

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1408-1412

Chapter 1408

Perhaps the few seconds of interaction at the junction wasn't enough. God seemed to have arranged the show to satisfy my curiosity.

However, as compared to meeting him in person, he wasn't as handsome as when he was on screen.

Marcus seemed to have something in mind. He muttered, "Really? I wasn't aware of it..."

After he finished his sentence, the news anchor carried on with the interviews with other corporate players.

"His son resembles him a lot, yet Ashton addressed him as Gregory Hall as though they're not biologically related..." I started chuckling when I recalled the interaction between the little boy and the man.

I had a hard time figuring out the reason behind the little boy being addressed with another family name different from his father's.

"Ashton has been the paparazzi's favorite target over the past few weeks. According to the news, the court ruled that he has custody over his son, while the custody over his daughter

belongs to their children's mother. Nonetheless, none of them have verified the rumor." Throughout his orated speech, Marcus wouldn't stop sizing me up. He seemed to be anticipating something from me.

Confused by his reaction, I expressed my point of view from the perspective of an onlooker. "Is he a celebrity? Why has his personal life piqued the interest of the public?"

Although the man was slightly older than the top-notch celebrities, his gorgeous look would allow him to garner the attention required. Thus, it wouldn't be much of a surprise for him to make it to the headlines.

Marcus stared dead ahead and said blankly, "Fuller Corporation has dominated the real estate industry after acquiring the support of an anonymous magnate a few years ago. As of now, he's the wealthiest man in the country."

I gaped at Marcus' reply and asked, "Have I just missed the chance to take a photo with the wealthiest man of the country?"

He chuckled in return, behaving as though my response was his sole source of joy. Shortly, he continued sharing the news regarding Ashton and Fuller Corporation with me.

To my surprise, I wasn't bored by the news.

I considered it just another success story of a corporation and expressed my respect for the exceptional prodigy.

After Marcus shared everything with me, I directed a tricky question at him. "Why hasn't he gotten married to his fiancée when his child is already six-year-old? Shouldn't he get married as

soon as possible? Could it be the rumors weren't mere rumors? Is Ashton just fooling around with his fiancée?"

As a woman, I was also a natural-born busybody. I had heard all sorts of rumors regarding Ashton's relationship during my time at the hospital.

His previous marriage had ended up with a divorce. Thora, his new fiancée, was a renowned corporate figure as well.

The woman was on par with him in terms of look and wealth, yet they hadn't brought their relationship to the next level. That was more than enough to prove Ashton was a jerk.

Marcus cleared his throat to suppress his urge to laugh at my seemingly hilarious and sarcastic statement. "I guess we'll never know because this is their personal affairs. We're not really in a position to comment either."

"I guess you're right. Things work differently for those from the upper echelon. We should stop wasting our time on this, seeing as to how it has nothing to do with us. I'm just sharing my opinion with you because I have no one else to talk to."

At the mention of that, hollowness came flooding out again. I suddenly recalled how I couldn't seem to remember a single close acquaintance of mine.

Marcus had always been a detail-oriented man. Thus, he noticed that I had things weighing on my mind again. "You need to give yourself a break and take your time to reflect on your past. I'll always be here for you."

To be honest, I was glad to have him by my side.

Nonetheless, his companionship couldn't get rid of the odd sensation irritating me. I knew it would go on and on until I could get rid of it once and for all.

Suddenly, I piped another question, "Do I have any other friends in K City?"

I spent the last fortnight at the hospital, but no one dropped by to visit me. It's not my fault for not having friends, right?

Maybe they're not aware I have regained consciousness, but it's fine! I can always pay them a visit to regain my memories!

Marcus seemed to have foreseen my plan. He deadpanned his reply, "We used to fight a lot and spent most of our time apart from one another. You hated it whenever I tried to poke my nose into your business."

Chapter 1409

I arched my brows in confusion because our relationship had turned out to be far worse than I had imagined.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to consider it broken beyond repair because it must be an intense fight and a serious situation for me to take such extreme countermeasures to shut him out from my life.

Marcus told me about how I had gone abroad on my own after I brought up the request to break up. By the time he reached the hospital, I was there on my own without any companions.

Although my physical condition had improved, my mental health was far from being fine; I could merely recall the time I spent with the doctor and nurses.

“It will be fine. Let’s take it one step at a time. The doctor said staying positive will help with regaining your memories.” Marcus placed his hand on my shoulder to console me. “Since you have been consuming tasteless food for so long, I’ll bring you out for something good.”

“Sounds great!” I said joyfully, not wanting to cause Marcus any more trouble.

Although we could barely consider ourselves a couple, I could feel that Marcus had no intention to harm me. Instead, I was almost certain I was his sole priority.

Since I had promised him to start all over again, it wouldn’t be wise to rush things through.

...

