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Just as I was about to get up, he grabbed my arm and said sternly, "Joseph will send you back once you finish the meal."

Resting my head on the table, I pouted and stared at Ashton with puppy eyes. "Ashton... Do you see me as your pet?"

Raising a brow, he pushed the fruit juice that just got served toward me and said fondly, "Who would want such a naughty pet?"

I kept quiet and looked out through the window. As I watched the crowds of people walk by, a sense of warmth and satisfaction slowly swelled within my heart.

How nice is it, to have three meals a day? To have him and the baby. To experience the good times and bad times together.

Maybe I should just focus on this and ignore everything else!

After having the meal, I could not help but think that Ashton was feeding me like a pig again. If not for the phone call he suddenly received, I reckoned he would have fed me till I vomited.

After ending the call, he turned to me and asked, "Is there anything else you want to eat?"

I shook my head and put my hands on my bloated stomach. "I'm feeling full to bursting!" I protested.

Chuckling, he said, "Joseph will come to pick you up in a bit. I have a meeting at the company soon. Don't run around too much and rest well at home, okay?"

I nodded.

When Joseph finally arrived, I was just about to leave the restaurant. Instead of getting in the car, I told him that it was fine to leave me alone and return to the office. "I ate too much. I'm going for a walk," I said.

I knew that he had a lot of work to do aside from these errands, which were probably troublesome for him to do.

After a moment of thought, Joseph nodded and said, "Be careful then."

Upon seeing him drive off, I heaved a sigh of relief. Oh, sweet freedom! The restaurant was located rather far from the villa. My initial plan was to go back to the company and drive my car from there, but I felt like taking a walk.

Eventually, the walk turned into window shopping. In the city center, the streets were filled with high-end, luxury brand shops.

I was suddenly reminded of Ashton's boring, monotone black suits and entered a men's wear shop.

"Hi, ma'am. Are you here to look for something for your husband?" The shop assistant said cheerfully.

I nodded and began making my way down the aisle. After some time, I finally picked out two sets of suits, one in grey and the other in indigo. Though they were not tailor-made like Ashton's other suits, the quality and designs seemed decent. After all, they were still clothes from a luxury brand.

Seeing that I picked out two expensive suits, the shop assistant raised an eyebrow and asked, "Ma'am, have you decided on these two?"

I nodded. Suddenly realizing that I have no idea what Ashton's size was, I quickly made a call.

The call rang for a long while before someone finally picked up.

"Hello!" It was not Ashton's voice but a high-pitched female voice.

I tensed up a little as I talked, "I'm Scarlett. Would you please pass the phone to Ashton?"

"Hi, Ms. Stovall. I'm Kristina. Mr. Fuller is at his meeting right now. You can talk to me, and I'll pass the message to him later."

At that moment, I felt rather bitter. I knew that Ashton had never let anyone touch his phone before. He used to bring his phone along even during meetings and only kept it on silent mode. So why does she have it...

"No, it's fine. Just get him to call me back later." I said and hung up the call.

Meanwhile, the shop assistant was waiting for me patiently as I made the call. "Ma'am, may I ask what size are you getting these suits in?"

"My husband is about six feet tall and weighs around seventy-five kilograms. Please get me an appropriate size based on those measurements."

While Ashton's suits were always tailor-made, with every detail made-to-measure, I could not remember all his measurements, so I gave an estimate.

After the shop assistant finished packing my items, I simply swiped my card and was about to leave the shop.

Just when I was near the exit, a young couple entered the shop. That girl looks familiar...

Wait... It's Stacey!

After Stacey left Fuller Corporation, I was not expecting to see her face again at all.

She recognized me too and looked a little startled. Stopping to talk to me, she said, "Hi, Ms. Stovall. What a coincidence! Are you here to buy clothes too?"

She glanced at the bags in my hand.

I gave her a nod and smiled. "I'm just walking around, doing some casual shopping here and there. How have you been lately?"

As I chatted with her, I noticed that her partner was Felix and gave him a slight nod as a greeting.

Stacey looked much better than the last time I had seen her. It seemed like she was living a normal life after leaving Fuller Corporation.

"Everything's good. I'm about to get married!" She replied and paused, looking a little nervous. "I... I heard that you got fired from Fuller Corporation over the matter related to

HiTech. Ms. Stovall, regarding that, I didn't do it on purpose... I never thought that things would turn out this way." She continued.

