

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 107-110

Chapter 107

"I'm the owner!" I then showed them my identity card and land title. "This lady entered my house without my permission. Look, she even broke quite a number of valuable items. Please help me, officers."

"All right, Ms. Stovall. Are you hurt anywhere?" one of the cops asked as he gave me back the documents.

I shook my head.

Perhaps, Rebecca had never experienced this kind of humiliation. Her eyes glowed with a towering rage as she snarled, "You b*tch!"

The cops hurriedly took her away.

I looked at the mess in the living hall and let out a deep sigh. Instead of cleaning the broken vases, however, I simply went straight back to my room.

I jumped right into bed after taking a shower.

All of a sudden, I heard the doorbell ring loudly. At first, I ignored it, thinking that my mind was playing tricks on me.

However, the doorbell rang for the second time a few moments after.

I got out of bed and headed downstairs, wondering who had come to disturb me at this hour.

I looked at the surveillance camera and saw Jared dressed in a black suit, standing outside the door.

What's he doing here at 2 a.m.?

I opened the door and gave him a confused look. "Anything of importance, Dr. Crest?"

He looked at me and heaved a sigh of relief. "Why didn't you answer your phone?"

I was taken aback by his crude question. "Oh, I set it on silent mode and went to sleep. Is there anything urgent?"

He entered the villa and collapsed on the couch, looking exhausted. "Ashton wants you to bring some soup to the hospital. He wants to eat something."

I did not know how to react to such a ridiculous request. "There are so many restaurants in the hospital. Why can't you just buy something for him?"

The man massaged his forehead and answered, "He wants you to cook for him and deliver the soup to him personally."

"Now?" What the hell is wrong with that man? Is he trying to torture me?

Looking at how tired Jared was and the dark circles beneath his eyes, I sighed and said, "Fine. I'll cook and bring the food to the hospital. Why don't you stay here for a night? Pick one of the guest rooms and get a good rest."

Poor guy. How can Ashton torture him like this?

Jared, who was already half-asleep, nodded gently and dozed off on the couch right away.

After making sure he was comfortable, I went to the kitchen and began cooking. The second time I walked out to the living hall to check on Jared, he was already sound asleep.

Since I alone could not carry him up to the guest room, I went upstairs to get him a pillow and a blanket instead.

Soon, the soup was ready. I took a glance at my watch and realized it was already 3 a.m. After pouring the soup into a container, I went straight to the hospital.

Ashton was still awake when I reached, lying on his bed in the ward. He was wearing the typical blue patient uniform and had a bandage around his head. All the wounds on his body seemed to have scabbed over.

The man might look a little disheveled, but he was still as handsome as ever.

Upon noticing me in the ward, his expression changed, but he kept staring at the container hungrily.

In a casual voice, I said, "You just had an operation, and Dr. Crest told me you have to watch your diet. So I made you soup. Here you go."

Ashton responded with a low grunt. His expression didn't change as he did so. I knitted my brows when I realized he was staring at me. "What?"

"Did Jared wake you up?" he asked before lowering his head and drinking the soup.

His question rendered me speechless. I told myself to calm down so as to not yell at a patient before replying to his query with a single word. "Nope."

Are you kidding me? Jared came all the way to the villa because of you and your fricking hot soup!

While waiting for him to finish, I sat on a chair, shut my eyes, and took a nap.

"Are you still mad?" the man asked aloofly.

I was too tired to open my eyes as I replied, "About?"

"Parker has helped me a lot. Since I can't repay his kindness now, I have to treat her well." He spoke calmly, but I could tell that he was in a difficult position.

I opened my eyes and looked at him. "So? Does that mean you have to repay his kindness for the rest of your life?"

He gazed deeply into my eyes. "No. This is the last time I do such a thing."

I let out of a cold snort, cupped my chin with my hands, and stared back at him. "Old habits die hard." Ashton was so used to taking care of Rebecca. I don't think he will ever get used to being around her.

Before he could say what was on his mind, I peeped at his bowl and said, "The soup's getting cold."

A line formed between his brows. He shot me a pointed look and finished the soup right away. He then turned his attention to me once again. "I got injured in an accident. Don't you feel sorry for me?"

What a weird question. I stood up, grabbed the bowl from his hands, and said in a tired voice, "It's late. You better sleep early."

Do I feel sorry for him? I don't know. After having been through so much, I guess I've become emotionally numb.

When I was about to leave, he immediately said, "Someone has to be here to take care of me. It's the hospital's instruction."

I nearly wanted to give Rebecca a call and ask her to come, but she might still be stuck at the police department.

