

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 160-164

Chapter 160

Both of us took a few sips before I said, "You should build your career here in J City if you have the chance. Everyone's here so someone could take care of you in the future."

No matter how many people came and went into a person's life, there would only be a few friends who would stay by their side. If they were separated for too long, then the bond would be gone forever.

He gulped down the rest of it and it was obvious that he was only doing it because of his bad mood.

"We'll see in the future. I'm quite envious of your friendship with Macy. Both of you wouldn't separate no matter what. Even though you have no family now, both of you still have someone loyal by your sides."

Macy and I weren't just simple friends anymore. We were each other's only family now.

The wine we were drinking was quite strong so I stopped after taking a few sips. I started to get worried when Jackson finished a whole bottle after a while. "That's enough! This wine is strong."

His cheeks were tinted red, seemingly tipsy already. He then reached out to open up the other bottle. However, his voice was still clear when he said, "It'll be fine as long as it doesn't kill me. I doubt there would be anyone who cares if I die anyway!"

With that said, he started to gulp down the wine. His eyes reddened as he spoke, "Humans are ridiculous beings. They'd throw insults and humiliate you when they don't need you. Yet, when you're of use to them, they'd come and beg like a pathetic dog. How ridiculous is that?"

I couldn't understand what he was saying and could only listen silently as I didn't know what to say.

Macy, however, had already woken up and she said while lying on the couch, "Did your family in K City ask you to go back?"

Her words were obviously directed at Jackson. He narrowed his reddened eyes and nodded. "They're all a family of greedy and ruthless monsters. They forced my mom to death and now they want me to cure that sick bastard. What a joke!"

I still couldn't understand what he was saying so I looked at Macy for help. "What's happening?"

She took a sip of water and held onto her forehead. "Jackson is the illegitimate son of a rich businessman in K City. Five years ago, his mother brought him to K City and begged the Kanes to accept him into the family. However, they refused and chased them out. Judging by his words earlier, it seems like the Kanes are ready to accept him now."

"I... don't think I know anything about this."

"Of course, you don't. You almost went crazy when you found out what happened to your Grandma back then. Even if he were to tell you, you probably won't even register to a single thing he said."

I looked over to Jackson. His face was grim as he leaned against the couch.

Everyone in this world was fighting their own battles. It was either something physical or mental. I didn't know much about consoling people so I stayed silently by his side.

Unfortunately, we had to fight these dreadful battles alone.

I looked up at the time and realized it was already past midnight. Seeing that Jackson was drunk, I got up and helped him to his bed. Macy quickly got up and helped me. Then, she glanced at the time and asked, "Didn't Mr. Fuller call you?"

I shook my head. "My phone is out of battery."

She frowned at my words. "You'd better get home quickly, then. I'll take care of things here."

"It's fine. I already told Ashton that I'll be staying over at Glenwood Apartments this afternoon," I answered as I tucked Jackson into bed.

I couldn't help but ask when I noticed the dark circles under Macy's eyes, "Are you not sleeping well lately?"

She nodded tiredly. "It seems like this baby is here to torture me. I'm suffering quite badly because of it."

All pregnant women had different reactions. I experienced little to no reaction and my morning sickness didn't last for long. After pausing for a moment, I said, "Let's go. We should get home now."

We arrived at the apartment just after a while since it wasn't very far away.

By the time we got into bed, it was already one in the morning. Both of us were exhausted and we fell asleep moments later.

.....

The next afternoon, I ate breakfast with Macy before heading back to the villa.

I had been fumbling the whole time and only realized that I left my bag and phone at Glenwood Apartments when I arrived at the villa.

There wasn't anyone in the living room when I opened the door. The workaholic Ashton must've gone to his company already and it seems like Mrs. Eriksen is out too.

After changing my shoes, I made my way to the study to read up on some parenting books. However, the strong smell of tobacco choked me the moment I opened the door to the study.

It was daytime, yet all the curtains in the room were pulled shut, causing the room to be eerily dark.

