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"Okay," I answered and headed to the top floor at once.

Ashton's office gave off the same cold, stern vibe that he did. The atmosphere here felt chilly even in the midst of summer.

The spacious office area looked frosty and unwelcoming. The door to the meeting room was closed. Joseph caught sight of me. "Mr. Fuller is still in a meeting with Mr. Quinn and Dr. Crest, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded while thinking. If Dr. Crest is

Jared Crest, is Mr. Quinn referring to Joe

Quinn?



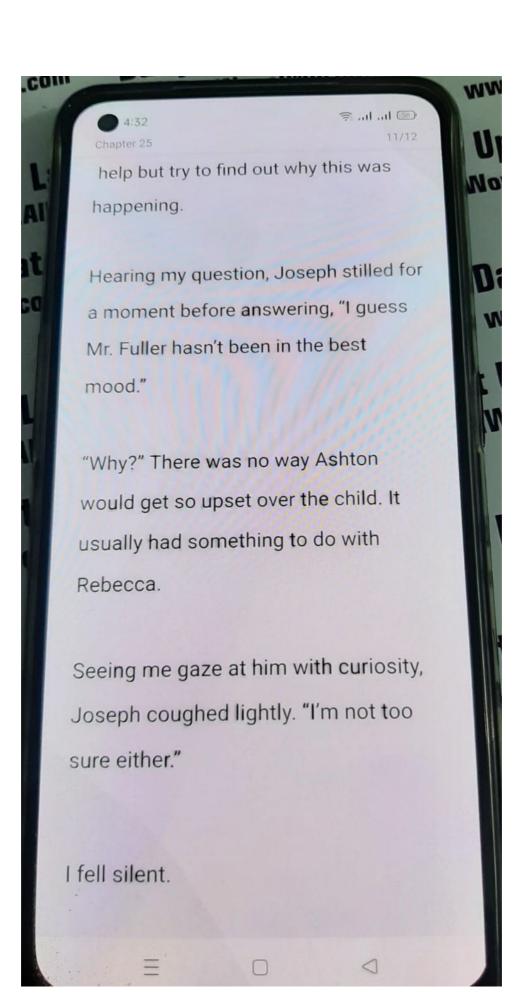
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I walked over to the couch and sat down. Glancing at my watch, it was now noon. I had left home in such a rush that I hadn't had anything to eat. Thus, I was now starving.

Joseph poured me a glass of water and remarked icily, "Please wait a moment, Ms. Stovall. Mr. Fuller will be done in about half an hour."

I took the glass from him. Brushing aside his cold front, I asked, "Has Mr. Fuller been drinking frequently, Mr. Campbell?"

Macy had mentioned that Ashton had been visiting her bar often, so I couldn't



I fell silent.

This guy wasn't being honest.

I slowly dozed off. Upon hearing a few people's voices after what felt like forever, I tried my best to sit up straight.

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## Chapter 26

The three men who walked out of the meeting room shifted their gazes over to me. With a slight raise of his brows and purse of his thin lips, Jared muttered a few words to Joseph, causing the latter to glance at me before taking his leave.

Ashton's gaze darkened as he stared at me. I had a feeling that he was about to unleash his wrath on me.

I hurriedly stood up upon thinking about Caleb. "I'm more than willing to compensate for all the losses incurred

for the past two days, Mr. Fuller."





Ashton frowned while remaining silent.

Instead, it was Joe who began to
cause a stir. "You're incredible, Ms.

Stovall. This is a project worth a few
billion, and you've managed to incur
your own husband a loss of over ten
million in just two days! You're being
far too generous!"

His words were dripping with sarcasm.

Seeing Ashton remain silent with a grim look on his face, I rolled my eyes at Joe. "You sure are a nosy one, Mr. Ouinn."

Pfft! Jared stifled his laughter. With his hands in his pockets, he looked on with innocent eyes as though completely uninvolved.

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Joe cast him a glare before turning to

me, looking dour. "What makes you think you can talk to me like that,
Scarlett Stovall?"

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I really had no intention of wasting my breath talking to Joe. The guy never had anything nice to say to me because he thought I was always getting in between Ashton and Rebecca.

Still, we had known each other for a long time, so I chose not to mince my words. "Are you a king who has time-traveled to the future, Mr. Quinn? If so, I'm afraid only the likes of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar would have the privilege of talking to you.



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You're from that era too, after all."

Joe's face flushed red in anger and he no longer held back his words. "Even a dead man has more right to talk to me than you do! To think you'd be wicked enough to kill off your own child—"

"Joe," Jared cut the man off sternly.