Marcus brought me to a Ferropenian restaurant.

“Why don’t you go ahead and see if there’s anything you’re craving? The chef has been headhunted from a globally renowned eatery.”

“Mmm...” I took over the menu and started perusing the dishes available.

There were all sorts of delicate-looking delicacies, yet none of them seemed particularly appetizing. I had a different comfort food in mind.

Suddenly, the restaurant turned lively out of the blue when a family of about seven or eight walked into the restaurant.

“Have you reserved a table?”

“Since there are not many guests, let’s just sit wherever we want.”

“Can we sit next to the window to enjoy the great scenery?”

As they engaged themselves in a conversation, they took a seat at the table opposite ours.

Upon a simple glance, I caught a glimpse of a man’s flickering eyes.

The sprightly young man seemed to be in his late twenties. His pair of aquatic blue eyes could easily charm another woman around his age.

.Those who would show up at that restaurant were members of the upper echelon. Judging by his clothes, I was certain he was from a renowned family.

The man gaped at my presence for a few seconds before moving his eyes away from me. It took him quite some time to snap out of confusion.

After he returned to his senses, he walked over in my direction, accidentally bumping into a waiter on the way. He got himself drenched in coffee, the result of him being overly anxious.

The waiter immediately tried to wipe the coffee off the man and apologized, “I’m so sorry, Sir!”

“It’s fine.” The man waved nonchalantly, his eyes still glued to me. “Y-You’re alive?”

Overwhelmed by my presence, he could barely form a complete sentence. It took him another few seconds to calm himself down. “Scarlett, why haven’t you gotten in touch with Emery when you’re in K City?”

I asked with a frown, “Do I know you?”

I was at least half a decade older than the man in front of me. Never would I have thought I would mingle with a man with a complicated background.

Although I couldn’t recall most parts of my life, upon a simple glance through the menu, I was certain I had grown up in a relatively simple household because the dishes weren’t my go-to foods.

I couldn’t have frequented a Ferropenian restaurant when it took me luck to encounter the wealthiest man of the country, let alone being acquainted with this wealthy-looking heir in front of me.

It would take more than mutual feelings to befriend another person because the differences between backgrounds could be a pain in the ass.

“Y-You...” The man frowned and asked in a serious tone, “I’m Alexander! What’s wrong with you? Are you indicating that I look just like another person on the streets?”

He was speaking at the top of his lungs, seemingly irked. I wondered if it was because I couldn’t recall who he was. Perhaps it was because I couldn’t be bothered by his self-proclaimed attractive looks?

After another few seconds of confrontation, I muttered his name to myself, yet I couldn’t recall anything about him.

All of a sudden, Marcus' voice could be heard, coming from behind the young man. He deadpanned his request, "Sir, please leave her alone."

It wasn't Marcus' fault for misunderstanding Alexander's intentions. The latter had indeed gotten overly worked up and surrounded me with his arms on the table. On top of that, the waiter was running around, looking a complete mess, making it seemed as though we had just fought.

Chapter 1410

Alexander, now irritated by Marcus' confrontation, turned around and scowled, "Who the hell are you?"

An intense fight was about to break out because Alexander was on the verge of losing his cool after Marcus warned him to stay away from me.

After Marcus checked on me and ensured everything was fine, he answered, "I'm her friend. What about you?"

"Oh! What a coincidence! I'm her friend too!" As a foreigner, Alexander was slightly taller than Marcus. He tucked his arm and announced with his chest held high, "I'm her best friend's boyfriend! I don't need to introduce myself anymore, right?"

Marcus narrowed his eyes and replied indifferently, "She's my fiancée."

"Y-You..." Alexander's cheeks reddened in wrath. He could barely suppress his emotions anymore. "Stop lying! I have never heard of Scarlett being engaged to another man!"

“I’m pretty sure there are plenty of things you have never heard of. I think I should inform you that I have been keeping her company over the past few years.”

Marcus spoke nonchalantly, yet he made himself clear he was superior to Alexander in terms of his relationship with me.

I was sitting in between the two men, so things quickly grew awkward for me. I couldn’t see why they started getting worked up over a trivial issue.

“Y-You—” Alexander was rendered speechless by Marcus’ reply. Hence, he asked me, “Scarlett, is he telling the truth? Have you been spending time with him when you were gone all this while?”

Although I was confused by the reason he had gotten overly worked up, I nodded and said, “Marcus has been taking care of me.”

Alexander furrowed his brows in silence, obviously having a hard time accepting the truth.

“I—”

“It’s time for her to have her meal because she’s currently not in her prime. If there’s nothing else, please keep everything you have in mind for the next time you see her.”

I was about to carry on with the conversation, yet Marcus chased him away.

The spacious restaurant seemed to be relatively stuffed because of them as things got increasingly intense.

