

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 139

At that, she rushed downstairs.

Staring at the untouched soup, I found myself lost in my thoughts. I was born without getting much love and attention in my life, and the "so-called" love that I met was pretty much the same.

In fact, I had never experienced much familial love not to mention romantic love. Hence, I didn't know much about love, nor have I learned how to love someone.

Grandma adopted me, and she showed me what love and care were in those short years. I regarded her and her care as the figure of love.

On the contrary, John's extreme behavior, inflexibility, and apathy meant stubbornness to me.

Whereas Macy's protection and support meant friendship to me.

As for Ashton, in the two years of our married life, he rarely treated me well. I dared not consider those rare moments as romantic love.

It had not been my intention to misinterpret it as love.

I liked Ashton, and that was why I could endure his cold treatment to me in silence. However, that did not mean I could pretend to be a fool who saw his cheap love as true love.

The sky was getting darker, and I was exhausted. Yet, I could not fall asleep despite lying on the bed for quite some time. I had gotten used to sleeping with Macy.

Right now, to lie on the bed all by myself, I felt as if there was a gap in my heart. Outside the window, the wind was howling. Soon, the heavy rain came.

Sleepless, I glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already one in the morning. Too frustrated to lie still anymore, I headed to the balcony instead.

As I was soaked by the rain the last time I was on the balcony, Ashton had made some modifications to the balcony. Now, raindrops could not reach me, only the cold breeze.

Still frustrated, I went down the stairs to the garden instead.

Mrs. Eriksen had planted many plants in the garden. Now that it was raining heavily, the plants were tilting to the side by the force of the raindrops. The sight of them mirrored my mood.

I could not help but think of how much the plants and I had in common. With that thought, I walked into the garden and let the rain shower on me.

My summer pajamas were thin, and in several seconds, I was soaked from head to toe. The rain was not cold, but it felt good to be in it. I had been sheltering the sorrow in me, and I crouched down to let the tears fall quietly.

No one could keep living without ever venting their emotions, so the rain was my chance to express my agony freely.

When Mrs. Eriksen found me, I was in the middle of crying. She anxiously came to me with an umbrella, trying to drag me back to the house. However, she was not as young as me; if I did not want to leave, there was no way she could move me from my spot.

Out of options, she threw the umbrella aside and ran to the living room. When she came back out, she had a raincoat in her hands. As she put it on me, she consoled, "Letty, you can't do this to yourself. Even if you don't think about yourself, think about the baby in you. What shall I do if something happens to you?"

To me, her words were lost in the howling wind. All I wanted to do was to crouch down and cry, hoping that I could cry out all the grievance and misery in me.

Although the rain in midsummer was not cold, I was still a pregnant woman. Even if I were in the best of health, my body would not be able to take it after being in the rain for an hour.

At that moment, the world spun around me.

Just then, I heard Mrs. Eriksen's delighted voice. "Mr. Ashton, you're back!"

I turned instinctively and saw Ashton in a black suit by the doorway. Then, he walked toward me with a furious look in his eyes.

After he lifted me up into his arms, he entered the house.

My eyes were sore from the prolonged crying, and I could see that he had a gloomy expression on his face. Then, I shut my eyes as I don't want to see him anymore.

Since Ashton was back, Mrs. Eriksen no longer intervened in our matters.

After closing the bedroom door, Ashton pulled off my clothes and carried me into the bathroom.

As he said nothing, I kept my lips sealed as well. The bathroom was dead silent.

Time ticked by, and my freezing body finally gained some warmth. Even my sore eyes felt better by now.

I opened them slowly, the sight of Ashton's stony look and piercing gaze greeted me. After a while, he uttered, "Is it fun tormenting yourself?"

At that, I furrowed my brows. Feeling uneasy being in a tub, lying stark naked for him to see, so I tried to get up and leave the bathroom.

However, he quickly pressed me back into the tub. "Stay still."

My frown deepened, and I shot him a surly look. "I want to sleep."

"Are you planning to sleep outside?" He pressed me back into the water again, still not smiling. "Why did you go into the rain?"

I yanked the towel over to cover myself and responded, "I was in a bad mood."

"In a bad mood?" He sneered, "If everyone tried to die whenever they're in a bad mood, the streets would be littered with corpses. Scarlett, are you tormenting yourself, or are you tormenting me?"

When I tilted my head upward to look at him, I saw my reflection in his eyes. "Can I even do that?" After a pause, I laughed, "Right. You should be together with the love of your life at this time, but you had to come back here because Mrs. Eriksen asked you to. Of course, you're tormented."

Ignoring his dour look, I apologized half-heartedly, "I'm sorry. I guarantee that this won't happen again. It's getting late, so it's best if you go back and accompany your love. I'm going to rest now."

