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Glaring at him with a frown, I soon retorted, “Excuse me, Mr. Quinn? I know that you’re trying to protect the love of your life, but shouldn’t you be getting to the bottom of this by finding the true culprit? Ms. Larson was the one who had assaulted me. I was merely trying to defend myself.”

As always, Rebecca put on a pitiable front as she started to weep in front of us. “Stop lying, Scarlett! You were the one who threatened me, telling me that I wouldn’t get to see Ash anymore! You pushed me because I refused to succumb to your absurd request!”

With his brows furrowed, Ashton stared at me as if he were frustrated. “That’s enough drama for today, I suppose. I have already dealt with the paperwork to get Macy hospitalized.”

He turned around and instructed Joe, “I don’t think that this is the best time to get worked up over such trivial matters. I want you to stay put in front of ER and get in touch with me if there’s anything wrong.”

Joe glared at me because he was infuriated. He grasped Rebecca and whispered as he passed by my side, “Scarlett, I’ll get even with you on this, just you wait!”

I glanced at the seemingly pitiable woman as she departed.

She was a lucky woman—loved by both Ashton and Joe, adored by Jared, and blessed with doting parents who wielded great influence. A woman like her could easily live a carefree life without getting married.

Ashton placed the documents that he had with him on the nightstand by the bed and asked, “What do you have in your mind?”

Since Macy had yet to regain consciousness, I took a seat on the couch as I suggested, “Why don’t you tend to the things that you’ve listed on your schedule? I mean, there’s nothing else we can do as of now.”

“Do you really think I’m supposed to leave at such a critical time?”

He was right—Jared was still in the ER.

Slouching against the couch, I was readying myself to take a nap as I was exhausted after having gone through several consecutive hours of yoga lessons. A few minutes later, Ashton received a call from Joe and figured out that Jared had been brought out of the ER.

In spite of being thrilled, I had to remain by Macy's side until she regained consciousness.

Nevertheless, before I could fall asleep, Macy had regained consciousness. She accidentally bumped her head as she brought herself up from the bed. "Is everything alright with him?"

It was pretty evident that she was referring to Jared. Seeing as such, I told her, "He's fine. He's on his way out from ER as we speak."

She heaved a sigh of relief as she soon grew lost in her train of thoughts, staring at the ceiling. I couldn't resist the urge as I asked, "How are things going for both of you?"

Macy levelled me a gaze as she heaved another long sigh of despair. "It's pretty much the same..."

"Is he aware that you're pregnant?"

"Nope!"

In the end, I decided to stop poking my nose into their business because I couldn't possibly comprehend the things that were going on behind the scene. Since she had no intention to share it with me, I decided to wrap up the conversation.

Eventually, Jackson showed up with a basket of fruits in the ward.

Since we were engaged in a conversation, he let out a long sigh of relief when he learned that Macy had regained consciousness. "Goodness gracious! Thankfully, it's nothing serious. I'm sure that you'll recover in no time!"

"Mmm..." The exhausted Macy nodded in return.

Jackson was curious and he couldn't resist the urge to get to the bottom of the accident. Hence, he queried, "Why were you involved in an accident? Was there anyone else that was around you?"

Macy had no intention to tell him the truth. She brushed him off and lied, "I-It was an accident! How was I supposed to foresee an accident happening?"

Jackson rolled his eyes as he reprimanded his friend, "You're lying, aren't you?"

I played along with Macy because I was aware that she had no intention of sharing the truth with Jackson. Immediately, I interrupted their conversation and asked, "What have you brought along with you? Where did you get such a delicate-looking basket of fruits?"

"You can always drop by the entrance of the hospital to get another one for a hundred and fifty each." After he finished his sentence, he walked away and took a seat on the couch.

The room went dead silent since there wasn't anything else we could talk about. I decided to go with the flow and kept my mouth shut tight since Macy needed some time to collect her thoughts. On the other hand, Jackson started browsing through his phone.

I almost fell asleep by the time Ashton returned. Some time ago, Jackson had an encounter with him. Therefore, before I could introduce them to one another, Jackson jolted up from the couch and greeted, "Ashton!"

To be honest, I was afraid that Jackson would blurt out the things he had in mind.

Therefore, I rushed over to Ashton's side and asked, "What is Dr. Crest's condition?"

"He has been transferred to his ward. As of now, his condition has stabilized, and his life isn't at stake anymore." Halfway through his sentence, he cast a skeptical gaze at Jackson.

