

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 156

The amusement look on his face disappeared as his brows pinched together in a deep frown again. "Scarlett, is divorce such a trivial thing to you?"

I lowered my gaze. Trivial? Nothing could ever be trivial when it has something to do with Rebecca.

He pulled me into the car and started the engine.

The entire journey was silent. Nobody said a word.

When we pulled up in front of the villa, his phone rang. I remained in my seat and simply looked at him.

As he glanced at the ID flashing on his phone screen, his brows knitted tightly together.

"We're home. Rest up and don't think too much." With a flick of his fingertip, he swiped across the screen and hung up the call. He looked at me, and there was a glint of gentleness in his eyes. "There was nothing between me and her from the start, and there will be nothing still in the future."

I pursed my lips and stared back at him, noticing the subtle flicker of conflict in his eyes. How could there be nothing when he had cared for her so much back then?

He pulled me into his embrace. "Stop thinking about it. You are my wife and the person I will spend the rest of my life with." The way he was patting my back felt comforting, but I couldn't help noticing the slight hint of helplessness in his voice.

He carried me into the bedroom and gave me a peck on my forehead. "I need to head back to the office now. I'll try to come home a bit earlier tonight."

I pursed my lips at the thought of him leaving so abruptly. "You're going to see her, aren't you?" I tugged at his shirt.

He let out a chuckle. "Do you think your husband has nothing better to do and has so much time to spare?"

I gave up questioning him. "Fine, leave then," I said as I turned toward the window and retracted my hand.

Even if he really is going to see her, it would be pointless to demand an answer from him if he wanted to hide it from me.

With a faint sigh, he walked out and left the house.

It was an exhausting day. Before long, my consciousness faded into darkness as I drifted off to sleep.

The doctor's words about how my emotions would affect the child still rang clearly in my head. I stayed in the villa for the next few days, spending most of the time reading a book and going for occasional walks outside.

Ashton would accompany me on my walks almost every day for an hour. He would carry me if I ended up too tired to walk back into the house.

My emotions had been on a roller coaster ride. Thankfully, he was tolerant whenever I lost it and yelled at him.

It eventually bored me out, so I gave up yelling after a couple of times.

We had agreed to go out for another walk on the weekend.

But when the morning came, my entire body felt so heavy that I decided to sleep in instead. As such, Ashton had no choice but to stay home with me.

Mrs. Eriksen had left earlier with a fully loaded baggage. She had wanted to pay a visit back to her hometown that day.

I was drifting in between hazy dreams when the doorbell's incessant buzzing dragged my mind back into reality. Ashton got off the bed and pulled me up. "You should get ready and eat something soon. Let's go for a walk after this," he said and left to open the door.

It was already noon. A growl of hunger came from my empty stomach.

I dragged my feet into the bathroom, leaving the unknown guest to Ashton.

I couldn't remember how long it took for me to clean up and get ready for the day. But my mind was fully awakened when a series of wails and screams greeted my ears as I stepped out of the bedroom. My eyes traced downstairs toward the source of the commotion.

It was Rebecca. Dressed in a long white dress with her hair tied up in a loose bun, she looked almost like a young teenage girl.

Her ruined makeup had stained her tear-stricken face. What could Ashton have said to her that made her bawl her eyes out like this?

Should I even get myself involved in this? I hesitated for a second on the stairs and was about to walk back up toward the bedroom when Ashton suddenly called out to me.

"If you're done washing up, come down and have some food!"

I peeked downstairs. Ashton was looking up at me with an indifferent expression, while Rebecca shifted her resentful glare onto me with her red, swollen eyes.

There was no turning back and hiding my presence. With an inaudible sigh, I proceeded downstairs and into the dining hall as softly as I could.

I could hear Rebecca's voice from the living room. There was no doubt she raised her volume on purpose. "Scarlett is just an orphan with nothing to offer you! How can she possibly help you with Fuller Corporation's future expansion? On the other hand, I have everything that you need! My mother and the Moore family, all these resources could be yours and they'll be useful for your family business."

She wasn't wrong. Regardless of how excellent a person was, financial resources and influential connections would always be a crucial stepping stone toward success.

A combination of Cameron Anderson and Zachary Moore would be an almost perfect deal.

