

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 119-122

Chapter 119

Realizing it was me by the door, he stiffened. "What's the matter?"

"I'm here to visit you." I put the takeaways I bought for him on his desk. "I know you haven't eaten, so I brought you some food."

Confused by my actions, he asked, "You don't ever come without reason. What's up?"

Rendered speechless for a second, I flashed him an awkward smile. "Do you remember the time I went to A City for a business trip?"

He nodded as he started digging into his food. Perhaps he had been in the office the entire day, for I could see that he seemed weary.

I continued, "When I asked you to pick Macy up, did you leave after you sent her to the hotel?"

I was not good with words. An outstanding example of it would be this moment. I had wanted to ask him about it in a subtle manner, but I ended up being straightforward.

PlayvolumeAd

All his motions halted, and he looked at me incredulously. "You're not good at taking the long route. Speak your mind."

I covered my face for a brief moment, feeling foolish.

"Did you do it with Macy that night?" Right after the words left my mouth, I had the urge to hit my head on the desk. What the f*ck did I just say?

He looked at me and lifted a brow. "Do what?"

It was immensely awkward and inappropriate to discuss this with a man.

Unfortunately, I was the one who started the topic; I could not stop it right now.

"Did you guys have sex?" I rephrased my question before waiting for his reply with a burning face.

He covered his takeaway and leaned back. Looking at me without any expressions in his eyes, he inquired, "Why don't you tell me why you're asking this?"

I was two seconds away from cursing at him.

However, I could not tell him about Macy's pregnancy. I did not know whether his knowledge would be a good thing or a bad thing for her. Instead, I said, "I think she's ill."

He had been sipping on a glass of water at that moment, and he spat out his mouthful of water upon hearing my answer.

I took a piece of tissue and handed it to him. After dabbing the puddle of water on his desk, he questioned, "Are you serious?"

"Yes." I felt a little guilty, but the words were already out of my mouth. All I could do was to steel myself and repeated, "So did you two..."

Jared raised both brows before he responded, "You should rest more since you're already four months pregnant. Everything you say and do will affect the development of the baby."

I was definitely baffled by his reply.

Did he just change the topic?

With that said, the man stood up and went back to his work. He gave me no more replies about what had happened that night.

However, his silence was an answer as well—it was likely that he had slept with her.

Right as I was about to open my mouth again, someone pushed open Jared's office door. It was Ashton, striding in with his long legs.

Jared turned a little to look at him before he uttered, "Take your wife home and talk to her about sexual relationships. She seemed unusually curious about it."

What?

Ashton walked toward me as the look in his eyes darkened. He then peeked at Jared and asked, "What did she ask you?"

Jared shrugged, seemingly exasperated. "She asked me if I've slept with Macy."

When my husband stared at me, I gave him a dry laugh before I awkwardly explained, "I was just curious. Why don't you ask him about it on my behalf?"

"Did you?" That was Ashton's question for Jared.

"What?" The latter jumped to his feet from his chair. Glaring at us, he groaned, "You two are indeed peas from the same pod. Hurry up and leave."

Although I had gotten no direct answer, I was not going to continue interrogating him.

It seemed like Ashton was here for me, as he helped me up before he headed out of the office with me. While I walked behind him, I felt a trace of fear enlase my heart.

After boarding the car, Ashton remained silent. It seemed like anger to me, but I could not be sure.

Unable to comprehend what he was feeling at that moment, I asked, "Have you eaten?" It was mealtime anyway.

He stayed silent for a long time.

Fifteen minutes later, he parked his car at a restaurant and got down from the car. I hurriedly followed him, jogging for a short distance.

After finally sitting down, he queried, "What do you want to eat?"

"Anything is fine. I'm not picky." Looking at him, I sensed that he was going to lose his temper in a moment. Yet, even after mulling over what happened earlier, I could not think of the reason for his anger. Regardless, I knew he was in a foul mood.

Soon, our orders were served. Not feeling hungry, I ate a few mouthfuls before I watched him eat with my hand supporting my chin.