Jackson wasn't a fool—he could tell that the man in front of him was having a fit due to his presence. He started to explain himself, "You should stop looking at me in such a manner because I have nothing to do with your beloved wife."

I was rather speechless due to the odd situation.

Ashton looked away as he turned to Macy who had regained consciousness, saying, "Just to be safe, you should spend the next two days in the hospital to ensure that everything is fine."

He had always been an indifferent man. Apart from his close friends and family members, he would rarely greet others. It was obvious that he was trying to comfort Macy. Otherwise, he wouldn't have engaged in a conversation with them.

Frowning, Macy replied, "O-Okay..."

Meanwhile, Jackson had his eyes glued to Ashton without concealing his curiosity.

"You should return home. I'll get someone else to drop by and keep an eye on them. You're only allowed to return when you've received adequate rest." After Ashton made himself clear, he walked over and retrieved my bag that was on the couch.

Initially, I wanted to tell him that I needed to stay behind to take care of Macy, yet the patient got ahead of me and stated, "Both of you should return home and call it a day. There are doctors and nurses that are on duty twenty-four seven. I'm fine. Scarlett, I don't think that it's wise for you to stay behind since you're pregnant."

I gave it a thought and nodded. "Alright, I'll drop by and check on you again tomorrow."

After we walked out of the ward, Jackson came after us and started speaking behind us, "Mr. Fuller, I believe that it's time for us to have a talk."

Ashton asked rhetorically in a callous tone, "What do you wish to talk about with me?"

"What else could it be? Your wife!" Jackson was an imbecile fool. I couldn't believe that he had the guts to size Ashton up, all while he brought up such an absurd request.

Standing in front of the elevator, I got in his way and interrupted their conversation, asking Jackson, "Hey! Have you had your dinner?"

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He shook his head and suggested, "Nope! Care to join me for a meal?"

I got ahead of Ashton and uttered before he could reply, "I'm afraid that we'll be unable to keep you company because we have something else to tend to! You should head over and have your dinner without us!"

Jackson reprimanded me, "Hey! You can't do this to me! You were the one who'd summoned me back from M Country!"

I felt lightheaded all of a sudden because of his words. In the end, I warned him and showed him my exhausted front. "Have you seen my tummy? I'm afraid that my child will be born way ahead of the estimated date of delivery if I don't restrain myself."

He looked at Ashton and muttered, "Since you're exhausted, you should head back home without Ashton because he's the one that I'm looking for."

Ashton turned around and asked, "Why? What do you wish to talk about?"

Jackson stared at me as he directed another question at Ashton. "Are you not aware of your wife's condition?"

I was utterly dumbfounded because the fool had actually turned his back against me, selling me off in front of Ashton.

Ashton narrowed his eyes in return and affirmed, "I'm well aware of her condition."

E-Excuse me?

Jackson was taken aback as well. He paused for a few seconds and gave it a thought before throwing another question at him. "If that's the case, why have you not done anything about it?"

"I'll think of something and deal with it soon."

As their conversation continued, I grew increasingly confused.

Once the elevator reached the floor, I sprinted in because I had enough of their conversation. To begin with, they seemed to be on a different page.

"Ashton, I believe you need to make a trip to M Country with Scarlett and get her to go through a thorough diagnosis," Jackson asserted.

"Have you made a trip back because of her condition?" Ashton queried.

Jackson nodded as he asked rhetorically, "Why else would I return? It took me more than twelve hours to make a trip back. I don't have that much time to kill, okay?"

It sounded as though Ashton was aware of my actual condition. I couldn't care less about it as I decided to interrupt their conversation. "Let's catch up some time in the future! We'll return for the time being! Let's get going already! I'm exhausted after a long day!"

Initially, Jackson was about to go on, but he received a call out of the blue. He answered the call, yet he could barely hear the person on the other end of the call due to the poor signal in the elevator.

It took him a few seconds to figure out the thing that the other person was talking about. Eventually, he burst out laughing as he exclaimed, "Okay! I'll head over at once!"

After he hung up the call, we finally reached the designated floor. He looked at Ashton and repeated himself in a serious tone for one last time. "Ashton, I mean it! You need to make a trip to M Country with her!"

Once he was done, he departed and disappeared amongst the bustling crowd on the streets.

After we boarded the car, Ashton started the car and had his eyes on the road as we made our way home. I looked at him and wanted to confront him if he were aware of the truth, yet I was afraid that I would expose myself in return.