As I sat in the dining room sipping on my soup, my appetite gradually faded because the soup was too sweet for me. Just then, Ashton's voice echoed, "Rebecca, if I'm the kind of person that would leave my family behind for the things you offer me, that just means that I will leave you behind one day when there's a better offer from someone else."

"It doesn't matter even if you leave me one day!" Rebecca sobbed. "I love you. I'm willing to let you go then if something better really comes your way!"

Ashton maintained his volume, but there was a mild hint of anger. "But it matters to me. I won't simply leave a person for another. I will only marry one woman throughout my life, and Scarlett is the one I've chosen."

"But you don't even love her!" she shrieked. "A marriage that wasn't founded on love won't work out in the end! You and your child are going to suffer if you stay on in this relationship!"

"Rebecca, listen to me." Ashton's tone became colder. "This marriage is mine, it's up to me and Scarlett to handle it. I don't need anyone to intervene. The only reason I took care of you was because your brother had entrusted you to me, hoping that you'd carry on and live a proper life. Right now, you've already found your parents who love and care for you, while I have my own family to take care of."

He paused for a split second and added, "I need you to behave yourself and not hurt my family in any way. If you're unable to do that, then I'm afraid there's no need for us to see each other anymore."

"No need to see each other anymore, you said?" she whimpered, her faltering voice mixed with surprise and disbelief. "Ash... Don't tell me you've actually fallen in love with her?"

My jaw nearly dropped at that. Rebecca's question was surprising, but the way Ashton talked to her that day was even more shocking. He had always been an honest and straightforward man. As such, I could tell that his attitude toward her really have changed.

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I almost choke on my soup when I heard Ashton answering her, "Yes!"

He fell in love with me? I must have heard it wrongly...

Rebecca continued at the top of her voice, "That's impossible! What you feel toward her is nothing but a sense of guilt and responsibility, not love! She's been by your side for two years after all, not to mention she's pregnant with your child now..."

Ashton was never a smooth talker, so when he saw that Rebecca was throwing her tantrum, he uttered flatly, "That's enough, Rebecca. Go back with Joe!"

He had probably kept his voice low the whole time to avoid disturbing me as much as possible. Soon, the doorbell rang again, and there came Joe.

Rebecca wailed and flailed about as Joe dragged her out of the villa.

As soon as everything quietened down, Ashton came into the dining hall. I was almost done eating by then. He looked at me with tired eyes as he pinched his brows. "How's breakfast?"

The food wasn't bad, so I nodded. "Did you not sleep well last night?"

Smiling wearily, he sat beside me and pulled me into his embrace. His chin rested upon my shoulder. "Do you have any plans for the evening?"

I paused a little before answering him, "I might be going out for a bit. I haven't managed to spend time with Macy these few days ever since she came back. I'm thinking I should pay her a visit."

I knew that Jackson should have arrived in J City by now. But there was no need to tell Ashton about this yet. It's not like I was having a fatal illness anyway.

"Okay," he murmured, looking somewhat upset. "Looks like I'll have to be home alone today."

I reached out and grabbed onto his hand. "Ashton..." I slowly looked up. "Whatever you said to Rebecca just now, are they for real?"

When his gaze met mine, I could see my own image reflecting off his clear eyes vividly. "Have I ever lied to you?"

"Okay then. Let's get along properly from this day onward!" Whether love truly existed between us or not, nothing weighed more in a marriage than a man's responsibility.

I wasn't exactly sure about how Ashton felt toward me, but I was certain that he would be responsible toward me and our child. He wasn't one to give up on things so easily.

And that alone was good enough for me.

We spent the next few moments chilling in the living room before I left. It surely felt like there was less space in the car as my belly grew bigger, though it still hadn't affected my driving.

Traveling to the airport straight from the villa gave me just enough time to arrive at three o'clock, which was the scheduled arrival of Jackson's flight.

At the arrival hall, the man who came into view looked like a different person. I froze for a millisecond. How did he suddenly grow so much taller from a previous height of one hundred and seventy centimeters?

The twenty-something young man was dressed fashionably. Amidst the summer heat, he donned a pair of knee-length grey shorts with a blue checkered shirt that had been trending lately. His shades were positioned perfectly above his sharp nose bridge. He strode with confidence while his moderate-length hair swayed with the wind, looking like a stylish model on a runway.

