

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 195-198

Chapter 195

Ashton grew annoyed at that. He snapped, "Then find it! How could you possibly wear something someone else's wife bought for them? Does it even fit you?"

"It fits perfectly actually!" Jared did not seem to be in a good mood. I could hear how his background was rather noisy, hinting that he was possibly in a bar.

"Do you know that the bone cancer hospital in M Country has officially been established? Looks like you don't need a recommendation letter anymore." Ashton relaxed back against the chaise lounge, looking as cool as a cucumber.

"Fine! I'll return you the shirt as soon as I can! In fact, I'll get on it right away!"

With that said, Jared hung up.

What the hell just happened?

I rolled my eyes at Ashton's antics. Not having anything more to say to him, I got myself ready for bed.

With Nick and John both in K City, my days were not boring as before. And whenever I felt bored at home, I would start sorting through the insane amount of jewelry Ashton bought for me last time, I had the feeling that it was probably enough for me to start up a jewelry store of my own.

When Cameron came to visit me this time, I was not as panicked nor tense as before. I invited her into the living room, where Molly poured her some tea.

We sat down opposite each other. The gentle smile on her face was ever-present as her gaze landed on my swollen abdomen. After a few seconds of staring, she asked, "The baby is due soon, right?"

I nodded and replied with a succinct "Yeah."

She did not seem to mind my curt tone as she continued, "How wonderful! You two are about to welcome a new life into your lives."

Since this was obviously nonsensical chatter, I only gave her a small smile in reply.

Finally realizing that I had no intention of chatting with her, she placed a contract on the table between us. She smiled slightly and gestured to it. "Have a look. You might just find that it's something that benefits you."

I raised an eyebrow but did not move to take it. "What is it?"

"Just take a look."

At her urging, I reached out to grab the contract and flipped through it. When I was done, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. In the end, I settled on pinning her with a gaze. "As expected from someone known as the world's richest woman. You're very generous."

She gave a tinkling laugh in response. "You flatter me. As you can see, the terms I've set are beneficial to you in every way. If you really love Ashton, I'm sure you'll consider signing this due to concern for his future. After all, he's a very ambitious man. Why else do you think he chose to come here to K City? That's because J City is no longer big enough to contain his ambitions."

Here, she paused and toyed with her ring. "Based on his current abilities and connections only, there's no way his business will prosper here as it did back in J City. He will need some external help if he wants to build an empire here as well."

I stared down at the contract in my hands as I listened to her speak. When she was done, I had the sudden urge to laugh. "Ms. Anderson, I applaud you for really knowing how to push your advantages. However, you don't seem to know Ashton very well. He's an incredibly proud man. He has never wanted nor accepted anyone's help before. If he really sets his

mind to it, even if he doesn't have any external help, he'll still be able to build his business empire with his own two hands."

I have never once doubted Ashton's capabilities, nor have I ever thought he was the type of man who would give up on me and the baby just to secure his future.

The only thing that might cause him to abandon us would be love. Even so, unless his love for Rebecca was infinitely deeper than his sense of responsibility, he would never voluntarily leave me.

Her eyebrow twitched upward before she set her cup down in a none-too-gently manner. "Well, he might not need any external help. But what if someone were to create resistance for him? I might not be the most powerful person out there, but that doesn't mean the Moore family can't do anything to him."

It was a blatant threat.

I pursed my lips and met her gaze. "Ms. Anderson, you truly think I'll leave Ashton because I care about his future?"

"Oh? Does that mean you don't love Ashton then?" A smile spread across her face at that. "That makes things even easier! You leave with your child and I'll give you enough money to last several lifetimes. I can also transfer several companies to your name. If you want to work, you can manage the companies. Otherwise, you can just relax at home and wait for the dividends. As a bonus, if you ever feel like you don't have enough money, you can always come to find me. I'll be more than happy to give you more!"

The way rich people deal with their problems really is out of this world! There doesn't seem to be an end to their generosity!

At that moment, I felt like I would be an idiot not to agree to such terms.

A short pause later, I replied, "It would be incredibly foolish of me to outright refuse you now. How about this instead – let me think about it."

