

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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I soon realized that his hand was still on my waist and felt my face flush with embarrassment. Marcus had caught me in time. Raising my head, I looked at Marcus and thanked him for responding so quickly.

He frowned and immediately retracted his hand. "It was nothing." Marcus then turned to address Sharon. Coldly, he said, "Let's go."

Sally was not usually the type to deliberately seek out conflict, but this time, she was the one who held Sharon back. "You tripped and bumped into someone, yet you're trying to leave without apologizing?"

Sharon was not happy, yet her arrogance remained undiminished. "Are you implying that a bunch of sl*ts like you are worthy of an apology?"

The slap that followed rang loud and clear.

Sharon looked at Sally in disbelief as she clutched her reddened cheek. "You b*tch! How dare you slap me?"

Sally tried to suppress her anger. In a low voice, she said, "Sharon, I daresay that I've never wronged you all these years. You, of all people, should know the exact reason why you and Benjamin drifted apart. I've had to swallow my anger and give in to you every step of the way, but I never did it out of fear. I did that because I pitied you. I pitied the fact that you've lived out half your life, yet you still don't know what you're living for!"

"I don't care if you're rude or arrogant towards me, but you shouldn't behave that way towards a pregnant woman." Sally pointed towards my belly and carefully enunciated each word. "You can have a tough life, but you cannot forsake your morals and your soul this way."

"The baby in her belly is seven months old. If not for Marcus's reflexes, you would have hurt not one but two lives. Do lives matter so little to you, Sharon? Just because your family is one of the bigshots in the city, you can now afford to be so callous about human life?"

Sally's tone of voice was so loud that it had attracted more onlookers. Some even had their phones out to record the confrontation.

Her heartfelt words had swayed many in the crowd. Now, all the gossip was directed at Sharon.

"Tsk. It's no wonder she was cast aside by her husband. Why would the Whites want to be associated with someone so vicious?"

"Exactly! That lady was pregnant and still, she had the audacity to act that way!"

"Good god, she's so f*cking heartless!"

As the gossiping grew louder, some people had stopped trying to hide the fact that they were discussing the incident and instead began to berate Sharon openly.

Throughout the commotion, Marcus remained impassive and silent. As time passed, the remarks became more and more heated. Suddenly, that coldness was gone and was replaced with grim anger. Addressing the crowd directly, Marcus said, "Have you had enough excitement yet? If you had, kindly f*ck off."

Nobody could take so much disdain and disgust from everyone else, and Sharon was no different. With the number of accusations and insults being hurled at her, she could only hide dejectedly behind Marcus. She bore none of the arrogance or swagger from earlier.

I couldn't help but sigh. I tugged at Sally's hand gently and said, "Let's go, Aunt Sally. It's getting late."

Sally took one last look at the pair and decided that she'd had enough. "Let's go then."

As soon as we left the cafe, whatever desire we had to continue shopping was no longer there.

After Sally sent me back to the villa, she looked at me and exclaimed, "What a day it was! You've had some torture with the shopping and a proper scare. I think a good rest is in order."

I nodded and got out of the car. "Ashton should be back by now, so why don't you join us for dinner?"

Sally shook her head and declined politely. "I can't. Nobody is supervising Benjamin at night, and he sometimes won't eat properly. I have to go."

Having heard this, I was stunned. Without saying much, I merely sent her on her way with a smile.

After she left, I lingered outside and looked at the green belt at the side of the road in a daze. Knowing that feelings and affection came in many different forms, I wondered what Benjamin and Sally had.

Soon, I received a call from Macy. "How did you find K City? Do you think you'd get used to it there?"

I glanced at the villa in front of me and took my time following the cobblestone path. "It's alright! How are you holding up over there? And how was your checkup?"

"It's all good. There is a hospital downtown that I'll visit once a week." For some reason, I could still hear the sounds of her chewing through the receiver. "I never thought my belly was that large, but I've recently noticed that it has gotten so much bigger! I'm guessing that I won't be able to move around so freely in the months to come. You're due pretty soon, right? I reckon I won't be able to see you for a while, so you have to take care."

