

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love

## Chapter 199-202

### Chapter 199

Hearing his flighty remarks, my face darkened in an instant. "I'm thankful that you don't mind being my baby's stepfather, but you're too good for a woman like me, as you've said, who doesn't treat their marriage seriously," I riposted, glaring at him.

I shouldn't waste my time on him. This man is way too unpredictable.

With that, I walked past him out of the pavilion and then briskly walked along the pond, heading toward the house.

I was annoyed when I heard his footsteps getting closer.

My anger was aroused the moment he laid his hand on my shoulder. Without a second thought, I turned around and shoved him away.

As a result of being caught off guard by the sudden force, he fell into the pond with a thud.

The yard light was the only illumination in the pitch-dark night. I tried to take a closer look, but I saw nothing but water ripples in the lake. I hit the panic button when it hit me that he was drowning. "Help! Someone is drowning!"

Then, I leaned on the edge of the pond, calling out his name. However, I received no response. Since I had no idea of the depth of the lake, thinking that he was drowned, I got too frightened that I broke into tears. "Somebody, help! Help!"

"Pfft!" All of a sudden, Marcus emerged from the water, wiping the water off his face. "Stop crying! I'm not dead yet!"

I was in a daze the whole while when he climbed out of the lake with his clothes soaking wet.

Looking at his composed manner, I realized he had frightened me on purpose. My chest heaved heavily while I was quivering in anger.

"Marcus White! You think this is funny?"

How could he scare a pregnant woman like that? My heart nearly leaped out of my chest!

Despite my anger, he was acting calm and relaxed. "It's cooler in the lake, so I decided to stay there a little longer."

His lame excuse further aroused my anger. Being overcome by fury, I once again pushed him into the lake. "Then you should stay in there forever!"

Thump!

"Scarlett Stovall! You..." He was flailing about in the water, but I decided to turn and leave.

That was when I saw Ashton's tall figure standing in the shadows. His expression was perfectly hidden in the darkness, but I sensed his aloofness.

I paused for a while before making my way toward him. "Has Sally sobered Benjamin up?"

He retrieved his icy gaze from Marcus as he answered, "Yes. He's feeling better now."

A moment later, Benjamin and Sally were seen coming out of the house. The former was displeased upon seeing Marcus climbing out of the pond. "How did you get in there? Couldn't you be more careful?" The reproach was clear in his voice.

Inexplicably, I felt pity for Marcus because of his father's attitude toward him. That poor guy never got any concern from his father.

I raised my head to face Benjamin. "Benjamin, I..."

"I accidentally fell into the lake." Before I could finish my words, Marcus interrupted me. With a defiant smile, he provoked his father, "Sorry to disappoint you, but I didn't drown."

As expected, Benjamin hit the roof. "You... You..." He stuttered while pointing at Marcus.

Sally quickly patted his back, trying to ease his breathing. Then, she turned to face Marcus. "Marc, you shouldn't make your father angry. It's cold outside. You better go get changed, or else you might catch a cold." With that, she helped her husband into the house.

Marcus sneered while looking at his father and stepmother's back figures. Then, giving Ashton a taunting sidelong glance as he walked past him, he stopped in front of me. "Stop crying. You're the one who pushed me into the lake, but now you're crying for me. Aren't you contradicting yourself?"

I couldn't help frowning as I found his words puzzling.

As Marcus's figure vanished from sight, I instinctively looked at Ashton to explain to him in case he misunderstood me. "I'm not crying for him! I'm crying because I was frightened."

Smiling gently, he tucked my hair behind my ears. "I know."

Luckily, the following hours passed uneventfully. It was already late at night, and I became sleepy by the time the cake-cutting session ended.

On the way of walking us to our car, Sally reminded us, "Stay at home for the next few days as your due date is near. It's your first time having a baby, so you guys should be more careful."

I nodded, taking her advice to heart. With that, we departed from the villa.

When the car came to a stop at a traffic light, he gave my pregnant belly a sidelong glance. "The baby is due within half a month. I've made all the necessary arrangements with the hospital."