"Hello there, Babe! It's been a while." Before I could react, my body was crushed beneath the embrace of this man who now spanned a height of around a hundred eighty centimeters.

"Long time no see! How did you shoot up so much?" As we parted, the close-up view of him was even more impressive. Time really flew by quickly... The Jackson I had known back then didn't even look so charming!

His appearance had changed so much. With how he styled himself up now, I would say he could easily be on par with celebrities.

He pinched my cheeks teasingly and grinned. "I'm what they called a late bloomer. Who knows? I might still continue to get taller after this growth spurt!"

It was almost unbelievable that I had to look up at him while talking. I pursed my lips. "You're going to get classified as a giant if you get any taller than this!"

Soon, we got onto the car and he glanced around. "Why isn't Macy here to greet me? Don't tell me she already went looking for another man!"

I couldn't help but let out a laugh. This guy was still as cheeky as ever. "You'll get to see her in a moment! She went ahead of us to the restaurant to book a table."

"That could've been settled with just a phone call!" he groaned while securing his seatbelt. The corner of his eye twitched slightly as his gaze fell upon my belly. "Should I drive the car instead?"

I lifted an eyebrow. "Do you even know the way?"

He shook his head nonchalantly. "Nope!"

"That's unfortunate then," I teased back as I turned the key in the ignition. "I've booked a four-star hotel for you. So just enjoy yourself to the fullest in J City for the next few days!"

"But I don't want to stay in a hotel," he grumbled. "Aren't you married to a rich guy? Macy said your husband's the CEO of a listed company. I'm sure your house is as big as a five-hundred-square-meters villa!"

With a smirk, I shot a glance at this busybody. "My husband is somebody you know. In fact, you've even written an article to criticize him back then."

His eyes widened at the revelation. "Ashton Fuller?"

I smiled and nodded. The memory of when we were still in college started to play in my mind. Back then, Ashton had just inherited Fuller Corporation. As a twenty-eight-year-old at that time, he was deemed by many to be too young to take over the management of such a large-scale conglomerate.

Moreover, Ashton had immediately expanded the company's portfolio soon after he assumed the role of its leader. As such, he had become a sensation within the corporate world. Many students in J City University were discussing about him on online forums and praising this nouveau corporate leader for his extraordinary wisdom and talent.

Jackson, on the other hand, had published an analysis on how Fuller Corporation would eventually meet its demise in the hands of Ashton. He had even listed ten reasons in that article.

In the end, the article made the headlines of J City's news at one point in time.

It was said that the Fullers had approached Jackson in private as the news circulated widely. Nobody knew what happened behind the scenes, but Jackson eventually published an apology letter on the internet shortly after.

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His body was limp in the passenger seat as he said weakly, "What kind of ill fate is this? I couldn't even run from it!"

I broke into laughter. "There are empty rooms in my house. If you don't like to stay at hotels, you can come and stay at my house."

"Hang on," he said while shaking his head. "I still want to live for a few more years. I'll think of something."

We talked about what had happened over these years on our way. He then furrowed his brows and said, "Why don't you want to tell Ashton about your kidnapping? It'll be much easier if you ask him to investigate compared to when you do it yourself."

There wasn't anything I had to hide since it was about treating an illness. "Ashton and Rebecca's relationship still confuses me sometimes. If she's really the one behind this, I'm afraid that I'll just be digging a grave for myself. I might as well just investigate on my own as a precaution."

"Damn it!" Feeling frustrated, he said, "How did you become so miserable after getting married? I don't see any good in your luxurious life at all."

It really wasn't.

Not long after that, we arrived at the restaurant.

After parking the car, we got down and entered the restaurant. Macy had arrived earlier and found us a table. Upon seeing us, she waved her hand and called out, "Here! I'm here."

Jackson flashed a smile before saying, "Babe! I'm here!" His words caught the attention of many of the customers.

The man was good-looking and he was wearing sunglasses. He looked just like a celebrity in the restaurant.

A few women were discussing among themselves. "He's so good-looking. Is he a celebrity?"

"I don't know. He's either a celebrity or a model. But the woman beside him is pregnant so he's probably a married man."

