

When It All Fell Apart Chapter 04

Ashton froze for a few seconds, then quickly knelt to wrap his arms around me.

“How did you start bleeding just from a fall?”

I tried to stand, but a wave of cold sweat broke out across my body, and my lips started trembling.

“Call an ambulance! Get me to the hospital!”

At that moment, Ruby pushed through the small crowd that had gathered around us, commenting. “Come on, stop making such a big deal. Isn’t this just your period?”

She said I was overreacting and suggested I go home to rest if I was not feeling well.

Ashton looked disappointed. “So, you’re not pregnant again.”

I wanted to explain, but an intense pain ripped through my lower abdomen, forcing me to bite down hard to keep from screaming. In the end, Ashton yanked me to my feet, muttering that he would stay behind with Ruby and get a cab to take me home.

Just as the door opened, I came face-to-face with Will.

“Hey, what are you doing at a pub, of all places?” he asked in surprise.

However, his eyes then dropped to the growing bloodstain on my pants, and his expression changed in an instant.

“Why are you bleeding again? Didn’t the doctor warn you to be careful with the pregnancy?”

He shouted loud enough that everyone around us, including Ashton, stopped dead in their tracks.

Ashton’s face twisted in confusion, and his words came out stammered. “Y–You’re pregnant? This isn’t a joke, right?”

Will quickly stepped forward, steadying me as I wavered on my feet, his eyes blazing with anger.

“What kind of husband are you? How do you not know your wife is pregnant?”

Ashton panicked, insisting I had not told him anything.

Will yelled back, “What are you waiting for? Get her to the hospital, now!”

Everything became a blur of chaos after that. By the time we arrived at the hospital, I was soaked in cold sweat.

When the doctor finally told us that I had lost the pregnancy, my tears started pouring uncontrollably. Ashton went wild, grabbing the doctor and demanding a recheck, shouting at them to do something.

“We went through IVF three times! We worked so hard for this!”

The doctor’s expression was grim, but he kept his composure.

“If you knew how difficult it was, why weren’t you more careful? Taking a pregnant woman to a pub? That’s no place for someone in her condition!”

That comment made Ashton’s face flush red with shame, leaving him at a loss for words.

Once the doctor left, he knelt beside my bed, taking my hand in his as he said, “It’s okay. It’s going to be okay. You just need to rest. We can try for another baby”

I pulled my hand away, barely holding back the overwhelming grief of losing our child.

“Ashton, there won’t be another baby. I want a divorce.”

Ashton froze, looking completely at a loss for words. “Don’t say that. You’re upset. I didn’t know this was going to happen... Why didn’t you tell me you were pregnant?”

I let out a bitter laugh. Did I not want to tell him?

On our anniversary, he was at Ruby’s ultrasound appointment, and when I was discharged from the hospital, he dragged me to a pub to celebrate Ruby’s pregnancy. He never gave me a chance to tell him.

“The baby’s gone. Maybe it’s fate. Maybe even the universe wants us separated.”

I thought—Ashton would agree right away. After all, he had always loved Ruby, his high school sweetheart. He used to worship her from afar, and now she was having his child. Was that not exactly what he wanted?

Instead, Ashton stayed silent for a few seconds before stubbornly refusing. “We’ve been married for six years. You don’t stay that long if you don’t love someone.”

I scoffed. “Don’t feel guilty. You should go ahead and be happy with Ruby. I won’t make a scene or say anything harsh. And your friends who worship you and Ruby won’t have any gossip to spread.”

“Please, I’m sorry. I’ve been neglecting you lately, but let’s not talk about divorce right now. You’re upset and not thinking straight,” he replied.

Then, he quickly changed the subject, saying he would get me something to eat.

Half an hour later, he returned with a load of takeout. One glance and I could see it was greasy barbecued meat, dishes loaded with jalapenos, and even food I was allergic to. I had always known he had never bothered to remember my preferences, but the realization still stung.

I pushed the food aside. “I’m not hungry.”

He frowned, telling me not to be difficult.

“You’ve got that little notebook where you keep all of Ruby’s favorite things, but do you even know I can’t eat eggplant? It makes my tongue go numb, and my lips swell up.”

Ashton’s face flushed red again, and he quickly offered to get something else when the door opened, and Will walked in with a thermos.

“Hey, I made some chicken soup for you. You should have it while it’s hot,” Will said as he set it down.

He efficiently removed the lid and handed me a spoon, the comforting aroma of the soup filling the room.

Ashton’s expression darkened.