Since there was no one else to take care of him, I reluctantly agreed. "All right."

I'll stay. It's just one night anyway.

I returned to my seat and decided to continue sleeping.

Chapter 108

All of a sudden, his phone rang. I had no interest in his phone calls, but he seemed to enjoy putting his phone on loudspeaker recently.

He answered the call, and the person on the line started crying. "Ash, Scarlett reported me to the police! Help!"

Rebecca? At this hour?

I thought she would have called earlier when the cops got her.

Ashton shot me a stare, and I just shrugged my shoulders. "What was I supposed to do? She appeared in my house without my permission."

He massaged his forehead, obviously unsure about how to handle the situation. "It's late now. Just stay overnight in the police department. I'll ask Joseph to get you the next morning."

"Ash..." Before Rebecca could say anything, the man ended the call.

He then looked at me, clearly not knowing what to do with me. "Did you have to report her to the police? Why couldn't you just have changed the lock?"

I lowered my eyes and examined my nails as I scoffed, "Did you give her the key to the villa? Perhaps, you should even record her fingerprint for identification purposes and grant her access to the house. If you plan to do so, tell me in advance, so I can sell my share of the property to you and move out."

"Listen carefully, Scarlett Larson." He raised his voice. "We're married, and you're my wife."

I nodded. "I know. That's why I called the cops to take her away. The villa belongs to us. She shouldn't have been there."

At that, he tapped his forehead with his palm and said, "Come here!" He moved to the other side of the bed and signaled me to go over.

Without hesitation, I walked up and lay beside him on his bed.

He looked at me and smirked, but I ignored him. I shut my eyes and tried to sleep.

I woke up quite late the next day as I had not managed to get enough sleep the night before.

Upon hearing birds chirping outside the ward, I opened my eyes and looked out the window.

At first, I thought I was still in the villa, but the moment I stretched my arms, I accidentally hit Ashton. He was already awake and signing off some documents.

He raised his head to look at me when my palm landed right on his face. "You're awake."

I immediately retracted my hand and nodded.

When I finally remembered that I had spent a night in the hospital, I slowly crawled out from his bed.

The bed in the hospital was not as comfortable as the one in my room, so it was difficult for me to sleep well. Besides, the fear of cold had caused me to stay close to anything that could keep me warm. Clearly, Ashton was last night's victim – he had been pushed to the very edge of the bed.

I embarrassedly lowered my eyes. "I'm so sorry!" I can't believe I did that to a patient!

The man simply grinned and kept his documents away. "Hungry?"

He then gently moved back to the middle of the bed. A nurse soon came in to check on him and gave him his medicines. By her facial expression, I could tell that she must have waited outside for a long time.

Once the nurse had finished performing her duties in the ward, I replied to Ashton's question earlier, "Not really." I then turned around and went to the washroom to freshen up a little.

Since he still needed to take his medicine, I asked, "Is there anything you wish you eat?"

He responded with a gentle smile. "You can decide!"

Can he stop being so annoying? When I took my bag and was ready to leave, Jared walked into the ward with Ashton's medical records. He must have come to check on him.

The man saw me and immediately said, "Thank you."

He must be thanking me for allowing him to sleep in the villa. "You're welcome. You deserve a good night's rest after being tortured by someone."

Jared suppressed his smile. "Are you leaving?"

"To buy breakfast." I paused and then asked him, "Have you eaten?"

He shook his head. "I just arrived at the hospital."

"Is there anything you want to eat?"

Once again, he shook his head. "I'm fine with anything!"

I nodded, walked along the corridor, and headed downstairs in an elevator.

Mrs. Eriksen soon called me, asking why I was not at home, so I explained the situation to her briefly. The woman wanted to bring breakfast over, but I declined her offer.

Yet, after walking around the hospital for a while, I realized there were no restaurants in this area. In the end, I had no choice but to get her to bring us breakfast.

I waited for her outside the hospital, but she still had not appeared after a long while. All of a sudden, I saw Joe walking toward the hospital with food in his hand.

He must have brought food for Ashton.

Soon after, Mrs. Eriksen arrived with many different types of food like mushroom soup, buns, and milk.

After passing all the items to me, she left in a hurry.

Since Joe had brought food for Ashton, I decided to deliver breakfast to Jared's office instead.

Upon seeing the amount of food in my hands, Jared raised his brows. "We're supposed to finish all these on our own?"

I nodded, walked into his office, and started sipping on the mushroom soup. "We have milk, buns, and mushroom soup. Feel free to choose what you want to eat."