I chuckled. "It's alright. I have to leave the company because of my pregnancy anyway."

I knew too well the part that Stacey and Felix had to play in my departure from the company, but I would rather not stay caught up in past events.

Looking down at my bloated stomach, she exclaimed, "It's really showing, isn't it? How far along are you? Is there anyone here to accompany you?"

I shook my head, chatted a little while more, and made my way out.

The two of them continued with their shopping. Standing outside, I felt my back starting to hurt.

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After leaving the shop, I found myself a place to sit somewhere on the opposite street. Looking at my watch, I realized that it was almost time that Ashton would get off work.

Maybe I'll just wait for him, and then we can go home together.

With that thought in mind, I bought a milk tea from a nearby shop and sat by the street,

Stacey and Felix emerged from the men's wear shop after about an hour's time. I did not go up to them again. We were not close friends after all.

The two of them held hands and seemed to be enjoying each other's company.

Stacey left first after receiving a phone call.

On the other hand, Felix stood there and waited for a while before a black Maserati stopped by before him. I could not help but take a closer look at the car.

Upon seeing the plump middle-aged man in the car, every muscle in my body seemed to tense up. I knew that face.

He was the man who kidnapped me in the garage.

Before I knew it, I stood up to follow them. Felix got in the car, said a few words, and left.

I quickly hailed a taxi on the road and got the driver to tag the Maserati.

“Ma’am, are you sure you want to do this? You’re pregnant! Is that your husband in that Maserati?” The taxi driver said.

I was completely focused on the car in front and simply told him not to lose the car.

The black Maserati eventually made its way into a neighborhood in the North District. The taxi driver stopped and turned to talk to me. “Only residents can enter the Gold Scale Estate. I won’t be able to follow them from here.”

I paid him and got off the taxi.

I walked to the guard post to see if I could talk my way in but alas, it was to no avail.

I then decided to give Mrs. Ludwick a call. The moment the call was connected, the other woman greeted, “Hi, Mrs. Fuller.”

“Hi, Mrs. Ludwick. I’m sorry to bother you at this time. But I have some personal affairs that I need your help with. Would you help me?” I asked.

“Oh, you’re too polite. Tell me about it, and I’ll try my best.” I could tell from the background noise that she was probably at a beauty salon.

I took a brief look at the estate before me and said, “Well, Ashton and I are planning to move and I heard about you living in the Gold Scale Estate. So I was just wondering if you could tell me more about the place. I’m pregnant and can’t really move around checking out the area too much, and Ashton’s really busy too.”

“Oh, really? To tell you the truth, the Gold Scale Estate is actually not as good as the Peakville Estate. I only bought a villa there for Felix so that he could move out after he gets married. The whole process is quite problematic, honestly. If the two youngsters weren’t so keen on getting married this quickly, I would have sold the house off!”

Felix’s house? Felix works at AC Credit. Maybe that middle-aged man also works there?

After some thought, I said, "Actually, I'm nearby the area right now. Can you tell the security guards here to let me in? I want to take a look around here."

"Sure thing! Pass the phone to the security guard, and I'll talk to them!"

In no time at all, I was able to get into the estate.

I got the block number of Mrs. Ludwick's villa from the security guard and I started searching for it.

Because the villas were built in an urban area, it had a relatively limited area, couple that with the fact that there were several other buildings in the vicinity, the people that were living in the Gold Scale Estate was quite a substantial amount.

When I finally found Mrs. Ludwick's villa, I saw the black Maserati parked before it.

I took down the numbers on its license plate, took a look around me, and was about to leave.

To my horror, Felix's voice sounded from behind. "Hi, Mrs. Fuller. Since you're here, how about you take your time and have a good look inside the villa?"

I turned around stiffly. Felix was standing on the stairs, looking down at me with a cold face.

My heart sank. Flashing him an unnatural smile, I replied, "Did Mrs. Ludwick tell you about my visit? It's just a casual visit, really. I don't think I'll be going in."

"Mrs. Fuller, how would you know how the villa is if you don't come in? Besides, it's a little rude to reject my invite, isn't it?" Felix narrowed his eyes at me, his gaze looking hostile.

I fidgeted around, feeling uneasy. "Alright then. Please pardon my intrusion."

He pursed his lips and ushered me in. "Please come right in!"

