

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1638-1642

Chapter 1638

No one could know for sure when one would take action upon their murderous intentions, and I did not want to risk agitating him with such ruthless words. Nevertheless, every creature in the world had something to subdue it with. Since the soft approach did not work on Marcus, I could only resort to tougher ones.

We were in a stalemate for a few seconds before Marcus finally reacted—he slowly turned his head toward me.

I then reached out again, and he opened his mouth to take in the chicken soup.

The moment it went down his throat, he furrowed his brows.

“What’s the matter?” I asked. “Do you not like chicken soup?”

Marcus raised his head, and I noticed that his dry lips seemed to be sticking together because of the chicken soup, making it tougher for him to speak. “How much salt did you put in there?”

“It’s too salty? Hold on. I’ll make a new one for you.”

The soup was made according to my family recipe, but perhaps patients preferred blander food. I had to admit that was something that I neglected. It was rare for Marcus to agree to eat, so I felt that a little bit more effort into his meal was more than worth it.

Just as I was about to put the chicken soup back, Marcus stopped me. "I can drink it if you add a little water into it. I'm not patient enough to wait until you're back from remaking one."

I froze, but soon, a smile crept upon my face. "Sure."

With that said, I then poured some hot water into the soup before feeding him slowly. To my surprise, he actually finished it all.

There were a few more snack-bite foods in the lunchbox. I was about to grab it, but he impatiently shook his head and rejected it.

After putting the lunchbox away, I thought of peeling an apple for him. Hence, I pulled a chair closer to sit by the bedside.

Marcus kept looking at me. When the apple was half-peeled, he finally said, "If you're here, can I assume that you've agreed to my terms?"

I froze for a moment. Then, I muttered, "No."

He took in a deep breath before laughing self-deprecatingly. "You're earlier. Much earlier than that foolish woman. Make a guess, then. When you come into this room tomorrow at this time, will you see me alive, or will you see a dead body?"

His words frightened me, and I gritted my teeth. "In that case, I won't shed any tears for you."

Then, I lifted my head and shoved the peeled apple to his lips. "A coward who doesn't care about his family and friends and only thinks of death isn't worth my tears."

Instinctively, Marcus caught the apple, and I let go of it. With a furrow in my brows, I stood up and stormed toward the doorway.

"Where are you going?" He clearly did not want me to leave, but he refused to relent verbally. "You can't even stand just this bit of torment? It doesn't seem like you're interested in making me live any longer."

"I'm going to ask the doctor about your diagnosis. If there's really no cure for you, then I'll let you have the euthanasia you wanted. Are you happy with that?" I questioned coldly.

Unable to get a rise out of me, he averted his gaze and gloomily mumbled under his breath, "I don't disagree with that plan."

The way he was leaving his life up to fate infuriated me. "Honestly, if you weren't a patient, I'd have beaten you up right now."

Once those words were out of my mouth, I took off in my heels speedily before slamming the door shut behind me.

The moment I turned around, strength fled from my body, and my head felt like it had been stuffed with cotton.

There was not a shred of survival instincts left in Marcus. I could not tell when he would suddenly end his life just like he angrily said he would.

The very thought of the scene sent chills down my spine.

When I went past the counter by the floor, a group of people abruptly swarmed in from the stairwell and crowded around the nurse. With similar looks of anxiousness on their faces, they asked the nurse, "How can we go to the rooftop?"

"The rooftop isn't a place where patients and their families can go," said the plump nurse in an almost-frustrated tone. It seemed like working overnight had done nothing to improve her pallor or attitude.

"I'm not a family member of a patient; I'm a negotiator! A negotiator, do you hear me? Someone's about to jump off the building, and are you going to tell me that you can bear the responsibility if you end up delaying my time?" blurted out the man who stood in front of the others.

It was then the nurse realized how grave the situation was, and she hurriedly found someone to bring her the key to hand it to the man.