She lifted a brow at me and chuckled lightly. "No problem. Next weekend is Rebecca's birthday. You have till then to come to a decision. If you agree, I'll have a lawyer draw up a contract on the spot. However, if you don't, I hope you can come to Rebecca's birthday party before eight."

"Why eight?"

"Because I'll officially announce Rebecca's engagement to Ashton after eight." Cameron's tone was firm and decisive. The words slammed into me like a hammer.

Right then, I was envious of Rebecca for having such a wonderful mother who was willing to plan everything out for her.

"Fine!"

Now that this matter had been temporarily settled, there was nothing more for us to say to each other.

Thus, Cameron left soon after.

Perhaps it was due to my advanced pregnancy, but I found myself getting even more tired easily nowadays. I was also prone to spacing out.

Chapter 196

The sun was at its highest point, and the temperature hit the highest of the day. When Ashton was back, I was sitting on the couch in the living room, sweating profusely while staring blankly into space.

Upon noticing the perspiration covering my forehead, he raised his voice to reproach me, "Are you planning to die from heatstroke, killing the baby as well?"

I shoot him an indifferent glance while remaining silent. Then, ignoring his presence, I went back to the bedroom to get some rest. I was not in the mood to talk with him, knowing very well that we would end up getting into an argument.

He entered the bedroom after me. After looking around for some time, he found a white smock dress and tossed it to me. "Get yourself changed! We're going out right now."

I was feeling exhausted, so I gave him the brush-off. "I don't want to."

He said as a matter of fact, "Today is Benjamin's birthday, and they are having a small family gathering. Aunt Sally called just now to invite us over for dinner."

Although he didn't put pressure on me, it would be too unthoughtful of me if I absented myself from Benjamin's birthday. Letting out a sigh, I changed into the dress and then put on light makeup.

In the car, Ashton gave me a sidelong glance before he asked, "What did Ms. Anderson say to you?"

I was slightly bewildered but immediately understood that either the bodyguards or the doctors must have informed him that someone had paid a visit to the villa.

"She gave me a lucrative offer. I can then find myself an honest and reliable man who will take care of me and provide my baby with fatherly love."

"Honest and reliable man?" Raising his brow, he snorted while starting the engine. "Looks like you have got it all planned out. But aren't you afraid that this "honest and reliable man" of yours might run away with all your money?"

Hearing that, I pouted and couldn't help but roll my eyes at him. "You can only see the ugly in humanity, huh? There's still plenty of good guys in the world!"

"What is considered a good guy?" he retorted. "Ms. Anderson asked me to leave you for her daughter. Pretty good deal there right?"

When the car came to a stop at a traffic light, he turned to face me. "What did she offer you?"

"Well, she offered me two companies and a handsome sum of money. These can afford the baby and me a comfortable life." The way the rich settled matters was surely unimaginable to the ordinary people.

Hearing that, he sneered, "Did you accept it?"

Raising my brow, I retorted, "Why shouldn't I?" "What if the baby asks for his father when he grows up? How are you going to answer him?" He pretended to ask casually while turning the steering wheel to the right, keeping his eyes on the road.

Being caught off guard by his question, I was at a loss for words. Regardless, he continued criticizing me with his sharp tongue, "Must you find the baby a stepfather when he has his own father? Scarlett Stovall, are you stupid or something?"

"You're the one who's stupid!" Glaring at him, I scoffed, "Don't you know why I'm finding the baby a stepfather? That's because his own father is problematic."

"I'm problematic?" He sneered, "Why don't you use that poor little brain of yours to think why Cameron was willing to spend so much money just so that you would leave a "problematic man" like me?"

I spoke up, "Because Rebecca likes you. Cameron loves her daughter so much, so she did all this to make her daughter happy." This was what I truly thought.

However, he looked at me disdainfully as if I'm an idiot. "Now I believe motherhood does really make a person stupid."

I was pissed at his sarcastic remark. Ugh! This man is truly a conversation killer!

