

When It All Fell Apart Chapter 10

Watching the car speed away, the weight on my chest seemed to lift all at once. Maybe it was the relief of finally getting away from that toxic group of people, and it felt like the best birthday gift I could have ever received.

As expected, Ruby gave birth prematurely to a son. Thankfully, the baby was healthy and had not been affected too much by everything.

Ashton, too, finally agreed to sign the divorce papers. As I stepped out of the courthouse, he called out to me, his face filled with frustration.

“Clara, were you already cheating on me with Will? Is that why you’re so determined to force me into this divorce?”

I told him that although I had known about the new neighbor who had moved in, it was not until the day I went to the hospital with signs of a miscarriage that I had actually spoken to Will.

I stood tall and firm, confident in my truth. Even if the king himself had asked, my answer would have remained the same.

“And you, Ashton? Can you really say that your relationship with Ruby has been nothing but pure? No crossing of boundaries or hidden feelings over the years?”

Ashton opened his mouth, but I cut him off before he could say anything. “You don’t need to answer; I already know the truth. Stop lying to yourself.”

Ruby was clever. She had never bothered with Ashton—the backup guy who always simped for her—until he found success in his career, and that was when she returned to him again. Still, she kept him captivated by never sleeping with him directly, letting him believe she was always just out of reach, independent, and above all.

I must say, her strategy was impressive, but it was a shame. After her artwork was pulled due to plagiarism and her studio was taken down, Ruby started to panic. The more desperately she tried to hold on to Ashton, the more he took her for granted. It mirrored exactly how he had treated me.

“Ashton, I owe you nothing, but you should feel guilty for what you did to me.”

With that, I waved to Will to pull the car over. Ashton stood there for what felt like an eternity, fading from view in the rearview mirror and out of my life.

A year later, I found out I was pregnant and was at the hospital for a checkup, not expecting to run into Ashton again. He looked terrible—his face pale and unshaven, with

stubble covering his jaw. His wrinkled shirt had several bloodstains on it as he followed closely behind a gurney.

I barely glanced at him as we passed each other, but I caught a glimpse of Ruby lying on the gurney, covered in blood and moaning in pain. Even though I did not care about them anymore, I could not help but feel curious about the situation.

I discreetly asked around for information, and the news I uncovered was shocking. Ruby and Ashton had divorced again, but this time, it was not a clean break like it was with me.

[You won't believe it, but Ruby's kid isn't even Ashton's!

The person eagerly spilled the tea without me needing to ask for details.

Apparently, Ashton's company had gone bankrupt. As someone used to a luxury lifestyle, Ruby could not handle living a normal life anymore, so she decided to file for divorce. When Ashton and his mother tried to fight for custody of the child, Ruby shot back that the kid was not even Ashton's to begin with.

Someone chimed in. [Ruby sure is something else. She pretends to be all innocent and pure, but private, she's wild! No one even knows the baby's real father, and now she's trying to drag Ashton into thi mess!]

It all clicked for me. No wonder Ruby deliberately fell that time.

I initially thought she was trying to frame me, but now it made sense—she needed to create the illusion of a premature birth because the baby was almost full-term.

I rubbed my slightly rounded belly, filled with mixed emotions.

I had always suspected that Ashton's genes were not up to par. I had faced multiple failed IVF attempts, and even the last one had been fraught with issues, so how could Ruby manage to get pregnant so easily? It turned out that the baby was not even Ashton's!

That woman is ruthless. I mean, after all the support Ashton had given her and her child, how could she talk about him like that? She called him a loser and said he deserved to be taken advantage of. She even bragged about being pretty enough to find another rich sucker, and now look what she's done? The stress gave Ashton's mom a stroke, and when he finally snapped... Well, let's just say her face won't ever look the same again.]

[Honestly, it's like two dogs fighting each other. The drama is so juicy that our family chat's been talking about it for days!]

Family vacation packages

Will peeled an apple and brought it to me, casually taking my phone out of my hands.

“The doctor said you shouldn’t be on your phone too much. It’s not good for you or the baby.”

I did not know if it was because of the miscarriage I had gone through, but he had been extra cautious about everything, almost like he was afraid something could go wrong again.

Instead of arguing, I opened my mouth to accept the piece of fruit he was feeding me. With the cool breeze sweeping in from the balcony, everything felt perfectly in place.