

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1058-1062

Chapter 1058

Nick was genuinely shocked when he learned about Summer's illness. It was apparent that Cameron did not fill him in on the details.

He fell into silence for a while before he looked at me again. "How is Summer? Is she okay?"

"She did a bone marrow and kidney transplant. She's feeling better now but they're still putting her under a five-year observation. If there is no sign of rejection from her body, then she doesn't need to go through another transplant. But Nick, we're not talking about Summer now, I want to know what happened between you and Jackson."

Nick held his hands and tried to control his emotions. "He got a girl pregnant and went back to M Country with the woman," he said after some time.

Nick sounded apathetic, but I was totally caught off guard by his statement. "What happened? I thought you liked him?"

Nick pursed his lips and looked at me in the eyes. "Do you find me disgusting?"

I shook my head in determination. "I believe all relationships are equal. The reason I asked is that I could see there was something between you and Jackson. I know both of you care for each other a lot. I had no idea what happened between the two of you, but now that I know, I just hope you guys find your happiness. Meeting and parting are part and parcel of life, but I really want to see each of you finding where you belong."

“I think it’s best we both go our separate ways,” Nick said with his gaze fixed on the ground.

I could hear the regret and sorrow in his voice. After some thought, I asked him another question. “Do you like Rose?”

No one was perfect. We could not do everyone justice by giving them the affection they were due, but we could at least try our best and be accountable to ourselves.

“Rose is gentle, kind, and beautiful. She reminds me of you when you were younger. She’s a little stubborn and conflicting sometimes, but I think she’s the right person to spend the rest of my life with. If she is the one to marry, I’ll have no regrets for the rest of my life.”

I was surprised Nick would say that. Since he had made up his mind, I decided to respect his decision.

When Cameron and Rose came back down again, she was holding a set of jewelry in her hands. It was not something of an exorbitant price, but it was apparent that Rose liked her gift.

The lot stayed back for some chit-chat after lunch until evening. Hunter had a gathering with his colleagues at night, so he, Emery, and Xavier went home before dinner time. Not long after they left, Nick and Rose took leave too.

Just as I was thinking about spending some time with Summer, Camelia called. I almost forgot her as she had not contacted me in a long while.

“Hey, Camelia.” I hesitated and picked up the call.

“Hey, Scarlett. Are you busy? Down for a drink?” She sounded tired.

“Sure, where are you?” I replied without a second thought.

“I’ll send you my address,” she replied before hanging up.

I planted a kiss on Summer's head and said sorry before leaving for the bar.

I wonder what happened to Camelia?

I made my way into the bar and spotted her right away. She was dressed in a stylish punk fashion. No one would imagine she was already a mother.

"What's up, Camelia?" I asked. I was taken by surprise when I saw her heavy makeup.

From her drowsy look, I could tell that she had drunk a lot before I arrived.

"Hey, Scarlett, take a seat!" she greeted and pulled me over to the seat beside her. "Brandy, please. Thanks," she told the waiter.

"Just a glass of juice would do," I hastily told the waiter.

"You're not drinking? We're at a bar," Camelia said.

"Well, it's not a must to order spaghetti if you're at an Italian restaurant."

"True. And it doesn't mean you'll find love if you're married," she said dejectedly.

I knew something must be bugging her. "So, why did you call me over? Not just for a drink, I suppose?"

Camelia gulped her drink and coughed furiously. She was breaking out in tears and started choking badly. "I've tried everything I could to become just like you, but he still doesn't love me. I've changed how I talk, how I behave, and even what I like and dislike, but it just doesn't work. What should I do?"

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A frown settled on my brows when I finally knew why she called. Marcus was really a difficult character. He must have put the woman through a lot of ordeals for her to become this haggard.

“Scarlett, can you tell me how you made him fall in love with you?” she asked again.

I looked at the desperate woman before me and recalled how attractive she looked when I first saw her on the plane.

She looked at me intently with an imploring gaze, and it broke my heart to see her in this state. “Just leave him, Camelia. Do you still remember how you used to be? You were happy and confident.”

“What did you say?” Camelia looked at me, befuddled.

She was making my heart break. “Do you still remember how you were when we first met? Your blonde hair was shining and you were absolutely stunning. You’re attractive just the way you are. You don’t have to become anyone else. Don’t throw away your unique self just to mimic other people. When you find someone worthy of your love, that person will bring out the best in you, so why give up on yourself for someone who doesn’t even appreciate you?”

Camelia looked lost and helpless. “But I have no one else besides him. Where can I go without him? We already have a child together.”