In the end, I decided to call it off and keep the thoughts that I had in mind to myself.

The car was brought to a halt when we reached the junction. He turned around as he professed in a husky voice, "I don't think that we should make a trip to M Country. You're heavily pregnant—you're not in the best condition to do that. Let's drop by K City a few days later. I have gotten in touch with a few renowned specialists there."

"Y-You..." I stuttered because I couldn't grasp the situation.

"When we dropped by the hospital during the last prenatal care, the doctor brought it up in front of me. Also, do you remember the time when you were completely soaked in rain? I noticed that something was off since then. If you're still unwilling to tell me about it, it's fine. However, I want you to know that everything will be fine soon."

Heaving a sigh, he continued driving since the traffic light had turned green again.

I nodded in return because I was too tired to be bothered by other things by then. I suggested, "Let's head over and pay Grandpa a tribute tomorrow. Why don't you join me during my yoga class in the afternoon? The instructor told me that it would be great to have the child's father around because there are certain moves that require cooperation."

He nodded and queried, "What do you want for dinner?"

"Anything will do!" Since we had sorted things out, I couldn't suppress my urge to sleep anymore. As I closed my eyes, I started dozing off in the car.

By the time we reached the villa, the sky had gotten pitch-black. In spite of being sleepy, I was aware that we had reached home as Ashton lifted me and brought me back to our bedroom.

Perhaps it was due to the activities I had carried out in the day—I slept like a log for a few hours. When I woke up, it was already midnight.

I got out of the bed and noticed that Ashton was nowhere to be seen in the room. As I made my way out of the room, I noticed the strong illumination that was in the study room and decided to knock on the door.

A hoarse voice could be heard from within, instructing neutrally, "Come in!"

After I entered the room, I saw him with a stack of documents on his table. It turned out that he had logged into the company's system to access some internal data. I caught a glimpse of the data and noticed something was wrong. "Hasn't the audit for AC been re-conducted? Why aren't the changes reflected yet?"

The exhausted man glanced at me and smiled as though he was proud of me. "It seems like you haven't been spending your time in Fuller Corporation in vain, huh? I'm glad that you're able to detect the issue with the data."

I was speechless because I hadn't spent my time with Fuller Corporation in vain, yet he seemed to have perceived otherwise all along.

He didn't answer my queries. Instead, he tended to the agreements that he had with him. Since there wasn't anything else I could do, I sat by his side, waiting for him to finish the things that he had on his plate.

As I scanned through the content on the screen, I noticed that something was wrong because there was a red exclamation mark at the bottom left of the screen. I told him, "Ashton! Someone is trying to gain access to the company's system without the administrator's consent!"

He ignored the seemingly urgent issue as he looked at me in the eyes. Frowning, he asked, "Since when have you picked up fundamentals in computer science?"

Staring at the eye-catching signal, I couldn't believe my ears because he behaved calmly as though it was part of his plan to allow the other party to access the system.

I finally linked the missing pieces of puzzles together—the flawed data was deliberately uploaded to mislead the other party.

"E-Er... Not really, but I picked up the fundamentals of computer science during my university days. It's nothing worth mentioning at all." I felt so guilty deep down because I had no choice but to lie to him.

John was the expert in the field. He had always been brushing up his skills just so he could infiltrate others' accounts as he desired. The computer science enthusiast had always shared his newfound skills with me, but I never paid attention to the things that he had told me.

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He smirked and stated, "Fundamentals of computer science don't really allow you to detect hostile infiltration of the system through a glance."

I wanted to say something to defend myself, yet he got ahead of me and asked after he put the agreements aside, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes!"

"What do you want to have for late-night supper? I'll make you something to eat!" After he offered to prepare me a meal, he got up from his seat and switched off his computer.

I didn't have cravings for anything in particular. Hence, I told him that anything would do.

We walked downstairs, but he was the one who had entered the kitchen, whereas I slouched against the couch in the living room. I couldn't help but wonder about the goals of the hackers who were behind the incident. There were only a mere few who possessed such capabilities to infiltrate another company's system without being exposed.

I had a hard time comprehending the hacker's true intention of infiltrating Fuller Corporation's system; nevertheless, the only person who crossed my mind was John.

He was a prodigy in the field of information technology, but that was a fact that was merely made known to a mere few.

All of a sudden, Ashton yelled and invited me over. "Hey! What's bothering you again? The meal is ready. Come over and join me."

