

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 215-218

Chapter 215

"Haven't we just eaten?" It was a little past noon, and we had eaten lunch.

He raised his brows, "You consider that as lunch?"

I went speechless at his question. I pursed my lips and contemplated, "I can't think of what to eat right now."

The car passed by the city center. There was a dessert shop in the streets with a long queue.

I asked curiously, "Is their food nice? There are so many people queueing."

Marcus took a side glance and parked the car by the road. He looked at me and said, "Wait for me in the car. Don't get out. It's cold outside. I will be back soon !"

Before I had the chance to reply, he jogged towards the dessert shop and joined the queue.

His good looks shone in the crowd. Moreover, his tall and slender figure made him stand out like a crane.

I leaned against the car window and watched quietly. People approached him with their phones occasionally, probably trying to ask for his number.

He was friendly. He pointed to the car and waved his hands with a faint smile. It seemed like he had rejected them.

After that scene repeated a few times, the girls stopped approaching him. On the other hand, people seemed to be looking towards my direction more frequently.

I didn't know what happened, so I could only nod and gave a faint smile to look friendly.

Half an hour later, he jogged towards me with the dessert in his hands. He boarded the car and passed the dessert to me, "I bought a little of everything. You can try it all and tell me which one you like."

I nodded and took the Blueberry Cheesecake from him. I'm not sure of the reason, but I really liked this flavor.

The corners of his lips curved upwards after he saw me taking a few more bites, "It is good?"

I nodded in agreement, "It's delicious!" I saw him looking at me, so I paused and said, "Do you want to try?"

He went through the trouble of queueing for a long time. So it seemed inappropriate not to get a taste of it. I instinctively scooped a mouthful and brought it to his lips.

He was stunned for a moment, and then, his eyes lit up brightly. He ate from the spoon with a hint of a smile.

Looking at him chew, I asked, "Is it good? There're blueberries inside!" Not everyone was a fan of blueberries.

Marcus smiled slightly and nodded. He seemed to be in a good mood today, "Yeah. It's delicious and sweet."

The mood was contagious. Since he was in a good mood and we had desserts, I felt more relieved. I looked at him, "Where are we going later?"

He chuckled, "We are going to eat!"

"What are we going to eat?" It seemed like he was more chatty when he was in a good mood.

He smiled and said, "You decide!"

I thought for a second and said, "Steak?"

He raised his brows in agreement and started the car.

There was a popular restaurant in the mall, and it was fairly empty since it was after lunch hours.

We found a place with a wide view and sat down. He ordered some dishes and raised his eyes to look at my desserts, which had a bit leftover.

He raised his arms and took away the desserts, "Don't eat too much. Or else you won't be able to eat other food," he said.

I froze in my tracks and nodded. I ate quite a few bites of desserts just now, so my stomach did feel a little funny.

After watching him finished my leftover desserts, I spoke, "Do you like this flavor too?"

He smirked and smiled widely, "Yeah, I really like it!"

"Should we buy some when we go back later?"

"Sure!"

Marcus seemed to be in a particularly good mood.

Because of the desserts, I couldn't eat much food, but he ordered a lot. I stared at the leftover dishes and said pitifully, "What a waste!"

He smiled faintly, "We can takeaway the leftovers!"

I was stunned. He didn't seem like someone frugal. He was picky with his food at home too.

Yet, he finished my leftover desserts and is going to take away the leftover food?

He saw me staring at him and smiled, "If you turn right ahead, there are many stray dogs and the homeless. We can leave it there. They will take it when they are hungry."

I was stunned for a moment. I couldn't describe what I was feeling. I thought he was a rich man who didn't know about the difficulties in life, but...

"Yup, sure!" I asked for the takeaway boxes and packed the food.

After leaving the restaurant, I followed him. He walked a while and turned his head to me, "Are you tired?"

I shook my head, "I'm not tired!"

"Alright. We are reaching soon!"

The city center was supposed to be a bustling and lavish place. I never expected that there would be hidden corners, forgotten by society, in such a place.

This area was not easily found, and the corner was fairly hidden. There was food placed neatly beside the rubbish bin. Marcus left the food boxes over there.

When he was about to bring me away, I looked at the surroundings. The area nearby was kept clean, and even the space beside the rubbish bin was spick and span. The food boxes beside were placed neatly too.

After walking a few steps with him, I couldn't help but raised my eyes at him. I smiled, "Marcus, there are still many kind souls in this city, right?"

He saw me smile and was stunned for a second. Then, he nodded and held tightly onto me, "Yes, there are still many of them!"

Chapter 216

My tears rolled down uncontrollably. He raised his arms and tugged me into his embrace. He comforted me, "No matter what, you will have a place in the sun!"