"Ashton and Ms. Stovall have some

matters to discuss. I've made a lunch
reservation, so let's head over and wait
for them there."

Then, he turned to me. "I believe you haven't had lunch either, Ms. Stovall. Why don't you and Ashton join us later?"



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Before I could turn down his offer, the man left, dragging Joe along with him.

Only Ashton and I remained inside the large office. Unsure of how he intended to deal with the matter related to Caleb, I decided to break the ice. "I'm responsible for what happened. I

stayed home to recuperate after the surgery and couldn't stop thinking about the child, so I completely forgot about Dr. Ludwick."

Ashton remained gloomy and silent, so I continued, "I know I've caused unimaginable losses to the company. I'd be more than willing to resign—"

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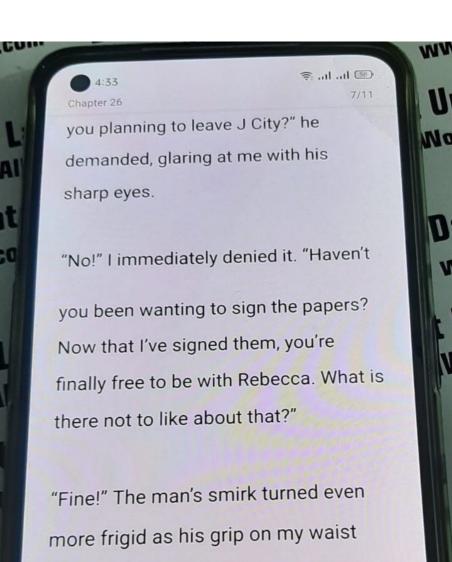
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"Is that how you intend to solve this issue?" Ashton suddenly asked. His voice and eyes were so chilly that I felt goosebumps.

"Yeah." I had it all planned out—now that I had a reason to quit, I could finally leave J City.

The tall man stood in front of me,
letting out a cold chuckle and engulfing
me with his frosty presence. "You got
rid of the child, signed the divorce
papers, and now, you're about to quit
your job. What are you up to, Scarlett?"

My palms began to turn sweaty. I instinctively stepped backward, only to feel Ashton grab me by the waist. "Are



"Fine!" The man's smirk turned even more frigid as his grip on my waist tightened. "You know how much I hate it when others do as they please, Scarlett. Do you think I'd let you off so easily after you killed my child?"

"But you didn't want the child." I frowned, feeling increasingly



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bewildered. "Rebecca kept using it as leverage, so I figured I'd take things into my own hands instead of being coerced into getting an abortion!"

The air in the office grew even more chilly. As Ashton narrowed his eyes, I had a feeling that this man standing in front of me was like a vicious lion—one wrong move and he'd shred me into pieces.

"You're a smart one, aren't you?"

I didn't know what he meant, but I certainly understood it wasn't a compliment.

"Well, since you've already gotten rid of

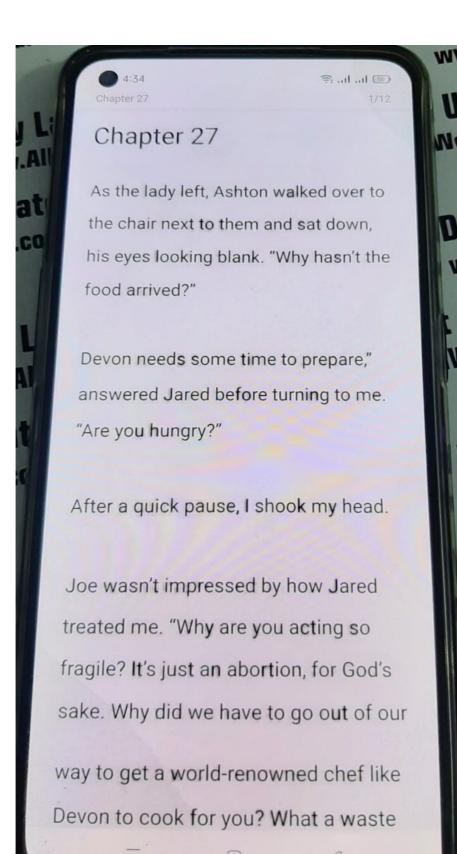
the child, that's fine. We'll just have another one."

With that, he walked away. I remained frozen in place, staring at him in a daze. Perhaps these would have been words of encouragement if they came from a loving husband, but coming from him, they were nothing but crude.

"What are you waiting for? Let's go," he remarked coldly, turning back to glance at me.

In a moment of confusion, I merely grunted a response and trotted over to him.