Feeling sleepy, I nodded quietly, leaning against my seat to get some rest.

The car in front started moving when the light turned green. In my half-asleep state, I heard his deep voice that was tinged with discontentment. "Stay away from Marcus!"

"Huh?" My sleepiness was driven away by his words. "But why?" I asked.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eyes while slowly accelerated the car. "You're not willing to?"

I shook my head in denial. "No. I'm just curious, why are you asking me to stay away from him?"

Seeing him remaining silent, I gave a chortle. "Don't tell me you think Marcus would take a fancy to a pregnant woman."

"From where did you get that confidence?" he asked, furrowing his brows.

Raising my brow, I held my head high and flashed him a cheeky grin. "You gave me the confidence!" I couldn't help teasing him, thinking he was making a big deal of it. Ever since I got pregnant, I didn't even dare to look at my swollen limbs in the mirror. Ashton was definitely thinking too much because Marcus would never be attracted to me, a woman inflated like a balloon unless he had unusual tastes.

## **Chapter 200**

Thus, Ashton was simply overthinking it.

When we finally arrived home, I was too tired to even get out of the car, so he carried me bridal style all the way into the bedroom.

In no time, I was soundly asleep.

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The next day, I woke up to find the other side of the bed empty. When I tried to find my handphone, only did I realize that I've accidentally left it in the pavilion.

After washing up, I headed downstairs and was instantly greeted by Mrs. Eriksen, who was brought back to the house by Ashton. "Good morning! Your baby bump looks bigger! Well, I bet it's a baby boy."

I was amused. "We didn't check the baby's gender to keep it a surprise, so I can't tell right now."

Mrs. Eriksen pursed her lips upon hearing my words. Fixing her eyes on my belly, she insisted on her opinion, "Believe me, the baby must be a boy! Oh, I almost forgot! We've prepared some fish stew for you. The broth is rich and well-seasoned. Come, have a taste!" Both Mrs. Eriksen and Molly had prepared a tableful of dishes.

Having not seen Ashton anywhere, I asked, "Where is Ashton?" Has he gone to the office again?

"Mr. Ashton left the house early in the morning, but he said he would have lunch with you. I think he'll be back at any minute." Mrs. Eriksen replied while serving the fish stew and other dishes.

I knew Ashton was very busy lately, and I agreed with Cameron in saying he was an ambitious man. After all, his goal was never K City, but the global market. K City was only his stepping stone to take his company global by entering the Western European market.

The thought of this left me feeling deflated. Cameron was right. If Ashton chooses to be with Rebecca, he could've gotten more support and help in building his business empire.

Unlike me, who could be of little help to him. Even after I gave birth to the baby, I could no longer work in Fuller Corporation after that accident at HiTech and the problem with AC Credit. Thus, I could only work in another company.



"Cough..." As my mind wandered off, I swallowed a large piece of fish and had gotten the fishbone stuck in my throat. In an instinct, I made a few forceful coughs hoping to dislodge it but to no avail.

Mrs. Eriksen immediately fetched me a glass of water and then patted me on my back. "Oh no! You got a fishbone stuck in your throat! Are you alright?"

I tried to swallow hard, but the sharp pain in my throat instantly brought tears to my eyes.

Seeing this, Molly picked up the phone to call for help.

Right then, Ashton was back in time to see them in a panic state. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Holding my arms, Mrs. Eriksen answered, "Letty got a fishbone stuck in her throat!"

Ashton rushed to my aid. "Open your mouth!" he instructed.

I was grasping at straws, doing as he said. He lifted my chin with his hand, propping my mouth open with his fingers to examine my condition. Soon after that, he loosened his grip and then gave Molly an order. "Call Dr. Linnard over!"

Molly nodded as she trotted to the living room to grab the phone.

"Hmph!" Looking at me, Ashton snorted. "Why are you eating in a hurry? The food is all yours. I won't steal food from a pregnant woman."

I pouted at his words. Looking at him with a pitiful face, I said in a hoarse voice, "My throat hurts."

