

Chapter 4 Mr Schwerin, You're Back!

It was one thing for Freya to call Ashton darling, but there was no way she was going to sleep in the same bed as someone she had only just met. She immediately shot him an admonishing glance.

He knew he had to be patient, so he shook his head. "Sorry, I still have some business to take care of. You should go home with Mommy first."

Hearing this, Matilda clung tightly to his arm, her eyes already misting over. "Are you going to leave me again, Daddy?"

The heartbreaking expression on her face made Ashton's heart throb, almost persuading him to give in. However, he understood clearly that Freya would be angry if he concurred.

He explained patiently, "Daddy will never leave you again. However, I need to see Grandpa, just like how you want to see me."

"Will you come meet me tomorrow then, Daddy?" She looked at him with wet eyes.

"Of course. I will always accompany you hereon." Ashton tenderly stroked her little head.

It was only then that Matilda stopped crying and smiled. "Fine, Daddy. You can't break your word, or...or I will ignore you forever."

"Alright." Ashton then looked at Freya and reminded her quietly, "Drive safely."

After watching them go, he climbed into another car nearby, with Ivanna occupying the driver's seat.

"Everything arranged?" asked Ashton, his eyes flashing coldly.

Hayden had been daring enough to slander Freya and would not be able to bear the outcome.

"Yes." Ivanna nodded, stepping on the gas pedal to speed off.

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"Hayden, somebody wants to meet you." A police officer escorted Hayden out inside the detention center.

"Somebody wants to see me? Is it my father? It must be him. That's amazing!" Hayden was delighted and quickly went with him.

Soon, several figures appeared in his view, including a middle-aged man with graying hair—Michael Flemming, his father.

"Dad, you've finally come to bail me out. Good!" Hayden hastened to greet him.

Before Michael could say anything, the police officer respectfully informed a waiting Ashton, "Mr. Schwerin, your man has been escorted here."

Ashton gave a slight nod, which was when Hayden spotted Ashton beside Michael.

"You!" Hayden's eyes brimmed with displeasure.

"Me." Ashton gave another nod. "You offended Freya and won't be able to handle the fallout."

"Fallout?" sneered Hayden with disdain. "With my dad here now, you'll be the one unable to handle the fallout! Dad, kill him for me. I want him and his whole family dead!"

He looked assured. The Flemmings might not be the highest-ranked wealthy family but were still famous, so Ashton was too ambitious in assuming he could defeat Hayden.

"Really?" Ashton would not go to the trouble to fight Hayden and glanced at Michael, "Michael, I want your son dead. Any disagreements? If not, he dies. If yes, you all will. What do you think of that?"

Michael shook and bowed his head immediately. "N-No. I have nothing to say!"

"What?" Michael's words shocked Hayden.

Michael was thinking of abandoning him?

"Fine, then." Ashton gave a slight nod before proclaiming coolly, "Do it."

With that, he spun around and departed.

Ivanna obeyed, and a dagger abruptly appeared in her hand before she approached Hayden's side.

"No! Dad, save me! Save..." screamed Hayden in terror before his voice was suddenly cut off.

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"Head to the Rechberg residence," instructed Ashton straight away after Ivanna had gotten back into the car. Having seen Freya and Matilda upon coming back, he should go home to visit his foster parents.

Ashton had been adopted by Harold Rechberg from the orphanage at a very early age, and his foster parents had been treating him like their own child for longer than a decade. They had not altered their treatment even after the birth of their daughter, Heidi Rechberg. As far as Ashton was concerned, they did not differ from his biological parents.

After arriving at the entrance of the area they stayed in, Ashton alighted after instructing Ivanna to park some distance away in case he was spotted by anyone with ulterior motives.

Just then, he heard someone exclaim, "Ashton, you're home!"

Ashton raised his head to see a gorgeous twentysomething woman some distance away staring at him in surprise, with a suited young man standing beside her.

"Heidi." Ashton nodded with a smile.

Heidi was Harold's biological daughter and had trailed behind Ashton during their youth as if they were childhood sweethearts. She had become such a gorgeous woman in the six years they had not seen each other.

Ashton didn't chat idly with her and enquired at once, "Where are Mom and Dad? I haven't seen them in such a long time and should convey my apologies."

"Um, they're both home." She felt awkward at his lack of reaction toward her male companion.

The young man had sensed Heidi's reaction and moved ahead to put his arm around her shoulder. "Heidi's brother, right? Klaus Griffin, Heidi's boyfriend."

"Er, hello." Ashton gave a nod.

Klaus narrowed his eyes a bit before informing Heidi, "You can get the car parked. I need to talk about something with my future brother-in-law."

Heidi felt uncomfortable being caught in the middle of the two men and wasn't sure what to say. She simply nodded and went to do as she was told.

Klaus smirked at Ashton. "Ashton, right? I heard that my future father-in-law once tried to pair you with Heidi. You came back for Heidi, didn't you? You should know your place. You're just a poor soldier. Don't overestimate yourself. Heidi is out of your league."

Just as he finished speaking, there was a sudden commotion. A large number of soldiers marched into the residential area, forming two long lines. Pedestrians stepped aside, murmuring about who could command such an impressive display.

Simultaneously, a group of people, some in suits and others in military uniforms, approached quickly. They were all prominent Lindonbury figures.

They hurried over to Ashton and respectfully bowed. "Mr. Schwerin, if it weren't for today's news, we wouldn't have known you were in Lindonbury! We apologize for not giving you a proper welcome."

Klaus was instantly left speechless and in utter shock.