

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 12

I was at a loss, so I went to Macy.

She was at Hour Bar.

It was still early, so there weren't many customers. Macy ordered a cocktail before she handed it to me. "Why are you here at this hour? Did something happen?"

My gaze swept across the girls spinning around the poles. Hearing the tremendously loud pop music and yells, I shook my head. The cocktail was already on my lips when I put it down. "No. I came here to wind down."

"Did Ashton bully you again?" Macy asked in exasperation. "If you've had enough of it, get a divorce. You're pretty enough to get other men whom you're attracted to. Why would you stay with an ice sculpture forever? Isn't that tiring?"

Macy was always this outspoken. We were good friends, so she hated seeing me mope over Ashton.

I handed the pregnancy report to her as I uttered helplessly, "Even if I'm pretty, would any man accept me if I have a child?"

Grabbing the pregnancy report from me, Macy studied it carefully. Her eyes widened as she asked me, "You're six weeks pregnant? I'd thought that you never had sex with Ashton? How did you get pregnant?"

"Remember how I got drunk last month? Ashton came to pick me up." I took the pregnancy report from her.

It took her a while to regain her composure. "So what will you do now?"

I shook my head. To be honest, I was at a loss too.

"Abort the baby," suggested Macy. "Ashton and you don't belong together. George is dead, so being pregnant spells trouble. You should abort it and get a divorce. Life isn't short. He's not the only man in your life."

I was in a daze. As the crowd was growing, I told Macy, "You should head back to work. I'll stay here myself."

It was evident that I wouldn't heed her advice. Seeing as such, she changed my cocktail to a glass of orange juice, rolling her eyes before she left.

As night fell, the bar became crowded and rowdy. Macy was too busy to talk to me, so I sat in a corner and stared into space blankly.

The people milling around in the bar fascinated me.

I didn't even realize it when the thugs had arrived. It wasn't until people started yelling and stuff went crashing on the ground that I snapped back into reality.

A few thugs were in the bar; all of them were surrounding Macy. Most of the customers had fled. Even the booming music was now silent.

I was sitting in the corner in the shadows, so no one noticed me. The thugs who were surrounding Macy were holding wooden sticks.

It was evident that they were here to find fault. To my surprise, Macy was eerily calm. Eventually, she asked them, "Are you here to find fault or to have fun?"

"To find fault, of course. Missy, if you're bold enough, let's have fun together!" the leader spoke lewdly as he reached out to touch Macy's cheek.

Slap! Before the pervert could touch Macy, I flung the glass of orange juice right at him.

At the sudden interruption, the thug roared in pain. "Who did that to me?"

"Me!" I stood up from my seat as I boldly approached them. Macy seemed anxious to see me. "Why are you still here?"

I was speechless. She thought that I had left earlier.

Rolling my eyes, I quipped, "Where else would I be?"

"What a fool!" Macy chided. She stood in front of me in a defensive pose as she whispered, "If we end up fighting later, you should escape."

I knew that she was worried for me, so I didn't explain further. Looking straight at the thug who I had hit earlier, I inquired, "Are you ganging up against a young lady?"