I decided to cast my thoughts aside for the time being as I walked to the dining hall. Initially, I thought that he would merely prepare some simple dishes that could be easily whipped out within a few minutes, but I was astonished once I saw the feast on the table because he had prepared a complete meal for both of us.

Since we were way past the ordinary mealtime, I didn't expect him to cook up a feast in the middle of the night.

Handing my cutleries to me, he was quick to serve the dishes as he offered, "You should hurry up and finish the meal. Mrs. Eriksen will drop by to get our breakfast ready in the morning. Let's have our breakfast before we drop by the cemetery."

If he hadn't brought it up in front of me, I would have forgotten about the agenda I had suggested a few hours ago. I nodded and affirmed, "Okay!" I had a few mouthfuls of the food he prepared, yet that was it because I wasn't in the mood to eat anymore.

He asked with a sullen look since I stopped savoring the dishes he had prepared, "What's wrong? Do you not like the food?"

I shook my head and rebutted, "No, but I'm not really hungry anymore..."

He stopped insisting on me finishing the meal since I seemed to be at my limits.

...

After we had our meal, we returned to the bedroom.

As I had been sleeping over the past few hours, I couldn't bring myself to sleep anymore. After Ashton took his shower and walked out of the bathroom, he noticed that I was wide awake at two o'clock in the morning, staring at the ceiling while lying on the bed idly.

Looking at his disapproving expression, I was certain that he was irritated again. A few seconds later, he told me, "You'll have to adapt to a normal lifestyle within these next few days. Apart from an afternoon nap, you're not allowed to sleep anymore in the upcoming few days."

I pouted my lips and beckoned for him to get his phone. "Rebecca called earlier. I think she that has something urgent to tell you."

After that, I returned to our bed and tucked myself in, closing my eyes in an attempt to lull myself to sleep.

He chuckled as he cast his phone aside, lying beside me after he wiped his hair dry. Ashton placed his head on my tummy in an attempt to detect our child's fetal movement. There wasn't any obvious fetal movement since our child was merely six months old. In spite of that, Ashton insisted on spending time with our child.

I grew irritated as I grasped his shirt, telling him, "Hey! You're getting in the way of my sleep!"

He took a peek at me and moved over to my side, placing my head on his arm as he told me, "I have bought our tickets to K City. We'll depart in two days' time. Before departing, let's drop by the hospital for one last prenatal care. Perhaps the baby will join us soon when we're at K City."

Truthfully, I was pretty glad to have him by my side because he would always have everything sorted out. Hence, I nodded and suggested, "Why don't you revert back to Ms. Larson's call? I suppose that it must be an emergency, seeing that she has called you in the middle of the night."

He cradled my head in his arms as he responded, "Are you trying to push me away?"

Since he had made himself clear by saying that he had no intention to revert back to Rebecca, I decided to stay out of his way as I told him, "Fine! I guess that it's none of my business too! Good night!"

Nestled in between his arms in the middle of the night, I felt a strong sense of security overwhelm me; nonetheless, I couldn't fall asleep. On the other hand, Ashton, who had to deal with a lot of things on a daily basis, was completely worn out. A few minutes later, I could hear him snoring as he had fallen into slumber.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't bring myself to sleep due to the extended nap that I had earlier. I was afraid that I would rouse him if I were to browse through my phone by his side.

Eventually, I started thinking about all sorts of things. What else could I do in the middle of the night? Insomniacs would often start to overthink the events in their lives. Otherwise, they would start thinking about the foods they were craving.

Needless to say, I was part of the latter.

I started recalling my younger days when my grandmother had all sorts of fruits and vegetables in her courtyard. Whenever it was time to harvest the crops, we would have endless supplies of them.

Tomatoes were my favorite! Occasionally, I would have tomatoes for dinner whenever Grandma had to work for extended hours. I would have lots of them if I were extremely hungry because I couldn't cook on my own.

After I reached J City, I didn't have the chance to savor any freshly harvested tomatoes anymore. The ones that were available in the supermarket tasted nothing close to the ones I had.

Wait! I should stop thinking about it! I get hungry whenever I recall the wonderful taste of the fresh tomatoes!

Suddenly, my phone that was on the nightstand vibrated. Since I couldn't fall asleep either, I decided to get out of bed. Upon retrieving my phone, I noticed that I had received a text from Macy, stating: Letty, I can't sleep, and I'm craving mangoes all of a sudden!

