

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love

## Chapter 219-222

### Chapter 219

When we got home, he laid me down on the sofa in the living room before getting me some water and my medicine. He then squatted next to me and said, "Do you still want to take your meds?"

I nodded, reached out to take medicine from him, and swallowed it. I managed to calm down a bit after that. Feeling exhausted, I proceeded to lean back on the sofa.

He sat down and stayed right there next to me throughout a very long silence. I felt lucky that every time something bad happened, there was always someone who would stand by me, and we would pull through whatever it was together.

When Grandma died, George Fuller stayed with me. And now it was Marcus' turn. I had no clue how much longer I could stay sane, but I always felt that perhaps tomorrow, or someday later, I would not be able to hold on anymore.

Depression kept coming back. I could not tell whether I was just really bad at coping with it or was it destined to be this way.

I fell asleep without knowing it. I did not know how long I had slept, but night had fallen by the time I woke up.

Noises came from the living room. I rose to check, only to find Marcus in the kitchen, donning an apron as he cooked. His stance and actions resembled those of a master chef.

Hearing movements coming from behind, he turned around and, upon seeing my conscious self, smiled as he said, "You should go wash your face. Dinner will be ready soon!"

I leaned on the door frame, watching him prepare the food with great expertise. "Were you a student at Neo Oriental Academy?"

He chuckled, pride glinting in his eyes. "Ho? You're talking about that famous culinary school? Well, hearing this question come from you, that should be a compliment!"

I nodded, not holding back on flattery. "You seem to know your stuff very well!"

He turned off the stove, looked back at me, and nagged, "Go wash up!"

I nodded and obediently entered the bedroom for a quick wash-up. By the time I came out, he had a full course ready on the table, complete with a pleasant aroma.

I sat down at the dining table, and he brought me a bowl of rice. "You should eat more. When you're done, we'll go for a walk outside!"

I nodded. The food was wonderful, but I did not have much of an appetite and only managed to consume several mouthfuls.

Despite that, Marcus did not force me to continue. He merely said, "We have fruits in the fridge, and snacks too! Go get what you like."

I chuckled, "Have you always been this experienced in taking care of women?" As a woman, I admired his attention to detail.

He nodded and replied frankly, "That's how I take care of Snowball!"

That caught me off guard.

I could not go on. I looked in the refrigerator and found that he bought quite a number of fruits. He probably went out on his own when I was asleep.

I took out a small box of strawberries and was about to wash them in the kitchen when he called out, "They're already washed. You can go ahead and eat them!"

I... Fine, he's quite considerate.

He cleared the table while I returned to the sofa. Noting my lack of activity, he suggested, "Why don't you change into something else? We can go for a walk outside later!"

I opened my mouth to speak. Initially, I did not want to go, but then I thought, why not? We need to live a little, don't we?

It was late autumn, so the sun would descend earlier than usual, casting our surroundings into darkness. Marcus was rather good-looking, so much so that he managed to draw the attention of the many people wandering around the residence, especially young women, who also happened to be out for a walk.

After some time, I got tired. I sat down on a bench under a street lamp. Looking up at him, I said, "The woman who marries you in the future will be very happy."

With both hands in his pockets, he arched his eyebrows and said in a laid-back manner, "Are you happy now?"

I froze. Without knowing it, certain memories began to flood into my mind, and for a while, I bowed my head without saying another word.

Marcus must have perceived my emotions, for he let out a loose sigh. He stayed beside me and patted me on the back, "Sorry about that. I didn't mean it!"

I shook my head. It had nothing to do with him. It was my own problem, and I could not get over it. No matter how hard I tried, I seemed to be stuck.

"Did you get him... a funeral portrait?" I choked. My hands had begun to tremble on their own.

Pursing his lips, he lifted a hand to wipe away my tears. He sighed silently, "Don't look. It'll get better!"

In the end, I did not have the courage to bury my own child myself, nor did I have the guts to see what he looked like.

Marcus said I had an adorable baby boy with a healthy weight who was fair and chubby.

I could not bear to see him. I was afraid I would lose control and would want to die along with him. I was afraid that, if I saw him, I could not bear to have him buried.

"Fine, I won't!" I lowered my eyes. At the same time, I pinched my palm so hard it actually hurt.

It was getting late, and the night got cooler too. Marcus rose to his feet before assisting me as well, "Let's get back inside! It's cold out here."

I nodded. Slowly, we headed back to the residential building together.

As soon as we got there, he came to a halt. I looked up at him. He was staring grumpily at something straight ahead. I followed his gaze.

I froze at the sight of our guest. Why is Sally here?

