

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1403-1407

Chapter 1403

Armond was going all out; he was prepared to destroy everything.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down as I turned to look at Ashton. "Are you alright?" I asked.

"I'm fine," Ashton replied, holding onto my hands as he did so. As we both had sweaty palms due to our nervousness, our hands slipped slightly as they came into contact before we managed to hold on to each other tightly.

Ashton let out a barely noticeable sigh and glanced over my shoulder. When he saw that it was just Millie who had come with me, he relaxed visibly.

Then, I noticed him shoot Nora a meaningful look. Understanding Ashton's intentions, Nora approached Armond slowly together with her child.

"Armond, I really hope that you and I, along with our child, the three of us, can leave this place together safely and have a fresh start."

"Come here," Armond ordered as he lifted his hand and beckoned her to come closer.

The corners of the man's lips curled into a faint smile as he took over the child from Nora's arms.

He had never carried a child in his arms before, so his actions were obviously a little clumsy. But one could tell that he was being extra careful. As such, it was a rather comforting sight to behold.

Nora let out a small smile as she observed the man's interactions with the child. "I knew you were a good man. I have always believed in you."

While they were immersed in that seemingly heartwarming moment, I scratched Ashton's palm with my nail purposefully. When he looked towards me, I mouthed to him, "Explosives, run."

Ashton seemed to understand what I said but did not react to it. He merely narrowed his eyes slightly to let me know that he got the message.

I turned to look at Armond and noticed him looking at his child like a lover. It was a passionate and somewhat victorious gaze.

Judging by the way Armond was holding the child's hand, he seemed to be trying to gain strength from the small being. His expression was so gentle at that moment, and there was even a hint of a smile in his eyes.

Could it be that I have really thought the worst of Armond? Or it could also be that he was influenced by the purity and innocence of his child and saw the light out of a sudden?

Just as I was contemplating such a possibility, I saw Armond take a few steps back when Nora tried to approach him. He handed the child to a fierce-looking bodyguard next to him and stood up slowly. "Take the child away," he instructed.

"Understood," the bodyguard replied with a nod and proceeded to leave with the child in his arms.

Nora was momentarily stunned at the man's sudden maneuver and immediately stepped forward to snatch her child back. However, Armond stopped her, shoving her onto the ground. Ignoring her cry of pain, he said with disgust, "Didn't you say you love me? If that's the case, stay and accompany me in death!"

Not expecting him to say such a thing, Nora's mind went blank for a second. Unable to believe what she had just heard, she yelled, "Armond, you've gone mad! Our child is so young! Where are you taking him to?"

Armond was not moved by Nora's display of outrage. With a frosty expression, he replied, "I will be responsible for my own child. You don't have to worry."

"What do you mean..." Nora's voice trailed off.

Ignoring the woman's words, Armond crossed his arms in front of his chest and looked down at her while saying, "He is my child, so he will be well taken care of no matter where he goes. You should feel honored to have given birth to a kid who's as outstanding as me."

Suddenly, Jackson's reminder flashed across Nora's mind. Those who suffered from antisocial personality disorder were incapable of loving anyone. Even if they chose to enter into a relationship and eventually got married, their objective was to have a child who was exactly like them...

After Armond finished speaking, he slumped hard onto the chair and announced, "I've completed my mission. I'm feeling so exhausted. From now onward, my child will be responsible for taking over what I did not manage to complete in this life... "

No one knew what Armond was fantasizing about at that moment. It seemed like he had suddenly ascended to a whole new level and wore a contented expression on his face.

Suddenly, Ashton yelled, "Run!"

Before I could react, my legs had already lifted up in the air. Ashton was holding my hands tightly as the both of us dashed towards the exit.

As we ran, I could hear Armond's eerie laughter lingering behind us. "Hahaha, it's too late, Ashton! In the end, you have still lost to me... "

Thereafter, sounds of explosions could be heard continuously.

My last memory was Ashton holding my hand as we ran for our lives amidst the explosions. The force of the explosions was so powerful, causing sand from the golf course to propel into the air. With our visions blurred, we accidentally ran into another explosion site while escaping from one site. The blast sent Ashton and I flying into the deep ocean.

Chapter 1404

An awful stench consumed my senses, the effect of Ashton's blood gushing out of his wound from his injured arm. As the effect of the poison kicked in, I slowly ran out of strength. He held me in his arms and tried to swim us back to the shore.

Unfortunately, a strong shock wave stopped us from approaching the shore. I could feel Ashton's convulsing arm and knew that he was almost running out of strength. He held me firmly in between his arms again, yet we were nowhere close to the shore.

After I pulled myself together, I mustered all my strength and pushed him away from me.

A few seconds later, I was washed away by a powerful wave. That was the last time I ever saw Ashton.

...