The cycle of life and death was commonplace here. It was not at all strange to find someone unable to accept reality and end their pain earlier. However, I could not be unfazed by that, for I was now a friend of a patient in the hospital. If I could, I would like to give a word of advice to that person to keep an open mind. Things are not at their worst, was what I would like to tell him.

I watched as the negotiator rush away through the emergency exit with his subordinates. It took me quite a while before I could snap out of my daze and head to the attending physician's office to meet Ashton.

Every step I took, the phone in my pocket would vibrate. It was a call.

Baffled, I fished my phone out, only to see that it was Camelia's number.

I thought she'd forgotten all about modern devices.

With that thought in mind, I accepted the call and lifted the phone to my ears, about to ask her where she was. "Hello, Camelia..."

"May I know if you're the family member of the owner of this phone?"

I swallowed at the words that had been on the tip of my tongue when I heard the unfamiliar male voice from the other end of the line. He sounded emotionless, but somehow, it made pangs of worry shoot down my body.

"Are you talking about Camelia?" I asked, bewildered. "What's the matter with her?"

"Yes, it's best that you come to Kingston Hospital. She's at the top of the roof, about to jump at any time!"

My mind went blank for a good two minutes. When I came back to my senses, I darted toward the stairwell that the negotiator had headed toward earlier. "I'll be there right away! Stop her!"

Fortunately, the rooftop was only two floors away. In less than two minutes, after I bypassed the police officers, I spotted Camelia as I stood behind the line.

She was at the edge of the rooftop, and her skirt was billowing in the morning wind. A pretty figure she was, nimble and seemingly light on her toes. If not for the dire situation, the sight of her would have been a beautiful picture.

It was how Marcus' mother left.

Is she going to leave him this way too?

"Camelia!" My heart was thumping loudly against my ribcage. I did not know what to say to her. All I could think of was to force her to focus on the safer grounds.

When she heard my voice, she turned around and calmly said, "You're here."

After a pause, a brittle smile appeared on her face, and she lowered her head. "You're here so quick. There are so many things I haven't thought of properly yet."

Just as I was pondering what she was talking about, an officer behind me whispered, "Try to buy time with her. The firefighters are on their way. There isn't anything downstairs to catch her yet."

What? This is a joke, isn't it?

The best hospital in the city, but the firefighters can't even come in time. Do human lives not matter to them?

Nevertheless, it was not the right time for me to dwell on it. Even if the alarm bells were ringing in my head, I had to remain calm. Even letting down my guard for a split second might spell the end of someone's life.

I had once seen with my own eyes someone who sought death. I knew how ruthless and determined they had to be to take that one step off the building. Regardless of everything, I did not want to witness the same scene ever again.

"If you haven't thought about it properly, then take your time. There's no rush. Marcus was just talking about you earlier too." Nervously, I swallowed. My muscles were all tensed up, but still, I tried to keep my head clear.

To her, the name Marcus was always special. As if she was reminded by something, Camelia's smile froze and her face. She slowly turned around before looking at me with cold eyes. "Scarlett, do you believe in fate?"

"What?" Her words threw me off, but I nodded nonetheless. "Yes, yes, I do. What is it? Why don't you come over, and let's have a long talk? Just don't act rashly."

I had a plan of my own. As I spoke to divert Camelia's attention, I was inching forward, almost unnoticeably, hoping to shorten the distance between us.

However, I had forgotten the fact that she was a smart woman other than the time she was around Marcus. In an instant, she had seen through my action. "Don't come any closer."

I thought I was hallucinating her words, but she opened her mouth to speak again, this time in an even firmer tone. She took a quick, small step back, letting her heels meet the air. Everything would be over for her if she were to lose her balance. "If you don't want me to jump right away, then stop."

I was furious but helpless. My feet made the decision before my mind could catch up with them as I halted in my tracks. Subconsciously, I raised my hand in a stop gesture. "All right, I won't move anymore, so you shouldn't move either."