When she saw Marcus and me, Sally sprinted towards us and pulled me away from Marcus. Holding onto me, she asked, "Letty, where have you been all this time? What happened? Where's the baby?"

Her series of questions left me at a loss. I instinctively looked at Marcus, who furrowed his brows.

Eyes still on Sally, he said in a solemn tone, "What are you doing here?"

Stunned by his inquiry, Sally turned to him, her brows knitted, "Marc, why is Letty with you? Why haven't you gone home? What exactly is going on here? Ashton has gone crazy looking for Letty! Do you think it's appropriate for you to do this?"

## **Chapter 220**

Marcus sneered. His voice turned ice-cold as he continued, "He's gone crazy looking for Scarlett? What do you take us for? Idiots?"

"Marc!" Sally said angrily, "Watch your tongue!"

"My tongue?" Marcus snorted. "The best way to hide a misdeed is not to commit it. Go back and tell Ashton that Scarlett doesn't need him. And tell him to stay away from her!"

Sally realized there was no way to communicate with Marcus, so she took my hand and said, "Letty, if for some reason you're not willing to see Ashton, then come back with me. Don't stay here. Marc is an unmarried man, while you are a married woman. This is K City. People talk. If you're caught by someone with ill intentions, think of what it'll do to the Fullers and the White family's name!"

"Ho!" Marcus scoffed, "Family name? Oh, now you bring it up! Haven't you done enough damage to the Fullers and the White family? What? Are you here to put the blame on us?"

Those words hit Sally like a hard slap on the face, rendering her speechless.

I was not in a good state of mind. I pushed Sally's arms away and, unable to answer or add anything to their argument, I ran towards the residential entrance.

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Sally called out to me from behind. She wanted to give chase, but Marcus stopped her. "That's enough. Do you think the Fullers haven't hurt her enough? Her baby died two months ago, on the night of Ashton and Rebecca's engagement. He died from suffocation. Where were you all then? Where were all of you when she was locked in a warehouse, struggling to escape? Her baby's dead. The Scarlett you know is dead too. Now, she wants nothing to do with the Fullers." Marcus' booming voice echoed in the night.

I froze in place when my eyes took in the figure standing in front of me. It was Ashton. Under the night sky, his eyes appeared red, while agony crossed his face.

Behind me came Marcus' angry voice. "You go back and tell Ashton to stay far away from her, or I'll beat him into a pulp each time I see him."

Ashton had his eyes locked on me as he approached me, one step at a time. I could not move away. Once again, the searing pain in my heart caused my whole body to tremble.

"What happened to the baby?" He spoke, his voice lowered to the extremes. Indescribable emotions rose to the surface.

I opened my mouth but could not utter a single word.

Marcus caught up to us. When he saw Ashton, his face was overcome by fury. "The baby's dead. He couldn't be born in time, so he died from suffocation. Are you satisfied with the answer now, Ashton?"

"Shut up!" Ashton barked at him, his eyes still reddened. He directed his gaze towards me and, with restrained emotions, he uttered, word by word, "Scarlett, tell me, what happened to the baby?"

I wanted to speak, but the whole thing was too painful to be put into words, so I could only look at him in a daze.

After a long while, I breathed in deeply and spat out the two words that could potentially cost me my life, "He's dead!"

Ashton's tall form took a step back, seeming to have lost his balance. He looked at me with a faint glimmer glinting in his dark eyes.

I knew he was crying.

We can't be crying all the time. If we suffer but flesh wounds, there is nothing to cry about. If we cry, let it be because of sorrow.

That was what he used to tell me.

I had been locking away my emotions, and it was making me feel horrible. My head was starting to feel dizzy. Realizing that the situation was getting from bad to worse, I reached out a hand to hold onto Marcus and whispered to him, "Get me out of here!"

Marcus' eyes darkened when he noticed something was off. He promptly carried me into the residence and got me home.

He passed me my medicine, which I swallowed, and brought me to the bed. He stuck around to console me, "Don't overthink it. They aren't blaming you. They just don't know what you've been through. "

I did not speak. Tears began to flow down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Life is too hard!

Time passed slowly. I could not fall asleep. At two o'clock in the small hours, Marcus received a call. Benjamin White's condition had taken a turn for the worse, and he was sent to the ER.

Before Marcus left for the hospital, he worried about my being alone. He placed a phone next to me and gave his instructions, "Get some sleep. Call me if there's anything. I have stored Macy and Jackson's phone numbers in there. If you can't sleep, call up Jackson and have a chat with him."

I nodded and gave him a faint smile, "You should get going. Drive safe!"