I found it hilarious because we had the exact same thing in our minds when we were in a similar situation.

Scarlett: Me too! I'm craving the freshly harvested tomatoes I used to have in R Province!

Macy: Arghh! Me too! I have been craving for the mangoes that we used to have in front of the house! I'm very sad because I can't have it anymore. I heard the entire residential area will be revamped soon.

Scarlett: Well, I guess that we're unable to do anything apart from reminiscing about the good old days we had.

We were rather aware that we couldn't get our hands on the things that we were craving easily due to all sorts of realistic factors that stood in our way.

The room was pitch-black, and I couldn't bring myself to fall asleep no matter what. In the end, I tiptoed my way out of the bedroom and walked downstairs to see if I could get myself some tomatoes. If I couldn't get any of them, I would get something similar to satisfy my cravings.

As I strode down the stairs, I had the shock of my life because I received a call in the middle of the night. I furrowed my brows because it was a call from John; I had no idea as to why he had decided to call me at such an odd hour.

I answered the call and asked callously, "What?"

"Do you want to have some tomatoes?" Judging by his tone of voice, the man on the other end seemed to be wide awake as well.

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Upon hearing his words, I almost cast my phone aside. A few seconds later, I raised my voice and confronted the maniac, "John, what the hell is wrong with you? What have you installed on my phone?"

He replied nonchalantly, "It's just a form of simple spyware. You should stop getting worked up over such a trivial matter. I'm trying to keep an eye on you and ensure that everything is fine on your end. That's all."

"You're rotten to the core!" I could barely suppress the urge to smash my phone.

"Please calm down, Scarlett. I just want to keep an eye on you and ensure that you're fine. Isn't it great? I get to know what you're up to whenever I want!" He sounded aggrieved, speaking as if he meant no harm.

"You should stay away from me!" After I hung up the call, I rushed into the washroom and flushed my phone away without a second thought.

I was so angry that my heart wouldn't stop racing. I couldn't pinpoint the exact time he had installed the spyware on my phone.

After the farce, I wasn't in the mood to satisfy my cravings anymore. I went to the living room and took a seat on the couch to collect my thoughts because I was greatly infuriated.

Eventually, I fell asleep on the couch in the living room. When I woke up a little later, I noticed that there was a blanket over me.

Once I opened my eyes, Ashton and I exchanged glances because he was right in front of me.

I was taken aback by his presence and I greeted him immediately, "G-Good morning!"

"Why have you fallen asleep on the couch?" He broke the silence, asking me this question indifferently as if he was displeased.

"I couldn't bring myself to sleep last night. Therefore, I decided to come downstairs for a change of environment. I didn't expect to fall asleep on the couch as well."

He asked rhetorically with a poker face, "Are you trying to imply that you had a hard time sleeping by my side?"

I shook my head vigorously as I rebuked, "No! I was having a hard time sleeping! Hence, I came downstairs for a walk! T-That's—"

As he knew that something was wrong with me, he lifted me into his arms and comforted me, "Alright, I'm not blaming you. I'm just worried that you're going to catch a cold. If you can't bring yourself to sleep in the future, wake me up and get me to keep you company, okay?"

My mind was over all over the place because it was evident that he was trying to be tolerant of me again. He had always been a patient man and had given in to every request of mine.

I nodded and nestled in between his arms as I slowly returned to my usual self.

What happened in the morning and the night before was nothing more than a farce. After finishing our breakfast, we dropped by the cemetery. We arrived early, and it was a great day.

Ashton had readied the things that we had needed beforehand. He supported me and brought me up to my grandfather's grave because the road there was quite slippery.

The sun had already risen from behind the hills when we were about to arrive. We paused when we were merely a few feet away from the grave because someone else was in front of George's grave.

I furrowed my brows unwittingly as I had my eyes fixed on the woman in front of the grave.

Ashton also caught a glimpse of Rebecca, who had dressed up in a black tulle dress, in front of the grave. Perhaps it was because she had never put on a black dress whenever she was around me—it took me some time to figure out that it was Rebecca.

I turned around and asked Ashton once I noticed that Rebecca was the one in front of the grave, "Were you the one who told her that we'd be here today?"

"No!" After he answered my query, he approached her and asked indifferently, "Why are you here?"

"Why can't I be here? I have been missing Parker because he has been showing up in my dreams recently. I decided to drop by to visit Old Mr. Fuller after I paid Parker a visit."