It was unimaginable how a fruitless relationship could eat away the charm of a woman. “Camelia, you are your own self. If you’re willing to take charge of your own life, you can still find yourself again and be the spirited woman you used to be. Your child should not be your excuse. The White family can take good care of your kid. What you need to think of is how to regain the confidence you’ve lost.”

There were two things women should never stop doing throughout their life. The first was to stay beautiful. They should do everything they could to make themselves attractive. Not for anyone else, but

for themselves. The second was to enrich themselves. Women should earn their own money and keep improving themselves. No matter how harsh life was, no one should stop feeding their soul so they could become stronger and more independent.

I didn't mean to say that women should never believe in true love. The love we were after should be one that made us better, not worse.

I was not sure if Camelia would take my advice seriously. She was wasted and kept complaining about how unfair Marcus was treating her. After all these years, Marcus had even given up on making up lies to her.

When I came to think of it, men were really fascinating creatures. They would always dwell on things they couldn't get their hands on. However, when they got what they wanted, they would not appreciate and take care of it. They ended up being alone because they stubbornly clung to the love they could not have and pushing away the love they had always had.

Marcus was not John. I could not tell if Marcus would fall for Camelia one day. All I could do was to encourage her to love herself. Regardless of whether she would earn his love one day, one should always care for her own wellbeing before anything else.

Life wasn't perfect. There were bound to be many regrets in life. Not being with the person we loved as one of those regrets was not a big deal. After all, it was not like romantic love was the only thing in our life.

All of us had to tread down the path of life whether or not we had someone by our side.

I had to say Camelia could really drink. I even lost count of how many glasses of brandy she took before she lay on the table, still muttering for more drinks.

Right after I got her out of the bar, we were met with unwelcomed guests. K City was really not a safe place.

Two drunkards approached us when they saw two of us stumbling out of the bar. "Hey there, sweeties. Craving some company after a drink? How about some fun tonight? I'm sure you'll be begging for more."

As the spoke, two of them reached for us.

"Keep your filthy hands to yourself!" A woman's sharp voice pierced through the night.

I was startled at the woman's voice. It took me a while to recognize the woman with her heavy makeup on. It was Kristina. Her wig sat awkwardly on her head, and she looked far from appealing.

The two men smirked when they saw her. "Mind your own business before I kill you, ugly hag!"

Kristina glared at them coldly. "Kill me? I dare you to."

The two men exchanged uneasy looks and spat at her. "I'm not gonna get my hands dirty touching you. You're disgusting."

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With that said, the two men turned and left.

I watched them leave before looking back at Kristina. It was then that I realized she had a name card in her hand.

I wondered what that was, but the question was not pressing enough for me to ask her about it. Instead, I thanked her in all seriousness.

She did not reciprocate my affection. "This is not a safe place, so just stay away."

I wanted to ask her why she was here.

Yet before I could say a word, she held out her name card to a man who just came out of the bar with a lascivious smile on her face. I was stunned by her sudden change of expression. The man threw the name card on the floor and I caught a glimpse of it. There was a picture of an attractive woman printed on it. Beside the picture were her phone number, address, and a price tag.

It did not take much effort to recognize the person in the photo. It was Kristina herself. I was at a loss for words. I wanted to say something, but I had to try so hard to swallow my emotions back in. "Do you need money?" I asked without much discretion.

My brutal question elicited a painful expression on her face as she pursed her lips. "Of course I do. Who doesn't need money? No one can live without money."

"You know I don't mean it that way." I tried explaining myself.

She clenched her name cards tighter and shook her head. "It doesn't matter. Just leave before you meet another drunkard."

I stood where I was, refusing to leave. "Is it because you have to do chemo?" That was the only reasonable explanation I could think of. She had lost her hair and she looked battered. Even her face looked pale.

She covered her face with thick makeup and even had a wig on. I knew she was a prideful person. There was no way she would stoop so low just to earn money. It must be because of the expenses for chemotherapy.

"You mind your own business. Stop getting in my way. I need to get customers," she said coldly.

What I heard about her illness must be true. She must have lung cancer.

I knew she had her ego. There was no way she would accept my help. "Since you want to do business, you'll have to do as your client wants you to. You're coming with me tonight," I said with a commanding tone.

She fixed her gaze on me. "What do you want, Scarlett?"

"I'm your client now, so just do as I say," I repeated.

"I only take male clients. I don't have time for you if you're just here to shame me. If you're getting revenge on me because of that kid, karma has already hit me hard enough, so just leave me alone," she said with a hint of remorse in her voice.