"I will!" It was still early, and the villa seemed to be empty still. I found a place to sit down in the courtyard and looked around before continuing with the conversation. "When the baby comes, I'll bring it over for a visit. You'll be the godmother!"

Macy clicked her tongue. "Godmother? Just call me 'mom'. It'll be the same when I have mine as well. I'll have the child address you as 'mom' too, none of that godmother nonsense."

I could only laugh at her. "Alright, you win."

"I think Jackson should be returning to K City in a few days. If you're bored, maybe you can give him a call. Have a chat, go out, do something... After that incident involving his mother, I think he has been stressing over a lot of things and is likely overwhelmed too. He's also more likely to run into the Kanes in K City, and god knows how uncomfortable he'll feel if he saw them."

I nodded and sighed. "I'll call him and ask when he'll be arriving then."

Macy grunted in response. "By the way, please take down his new number. He'd gone ahead and changed his number during his visit to M Country and notified me about the change online."

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We were all used to Jackson's habit of frequently changing phone numbers by now. "Well, tell me and I'll save it now."

I then put Macy on speakerphone and prepared to update his contact details. I also caught a glimpse of Molly, who was wiping the tables in the living room. I walked in and said hello.

As I made my way upstairs, Macy could hear all the movements I had been making. "Well, don't take it down while you're walking. Either find something to write on, or I'll just text you."

I was feeling alright, but since she called, I figured we'd chat for a while longer. I did not feel like hanging up so soon. "Give me a moment. I'm going to pop into the study and find something to write on."

The study was very large and well furnished, all according to Ashton's tastes. As I made my way around the table, I rummaged through the drawers and found a piece of paper that I could jot down what Macy told me.

As we continued our banter on banal topics, I noticed a hard, yellow folder in the drawer. Keeping her on the line, I reached for the folder and opened it.

Seeing the contents of the file, I was momentarily distracted.

"By the way, do you still have morning sickness? I'd heard some old wives' tale about how we seem to stop vomiting when we reach our third trimester. But that will take ages!" Macy whined from the other end of the line.

As I stared at the words on the file, I lost all desire to chat. "I'll get back to you in a bit, Macy."

"What's up?"

"I need to tend to something. We'll talk later."

After hanging up, I closed the drawer and felt a strange heaviness in my heart. It could be that the atmosphere in the study was too dull.

When I went downstairs again, Molly greeted me with a smile. "Mrs. Fuller, is there something you feel like eating? Some dessert, maybe?"

"No, thank you." My reply was listless, but I truly didn't have the energy to deal with her. With that, I left the living room.

K City was a large city. Where could I go if I wanted to be alone for a while?

I ventured out of the villa and wandered aimlessly on the street. As I looked at my surroundings, everything felt unfamiliar.

I contemplated my current situation. Things were not that bad. I'd been mentally preparing myself for a divorce since I married Ashton, after all.

However, if not for this child, we'd have likely burnt our bridges much earlier.

My listless wandering had landed me in a bit of a tough spot. It took me a while to realize that I was lost. I gazed at all the people around me and couldn't quite make out where I was. I had even lost track of time!

The weather was too hot, so I simply found a place to sit down. Unfortunately for me, I even forgot to bring along my phone and bag.

It would seem that I was truly lost.

Seeing that the sky was darkening, I tried to borrow a phone from the passers-by but was promptly refused.

I had noticed a black shoppingmode BMW on the other side of the road. Thinking he wanted to park where I stood, I turned around and began walking in the other direction.

"Scarlett?"

A man's baritone voice called out to me from behind. It was unfamiliar, so I had to turn around to check. Upon closer inspection, I realized that the car window was rolled down, revealing the man's clear profile.

Wait a moment, was that Marcus?

What was he doing here?

"Mr. White! What a coincidence running into you here!" I chuckled, trying to hide my embarrassment.

Marcus didn't seem like a man of many words. His gaze soon fell at my bare, bleeding feet. I'd taken my shoes off because they chafed my feet from all the walking.

Being scrutinized by him like this was so awkward, but I had nowhere to hide. All I could do was laugh.

"Get in the car," he said, his tone neutral.