"Ashton?" I called when I saw a spark in the darkness.

He must still be smoking!

I reached out to turn on the lights and instantly met with his cold gaze. His face was grim as he ordered, "Turn it off!"

What's wrong with him?

I frowned and walked towards him. "Didn't you sleep well last night?" I could smell the faint scent of alcohol on him and I unwittingly furrowed my brows. "Why did you drink?"

Ashton kept silent as his dark eyes bore into my soul. He then stubbed out his cigarette and asked, "Where did you go last night?"

"The Glenwood Apartments," I answered with a frown. "I told you yesterday."

"Hah!" His voice was low and hoarse, and his words were filled with hostility. "What else are you hiding from me, Scarlett?"

I became frustrated from the smell of tobacco in the room and I was starting to get a headache from being stared at by him. "What could there possibly be that you don't know about? There are only those few people in my life. Just ask me directly if you want to know something. There's no need to be like this."

"So will you really tell me if I ask?" Maybe it was because he stayed up all night, but his eyes were bloodshot and I could see beard stubs on his chin.

Chapter 161

He looked especially grouchy as he stared at me.

I hated this feeling of uncertainty. So I answered with a frown, "Yes! I will if you ask me."

He got up and his shadow loomed over me. "Who was the man you hugged at the airport yesterday?"

I froze for a moment and gaped at him in disbelief. "Are you spying on me?" A wave of inexplicable anger boiled in me. "Wow, Ashton. What is the meaning of this? So I don't even have the rights to freedom and privacy now?"

His gaze was suffocating and I backed away subconsciously. He grabbed hold of my shoulder and questioned, "Why are you so eager to back away? You're my wife! Shouldn't I know of your whereabouts?"

"Yes, yes. You should know. Whatever the great Mr. Fuller says is an order." I shrugged off his hands the next second as I couldn't stand the smell of tobacco and alcohol anymore.

Before I could even step out of the study, he grabbed hold of my wrist and took me in his arms. "You're not planning to explain yourself?"

I despised the feeling of not having any privacy, so annoyance bubbled within me. "What's there to explain? It's just like how you saw, Mr. Fuller! I went to meet with the person I like and stayed the night with him at a hotel," I shouted.

Then, I added as I turned around swiftly to look at him, "Can you let go of me if you're satisfied with the answer, Mr. Fuller? I don't like the smell of tobacco in here!"

Ashton's eyes darkened and they turned terrifying. "I want the truth, Scarlett!"

"That's the truth. It's what you wanted to hear!" If he had enough trust for me, he wouldn't have resorted to spying on me.

His hand that had landed around my waist tightened due to his anger. "Then, it seems like we don't have anything else to talk about anymore."

Ashton shoved me into the wall like a beast that had lost its temper and pressed me against it before tearing off my clothes forcefully.

My back hurt from being pressed against the wall but I only took in a deep breath and said nothing, allowing him to continue with his aggressive approach.

Soon, his breathing became uneven and he stopped moving. The man before me stared at me and he asked, "What kind of relationship do you have with him?"

He obviously still had a speck of rationality intact.

I hated the smell of tobacco around us and I couldn't help but furrow my brows when I looked at him coldly. "Will you believe me if I tell you?"

He nodded, the look in his eyes indecipherable.

"He's a friend of mine from college. He has some things to settle here in J City and I only went to the airport to pick him up." I didn't tell him about the illness. There was no point in telling him something that couldn't even be written down in black and white, it would only make me seem melodramatic.

He lowered his head, his face so close to mine as he whispered, "Am I still the one who is in here?" As he spoke, he put his hand over my heart.

I felt a lump in my throat and I couldn't get the words out for a second. My voice was especially low as I said, "Yes. It has always been you."

His fingertips traced down my chin and our eyes met. He couldn't hide the desire in his eyes as he lowered his head and planted a kiss on my lips.

For some reason, I felt annoyed and I quickly grabbed his hand. "I need to go to the bathroom!"

