

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 115-118

Chapter 115

I looked at the two men, who were glaring at each other, and said, "A long time ago." After a pause, I asked, "Is there anything I can do to stop them from fighting?"

It had been only days since Ashton's accident. He was still covered in wounds, so it was unsuitable for him to engage in a fight now. The last time he fought, he was still injured despite him being in his best health. This time...

Jared raised a brow at me. "Who do you feel bad for?"

Speechless about his need to gossip, I muttered, "It won't look good for them to fight here."

"There aren't a lot of people around," Jared noted. He then looked at the two, amused. I was starting to think he might take out a packet of popcorn to enjoy the show.

I could not help but let out a huff of annoyance.

Then, I turned to Ashton. "Ashton, send me back. Don't fight and cause a scene here."

The man looked at me, his brows furrowed in silence.

Thus, I walked toward him and held his hand. Softening my tone, I repeated, "It's getting late. Let's go back."

"Do you feel bad for me?" he asked with a smile.

I easily ignored his question. "Are we going back?"

After sweeping his gaze at John, who was staring at me, Ashton nodded. "Okay. Let's go back."

At that, he led me to the car before he glanced at Jared. "Send Scarlett's car for repair."

It seemed like John had not truly planned on fighting against Ashton, so he did nothing but watch the man and I leave.

In the car.

Driving past the bright road lights, the inside of the car was illuminated for a second and not the next. I fell deep into my thoughts.

All of a sudden, my stomach felt warm. Ashton had placed his hand on it. I lowered my eyes to look at him before I let him be.

"Four months soon," he uttered in a deep voice. "Do you want to go for a walk?"

I turned to look at him in mild surprise. Shouldn't he be asking me about John right now? Why's he talking about something else now?

"It's busy at HiTech," I replied as I pried his hand away from my stomach. "Fuller Corporation's audit is almost completed. I'm just waiting for the report to be handed in now, but I still have Fuller Corporation to deal with next."

After a short pause, I continued, "Ashton, why did you assign me to HiTech and Fuller Corporation's audits?"

I had sensed that there was something that I could not wrap my mind around. After I took over the two cases, things were not going as smoothly as I expected.

Moreover, Fuller Corporation's audit was yet to be completed. I did not know how it was currently going. Furthermore, there was a major issue in HiTech as well.

Yet, no matter how hard I thought about it, I could not figure out what was wrong.

The man peeked at me as he drove, and a smile grew on his lips. "What are your thoughts on why I did so?"

I shook my head. "I don't know. Something is really wrong with the audit, but I can't figure out what it is. It's the same for HiTech. Do you know anything about it?"

With the smile still playing on his lips, he focused back on the road. "Let's talk business when we're in the office. We're a married couple, so we should talk about what married couples talk about. Let's talk about the kid, and let's talk about you and me."

Knowing that he had intentionally changed the topic, I dropped my head and fidgeted with my fingers, now silent.

I could not force him to speak if he did not want to. Furthermore, if he was not going to talk about John, there was no point in me bringing that topic up.

Too many things were happening, and I could not settle everything perfectly. I was all but human, and I was getting exhausted by the issues piling up in my heart.

When the car stopped outside the villa, Mrs. Eriksen came out. Noticing that it was Ashton and me, a smile crept upon her face. "It's cold outside, so you should come home earlier next time. Your stomach is getting bigger, and you can't always go out all the time now. It's safer at home."

That was how Mrs. Eriksen always acted, so I nodded and said nothing. Suddenly recalling the box George gave to me, I queried, "Mrs. Erikson, did you spot the sandalwood box you gave me previously while cleaning the house?"

Ashton had been changing his footwear by the door, and he froze when he heard my question. With a slightly gloomy gaze, he looked at me. "Why are you suddenly asking about the box?"

I nodded. "It just suddenly came to mind." I met John today, and I had recalled many memories I thought I had lost. Yet, this was how life was; I could not live in a daze forever.

John was not going to stop at that. He would continue clinging to me. No matter what I did, I couldn't avoid it forever. Since that was the case, it would be best for me to prepare myself.

After contemplating it, Mrs. Eriksen shook her head. "I've never seen the box after I gave it to you. Mr. Fuller told me to let you keep it safe. Some things were left behind for you by him, while there are some things left behind by your grandmother."

Too many things had happened in the past few days, and I had forgotten all about that. Now that I thought about it, I could not recall where I had left the box.

"Okay. I'll try to find it another day." That box was a memory of George, after all.

After changing out of his shoes, Ashton entered the living room and sipped on a glass of water. His contemplative gaze was fixed on me. Knowing that his mood was unpredictable, I ignored him.