"Don't meet Cameron again. I have nothing to do with Rebecca, and we don't need to care about them. What's important is that you take good care of yourself and the baby. We'll live a peaceful life, with just you, me, and the baby." He made a turn onto the avenue before continuing to reassure me. "You need not worry that I can't take good care of you and the baby. We can live a good life with the Fuller family's fortune."

Instead of answering immediately, I turned to look at the passing scenery outside the car window. A moment later, I asked in a barely audible voice, "If you have nothing to do with Rebecca, then why was she pregnant?"

Furrowing his brow, he shifted his eyes to me. "What does her pregnancy have to do with me?"

"She likes you!" How can I believe in you when all past incidents point to the fact that the two of you have an intimate relationship?

He let out a cold smile at my lack of trust in him. "So, according to your logic, does that mean your baby is John's since he likes you?"

"How is that the same?" Hmph! That's pure sophistry!

"How is that not the same?" he retorted. Soon, the car pulled up in front of the Whites' villa. After helping me out of the car, looking deeply into my eyes, he uttered, "It's my responsibility to take care of her since Parker entrusted her to me. There's nothing more between us."

Unwilling to let go of this matter, I was determined to elicit an answer from him. "If the baby is not yours, then who's the baby's father?"

"Is it that important to know? Why do you care so much about it? That's her own business."

Biting my lips, I fell into silence. I couldn't care less about Rebecca's life, but it was just that I was still suspicious of him being her baby's father. Also, I couldn't think of someone else other than him to be Rebecca's baby's father. If the baby is not his, then why is Cameron willing to spend so much money for me to leave him? Don't tell me they are treating Ashton as a beta provider!

As we walked along the cobblestone path and walked up a few steps, the grand and magnificent villa came into sight. Even though it was not a long distance away, my pregnant belly left me panting. It took us a while to reach the villa as I stopped to rest intermittently.

"Arhhh—" I let out a shriek when all of a sudden, a black furry figure was running toward me.

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Ashton reacted swiftly by giving it a kick, which sent it flying onto the ground.

Later, I returned from my shock. As I took a closer look at the attacker, I recognized it was Marcus's Tibetan mastiff. The last time when I saw it, it was tame and docile, lying beside his master. What's wrong with the mastiff?

The mastiff was seen lying on the ground, whimpering in pain; maybe it was seriously injured by the kick.

Just then, the people came out of the villa as a result of the commotion. Upon seeing his injured pet, Marcus frowned slightly and then shifted his gaze to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, why did you hurt my pet?" His anger was clear in his voice.

Holding his gaze, Ashton replied calmly, "Please understand it was not my intention to injure your pet. In fact, I'm trying to protect my wife."

Hearing that, Marcus shifted his gaze to me. He didn't utter a word when he saw me hiding behind Ashton, shivering in fear. Being at a loss, I lowered my head to avoid his gaze.

Just then, Sally came running out of the villa in her heels. Being as clever as always, she drew a causal link between the injured dog and my abnormality and immediately figured out what had happened.

Before I had even realized it, she had rushed up to me and held both sides of my arms. "Are you alright? Your hands are shaking. Should we go to the hospital?" she asked worriedly, her voice loud and clear.

Walking behind her was Benjamin, whose wrinkled face was clouded over. Fixing his cloudy eyes on Marcus, he scolded angrily while pointing at the mastiff, "Get rid of this savage beast! Fortunately, Scarlett and the baby are alright. If not, you and your dog must pay for the harm caused with your lives!"

With his eyes full of hostility, Marcus let out a snicker. "To you, I'm no different from a dog." His words oozed with sarcasm.

However, I could tell he was upset when I caught sight of the emotions hidden at the bottom of his eyes. "Benjamin, I'm fine. Today is your birthday, and we shouldn't let this spoil the mood." I tried to introduce a note of levity so that Benjamin would go easy on his son.

Sally, too, tried to jolly Benjamin along. "That's right. After all, Letty is alright. Dinner is almost ready, so let's get in!"

Benjamin's expression softened as he cast his eyes at Ashton and me. "You and your wife are so thoughtful." Then, he invited us in. "Now, come on in! I bet you guys must be hungry already?"