It was just as Mrs. Ludwick said. The villa was less spacious than I imagined, at only about two hundred and five meters square. The middle-aged man was sitting there in the living room.

Upon seeing me step inside, he gave an unsettling smile and said, "Mrs. Fuller! You have sharp eyes! And you're good at remembering faces too!"

His behavior and words confirmed my suspicions about him.

As I stared at him, my face turned a little pale. "And you are?"

"You can call me Mr. Tuffin." He seemed to be really calm. Gesturing for me to sit down, he said, "Mrs. Fuller, you've been tailing us this entire time. What are you trying to do?"

"I have some questions for you, Mr. Tuffin. We are not actually acquainted with each other, are we? I was just wondering why would you kidnap me because of a trivial public tender?" I asked.

He made a nasty expression and leaned back against the sofa. "Mrs. Fuller, if you really want to talk, how about you stop your voice recording first? Don't you think that's rude?" He uttered in a displeased tone.

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Breaking out in cold sweat, I almost dropped my phone. How did he find out? I hid it in my coat!

Forcing out a calm front, I took out my phone and switched off the power right in his face. "Can we talk now?"

He sat up straight and replied, "Of course!"

"So, Mr. Tuffin, why did you kidnap me for no good reason?" Though that incident was kept hidden for a few months now, it was something difficult for me to get over without an explanation.

Mr. Tuffin lit a cigarette and took a few puffs. "About that... I was just acting on someone's orders for the sake of money."

I remained silent as I listened.

"AC Credit used to be in charge of Fuller Corporation's audit. However, Mr. Fuller suddenly chose Harrison Credit to do it instead. AC Credit needed to take action, you know? And another thing, someone did want you to leave Mr. Fuller. Those are the reasons why I did what I did. I apologize if I caused you any trauma, Mrs. Fuller," he continued.

I laughed bitterly, "You're making all of it sound so normal and justified, aren't you? What a joke. From what I know, you're not related to AC Credit in any way. Are you seriously telling me that you risked your life and went through all the trouble of setting me up just for the sake of AC Credit?"

Mr. Tuffin snubbed out his cigarette and smirked, "How are you so sure that AC Credit's survival is in no way related to me? About your kidnapping, why don't you go and ask Mr. Quinn instead? I bet he has a lot more to say."

"Joe Quinn?"

He chuckled, "To be honest, threatening you to host the public tender was not a difficult matter, and I had thought about all the different ways I could achieve that. However, due to some external factors, I had to go for the more unpleasant method. Sorry about that!"

External factors?

Joe must have been involved because of Rebecca.

So, all in all, Rebecca is the mastermind behind the kidnap?

After all, the incident did create a crack in my relationship with Ashton, and I...

After leaving the Gold Scale Estate, I was overwhelmed by nausea. I felt as if I was still trapped in that dark space, drowning in the sounds of Ashton and Rebecca intertwining with each other.

Since the incident, I had been trying to remove myself from all that agony, but I simply could not recover from the trauma no matter what I did.

Staring blankly into space, I called Jackson.

"Scarlett, what's wrong?"

“Jackson, I need to talk to you.” I was scared about falling back into the trauma of the past.

I had kept everything to myself for too long, and it felt like my heart was about to burst.

“What going on? How are you lately? Are you getting enough sleep?” Jackson sounded tired. He had probably just gotten off work.

I inhaled deeply and placed a hand over my chest. I was struggling to breathe. “A lot is going on for me right now. Can you come to visit me in J City sometime? I’m pregnant, and I can’t go all the way to find you.”

“What the hell? You’re pregnant? Are you married? With whom? Who did you marry?” His voice went up by an octave.

I blinked. Gosh, he’s asking too many questions at once. “It’s a long story. When can you come?” I replied.

“I’ll definitely go. As for the exact time, I’ll follow you up on it, but can I just say. Scarlett, how can you hide all of that from me? Seriously? A pregnancy?” He rambled on.

My head was starting to hurt even more. “I’m sorry. A lot has happened over the past two years. I...” I trailed off weakly.

From the other end, he sighed and said, “It’s fine. Let’s talk when I go visit in a few days’ time.”

“Alright.”

After ending the call, I still did not feel like going back to the villa. In the end, I called for a taxi and headed to Glenwood Apartments.