Threatening another with her own life to get what she wanted was frankly unharmed toward others. Yet, it was effective, for what she was using to threaten me into submission was just emotional harm.

But can I assume that she never cared about our relationship if she threatens me with her death?

Chapter 1640

It felt like a thorn had lodged itself in my throat, and it refused to go up nor go down. Nevertheless, it kept reminding me of its presence, denying me of any moment of peace.

Fortunately, Camelia did not make any other moves, so the heart in my throat lowered slightly.

After recomposing myself, I said in a much calmer tone than before, "Tell me, Camelia. What do you want to agree to come back?"

However, Camelia ignored me and asked, "Did you visit him?"

Marcus?

It was a few seconds before I nodded. "I just came out of his ward. He's much better than yesterday and he's finally eating."

“Ha,” came the soft laugh that escaped from behind Camelia’s lips. The morning sun cast a warm, golden veil on her face, but somehow, she still looked miserable. “Then, do you know that they had just resuscitated him?”

“What?” I knew nothing about what she was saying.

“Last night, he selfishly took himself off the oxygen mask. If it was not for my worrying, I wouldn’t have entered his ward to check on him another time. If not for that, what you would have seen in his ward today would have been his dead body.”

His dead body.

It was the second time of the day that I had heard those three words. Every time I heard it, it brought me more dread than before.

It was only when I thought about the smug look Marcus had, then did I realize where he had gotten the confidence to do that. At that moment, it felt as if someone had scooped a hole in my heart and let the terror rush in to fill its gap.

The fear of killing oneself would only happen on the first suicide attempt. After that, one would be numb. Countless images of my imagination and reality overlapped and reflected on the same ending for Marcus. With once came twice, and with twice came countless times. It would truly be a life where one only lived for the sake of living and nothing else.

Unsure of what Camelia was trying to tell me, I tentatively said, “Marcus wants to die, and you’re planning to follow in his footsteps? Don’t you care about your parents anymore? Don’t you want your child anymore?”

I could vaguely hear the officers whispering to each other behind me.

“Have you contacted any of her family members?”

“What? The other person on the line said that he doesn’t have a daughter. Apparently, they’ve cut ties a long time ago, so he refused to even come here to see her.”

“Are there such cruel parents?”

“This isn’t the time to chat about this. Hurry up and ask where the firefighters are at now.”

Indeed, Camelia had cut ties with her family when she had chosen Marcus; she had broken her parents’ hearts.

Marcus was the only home she had now.

Belatedly, I realized I had said something foolish. I could only hope that Camelia did not want her child to be alone.

A smile curled on Camelia’s lips, but I did not know whether she was laughing at herself or at someone else. As if she had made up her mind about something, the look in her eyes abruptly turned sharp. “I’ll ask you just one question. Will you marry Marcus and fulfill his wish?”

“So you knew...” My hands slowly went down, and I did not know what else to say.

At the end of the day, that term of his would hurt her most.

“I don’t want to hear that! I just want to know if you’ll do it or not!” Camelia’s voice rose higher with each word, and by the end of her sentence, her voice cracked.

At that, I quietly said, "That's impossible. I'm already Ashton's wife. I'd have committed bigamy if I were to marry him."

After a pause, I added, "Even without the legal repercussions, I don't love Marcus. I won't make the wrong decision. You know best what will happen if you force two people who have no love for each other together. Have you not suffered enough all these years?"

The nervousness I felt earlier was slowly forming into a different kind of aggression. The more I spoke, the angrier I got, the less control I had over my emotions. "Could you stop putting yourself down like this, Camelia?" I shrieked.

It seemed like Camelia never expected me to have an outburst, for she froze after hearing my shout.

The negotiator by my side even chided me, "Speaking like this to her will easily agitate her. We should be prioritizing saving her. You'll be killing her indirectly by doing this!"