"Just follow me, please. I know you feel guilty toward Summer, so you're obliged to listen to me. You must live nearby. Bring me over to your place," I said with a sigh.

Kristina looked at me for a while before she finally relented. "Follow me."

She led Camelia and me down an alley. Before long, I stopped and cried out, "Kristina, don't you think you should help me out a little?" Camelia was already so wasted she could not even walk properly.

Kristina looked back at me. "I can't carry her. Walking itself is already difficult enough for me. This is the truth, whether you believe me or not."

I smacked my lips and shrugged helplessly. "Just lead the way then."

It was not like I could force her to carry Camelia.

We finally reached after some time. "You should just go back to J City. I'm sure Dr. Ludwick will do everything he can to cure you. You can't just stay here all on your own. You're gonna get more sick."

“We all die someday. I’d rather die somewhere I want to. I’ve been striving so hard my whole life just to go up the social ladder. If there was an afterlife, I hope I would be born in this city, so I can be nearer to the things I’ve always wanted to achieve,” she said, pouring me a glass of water.

Kristina was really a woman I could never understand. She came from a relatively good family, but it was her worldview that I could never understand. She had always wanted to pursue wealth and status. Ashton was her first target, but when she knew there was no hope with him, she turned to Jared instead. Her motivation was clear as day—she wanted to marry a rich man. But why, I could not tell.

Was it because of money?

Her family lacked nothing.

Power?

Ashton and Jared had money but not power.

Love?

That was impossible. If it were love she wanted, she would not move on from one person to another so easily.

“Both of us need to stay overnight here,” I said, “I’ll pay you at your rate, but you’ll have to stay here with us. Also, stop taking customers. You know what sort of men come in and out of the bar. Your body won’t be able to take it. What if you get STD? Do you want to die earlier?”

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She drilled her gaze through me. “Are you showing concern for me now?”

“Not really. Who are you to me? I’m just reminding you of the possibility of things getting worse if you carry on with this,” I turned aside and replied.

She sat on her small bed and a pathetic smile played on her lips. “Isn’t life just ironic? You, of all people, are the one who came to my help when I’m in the deepest pit.”

I did not know what to say, so I kept quiet.

Kristina looked at the name card in her hand and said mockingly, “It’s not like I’ve never thought about going back. I don’t want to go back to J City like this. I told myself when I left that I’d only go back when I’m happy and accomplished. But what am I now? I’ve lost everything. How can I go back like this? I’d rather just die here.”

A pang of sadness ate away at me as she spoke. “Why are you so hard on yourself? There are so many options available, why do you have to choose the hardest one? Don’t you know your family is still waiting for you?”

“No one is waiting for me. I’m the only person who’s waiting for myself,” she said with her head low as tears rolled down her eyes. “My parents were gone when I was two, and my uncle sent me to the orphanage for ten years before he took me back again. He did that because his wife couldn’t bear a child herself. But they had a boy after that, and I became a burden to the family. Come to think of it, life is really a joke. I thought I could have a perfect family if I found someone I could spend forever with. I thought I could give my children the best if I could just find that right person, but I went a long way and ended up being all alone.”

I did not know how to comfort her. Looking at her crying her heart out, I could only pass her a tissue and listen to her. “Everyone has their own hopes and dreams.”

“I guess this is just my life. I should accept it,” she said derisively, pressing her hand against her chest.

“What’s the matter?” I asked, looking at her contorted face.

“Get me the painkillers in the drawer,” she said, sucking in a long breath.

I drew the drawer open and started looking for painkillers among the many medications she had. I passed it to her and got her a glass of water.

She looked much better after taking the pills. “Thanks,” she said.

I looked around the cramped room and then at her. “Have you been staying here all this while?” I asked.

Ashton and his group of friends might have very different personalities, but when it came to their women, they were never stingy. Take Rebecca for example, the three of them made sure she lacked nothing.

Since Kristina was with Jared, there was no way she would spiral down to this state if she spent her money wisely.

“Jared has a house for me, but I rented it to someone else because I needed money. It’s cheaper to rent a small room here since it’s further away from the city center.”

I had a rough idea of how much chemotherapy would cost. Given the high cost, she must have spent most of her income. That was probably why she was selling her own body.

Neither Kristina nor I slept that night. Camelia was the only one who slept through the night. When morning came, Kristina could not take it anymore and finally fell asleep.

I left my bank card in her room and left with Camelia to get breakfast.