The shadows in his eyes darkened. I pursed my lips at that, unable to vent my emotions out. This was an illness. And it wasn't something that I could tell others.

"Alright!"

Ashton carried me into the bathroom after that. He could have been feeling terrible after several times. His breathing was heavy as he pushed me into the wall and crouched down.

His actions shocked me and I instantly took his hands and shook my head. "N-No, Ashton!"

.....

He looked back at me, his voice was still hoarse as he said, "Be good... Let's just give it a try. You can't always rely on water!"

"No!" I replied while shaking my head.

He stopped when he saw that I was being so insistent.

"Just bear with it for now!"

I bit my lips, feeling disgusted as I told him, "Stop it, Ashton!"

I felt extremely uncomfortable so we might as well not do it.

I pushed him away from me as I spoke and saw the unhappy look on his face.

I felt dispirited in an instant and said to him, "I'm sorry. You should go to Rebecca."

I meant what I said. It seemed like we couldn't even continue with the most basic married life anymore.

No one could accept a marriage like this.

Without even seeing the look on his face, I rushed back into the bedroom. I got into bed once I was done with a simple shower, my feelings were in a mess.

He came in a while later. I could hear the sound of water in the bathroom and he only came out after an hour.

After drying himself off, he lay down beside me and took me in his arms. His voice was hoarse as he said, "We'll go see a doctor once you've given birth."

I kept silent but I was feeling distressed deep down.

"What if I can't be cured?" This was something psychological, not physical.

His arms tightened around me. "You will!"

The bedroom was then filled with silence. After a long while, I heard the sound of soft breathing which indicated that he had fallen asleep.

I lay in bed, unable to sleep, as I thought about whether or not I should talk to Jackson about this.

It was hot in the afternoon and Ashton's body was relatively warmer. That was why I started to sweat in his embrace. I adjusted my body slightly but he tightened his grip around me.

"Don't move! Sleep with me for a while more. I didn't sleep well last night."

I-

I guess he didn't sleep all night. Both of us slept till it was dark out. I wasn't even tired originally but being in his arms, I couldn't do anything else except to sleep with him.

Chapter 162

I rolled over in bed when I woke up and immediately saw Ashton staring at me. I was stunned for a moment but I asked, "You're up?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Are you hungry?"

I wasn't since I had just woken up, so I shook my head in response. I adjusted myself a little but felt extreme pain in my waist and I couldn't help but frown.

"What's wrong?"

"My waist hurts." I don't know why but I felt like my baby was growing too fast. It had only been six months but my baby bump had grown a lot.

I took a closer look while showering yesterday and noticed some stretch marks on it that were quite unsightly.

Ashton moved his hand to my waist and helped me massage the area. "You should sign up for a prenatal care class and do some yoga. I'll go with you tomorrow."

I was feeling a little lazy so I shook my head and said, "It's going to be troublesome to go to the center and come home every day."

"Then, how about we hire a coach so you can do it at home?"

Thinking that Macy should do it too, I shook my head again. "It's alright. I'll think about it later. You should go ahead and do what you need to do. Macy's free lately so she can accompany me."

His brows knitted together as he continued to massage my waist area. "Am I your husband, or is she your husband?"

"Of course it's you!" After getting a massage from him, I felt better so I turned to let him massage the other side. "You have so many things to take care of at the company. I'll be fine with her accompanying me. Besides, you're already so busy. You should take some time off and get some rest!"

The corner of his lips tilted upwards into a bright smile as he asked, "Are you worried about me?"

I nodded and said casually, "Being with Macy isn't so bad anyway."

"I'll hand over the company matters to Jared and Joe. Besides, I'll be taking maternity leave until you've given birth." He ended his sentence with a serious look on his face and he grabbed his phone, about to make a call.

I quickly stopped him. "I'm serious, Ashton. Just go to work as usual. We'd only fight if you're always by my side anyway. You might as well work and save up some money for the baby."

We already fought so often even if we only meet in the morning and night. I couldn't even imagine what would happen if we stayed together all the time.

