

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1613-1617

Chapter 1613

Then, Ashton, who remained silent before, finally had something to say. "With masks on, they could be anyone. Last night, you drove a car with a Fuller license plate too, didn't you? There's just no way to tell who they were for sure."

Ashton had a good point, and I could not agree more with him. "That's right. How can we tell when their faces were covered with a mask. Why would Ashton and I just leave our wedding outfit behind and sneak into some parking lot like we're having an affair? It doesn't make sense."

"So you're saying that the reporters lied and that they reported fake news? What are you so nervous about then?" questioned John provokingly.

"I'm not! Why would you say that? I'm not nervous at all." I immediately threw my hands open and pretended to be calm.

"Of course not. Everybody can see that," remarked John sarcastically.

It was then I finally realized that the more I tried to explain myself, the worse I was making myself look.

I was so angry at John for making a fool out of me that I picked up a pillow beside me and threw it at him.

Suddenly, a voice almost as annoying as John himself came from upstairs. "Hey, would you look at that! The couple of the century has graced us with their presence!"

Dressed in gold pajamas and a pair of slippers, Holden casually walked down the stairs.

The man then sat down beside me before quickly getting up again to stare straight at me. "I have to say, Mrs. Fuller. I never imagined you to be one of us."

"Shut up, Holden!" I shouted at the man abashedly. Feeling utterly helpless, I quickly turned to Ashton for help.

Even though Ashton could see that I was looking at him, he took a sip of his tea and acted like everything was under control. "Mrs. Eriksen, could you please get Mr. Taylor a glass of dragon fruit juice?"

"Wait. What? Dragon fruit?" After repeating Ashton's words, Holden suddenly jumped up with a hardened face and made a dash for the bathroom. "Damn it, Ashton! I'll get you back for this!"

Blech!

While Holden was puking his guts out, Ashton continued to enjoy his tea calmly. He then set his cup down and looked at me. "They're powerful words, aren't they?"

"I'll do well to remember them," I promised the man with an appreciative nod. Apparently, dragon fruit is the magical repellent to get rid of Holden.

"I'd rather you not. There's a special place in hell for people who tortured others like that." Holden slowly made his way back by leaning against the wall.

In response to that, I shrugged my shoulders indifferently at the man. "Hey, you started it." Desperate time calls for desperate measures.

After reaching home for a while, I suddenly realized that I had not seen Audrey or Gregory anywhere, so I turned to Emma. "Where are the kids?"

"Well, it's not the weekends yet, so of course they're at school. You should be glad that they're not around. Otherwise, they'd probably see one of your most glorious moments in life on the TV or their phones," explained Emma collectedly.

Even though everything that the woman said was true, I could not help but feel a hint of mockery in her words. I guess I can't really blame her since she's been with John for quite a while now. That man does have an effect like that on people. I bet she didn't notice it at all. Still, she does have a point. I can't risk having these unscrupulous media contents mislead my children, so I better figure something out.

"Ashton, maybe you should have Joseph take down this news. I really don't want the kids or their classmates to see it."

As adults, we had already been through so much, so I was worried about Ashton or myself. What worried me was my children and how their future would be affected.

Ashton then took his phone out and sent a text message. "It's done. Don't worry; it'll never reach Audrey."

Chapter 1614

"Have you forgotten that you have a son? He's just as important, you know? If you don't invest more time and effort on the boy, who's going to take over your company in the future?" inquired John half-jokingly.

I seriously thought that John was trying to sow discord between Ashton and Audrey. After all, John wanted nothing more than to reclaim his place as the most important man to his niece. It doesn't matter if it's men or women. Both will do everything in their power to gain the upper hand when jealous.

"How I deal with my children is none of your business. For someone who has no daughters, you sure like to tell people how to raise theirs," retorted Ashton straightforwardly.

Banters like that had been happening in the house several times a week over the past few years. Sometimes, it made me wonder if it was even possible to have the two men get along with each other.

Seeing how John was boiling with rage after Ashton's goading, I decided it was best that I kept quiet and let the two duke it out.

It was not until the birth of John's daughter that the tension between them eased up a little.

More importantly, as parents of three, Ashton and I realized that there were far more things that we had to put into consideration.