"No, it's fine." I'd refused him, instinctively. "I came out for a stroll, and I should be able to go back soon. There's no need to trouble yourself for my sake."

He frowned at me, slightly displeased. "It's getting dark. You'd have trouble finding your way back."

I swore inwardly.

Pursing my lips, I lowered my gaze to stare at my bloodied feet and sighed quietly. Now was not the time to play coy.

When I entered his car, all he did was glance at me and curtly asked me to fasten my seatbelt.

I nodded. Seeing that he'd started the car, I asked him to take me back to Southcott Residential Area.

The car ride was completely silent.

The quietness had an intimidating air. To add to my embarrassment, however, my stomach decided that it was the perfect time to growl weakly.

He turned to look at me again, with his eyebrows slightly raised. "What do you want to eat?"

The awkwardness I felt at the time was devastating. I lowered my head and said, "It's fine. I'll just eat when I get back home."

"Something spicy? Pasta? Barbeque?"

"Barbeque, then."

I opened my mouth, intending to refuse again, but I was so stunned that nothing came out. I stole a glance at him and saw that he was still observing me with raised brows. I bit my lip

and cursed myself again for not having eaten anything before leaving the villa. Eating would be the death of me, the bane of my existence.

It wasn't long until Marcus parked the car and asked me to follow him down.

I'd noticed that he'd chosen a fine establishment as well. It was well-decorated and had a steady stream of customers coming and going.

After a brief wait, a waitress found us a seat and gave Marcus a menu. I noticed that the girl's pretty eyes would dart towards him as she stole glances at him several times.

Marcus flicked open the menu and asked, "What will you have?"

I looked through the menu myself, and without dwelling too much on it, just selected a dish that seemed appealing. After that, I met his gaze directly. "I have to warn you, Marcus. I didn't bring my phone and wallet out."

He nodded. "It's on me."

Seeing that he said this, I returned the nod and picked out something to quench my thirst as well. With that done, I returned the menu to the starry-eyed waitress who was staring at Marcus again.

I noticed that the young lady couldn't help but sneak another glance at him before she left.

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For someone as attractive as Marcus, it was no surprise that she had eyes on him all the time.

"Thanks again for helping me out today, Mr. White. And thank you for dinner, as well."

He had done quite a bit for me today. I couldn't just keep quiet and not thank him for his deeds.

He frowned slightly and grunted indifferently at me in response. After that, he said nothing further.

Our meal was a very quiet affair, but it was not unexpected. After all, we were individuals who barely knew each other. Neither of us had much to say, to begin with, especially since he seemed like such a refined and elegant person. Marcus was attracting quite a bit of attention with his good looks as well.

After eating my fill, I set aside my cutlery.

Having noticed my movements, Marcus looked at me. In a low voice, he asked if I was full.

I nodded and smiled faintly at him.

He put down his cutlery as well and wiped his mouth clean in a graceful gesture. "Let's go then."

Marcus's way of handling things made it difficult for me to find common ground. Even so, I realized that he was not cold or aloof, but rather, he radiated a certain calmness. He was the type who used that level-headedness to solve any conundrum.

When I got into the car, I saw that the clock on the dashboard said nine o'clock.

As I thought of the divorce papers I found in the drawer of the study, my heart sank. A part of me was reluctant to return to the villa, but I had no choice. Even though K City was a large place, I had nowhere to go.

It took me a while to notice the scenery outside the car. I was taken aback. Wasn't this the city center? Marcus had not brought me back home but to the Greenleaf Residential Area instead. "The White Residence?" I queried, looking at him.

"You'll spend the night here." His expression was impassive and difficult to read.

I was stunned. Yet before I could say more, he had already parked and exited the vehicle.

I followed him into the White Residence, only to be met by a teary-eyed Sally who was coming downstairs. She had her coat on and appeared to be heading somewhere.

The sight of me and Marcus together stopped her dead in her tracks. "Wait, why are you with Marcus?"

"I found her along the way." Having said that, Marcus went upstairs, seemingly reluctant to continue the conversation.