"Scarlett Stovall!" he gritted out. "Do you have to speak so sarcastically?"

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At that, I raised my brows and derided, "You're overthinking this. How can I possibly be sarcastic? I'm just stating the truth."

"You-" Huffing an angry laugh, he scooped me out of the water and threw me onto the bed.

Promptly, I grabbed the blanket to cover myself, and he sneered, "I can't believe you actually feel embarrassed."

I ignored him again. Pursing my lips, I swept my gaze at the side of the bed but found no clothes. The next thing I saw was him taking off his soaked jacket.

Half of his dress shirt was wet, and the fabric was clinging to his muscular chest. The sight of him was tempting, but I pursed my lips into a thin line. "Ashton, I don't want to do it with you."

His hands that were unbuttoning his shirt paused for a second before he barked out a laugh. "I see you have confidence in my energy." After glancing at me, he uttered, "Don't worry. I'm not that absurd."

Once he unbuttoned his shirt, he threw it aside before working on his belt. After he took off his pants and hunched over, I spotted a massive scar on his back, and I froze.

It seemed like the plane crash had been bad.

He then tossed his pants aside. When he noticed me staring at his scar, he frowned and said, "I'd do the same for anyone."

I kept quiet as I averted my eyes and covered the blanket over my head.

Unfortunately, there was a price to pay for my idiotic actions. In the middle of the night, I started having a high fever. As my throat was dry, my hands fumbled around for a glass of water in my feverish daze, and I nearly flew off the bed.

Luckily for me, Ashton was swift to hold me before I fell off the bed. He seemed as if he just woke, for his voice was still hoarse. "What's wrong?"

My head kept spinning, and my voice was hoarse. It took me ages to spit out a few words, "I am thirsty."

Turning on the bedside lamp, he got out of bed to get me a glass of water. After drinking, some of my discomfort dissipated, but I still felt weak and dizzy.

Noticing something was amiss with me, he touched my forehead to check my temperature. Realizing it was warmer than usual, he stood up and got changed. Right then, I held the edge of his shirt and mumbled, "We can't go to the hospital."

Medication and injections were not good for the baby.

He frowned as sweat started beading his forehead. "If we're not going to the hospital, I'll call Jared for a house visit." With that said, he called him.

After some hushed words with Jared over the phone, he entered the bathroom. When he came back out, he placed a wet towel on my forehead before he went to boil some water.

In a daze from the fever, I did not realize when Jared came. It was only when he was speaking with Ashton, then did my mind cleared a little.

"Why did she suddenly get a high fever? She's already five months pregnant, and the baby's body is developing at this time. Something might go wrong easily."

Jared was the one who had a reprimanding tone.

"She was in the rain for half an hour," came Ashton's voice.

"You've been too careless. Pregnant women have mood swings, and so many things had happened lately. She kept everything to herself, and she has no way of venting her feelings other than doing this."

My head continued to spin, so I could not continue eavesdropping on their conversation.

For the rest of the night, I alternated between feeling cold and hot, and my sleep was restless.

By the time I woke again, it was already the following night. Out of motherly instincts, I reached out to touch my stomach, relieved to find it still large.

I slowly breathed out and closed my eyes to settle my emotion. I open them again only after I felt calmer.

There was no one in the room. Feeling thirsty, I crawled up and was about to get down from the bed when I realized my legs were weak.

The moment my feet touched the ground, my entire body fell.

Shocked, I grabbed the bedside table. Fortunately, my knees were the ones to land on the floor, so I was fine. On the other hand, the things on the bedside table were not as fortunate as they all crashed to the floor.

The room door suddenly swung open, and I saw Ashton coming in with papers still in his hand. It seemed like he had rushed over after hearing the noise.

When he saw me kneeling on the ground, he furrowed his brows and carried me back up onto the bed. He asked in a low voice, "What are you doing?"

"I want to get some water," I replied, feeling sore in my throat.

After putting some pillows behind me to support me into a sitting position, he turned and poured me a glass of water. While holding the glass to my lips, he muttered, "You have a phone by the side of the bed. Call me or Mrs. Eriksen if you need anything. Just don't be stubborn."

I nodded quietly.

I felt much better after drinking some water.

He then looked at me and inquired, "Are you hungry?"

I shook my head before my gaze landed on the documents in his hands. It was HiTech's case files for the new product launch.

I stiffened before averting my eyes to stare at the wall instead.

Noticing my actions, he handed the file to me and asked, "This is HiTech's latest proposal. Do you want to have a look?"

I shook my head again, feeling a little upset as I answered, "It's alright."

Since I had already left Fuller Corporation, no matter how unhappy I felt, I could not make a fuss about it. My current priority was to give birth to the baby safely.