I could hear that he was angry but afraid that Camelia would notice our conversation. Hence, he had said that in a hissing whisper, and I could almost hear him gritting his teeth.

"Sorry," I said when I realized I must have made more trouble for them.

Nevertheless, it was not the right time to dwell on mistakes like those. After a moment of silence, Camelia broke down.

Chapter 1641

She stood by the ledge, which was only as wide as a palm, with her hands on her shaking head. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. I can't take it anymore. I'm suffocating seeing all these. Do you know that when I got

close to him—when I felt his cold body and saw the flatline on the ECG—I felt a pain you could never imagine. The world spun, and it felt like my soul had left with the warmth of his body. At that time, I fell to the ground. I knew I can't live anymore. If not... If not for the nurse passing by the ward at that time, I might have followed his footsteps there and then."

Her eyes were red from crying, and she stared at me as tears kept falling. It felt like I was staring at a frightened rabbit. "I'd rather die than to go through that again. Tell me your answer now, Scarlett. Do you want us dead or alive?"

Loud white noise exploded in my head. It was as if she had dunked me in an icy lake and froze my brain.

Am I forced to become a killer if I stick to my principles?

The officer behind me urged, "Look at the big picture. Let's save her first before we talk about anything else."

The negotiator at the side was even stomping his foot. "Hey, lady. I'm reminding you now that there are legal repercussions if you decide to let her die. You'd better think properly on how you're going to reply to her!"

"I..."

Before I could say that I agreed to her words, Camelia screamed hysterically again, "I don't want lies! Scarlett Stovall, I want you to agree to marry Marcus as soon as possible. Otherwise, even if you stop me now, I still have countless ways to die in front of you!"

"Say yes to her! What are you waiting for?"

“You can always get a divorce even if you marry him! What’s the big deal about this? Save her!”

“I...” Ashton’s face emerged in my mind, and I lowered my head. In a voice almost inaudible to everyone but myself, I said, “I don’t want that. I can’t do it.”

Right as those words left my mouth, the screams of others traveled into my ears.

“No!”

I snapped my head upward only to see Camelia’s figure stepping off the ledge and falling off the building.

“Camelia!”

Despite everyone running toward her immediately, no one could make it to her side in time.

I could imagine what I was going to see next—an unmoving husk of a body and the red that would stain the entire ground around it.

Fortunately, that was not what I saw. Instead, what greeted me when I peeked over the edge was a gigantic safety air cushion. Camelia was in the middle of it, wrapped protectively by the cushion like a newborn baby. It was difficult for us to see whether she was hurt or not from our angle. We could only see that she had passed out from the immense impact.

My heart rate slowed down. Finally, I could calm down and take in a deeper breath.

Everywhere in the inpatient department, I could see small groups of two to three people. All of them were talking about Camelia’s incident with varying responses—from indifference to interesting gossip.

No same misery existed in two people, so it was normal for them to think of the incident as an interesting tale to tell.

However, I found them noisy, so I quietly walked past them with my arms folded.

After what happened earlier, I finally understood what Camelia felt. The very moment she stepped off the ledge, I was willing to give up all my principles to keep her in the living world.

I've got to look for an appropriate way to deal with this.

"Where have you been?" Came Ashton's familiar voice that snapped me out of the daze I was in. Slowly blinking, I watched as he draped his jacket on me with empty eyes.

Clothes... Jacket... I got it!

My eyes lighting up, I grabbed his arm and said, "Ashton, I'm going to agree to Marcus' terms."

Ashton knitted his brows and lowered his voice, "Say that again."

Knowing that he had misunderstood what I meant, I gave him a helpless smile before tiptoeing to circle my arms around his neck. "I said, you're going to be a matchmaker."

Hearing my tone, the gloominess on Ashton's face dissipated as a smile grew on his lips instead. "Are you sure that I'm going to be a matchmaker instead of a cuckold?"

As he spoke, he even vengefully pulled me closer toward him until the two of us were squeezed together.

