

Chapter 0035

The billionaires heirs

Ashley...

"Alright, guys, I'm off," I say as I collect my bag and phone.

"Have a good day and remember that tomorrow we have to be in a little early." Mari smiles at me.

"Sure, I remember we have a big order to get out." I return the smile.

I make my way to the door and head outside. I say goodbye to the other employees and close the door. Unlocking the car, I get inside and throw my bag on the passenger seat. I dial Freddie's number and after a few rings, he picks up.

"Hey, there, girlie," he greets me and I can imagine his warm smile.

"Hi, Fred. How are you?" I ask.

"Not bad," he replies.

"Are you free and at home?" I ask and he replies with a yes, "Um, is Jason home?"

"Yes, he is home. He told me what happened and I can't believe Adrian is back," he said.

"Don't worry, I can't believe it either. I'm actually on my way home. Can I come over now?" I ask unsure.

"Of course, babe. You both need to clear the air. You are like besties; we

can't have the two of you stay mad at each other for too long," he says and I nod to myself.

"I will be there in a few minutes." We exchanged goodbyes and I hung up. I dial Adrian's number and he picks up immediately.

"Hello?" I hear a female's voice. Who the hell is this?

"Hello, um- Is Adrian there?" I ask.

"Who are you?" she asks rudely, ignoring my question.

"I am Ashley," I reply curtly. Can't she just hand him the phone?

"Oh, Ashley," she says to herself and I swear I could hear a smirk in her voice. The line is silent for a few seconds and then I hear her voice again: "Baby, someone named Ashley is on the phone and asking to speak to you," she says and then I hear Adrian's voice. 1

"Ashely?"

I was still trying to figure out who the woman was that answered his phone when I heard him call out again, "Ashley? Is everything alright?" I realize that he is talking to me. I stay quiet for a few seconds, trying to catch my breath. "Ashley, are you there?"

"Um-yea, sorry about that. I was wondering if you can pick up the kids and drop them off at home. " I need to go somewhere," I said once I got my voice back.

"Go where?" he asks curiously.

"Curiosity killed the cat and besides, it's none of your business," I say harshly. How dare he ask me where I'm going if he is clearly spending

time with another woman?

"You are my business. So what you do is also my business. Tell me," he said, frustrated.

"I don't need to tell you everything I do; you aren't my husband!"

"Yet," he says and I swear that bastard is smirking.

"Fine, I'm going to see Jason. Are you happy, boss?" I sigh.

"Okay, I will pick the kids up; don't worry," he says.

"Thank you," I say before I hang up and I swear I hear him say, "I love you." I ignore the butterflies in my stomach and start the car, making my way towards Jason's house.

I find a parking spot and park the car there. I make my way to the elevators and press the button to go to Jason's apartment. I knock on the door twice as soon as I reach it, and Jason himself opens the door. His eyes land on me and his eyebrows furrow in confusion.

"What are you doing here?" There is no hint of anger in his voice, just curiosity.

"I came to talk to you," I say, feeling a bit nervous. Why am I nervous? He is my best friend. 1

"Talk? About what?" he asks and I shift uncomfortably. "Come in," he sighs and he moves aside to let me in. I clutch my bag closer and get inside. Freddie comes out of the kitchen when I enter the living room.

"Babe, who's at the He stops mid-sentence when he sees me. "Ashely!" he squeals and wraps his arms around me. I hug him back and a smile

spreads on my face. "It's been so long," he says as he pulls away.

"Yeah," I reply and I smile at him. "It's good to see you."

"Ashley, why are you here?" Jason asked, interrupting us.

"What do you want to talk about?"

I look at my best friend and without uttering a word, I walk closer to him, wrap my arms around his body and lay my head on his chest. He stiffens at first and then slowly wraps his arms around me and before I know it, tears are falling down my cheeks.

"Jason, I am so sorry about the other night. I never meant the things I said to you. I regret the way things turned out." I sob into his chest. "I know what I did was wrong and the way I spoke to you, I feel so bad. I can't lose you, Jason. Please forgive me." I pull away from him and clap my hands together, begging him. "Please, Jason," I say again. He wraps his arms around me and pulls me to his chest.

"Okay, I forgive you but you have to promise me not to let him get between us again," he sighs.

"I promise, and thank you," I say happily. Thank God I got my best friend back. I don't know what I would have done if he didn't want to see me again. He was the only person who was always there for me since we were children. 1

"Yay!" We hear and I pull away from Jason and realize that Freddie is still here. "Thank God, I couldn't take another day seeing Jason sulk like that. It was like someone took his favorite pair of Calvin underwear away from him," he smiles and walks towards us. "Group hug!" he squeals as we all laugh together.

I ended up staying for dinner after Freddie asked me to stay. "The dinner was great," Jason smiles and kisses Freddie on his cheek and he blushes.

"Okay guys, I need to go," I say and then I realize something: "Oh, Jason, Adrian's grandparents are here," I say.

"Grandpa Kenny and Grandma Betty? Oh, great, I should meet them. It's been so long," he says and I nod in agreement.

"Please come, both of you," I say, looking at Freddie. "The kids miss you guys."

"Alright, we will come tomorrow," Jason promised and I hugged Freddie and then Jason.

"Bye, see you tomorrow," I say and head to the elevator.

I reach home thirty minutes later and park my car in the garage. I look at the clock and it's just past eleven. I grab my keys and bag and head inside to see Grandma and Grandpa sitting on the couch. Grandpa looks stressed and Grandma seems like she is about to pass out at any given second. When she looked at me, she immediately stood up and walked toward me.

"Ash," she struggles to say.

"What is wrong, Grandma?" I asked confusedly, and as soon as I heard her reply, it felt like someone ripped my heart out.

"The kids aren't home yet," she says.