"Once you've given birth to the baby, you can go back to work if you want to. It's my fault about Fuller Corporation and HiTech's audit, not yours."

Hearing him initiate the topic himself, I knitted my brows.

Although I was unhappy, I did not know what to tell him about it, so I remained silent.

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Hearing my silence, he must have thought that I was still unable to let it go. Hence, he said, "HiTech is still yours. No matter what happens from now on, it'll always be yours. Please rest well for the baby."

"Ashton," I called out, my voice slightly rough. "About the accident that happened when you sent Rebecca to K City and the Fuller Corporation's emergency. Were these all part of your plan?"

These two incidents had happened too coincidentally, and after they happened, I ruminated over all kinds of possibilities. The only possibility I dared not think about was the possibility that they were all part of Ashton's plan.

He looked at me with a stern gaze. "Are you suspecting that I've used you as the scapegoat?"

My heart ached as I stared at him. "From the moment I entered the company, I've been in charge of the projects. I've never done any marketing and auditing jobs. Yet, after completing Dr. Ludwick's case, you put me in charge of the audits for Fuller Corporation and HiTech. Based on what I gather from how you usually work, you'd give me only one case at a time. However, you've given me both at the same time."

At that, he raised his brow. "Go on."

I shifted my body to find a more comfortable position to lie in before I continued, "You say it's my punishment for delaying Dr. Ludwick's final payment, but it's just a cover. The two major problems that Fuller Corporation faces after listing are the capital chain and financial risk."

"Fuller Corporation's funds have always been the most sufficient among the listed companies. Why do you think that the Fuller Corporation will be short of funds?"

Looking at how confident he was, I could not help but laugh. "If your funds are sufficient, why did the company lose tens of millions just because Dr. Ludwick delayed his final payment by a few days?"

Glancing at his furrowed brows, I continued, "Fuller Corporation's emergency is just part of your plan. During those few days, you eliminated the stockholders who could not survive and bought their stocks at low prices. When Fuller Corporation returned to normal, these stock prices would be then sold at a higher price. In this way, the Fuller Corporation's market value will increase by almost double."

He was the one in charge of the company. Naturally, he knew all of these.

After hearing that my analysis was close to the truth, he raised a brow and said, "You're my wife. There is no reason for me to put you at risk."

The moment those words left his mouth, I burst into laughter. "Ashton, do you really take me as your wife?"

There are only so many important people in the company. Jared and Joe are friends who had gone through tough times with him. There was no way he would make them the scapegoat.

At the end of the day, I was the most suitable candidate.

"Scarlett, many things in this world aren't as simple as what meets the eyes. You're smart, but you don't know everything."

He sounded weary, and I could see that he was exhausted.

Falling silent, I leaned on the headboard to collect myself. Then, I climbed out of the bed and muttered, "Go ahead with your work. I'm going to take a walk downstairs."

Mrs. Eriksen was tending to the plants that the rain had wrecked yesterday. When she saw me downstairs, she chuckled, "You're awake. Are you still feeling unwell?"

I shook my head in response. It was then I noticed the bayberry tree in the garden could not avoid the cruelty of the rain too; the bayberries were all over the floor, and they all looked ripe.

After recovering from my fever, I was in a much better mood. I then returned to the living room to grab a basket so that I could pick the bayberries that were close to me.

Looking at the delicious, red fruits, my mouth watered, and I moved to put them in my mouth.

"What a glutton!" came a voice behind me. It was Ashton. He walked over to me and took the basket from me as he muttered, "There are a lot of insects inside these bayberries. If you don't wash them before you eat them, you'll have an upset stomach later."

At that, he handed the basket to Mrs. Eriksen and instructed, "Soak them in saltwater for a while."

Mrs. Eriksen quickly took it, and she gave us a wink before she left.

After that, I raised my head to look at the bayberries that I could not reach. Ashton then commented, "Pick the ones by the end of the branches. Otherwise, they'll all fall to the ground, and it'll be a waste."

At that, he glanced at me. However, instead of reaching out to pick the fruits, he bent over and carried me up.

Before I could come to my senses, he had already carried me up onto his shoulders. "Stay still and be careful."

For a moment, my world spun. Instinctively, I held his head to support myself as I wondered in disbelief. Why is he making me pick the fruits this way?

"Stop daydreaming and pick them quickly," he urged.

I was now at a height much taller than I was used to. After a pause, I picked the fruits that I could reach.

However, I did not have a basket with me, so I froze. A thought popped into my mind, and I shoved the bayberry into Ashton's mouth.

As both of his hands were holding onto me, he could only let me shove the fruits into his mouth.

After eating several bayberries, he mumbled, "Stop putting them in my mouth and ask Mrs. Eriksen to bring the basket over. I can't eat that many."