Sally looked at me, and her panic-stricken face relaxed a little. "What were you doing wandering about without your phone and purse?"

I chuckled sheepishly. "I...forgot to grab them before I left."

Sally then pulled out her phone to make a call. For a moment, I didn't know what to say, so we merely sat there in silence.

It didn't take long for Ashton to arrive. Sally had been waiting by the door and immediately flung her arms up to slow him down. "Calm down, Ashton. She's fine," said Sally in hushed tones. "Don't startle her and speak calmly."

Her voice was lowered, but I could still hear what she said.

I plopped myself onto the couch and tried to suppress my emotions.

Grunting at Sally in response, Ashton entered the living room and walked towards me. In a low voice, he asked, "Have you had dinner? Are you hungry?"

I nodded once and then at Sally, who was standing right behind him. "Thank you for this, Aunt Sally. I'll be heading home first. Please also convey my thanks to Marcus."

After that, I got up and walked out of the villa without sparing Ashton a second glance.

Sally followed us from behind to send us off. "Drive carefully!" she said with a wave.

When I got into the car, Ashton didn't speak but leaned over and tried to help me fasten my seatbelt. I brushed him off and fastened it on my own. After that, I looked out the window in a daze.

He paused, not speaking, and started the car.

The journey home took no longer than thirty minutes. I got out of the car after he parked and noticed that the villa was brightly lit. Quite a few people were standing in the courtyard as well.

Among the small crowd that gathered, I spotted the doctor, the housekeeping staff, and a few bodyguards whose faces were unfamiliar to me. I paused briefly to glance at them again and went straight to my bedroom without a word.

Ashton didn't enter the bedroom till half an hour later. By then, I was ready to go to bed.

I lay there in a daze when I heard some movement in the room. I opened my eyes and saw that Ashton was there, removing his blazer.

"Can I sleep alone tonight?" I was on my side of my bed, but I chose not to hide the weariness in my voice.

He continued to remove his clothes without a word and threw them all aside in a pile. "Why?" he asked icily. Even his gaze was cold.

"I just want to sleep alone." I looked at him again, waiting for him to make a decision.

He pursed his lips and said nothing for a while. "You'd better give me a satisfactory explanation!"

I looked at the patterns on the sheets. "We should start getting used to our impending separation," I said irritably.

Suddenly, Ashton sneered at me. "It's only been a while, and you've already found your next target? Have you taken a liking to Marcus?"

"What bullsh*t are you going on about this time, Ashton?" My anger flared, and I could not help but raise my voice at him.

He snickered. "Isn't it so?"

I suppressed the turmoil in my heart for a moment, but I was not sure of how to respond. All I felt was panic, anger, and frustration coursing through my veins. After a brief pause, I looked at Ashton and asked, "Do you hate me?"

Maybe I calmed down too quickly, or maybe the question I asked was too naive. Ashton frowned. "Why would I hate you?"

I moved forward and leaned against the bedframe. "All that I am right now should've belonged to Rebecca. I've appeared out of thin air and caused a disruption in both your lives and caused you both to break up. The fault is mine alone."

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I did not look at his grim expression as I continued, "I know. If it weren't for this baby, we would have divorced by now. After all, there's no love between us!"

Raising my eyes to lock with his, I felt a strange sort of calm sweep over me. "I won't cling on to you. Once the baby is born, I'll leave voluntarily. I've already signed the divorce papers."

He let out an incredulous laugh, furious beyond measure. "So this is the reason you ran off without your phone or wallet today?" Anger twisted his features into a scowl. "Scarlett, do you seriously think everything I do has to revolve around you? That my responsibility to this marriage is to constantly be by your side every second of the day? What happened with Rebecca is in the past. I already told you I never liked her, let alone loved her. Everything I did back then – looking out for her and taking care of her – was all because of Parker's dying wish. Do you understand?"

When I kept quiet, he added in an exasperated tone, "You're already seven months pregnant. How could you just leave without bringing anything with you? This is a city that you've only been in for less than two days! Have you ever thought about me or the baby? What if something happened? Would you be able to live with yourself then?"