After the Wenville project, Ashton had to fulfill his promise to support Summer's project in opening a bar. Neither the Moores nor the Stovalls dared to involve themselves in the industry, for they were afraid of the steep price they had to pay if they were to place their fingers in that pie.

After some thought, I suggested to Ashton, "Let's have Joseph come over. I want to hear the information he's gathered regarding the industry. After all, Summer is still underage, so I'd like to help her however I can."

"Sure, tonight then. I've just ordered the man to work on controlling the public opinion. Summer should also be done with the cultural festival by then, so I'll have her come over too," informed Ashton.

"Okay, good." If we could manage to be frank and always speak our minds like that, everything would become so much easier to deal with.

As soon as our conversation ended, a maid entered the house to inform, "Ms. Fuller, there's a woman here to see you."

"A woman? Who?" The maids knew the name of most of our guests, so naturally, I was puzzled when one of them simply addressed the visitor as a woman.

"She said that she's Marcus' wife," answered the maid.

Oh, it's Camelia! We haven't had the chance to meet up yet since she got back.

"Let her in."

"Yes, Madam."

As ordered, the maid immediately went back to the guest but returned to me after just a brief moment. "Madam, the woman refused to come in and insisted that you go meet her in person."

I was puzzled yet again when I was told that Camelia refused to come in.

"Is she alone?" I inquired as I stood up and made my way to the door.

"Yes, she is." The maid nodded before cautiously reminding, "She doesn't look well, though. It looks like she's sick or something, so you should be careful, Madam."

"Got it. I'll take it from here."

I could not help but pity Camelia when even the maid seemed to despise her. The fact that she used to be a kind and gentle person only made me pity her even more.

Camelia was not a bad person, so I did not think that she would intentionally harm anyone or purposely infect others with her sickness.

Knowing that Marcus had to be why she visited me, I had no reason to avoid her.

After glancing at Ashton and realizing that he had no intention of stopping me, I decided with confidence to go meet Camelia. "I'll go see what she needs. Be right back."

Without a word, Ashton just nodded in response.

Before I reached the door, I could hear Holden's voice. "Mr. Fuller, we have been friends for a long time now, haven't we? You should know better than anyone else how trustworthy I am in this sort of thing, right? Don't worry. Your daughter is in good hands. If you want to open a bar, working with us is probably the best decision you can make."

Chapter 1615

After walking out the gate, I finally saw Camelia standing by the roadside.

Decently dressed in clothes of some affordable domestic luxury brands, the woman did not look too bad, actually. She only looked sickly because of her pale face and sunken cheeks.

“Hey, Camelia,” I called out to the woman in a soft voice as if I could scare the soul out of her if I were too loud. “Why don’t you come inside?”

Even though romance made me very happy, I could not say the same for Camelia, for I had seen what a lively person she used to be before she had had her fair share of romance.

Facing Camelia, I dared not seem too happy since I was worried it would somehow make the woman uncomfortable. Maybe I was overthinking, but I would rather not let my happiness become a burden to someone less fortunate than I was.

Speaking softly and gently to Camelia like any normal person would was one of the ways I knew how to care for the woman. As a fellow woman, I truly hoped for her to have a better life.

“No, thank you. Marcus is sick, and he wants to see you,” informed Camelia with a blanched straight face.

Only the person we loved the most could hurt us the deepest. I could not imagine how badly Camelia was hurting inside when she decided to come to me and tell me something like that.

Frankly, I did not think it was necessary for Marcus and me to ever meet again, but still, I could not just pretend like I did not hear about the man’s predicament. “Is it bad? What is it?”

“You can ask him yourself.” Camelia’s tone remained strangely indifferent; it was as if the woman was only carrying out an order like a robot.

With that, Camelia took her car keys out and went to her car. She stopped just beside the vehicle when she noticed that I did not move a muscle.

“You don’t want to go?” questioned Camelia with a brow raised at me. When she was convinced that I had no intention of going with her, the woman finally showed some emotions. “Life is just a big fat joke, isn’t it? He doesn’t love me, and you don’t love him.”

“Camelia...” As much as I wanted to comfort Camelia, I was at a loss for words.