Jared nodded. He quickly gobbled down a few buns and drank a glass of milk – he needed to go for his patient rounds.

There were still so many buns and mushroom soup left; I knew I would not be able to finish them on my own.

I hesitated for a bit before deciding to bring the leftovers to Ashton's ward anyway. Upon seeing someone in the ward, I waited outside the door and peeked in to get a good look.

Chapter 109

Unsurprisingly, Rebecca was there, was crying and complaining as if someone had died.

"Ash, Scarlett broke all the vases you bought for me and even called the cops on me. How could she do that? She's plain evil!" she grumbled angrily.

"That woman has no limits, Ash. Do you really want to stay with her for the rest of your life for the sake of a child?"

Those mean remarks came straight out of Joe, the woman's assistant's mouth.

Instead of eavesdropping like a creep, I thought I should be the bigger person.

The moment I opened the door, the ward was instantly filled with an awkward silence. I could see a towering rage blazing in Rebecca's eyes when she saw me.

I ignored her and also the food he had not touched and looked at Ashton. "Do you still want your breakfast?"

He took one glance at the bag in my hands and nodded.

I took out the mushroom soup and buns and put them next to him. "Mrs. Eriksen prepared this. What do you want to eat?"

"Soup!" I nodded while folding the bag before putting it away.

When I turned around, I realized that he was staring at me. He had not touched the mushroom soup at all.

I wanted to ask what he was waiting for, but I decided not to waste my time. "It's late. I have to get back to the office now."

Before I stepped out of the ward, Ashton said, "You expect me to eat on my own?"

I paused for a moment, turned around to look at him, and saw the drip on his arm. Rebecca and Joe were still there watching us.

Please don't tell me you expect me to feed you.

I studied his expression from afar and noticed his raised brows. He actually wants me to feed him!

Rebecca, too, noticed his expression. "Come, Ash. I'll feed you. Let me know what you want to eat!"

Tears welled up in her eyes when she picked up the breakfast Joe bought and placed it in front of him. "I made this soup for you when I got home from the police department this morning. Try some."

A line formed between Ashton's brows. "I'm not hungry."

Awkward...

Rebecca smiled wryly and said, "Try a little, please?"

I could not stand the romantic drama here anymore. "I'm leaving. Bye!"

Once again, Ashton stopped me from leaving. "You don't have to go to the office today. Joe, send Rebecca home and inform the office that Scarlett will be taking a day off today."

Excuse me?

Come on, give me a break!

Rebecca was smart enough to read the situation. She knew Ashton did not want her there.

Upon seeing Ashton's expression, Joe immediately turned around and said to Rebecca, "Come, let's go."

"No!" The woman's eyes turned red as she looked at Ashton pleadingly. "Why should I go? She then pointed at me and yelled in anger, "She's just a hillbilly. Mr. Fuller took her in because he sympathized with her! She..."

Ashton instantly responded with a roar, "Go back with Joe right now!"

"I'm staying!" Rebecca was not ready to budge. "Are you mad at me because I quarreled with you while you were driving and caused this accident to happen?"

Tears started rolling down her cheeks, and she said in between sobs, "Forgive me, Ash. Please don't be mad at me. I'll listen to everything you say. Please don't ask me to leave!"

Love was indeed blind. The sacrifices she was willing to make just made her look even more pathetic.

I was not a kind person, but even I felt sorry for how lowly she had become. At one point, I wanted to say something, but words stuck in my throat.

In the end, I decided to ignore them and walked out of the ward.

I went straight to the office. Stacey was on leave, so I had to take care of a lot of things today.

The HiTech project had been in operation for quite some time now. I had permitted Stacey to run the project on her own.

But right now, I was a little worried, so I went to the Finance Department to get an update.

As expected, the data Stacey had provided me earlier was quite different from what I got from the department. To put my mind at ease, I decided to go there and observe the problems personally.

The problems HiTech encountered were minor ones, but the workflow could be a tad complicated. A lot of processes were also not put in place when it was under Joe's supervision.

Everything that had happened here pissed me off. The moment I stepped out of HiTech, I bumped into Thomas from AC Credit.

He was surprised to see me. Upon seeing how disheveled my appearance was, a corner of his mouth quirked up. "You seem busy."

"Yeah, I'm busy getting updates from a company," I said while looking at the woman beside him. Thomas was in his forties, and this woman at most should be in her mid-twenties.

Instead of asking if the young woman was his wife, I responded with a grin. "Shopping?"

He looked at the woman beside her and raised his brows. "Would you like to join us?"