She glanced in my direction and greeted me with a faint smile after she explained the goal of her visit. "I didn't expect to run into both of you here! What a coincidence!"

Truthfully, I felt awful all of a sudden. I had forgotten that Parker was buried in the same cemetery.

I took a few steps forward and placed the bouquet that Ashton had prepared in front of Grandpa's grave. Since I was heavily pregnant, I couldn't bow to pay tribute to him. Instead, I nodded to show my respect to him.

Staring at me with his abysmal pair of eyes, Ashton grasped my hand firmly as he wiped my tears dry.

"Don't cry. Otherwise, our child will be sad as well."

I nodded as I told my beloved grandfather, "Grandpa, Ashton and I will start a family soon. Perhaps we'll come as a family of three, the next time we drop by to pay you a visit. You can finally rest in peace."

Halfway through my speech, I turned to look at Ashton with an intimate gaze before orating, "You don't have to worry about me anymore because we're on good terms! He has been taking great care of me, and I believe that he'll be a great husband and a doting father!"

Truth be told, my words were not intended for my grandfather at all—it was intended for Rebecca who was there.

Her face puckered in response as she tugged at the hem of Ashton's shirt and urged, "Ash, can you please drop by and pay Parker a visit as well? It has been quite some time since you've last visited."

I lowered my gaze because I was aware of Rebecca's petty scheme in leveraging the deceased to her favor in order to win Ashton over by reminding him of the good old days they had spent together.

Ashton looked at me in the eyes as though it was an attempt to acquire my consent to pay Parker a visit.

I peered at Grandpa's grave with a smile and offered, "Let's drop by and pay him a visit together! After all, he was one of your best friends, wasn't he? You should introduce us to one another!"

Rebecca had a grim expression on her face because I insisted on tagging along, yet she did a great job of suppressing her emotions.

Ashton grasped my hand as he asserted, "You're right! Let's go!"

The aforementioned grave was merely a short distance away because the cemetery wasn't a huge one. As soon as we arrived at Parker's grave, I saw the photo of a handsome young man inscribed. In spite of his attractive-looking face, it was evident that he had been having it tough, enduring a series of treatments.

As soon as we arrived at her brother's grave, Rebecca's eyes began to brim with tears. Eventually, it morphed into an intense wail. "Parker, I have brought Ash along with me!"

Thankfully, Ashton had another bouquet with him. He placed it in front of Parker's grave as he bowed to show his respect. After he was done, he stared at the photo on the grave.

I stood by Ashton's side and bowed to show my respect. In an attempt to figure out if Rebecca had put on another show in front of us, I peered at her the entire time we were there.

After a few minutes, Ashton suggested, "I believe that it's time to leave."

Rebecca couldn't snap out of her intense wailing session. She held on to Ashton's hand as she cried out in a husky voice, "Ash, Parker is no longer around to keep me safe! You're the only one whom I can rely on! Although I'm a member of the renowned Moore family, I didn't grow up alongside them! I was merely the long-lost daughter of the family. No matter how much they love me, I can't possibly reciprocate the affection because we aren't close at all!"

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"Ash, please take your friendship with Parker into consideration, and don't leave me alone! I need you by my side. Please, Ash! I don't need anything else apart from your companionship. Along with Jared and Joe, we can live a carefree life as we had used to, can't we? I'll always be the innocent little girl that requires the guidance of the three reliable brothers of mine. Please don't leave me alone! I can't possibly live on my own!"

Ashton's initially indifferent look seemed to have eased up because he was affected by her words. Nobody would know him better than me—he had never enjoyed being alone; he couldn't bear to leave the needy ones alone either.

Rebecca's seemingly sincere words had touched him. He had always been alone ever since he was young. Although Ashton had his doting grandfather by his side, none of the things that his grandfather had done could compensate the man for his loss.

Therefore, he couldn't bear to forsake his friendship with Parker and his relationship with Rebecca because being needed would give him a sense of accomplishment that he desired. It would make him feel loved.

I stood by his side silently because I couldn't be sure as to how I was supposed to react. All along, I knew that I wasn't a match for Rebecca. I could never put on such a great show to deceive others.

As Ashton returned to her side and brought her up, casting a gentle gaze as if he could forget the things that she had done, I knew that my efforts were in vain.

Apart from the sound of Rebecca sniffing behind us, we were dead silent throughout the entire ride. It felt as though I could hear the ambient noise in the car.