Camelia could tell that I felt sorry for her, so she walked back to me and gave me a cold hard gaze. “You don’t have to pity me, but maybe you can do that for Marcus, a man at the brink of death. No matter what happened between you two, don’t you think you should grant a man his last dying wish? So are you coming or not?”

“Wait. He’s dying?” I was utterly shocked by the revelation. The last time I saw Marcus, he was still alive and well. Is it because of the car accident?

“No thanks to you. If it weren’t for your grandiose wedding, he would probably have a few more days left,” stated Camelia as she continued to gaze at me sternly.

Even though I was meeting her gaze, I could not tell if the woman was hostile to me. However, her straightforwardness and sarcasm clearly showed that she was not trying to be friendly at all. From what Camelia told me, I could more or less piece together what happened to Marcus. The man was already severely ill when he saw the wedding between Ashton and me, and the event probably only served to worsen his condition. If that is the case, I can understand why Camelia sees me as her enemy.

In the end, I decided that Camelia was right and that no one should deny a dying man his last wish. "I'll go."

After getting the guards to inform Ashton that I was leaving with Camelia, I got into the woman's car.

Before long, we arrived at one of the best cancer hospitals in the country.

Sitting outside of Marcus' room were his son and the boy's nanny. Although they looked much better than Camelia, they seemed tired nonetheless.

It was understandable since they had a critically ill member in the family.

"Mommy!" As soon as Tobias saw Camelia, he leaped to his feet and dashed over to her.

Camelia patted Tobias on the head before introducing me to him. "This is Mrs. Fuller. Say hi, Toby."

"We've met before, Toby. Do you still remember me?" I asked the boy with a friendly smile. No matter what happened between Marcus and me, I knew the child had nothing to do with it.

In response, Tobias only stared at me for a while before shaking his head without saying anything.

Though most people assumed that there were many things that children could not understand, they underestimated how good children could be at reading the room sometimes. In fact, some children could tell when someone's presence created unwanted tension in their family.

Probably unbeknownst to even Tobias himself, the boy was actually making a case for Camelia in his own childish way.

Still, I remained smiling at Tobias and did not mind his behavior.

After patting her son on the back, Camelia gestured at the door beside her. "He's inside. You can go in; I'll stay here."

I could understand Camelia would want to stay outside of the room. After all, no woman could bear seeing their beloved men reunited with the love of the men's life.

After taking a deep breath, I readied myself to push the door open and entered the room.

The smell of disinfectant was even more pungent inside the room than in the hallway. Once inside, I could see a pair of bony legs peeking out of the blanket. They were so skinny that one could almost see the bone underneath the skin.

I could not even recognize the man lying on the bed since Marcus looked like a completely different person then. Had it not been for the name on the door, I could never have figured out who the sickly man was.

Since Marcus had his eyes shut and was completely motionless, I could have easily mistaken him for a corpse if it were not for the ventilators and heartbeat monitor just beside him.

Suddenly, the man unconsciously turned to his side and opened his mouth to gasp for air.

The sight almost made me cry out loud, so I immediately covered my mouth to stop myself from making a sound. I did not want to wake the man up from his rest. Is this really Marcus? The man who girls all over K City swooning over him and who single-handedly protected me? How did he end up like this? The man looks as if he's about to pass away any second now.

When I thought of what Camelia said about my wedding and the days Marcus had left, I hurriedly rushed out of the room. After closing the door behind me, I held on to a chair to support myself as I finally broke down.

So much had happened between Marcus and me. I even cursed the man and wished that he would vanish from the face of the earth because of my children, but when I saw just how vulnerable he was back in the room, I changed my mind.

At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to withdraw my curses from the man.

"Here, use this," offered a voice from behind me as a slender hand handed me a napkin.

It was Camelia, the one who loved Marcus the most. I could not believe how she managed to remain calm like that. She must've cried so many times when nobody was looking.

"Thank you." I knew I had no right to break down like that in front of the woman, and I also did not want my crying to wake up Marcus, so I quickly dried my tears and recollected myself. "How did it happen? Is there really no way to save him? Maybe you should try sending him to the hospitals overseas."

"That's not going to help him. The attending doctor told us not to waste any more time on treatments and that he should live out his remaining days in peace."