A slight smile appeared on his lips. "When did we fight? It's only a fight if two of us do it. Does ours really count as a fight? Besides, I'm the CEO of a huge company. Do you think we'll lack money if I don't work for a few months?"

Well, he had a point. Apart from some stuff, I was the only one causing trouble every time we fought. He would always let me be.

However, I really didn't want him to not go to work. After pausing for a moment, I changed the topic and asked, "Didn't you say we'll be going to K City a few days ago?"

My belly was getting bigger day by day. I was afraid that it would be inconvenient if we went much later.

He got up and put on his pajamas before saying, "We'll head there in a few days. We should go there to familiarize ourselves with the environment first. Then, we'll start the discussion of moving the headquarters after you gave birth."

There wasn't really much of the company affairs that I could get involved in. When I saw that he went into the bathroom, I instinctively looked around for my phone, only to realize after a while that I left it at Glenwood Apartments.

I took Ashton's phone since I was feeling bored and saw that he had set up a password for his phone. I rarely touched his phone before this so after pausing for a moment, I called out in the direction of the bathroom, "What's your phone's password, Ashton?"

"Your birthday!" The sound of water in there stopped for a moment and his husky voice was heard.

My birthday? I typed it in unwittingly and it actually worked.

An indescribable feeling bloomed within me in an instant. I might be feeling happy as my mood became a little better. However, I was rendered speechless when I saw the contents on his phone.

Besides the few necessary apps, there wasn't anything else on the phone, not even the apps to watch short videos to pass time.

I downloaded a social media app and couldn't help but check his WhatsApp out of curiosity after that.

Just as I expected, he didn't have many contacts saved, only a little more than fifty. Besides his friends and family, the others were all successful businessmen.

Most of them had names saved. Then, I saw a contact saved as 'Aunt' and I unknowingly froze for a moment. Does Ashton have another aunt?

George hadn't mention her before.

"What are you looking at?" His voice came from behind me. I snapped back to my senses and saw him drying his hair with a towel while he said, "What do you want to eat? I'll go make it for you."

I answered with an "Anything," before holding his phone in front of him. "You have another aunt?"

He nodded. "Yeah. She lives in K City. I was planning to bring you to meet her in a few days."

"Why hadn't George spoken about her before?" Not only that, but none of the Fullers had also ever mentioned her.

"She left the Fuller family when she was still a teen to study in K City. She rarely comes home too."

But it still made no sense that the Fullers doesn't talk about her even if she rarely came home.

I suddenly realized that we hadn't visited George even though he had passed away for such a long time. I put the phone aside and went to his side. Wrapping my hands around his waist, I looked up to him and suggested, "Ashton, let's go visit George before we head to K City."

His hand that was drying his hair froze but he nodded a second later. "Okay."

Seeing this, I got up with a smile on my face before I held his face and kissed him. "Then, please block your time earlier."

He was dumbfounded at what I did and I quickly got down from the bed and went to the bathroom.

Chapter 163

I knew he was surprised, but I would try my best to resolve the dispute between George and him to free up his worries and to repay him for his kindness towards me.

Ashton was already in the kitchen when I got out of the bathroom.

He saw me and noticed that I was barefooted. "The floor is cold, so please wear slippers!" he said out of concern.

Ah!

I was too focused on looking for him that I forgot about it.

After slipping into a pair of slippers, I entered the kitchen to take a peek at what he was cooking. "What are you cooking?" I asked to find out what was behind that rich, comforting smell.

"Chicken soup!" he replied with pride. He came close to me with his gleeful eyes and requested, "Give me a kiss!"

I was startled, and I blushed. "Have you decided when to visit George?" I tried to change the topic.

He noticed, so he smirked and teased, "I'll tell you after you give me a peck on my cheek!"

I gave him a light peck on his cheek and looked at him, "Alright, can I know now?"

Ashton smiled so brightly – he resembled a happy baby with blushed cheeks and flushed ears.

"The day after tomorrow then!"