He stroked the bridge of his nose helplessly. "That will teach you a lesson. It will serve as a reminder to you to eat slowly next time."

My eyes reddened upon receiving a reprimand from him. I couldn't believe not only that he didn't try to console me, but he reprimanded me instead. "It was an accident!"

Letting out a sigh, Mrs. Eriksen tried to take the heat off me. "Mr. Ashton, I believe she has learned her mistake."

Ashton raised his eyebrow. Eventually, he decided to go easy on me.

It wasn't long before Dr. Linnard arrived. He managed to remove the fishbone from my throat in no time. "Fortunately, it was stuck in your pharynx. It's going to be disastrous if such a large fishbone caused any damage to other parts of your throat."

I was relieved when the fishbone was finally removed, but I had lost appetite for the fish stew.

Seeing my subtle act of pushing the fish stew aside, Ashton shook his head in amusement.

After Dr. Linnard left, he took a seat beside me and then handed me another bowl of fish stew. "Have some more of it."

"I'm not hungry!" With that, I beat a hasty retreat to the study upstairs.

Half an hour had passed when Ashton finally came to the study, bringing me dessert.

Seeing me flipping through a book absentmindedly, he brought a spoonful of dessert close to my mouth, asking, "Are you mad?"

Ignoring his question, I pursed my lips to shun away from the dessert, making it clear that there was no use cozying up to me.

Surprisingly, he was mild-tempered and patient, placing the dessert on the table before picking me up from the swinging chair in a bridal carry. He sat on an armchair, propping me on his thighs. Then, he took a folder out of the drawer, handing it over to me. "Take a look at this."

Pouting my lips, I rejected petulantly, "I don't want to."

"When have you become so childish?" He shook his head resignedly.

Rolling my eyes at him, I took the folder from him and opened it. I was stunned the moment I saw what was inside.

"What are you..." I was at a loss for words.

"These are all yours now." With a faint smile, he explained, "You have access to Fuller Corporation's net income with these credit cards. These are basically all my assets."

In my befuddled state, I flipped through the documents in the folder. It turned out they were all conveyance documents of properties and stores. "Why are all of them under my name?" I had no memories of purchasing all these properties.

"These are all of my properties in the country, and some of them are overseas. A few days ago, I instructed Joseph to transfer ownership to you."

"But why?" Why are you suddenly transferring their ownership rights to me?

## **Chapter 201**

"To provide for you and our child!" He said, smiling widely.

Pursing my lips, I returned it to him and said, "I don't need money. Grandpa left quite a lot of money to me and I've saved up over these few years of working in Fuller Corporation. I don't have much to spend on, so I don't need it!"

He paid for most of my living expenses, such as food, accommodation and transport. Furthermore, as I was not in the habit of shopping nor did I have sudden impulses to buy things, I rarely spent any money.

When I stuffed the file back to him, he frowned. "You don't want to spend my money? Or are you just unwilling to?"

I was rendered speechless. Is there even a difference between these two questions?

Looking at him, I replied, "None of the above. I don't really spend money that frequently. Aren't you planning to expand your business? Just use these funds for it. It'll be useless to leave them with me."

He frowned unhappily. Just when he was about to say something, his phone rang.

I got up from his lap. When he picked up the call, I realized that it was from Jared.

"What's up, Jared?"

After placing the file back in the drawer, I left the study room instead of listening in to their conversation.

A short while later, Ashton hurriedly rushed out. It seemed like he needed to attend to something urgent.

As Molly and Mrs. Eriksen refused to let me leave the house, I baked some pastries with them out of boredom.

When the doorbell rang, Mrs. Eriksen was rushing to take the pastries out of the oven and Molly's hands were still covered with flour.

As I was the only one idling around, I walked to the living room and opened the door. I was taken aback when I saw Marcus standing there.

Why did he come here?

"Hello, Mr. White!" I greeted him with a smile.

He raised his eyebrow. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Of course I am! Please come in." I led him into the living room.

As Mrs. Eriksen and Molly did not know him, they merely greeted him politely.

We sat down opposite each other in the living room.