Camelia then walked over to the door and placed her hand on the small glass window as if she could touch Marcus that way. "You know, I only get to take care of him because he no longer has the strength to push me away. He has no choice but to let me tend to his everyday needs, even if that's not what he

wants. But that's okay; at least I get to be by his side until the very end. I know he's only hanging on just so he can see you one last time."

I only realized how similar the two were when I saw Camelia's exhausted but happy expression.

Even though she never got Marcus to love her, she was willing to care for the dying man and enjoyed every second of it. I guess that must be how Marcus felt when he took care of me while I was unconscious. Like Camelia, it did not matter to him if I could ever love him back or even talk to him. All he wanted was to be with me, and that was enough to make him feel like the luckiest man alive.

Still, I could not help but pity the two when I realized how their love would never be requited. No matter how hard they tried, they just could not get the other party to reciprocate.

Having experienced firsthand the dread of unrequited love in the years before I married Ashton, I knew exactly how horrible it could be and how it could utterly destroy its harbored. Since I had no right to tell Marcus who to fall in love with, all I could do was let the man make his own choice.

Chapter 1617

When Tobias noticed that his mother seemed off, he approached her to tug on her shirt. "Mommy, are you crying again?"

So that she would not worry her child, Camelia quickly wiped her tears away and took a deep breath before turning around to smile at Tobias. "No, I'm fine."

After embracing her child to assure him that she was okay, Camelia shifted her attention to me. "Scarlett."

The woman's tone was so stern that it stunned me for two seconds. "Yes?" I nodded at her to show her that she had gotten my full attention.

"You saw how Marcus is. Even though he never mentioned it, you and I both know that you're the one he wants to see. It has always been you, so I hope you can come to visit him for the next few days. He may have the necessary medications to keep him alive, but that's not all he needs. Marcus needs a reason to continue living, and you're the only one who can give it to him. Will you help?" requested Camelia somewhat helplessly.

In response to that, I nodded hesitantly. "I should..."

"No," interrupted Ashton suddenly before I could finish my sentence. Right there at the entrance stood the man with a cold visage.

Since he knew that Marcus had feelings for me, there was no way he would ever agree to let me see the man every day, even though the man only had very little time left.

Worried that Ashton would make a scene, I hurriedly darted over to calm him down. This is not the right place to have a heated discussion. Whatever it is that Ashton wants to say, it'll have to wait until we get home.

After giving me a reassuring look and placing his hand firmly on my shoulder, Ashton turned to look at Camelia. "You're almost as crafty as Marcus himself, so I would say that you two are a match made in heaven. If he fails to see that, it's his loss."

Somehow, what Ashton said to the woman sounded oddly puzzling, but before long, I realized that he was belittling Camelia.

The man had always been a gentleman, but when facing someone as unreasonable as Camelia, he would not hesitate to speak his mind.

“Mind your words,” I reminded Ashton because I did not want him to take his anger out on Camelia when Marcus was the one that he had a beef with.

“Tell me. Was I wrong?” Ashton continued to glare at the woman without even blinking. “You’re smart; I’ll give you that. You knew that Letty would never come here with you, so you deliberately requested that she meet you at the gate alone. You also knew that she was a softy. That’s why you fed her the sad stories.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Refusing to meet Ashton’s glare, Camelia quickly turned aside to avoid the man’s hostility.

To that, Ashton scoffed condescendingly before continuing, “Okay, let’s assume that you have no idea what the man’s been up to all these years just so I can tell you how unoriginal I find his schemes to be. That man is either pretending to be sick or purposely going MIA. So, I’m going to be as straightforward as I can with you. The answer is no.”

Without giving me a chance to say anything, Ashton then grabbed me by the shoulders and forced me to enter the elevator.

“Wait! I’m not done here yet!” I writhed and struggled to go back to Camelia, unwilling to end our conversation like that. Ashton has a point because Marcus did try many tricks on me, but I saw the corpse-like man lying almost lifelessly on the bed myself. There’s no way anyone could’ve faked that. I took a total stranger under my wings just so the child could have a bright future. What makes Ashton think I can just turn off my compassion for a dying man?

Still upset, Ashton refused to listen to anything I had to say and continued to hold me so that I could not leave his side, but while waiting for the elevator, the man gave Camelia and her child another cold glance.