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out of the restaurant.

A while ago, Nick had entered elegantly. Now, he was exiting the restaurant clumsily.

I placed him in the passenger seat and started the engine. As his sports car was too low, I couldn't really drive comfortably. I was too used to driving my Cadillac.

Luckily, there weren't many cars on the road. I didn't get into any mishap.

I wanted to send him back to Pear Garden. Ashton and I had been there once, but he refused to let me send him back there.

It took me some effort before he revealed he was staying at Peakville Estate alone. I was surprised to find out he was staying in the same residential area as us.

“Scarlett, don’t you remember me?”

Halfway home, he suddenly muttered.

I shook my head. “Do we know each other?”

He let out a bitter chuckle. “Am I the only one who remembers the mulberry tree in Winona’s yard, the flowers on the riverbank, and you with a snotty nose?”

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At his words, my mind started wandering how did he know about this...

Soon, we arrived at Peakville Estate. I helped him down when we reached his house. It took a while for someone to answer the door, and it was a senior.

When he saw how drunk Nick was, he exclaimed, "Oh, Nick. Why are you so drunk? Thank you for bringing him home."

I smiled politely and left Nick with him.

I wanted to walk back home, but Peakville Estate was a large residential

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area. Every villa had its own compound, so it would take me a long time to reach home.

Hence, I drove Nick's car back home.

It was already midnight when I reached home. As I had to wake up early tomorrow, I parked the car downstairs. After that, I prepared to wash up before going to bed.

Alas, I saw Ashton waiting outside the door with a flickering cigarette between his fingers.

Frowning, I wondered why he was suddenly smoking outside.

At the sight of me, he put out his

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cigarette and glared at me. "Where have you been?"

"I had dinner with a friend." I brushed past him and entered the villa.

He pulled my hand and brought me into his arms. The heavy stench of cigarette smoke burned my lungs.

"Ashton!"

"Who did you have dinner with? Did you drink wine even though you're pregnant?" he rasped.

The alcohol stench must be from Nick.

I felt uncomfortable in his arms, so I shoved him away. "I didn't drink any

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wine!"

All I wanted was to sleep, but Ashton refused to back off. He pulled me to the Maybach and demanded, "This is a limited edition model. Scarlett, you've found your next target, huh?"

What the f\*ck?

I nearly cursed out loud and pushed him away. At his dejected expression, my anger heightened. "Ashton, please don't judge me with that narrow mindset of yours. I'm not you, who has plenty of backups waiting for you."

With that, I spun on my heels and returned to the bedroom.

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After locking the door, I washed up and went to bed.

I fell asleep in no time.

It wasn't until my phone started ringing incessantly that I got woken up rudely. In a daze, I stared at the ceiling blankly when my phone rang again. I was about to answer when the person hung up.

I wanted to go back to bed. However, it suddenly occurred to me that I was supposed to go on a business trip. I sat up abruptly as my sleepiness faded away.

"What's wrong?" a hoarse voice rang

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out by my side.

Stunned, I swiveled around and saw Ashton going back to sleep. His arm was around my waist. How did he... Didn't I lock the door?

Ah, after he kicked the door open back then, he must have prepared a spare.

I pried his hand off and took my phone. It had stopped ringing by now. Ashton must have been disturbed by it and switched it off.

After switching it on, a call came in. I answered, "Hello?"

"Ms. Stovall, our flight is at 5 a.m. Shouldn't you be prepared to go to the



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airport by now?"

Hearing Nick's voice, I frowned as I inquired, "You're going on the business trip with me?" Stacey told me about a representative from Harrison Credit would be coming along with me, but she didn't specify who it was.

"Mm. Get ready and pick me up. You drove my car away last night!"

Glancing at the clock, I realized it was only 4 a.m. I couldn't help but admire Nick's professionalism. How could he wake up this early when he was in a drunken state just a few hours ago?

After hanging up, I packed up hurriedly

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It was a three-hour flight from J City to A City, so I had some sleep, too.

When I woke up, Nick was already freshened up. He told me, "We'll be heading to the branch office to work first. Then, let's go back to the hotel to get some sleep."

Those words sounded weird coming out from him.

I didn't think much and followed him out of the plane in a daze. The branch office sent a car to pick us up, so we arrived there shortly.

As a branch company, the operating model was more or less the same as

model was more or less the same as Fuller Corporation. Once we arrived, the president of the branch office, Howard Wrangler, chatted with us briefly.

We contacted the Finance Department and other relevant departments for a brief meeting. Then, Nick received the relevant documents from them. We left the branch office shortly after.