Ashton was a quick eater, but my constant staring made him slow down. He lifted his head and smirked in a playboy-like manner. "If you don't want to eat your food, do you want to eat me?"

"No!"

"Then why are you looking at me in that manner?"

I straightened up and shook my head, avoiding his question. "I'm not hungry."

He put down his fork as he raised his brows. "Something on your mind?"

"Yes." I nodded before confessing, "There are a lot of problems with HiTech. The factory in South District has halted operations for half a year, but there are still ongoing records of the company's current account."

"I know that," he replied. "Anything else?"

Um.

"Will Dr. Crest's parents be mindful about their future daughter-in-law's family background?" Jared's parents were prominent figures in K City, and Jared himself was an excellent doctor. I was afraid of how they would handle this matter if her child really turned out to belong to the man.

Chapter 120

Raising a brow, Ashton noted, "You seem awfully interested in Jared's matter."

I subconsciously nodded, but when I noticed something amiss with his expression, I quickly chuckled. "Not really. I just suddenly recalled that night, so I wanted to ask about it. I don't mean anything else."

Lowering his gaze, he kept quiet.

After realizing I had not much appetite, he stopped eating as well. Leading me out of the restaurant, we headed to the mall. Ashton's way of shopping always seemed like he was planning to buy an entire warehouse worth of goods.

Although I was shopping with him, it seemed as though I was only there for moral support. However, he was buying baby products, so I said nothing about his shopping. After all, everything he bought would be put to use eventually.

After a round of shopping, it was getting late. Feeling tired, I fell asleep soon after I entered the car.

I slept the entire journey home. Before my eyes could open, he had picked me up into his arms, and my eyes flew open.

"We're home."

I gave him a quiet hum in response as he carried me all the way to our bedroom. After gently putting me on the bed, he went to the bathroom.

The sleep during the journey home had been a nap, so I could not go back to sleep after waking up. Instead, I stared at the ceiling, daydreaming.

After Ashton finished showering, he dried himself before pulling the blanket away and lying beside me. With his arm around my waist, he held me in an embrace.

As we stared into each other's eyes, I found myself lost in his.

Knitting his brows, he gently pushed the stray hairs on my forehead to the side. "Do you want to take a shower?" he asked in a quiet voice.

"I don't feel like moving." I adjusted myself to the side, feeling slight discomfort in my stomach.

However, in minutes, the pain became worse.

I sat up, grimacing as I did so.

"What's wrong?" He placed his hand on my stomach and asked concernedly, "Does it hurt?"

"Mm." I did not know what was going on, but I had recently been experiencing minor pains. Checkups told us there was nothing wrong, however.

After staying in the same position for a while, I no longer felt like sleeping. Hence, I reached out to grab my phone and check the time. It was only eleven at night.

Getting off the bed, I told him, "Go ahead and sleep first. I'll be sitting in the living room for a while."

I was worried I would wake him by tossing and turning on the bed.

However, he wrapped his arms around my waist and stopped me from leaving. "Don't go there. Just lie down here. You'll fall asleep soon enough."

"Okay."

The room fell quiet again, and he changed the room's lighting into a warm tone. Breathing slowly, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

"Does it still hurt?" he queried. As the room was quiet, his voice sounded exceptionally clear and loud.

I nodded and curled into myself.

"Let's visit the hospital tomorrow." As he spoke, he held me in his arms again.

I shook my head and mumbled, "We just went there."

It did not seem right for me to keep visiting the hospital.

After a moment of silence, when I thought he had fallen asleep, he muttered, "You're four months in, right?"

"Yes."

"Six more months to go."

I was starting to feel sleepy, so I did not answer him. After I shut my eyes, I soon fell asleep.

Fortunately, my sleep lasted until the morning.

I woke up after shifting slightly and leaned on Ashton as he asked in a hoarse voice, "You're awake? How was your sleep?"

I nodded and hummed, "It was good."

Turning to look at his handsome face, I burrowed myself into his arms. "Aren't you going to the office today?"

He should be quite busy these days.