I shook my head, smiling faintly. "No. I've been eating all day. Ashton has been feeding me up since I got pregnant. Hopefully, I won't become as fat as a pig the next time you see me."

"Haha!" Benjamin gave a hearty laugh. "You're such a cheeky young lady!"

"That's true," Sally concurred with his husband, "Letty is indeed lovable. That must be why she caught my dad's eye."

The tension in the atmosphere was reduced in a minute.

As the others entered the house, I turned around to check on Marcus, who was standing beside his dog. The man held a gloomy expression, and an air of desolation surrounded him.

In the living room, Sally was serving us tea.

Ashton took out the gift we prepared, handing it over to Benjamin. "I heard from Aunt Sally that you love collecting antique porcelain. I came across this at the Glenderg Auction and decided to bid it, thinking you might like it."

Benjamin brightened up the moment he saw the porcelain. "That's very caring of you. I've sent my men to look for it at the auction, but I was told that it was bid on by someone else. It turns out it was you." While carefully holding the porcelain, a smile gradually appeared on his face. "Thank you for the gift. I like it a lot."

Smiling pleasantly, Sally complimented, "Ashton has always like that. Now that he is going to become a father himself, he has learned to be more considerate toward others."

"Actually, I almost forgot to bring the gift. Luckily, Scarlett reminded me," Ashton said humbly.

I was slightly bewildered when he suddenly gave me credit. In fact, I had not the slightest idea that he had prepared a gift.

Benjamin handed the porcelain over to Sally. "Keep it in the display room. Be careful!" Then, he turned to face me. "I suppose the due date is around the corner. Have you gotten in contact with the hospital? Make sure you make all necessary arrangements before the delivery of the baby."

I nodded in response. "Yes, we've contacted the hospital. Ashton has had everything prepared."

Sally gave her husband a nudge. "Oh! Ben, put your mind at ease. Ashton and Letty know what they should do."

Soon, dinner was ready, and all of them took their seat in the dining hall. While the servants were serving the dishes, Sally tried to strike up a conversation with Marcus. "Marc, you're not young anymore. It is time for you to settle down and build a family. Are you dating anyone?"

However, her effort to engage Marcus in their conversation was in vain. With a cold expression, the latter replied impassively, "No." An awkward silence ensued in his curt reply.

As if she was used to his distant attitude, Sally laughed it off as if nothing untoward had happened. Benjamin, on the other hand, was displeased. He scoffed, "I wonder who would have their eyes on him. He is in no way husband material nor a good father."

"Well, well, now that is the pot calling the kettle black." Marcus sneered while asking rhetorically, "You think you're really a good father?"

In an instant, Benjamin's anger spiked. "You... How dare you!"

"That's it! I believe Marc didn't mean what he said. Don't take it to heart." Sally interrupted her husband. "Don't ruin this wonderful atmosphere. Come, have a try at this wine from the Merlin Winery." With that, she raised her wine glass to make a toast.

Observing their exchange from the sidelines, I must admit that Sally played a crucial role in the family. Although she had the potential of stirring up a fight between the father and son, likewise, she had a knack for defusing potentially explosive situations between them.

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Since I was pregnant and couldn't consume alcohol, I raised my teacup and toasted Benjamin. "Benjamin, I wish you a happy birthday. May God bless you always!"

My words brought a smile to his face. "Thank you for your blessing. May God bless everyone! Cheers!"

Throughout the meal, except Marcus, who was apathetic as before, everyone greatly enjoyed themselves.

In the end, Benjamin was drunk, so Sally took him upstairs to rest in the bedroom. In the meantime, Ashton played chess with Marcus while waiting for the cake cutting session.

I had eaten a little too much just now, so I decided to take a walk in the yard. Ashton was attentive enough in asking a housemaid to accompany me.

The Whites' villa had a huge yard, which was home to a diverse range of flora. I got tired after a while and decided to take a seat on a nearby granite bench.

Just then, the housemaid advised, "Mrs. Fuller, it's rather cold outside in the evening. Why don't we head to the pavilion? It's more comfortable to rest there as it is equipped with a cushioned hammock."