Instead, I headed straight to my old bedroom, thinking that the box might be there. I tried looking for it in the cupboards.

After moving rooms, my clothes and personal items were all gone from the room. The spacious room now looked empty.

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Meanwhile, Ashton had his hands folded as he watched me. After sparing him a glimpse, I said, "Go ahead and wash up first. I'm going to keep looking for it."

He was quiet for a while. "Do you know what's inside the box Grandpa gave to you?"

I shook my head. "I don't. Mrs. Eriksen only told me that I could give the box to you if I really didn't want to marry you. I don't what Grandpa put in there. Maybe he was planning to deter you from marrying me by threatening you with Fuller Corporation."

He sneered, "How shallow."

I did not deny his words. After what seemed ages of searching, I still couldn't seem to find it. By now, I was starting to feel irritated. "Grandpa gave it to you. Have you seen the box?"

He glanced at me. "Are you short of money now?"

Taken aback by his words, I replied, "No."

"Then it's meaningless for you to look for the box. In the box is Grandpa's money for you. I'm sure he was afraid that you would starve to death if you left me."

Knitting my brows, I felt a tinge of anger. "You opened it?"

He nodded truthfully.

"Ashton Fuller," I snapped. "That was mine! What right did you have to open it without my permission?"

This was not the first time he had done such a thing. The last time, he brought me to Cameron without my consent and asked her to take my hair for a DNA test. This time, he opened the box without asking me first.

He was staring at me, but I could not decipher what he was feeling at that moment. "I have no plans to divorce you, so that box is useless."

"So what?" I stepped closer to him. "Ashton, do you think I have to let you do anything you please because I'm married to you? Do I not deserve any respect from you?"

"I'm sorry," he apologized. Then, he straightened his back and said with a sigh, "I was wrong not to tell you about it. I won't do it again."

"Ha!" I barked out a short laugh. "Ashton, aren't you funny? Are you trying to change the topic so easily? Do you think of me as the same as that useless box? Will you do the same to me if I were Rebecca? Will you disrespect her by taking her things without telling her?"

"Scarlett, this is between you and me." He had a frown on his face, evidently displeased by my words. "We're a couple. Why do you have to involve someone else in our private matter?"

Amused, I asked, "Are we a couple?"

At that remark, he fell silent.

Raising my head to look at his handsome face, I could not help but laugh. "Ashton, it seems to you that we're not a married couple. We're only a couple because of your parents. There's someone in your heart – I know I don't have a place in it. Naturally, I won't be respected. That's why you can do anything you want with my things, and that's why you can decide whether I stay or leave."

Too many things had piled up over the days, and the box had been the final straw. I knew I could no longer close an eye to his interaction with Rebecca.

Perhaps he did not wish to discuss it with me as he placidly said to me, "Scarlett, you're my wife, and I respect you. I've apologized for the box, and I'm not the one deciding whether you stay or go. It's getting late. Let's go back to our room."

"Ashton, let's get a divorce." I wasn't sure how my tone sounded, but I knew I was calm when I spoke.

This was something I had kept in my heart for a long time. The opportunity to voice it out loud had come, and hence, I took it.

Ashton stood, transfixed, with his dark eyes on me. I could not decipher the emotions in them, but I was sure that he was not feeling particularly gleeful.

"Have you thought it through?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"What do you want?" He continued looking at me with an apathetic expression. In fact, I sensed that he was only going along with my outburst.

After pausing for a while, I continued, "I don't want anything. I only hope my child will have nothing to do with you from now on."

If I were to cut ties with him, I would have to make a clean cut.

Narrowing his eyes, he questioned, "You have nothing with you. How will you raise your kid? Are you going to rely on Nick? Or are you going to rely on John?"

I stared at him in disbelief. "Ashton, do you think I'm the same type of person as you? Stop using your way of thinking to define me!"

"What type of person am I?" He took a step closer to me as he lowered his voice. "I've explained to you countless times about things between Rebecca and I. As for you and John, were you not planning to tell me anything if I didn't ask you about him?"

I pursed my lips, not knowing what he meant.

"What do you mean?"

Ashton lifted a brow. "During Cameron's birthday banquet, you rejected me, but you were holding hands with John a moment later. Have you ever given me an explanation for that?"

I opened my mouth, but no words came to me.

The man had excellent control over his emotions. Glancing at me, he continued, "I didn't ask you anything because I hoped that you'll tell me about it yourself. Scarlett, not every kind of love has to be in the form of a verbal 'I love you'."

"John and I..." I trailed off, not knowing how to explain what had happened as my chest tightened.