I nodded and cried uncontrollably. After a while, I pulled out from his embrace. Then I saw the stains of my tears and snot on his expensive suit. It looked hilarious.

I couldn't help and laughed. "Your clothes?" My voice was hoarse.

He sighed helplessly. He took out a tissue and passed it to me, "Clean up your own mess!"

I took the tissue and cleaned it for him, but there were still some stains.

I raised my head and looked at him, "It seems like it can't be wiped off." I said apologetically.

He raised his hands and flicked my forehead. He smiled, "I will have to send it for cleaning."

I nodded, that was all we could do now.

After eating and taking a stroll, my mood was brightened up.

When we reached the mall's car park, he went to fetch the car, and I waited for him at the exit. I was bored and stared blankly under the sun.

The autumn sun was not glaring, but it would still give one a headache if one stayed for too long.

"Jackson, did your driving skills get rusty? Aren't you only reversing? Why are you so bad at it?"

The voice was particularly familiar. I froze in my tracks and turned over to look instinctively.

But I froze again. The voice echoed from my back. It was Jackson, "Can you stop talking? Just stay quiet!"

"I can't!"

While listening to their voices, Marcus arrived with his car. He had also caught sight of Jackson and Marcy, and he looked up to see that my expression was grim.

He furrowed his brows, "Do you want to meet them?"

I shook my head and boarded the car, "Let's go!" I said.

I was in a half-dead state. I would only make them worry if I met them. I might as well meet them when I get better.

He paused for a moment and said nothing else. He drove the car back to the villa in the suburbs.

On the road, the sceneries went past in a flash. I stared out the window and was lost in my thoughts.

I heard a faint sigh, "You would have to get through it by yourself."

I went silent. I knew that I had to get through it, and I needed to do it by myself.

The rest of the days were peaceful. Marcus was good at taking care of people.

But I couldn't possibly stay here forever and impose on him.

Until now, I had been avoiding everyone for two months. I didn't want to meet anyone. I didn't check my phone, the television, nor the news. The days were peaceful as they went by.

Marcus was back early at night. He saw me reading in the hammock chair in the yard.

He covered a blanket on my legs and said, "The weather is cold. Stay warm, don't get sick."

I closed my book and looked up at him. I smiled faintly, "You are kinda like my grandma!"

He raised his brows. But he wasn't angry because I compared him to an elder. He smiled lightly, "How so?"

I tilted my head and gave it a thought, "Hm...you are both naggy."

He chuckled, "Then I'll have to do something about that. If not, you are going to dislike me."

The maid walked out from the living room and said politely, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. White, the dinner is ready."

Marcus briefly responded and took away the book from my hands. He took a glance and raised his brows, "Romeo and Juliet? You seemed to be reading this these days?"

I nodded and got down from the hammock chair. I smiled, "I used to only feel pity for the love story between Juliet and Romeo. But now I could see the life stories of every character."

He nodded and placed the book on the bookshelf, "Let's eat first!"

The villa was huge, but it didn't seem empty. At the dining table, Marcus saw me drinking a few sips of the fish soup and scooped me another bowl, "Drink more if you like."

I smiled as I touched my face and looked at him, "Do you see any changes in me?"

He nodded and looked at me closely, "Yes, you have lost weight!"

What the...

It was obvious that I had gained weight since Marcus had been using all types of methods to get me to eat these days. My thin face had grown chubbier.

I saw him putting down his cutlery, so I thought he was done with eating. After a short pause, I asked, "Marcus, I have something to say!"

He nodded and looked at me, "Go ahead!"

Having stayed here for some time, I would have thought that my life was always this peaceful if weren't for the painful memories that had been constantly pulling me back to reality.

I paused before speaking, "I'm planning to move to the city." I looked at his face, which had gone grim. I continued, "I'm grateful for your care all this while. But I can't be staying here forever. I can't let you take care of me for life, nor hide here forever. You were right. There are some things that I have to get over by myself, and nobody can help me with that. K City is huge. I think I can stand on my feet in the city."

Even though the past was painful, but I still have to look forward, right?

Thud! He slammed down the cutlery in his hands and said in a low voice, "I can't untie the knot in your heart. But if you are willing to stay here, I can take care of you forever. You don't have to worry about providing yourself."

I smiled forcefully and said cruelly, "I do not want to!"

His handsome face froze. After a long silence, he spoke, "Alright. It's fine if you are going back to K City. But you have to promise to contact me at any time. Call me if anything happens and tell me any time if you need anything."

Chapter 217

I nodded. My heart felt warm from his words. With the tears brimming in my eyes, I forced a smile, "Yeah, okay!"

After a pause, I continued, "I'm planning to go back during the upcoming public holiday!"