"No thanks. I've got to run now!" I left after saying goodbye to them.

Love Chapter 110

The young woman asked Thomas, "Who is she, Mr. Lowe?"

"Do you know Mr. Fuller from Fuller Corporation? She's his wife, Scarlett Stovall."

"Wow, what a lucky woman! I heard Mr. Fuller is not only young but also..."

I could no longer hear what she said anymore as I had walked away. From her coquettish voice, I knew something was going on between the two of them.

HiTech had quite a several sites in J City, and I felt tired after visiting a few. I went through the list and decided to visit those that had more critical problems.

As soon as I arrived at the last site in the South District, I was dumbfounded by what I saw. Despite being in the suburbs, the South District was considered well-developed. The only downside was it was too far away from the city center.

I remembered vetting the quotation for that particular site. Though the budget was high, the company had still generously approved the application.

Normally, an electronics factory would have more than one building. Yet, there was only one building on this site, and it looked dilapidated. The guard at the entrance came up to me and said, "This factory is closed. Please leave!"

Closed?

I was taken aback and asked with a frown, "How come? How long has it be closed?"

He did not know who I was. Perhaps he was bored being alone, so he decided to explain to me, "Almost six months. Someone died here, and the management panicked. They decided to shut down the factory."

"When did this happen?"

"End of last year!" The guard looked at him and asked, "You're not from this area, are you? Mr. Quinn visited this factory quite some time ago. He said this factory was not making money because someone had died here, so it was best for them to suspend the operations."

Mr. Quinn?

Joe?

Joe had been in charge of HiTech, but he had never reported anything to the company. Based on his report, this factory still managed to generate steady revenues in the last few months. If this site has ceased operations for nearly half a year, where did Joe get the money from?

I continued asking the guard a few more questions. Since he forbade me from entering the building, I could only return to the office and go through all the financial records from the South District.

Why did Joe choose to sweep the workplace accident under the carpet instead of reporting the incident to the company? And where did he find the money to cover up the losses that this factory had made in the last six months?

Where did all the reported revenues come from then?

So many questions popped up in my mind, but I had to wait for Ashton to investigate the matter.

It was already afternoon by the time I completed my site visits. I supposed I did not need to make a trip to the hospital since Rebecca would be there anyway, and I did not feel like going back to the villa either.

I took out my phone to give Macy a call.

To my surprise, the screen greeted me with notifications of more than fifty missed calls from Ashton.

What does he want from me now?

I hesitated but decided to return his call anyway. He answered it almost immediately.

"Where are you?" he asked before I could say anything. It looks like someone's in a bad mood today.

I was tidying my desk. "At the office. What do you want?"

"Watch your attitude," he expressed his dismay in a deep voice. "Don't you remember you have a husband in the hospital? A husband who needs your care!"

"Where's Ms. Larson?" I grabbed my handbag and was about to leave the office.

"She's not my wife!"

"Your lover can take good enough care of you too."

I knew he was mad, but I did not give a damn. What I said was true anyway.

Ashton tried to control his anger by keeping mum for a bit. "Are you jealous?"

I grinned. "Yes, you're right."

I could hear his suppressed chuckle. He continued, "Come and have dinner with me. We have fish fillets with rosemary on the menu tonight. Your favorite."

"I can't make it. I've made a dinner plan with someone! Sorry." I was going to ask Macy out anyway.

"With whom?"

I grew a little annoyed at his question. "Is there anything else you want to say? If not, I'm going to end this call."

"I'll give you half an hour to come to the hospital. If not, I'll send someone to bring you here!" he threatened.

"All right, Mr. Fuller," I replied. Whatever.

Hearing his voice gave me a headache. I instantly hung up on him, got into my car, and gave Macy a call, but the woman did not answer.

I tried several times, but no one answered.

All of a sudden, an unknown number called me. I answered, "Hi, there."

"Hey, how have you been?"

I got the shock of my life upon hearing John's voice.

My headache turned more severe, but I tried to stay calm by clenching my fist. "What do you want?"

"I miss you!"

Those three words sent a chill down my spine. I thought I would be able to enjoy peace of mind after the fight he had with Ashton. I was wrong.

"If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up now." Ashton alone gave me a massive headache. I did not need John to cause me any more trouble.

The man on the line laughed lightly. "Don't you miss me?"

"Enough of this nonsense!" My head pounded as I ended the call right away.

I placed my hands over the steering wheel, leaning over to catch my breath and have a moment's rest. After a short moment, someone knocked on my window. I opened my eyes and saw Joseph staring at me with a deadpan expression on his face.