One of Alexander’s companions approached him and queried with a vicious smirk, “Alexander, is this your girlfriend?”

“No! She’s an old friend of mine!” Alexander replied in a petulant manner and warned the woman, “Hold it right there, Mom! I know what’s going on in your mind, but no! Nothing is going on between us!”

“If nothing’s going on, why have you gotten so worked up? You just behaved as if your girlfriend had turned her back against you.” His mother directed the rhetorical question at him, yet she had her eyes glued to me.

It was evident that it was a warning to get me to stay away from her son. She must have driven countless women away from her son in a similar manner before.

“Mom, you need to stop stirring things up! Please leave us alone. I’ll explain everything once I’m back.”

Alexander was embarrassed by his mother’s confrontation. He had no choice but to bring her back to their table. Prior to his departure, he stated pointedly, “Scarlett, please get in touch with Emery soon!”

Emery? That sounds like a woman’s name. Is she a close acquaintance of mine?

I thought Alexander would share the details with me, but he stopped interacting with me throughout our meal. Perhaps it was because he didn’t want his mother to overthink things.

When we departed, the Zimmerman family was merely halfway through their meal.

After we returned to the parking lot, Marcus paused and started running his hands across his pockets.

I asked, “What’s wrong?”

“I think I might have left my keys behind. I’ll head upstairs and retrieve it. Stay right here and wait for me.”

Not wanting to be alone and bored, I suggested, “I’ll go along with you.”

“Nah, I’ll be back before you know it.” Marcus tapped on my shoulder and sprinted in the direction of the elevator the moment he finished his sentence.

It took him twenty minutes to return from a trip that was supposed to be made within five minutes. By the time he showed up, I had long leaned against the car, trying to keep myself awake.

I had recovered, but the insane amount of prescribed medication I had to consume every day made me sleepy from time to time.

Marcus rushed over and chided me gently, “We’ll be home in a short while. Try to keep yourself awake until then because it’s not good for your neck to sleep in the car.”

“Mmm...” I nodded and forced myself to stay awake. When I recalled the incident at the restaurant, I asked, “Is Alexander a close acquaintance of mine?”

Chapter 1411

“Maybe? Why don’t you try to think about it?” Marcus kept his eyes on the road as he drove.

“You mean you don’t know him?” I was startled by his answer as I had come to the conclusion that Marcus and Alexander had not been on good terms ever since a long time ago.

“That was my first time encountering him. Therefore, I can’t be sure if he was telling the truth. After all, we were separated for a long time. We only have a few friends in mutual.”

I thought we used to have a superficial relationship where we would pretend to be lovely in front of one another’s friends and families. To my surprise, it was the exact opposite.

On top of that, I was surprised by how Marcus seemed to be aware of the things I had in mind. “C-Can you tell?”

“Currently, you’re not much different from an elementary school student. It’s not tough to read you—all it takes is a little effort and some time.”

It was an answer to my question, yet he stared dead ahead of him instead of looking at me in the eyes.

I could see his side profile from my point of view. He was relatively unfazed.

All of a sudden, he turned around and looked at me in the eyes. “You need to tell me if you’re touched. Miscommunication was the reason we were apart from one another for so long.”

My lips curved upwards when I heard his reply. Placing my hands in front of my chest, I announced, “It feels not half bad.”

He narrowed his eyes to a slit and smiled in return.

...

When I got downstairs for breakfast the next day, I noticed that Marcus had long departed.

I spent my time in the courtyard reading and enjoying the sun. When it was around ten o'clock, he showed up with his bag and took a seat next to me, carrying on with his work.

Just as the maid served us a plate of fruits, Marcus received a call. He headed over to the nearby corridor to answer the call. Occasionally, he would turn around to check on me.

Suddenly, the maid pointed at the milk in front of me and suggested, "Ms. Stovall, you should hurry up and finish the milk when it's still warm."

Since the maids had been pretty friendly, I picked up the glass of milk and gulped it down without a second thought.

When I was about to place the glass on the table, I noticed a note there. The maid looked at me and wouldn't stop signaling me to pick it up with her eyes.

I knew the things she had in mind and stuffed the note into my pocket without hesitation.

After I placed it in my pocket, I took a peek at Marcus, who happened to be on his way back to take his seat next to me.

"Is there something on my face?" he questioned.

"Nope." After I answered his question, I stretched my limbs and yawned. "I'm quite sleepy. I'm going to head inside and take a short nap."

I had no idea who had acquired the maid's aid to deliver the message to me, let alone the content of the note. Thus, I was afraid to check on the note in front of Marcus.

Afraid he would notice something was wrong, I trudged back to my room. The moment I entered the room, I rushed into the washroom and locked the door before digging the piece of note out.

I arched my brows in confusion when I read the contents. Apart from a single phrase, there wasn't anything else on the piece of paper.