He nodded and left in a hurry.

My insomnia had been a common occurrence in the past few months. In the beginning, I relied on drugs to fall asleep, but consuming too much of them would be detrimental to my health.

Marcus worried that I would be too dependent on the antidepressants if I take them too often, so he would only let me take them when my emotions were beyond control.

At the moment, it was dark outside. The lamp on the bedside table was dim. I stared at the ceiling, my head still a little dizzy.

Rumble! Suddenly, thunder roared outside. The residence was a tall building with a wide view, with the curtains currently drawn open. One after another, bolts of lightning flashed. The scene was especially horrifying.

Before long, the heavy rain came pouring down. As the storm crackled outside, I closed my eyes, trying to force myself to sleep.

But the more I wanted to sleep, the more I could not. Bolts after bolts of lightning lit up the room. Devastated, I rose and got out of bed.

I headed to the balcony and pulled the curtains close. Then, I turned back and went to bed. But along the way, I accidentally tripped over the chaise lounge and fell onto the ground.

## **Chapter 221**

My knees hurt. It took me a long time to get up from the ground and make my way to bed.

Boom! Thunder roared again before I could reach my bed, and the lamp on the bedside table suddenly went out.

The whole house immediately sank into darkness. Only the sound of thunder mixed with rain outside could be heard.

The house was pitch black. I could not see anything. My body stiffened as I laid low on the floor, the memories bringing me back to that particular night.

My arms and legs were tightly bound. I wanted to move but was unable to.

Fear and grief began to spread within me. In the darkened room, I seemed to hear a baby crying, each cry more miserable than the last.

I wanted to look for him, but no matter what I did, I could not get up from the floor. I did not know what was going on with my mind, but I had actually thought of death.

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If I die, I can reunite with my baby. With that thought, I fumbled and stumbled into the living room.

Because of the darkness, everything was flipped and tossed onto the floor, making crackling noises wherever I stepped.

I did not know where Marcus stored the knives, so I could only look for them blindly, but the tool was nowhere to be found.

The baby's cries rang again. The noise sounded so close to me, yet so far away. I did not think much of it as I hurried to the source.

By the time I regained consciousness, I found myself on the sidewalk, with no memories of how I got there.

It was raining heavily. There were no pedestrians, only cars coming and going on the road. I was freaking out. I had no idea what was wrong with me.

There were many times where I could not control myself. I kept having hallucinations. I kept seeing my baby and hearing his cries.

I wanted to go with him, but whenever I did that, I ended up losing him and getting myself lost as well.

Looking at the cars on the road, I felt desperate. This was the soberest moment, since I felt ill, that suicide was on my mind.

Given my current condition, I would only be a burden to others. Without knowing it, I began walking towards the middle of the road.

I heard the harsh sounds of car horns honking. I looked up and saw a flash of white light ahead. My mind went blank.

Right when the car was about to crash into me, someone suddenly caught my waist and dragged me away.

I fell to the ground. My head was spinning. All I could think of was the baby.

I murmured to myself, "Why did I lose him? How could I lose him?"

Tears began to leak.

"It's okay. It's okay. We'll get him back eventually!" A low, hoarse voice rang in my ears, and I was drawn into a warm embrace.

I froze. When I looked up, I was gazing into Ashton's eyes, dark as night. As though something had struck my head, I lifted my arms and pushed him away. I stumbled as I got up from the ground.

I ran aimlessly, just wanting to get away from him.

"Scarlett!" Ashton was faster than me. He got hold of me and held me tightly in his arms. He was incredibly strong, and I had no room to struggle.

I was shaking all over, and every cell in my body screamed at me to push him away.

Marcus was not here. There was no one I could turn to for help. My body went stubbornly numb as I let him hold me.

The longer we stayed there, the heavier the rain poured. I was losing strength by the minute, getting increasingly lightheaded.

The next time I woke up, I was in the hospital.

I looked sideways and saw Ashton's pale, haggard face. Even so, he was still as handsome as ever.

Perhaps he was physically drained, too, for he had fallen asleep on the edge of the bed. I had not seen stubble on his chin in a long while, and he looked even more sloppy with that.

Was he the one who brought me here?

That thought gave me a headache. I fumbled to get out of bed. I might have moved too much, for he was soon roused awake.

When he saw me attempting to get off the bed, he got up and forced me back down. Eyes darkened, he said, "Take a good rest. The doctor will come over for an infusion shortly!"

I knitted my brows and frowned, my heart surging with irritability and restlessness. I shoved aside the arm he had placed on my shoulder and barked at him, my emotions unstable, "Ashton, I want you to stay away from me. As far as possible. Do you hear me?"