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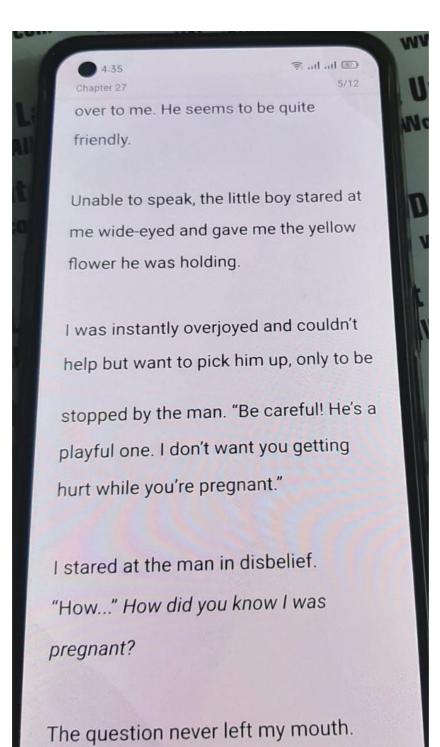
glamorous place like J City and even had an enormous plot of land for planting an array of greenery, there was no doubt that the owner of this restaurant was filthy rich.

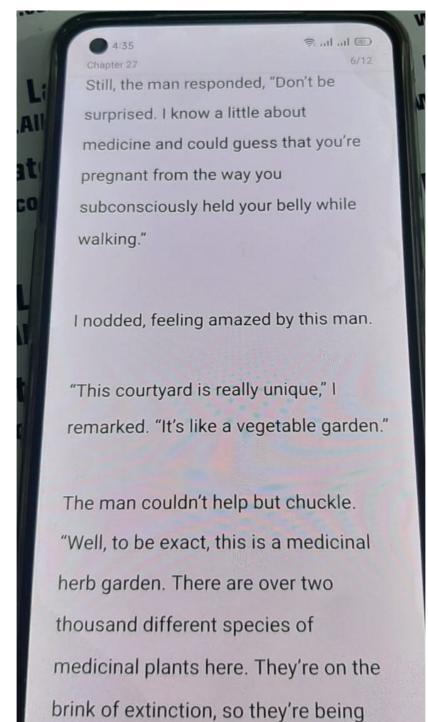
As I strolled along the pebble path, I spotted a man in his mid-thirties plucking some branches with a child next to him.

Upon walking closer, the man noticed me too. "Hello," he greeted, dropping whatever he was doing.

I returned a smile. "Hi."

The child, who seemed to have just learned how to walk, began trotting





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cultivated here."

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Feeling stunned, I glanced at my surroundings carefully. Indeed, there weren't many vegetables here, but there were lots of unrecognizable plants as well as an unusually tall cactus.

"This place is called Herb Garden. J
City is the most suitable area in the
whole country to cultivate these plants,
and that's how Herb Garden became
the center of our country's medicinal
herbs. There aren't many, but every
species is being preserved." After
sorting out the branches he had
plucked, the man began to leave with
his child.

I nodded, gaining a newfound liking for



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this place as I watched him and the little boy walk away.

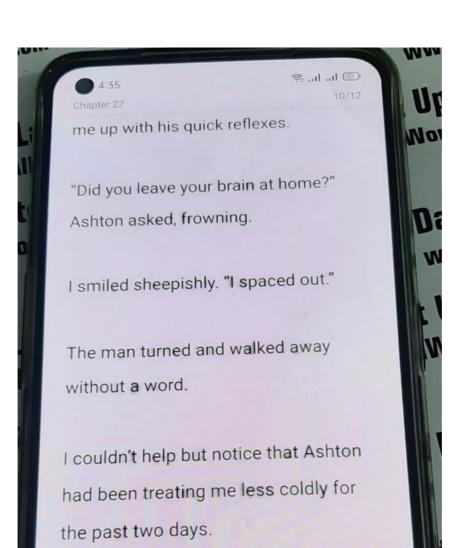
Suddenly, the man stopped and called out to me, "Don't hang around too long, Mrs. Fuller! Some herbs here aren't good for the child."

Feeling taken aback, I returned to my senses only after they had walked far away. He knew who I was?

Soon, Ashton came out and saw me kneeling by a stream looking at ants.

"Let's go," he called out, standing next to me.

I was so focused on whatever I was
doing that I nearly slipped upon
hearing his voice. Thankfully, he helped



Following him from behind, I mustered up the courage to ask, "So Herb Garden isn't actually a restaurant?"

"Yeah," he answered briefly, clearly not interested in holding a conversation.