"I'll stay home to keep you company," he replied as he hugged me tightly. With a small smile, he continued, "I'm planning to hand all the company matters to Joe tomorrow and apply for a maternal leave."

I huffed out a laugh. "So, does that mean you're going to give birth to the baby?"

His palm gently caressed my stomach. With each passing day, I could acutely feel the baby growing in me.

"I don't think I can." He pecked a kiss on my lips and asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I'm not." I had just woken up; I could not eat yet.

Now that I was fully awake, I could not go back to sleep. I was still lying in bed with a warm blanket wrapped around me. For reasons unbeknownst to me, I was constantly feeling cold despite it being almost July.

Shifting again, I leaned closer to Ashton, accidentally touching the bottom half of his body.

He gasped quietly before lowering his gaze to look at me. "Your hand is fine now?"

I stiffened and shook my head before I moved backward. However, he stopped me from retreating. "I have to endure this for another six months."

Um.

When he grabbed my hand, I could guess what he was trying to do.

Biting on my lower lip, I muttered, "It's not good for the baby."

"Who said that?" he chuckled as he pressed my hand onto the bulge in his pants.

"Dr. Crest!" I blurted out. It was true that the doctor had told me it would affect the baby since I was already four months into the pregnancy.

After a while of rubbing himself with my hand, he panted, "He's full of nonsense."

He continued for an hour. By then, I could not lay on the bed anymore, so I climbed out of it to wash up. Meanwhile, Ashton went to take a change of clothes before he went to take a shower.

After exiting the bathroom, I headed downstairs.

Mrs. Eriksen had been busy recently because a grandson had recently appeared in her life. As she was busy taking care of her daughter-in-law after her pregnancy, she could not come over as often as she usually did.

Ashton had wanted to hire someone else, but I disagreed with it. Firstly, the new help would be a stranger, and I did not enjoy the process of getting familiar with a stranger. Secondly, it was just a month before Mrs. Eriksen would return. I was only four months into the pregnancy, so I wanted to save us both the trouble.

Chapter 121

multi trivia two iconSponsored Ad

Up next

Which Arrested Development character said it?

Apester Logo

×

multi trivia two iconSponsored Ad

Up next

Which Arrested Development character said it?

Apester Logo

Mrs. Eriksen had prepared many things in the kitchen. I was as lazy as my norm, so I rarely entered the kitchen. Even if I did, mac and cheese was the most common dish I would make.

In terms of cooking, Macy and I were the same kind of people. In the past, Grandma always said that women should not be in the kitchen. Instead, we should read more books and delve into more poetic activities.

As time went by, the kitchen became a place I rarely entered. Now that I thought about it, it was because Grandma loved me and was reluctant to make me work in the kitchen. That was why she had said those words to me.

Since I was staying home, I did not want to waste my time lazing around. Therefore, I decided to cook something. After preparing all the ingredients, I poured some oil into the pan.

Right then, Ashton came down after his shower. I froze when I saw his styled hair. "You have something to do today?"

He nodded in answer. Entering the kitchen and seeing the uncooked food, he asked, "I'll be going out for a bit. Will you be fine at home by yourself?"

I hummed as a reply and put the meat into the pan. As the meat flopped in, the oil on the pan splashed onto my hand, and I retracted my arm instinctively.

Instantly, I hissed in pain.

Swiftly, Ashton took the pan from my hand and pushed me to the side. "Let your hand stay under the cold water for a while. I'll cook."

After putting my hand under the tap for a while, I stood aside and watched him move around the kitchen. His movements were smooth with no trace of hesitation.

It differed him from the other rich men.

Having nothing to do, I grabbed an orange and asked, "Who are you meeting later?"

He scooped spaghetti into a pot as he looked at me. "Rebecca and Zachary are about to go back to K City, so they've invited a few of us to lunch."

I froze until I saw an oil stain on his sleeve. Only then did I take off my apron and put it on him instead. "Okay. Don't drink and come back earlier."

Everyone had their own paths to walk, and I could not force Ashton to cut ties with Rebecca. After all, they were human, not machines.