A bubble of laughter escaped me. "You never loved her?" I stared right into his eyes, snapping, "If you never loved her, why would you sleep with her? Why would you get her pregnant? You risked your life time and again for her! Ashton Fuller, if that isn't called love, then love doesn't exist in this world anymore."

Since he was vehemently against us sleeping apart, all thoughts about sleeping left my mind. I got up and was about to leave the room.

He was quick to stop me. "Where are you going?"

"None of your business!" I shoved him aside and stormed out of the room, fury brewing inside me.

I heard him following me so I increased my pace. When I made my way down the stairs, he growled, "Slow down!"

Upon reaching the first floor, I spotted Molly and several bodyguards blocking the front door. Ashton sped over and grabbed my hand. "This is K City. Where are you going?"

"To die!" I hissed back at him. I was so mad I could not even think straight.

He chuckled, both annoyed and frustrated. "Scarlett, you're really the embodiment of all the flaws a woman could possibly have. Stop your nonsense and go back to the room. You need to rest!"

As if I'm in any mood to sleep right now!

Shoving him aside, I yelled, "What flaws are you talking about? Being unreasonable? Being resentful and petty? Unable to tell right from wrong?"

When he remained silent, I declared, "Well, that's who I am! Since you love Rebecca so much, you're more than welcome to go find her! There's no need for you to stay here and point out my flaws!"

I pushed the bodyguards out of my way and rushed out of the villa. Obviously, there was no way a pregnant woman like me would be able to take on those men. They only allowed me to go because they did not want to hurt me.

However, Ashton was right. This was K City, not my hometown. There was no place for me to go.

Thus, I took a walk around the yard. All the while, Ashton stood by the door with his arms crossed before his chest. His gaze was indifferent as he tracked me. It was almost like he was waiting for me to go to him.

With how enraged I was right then, just the sight of him had me wanting to beat him senseless. Despite that, I could not exactly go up to him and start hitting him.

After a moment of deliberation, an idea occurred to me. I glanced at him and called out, "Ashton, come over here!"

He raised an eyebrow, the anger in him dissipating slightly. A smile curved his lips as he made his way over to me.

Once he was standing in front of me, I tilted my head back to look him in the eyes. I announced boldly, "I have no idea why I'm so mad, but the truth is I'm infuriated. Since I can't vent my anger on innocent parties, the only choice I have left is you."

With that said, I shoved him into the pond that was right behind him.

Caught off guard, Ashton was struck speechless as he tumbled into the pond. Thankfully, it was not very deep. He climbed to his feet easily enough.

Sweeping a damp lock of hair away from his eyes, he had an exasperated expression on his face.

I did not wait for him to respond as I turned around and left. Doing that made me feel a lot better and I happily returned to the bedroom.

I curled up in bed, ready to fall into dreamland.

Ashton trudged in behind me and headed for the bathroom to take a shower. A few minutes later, I heard him come out before the bed dipped down beside me, causing me to frown.

His low voice drifted into my ears, "I'm going to the study to do some work."

I kept my eyes shut, not saying anything in reply as I pretended not to hear anything.

I expected him to say something more, but all he did was get up and leave the room. The door clicked shut softly.

Even though I was lying in bed, I did not feel the slightest bit sleepy. My arms were aching terribly. I rolled over onto my side but was still unable to find a comfortable enough position to sleep in.

I continued to toss and turn, unable to fall asleep at all. The next thing I knew, it was already two in the morning.

There's no way he's still working at this time!

Since I could not sleep anyway, I crawled out of bed and went to his study. I noticed that the lights were already off, but the door was unlocked. A gentle push from me had the door swinging open.

There was a bed in the study, which he was currently occupying. He looked like he was already asleep.

Being unable to sleep in the middle of the night was one of the most annoying things that could happen to a person. I stated in a neutral tone, "Are you done with work already?"

A few seconds passed. Just when I thought he was truly asleep and was about to leave, his deep voice washed over me, "Are you having trouble falling asleep?"

I paused before biting my lip and nodding. "Yeah."

Click. A yellowish light enveloped the room as the table lamp was flicked on. He sat up in bed and stared at me. "Come here."

