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one would work hard to earn money.

But when one got rich, one would wallow in love.

After spending the whole day working tirelessly, I entered the car and began chomping on my fried chicken. A car honked in my direction, so I wound down the window.

A black Maybach was parked right beside my vehicle. The only black Maybach I knew was parked in the villa's garage.

Even if my friends were rich enough to afford this car, it was too flashy to drive it around daily.



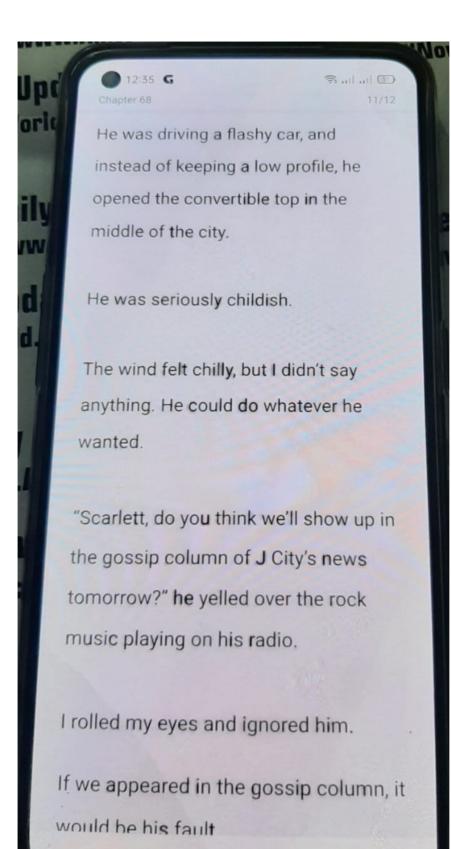
I rolled my eyes at him and showed him my fried chicken. "I'm sorry, but I've eaten."

Frowning, he poked his head out.

"You're pregnant. How could you eat this? Is Ashton mistreating you?"

