

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love

## Chapter 135-138

### Chapter 135

I froze before muttering, "I'm going back for lunch at Peakville Estate. Mrs. Eriksen will be there."

He sneered, "If my guess is right, you'll probably lose your appetite after going back. After all, Ashton had been in K City's hospital for half a month, and you've never expressed even a bit of concern for him. What kind of husband do you think will be able to tolerate such indifference?"

As he spoke, he leaned closer to me in a suggestive position.

I shifted my body to keep a distance from him and snarled, "I don't think I can savor my food while eating with you."

"You can ignore my presence," he suggested as his dark eyes looked out of the window with a grin. I could sense the arrogance oozing out from him.

Turning around, I spotted a black Jeep parked close by. Soon, the car window wined down.

Ashton!

I had not seen him for half a month, and he looked tired. However, his weariness did not affect his good looks, and I could see that his eyes were fixed in our direction.

I could not decipher whether he was happy or sad from his gaze.

Instinctively, I pushed away John, who was in my personal space. However, when I raised my hand, John grabbed my wrist with a smile and pulled me into his arms.

He then looked in Ashton's direction with a taunting smile and ordered the driver, "Drive."

Then, the car window wound up again, and we were gone. I shoved John aside as my chest rose and fell from the anger I felt.

"John, there's seriously something wrong with you!" Evidently, he was trying to infuriate Ashton.

After letting me go, he leaned back in the chair and muttered nonchalantly, "Have you just found out?"

Speechless, wrath overcame me, and I wished I could shred him like paper. In the end, all I could do was shoot him a glare before twisting my head to look out of the window, ignoring him.

Soon, we reached the restaurant. As John had pre-ordered the meals, the moment we took our seats, the servers served us.

As I was angry, I only ate a little of the food. After elegantly eating a few mouthfuls of the food, John lazily raised a brow at me.

"Is the food not to your liking?"

I sensed something different about him in comparison to five years ago, but I could not pinpoint what was the change exactly. Shaking my head, I replied, "I'm not hungry."

He frowned and supported his head in his hand before looking at me. "Don't pregnant women eat a lot?"

"Yes." I did not know how to express it to him, so I took a few more scoops before muttering, "Maybe I'm not that hungry."

He nodded. Softening his sharp gaze, he asked, "When did you fall in love with Ashton?"

That was a topic I did not want to talk about, not to mention with him. I creased my brows. "John, this is a private matter of mine."

"You're my sister," he said in a quiet yet assertive tone.

Amused by his reply, I huffed, "You know we're not biological siblings."

He nodded and agreed, "Yes."

It seemed like my response had not affected him at all, and I quietly sighed to myself.

Putting down my spoon, I said, "I'm full. It's getting late now, so I'm going back."

He stood up when I did and offered, "I'll send you home."

In the past, he was the personification of horror. Now, he was more like a pest that I could not shoo away no matter what I did.

Then, the car drove toward Peakville Estate, a luxurious residential area. As the car drove on the path sheltered by trees, I listened to the occasional bird cries.

He was silent the entire way, and I did not start a conversation either.

Finally, the car stopped in front of the house. Looking at me, he asked, "Are you not going to invite me in for some tea?"

"This is not the right time." With that said, I left the car.

He followed me out of the car and stopped me. "Even if you refuse to admit it, we're still siblings. There is no reason for me not to meet my brother-in-law. Scarlett, you can't deny the fact that you have no other family members. Other than me, your brother in name, you have no one else."

His words were a dagger that pierced through my heart, making it difficult for me to take in the next breath. Looking at him, I felt rather upset that my chest felt tight. "John, you can't take your story and make it mine. You have no family and no friends. You have nothing in your heart. You can't define me with your story."

I knew he was lonely, but I had never broached the topic with him. The moment the topic started, there would be no reason for it to stop. Looking at his gloomy expression, I continued, "I once had Grandma, and now, I have my husband and child. I have Macy too. I'm not like you. You're a lone wolf, and that's why you have nobody."

His grip on my wrist was hurting me, and his expression was as dark as night. "You're the same as me, Scarlett. You can't deny the fact that Ashton doesn't love you. You know this well."

His gaze landed on my stomach, and the look in his eyes turned apathetic. "This child won't bear the bright future you're looking forward to. As for Macy, you know better than anyone else that she'll leave one day. That's why you're the same as me; you're a lone wolf too. In that case, why do you refuse to be with me? I will give you everything you want. We will form a family like we used to be, and we'll quietly live our lives in the house at R Province. Doesn't that sound good?"

I furrowed my brows before I pulled my hand away. However, I could not, so I raised my head to look into his eyes and I pitied him. "John, there are many people in this world that can be with you for the rest of your life. Stop looking for me, okay?"