He furrowed his brows, "You haven't fully recovered yet!"

"I'm all better now!" I always felt that he was treating me like a porcelain doll. I said helplessly, "I had been resting for the past two months. Moreover, I can rest in K City too. I can find a job that is not so tiring."

He gave some thought and nodded, "Fine. But you don't have to rush for the job. I will settle it for you. I have houses in the city too. I'll find a nearby house after knowing your workplace's location."

I wanted to reject him, but he interrupted, "Just nice there are vacancies in my company. Since you think you owe me a favor, you can come and help out. Also, I'm going to collect rent from you too. I'll deduct ten percent of your salary for the rent."

I was speechless and said helplessly, "I still have some savings. You don't have to do this for me. Anyways, I was planning to find something else to do."

"Yes, I know!" He seemed a little angry knowing that I was rejecting him.

I did not say much after looking at him.

Whatever. The White family's business was big. If he really had the heart to help me, it will be easier for me in the future too.

After I made the decision and had dinner, he asked someone to pack up. We were ready to leave tomorrow morning.

The next day.

The daylight came later in the late autumn. The sky slowly turned bright only at seven.

I woke up early to clean up. By the time I was done, Marcus was already waiting downstairs.

Noticing my arrival, he kept his phone and spoke, "Grab a quick bite. We will set off after you're done eating!"

I nodded in response and nibbled on some bread. He knew that I didn't usually eat much, so he furrowed his brows as he looked at me dine, but he didn't say much.

After bringing me to the car, he started the engine and passed me a notebook, "I found a few job positions that suit you. Take a look and let me know which do you prefer. I will settle it. You can start working after the holidays!"

I flipped open the notebook, and the neat handwriting first came into sight. I took a look. He had listed around ten job positions, and they were all easy jobs.

I furrowed my brows, "Can I do projects? Or you can put me under the project management department. I'm fine with starting from the bottom!"

He nodded, "Alright. The project director just went home after an accident. You can replace him."

I was stunned for a moment. I never thought he would agree so quickly and asked, "You are going to decide just like that? Won't you worry that my ability is not of standard and ruin your company?"

He took a side glance at me and smiled, "Will you?"

I pursed my lips, "That's hard to say!" After all, I had not been working for almost a year.

At the traffic junction, he rested his arms on the steering wheel and looked at me, "If you could handle a huge project like Fuller Corporation, White Corporation would just be a piece of cake!"

I didn't know how to react to him. He was humble with his words. White Corporation was huge, and they worked towards internationalization. Fuller Corporation was huge as well, but it still lacked at certain aspects.

The traffic at the city center was fairly heavy. Marcus briefly explained the company history of White Corporation while driving. He also told me some general work affairs and current developments in the company to prepare myself.

Benjamin White wasn't very well, so Marcus had been taking care of the company in place of his father. He would occasionally face some difficulties, and he admitted that he had his own motive for arranging me into his company.

He wanted to nurture his own trusted men.

The car entered the Central Park residence in the city center and stopped under a residential block.

I looked at the surroundings and was shocked. This area was in the city center, where the housing prices were staggeringly high. Even upper-middle-class people could barely afford the housing in this area.

He saw me staring and smiled, "Let me bring you in first. We can buy whatever that's lacking afterward!"

I looked at the time and said, "You're not going to the office today?"

He smiled faintly, "I'm having a week-long holiday!"

Alright then!

We entered the residence, and he spoke when the elevator door opened, "This area is nearby the office. We'll see what's missing in the house and get it at the supermarket nearby. I will bring you to the office two days later. You can take a look at the surroundings and see what's lacking, then buy them later."

I nodded in response and thought, I'm probably the person who has the least worries at work. The boss had already settled everything.

The house was on the tenth floor. It was not high and spacious. The interior was cozy yet different from the villa. But it was comfortable to live in.

I looked at the arrangements of the rooms and looked at him, "The rental should be a few hundred thousand, right? Especially since it's located in an expensive land like the K City."

He raised his brows, "Are you worried about the rental?"

I shook my head and smiled, "I was wondering what are property investors like you were thinking. You bought the house and renovated it nicely. But no one lives nor rent here. It's such a waste to just leave it like this!"

Chapter 218

Ashton tends to do things this way too. I hung my head low at the sudden, intrusive thought about him while my nose wrinkled in discomfort.

Marcus did not notice my minute reaction. He merely grinned. "It's not a waste. See, we're using it now, aren't we?"

We took a spin around the house. It didn't look like we need to buy or replace anything, but the kitchen looked quite empty. Perhaps Marcus, assuming that I was not much of a cook, did not bother too much with the layout.

"Is there anything missing?" He said, changing the house key and fingerprint code to mine.