Once I arrived, I locked the door, switched my phone off, and curled up in bed. Too much had happened that day, and it was taking a toll on me.

My head was hurting so much that I was falling in and out of sleep the entire time. Bam! All of a sudden, loud thumps reverberated in the entire house. It was coming from the door.

By the time I got out of my bedroom, Ashton had already broken into the apartment and was standing at the entrance with a frown on his face.

"Why did you come here? Why didn't you answer my calls?" He growled.

I sighed deeply and said, "I turned my phone off. Go fix that door." With that, I turned and trudged back to the bedroom.

Once I was back in the bedroom, I lay on the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling. I was emotionally drained, but I could not fall asleep at all.

Upon seeing me wide awake in bed, Ashton tugged on my arm and said, "Get up and have some food."

"I'm not hungry." I really had no appetite at all.

He furrowed his brows and questioned me, "Why did you come here all of a sudden?"

"I came here because I wanted to."

"Scarlett! I can forgive you and understand you for acting this way, but please tell me why! Don't make me guess, will you?" He was starting to get emotional.

I could tell from his raspy voice that he was extremely tired that day.

I could not help but feel a little guilty for taking my emotions out on him.

As I look at him, I felt rather absent-minded. I asked, "Ashton, have you ever felt sorry for Rebecca's child?"

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Surely he must have been upset when the child was suddenly gone just like that, right?

His brows were pinched into a deep furrow. "This matter is already in the past!"

"I know. I'm just asking." I nodded, but I couldn't help wanting to add to that. More words rolled off my tongue in a mumble, "I'm just wondering if I ever have a miscarriage, will you feel upset?"

"Scarlett!" he raised his voice. My arm was beginning to hurt under his tightened grip. The look on his face was gloomy. "Who did you meet today?"

My head was full on throbbing in pain by now. I rested my skull against his chest, devoid of energy to say anything else. "It doesn't matter. As you said, It's all in the past."

The tension in the atmosphere went up a notch while the temperature felt like it had dropped several degrees. I knew he was angered. But there was no point in talking about this anymore. I closed my eyes as I leaned against him.

Just then, a buzz sounded, followed by a ringtone that came from his phone. I tried to withdraw myself from his embrace at the thought of letting him pick up the call, but before I could, I was pressed tighter against his body as he wrapped an arm around my shoulders. With his other arm, he fumbled for his phone and made a quick swipe across the screen.

"What is it?" he answered. He had turned on the speaker.

"Ash, I recently took up the job at my mother's company in J City. I'll be coming over tomorrow. Are you free to pick me up at the airport?" Rebecca's voice echoed from the other end of the call.

I nuzzled my head and burrowed myself into a more comfortable position in his embrace.

"I've got something to do at work tomorrow. I'll send Joe over to pick you up," Ashton replied flatly.

A brief pause came before her voice sounded through the phone again. There was a hint of disappointment in it this time. "Ash... Can't we even be friends with each other now?"

Ashton took a deep breath and held it for a second. I could tell he was probably feeling uneasy.

I tilted my head and looked up at him. Seeing that he had no intention of answering the woman's question, I said towards the phone, "He's accompanying me on my pregnancy

checkup tomorrow. I hope you'll understand and not put my husband in a tight spot, Ms. Larson."

The arm around my shoulders exerted a faint squeeze. He let out a helpless sigh and added, "Send your flight details to Joe. He'll be there to pick you up tomorrow."

At that, he hung up on Rebecca and rested his chin on my face. My skin burned a little as his stubble scrapped against my cheek, but he wouldn't let me pull away. "Was that a declaration of ownership over your man?" He gazed down upon my wincing face.

"Can't I?"

Wriggling myself off as soon as his grip relaxed a little, I got up and walked out of the bedroom.

When I entered the living room, a waft of aroma that came from a bowl of noodles sitting on the dining table entered my nose. Ashton had cooked it and it looked delicious.

As I stared at the home-cooked dish prepared by my husband, he came up from behind and cuddled me. "I read a book saying that a pregnant woman shouldn't eat something too rich, so I didn't put a lot of spices in it. Won't you give it a try?"

I could only gaze at him blankly in response. I felt like I was living a dream... A dream where Rebecca and I had switched places.

Ashton had never been so gentle and caring in the past two years of our marriage.

It felt as if all the care he had for Rebecca was transferred onto me. The whole situation was surreal to me, and for some reason, I was a tad bit displeased about it.