Chapter 1642

As I had finally come up with a way to deal with the situation, I saw no harm in playing along. Pouting, I then made him guess. “Well, since you’re a smart man, why don’t you take a guess?”

“Fake marriage?” Ashton guessed.

“Hmm... You’re half-right. Try again!” I said with a chuckle.

All of a sudden, Ashton loosened his grip on me and raised his arm to tidy up the stray strands on my forehead instead. In a patient and loving tone, he said, “No matter what it is, you have to remember that you’re my wife. No one can change this.”

In the face of his gentleness, my childishness and amusement escaped me.

“It won’t change. It’ll never change,” I reassured him, a reply to his trust.

At that, Ashton’s brows raised. He then led me back. As we walked, he informed me about what the doctors had said.

Illness caused by radiation was irreversible. Not even the best medical specialists in the world could do anything about it. All they could do was recommend various kinds of very costly medication.

Nevertheless, they could at most extend his life for another month. Moreover, during that time, the patient would be in so much pain and would not be able to rest or eat properly.

To summarize, Marcus was going to live in a world of physical pain and mental torment until he met the grim reaper.

Those words, without a doubt, were a blow to both him and us. If I had known that agony was what awaited him, I wondered if I would have seen death as salvation for him instead.

Perhaps Camelia knew that earlier than us, and that was why she was willing to use her life in exchange for the fulfillment of Marcus' wish, hoping that he would be able to leave this world with a smile.

Although I could understand them now, I could not forgive them. I did not head to Camelia's ward. Instead, I chose to message her: The wedding will be happening soon. However, you'll have to stay alive to witness it.

She would know whose marriage it would be, so I did not include the details.

At the start, I thought that Marcus' condition would improve now that he was willing to eat. Unfortunately, that was not what happened. Hours later, his condition deteriorated, and he was almost declared to be in a critical condition. Luckily, the doctors managed to treat him in time and pulled him out of danger. Still, he became unconscious.

The flame of hope that had just begun burning earlier was blown out again. The last shred of hope I could cling to was for the wedding to be held as soon as possible to lighten his mood.

At nine at night, I left the hospital. As Marcus was suicidal, I had to arrange for a group of people to watch over him in shifts. Only after that, then did I feel at ease about going home with Ashton.

The car slowly drove into the manor. From afar, I could already spot two unfamiliar sports cars parked right outside the house. One was red, and one was black; the clashing colors seemed to radiate aggression. A distance away from those two cars was a van, but it was not the Fullers'.

John was the only one at home who liked cars, but he knew his limits; he would not bring his friends who also dabbled in cars back home. Therefore, our guests must be someone unexpected.

“Hahaha! You’re such an interesting character! Since we click, why don’t you join in and make big bucks with us?”

“Great idea! Let’s do that together!”

“What do you think, John? Come on!”

Even before entering, I could hear the voices of the foreigners inside, speaking loudly in Ustranasion.

The moment I stepped into the house, I nearly jumped out of my skin.

A group of towering black men was standing beside the couch in the living room. It was a grand sight to behold.

Upstairs, Audrey was sprawled by the side of the staircase railing, peeking at the scene downstairs through the gaps of the baluster. When her eyes met mine, she even cheekily stuck out her tongue at me.

Immediately, I shot her a warning look, telling her to return to her room. However, I caught the attention of the black men instead.

“Yo, Stovall, you’re back.”

Somehow, I sensed that he was calling me, so I turned around to look at a smiling dark face.

The man had a flowery shirt on with a tie, and there was an eye-catching gold chain around his neck. He was half a head taller than Ashton; he looked intimidating, and I took a step back in alarm subconsciously.

Right before he could hug me, I reached out my hand to press against his chest so that he would not come any closer.

In the next second, Ashton took a step forward to separate me and the black man.

A scowl was on his face, and he looked positively murderous. He said nothing, but the look on his face told the others everything that was on his mind.