the study room and looked through the report that Stacey emailed me. I knew that AC Credit had a high chance of winning the audit but was surprised that Harrison Credit was ranked right after it.

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It was impressive and surprising that a small company that had only been recently incorporated could win against a group of established companies that have been in the industry for years.

Ashton must have chosen Harrison Credit because he saw their potential and growth.

In view of what happened in the garage the last time, I decided to remove AC Credit from the list.

I dialed Stacey's number, and within seconds, the call was connected. "Ms.

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win the audit at the end of the day. Since he did not explicitly indicate who would be the winner, I did hold the bid. Despite so, I never intended to hand over the audit to the winner since I planned the bidding.

I could not let anything happen to Fuller Corporation while I am still in charge of it. It was not for Ashton but a repayment to George, who took care of me all these years.

"Follow my instructions. I will come up with an explanation for AC Credit." After I hung up, I sat in silence for a while.

Mustering my courage, I dialed a

number I have never dialed before.

After a few rings, a deep baritone voice answered, "It's been five years!"

The man uttered two words, and I could hear a faint echo in the background. "I thought you would never call me again."

Suppressing my unhappiness, I went straight to the point, "I want a list of failed audits conducted by AC Credit as well as news of their current financial position."

"Letty, you haven't called me in so long!" It seemed too quiet on the other end when he spoke.

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I could not help but feel a chill run down my spine. I spat, "John!"

Unamused, John sneered, "Letty, you shouldn't call me that!"

Although we were not speaking in person, I could sense the tense atmosphere around me. This cold and hostile feeling was different from the coldness that Ashton emitted. This was a lot more intense and brutal.

"John," I tried to respond calmly.

"Be good!" John praised.

Abruptly, I ended the call. I fell onto the

with feet cooking through my

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ground with fear soaking through my bones.

It took some time for me to recover. Getting up, my body felt weak as I staggered to the bedroom. I climbed into bed, wrapping the blanket tightly around myself.

The terror from the earlier phone call still haunted me. *I shouldn't have called him.*

Slowly, I returned to my senses by the time Ashton returned to the villa. When he saw me, I could not tell whether he was surprised or not.

"Have you eaten?" There was fatigue in his voice.

Recently, many things were going on in Fuller Corporation. He had gone on several business trips. Come to think of it, he just returned from one recently, but he still seemed tired.

I shook my head and realized that the sky was already dark outside. At that moment, I remembered Macy. I got out of bed and offered, "I'll make dinner for you."

Out of the blue, he gave me a back hug and rested his chin on my shoulder.

Perhaps because he was too busy to shave recently, his stubble tickled my skin. He whined, "Let me rest here for a while."

Then, he pulled me to the bed. Lying down with me, he wrapped his limbs around me and prevented me from moving. I could hear his breath beside my ear.

His breath was warm and ticklish, and although I opened my mouth, I could not utter a single word.

I stared at the ceiling and decided to give up on talking about Macy now. It may backfire if I mentioned her situation now. It would be better to talk to him after he wakes up instead.

As I had been stressed out the entire day and easily felt sleepy since I got pregnant, Ashton's embrace seemed to