Feeling confused, I could not help but ask, "Why are you here, Mr. White?"

Instead of answering immediately, he passed a box to me before explaining, "Your phone was damaged after you dropped into the pond. I took out the SIM card and inserted it into a new phone."

I was stunned. Suddenly, I recalled how he followed me last night just to return my phone to me.

However, I...

At that thought, I could not help but blush and apologize, "I'm really sorry about what happened last night. I assumed that you were... I'm sorry!"

He raised his eyebrows. "What did you assume?"

After a slight pause, he smirked. "That I want to take advantage of you?"

I quickly shook my head and denied, "It's not that." How could a handsome man like him possibly be interested in a pregnant woman like me?

I thought that he resented me and Ashton because of what happened to Sally, so...

Mrs. Eriksen laid the pastries out and said, "Letty, I'll accompany you to the office later and bring some pastries to Mr. Ashton. If he knows that you baked them yourself, he'll definitely be very happy."

I smiled and did not respond. After all, I did not bake those pastries on my own—at the very most, I merely helped out.

She merely said that because she wanted my relationship with Ashton to improve.

Hence, I did not say anything else.



Marcus glanced at Mrs. Eriksen and asked, "Can I take some home?"

I gaped in shock.

He did seem like someone who likes to eat pastries. I had visited the White family twice and the chefs there were all extremely skilled. Yet, I had never seen him eat any pastries. Why...

Mrs. Eriksen nodded and went to pack some pastries.

Surprised, I looked at Marcus and exclaimed, "So you like to eat pastries?"

He raised his eyebrow. "It won't hurt if I eat some occasionally."

He was not wrong.

After Mrs. Eriksen finished packing the pastries, Marcus stood up and prepared to leave. Looking at the phone he left behind, I could not help but say, "Mr. White, about the cost of the phone..."

"These pastries make up for it!" He lifted the bag of pastries and said, "We're even now."

With that, he left.

Mrs. Eriksen, who did not know him, watched him leave and asked me, "Who is he?"

"Marcus White. He's Benjamin's son."

"I see!" She nodded as she mumbled to herself, "I don't know him."

I smiled, but did not elaborate further.

After packing some pastries up, Mrs. Eriksen held onto my arm and said, "If you send the pastries to Mr. Ashton personally, he'll definitely be delighted."

I did not know if he would be delighted, but one thing was for sure—he was probably very busy now.

I rarely visited the company's office in K City. When I arrived at the building in a taxi, I could not help but be slightly surprised.

It was really showy of Ashton to have bought three magnificent skyscrapers right smack in the city center.

Crowds of people surged in and out of the building. Afraid that someone would bump into me, Mrs. Eriksen held onto my hand carefully and reminded me, "You must be careful!"

Soon, we arrived at the receptionist.

Despite calling for assistance twice, everyone ignored Mrs. Eriksen. The pretty receptionist was so busy dealing with the visitors that she dismissed Mrs. Eriksen a few times.

Frustrated, Mrs. Eriksen scolded, "Why can't you tell us where the president's office is? Why are you so unprofessional?"

## **Chapter 202**

Her voice was loud, attracting the crowd's attention. The receptionist had no choice but to turn toward her and say politely, "I'm not concealing the information from you deliberately. Mr. Fuller receives many guests every day, but each of them has to make an appointment with him. If you don't have an appointment with him, I'm afraid that I can't let you meet him."

Mrs. Eriksen was annoyed. "How busy is he? Does his wife need to make an appointment to visit him?"

The receptionist was stunned for a while before bursting into laughter. "Ma'am, Mr. Fuller's fiancée just visited. How is it possible for him to have a wife? Did you mistake him for someone else?"

"That's impossible!" Mrs. Eriksen placed the pastries on the table and said furiously, "Mr. Fuller has been married for almost three years. Why would he have a fiancée? He's even going to have a child soon. Are you sure that you aren't mistaken?"

The receptionist scoffed disdainfully. "You mustn't spout such nonsense, Ma'am. Of course we'd know if Mr. Fuller is married or not. His fiancée has been visiting him for the past few days. We can't possibly be mistaken, right?"