He nodded and left a kiss on my forehead. "Don't overthink it. Jared, Joe, Cameron, and Zachary will be there too. You're pregnant, so it won't be convenient for you to move too much."

I nodded in response before I took the plate out of the kitchen to the dining room.

After scooping a portion for himself, he untied the apron and took my hand to check on it.
"Does it still hurt?"

He then stood up and walked toward the cupboard.

When I saw him taking the first-aid kit, I hastily said, "I'm fine. It doesn't hurt anymore."

However, he ignored my words. Sitting beside me, he applied a thin layer of ointment to my hand.

The two of us had a quiet lunch before he mumbled some reminders and left.

After he left, I started to get bored being alone in the spacious house. Hence, I headed to the study room and started reading *The Brief History Of Time*.

When Macy called, I was on the verge of falling asleep. She roared into the phone, "What are you doing? Your man is probably going to-"

"Going to what? It's daytime now." I was leaning on the balcony; the warm sunlight was making me sleepier.

"So what if it's daytime? Do you not have feelings in the day? Ashton and Rebecca just entered Winthem Hotel. Aren't you going there to take a look?"

Macy sounded urgent, and I could guess that she was shopping outside as I could even hear the clack of her heels.

"You're pregnant, so stay at home. Stop wearing heels."

I yawned before looking at the clock. It was now five in the evening, and it had been hours since Ashton had left the house.

I had been sitting down for hours, so my back was feeling uncomfortable.

"Wait, I'm talking to you about your man. Aren't you going to take a look?" Macy sounded urgent. "That woman, Rebecca, is dressed up all lavish. I'd say it's best for you to check them up."

I hummed disinterestedly in response. "Have you had your dinner? Do you want to come to my house for it?"

"F*ck!" She then grunted, "You... Forget it. I'm not going to your house. I'll be going home straight after shopping."

After ending the call, I walked out of the study room and took a short stroll in the villa's backyard.

The weather was nice for the stroll. In the backyard was a row of blue jacarandas, and by now, it was the right season for blooming. The blue flowers were scattered across the grass patch, and it was a picturesque scene.

Not long after, someone rang the doorbell of the villa. Just as I turned to head to the door, my phone rang.

It was from Ashton.

After picking up the call and before I could say anything, he uttered, "Open the door. They're here to furnish the nursery. Also, the sunroom on the top floor isn't the best room for resting, so I've asked them to remodel the master bedroom too. You'll rest better there."

I gave him a short hum in response and opened the door. The middle-aged man who appeared outside the house looked at me and greeted, "Hello, Mrs. Fuller. We're the ones Mr. Fuller asked to furnish the nursery."

I nodded before opening the door wider to let them in.

I then muttered into the phone, "Where are you? When are you coming back?"

"I'm at Winthem Hotel. I might be a little late. I've ordered some soup for you for dinner and asked Mr. Lewis to bring it to you later."

He sounded nonchalant though he had arranged everything perfectly for me.

Chapter 122

"Okay, I'll end the call then," I replied.

Looking at the rockery in the backyard, my heart raced as if someone was gently squeezing it. It hurt a little, but I felt touched.

Ashton was good at taking care of others. I had known that a long time ago. If someone had a place in his heart, he would take care of that person until that person knew not how to do anything.

However, I could not help but wonder, How long will days as heartwarming and perfect as these last?

The sun slowly set, and Devon had indeed instructed someone to send the soup to me. What came with the soup were some dishes that were suitable for pregnant women.

I did not eat much. After the men who were remodeling the rooms were gone, I walked around the house.

Many parts of the house had changed. The collections that were originally in the living room were gone. Some I had broken, and the remaining Ashton had kept it at the warehouse.

PlayvolumeAd

Warm lights were installed in the dark house, and even the brown couch was changed into a deep blue one. The house now felt somewhat homely.

A carpet had been placed over the grand staircase, and many warm-palette paintings now hung by the corridor. As for the nursery, the men had furnished the room with a sky-blue theme – a perfect choice.

Just by looking at the room, one could not help but brighten up.