"That might be it. As expected, all the good men are always taken."

"It's such a pity."

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Once I sat down, Jackson nudged me and said while looking at Macy and me, "Did you hear that? It's not embarrassing to come out with me, right?"

Macy pursed her lips and rolled her eyes. "Don't be such a narcissist. It's like walking a monkey around with everyone watching us. So troublesome!"

"Tsk." Her words made him unhappy. "We haven't met in a few years. Don't you have anything nicer to say?"

"Alright, alright," I said. "Both of you quarrelsome people just have to fight even when we're out to eat, don't you?"

Both of them glared at each other but said nothing after that.

They had always argued with each other since the moment they met. This was how some people got along. After all, there were so many different kinds of people in this world.

"Huh?" Jackson stared at the entrance in confusion in the middle of our meal.

Macy took one look at him and said blankly, "What is it, monkey? Did you see one of your own kind?"

"Shut up if you've nothing nice to say," he huffed. Then, he added while glancing at the entrance, "I saw someone I know."

Feeling curious, I turned to look. It was indeed someone he knew, Nick Harrison. And there was a woman beside him.

It was the woman from the last time.

I turned back to Jackson and couldn't help but ask curiously, "Do you know him?"

He nodded. "Not only do I know him. Back then, I almost..."

He stopped talking halfway as he stared at the woman beside Nick. "Why does she keep tailing him like that?"

"That has nothing to do with you. Just focus on your food, will you?" Macy said as she took a piece of meat and put it in his bowl.

Jackson turned back to the table and said unappreciatively, "I don't eat meat."

"You're acting like a woman, Jackson. Are you gay?" Macy loved to irritate people whenever she was bored.

He became livid upon hearing her words but only hissed after hesitating for a moment, "You are saying I'm gay just because I don't eat meat? So are monks gay then?"

Both of them continued with their childish bickers while I turned back to look at Nick.

I noticed that he and the woman had already gotten into their seats. There was quite some distance between our tables so they couldn't really see us.

After our meal, Jackson tugged on both Macy and my arms while he said, "We should go have some fun tonight. I finally came back after such a long time, you two wouldn't just leave me in the hotel and rot there, would you?"

She became speechless at that. "What do you mean have fun? Don't you see that we're both pregnant? Dragging two pregnant women out with you..."

"Oh damn! Two pregnant women? Since when did you get pregnant, Macy? Who's the baby's father?"

Jackson's voice was quite loud since he was a bit excited.

It attracted the attention of those sitting by the neighboring table. I quickly hinted at him to lower his voice and said, "I'm pregnant which means she is also pregnant. We're both pregnant. You know how we're like conjoined twins. Don't think too much about it."

The thing was Macy didn't want to let anyone know.

She heaved a sigh of relief when she heard what I said. Then, she said to Jackson, "It's such a shame if you don't become an editor with a brain like yours."

"What the f**k!" he cried. "You're the one who's not using your brain when talking, alright?"

The sky was getting dark by the time we exited the restaurant. My phone was running out of battery but Jackson kept tugging on my arms as he said in a babyish voice, "Come on, you girls. Please, can we just go have some fun for a little while before we go back?"

Macy was dumbfounded. "Gosh, stop dilly-dallying. Scarlett is pregnant now! How is she supposed to go partying with you?"

He smacked his lips in response. "Is there a rule which says that pregnant women can't party? It'll be fine if she doesn't drink. Besides, there are some things that she has to talk about now that I'm here. It's going to harm the baby if she keeps everything in her heart and not talk it out."

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Macy froze for a moment before looking at me. "How about we go and chat for a bit?"

I nodded and put my phone back into my pocket. "I don't think bars or karaoke clubs are suitable. The smell of tobacco and alcohol is too strong. Let's go to a café."

"No way. What kind of café opens so late at night? Let's just go to the hotel I'm staying at." Jackson said. With that said, he dragged us into the car and added, "There were times when three of us used to sleep in the same bed back then. What's there to be embarrassed about?"

Macy shrugged as she didn't think there was anything wrong with it.

Well, it was true. We didn't have money during our college days. Whenever we went out on a vacation, we'd try to save money by cramming in the same room. Three of us had been friends for such a long time that Macy and I see Jackson as a friend and nothing more than that.