Meet me at The Jade at nine o'clock. I'll be waiting for you in room 608!

The person hadn't bothered to include a message to earn my trust, but the neat and tidy handwriting made me feel somewhat at ease to follow the instruction.

On top of that, The Jade seemed to ring a bell as well.

After muttering to myself, I tore the note into countless pieces and flushed them down the toilet.

When I walked out of the washroom, I encountered Marcus, who happened to be walking into the room. He looked at me with a straight face, but I started breathing heavily, guilt washing over me.

"I respect your privacy. Therefore, you don't need to lock the door when you're merely going to use the washroom." He must have heard the clicking sound of the door being unlocked.

"I guess it has always been a habit of mine."

His eyes flickered as though he recalled something, but he didn't seem to doubt my words. "Maybe you're right. You're free to do anything that makes you happy, but I hope you open up and make yourself at home."

I shrugged my shoulders and forced a calm front, replying nonchalantly, "I'll be fine. After all, you have been taking great care of me."

Chapter 1412

To my surprise, Marcus wrapped up the conversation and responded with a thought-provoking smirk.

It might be a baseless accusation, but it felt as though he didn't have much faith in me.

...

After our dinner, I returned to my room way ahead of my usual schedule and pretended to fall asleep.

All this while, Marcus had been adjusting his schedule based on mine. Therefore, after an hour of me pretending to tuck myself in, he switched off the light of his room.

The maid who had passed me the note seemed to be anticipating my arrival—I saw her waiting for me at the entrance to the courtyard the moment I walked downstairs.

“Ms. Stovall, this way!”

I had made up my mind to meet the person behind the note, so I stopped doubting her and tiptoed my way out of the villa.

Once I made my way out, a nearby car beamed its headlamps, signaling me to get into it.

When I marched over, I was shocked because a sense of familiarity struck me when I saw the vehicle registration plate.

Thus, I stopped holding back and sprinted over because I was afraid Marcus would get in my way and stop me.

On our way to The Jade, I had been wondering if the upcoming session had something to do with my encounter with Alexander at the Ferropenian restaurant.

I was way skinnier than I used to be. Therefore, I had a relatively different look from my previous self. No one could possibly tell me apart when I had merely been out for a few hours.

After I alighted from the car, I noticed that the other party had already gotten everything ready.

Someone had been anticipating my arrival at the entrance of the hotel. Once I arrived, he showed me the way to room 608.

It was a spacious room that was the size of two ordinary dining rooms. The room had a modern contemporary design that could enable the guests to enjoy themselves on top of mere dining experiences. When I was on my way there, the waiter told me it was an exclusive dining room limited to a few important guests only.

Thus, I knew the person who had been anticipating my arrival was a member of the upper echelon.

Shortly after I made my way in, I heard the sound of the door being opened after my walk around in the room.

Someone with a pair of high heels seemed to have entered the room with a trolley.

A few seconds later, a child's mellifluous voice could be heard, expressing his frustration. "Stop meddling with my affairs! I know what I'm doing!"

“Gregory, can you please put everything aside when we’re dining? Haven’t I repeated myself over and over again? You need to focus on the things you’re doing and take everything seriously!” The woman made herself clear in a serious manner. It was evident she truly cared about the child.

The child pouted his lips and rebuked, “No! I’m not you! I need something interesting to go along with the meal!”

Perhaps because he was way too young—he couldn’t express himself and put his thoughts into proper sentences.

After her first announcement, the woman raised her volume and repeated herself, “Gregory Hall! I want you to put your tablet aside!”

Unfortunately, the child went dead silent and dismissed the woman’s instruction.

That prompted the woman to yell, “Now!”

“Hmph! You’re not my mother! What makes you think you have the right to control me?”

As they started bickering, the scene of a lovely mother and son duo crossed my mind. I felt bad for the woman, but I couldn’t hold back my laughter and started chuckling in silence.

I knew it was better for an outsider to stay out of their affair. Since I was right at their blind spot, I inched away and took cover behind the wall.

Suddenly, muffled sounds of steps could be heard, and the child let out a sharp cry, “Hey!”

Similarly, the woman greeted, “Ashton.” It turned out that the wealthiest man in the country was there.

Ashton ignored them and instructed the child, "You're supposed to address me as your father."

In spite of having a wall in between us, I could feel Ashton's frustration. The child, who could barely express his thoughts, caved into his instructions and greeted, "Daddy!"

A few seconds after he made a silly face and stuck his tongue out, he ran away from the man he called his father as though he was afraid his father would teach him a lesson.

Surprisingly, his father paid no heed to him and allowed him to run away.

A few seconds later, the woman's gentle voice could be heard, suggesting in a sincere manner, "Ashton, it has been two months since our last meal together. Please let me spend some time with Gregory."