

*okay after all.*

As we continued to drink and dine, the guests were more loosened up.

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## Chapter 58

Clinton and Cameron had had quite a few to drink and were now reminiscing the past.

The man looked at Cameron and spoke empathetically, "All these years, you've been searching for your kid. Are you getting any closer to finding her?"

A hint of desolation crept over her refined features. "It has been more than twenty years, but there's not a single piece of useful information. I'm not even sure if she's still alive."

Clinton sighed and offered his

consolation, "Don't give up. I'm sure things will start looking up soon."

I had eaten quite a bit of food, so when the next dish was served, I felt my stomach churned.

And so, I left my seat and headed to the toilet.

Ashton came over to check on me. "Are you all right?"

"I'm okay, just a little nauseated." I only started experiencing morning sickness, so this was considered mild.

When I was well enough to speak, I asked him, "Do you understand what Mr. Clinton and Ms. Anderson were

talking about just now? I thought she only has a son?"

He then led me out of the toilet and seated me down at a chaise longue in the corridor. Placing his big hand on my lower belly, the man slowly explained, "Ms. Anderson had another marriage before she married Nick's father. She and her ex-husband had a daughter, but he abandoned the child, and Ms. Anderson has been looking for her since then."

Ashton's warm palm did not leave my lower belly as he spoke. I had never seen such a gentle expression on his face. With a smile, I looked at him and asked, "Ashton, do you really like



babies?"

We had been married for two years now. Previously, I was nothing more than a walking wallpaper to him. But since he learned that I was carrying his child, his attitude had taken a positive change.

I had always believed that there were only two types of love between a man and a woman; It was either love at first sight or people falling in love with each other gradually over time. But with Ashton, it was neither. To him, the only catalyst seemed to be his unborn child.

He dodged my question and walked me back to the dining table.

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Chapter 58

It was a lengthy and drawn-out dinner. By the time we left Pear Garden, it was already past my bedtime.

I soon fell asleep in the car.

When we arrived at our villa, Ashton carried me to the bedroom without waking me.

The next morning, I was woken up by my ringing phone, and Ashton was nowhere in sight.

I looked at my phone and was surprised to see that it was Macy calling.

"Babe, I'm free! I'm free!" Macy's voice

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was full of excitement, sounding as though she was panting and running.

Still perplexed, I wanted to double-check with her. "You mean the officers have finished investigating the matter and finally decided that you were innocent?"

"Yes. The officer said the traces of kyanine they found in my cupboard was within the legally allowed amount of possession for medical use, so they let me go!"

Hearing Macy so elated made me heave a sigh of relief. "That's great! Try and get some rest now. We're going out to celebrate tonight!"

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"Yes! Let's have barbeque, steak, seafood..." she rattled off all the food she could think of, and I agreed to all of them. "Alright. Go home now and take a nap. I'll call you when I get off work later."

"Okay!"

My mood was also elevated after hanging up the phone.

I remembered that when I was little, my teacher was always telling us kids that the world was a just place. Everything we did would fall under only one of two camps, either right or wrong. But over the years, I inevitably learned that there was no absolute right or wrong in this



world.

Just as we shouldn't judge a book by its cover, we couldn't categorically declare a person as wholly good or evil.

After washing up, I went downstairs to see a feast already prepared by Mrs. Eriksen. She smiled at me and said, "Good morning. Come and try a few of these dishes. Let me know which ones you prefer."

My eyes searched one round for Ashton but to no avail. As I sat at the



table, I was astonished by the amount of food laid out in front of me. "Mrs. Eriksen, this is too much food."

Still smiling, Mrs. Eriksen shook her head and said, "Not at all. Mr. Ashton said you ate too little. Pregnant women need more food intake."

"Speaking of whom, do you know where he is?" He was nowhere to be found since this morning.

"He has gone to the office. Someone kept calling him since early morning," Mrs. Eriksen muttered. I nodded in acknowledgment while planning my day ahead in my head.

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Given my recent tough luck of always bumping into that good-for-nothing jerk Joe Quinn, I'd better make sure I was on time today.

I was ready to get out after taking just a few bites but was stopped by Mrs. Eriksen, who put some fruits in a container and insisted that I bring it with me.

Knowing she only meant well, I gave in and took it before getting into the car.

I was glad that I did not bump into Joe when I arrived at the office building. Stepping out of the elevator, someone grabbed hold of my arm and swung me around.

The world was still spinning before my eyes when a hand landed loudly on my cheek.

*Slap!*

## Chapter 59

Pin drop silence filled the room instantly.

Right then, all I felt was the burning sensation in my face.

After a while, I narrowed my eyes and looked at the woman in front of me. Her face was distorted with rage, as if she had a lot of pent-up anger.

Rebecca tugged at me and yelled, "Scarlett, you lied to me!"

*Did I lie to her? Was it about the baby?*

Seeing that she raised her hand again, I

immediately grabbed it and scolded in an icy tone, "Ms. Larson, don't you have any self-respect? How can you be so impudent when you are a mistress? You're really shameless!"

The sound of rushing footsteps came from the corridor before she could respond.

Abruptly, Rebecca shook my hand off. The sudden loss of balance caused her to fall and hit her head hard on the desk.

By the time Ashton and Joe hurried in, they saw Rebecca lying on the ground in a disheveled state with blood on her forehead.

Meanwhile, I remained intact and stood condescendingly in front of Rebecca.

*D\*mn it! What a waste of talent that she didn't become an actress!*

"Rebecca, are you all right?" Joe immediately helped her up and scolded me, "Scarlett, you've gone too far!"

*Did I?*

I could not be bothered with him and turned toward Ashton, whose face was expressionless at that moment. "I didn't push her. Do you believe me?"

He then looked at the bloodstains on

Rebecca's forehead and warned me with a cold-eyed stare, "Scarlett, know your boundaries!"

Those few words stamped out my trust in him. As I stared at him in disbelief, I let out a chuckle. "I'm so naive!"

He had fooled me into believing he was the right one with his change in attitude for the past few days.

*How ridiculous!*

Suppressing my sorrow, I walked toward Rebecca and sneered in disdain. "Ms. Larson, you need to improve your acting skills! Have you seen anyone, not to mention a pregnant woman, capable of pushing