He started driving after turning on the navigator and he kept on chattering throughout the way there.

Macy found him annoying and didn't bother with him anymore. She closed her eyes and slept but I listened quietly. He took a glance at me and said, "The most obvious symptoms of depression are feeling dejected, and those who have it wouldn't sleep when it's time to sleep and vice versa. They'd feel indifferent most of the time and wouldn't be interested in anything..."

I started to feel frustrated as he continued to talk so I changed the topic, "Have you settled down in M Country? Are you planning on a long-term career development there?"

"Of course not!" His hands remained on the steering wheel when we stopped at a traffic light. "I've finished my studies on psychology and I'm preparing to return to K City. I plan to open up a clinic and live there."

I knew that K City was Jackson's hometown. After pausing for a moment, I asked, "Are you planning to stay now that you're back?"

He shook his head and replied, "I still have to get back to M Country after I know what has happened to you. There are still some things I have to settle there."

He stopped the car once we arrived at the hotel and tossed the car keys to the valet. By then, Macy had already woken up and she got down from the car, saying, "Why don't you just open up a clinic here at J City? It'll be much convenient for us too."

Jackson chuckled as he glanced at her. "Why? What's wrong with you? Is there something wrong with you emotionally or mentally too?"

She rolled her eyes but said nothing else afterwards.

He had reserved the room beforehand so after registering, we went up to the room together.

Once in the room, Jackson said listlessly, "I hate staying in hotels. It's so boring and lonely."

I took a glance at my phone and realized it had already turned off on its own. Macy seemed to be exhausted and had already fallen asleep on the couch.

"Since when did you notice that there's something wrong with your emotions?" Jackson asked.

"Half a year ago," I answered, feeling a little unsettled. "I would feel down very easily and do some very extreme things that would hurt myself or my child."

It rarely happened and I would only lose control occasionally.

He pinched his nose bridge and said, "You know how you were five years ago, Scarlett. That's why you gotta take this seriously. Otherwise, it would be dangerous for you and your child once you break down."

How could I not know? Finding out about Grandma's sickness and watching Macy's parents die with my own eyes had a great impact on me.

When Grandma passed away, I wouldn't have made it through if it weren't for George.

He then sighed and said, "Luckily I learned quite a lot while studying overseas. I won't let you go to the extremes like what happened years ago."

I nodded. It was almost 9 p.m. and Macy was already sound asleep.

So I asked quietly, "Is there something on your mind?"

He looked normal since the moment I saw him, but the disappointment in his eyes was so obvious. I could still see it even if he tried to hide it by acting like he was okay.

He froze for a moment before smiling at me. "Your eyes are still as sharp as always."

As he spoke, he got up and dialed the number for the reception to order two bottles of wine. Then he said, "Both of you can't drink, so you can only watch me drink. I'm not in a great mood. Once you guys leave, I'll be able to sleep after having some drinks."

I couldn't help but frown at his words. "Does it have something to do with relationships? Or is it something else?"

From what I recall, he was rarely troubled by love. But as for his family, I hardly ever hear him talk about them even though we had known each other for so long.

I didn't know how to console him if I didn't know the reason he was being like this.

He lay lazily on the couch and glanced at Macy who was sprawled on the other side. He avoided my question and asked, "The child in her belly, who does it belong to?"

Um.

His question took me by surprise. "You- You noticed?"

Jackson rolled his eyes at me before saying indifferently, "Even though we haven't seen each other in a long time, I'm not blind. She used to be someone who wouldn't grow no matter how much she ate. But now she looks like she's put on some weight. Not only that, but she also seems more gluttonous, lethargic and she'd been subconsciously rubbing her belly from time to time. What else would she be if not pregnant?"

Alright, then.

It wasn't my place to tell him anything so I said, "You should ask her the next time. Tell me about your thing instead. It'll be meaningless if you don't talk about anything after dragging us here."

Just then, the doorbell rang and he got up to answer it. It was the waiter delivering his wine.

After he took the wine and closed the door, he said, "It's not anything serious. I just think that it's quite lonely even though I've lived for more than twenty years. Coming to think of it, I actually have nothing."

I was rendered speechless at that. As I watched him open up a bottle of wine, I started drinking too.