He led me towards the table and sat me down. The noodles tasted great, but my heart was burdened with too many things at the moment. As such, I couldn't bring myself to eat more after a few slurps.

Upon seeing that I was uninterested in the food he made, he frowned. "It doesn't suit your taste?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm just not hungry."

"You should eat a bit more at least," he spoke as he walked to the refrigerator and took out some milk for me. "Otherwise your tummy's going to feel uncomfortable when you start feeling hungry later tonight."

That whole night, Ashton stayed with me at Glenwood Apartments.

The next morning.

I cracked my eyes open in a daze when I felt something shifted beside me. Everything looked hazy, but Ashton's silhouette came into clearer view as I squinted and blinked. He was putting on his clothes.

Noticing that I was awake, he asked, "Did I wake you up?"

I shook my head sluggishly. My body felt a little too heavy to move. "Are you going to the office?" I croaked.

"Mm-hmm," he answered with a nod. "Joseph will deliver your breakfast in a while. Rest up a bit after you eat. I'll come back to pick you up for your checkup in the afternoon."

A soft kiss landed on my forehead just as he finished speaking. He pulled his necktie into a perfect knot and walked out.

It felt odd. Ashton treated and cared for me so well these days, yet there seemed to be an invisible distance between us.

Soon after breakfast, Macy called. She told me she needed someone to pick her up from the airport as she had too many things to lug around.

Seeing that there was still much time to spare before the checkup at the hospital, I hailed a taxi to Fuller Corporation and took my car. By the time I arrived at the airport, Macy's flight hadn't landed yet.

With nothing to do, I parked my car at the basement carpark and went to the lounge to wait for Macy.

As I scanned my surroundings from my seat, a fine-looking pair entered my view from a distance. It didn't surprise me in the least bit to see Ashton there and the woman beside him. Anyone else would've thought they were a match made in heaven.

I fished out my phone and dialed Ashton's number.

He answered within a second. "Where are you?" I asked.

"I'm at the airport," his voice rang from the phone as I watched his lips moved from where he stood. "Joe has something urgent going on, so I had to come instead."

For some reason, it felt like a weight was lifted off my chest. Perhaps I was relieved that he didn't lie to me.

"Look in front of you," I replied. My eyes were glued to him while I waited for him to realize where I was.

Our eyes soon locked and he frowned slightly. "Why did you come here?"

"Macy's flight is landing at half-past eleven. I'm here to pick her up." Rebecca noticed me as well just as I spoke while staring in their direction. Needless to say, the surprised look on her face wasn't a pleasant one. I heard her asking, "Should I head over and say hi to Ms. Larson?"

Ashton looked somewhat flustered. "There's no need to."

To me, he said, "Just stay where you are. I'll come over soon after this!"

With that, he hung up the call and led Rebecca out of the lounge.

I sat alone, watching their backs disappear into the distance. My chest tightened a little. It should've been normal for Ashton to come since Joe was busy, right? So why does it hurt to see them together?

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Ashton was just picking her up at the airport, and it's not like I never knew that he still cared about her all along. So why am I upset about this?

Ten minutes had passed.

Ashton appeared again in the lounge and jogged over to where I was. He sat down next to me and tugged on my arm. "Don't think too much into it. Something happened this morning so Joe couldn't make it."

I nodded and forced a smile. "You don't have to explain."

Indeed, there was no need to make a fuss over something like this. I was probably being a tad bit sensitive these days.

Macy showed up after a while, dragging a huge suitcase with her. She was stunned for a second at the sight of Ashton together with me. "What's this... Are you both here to flaunt your love with your show of PDA?"

I simply flashed her a smile in response. Ashton took over her luggage as we walked. Clinging onto my arm, Macy patted my belly. "It's gotten bigger. It's almost six months already, huh?"

Hearing that, I glanced at her slightly bulging belly. Because she was wearing loose-fitting clothes, I wouldn't be able to tell that she had a baby growing inside her belly as well if I hadn't known beforehand that she was pregnant.

I smiled and asked, "Why did you come back all of a sudden?" I had thought that Macy was going to stay in her hometown until the baby was born.

"Well... Jackson's coming to J City too, right? It's been a long time since I last saw him. I'm starting to miss him a little," she said. Her complexion looked good that day.