I nodded in response. "Since you're free tonight, why don't we cook at home? I can give Macy and Jackson a call later, invite them to join in. I should let them know I'm safe anyway. Ever since I left, it's like I've been cut off from the outside world."

Marcus nodded. He did not look too good, but I paid little mind to that.

We left the residence together and headed to the supermarket. There, we stocked up on basic cooking necessities, including rice, cooking oil, sugar, and salt. Marcus turned to me with a look of surprise. "You can cook?"

It was so embarrassing to have that question thrown at me. Impatiently, I rebutted, "Don't underestimate me, alright? What makes you think I can't cook?"

I picked a few seasonings and added bluntly, "Just you wait, I'll show you what I'm capable of tonight!"

Laughter escaped him. He raised a hand, patted me on the head, and said, "Alright then. I'll wait!"

I lifted my head and smiled at him. My eyes fell upon an item on the shelf behind him, so I asked for a favor, "Marcus, can you help me get that seasoning bag? I can't reach it!"

He did not respond. Instead, he just stared at a target behind me, looking rather solemn. I froze, faintly wary of an icy glare that seemed to be directed at me.

Out of instinctive reaction, I was about to whip my head around, but Marcus pulled me into his arms and buried me into his embrace.

When he spoke, it was in a stern tone, "It's getting late. Let's head back!"

I was stunned, but before I could figure out what was going on, someone forcibly grabbed hold of my wrist and pulled me out of Marcus' embrace.

I was shell-shocked when my eyes took in Ashton's face, filled with depth, eagerness, and delight interwoven in a complicated mess. In short, the emotions reflected in his eyes were an impetuous, messy lot. The thoughts in my head crashed to a halt as though my brain had been struck by a lightning bolt.

I was at a loss of what to do. My body stiffened, my heart began to ache, and the dense pain began to spread. Fear and bewilderment engulfed me.

I felt my hands and body tremble. In a moment, I broke off eye contact and stopped looking at him while my heart suffocated from the pain.

I was not ready to face him yet. I was not ready to tell him what happened to the baby. I was not ready to give him any sort of explanation at all.

"Scarlett, why are you..." A woman's dainty voice suddenly rang, and it fell heavily on my ears.

My eyes darted to Rebecca, whose belly had already begun to show. She was standing next to a shopping cart stacked with lots of baby supplies fit for baby girls.

I suddenly recalled Ashton picking out these items before. They were more or less the same things.

Rebecca, Cameron... Staring at Rebecca with a pair of reddened eyes, I was on the brink of emotional collapse. In that instant, I lost control. I shoved Ashton's arm away with all my might.

And then I launched myself almost frantically at Rebecca. No one expected I would turn out like that.

Rebecca stepped back in shock. I did not give her time to respond at all. The next thing I knew, I tore at her delicately styled hair, yelling in a frenzy, "Rebecca, a life for a life! I won't let you and Cameron escape!"

"Ah... she's gone mad! Scarlett, you mad woman! Ash, save me!" Rebecca, scared out of her wits, kept screaming. The scene descended into chaos.

Someone tackled me from behind. They had me tightly secured in their arms. A low, gruff voice rang in my ear, "Scarlett, it's me! I'm Ashton! I'm your husband!"

Almost instantly, I felt my strength dwindling, my eyes still maddening red. I broke myself free from his arms with what little strength I had left.

Marcus held onto me. I squeezed his hands tightly, my voice hoarse and painful, "Marcus, take me away from here!"

I really did not want to stay here a minute more. I feared I would not be able to control myself and engage in another fight with Rebecca.

I was even more afraid of seeing Ashton protecting her and much more afraid of seeing them being intimate with each other.

"Alright, let's go home!" Marcus complied. He carried me in his arms and headed towards the exit.

Random shoppers kept looking our way. Ashton, hot on our heels, eventually blocked Marcus' path, his voice deep, chilly, and terrifying, as he ordered, "Let her go!"

Marcus sneered, looking rather grim. "Do you think she will go with you?"

Ashton's eyes flitted to me, and his pupils shrank. Then, he shouted, "Scarlett, come back to me!"

I clung onto Marcus like my life depended on him, my eyes now red and swollen. I begged him, "Take me away, take me away from here!"

Marcus nodded. Then he turned to Ashton, lips pursed, and pronounced one word at a time, "Ashton, you'll hound her to death if you keep pushing it!"

Ashton pursed his lips, and I could vaguely see in his dark eyes that he was crumbling bit by bit. For a long while, he had his eyes fixed on me before he slowly spat out a few words, "Fine! Go!"

Without Ashton on our trail, I was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief. Marcus carried me into the car and brought me straight back to Central Park residence.