In the end, I broke the silence, requesting once the car was brought to a halt at the junction, "Why don't you pull over at the bus station in front? I'll drop by a certain somewhere before making my way home."

Furrowing his brows, Ashton looked at me as he queried, "Where are you going?"

I tried my best to force a smile onto my face as I denoted, "I'll go for a walk and get Macy the mangoes that she's craving for before I make my way to the ward."

"I'll go with you!"

"No!"

I was afraid that I would lose my cool in front of them. Hence, I tried my best to regain my composure and stated, "It will be fine; the hospital is merely a few streets away. I won't get lost, okay? Y-You should drop Ms. Larson off before making your way over..."

He pursed his lips and gave it a thought for a few seconds. In the end, he gave in to my suggestion. "Alright."

Subconsciously, I sucked in a deep breath because it felt as though a heavy boulder had been lifted off of my shoulders.

Once I got out of the car, I bade them farewell with a bright and gentle grin, behaving as though everything was fine while I waved at them as they departed.

As their car disappeared on the bustling streets, I started feeling nauseous, as though I would puke at any given point in time. It felt awful because my heart wrenched.

I tried to reach for my phone to get in touch with Jackson, but I suddenly recalled that I had flushed my phone away the previous night.

As I walked along the green, I started to feel weak because of the scorching sun that was on top of me.

A few minutes later, I couldn't bring myself to walk any further. I took a seat by the road and buried my face in my palms as I began to weep.

At that moment, I blamed myself for being such a fragile woman. It wasn't a big deal at all, yet I behaved as though something serious had occurred.

I couldn't stand the heat anymore and I thought that I was seeing things when I caught a glimpse of Jackson in front of me. Soon, I muttered, "Jackson, I'm not feeling good."

He raised his voice and reprimanded me. Nevertheless, he leaned over and lifted me up, bringing me into his car. "What happened? Why are you alone on the streets in the middle of such a hot day? You might have passed out from a heatstroke!"

I finally returned to my usual self after I was brought into the cool environment that was filled with chilling air. It took me a few seconds to grasp the situation. In the end, I asked, "Why are you here?"

He handed over a few pieces of wet tissue to me as he explained, "I was on my way to visit Macy. Unfortunately, I've encountered my pathetic and pregnant friend who's crying on the streets beneath the sun."

I avoided his gaze and wiped my face clean after I took the wet tissues from him. I stared at the man in the front passenger seat wide-eyed as soon as I caught a glimpse of him. "Mr. Harrison, why are you here?"

Nick craned over and asked, "I'm getting him to give me a ride. What about you? Why are you crying on the streets when you are heavily pregnant?"

I pursed my lips and diverted their attention immediately, instructing Jackson, "Hey! Let's drop by another place before heading over to Macy's ward."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Tech Square! I have accidentally broken my phone!"

Jackson nodded and steered the driver's wheel, turning in another direction from the designated route to the hospital.

Initially, I thought that I would get myself the latest version of the brand I had been using, but Nick suggested, "Why don't you get a domestic brand instead? It's better in terms of functions and price."

After I got myself a new phone and a new contact number, we dropped by to check on Macy and Jared. Once I was done, I walked out of Jared's ward and noticed that Jackson and Nick were smoking while they were engaged in a conversation.

Nick seemed to be infuriated as he glared at Jackson in a hostile manner.

I rushed over and got in their way, making a request for Jackson to do me a favor. "Hey! Can you please keep Macy company when I'm gone? I have to leave soon because I have something to tend to!"

Before Jackson could respond, Nick put out his cigarette and walked toward me. "I'll go with you!"

Although I wasn't sure what was going on between them both, I was pretty sure that they were in the middle of a conflict. Hence, I told Nick, "I'm not driving. I'll be hailing a cab instead. I think that you should wait for Jackson."

Jackson looked in Nick's direction and stated, "Yes! You should wait for me!"

With an upset expression, Nick responded, "I have a lot of things on my schedule! I don't have time for you!"

"Are you indicating that I am wasting your time?"

I was at a loss for words and I decided to stay out of their conflict. There wasn't anything I could do about it.

Thus, I departed silently and told Macy that I would be leaving before I headed back to the villa.

Initially, I wanted to join the yoga class that was scheduled to be held in the afternoon, but the class would require the husband to be around. Since Ashton had to keep Rebecca company, I thought that he wouldn't have time for me. In the end, I hailed a cab home because I didn't want to go through the tormenting experience anymore.