## **Chapter 136**

He sneered again as pain crept upon his face. "You don't understand!"

But I did. For someone who had darkness and loneliness in their heart, they wouldn't hold on to the sunlight even if the sun came. He couldn't let me go not because of love, but because he felt that I would be the same as Grandma. We would never chase him away no matter how despicable he was. The house in R Province would forever be his home.

He had no sense of belonging, and that was why he was lonely.

Sensing a cold gaze, I could not help but turn around to see Ashton staring at the two of us by the doorway.

I took my hand back and kept a distance away from John. It had been an instinctive move; I knew it was meaningless for me to do that, for John might not even care about it.

However, it was already a habit I could not get rid of.

Looking at John, I muttered, "Go back. I've buried Grandma at Hillcrest Cemetery. If you miss her, go visit her there."

After finishing his words, I noticed that all emotions were gone from his face except for a tinge of loneliness.

"John, things that had gone by can only stay in the past. We can't turn back the time. We can only move forward. If we keep turning back to look at our memories, we'll only feel sorrowful, and we'll never be able to do anything else."

After Grandma passed on, I never returned to the house at R Province. I knew from then on, I was all by myself in this world.

I was a leaf with no roots. No matter how much I struggled, at the end of the day, someone would pick me up from the ground and throw me into the bin.

At that, I spared no glance at John and entered the villa.

I had not been back for half a month, but nothing had changed. The only difference was that there were fresh flowers in the house, and they made the house a little livelier.

Mrs. Eriksen looked much wearier than the last time I saw her. When she noticed me, she quickly glimpsed at Ashton behind me before smiling. "The two of you left for such a long time. Half a month! I was beginning to think that this isn't a home anymore."

After a pause, she sighed, "I'm glad the two of you are back now."

It was hot in the afternoon, and the heat made me restless. I barely had any words to say to anyone, to begin with, and now, I was even starting to feel tired. After a brief chat, I retreated to the bedroom.



Ashton followed me, but I said nothing to him. All I did was climb onto the bed and shut my eyes, prepared to sleep.

I thought Ashton would say something or even lose his temper, but he never said a single word the entire time. The room sounded abnormally silent.

After a moment, I felt the side of the bed sink in. In the next second, I was pulled into his arms.

Soon, the sound of even breathing traveled into my ears, and I fell asleep to that sound.

It was just an afternoon nap, so I woke about an hour later. When I opened my eyes, I was greeted by Ashton's handsome features.

I lay still, quietly watching him.

How long have I now looked at him like this?

All of a sudden, his eyes flew open, and we locked eyes as I froze.

"You're awake?" he asked. As he just woke, his voice was still hoarse. He lifted his hand to tuck the stray strands of my hair behind my ears before he continued to stare at me.

After a while, I started feeling uncomfortable by his silent staring, so I cleared my throat. Supporting myself up with my elbow and about to leave the bed when he held me down. He raised a brow and queried, "Where are you going?"

"I'm getting out of the bed." I moved again, but he held my body down again.

Furrowing, I huffed, "Ashton, let go of me!"

However, he heeded none of my words. He pressed me onto the bed and his hand slid to my stomach. I was five months pregnant now, and I was starting to feel the motions of the baby in me.

Sensing the movement of the baby in the stomach, a bright smile grew on his face. He exclaimed, "The baby's moving!"

He was like a child, and I could not help but chuckle, "Yes. I want to get out of the bed."

Visibly brightening up, he sat up and helped me to a sitting position while leaning onto the headboard. Gesturing for me not to move, he then placed his ear on my stomach.

After a few seconds, he grinned and looked at me. "Do you feel uncomfortable when the baby moves?"

My jaw dropped. Do men really have a brain?

"If you're really curious, you can read up some books about pregnancy. Maybe you can learn something from it, and your knowledge might be put to use in the future." Then, I moved to leave the bed again.

Right then, he hugged me from behind. "Lie down for a little longer."

I pried his arms off and frowned when I noticed the new marks on his arms. They looked like scratch wounds. The scabs had fallen off, and the wound of the injuries was still red.

Noticing my stiffened body, his eyes followed my gaze to his arms. Immediately, he retracted them and casually asked, "What do you want to eat later?"

I remained quiet.

Seemingly worried that I would overthink, he sat beside me and held my hand. Gently, he squeezed and caressed it, but he was still silent.

"Are these from protecting Rebecca?" Perhaps it was a question too straightforward, but I could not think of another way to ask it.

He tensed up for a moment. When I sensed it, I took my hand back and sighed, "I'm going to take a shower."