"The chairperson of Fuller Corporation, Mr. Fuller, has shown up for the opening ceremony of Eastsummer International School. The six-year-old little boy who delivered the speech on behalf of the students resembled Mr. Fuller. The onlookers speculated he was Gregory."

When I was about to regain consciousness, I could vividly recall hearing the voice of a mysterious woman. It seemed to be a news anchor's voice.

I tried to open my eyes, but I had a hard time getting used to the shaft of strong light. Hence, I kept my eyes closed until I was ready to survey the surroundings.

The spacious ward was illuminated by sunlight. I caught a whiff of the lingering scent of the disinfectant used by the hospital.

A few nurses were huddled at the table next to the ground-to-ceiling window, discussing the content of the news they had just heard.

"Don't you think his son is going to be as handsome as him?"

“I heard his ex-spouse was the little boy’s mother! Since the little boy is already six-year-old, don’t you think they have reconciled?”

“Is that even possible? He has a fiancée, doesn’t he? Why are you bringing the past up again? A man should learn to move on.”

“That’s enough for today. Stop gossiping when it’s time to work! Hurry up and return to your respective positions! It’s time to change the solution for the drip. You better not repeat the same silly mistake you did last time.”

“Why are you so nervous? It’s not like she’s conscious!”

“Shut up! Are you supposed to say something like this as someone in the line of medicine? Stay out of this! I’ll get it changed today!”

After the group stopped bickering, the older nurse returned to the side of the bed. I couldn’t see her clearly because of my relatively blurred vision. Thus, I could only look in the direction of the nurses.

“Oh, God! Hurry up and check this out!”

“What? Did a miracle happen?”

Soon, a few nurses got in my way, blocking the single source of illumination.

“She’s regained consciousness! It’s a miracle!”

“Hurry! Get the doctor!”

I couldn't figure out the meaning behind their conversation, too overwhelmed by fatigue. After a few seconds, I fell into a deep slumber once more.

By the time I woke up, I heard a man greeting me in a hushed voice, "Letty, you're awake!"

I tried to form a complete sentence, yet I could merely ask in a barely audible voice, "Are you talking to me?"

The man who spoke narrowed his eyes and stated with a smile, "Yes! You're Scarlett! Do you remember me?"

I shook my head; I couldn't recall the man in front of me at all.

He reached over and caressed my head lightly. "If that's the case, allow me to introduce myself again. I'm your fiancé, Marcus."

"Marcus?" I repeated his name over and over again. It seemed to be a name I was familiar with.

When he approached me, I deemed it something natural; his tone and the way he carried himself gave me a sense of security. I felt at ease with the sprightly man around me.

Out of the blue, another image flashed in my mind. The man I thought of seemed to be different than the man before me; he had an intimidating presence.

I figured I must be hallucinating because it seemed impossible for the sprightly man to be such an intimidating figure.

I replied with a smile, "Hello, my beloved fiancé."

Marcus' eyes widened in disbelief when he heard my reply.

After a few seconds, his eyes started brimming with tears, behaving as though he had been longing for the title of my fiancé.

To be precise, it felt as though calling him that was a trial imposed on me.

Chapter 1405

Once Marcus gathered his thoughts, he moved away and instructed the doctor and nurses with a serious expression, "Doctor, please ensure everything is fine."

I furrowed my brows in confusion because my self-proclaimed fiancé of mine didn't seem to be pleased with my condition.

He should be glad that I had regained consciousness after the days he spent watching over me, yet his expression suggested otherwise.

The doctor couldn't be bothered by his harsh reaction. After going through a series of check-ups in the morning, he concluded that he should have kept to himself.

“According to the examination we ran, most of your physical parts have recovered. However, after drowning for such a long time after the accident, you’re going to suffer from transient global amnesia for the time being.”

I was immediately irked by the doctor’s explanation. Halfway through his explanation, my mind went completely blank, and I started playing with a strand of my hair absentmindedly.

Over the few hours of check-ups, I gave my best and tried to recall everything I used to go through with the aid of different equipment. Unfortunately, my effort was to no avail. Overwhelmed by a sense of insecurity, I knew a huge part of my life was gone.

“Can I have a moment with you?” Marcus asked my attending physician for a few minutes outside of his office. Whilst talking about my condition, the two men had serious expressions on their faces. Occasionally, they would look at me through the window, behaving differently than usual.

Suddenly, the nurse, who was about to administer me the prescribed medicine, exclaimed, “Ms. Stovall, I’m so glad you have regained consciousness! Mr. White has been keeping an eye on you over the three years you were unconscious. A lot of us consider Mr. White the perfect man, yet you’re the only one he cares about. You have no idea how envious most of us are.”

When the nurse mentioned Marcus, her cheeks flushed a deep shade of red.