"Great!"

I slept surprisingly well that night. When I woke up, Ashton was already off to work.

I lazed on the bed and thought of heading back to Glenwood Apartments to retrieve my cellphone. It felt awkward to not have my phone with me.

To my wonderment, I saw Macy and Mrs. Eriksen chattering away happily.

"When did you get here?" I interrupted.

"I've been here for quite some time already. I brought your cellphone and bag here for you. Let's get some breakfast and head to the hotel afterwards to meet Jackson!"

I nodded in reply as the plan sounded great.

Macy was a chatterbox. She always had endless topics to talk about. There was a time when she was in the kitchen with Mrs. Eriksen, and both of them discussed topics from food to raising kids. I would not be surprised if they carried on their conversation for days.

Lucky for me, Mrs. Eriksen had to get groceries after breakfast, so I was able to grab Macy to go to the hotel.

Let's go!

"Your helper is so experienced! She's the reason why I'm tempted to move in with you!" she exclaimed while munching on the green mango salad that she brought from the villa.

I chuckled. "You are always welcomed for stayovers!"

Mrs. Eriksen was an old lady who had been with the Fullers for many years. Hence, she was treated as part of the Fullers family.

"Why are there so many medicines in your car?" Macy exclaimed as she pulled open the glove compartment at the front seat. "Hmm... most of them are pills to aid the release of progesterone."

She looked up at me and questioned, "Didn't the doctor advise limiting the consumption of pills during pregnancy? Why are you taking so many different types then?"

I stopped the car as the traffic lights turned red and explained, "I've been to the hospital several times, and those were what the doctors prescribed to me. Dr. Crest prescribed some drugs to help suppress my nauseousness and to stabilize my pregnancy."

Her facial expression changed when I mentioned Jared. "Oh," she replied softly.

I glanced at her and asked mindlessly, "Do you plan on telling Dr. Crest about your baby?"

She pressed a finger on her temple and explained in a slightly annoyed tone, "The baby is mine, and it has nothing to do with him. I don't feel the need to tell him about it."

I didn't probe further and parked the car in the basement.

It was already 11 a.m. "Should we bring some breakfast for Jackson? He probably hasn't woke up yet."

"He would've probably ordered room service. Let's go!" She pulled me into the lift and commented, "That sleepyhead is probably still in dreamland."

We knocked on the room door several times, but there was no response. Macy clapped her hands once while she claimed, "I knew it!"

Just when I was about to give him a call, Jackson opened the door.

"Why are the both of you so early?" Jackson asked with his eyes half-closed.

"Dude, it's already noon! What did you do last night? Even pigs get hungry at this hour." Macy rolled her eyes and was just about to step into his room.

"Wait!" Jackson stopped.

"Why?" Macy and I were startled.

Macy scanned the room, squinted her eyes and guessed, "Did you bring a lady over?"

"No, of course not!" Jackson exclaimed with a slight hint of guilt. "This is a guys' room! There are private stuff that you may not wish to see."

Tsk! Macy went speechless. "We know you so well down to the size of your pants. What else could we be surprised by?"

I admire Macy's quick wit.

"Who's there?" A voice sounded from the room. Both Macy and I dropped our jaws.

We glanced at each other and exclaimed in unison, "It's a guy?"

"Jackson, you slept with a guy? Oh god..." Macy blurted. The voice sounded familiar.

I was stunned, while Jackson's face turned red. Macy and I entered the room.

Chapter 164

To my surprise, I bumped into Nick, who walked out of the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his torso. I was flabbergasted.

He was bewildered to see us as well.

"What the h*ll?" I exclaimed. "What is with the two of you?" Macy followed up right after.

"N-No! That is not what it looks like! Can you both please hear me out?" Jackson was flustered and exasperated.

Macy glanced at Nick, then at Jackson. Along with her fingers pointing back and forth, she squinted her eyes and let out, "Are you sure? This sure looked wrong!"

Jackson stood speechless for a moment. "How could you think of something so absurd?"