Maybe no answer was the best answer; it was better than hearing him tell me that all his injuries and scars had something to do with Rebecca.

I would rather be a fool who knew nothing.

## **Chapter 137**

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me back to the bed. Casting me a determined look, he inquired, "Do you still feel bad?"

His question made me freeze. "Feel bad?"

"About my injury."

I lowered my head and chuckled. Shaking my head, I responded, "No, Ashton. Whether you live or die is none of my concern anymore."

I knew those words would make him angry and lead to a fight.

Yet, I still voiced them out.

He stared at me for a long while before he finally asked, "Scarlett, I never have a place in your heart, do I?"

PlayvolumeAd

"Yes." I nodded as my chest tightened. Breathing out slowly, I averted my eyes from his gloomy gaze and muttered, "When Grandpa asked me to marry you, I agreed to it because you're the dream husband of all girls—handsome and rich. In the beginning, I hoped for a beautiful love story. That was why I married you happily. However, as time passed by, I realized it had just been wishful thinking."

Rebecca was all that was needed to defeat me.

"So?" It was a grim look on his face and a cold sneer on his lips. "John's appearance made you realize that you can choose someone who likes and adores you. On the other hand, I became less important to you. Is that so?"

His words made fury burned bright in my chest, and I raised my voice. "Yes! Why do I have to remain by your side when you can choose someone you love and be with her freely?"

"Huh." The atmosphere in the room turned tense. "Scarlett, you think too simple of the world. What are you planning to do now? Are you going to divorce me and get together with John? Let me tell you this. You can dream on. I won't agree to divorce even if you don't have my child in you right now."

"Ashton, you are a b\*stard!" He refused to let me lead a good life. He would rather drag this on than to see me live a happy life. I was on the verge of a breakdown from enduring the upset for such a long time.

I swept the lights and decorations off the headboard, and they shattered on the ground. "Why can you do anything you want with Rebecca, but I can't? Ashton, let me tell you the truth. I never wanted this baby."

Indeed, one would say anything and everything when anger consumed them.

His face reddened as he grabbed me and warned, "Say that again."

I glared at him, wishing all the pent-up frustration within could burst out of me at that moment. "I don't want this baby at all. Ashton, do you hear me? I don't want this baby at all!"

I raised my hand to pound my fists onto my stomach as I wailed, "The baby ruined everything for me. I don't want to give birth to your child. It's not worth it for me to give birth to a child for someone like you!"

"Scarlett!" By now, his eyes were red, too, and I could hear his gritting teeth. "Do you know what you're saying?"

I shoved his hand away and plastered a smile on my face. "I do and I know very well!" I screamed.

The feeling of sorrow was invading every part of my mind, and my heart ached as though someone stabbed knives into it. "Ashton, I don't care if you don't want to get a divorce, but I'm warning you now not to get involved with my matters."

At that, he narrowed his eyes as he hissed in a deliberately quiet voice, "Your matters?"

"If you can be together with Rebecca, why can't I be with John?" I roared out the words spoken in anger.

He shoved me onto the bed and croaked, "What do you want to do with him?"

Then, he pulled his hands apart, and I heard the sound of fabric tearing.

I wasn't wearing many layers, and he had torn them all in one rough move. "What has he done with you? Has he touched you in this intimate way?"

"Ashton, I dare you to kill me!" I bellowed as I pinched his back.

"It'll be a pity if you die! It's only fun when I torture bit by bit."

Right then, I stopped resisting, finding no meaning in doing that. I let go of him and stared at the ceiling instead.

After a long while, he got up and went to the bathroom. After spending a few minutes in there, he came back out, changed his clothes, and left without saying a word.

When he stepped out of the room, he slammed the door, and the noise reverberated in the room for a long time.

When will this end?



As I did not need to go to the office, I had nothing else to do. When Macy called, I just came out of the bathroom.

Upon picking up the call, I muttered, "Are you in the countryside yet? Have you found a place to stay?"

"Mm," she answered. "Did Ashton pick you up at the train station?"

I froze. "You told him?" No wonder I saw Ashton at the train station. Turns out it' was Macy who told him.

She hummed in response again. "If you've decided to go back to him, the two of you have to be open with each other. No matter what happens between him and Rebecca, you're still his wife legally. Since you have to live the rest of your life with him, you might as well have a good life and enjoy it. Scarlett, don't make your marriage seem like hell. It's tiring to live a life that way."

I knew that, but I could not help and sigh, "Unfortunately, we had a fight, and he just left."

"Why are you fighting again?" she grumbled. "Why can't you have a peaceful discussion with him?"

