

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 23

I sent Stacey away and returned to the dining table. Eating alone was no fun, but it was already late and I couldn't be bothered to head out.

After a few bites of dinner, I returned to my bedroom. Ashton wasn't coming back, nor did I have much else to do, so I spent the past two days reading at home and searching the Internet for some houses in Q City. If I were to live in Q City, I'd have to find at least a place that was decent enough for my child and me.

A sudden phone call made me stop in my tracks. It was Macy. The moment I picked up, my ears rang before I could even speak.

"You damned woman! Did you abort the child?"

It had only been a few days. "Yeah. How did you find out?"

Macy went ballistic. "How did I find out? You have the nerve to still ask me that? Do you even consider me your friend? How could you have done such a thing without even telling me anything?"

There was no refuting this woman when she unleashed her fury. I clutched my slightly throbbing head. "Delaying it would only cause more problems, so I took care of it ASAP. I wanted to tell

you about it, but you've been busy these days, so I figured I'd wait two more days!"

"Don't give me that bullsh*t! I'm not against abortion, but don't you need someone to care for you after the surgery? You never said a word to me about it! What if something happens to you?" Macy was so frantic that she didn't mince her words.

My heart felt warm knowing that she was worried about me. After letting her give me a long lecture, I finally decided to speak. "I plan to divorce Ashton, Mary. I might leave J City after that. Do you want to leave too?"

I chose not to tell her about the child for now—there wasn't much of a point in doing so by now. Still, I had to tell her about my intentions to move. Macy was now in J City because of me, after all; she'd surely cut me off if I were to leave without a word.

The woman fell silent for a long while before asking, "When will you leave? Where do you want to move to?"

"Sometime within these few months. I think Q City's not bad. I'd like to live there."

"Okay, I got it," she replied immediately.

To my surprise, Macy said nothing more. Thinking we had nothing else to talk about, I was about to hang up when she suddenly spoke up again.

"Come get your man. He's totally wasted."

I froze. "Ashton?"

"What other man would you have apart from him?"

I was at a loss for words.

Why did Ashton get himself drunk? After ending the call, I packed a few things, put on my coat and drove toward Macy's bar.

Hour Bar wasn't too far off from the villa, so it only took me ten minutes to get there.

As usual, Macy was drinking by the counter, and she remarked helplessly upon seeing me. "He's upstairs in the private room. The guy's completely knocked out."

I put the car keys into my purse. "Why did he come here to drink?"

"How would I know? He's been coming over since two days ago, but that hunky assistant of his always took him home before he could get drunk. The assistant isn't here today, though. That's why your man is wasted," Macy responded with pursed lips as she put

her glass down. "You got rid of the child without talking to him about it; what makes you think he'd be in a cheery mood?"

I was stunned. Was Ashton really that upset because of the child?

I headed up to the second floor and found the room Ashton was in. No one answered after I knocked twice, so I decided to enter anyway.

The intense smell of cigarettes and booze wafted into my nostrils the moment I opened the door. I kept the door open, secretly airing out the room a little.

Inside the dimly lit room, a man leaned on the sofa with his eyes closed and lips slightly pursed. He didn't seem drunk at all; in fact, he looked like he was just getting some shuteye.

"Ashton!" As I called out to him, I spotted several empty bottles of whiskey. There was no way his liver could take all this alcohol!

Upon hearing my voice, his eyelashes fluttered as he opened his eyes to gaze at me coldly.

Perhaps because I had disrupted his peace, the atmosphere turned chilly in an instant, and the way he looked at me grew increasingly contemptuous by the minute.

"Get out," he ordered in a deep voice, his lips parted slightly.

Knowing that he didn't wish to see me, I sighed and walked toward him. "You've had too much to drink, Ashton. Let's go home."

Yet, the man squinted as a cold smirk appeared on his face. "Home? Is that what I'd call home?" he sneered.

I furrowed my brows, feeling my temper getting shorter due to my pregnancy. I would usually put up with his humiliation, but this time, I couldn't help but respond grimly, "If that isn't home, what is it? If you don't wish to see me, Ashton, I can always give Rebecca a call and have her come pick you up. Macy has a business to run, so stop giving her a hard time!"

Suddenly, Ashton grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me onto his lap before wrapping his arms around my waist. Then, he violently shoved a hand down my collar and scoffed, "Home will never be home as long as you're around. I'd say it's more like... an inn."