She glanced at Ashton who had been walking in front of us before whispering in my ear, "I'm assuming things are better between you and him now?"

I shrugged. "Who knows. Rebecca just returned today as well."

"What!" Macy frowned in frustration. "That woman is such a pain! Hasn't she already found her place in K City as a noble lady of the Moore family? Why does she feel the need to come back and cause trouble again?"

"She's probably planning to take over Cameron's job." Now that Rebecca had returned, I had no idea how things would unfold in the future. All I was aware of was the unsettling feeling that had settled in my heart.

Macy pursed her lips before saying, "I swear, it's almost like this woman's haunting you with the way she keeps showing up!"

Any topic related to that woman was a mood-killer. As such, I tried to change the topic. "Did Jackson say anything about when he's arriving?"

She shook her head. "Nope!"

We soon arrived at the carpark. I looked at Ashton while he loaded Macy's luggage onto the trunk. "Has Ms. Larson gone home?"

He nodded. "Joseph sent her back. Come on, let's go."

The engine roared as the three of us entered the car.

"What do you want to eat?" Ashton asked.

It was twelve noon, just about the right time for lunch.

"Anything's fine." I glanced back at Macy who was slumped against the backrest on the passenger seat. She must have been exhausted after hours of flight.

Ashton nodded as we drove into town. He parked in front of a nearby Italian restaurant and looked at me. "How about Italian food then?"

I turned towards Macy. "Is that okay with you?"

She nodded. "Of course!"

As soon as we got off the car, Macy came close and whispered next to my ear again, "How has Ashton been to you these days?"

"Okay, I guess."

She rolled her eyes and smacked her forehead. "Why do I feel like you both seem like an old couple who's been together for ages..."

I was at a loss for words. "Why is that?"

She smirked. "The love between you two seemed more like familial love rather than a romantic one!"

My mind went blank for a short while. Familial love? I didn't see that coming.

Everything after that happened quickly. We sat down and decided on our orders soon after we entered the restaurant. Within minutes, the dishes were all served.

Ashton had ordered a bowl of tomato soup specifically for me, on the reason that a pregnant woman shouldn't eat anything that was too heavy. It would be too greasy, he said.

Probably because soups and water-rich foods had been my constant diet these days. After a mere few mouthfuls, I handed it over to Ashton so that he could finish it for me. I managed to take a few bites of grilled salmon before my stomach called it quits.

Macy didn't seem to have much appetite either. She glanced at me and Ashton every once in a while as we ate, looking perplexed at how we interacted with one another.

After lunch, we dropped Macy off at Glenwood Apartments and headed to the hospital.

The obstetrics department was unusually crowded. I was lucky to have made a prior appointment so I could skip the long queue. Nonetheless, there were various examinations to go through and Ashton had to wait outside.

The doctor gave me a few hesitating looks while she did an ultrasound. She seemed to be troubled about what to say, which made me wonder if there was something wrong with the child.

"Doctor, is there a problem with the baby?"

She nodded lightly. "The fetus' heartbeat seems very weak. Normally, it should have stabilized at twenty-four weeks old. The child could be underdeveloped..."

After a brief pause, she continued, "Ms. Stovall, you must try your best at maintaining a positive emotional state and regular sleep cycle. These things are among the most basic factors which can directly affect a fetus' development."

I nodded. What the doctor said was information that I'd known. Otherwise, why would I have asked Jackson to come to J City?

After the checkup, I sat in the hallway and stared blankly. Ashton began asking the doctor questions as she came out, and then gestured her aside to talk.

Their conversation went on for a while. I had no idea what the doctor told him, but his expression wasn't very happy when we left the hospital. His brows were scrunched up in a frown the whole time. "Scarlett, are you hiding anything from me?"

"What did the doctor tell you?" I smiled. "Did she say the child isn't yours?"

"Stop messing around!" He looked helpless yet concerned. "If there's anything on your mind, please tell me!"

We continued walking towards the carpark. "I don't like it when you meet with Rebecca. I wish that you won't even look at her or speak one word to her..."

I looked up at him and added, "Is that okay with you?"

He stopped in his tracks and raised his eyebrows in a somewhat delightful manner. "Are you going for an imparity clause?"

I wasn't going to back down in any way. I nodded and shot him a firm glare. "Every time you meet with Rebecca or speak to her, we shall live separately for a week. If you can't do that, we'll get a divorce."