Although Marcus and I were slightly older than the nurse, the man was at the prime of his life, especially in the eyes of the relatively young women. He had a well-precedented reputation of being a loyal man, so I knew a lot of people, including the nurses, had a crush on him.

Unsure of the reason behind my emotions, I couldn’t be bothered by the nurse’s remark at all. Instead of being infuriated by the nurse’s response, I responded to her statement with a smile. It felt as though I was genuinely delighted on Marcus’ behalf.

A few minutes later, Marcus entered the ward once more. Although the gentleman seemed like a trustworthy man, I couldn't shake the lingering sense of doubt I had towards him.

After he dismissed the nurse, he took a seat on the edge of the bed and served me a glass of warm water. It seemed like a routine he had gotten into.

I took the glass over and held it in my hands to keep myself warm. "Are we really engaged?"

I had a feeling that he was a close acquaintance of mine; something essential seemed to be missing between us for us to be engaged. I had a gut feeling that we weren't actually in such a relationship. He was lying to me.

Something's wrong... If Marcus is my fiancée, why do I not feel jealous at all? Not even when the nurses were gushing over him!

Smiling, Marcus asked rhetorically, "Do you think I would lie to you?"

"Y-You..." Upon recalling the fact he had been staying by my side when I was in a coma, I couldn't bear to confront him. So, I kept my concerns to myself and shook my head. "I think something happened between us. Otherwise, I'm supposed to..."

We were only engaged, yet he had been through thick and thin with me when I needed someone by my side the most. To a certain extent, he could be considered a loyal man. At the very least, I knew he wouldn't harm me.

Perhaps I don't feel anything because we're not that deeply in love with one another anymore. After all, we're both in our mid-thirties. The passionate kind of love is not for adults like us.

"Indeed, we had all sorts of conflicts when we were young. We were overly naïve back then. We almost lost one another, but the fact that we were able to make it through the challenges in our relationship

indicates that God has plans for us. He brought us together again. Perhaps it's our destiny to start all over again." Holding my hand, Marcus narrowed his eyes and asked with an affectionate grin on his face, "Will you give me another chance to take care of you for the rest of your life?"

Chapter 1406

Huh? Is this a confession?

His genuine smile took me by surprise, and I quickly shrugged all of my concerns off my mind. I grasped his hand and nodded as a tiny smile played on my lips.

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After spending another fortnight at the hospital for a series of therapies, the doctor finally agreed to discharge me from the hospital.

As it was early winter, the weather was just about right.

I put on a jacket over my patient gown and took a seat next to Marcus, who was in the driver's seat.

Irrked by my hair that was shoulder-length, I ran my fingers across it, drooping it behind my shoulders when the car was brought to a halt at the traffic light.

It took a little longer than usual for the traffic light to turn green. Bored, I wound down the window to survey the surroundings that felt familiar yet odd at the same time. "Have I always been in frail health? It feels like I have made countless trips to the hospital. I can vividly recall this particular route to the hospital.."

Marcus stared at me in the eyes. A few seconds later, he stared dead ahead and said, "I neglected you and your condition back in the day, but I won't leave you alone anymore."

His words felt like a double innuendo, but before I could probe further, he showed no signs to carry on with this conversation. Hence, I had no choice but to stop poking my nose into his business.

Suddenly, a limousine pulled over by the road. The lavish vehicle caught my attention because of its ostentatious appearance.

The passenger inside the limousine wound down the window and a mellifluous tone could be heard as a child yelled, "You're a fascist who can't even keep his word! I don't want to see you anymore!"

It was an adorable sight because the child had uttered harsh remarks that were unbecoming of the image of a child.

A few seconds later, a little boy who looked about five or six-year-old craned over and tried to jump out of the car.

The boy had relatively chubby cheeks and his hair styled up, making him seem increasingly mature as compared to his peers. The checkered suit he had put on made him seem like a miniature version of a gentleman. He had been blessed with great features, befitting his identity as the owner of the limousine.

As he was merely a step away from sneaking his way out of the car, my heart sank.

Suddenly, a gigantic hand could be seen lifting the little boy's collar and bringing him back to the car. The boy seemed like a defenseless prey that had fallen victim to a vicious predator.

When the little boy saw me, his eyes widened in disbelief. "Mommy!"

The man behind the little boy glanced at me and asked rhetorically, “Excuse me, Gregory Hall? Have you always considered your father a man with bad taste?”

The handsome man had flawless facial features that seemed to be out of this world. His abysmal pair of eyes seemed to be able to easily intimidate and seduce others according to his will.

Unsure of the reason behind the overwhelming sensation washing over my body, I had a hard time catching my breath. I could feel my heart sinking as the time flew by. I placed my hand on my heart in an attempt to catch my breath, yet it seemed to be of no avail. No matter what, I couldn't tame my rampaging emotions. In the end, I unwittingly leaned forward.