I glanced over at Macy and nodded in agreement. "Please restrain your thoughts a little!"

She smacked her lips and exclaimed, "I was just speaking from what we saw before our eyes!"

I looked at Nick in embarrassment. "Y-you!" Nick's complexion turned pale.

While fuming with anger, he demanded. "Jackson, you'd better clear up this misunderstanding, or I'll kill you!"

Jackson felt wronged and explained to us, "I went to the bar last night to party and unexpectedly brought him back with me."

"Unexpectedly brought a guy back with you?" Macy's eyes were wide opened at that point.

"He was drunk and almost got slapped by a lady. I wouldn't have cared if I didn't know him." Jackson glared at Nick and continued, "You got yourself so drunk that you might've been raped by that woman if not for me!"

Nick frowned and held a finger on his temple, trying to recall what had happened.

"Why didn't you send me back to my home?" he questioned.

"How would I know your address?" Jackson replied.

It was evident that Jackson was telling us the truth as Nick's left eye was bruised.

Macy wanted to probe further for gossip. "Nothing else happened? Both of you slept on one bed and were both drunk!"

"I am straight. Stop spouting nonsense!" Nick exclaimed in frustration.

Macy sighed at the lack of exciting stories. "Hurry up! Let's head out to grab some food."

Jackson and Nick both headed into the bathroom together. Macy said mockingly, "He's straight? Yet, they are showering together?"

The bathroom was huge. It seemed normal to me that two guys were sharing the shower to save time. Once again, Macy with her amazing wild thoughts.

I felt a vibration in my pocket. Ashton texted me: Where are you?

I replied: At a Hotel.

He probed: Meeting a friend?

I replied: Yes!

Macy raised her eyebrows and commented, "It seems like Ashton has been keeping a close eye on you."

"It's probably because of the baby."

Ashton sent another text: I've signed you up for a class and sent you the details. Don't forget to attend!

I read his text and mentally did a facepalm. I replied: Alright!

I kept my phone and asked Macy, "Are you interested in joining prenatal yoga class?"

"Nope!" She shook her head. "I plan to return to my hometown after Jackson returns to M Country."

I nodded and didn't say anything else.

Nick and Jackson were done showering and had changed into their outfits.

Nick looked at me and furrowed his brows. "You two know each other?"

"Yup, we were high school classmates!"

"Let's grab lunch together!" It was just a coincidence. It seemed like Jackson and Nick knew each other since college.

I was surprised that they knew each other even though Nick was a few years younger than us. I wonder how they met.

Over at the restaurant.

After lunch, Nick left as he had plans, and Macy left due to an emergency.

Jackson thought for a while and suggested, "Let's chat at a cafe." It was hard for me to bring up the topic of my loss of sexual desire.

It was hard for me to bring up the topic that I was frigid.

I gathered my courage and brought it up. Even though Jackson was usually the joker, he switched to his professional mode and explained, "It's likely caused by psychological factors, which would require Ashton's help."

I frowned. "I do not want him to know about this!"

"What are you afraid of? You are the victim here, so stop overthinking! Ashton has the right to know about this too." He further exclaimed, "You have a mental barrier, and you're assuming that Ashton had slept with Rebecca, which caused your body to withdraw any physical interactions with him."

I felt a little embarrassed but continued, "B-But I've never felt like this before."

"That was because you trusted that Ashton would not cheat on you no matter how attractive other women are. However, after you heard those rumors, you started to have doubts. You couldn't accept the fact that he was not clean, so your body then reacted by being immune to getting aroused by him."

"Will this illness disappear if I don't love him anymore?" After all, I got this illness after getting together with Ashton.

Jackson furrowed his brows and explained, "It's hard to say. The only way to know is to try it out with other guys. You could try to test if you get aroused by other guys."

I rolled my eyes at him and changed the topic. "When are you returning to M Country?"

"Probably within these few days. I'll stay for a few more days to observe your condition to see how long you can survive!" Jackson teased.