However, tears brimmed in my eyes. Is he doing this for the baby or me?

It's probably for the baby.

I clung to that moment, hoping that it would freeze in time as I remained in the nursery. In my daze, I did not realize the house's doorbell had been ringing for ages.

After finally registering the noise, I rushed down the stairs.

It turned out to be Joe. As I had taken quite some time before I opened the door, he had a scornful look on his face. "How big is the house that Ms. Stovall needs to take so long to reach the door?"

I ignored his harsh comment. I then spotted Ashton, who was leaning against the rockery. It seemed like he was drunk.

When I walked over to him, the strong scent of alcohol wafted across my nose. Frowning, I helped him up before looking at Joe. "Thank you for sending him back."

He did not reply, only giving me another look before he left.

I slowly supported Ashton back to the bedroom. He seemed like he was drunk, but not at the same time—he seemed distracted, and he was quiet. All he did the entire time was to hang his head in a daze.

“Do you feel unwell?” I asked as I shook his body a little.

He raised his head to look at me, and I could see his eyes were unfocused. “Have you eaten?”

I nodded and sighed. It seemed like he had drunk more than usual, so I stood up to get him some water. However, he stopped me.

Pulling me to his leg, he narrowed his eyes. “Where are you going?”

“I’m getting some water for you.” Why does he look like a child when he acts like this?

He slowly nodded. “I’ll come with you.” With that said, he stood up. Unfortunately for him, his body refused to cooperate, and he sat back down when he lost his balance.

“It’s fine. Be good and sit here. I’ll get you some water. Stop making things difficult for yourself.” You’re already in such a state. Why are you insisting on coming with me?

After returning with some water for him, I saw his arms hanging by the side of his body, as if he had no bones. I could not help but sigh as I lifted the glass to his lips. "Open your mouth."

Squinting at me, he mumbled, "Scarlett."

"Yes." After he took a sip, I reached out, about to take his clothes off when he stopped me. "Don't move."

"Ashton, you should seriously get some sleep now." A glance at the time told me it was already midnight.

He nodded, stood up, and announced, "Okay, I'll be heading home first. It's not safe for Scarlett to be alone."

Huh?

How much did he drink?

Pulling him back to the bed, I cupped his cheeks and told him, "Ashton, you're already home. Look at me. I'm Scarlett."

He widened his eyes to look at me again. The usual coldness in his eyes was nowhere to be found at that moment. Instead, some tenderness was in his eyes. He reached up to touch my face and smiled. "You've come to pick me up. Let's go home."

It looks like he really drank a lot.

"Okay, let's go home," I relented as I helped him up. Just as I was about to take him around the house before coming back, he ended up dragging me down the stairs, stumbling the entire time.

Out of all the rooms in the house, he brought me to the main bedroom. I thought it had been completely remodeled, but it had not. The sandalwood bed was gone; it had been changed into a tatami.

The wedding photos we took back then covered the wall, and a small pastel cot was by the side of the bed.

The wardrobe remained, but the men had changed it to a walk-in closet instead. It was spacious. I liked it a lot.

I only saw what changed in the master bedroom when I entered then; I had only checked out the nursery earlier.

Ashton took me around the room before giving me a silly grin. "Do you like it?"

"I do." He was an aloof man, so I was sure that the remodeled color palette was meant for me.

He had drunk a lot. After walking around the room, he fell asleep on the bed.

Monday soon arrived.

It was a working day – Ashton usually woke early. As I had nothing else to do, I came to the office with him.

Stacey had rested a few days by now. When I saw her again, she looked much better. It seemed like she had finally collected herself.

When she caught sight of me, she smiled. "Ms. Stovall, I wish to talk to you."

I nodded and led her into the office.

Stacey was someone I had known for two to three years, and in certain personality aspects, we were the same. After motioning her to take a seat, I said, "I've already sent in the audit for Fuller Corporation. You'll have to pay more attention to HiTech's case. My stomach is growing larger, and I'm experiencing more pregnancy symptoms by the day. There might be things I might miss out on, so it'll be best if you go through them too."