Once the traffic light started flickering green, Marcus started the car again, but he soon noticed something was wrong with me. “Are you not feeling well?”

“No, I'm fine.” I shook my head and lied, not wanting to return to the hospital.

As soon as we got on the move again, I felt so much better and returned to my usual self within a few seconds.

Perhaps it was one of the aftermaths of transient global amnesia—my emotions were flooding in and out.

After shooting another glance at the limousine, I noticed the other party had headed over in another direction. It seemed as though our paths would never cross again.

The little boy was probably blessed with an abundance of wealth the moment he was born. He'll probably be a renowned figure in the future.

Although I was an amnesiac, I could vividly recall that I wasn't a member of the upper echelon. When I recalled the man I saw, I secretly repeated his words in mind.

Have you always considered your father a man with bad taste? What did he mean by that? Do I look bad?

Most importantly, is that the way he's supposed to talk to his son?

Can a woman really stand a man with such an intimidating look and an arrogant manner?

Chapter 1407

As I thought about it, I turned around and looked at Marcus next to me.

As compared to the indifferent man from before, Marcus, who was gentle and kind, seemed to be the perfect candidate for me to spend the rest of my life with.

After a moment, Marcus opened his mouth, feeling awkward under my stare. He asked, "Why are you looking at me?"

I shrugged and replied with a smile, "It's nothing. I just think you're a reliable man."

Marcus's eyes flickered at my compliment. He seemed surprised by the compliment that had come out of nowhere. "I see..."

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We soon pulled over in front of the gate of the White residence.

“We’re home.” After Marcus made sure the car was switch off, he leaned over to unfasten the seatbelt on my behalf.

I subconsciously inched away from him, not used to such an overly intimate interaction. “I can unfasten it myself.”

Marcus stared at me wide-eyed before returning to his seat. “O-Okay...”

Although I was against the idea of being overly intimate with the man, I couldn’t help but remind myself that he was the one who loved me wholeheartedly and stayed with me through thick and thin.

The conflicting thoughts in my mind almost drove me nuts. I sprinted out of the car and stood at the entrance, trying to catch my breath.

It had been a fortnight since I regained consciousness. Apart from our last intimate interaction in the hospital, I couldn’t get used to it anymore after returning to my senses.

The feeling had morphed into an instinctive response to the extent I couldn’t stand him anywhere near me. I couldn’t possibly lie to myself and force myself into submission.

“Have you recalled anything?”

Marcus’ question snapped me out of my train of thoughts.

When I turned around, I noticed that he had moved to come right next to me.

I shrugged my shoulders and replied with a self-deprecating smirk, "Nah, my mind is still completely blank."

Unbothered by my response, he showed me the way into the house. "It's fine. Let's take it one step at a time."

The villa had a retro theme and was furnished with all sorts of retrospective items. A majority of the house's furniture was made out of wood. A phonograph could be seen in the middle of the living room, giving the entire house a touch of the olden days.

Marcus showed me the way to a spacious room on the first floor. In the room sat a huge window with a wound-up curtain that allowed the entire room to be illuminated with sunlight.

It felt great to be in the room with such a comfortable setting, but when I saw the spacious bed in the middle of the room, I felt myself grow stupefied again.

Though I was glad to be away from the ward full of the lingering scent of antiseptic, I was beginning to feel afraid of the intimate session between Marcus and I that was about to come.

Marcus seemed to be aware of my concerns. He quickly stated, "I'll be staying right next door. Call me if you need anything. We'll talk about everything else once you have gotten used to living here."

I immediately felt a sense of relief and grew even fonder of the detail-oriented man.

Smiling, I replied, "Okay."

Marcus responded in a similar manner and retrieved a remote control from a nearby cabinet. Pointing at the LED television, he asked, "Do you remember this?"

Embarrassed by his question, I asked, "Isn't this an ordinary television..."

I had merely lost my memories, not my mind. Therefore, I could still tell a television apart from other things.

Marcus chuckled and stated, "I'm just fooling around to see if you're still sane."

Soon, he switched on the television and started browsing through different channels.

When he browsed through a financial news channel, the news anchor announced, "Mr. Fuller from Fuller Corporation..."

He was about to browse another channel, yet he stopped and turned around, looking at me dead in the eyes.

The news was about the charity auction Ashton had taken part in. The man in a checkered suit carried himself in a confidential manner that made him seem superior to others.

Marcus must have stopped browsing through the channels available because I had my eyes glued to the television. He looked at the television and asked, "Shouldn't you be interested in the legal channels instead?"

"Why?" I asked without a second thought. When I recalled something, I added, "I saw this man when we were at the junction on our way back from the hospital. His car was right next to ours."

As soon as I recalled Ashton's intimidating gaze, I felt a chill running down my spine, yet I couldn't move my eyes away from the television.