I nodded my agreement. Reclining in the hammock, as the housemaid suggested, it was indeed more comfortable. The oscillation of the hammock made me drowsy, but I was trying to take the edge off sleepiness.

Right then, I heard the housemaid's voice. "Mrs. Fuller, feel free to take a nap. Mr. Fuller asked me to look after you while you're asleep. Don't worry. We regularly put snake repellent in the yard."

I nodded blankly. "Thanks."

Ever since I got frightened by the snake last time, I didn't dare to stay long in the yard. Yet, I never expected Ashton would take notice of my fear.

As I cast my worries away, the soothing evening breeze slowly lulled me into a deep slumber.

When I woke up, I realized it was nighttime, and the pavilion was dimly lit. In my half-awake state, I saw a tall figure standing before me.

Thinking it was Ashton, I buried my head in the pillow, grumbling in a muffled voice, "Ashton, my back aches a lot. I think it must be a boy because he's so uncaring, like you." Experiencing mild stomach pain and cramps, I closed my eyes to rest.

Receiving no response from him, I requested, "Help me massage my leg. It hurts."

"Alright." He agreed and then laid his fingers on my leg.

It suddenly dawned on me that that voice was not of Ashton's.

The next moment, when I opened my eyes to see Marcus's face, I quickly retracted my legs to back away from his touch.

In a panic, I blurted out, "Mr. White, how... Why are you here?" I regretted my words the moment they emerged. What a stupid question I've asked. This is the White family's villa, of course, he could go wherever he wants!

Seeing my reaction, he retrieved his gaze from my leg while replying softly, "I'm out here taking a walk."

I gave a perfunctory nod. Having nothing to say to him, I rose to my feet and decided to leave.

Just then, he took a seat on the hammock. "Are you avoiding me? Am I that scary to you?" he asked casually.

I shook my head. "No."

He nodded and then uttered, "They have sent Snowball away. I apologize for Snowball's behavior, but it didn't mean to scare you."

It took me a second to understand that "Snowball" was referring to the mastiff. My lips twitched upon realizing that his black mastiff was named "Snowball". His brain sure works differently from normal people.

"I'm fine. I didn't blame it." Noticing he had gotten the blues, I paused for a while before I added, "You don't need to send Snowball away."

As long as he leashed the dog properly and made sure it wouldn't cause harm to others, he need not send it away.

Raising his brow, he sneered, "I have no say in this matter."

Sensing the resentment and a hint of sorrow in his voice, I felt sorry for him. "I'm sorry, I didn't..."

"Why are you apologizing?" He furrowed his brows. "I find you are in some way similar to Sally. Both of you know how to act pitiful and what to say to tug on a man's heartstrings." His words were rather rude and humiliating.

I got tired of standing, so I leaned against a nearby pillar. With my brows knotted, I fixed my gaze on him. "You need not direct your anger at me because I have no idea things would

turn out this way. Even though your dog didn't mean it, it has indeed frightened me. After all, I've accepted your apology. It has nothing to do with me that Snowball was sent away. As you've said earlier, you have no say in this matter, neither do I."

I was not mad at him, but I felt displeased that he cast blame on me. Letting out a sigh, I continued, "It's not my place to meddle with your family affairs, but I must tell you that Aunt Sally didn't ruin your parent's marriage. You know better than anyone else that your parents' marriage was broken not because of Aunt Sally."

In fact, Benjamin had divorced Sharon way before he married Sally. It was Sharon who later regretted it, putting Sally into an awkward position. That woman wanted to ruin Benjamin's life when she saw the latter had already moved on, living a happier life than her.

"Huh," Marcus snorted. Narrowing his eyes, he shifted in the hammock, staring at me with a scornful smile. "It sounds to me that you know a lot about the Whites' family affairs."

"I know nothing, and I don't care about your family affairs," I replied curtly.

However, before I could leave, the man had grabbed hold of my arm. "In your eyes, having a second marriage is no big deal at all, huh? Are you prepared to remarry as well? What do you think about me? You can divorce your husband and marry me. I don't mind if you have a baby!"