## **Chapter 138**

"How? He can't let go of Rebecca, and he doesn't want to grant me a divorce. Tell me, Macy, how should I have the discussion with him?"

"Then, you divorce him. Write it down clearly on paper and make clean cuts when you cut ties with him. From then on, no one has the right to interfere in each other's private lives."

I wanted to, but it would not be as simple as that anymore. Throwing the towel aside, I sat in the armchair and sighed, "I met John at the train station, and he left the place with me. Then, I met Ashton at the exit of the train station. Ashton now thinks I have something with John, so he refuses to get a divorce."

"F\*ck," she swore. "What kind of f\*cking luck is that?"

You're asking me?

"What are you going to do now?"

Gripping the phone, I muttered, "I don't know. I can only hope to give birth to the baby safely now."

My stomach was already at this size, and I could not possibly change my mind about the pregnancy now. John was right. I was a lone wolf that belonged nowhere.

This baby would be the only person I could fully trust. I had no reason not to give birth to the baby as this baby was not for Ashton.

This baby was my only salvation.

After ending Macy's call, the sun had set. Someone knocked on the door.

I opened the door to find that it was Mrs. Eriksen. She had a bowl of hot chicken soup in her hands, and she said to me, "You must be hungry. Mr. Ashton told me to make some chicken soup for you."

I had my lunch late in the afternoon, and John had forced me to eat a larger portion than I usually did. Hence, I did not have an appetite for food at that moment. However, looking at Mrs. Eriksen's smile, I realized I could not possibly reject her.

Thus, I answered, "Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Eriksen."

Reaching out to take the bowl from her, Mrs. Eriksen hastily said, "Don't! I'll do it. It's too hot, and I'm afraid you might scald yourself."

After putting the bowl onto the table and wiping her hands, she inquired, "Did you have a fight with Mr. Ashton?"

It was normal for her to have heard our loud argument from downstairs.

Therefore, I nodded and sat down by the side of the table. "Yes."

She sighed, seemingly exasperated. "You young people are always so short-tempered. Why can't you discuss everything calmly instead? Did you have to get into an argument?"

I smiled but said nothing to that. I knew best what happened between the two of us, not Mrs. Eriksen.

"Letty." She sat down beside me and held my hand. "You've been with the Fullers for almost three years. I've practically raised Mr. Ashton myself. He's a short-tempered and quiet man, so he'll keep many things in his heart."

She then sighed, "After you came to the Fullers, Mr. Fuller thought Mr. Ashton will open up and become kinder if you two spent time together. However, the two of you kept arguing day and night. Since you're both married, why don't you try to make life easier?"

I knew Mrs. Eriksen said that with good intentions, so I patted her hand and consoled, "Mrs. Erikson, the scariest thing someone can do is to try to change a person. I won't try to change Ashton, and I can't, anyway. This is my fate. I'll try my best to refrain from arguing with him from now on. Don't worry."

With reddened eyes, she shook her head gently. "You're young, and you have to remember to cherish the days of you two being together. Otherwise, when you grow old and look back at your memories, you'll realize that you let the person go too easily—that you've let go of your love halfway down the road. When you're in your twilight years, you'll realize your life is full of regrets. It's normal to have regrets, but if those are all you have, you'll feel awful about your hasty decision."

I nodded, not knowing what to tell her. Now that I thought about it, the wall between Ashton and I did not seem towering.

It was a small wall, built up by many insignificant matters. Yet, when all these trivial matters piled up together, it was impossible for me not to explode in anger. I couldn't list out everything that troubled me clearly, for the grievances in my heart had long merged into one.

"Thank you, Mrs. Eriksen." I knew she wanted us to live a better life than this.

However, she seemed to sense that I did not plan to heed her words, so she sighed, "You're just too stubborn."

A laugh escaped me, and I nodded. "You're right."

Feeling helpless, she paused for a second before continuing, "Letty, don't think that you don't have a place in Mr. Ashton's heart. Last night, he asked where you were multiple times after he came home. You changed your phone number, so he thought you left for good. He was so anxious that he did everything he could to find out where you were. When he found out you were at Q City, he nearly rushed to look for you. You know he just came out of the hospital, and he hasn't fully recovered yet; he's supposed to be resting. Dr. Crest was afraid that something might happen to him if he went to look for you, so he stopped him. That was why he left early this morning to pick you up."

A few beats later, she sighed again. "I can see that Mr. Ashton cares for you a lot and you clearly care for him, too. Why can't you both just stay by each other's side peacefully?"

"Mrs. Erikson, were you in the middle of cooking?" I interrupted.

Immediately, she stopped and took a whiff of the air. Then, she jumped to her feet. "Oh no! I was making stew for Mr. Ashton!"