I did not want to explain it to him; I did not want to mention it at all.

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Looking at him, I said, "Rebecca has Cameron and Zachary too, but you can't let her go either, can you? I'm just normal friends with John. Nothing else."

Those were words laced with guilt. Right after I finished saying my piece, I could not conceal the awkward expression from my face.

The atmosphere was tense, and I knew Ashton must be furious right now. Guiltily, I continued, "I'm different from Rebecca. The moment she cries, Cameron, Zachary, Joe, and you will feel bad for her and console her. I don't. I only have myself. To me, John is a nightmare, and we're only normal friends."

At that, Ashton softened his gloomy expression and motioned to me. "Come here."

I sat on the bed with a hung head, murmuring, "I can't."

Furrowing his brows, he walked toward me and crouched down by the side of my legs. "You can't because you feel guilty?"

I remained silent. What I heard next was his exasperated laugh. "I was wrong to touch your box. Grandpa gave you the box, hoping to use the box to bind us to the marriage. But Scarlett, you and I both know marriage won't work when the two are forcefully bound together. That's why I threw the box. I'll take care of you and the kid. We're a married couple, so let's spend the rest of our days peacefully, okay?"

A sense of security was not something I had in our marriage. I could not tell what parts of his words were true and what parts were not. Furthermore, I could not be sure that he had truly let go of Rebecca.

However, there was something I was sure about—I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. To marry someone I loved was a blessing.

To be together was a blessing, too.

That was why I did not want to leave Ashton unless it was a last resort. This marriage was not only for myself; it was for my child too.

If I could, I wanted to spend the rest of my life peacefully with him.

Looking at him, I nodded. "Okay."

He gave me a small, helpless smile. "Don't mention the notion of divorce anymore."

I nodded one more, feeling helpless as well.

At that, he carried me up into his arms and headed to the sunroom on the top floor. After laying me on the bed, he placed his palm on my stomach and said, "I'll take you to the antenatal visit tomorrow. Sleep early tonight."

I nodded. I would have forgotten about the visit if not for his reminder.

As it was getting late, he headed to the bathroom to shower. As I lay on the bed, I lost myself in my thoughts. It's not good for me to keep feeling insecure. I'll never be able to fully trust him or myself.

I don't like me acting like this.

"What are you thinking about?" He had come out of the bathroom, and he was now drying his hair with his towel as he watched me.

Coming back to my senses, I sat up and wrapped my arms around his waist. His skin was still damp.

As he was not wearing his pajamas, I was leaning on his solid stomach in silence.

Hearing my silence, he threw the towel aside and embraced me. After he let me lean on his shoulder, he whispered, "Don't keep so many things in your heart. You'll be drained out."

I nodded slowly. In a sorrowful tone, I murmured, "Ashton, can you not contact Rebecca anymore?"

After a beat, I continued, "She has her parents to love her now. She'll do fine without you, but I can't. I only have you."

I was using the woman's method against him. There were things I had to try before I could find out the kind of results they would bring.

His embrace was a tight one, and in his arms, I could barely hold back the urge to smile. It seemed like men loved the fragility of women.

Sensing the hug growing tighter, I froze. Then, he cupped my cheek and made me stare into his dark eyes.

He uttered coldly, "Scarlett, this isn't who you are. Be yourself."

I...

I frowned and shot him a fierce glare. "So Rebecca can say something like this, but I can't?"

How funny. She can pretend to be pitiful, but I can't?

Ashton laughed. "You have me, so you don't need to pretend to be pitiful. Moreover, you're not pitiful."

I suddenly felt as though my acting skills were useless against Ashton, so I climbed out of his arms and went into the bathroom.

At the end of the day, some shows could only be put on for certain people.

After I exited the bathroom, the man was already lying on the bed. I dried my hair with a towel as I walked toward the dresser, about to use the hairdryer.

He stood up and voiced, "Come here."

Thinking that he wanted to tuck me in, I frowned. "My hair is still damp."

He hummed in response and simply repeated, "Come here."

With no other choices, I walked over and looked at him. "What's the matter?"

He gently pushed me into a sitting position on the bed before he took the towel to dry my hair. Quietly, he explained, "It's bad for your hair if you dry it with the hairdryer all the time."

I pursed my lips and mumbled, "It's too slow to use the towel."

My head was spinning a little by now, making me feel uncomfortable. "Ashton, I'm tired. Just use the hairdryer."

Instead of answering me immediately, he enveloped me in his arms. "Sleep now."

Since I was already running out of energy, I fell asleep before he finished drying my hair.