“How did we end up there in the morning? What were we doing there?” Camelia bombarded me with questions after sobering up.

“I didn’t know where else to bring you, so I brought you there,” I replied.

“What about the bank card then? Is that for the night’s stay?” she pursued.

I nodded.

She was clearly not satisfied with my answer, but before she could probe any further, I beat her to it. “Do you have any plans later?” I asked.

“Not really. What about you?” she said after a brief silence.

“Do you have your bank card with you?”

She nodded.

“Then let’s go to the hairdresser later. We’re stopping by the beauty salon and the mall after that.”

“But Tobias is still home,” she said.

“Is the nanny home?”

“She is. I told her I’d be out.”

“Then all’s good. You have the whole day to yourself,” I said.

After getting breakfast, we went to the hairdresser. The hair salons in K City were either low-end or super high-end. For the latter ones, they were not accessible by just simply anyone. I contacted Emery and told her I suddenly felt like getting my hair done. “What got into you? Why do you want to cut your hair all of a sudden?” she asked.

Her words rendered me speechless. "It's my friend, not me. Are you free today? Wanna hang out?" I offered.

Chapter 1062

"Of course! Give me your address," Emery agreed readily. "My life only revolves around Xavier these days. I feel I'm so detached from the world outside now. I really need to get out."

"I'll send you my address. You can ask the nanny to take care of Xavier, or you can just send her over to mom's place."

"Come to think of it, you're the one who has the easiest life, Scarlett. Your parents take care of your kid, and your husband takes care of the company. You get to do whatever you want. How I envy you."

"Then do you want to switch places with me?" I joked.

"Hell no. My husband is the best man on earth. I'm not trading him for anything else," she said cheekily.

"So you know. Come on, I just sent you the address. Get over quick, we're waiting for you."

After I hung up, Camelia and I looked for a cafe and had a coffee while waiting for Emery.

"What's on your mind?" I asked, seeing Camelia looking at her phone absentmindedly.

"I'm just worried about Tobias. I haven't gotten any call since I came out last night. Marcus didn't call either. Does he not care at all?"

“You should call the nanny and make sure if everything is okay. As for Marcus, it doesn’t matter if he cares for you or not. You’ve already wasted so many years on him. What you need to do now is to find your own life and improve yourself.”

Life was more than just pursuing love. Our lives were full of potential and possibilities. We should look for another open door instead of insisting on opening a closed door.

Camelia called the nanny and learned that everything was fine with the child at home. She wanted to call Marcus, but I stopped her.

“He would’ve called if he wanted to know where you are. You should just leave him be. Stop thinking about him for a bit and just focus on yourself.”

It seemed like Marcus was not home at all yesterday. He did not even know she was not home. I had no clue what Marcus was thinking, so I could only ask Camelia to get a grip of herself.

Perhaps Marcus really did like Camelia at the beginning, else he would not even choose to get engaged with her. There were other families within M Country who were influential in the business world, so there must be a reason why Marcus chose her.

When we saw Emery, she was dressed extravagantly in a leopard print outfit. The handbag in her hand was worth a fortune and she even had her jewelry on.

“Are you trying to show off?” I asked, startled. Her whole outfit would easily cost more than a million.

She exclaimed happily, “I haven’t been out for so long. These items had been collecting dust in my wardrobe. It’s okay, you wouldn’t understand anyway.”

I shrugged at her and picked up my ringing phone. “Hey, Ashton, I’m sorry I didn’t call last night. Camelia was drunk. I had to take care of her, so I didn’t check my phone. How is everything in A City?”

“Didn’t I tell you to keep in touch no matter what?” He sounded a little pissed.

“I’m sorry, Ashton. I promise I won’t do it again. How’s everything over there? Is it cold?”

I could hear him sigh on the other end. “Just what can I do with you, hmm? Everything is fine over here. Tessa is not even taking care of the child. Brandon is emotionally unstable. I think I’ll be able to persuade him. What about you? Did you go home last night? Where were you?”

“I brought Camelia to Kristina’s place yesterday. We stayed at her place the whole night. You don’t have to worry,” I said, smiling brightly.

“Kristina? What are you doing with her?”

I kept quiet for a moment, trying to think of how I should break the news to him. “She has lung cancer. I bet she got it when she was in W City. Remember I asked you to check the Crest family’s chemical plant? Both Summer and Kristina got cancer, so chances are there’s something wrong with that chemical plant. I’m sure they do not meet the standards stipulated. Their workers must have been affected as well.”