

When It All Fell Apart Chapter 05

Will noticed the food Ashton had brought and was visibly surprised.

“There are so many restaurants around the hospital with meals suitable for patients, yet you somehow managed to pick the worst one. Now that’s impressiver

I could see Ashton clenching his jaw, trying to hold back his temper.

After a moment of restraint, he spoke in a low, menacing tone, “From now on, I’ll cook for Clara myself. There’s no need for you to get involved.”

Will, however, was not backing down. “I don’t trust you with that. I took good care of her, got her discharged in perfect health, and less than a day later, she miscarried. You have zero credibility.”

Ashton’s brow furrowed deeply. “Clara is my wife. Why are you being so attentive? Don’t you understand how to keep your distance from a married woman?”

I slammed my spoon on the tray and said sarcastically, “Well, you’re one to talk. Who’s more out of line than you helping someone else have a baby through IVF and not even realizing it’s crossing a boundary?”

Will’s eyes widened in shock as he glanced over at Ashton.

Ashton’s face flushed red with frustration. Normally, he would have stormed out of the room by that point, but today, he just sat there, silently seething and glaring at Will until he eventually left.

The next day, true to his word, Ashton went home and cooked. However, when he returned to the hospital, Ruby was there.

Ashton looked visibly startled as he asked, “What are you doing here?”

Ruby smiled her usual gentle, graceful smile. “I made a few of your favorite dishes. Since Clara’s been married to you for so long, I’m sure she’ll enjoy them too, right?”

I glanced at the food. Sure enough, everything was catered to Ashton’s taste. This time, though, Ashton did not look pleased. Instead, he seemed awkward.

“These dishes are too heavy. They’re not good for Clara. She should eat what I brought.”

Watching him opening the lunch box and setting a sandwich in front of me, Ruby gave a small, tight-lipped smile. “It looks like being sick makes you the center of attention. Ash,

you used to say you'd only cook for me. Now you're making an exception and cooking for Clara too, huh?"

I let out a silent snicker.

I had seen that tactic far too many times over the past two years. In the beginning, I would be consumed with jealousy, constantly on edge and anxious. Now? I just found those petty tricks amusing.

"If you two want to flirt, please take it to a hotel. This is a hospital. Leave the sick patient out of your disgusting games. I'm about to gag."

At my comment, Ruby made herself look upset.

"Clara, why do you always have to twist the nature of my relationship with Ash?"

Surprisingly, Ashton did not rush to defend Ruby or berate me like he usually did. Instead, he grabbed her

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Surprisingly, Ashton did not rush to defend Ruby or berate me like he usually did. Instead, he grabbed her by the arm and guided her out of the room.

Ruby looked stunned, as if she could not believe her eyes. She insisted that she had come out of concern for me and, despite not feeling well herself, had pushed through to cook for us. Yet, instead of thanking her, I had chosen to insult and criticize her.

Ashton hesitated for a moment before saying, "Clara is the one who's sick... Ruby, you've always been so understanding. Why don't you let this one slide and cut her some slack?"

Ruby's mouth hung open for a while, clearly not expecting that response. She struggled to maintain her smile as she reluctantly agreed, saying she would not take issue with a sick person.

Once she was gone, I took my time eating the sandwich. Seeing me finally eat, Ashton's face lit up with happiness, and he excitedly mentioned making food for me again next time, which I did not respond to.

After a few days of rest and feeling better, I got discharged from the hospital. The first thing I did when I got home was throw the printed divorce papers right in Ashton's face.

"Sign it. The house, the car, and everything you've earned in the last two years—I don't want a penny of it."

My salary, however, was decent before Ashton's business took off and I had to quit my job to focus on IVF treatments. Thus, all the money I made went into supporting the household and funding his startup, and I wanted my 60 thousand dollars back from that.

I figured that was more than fair, and it was not a hard ask for Ashton either. The 60 thousand dollars I requested did not even come close to what he had spent on Ruby's designer bags and jewelry over the last couple of years.

Ashton grabbed the divorce papers and tore them into shreds.

"Are you seriously divorcing me just because I helped Ruby with the IVF process?"