Days flew by in a daze. Perhaps it was because I was pregnant, but I often felt a little uneasy. After the checkup at the hospital, I found out the baby had developed into a humanoid form.

Ashton seemed to be in a good mood. As after entering the car, he asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

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I shook my head and weakly leaned back on the seat. "Anything will do."

I had not done anything, but I felt abnormally exhausted.

Noticing my state, he buckled my safety belt for me and continued, "Let's go home for the meal. After eating, you should get some rest for a while."

Nodding, I closed my eyes, about to nap.

The following days, I remained worn out. I was only four months pregnant, and my stomach was not necessarily that big, so I could still work.

The audit for Fuller Corporation was now completed, so I felt relieved.

Due to the AC's incident, Stacey had come to me with a letter of resignation. However, I did not approve it, asking her to rest at home for a while instead.

On the weekend, I made an appointment with Joe, hoping to learn more about the factory in South District.

It would be inappropriate for me to report this to the company – especially since he was Ashton's friend.

Thus, I decided to have a private chat with the man instead.

The café was playing soft music, making the atmosphere in the shop seem light. After ordering a glass of juice, Joe stared at me with an impatient look. "What did you want to talk about?"

"Do you hate me because of Rebecca, or is it because of something else?" I queried, sounding as if I wanted to make small talk with him.

He was taken aback for a second before he let out a laugh. "Is that what you wanted to talk to me about?"

Shaking my head, I denied, "No, I muttered tiredly, "I was just asking."

"Everyone has to keep walking forward. Ashton and I have already gotten married. You like Rebecca, so why don't you tell her about your feelings and get together with her?"

"Are you done?" His expression turned grim. "Scarlett, who do you think you are? Do you think you're an all-powerful being? Do you think the best will happen just because you said so?"

I lowered my gaze, falling silent.

Persuasion was not a strong point of mine, so I stopped pursuing the topic. "All right, forget it. Let's talk about the factory you stopped production in South District."

Tensing up, his gaze landed on me for a long while before he said, "I'm surprised you found out about it."

"I want to know why you did that."

This was part of my job, so I did not bother with courtesy and small talk anymore.

"Why don't you ask Ashton about it? Why are you asking me about this first?"

Lowering my gaze, I answered, "You were the one in charge of HiTech in the past. The factory in South District was halted for half a year. Although I don't know how you got the funds for half a year, I don't think you have any malicious intentions. I think you simply couldn't deal with it alone. Moreover, you're friends with Ashton. I hope there won't be any unnecessary fights between the two of you."

"Ha," he sneered. "Scarlett, aren't you too naïve?"

He raised a brow at me before cynically replying, "You can talk to Ashton about HiTech. He knows what he should do."

"However," he paused to laugh before saying, "although I hate you in certain ways, I admire your work. You're not bad of a business partner to have, but that doesn't mean you're not a despicable person."

Knowing that he was always mean, I did not take his words to heart.

Since I had spoken my piece, there was nothing else to talk about. Hence, I bid him farewell.

The moment I stepped out of the café, Macy called, sounding upset.

She told me to head to the hospital.

After reaching the said location, I parked my car in the parking lot. It was then I found her on the first floor of the hospital, looking helpless and in a daze.

The woman had a medical report in her hands which I quickly took from her.

It was the results of a blood test and an ultrasound. I was dumbfounded when I noticed the time at the top of the report. "Eight weeks? Whose?"

Although I knew that she would sometimes...

However, she always made sure to use protection. How can she possibly be pregnant?

She lowered her head into her hands and tugged on her hair helplessly. "When you were away for a business trip in A City."

After recalling my trip, I looked at her and asked, "The night you got drunk?" That night, I had not been able to pick her up, so I had asked Jared to pick her up instead.

However, Jared was a disciplined man who would not go around carelessly laying his finger on women.

"Was it Jared?"

She remained quiet, seemingly not planning to tell me the truth.

After a long while, she raised her head to say, "I'm planning to sell my house at Glenwood. I'm going to move to Q City."

I nodded. "Okay. I have some money saved up. No matter what you choose, I'll respect your decision."

It seemed like she was planning to keep the baby. I knew her too well. We were both lonely souls, so we loved the angels sent to us by God dearly.

Hearing my words, some of the gloom on her face dissipated. She pulled me to sit beside her and leaned toward me. "Letty, we won't be lonely from now on."

She was right. With our angels, we would not be lonely anymore.

After accompanying her for a while, I sent her back before I headed to the office.

I had nothing to do there, but Jared spent most of his weekends in the office. After knocking on the door what seemed to be eons, the man finally opened the door with a tired look.