"Didn't you say I'd get an upset stomach if I eat it like this? Have more. I want to know if you'd get an upset stomach," I replied as I continued picking the fruits.

Mrs. Eriksen then took out the basket. When she saw me on his shoulders, she blurted out, "Oh my god. Be careful! She's already five months pregnant. What if she falls from that height? We have a ladder at home. Don't do this; it's not safe!"

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Watching Mrs. Eriksen panic, I placed my handful of bayberries into the basket and chuckled, "It's okay. There are only a few left. I'll be done once I get them."

After picking the fruits by the end of the branches, I uttered as I held onto Ashton's head, "I'm done. Put me down."

Beside us, Mrs. Eriksen was wracked with worry as she held onto the basket. "You young people are too daring. Don't you know how dangerous this is?"

As Ashton was quite fit from his usual workout sessions, he held onto my waist and carried me down.

Once my foot touched the ground, I looked at the sweat beading on his forehead. After stiffening for a second, I laughed, "Why are you sweating? Am I that heavy?"

He gave me a small smile and spat out the bayberry in his mouth. "I have two people on my shoulders. What do you think?"

I froze for a second before touching my stomach. Recently, I had been feeling that the baby was growing by the day.

Just then, Ashton's phone rang, and he walked aside as he accepted the call. Hence, I took the basket from Mrs. Eriksen and entered the living room.

As I soaked the bayberries in saltwater, my eyes could not help but drift toward the garden, feeling nervous.

The only call he would take while avoiding me was from Rebecca.

At a certain point in life, people would think of taking extreme actions. I couldn't control myself and flip the bowl of saltwater.

I did it deliberately.

The noise was loud, and Mrs. Eriksen rushed in. Looking at the mess, she looked at me worriedly and asked, "What's the matter? Are you injured?"

I shook my head before glancing at Ashton without any expressions on my face. He walked toward me and looked at me from head to toe. Realizing that I was fine, he sighed in relief. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I answered. Looking at the bayberries scattered on the floor, I suddenly lost interest in washing them. Thus, I turned and retreated to the bedroom.

Behind me, I heard Mrs. Eriksen's murmur. "Mr. Ashton, if you're free, I think you should bring Letty to the hospital. I think she's not well."

Am I not? Isn't mental exhaustion an illness?

After returning to my room, I still felt upset, so I ended up calling Macy.

The call went through after a few rings. "Letty!"

"Hey. How are things on your side?" I did not know what else to say.

However, Macy seemed excited. "Yes, let me tell you, this place is beautiful! The plums around the house are all ripe, and they taste amazing. I'll send some to you in a few days, so watch out for the mailman."

She sounded happy.

Perhaps happiness was contagious, for I laughed, "How's your morning sickness? Do you have any problems getting used to the place?"

"Not at all." I guessed she must be in the mountains, as I could hear the sound of howling wind through the call. "The air is very fresh here, and I've planted some plants in the garden. I even got some wildflowers to plant in the garden. They're really pretty, and if you have the time, you should come and see them. I'm sure you'll love it here."

I nodded before realizing she would not be able to see it. "Okay."

She must have sensed that I was in a bad mood from how quiet I was, so she asked, "Letty, did something happen?"

For a moment, I did not know how I should word it for her. After a pause, I finally muttered, "Macy, I think I've hit a dead-end, and I can't get out of it."

Ashton was already minimizing his contact with Rebecca, but I would lose my calm every time I heard any news of him with her. It was as if a million ants were gnawing at my heart and that sensation overwhelmed me.

"Is it because of Ashton?" she queried before sighing. "Letty, it's easy for pregnant women to get emotional. Maybe you're overthinking it."

She paused again. "Why don't I get Jackson to come back to the country? Maybe he can help you."

I hummed in response. Right then, the bedroom door swung open, and in came Ashton.

I returned my focus to the call and reminded, "You have to take care of yourself there."

"Okay," she responded. After a moment, she insisted, "Don't tell Jared about me."

By now, Ashton had reached me, and I could see him holding some bayberries in his hands.

I hummed in agreement before I ended the call.

Once I hung up the phone, he sat beside me and placed one by my lips. "Try them."

I shook my head, not in the mood for it.

At that, instead of saying anything else, he quietly kept me company. After a while, he brought the documents over from his study room and started reading through them.

As I had nothing to do anyway, I found a book and sat by the side, and started reading it.

Macy was an efficient woman. When Jackson called, I was almost asleep from reading, so the ringing of my phone woke me up.

Ashton was still reading his documents, so when he heard the phone, he only spared me a glance before returning to the papers.

As I picked up the call, I stood up to head to the balcony.

"Jackson."

"Oh my god, woman! If not for Macy contacting me, I'd have thought you were dead." Jackson Kane would never change. He was a man, but he was talkative and fussy.