Mrs. Eriksen was about to rebuke when I interrupted, "Mrs. Eriksen."

"Letty!" She looked at me and asked worriedly, "What's wrong? Are you tired? Sit there for a while and I'll speak to them."

Chuckling, I shook my head and walked to the receptionist with my hand on my stomach. "There's no need for that!" Looking at her, I asked, "Is Mr. Fuller's fiancée's last name Larson?"

She was shocked for a while before nodding. "Yeah! She's the missing daughter from the Moore family. She got to know Mr. Fuller in J City and they already have a child together. I heard that they're going to be married soon!"

"Nonsense!" Unable to stand it anymore, Mrs. Eriksen cursed, "What crap is that? Even until now, Rebecca's still constantly pestering Mr. Fuller. It's impossible for that child to be his."

"Ma'am, please be more careful with your words. Don't slander others so casually!" The receptionist seemed to be very defensive of Rebecca.

Mrs. Eriksen scoffed, "Slander her? Ha! If she's a decent and upright woman, it's impossible for her to be slandered."

After glancing around at the silent crowd in the lobby, I looked back at the receptionist and asked, "Does Ms. Larson come here frequently?"

She nodded. Gazing at my stomach, she asked hesitatingly, "She's been visiting regularly ever since Mr. Fuller came to K City. Who are you, Ma'am?"

"I'm Ashton's official wife!" Pointing at my stomach, I smiled. "This is his child who's going to be born soon."

Then, I ignored the receptionist's doubtful gaze and called Ashton.

The call went through almost instantly.

"Hello!" A female voice answered the phone, so it was obvious that Ashton was not the one who picked it up.

It was Rebecca!

"Let Ashton answer the phone!" I was not particularly upset either. After all, it was normal for other women to be obsessed with a man like Ashton.

"He's having a meeting!" Rebecca said smugly. "Your baby's about to be born, right?"

I narrowed my eyes and hung up.

When the receptionist saw that, she scoffed, "Don't think that anyone can pretend to be Mr. Fuller's wife. A random woman on the streets isn't worthy enough of him!"

"Why are you so rude?" Mrs. Eriksen flushed in fury as she glared at the receptionist. She looked like she was on the verge of cursing at her.

I pulled her back and shook my head slightly. As there were many people watching us, it would be inappropriate to create a ruckus here.

I decided to call Jared next. He picked up the call almost immediately.

His voice was as calm as usual. "What's up, Scarlett?"

"Are you in K City?"

He replied, "Yes!"

"I'm on the ground floor of the Prism Building. Can you bring me up? The receptionist said that I need to make an appointment, but I didn't make one with Ashton." I spoke calmly, my voice devoid of any emotion.

"Sure!" Jared replied and hung up.

The receptionist's expression was turning unpleasant. Dumbfounded, she looked at me skeptically.

Stroking my stomach, I stood there silently with my head lowered. Mrs. Eriksen glared at the receptionist and mumbled, "How snobbish!"

She was about to retort when someone approached her. "Hello, I made an appointment with Mr. Fuller. Please pass the message on to him!"

The receptionist nodded. "Alright, hold on for a while."

As his voice sounded familiar, I could not help but turn around and glance at the person. It was none other than Thomas, the president of AC Credit.

Stunned, I called out to him, "Mr. Lowe!"

When Thomas spotted me, he exclaimed in surprise, "Why have you come to K City as well, Mrs. Fuller? As your pregnancy is in its late stages, I thought that you'll remain in J City to manage Fuller Corporation."

I chuckled. Glancing at my stomach, I said, "My stomach's getting bigger, so I can't travel to work anymore. Why did you come to K City too?"



He smiled and replied, "Fuller Corporation is planning to expand its business in K City. Naturally, I'm here for potential future collaborations."

AC Credit had been around for decades. The Fuller Corporation was a massive conglomerate with an extensive production chain. The gains from a collaboration with Fuller Corporation could amount to half of AC Credit's annual revenue. Hence, he would not give up on such an opportunity.