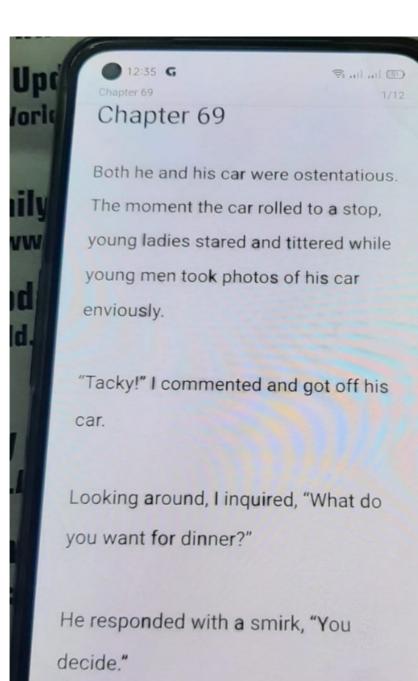




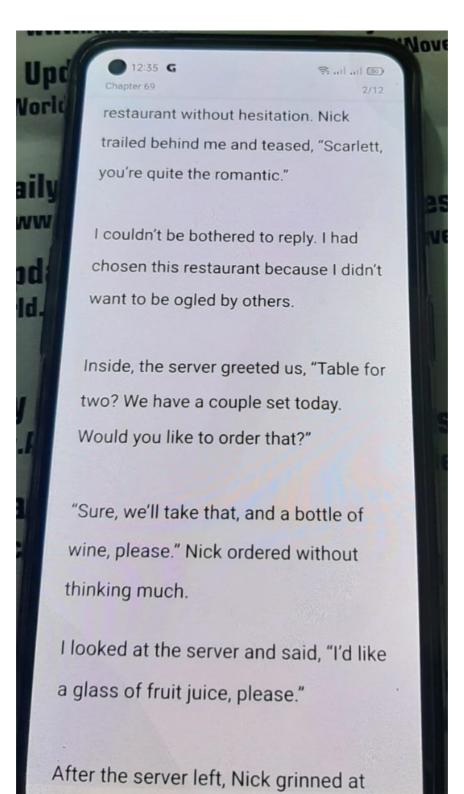


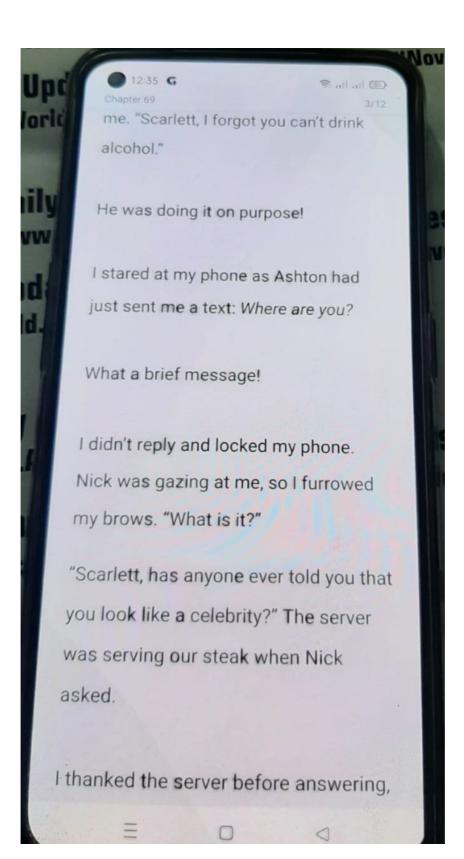
would be his fault.

His car came to a stop in a bustling section of the city. It was somewhere all the young people liked to hang out.

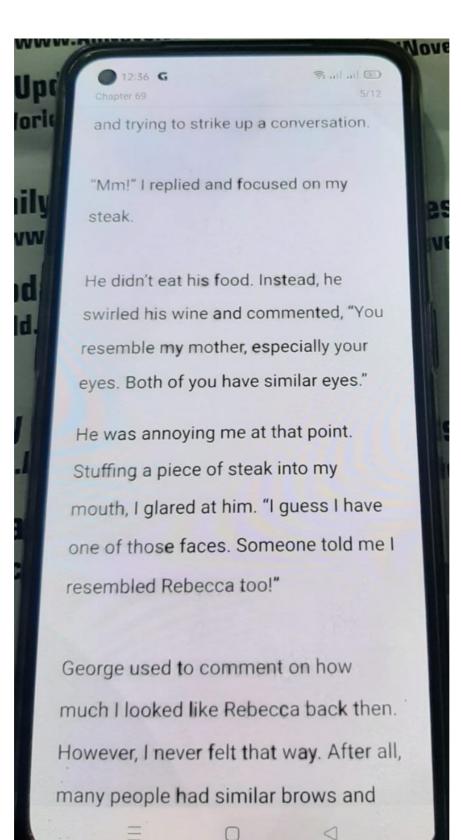


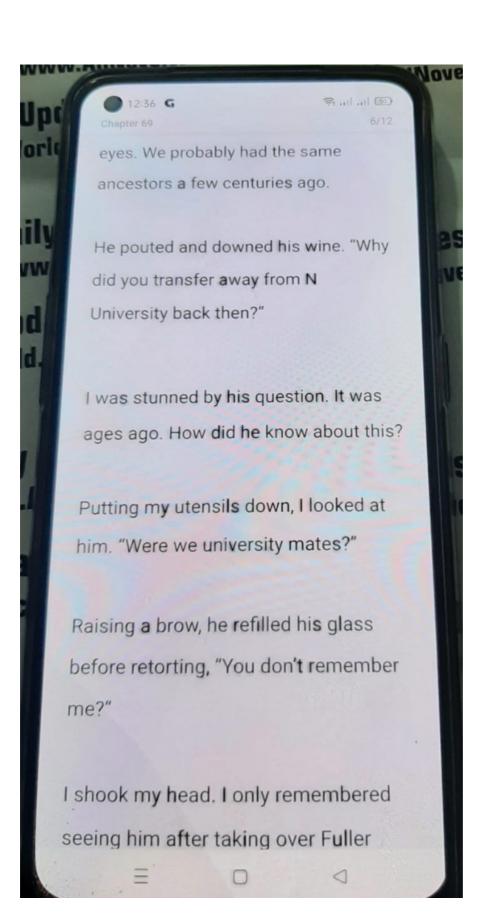
After surveying the available restaurants, I entered a French













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Corporation's audit. That was it.

He shrugged and said nothing else.

"Never mind. Just remember me from now on," he concluded.

We chatted briefly. Throughout the whole exchange, he ate nothing and finished the bottle of wine. After emptying the wine, he sprawled on the table and stared at me blankly.

As it was getting late, I went to pay the bill. I was afraid I might oversleep tomorrow if I were to sleep late tonight.

Coincidentally, we bumped into Nick's mother—Cameron, and Rebecca here.