When I was with Marcus, I could keep my mood swings in check, but that was not the case with Ashton. I would take his association with Rebecca to the extremes, revealing the misery and hatred that I had buried so deeply within me.

When Ashton saw how furious I suddenly was, he seemed lost for a moment, but only for a moment. He soon composed himself and tried to calm me down. "Alright. Take it easy. I'll be leaving now. But you have to get your infusion and take your medicine later."

"Ash! I'm done with my checkup!" Rebecca's voice rang from outside the ward.

In just a second, she entered my ward with her medical records in hand. When she saw me, her lips curled upwards, and very gently, she said, "Oh, Scarlett, you're awake. Are you feeling better?"

I did not want to see her, especially her bulging belly, the image of which cut into me like a sharp knife. I felt a stabbing pain every time I see it.

The agony of that night drifted into my mind, filling my heart with hatred. I gritted my teeth. The depression was killing me. I picked up a random object from the bedside cabinet and, without checking what it was, I threw it at Rebecca.

The scare made Rebecca's face turn pale, but Ashton reacted quickly and took the blow in her stead. The object struck him on the back.

I gritted my teeth, still boiling with resentment. The despair in my heart took over like water bursting out of the riverbank. I wanted them dead. That was all I thought about. Anyone who had hurt me must die. I wanted them to be buried along with my baby.

## **Chapter 222**

Glaring at Rebecca's pregnant belly, my face turned stone-cold. "Rebecca, my baby is dead! Don't think you'll get away with it! You, and your mother, will get what's coming!"

"Scarlett, you mad woman! What nonsense is that?" Rebecca dropped her façade entirely following my threat.

My anger contained, I clenched both my fists tight. "Mad? When your mother did what she did, she should have considered how a madwoman such as I would retaliate against you!"

I took note of the chair next to me. Without warning, I lifted it and aimed it at Rebecca. She let out a scream.

"That's enough!" Ashton, being the strong man that he was, snatched the chair from me and glared at me in disbelief. "Scarlett, what's the matter with you? How did you become like this? We might have lost one baby, but we could always have another one."

"Ho!" I scoffed. I lifted my chin and gave him an icy stare before flashing my palm in his face. Very slowly, I said, "Ashton, you're one to talk. It's easy for you, isn't it? Giving birth. All you need to do is fire several shots. You don't have to go through ten months of hard labor!"

His eyes fell on the scar on my palm, and frowned, "How did this happen?"

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I laughed, but it was much more painful than crying. Glancing at Rebecca, I resisted my tears. "How did this happen? You should ask your most precious Rebecca over there how I got this scar."

I looked back at Ashton, a lot calmer this time, and continued, "Ashton, do you know how our baby died? That night, he tried so desperately to get out of me, but he was not able to."

Seeing the tormented expression on his face, I suddenly realized, why do I have to suffer alone? Why is it only my burden to bear? "Ashton, do you know? When I was abducted, I tried calling you over and over again, hoping that you would come and save us. But no matter how many times I called, your phone was always turned off. Ashton, do you know how desperate I was?"

He wanted to say something, but I interrupted him with a snort. "You don't know. I believe, at that time, you should be admiring your dear princess, celebrating her birthday. At that time, you must have prepared a wonderful gift for her."

"Scarlett!" He yelled, his voice hoarse. "I left my phone in the company. I really didn't know."

"Exactly. You didn't know!" I sneered. "You have no idea that I was locked up in a warehouse, with my arms and legs tied up. You don't know how I felt when my baby tried so hard to come out, but I couldn't help him. You don't know how I felt when he slowly stopped breathing inside of me..."

I began to choke. I could not go on. But as Ashton's face got paler and more frightful, all of a sudden, I felt better because I was not the only one in pain anymore.

I cracked a smile. "Ashton, do you know what it feels like to have a baby die inside you? Do you know what the baby looked like when it was taken out? Do you know how it felt like to be suffocated to death?"

"That's enough!" On the verge of breaking down, he covered his face with his hands as his tall body gradually crouched down to the floor. In front of me now kneeled a helpless and fragile man, visibly in pain.

I felt better seeing him like this. Then, I turned to Rebecca, whose face had gone pale, and sneered, "How is it, Rebecca? Do you feel more at ease after listening to my story? The money you and your mother spent had been worth it!"

"Scarlett, what are you babbling about?" Rebecca raised her voice, fuming. "What makes you think my mother and I were behind it?"

I cackled. "Why are you so eager to deny it? You have caused such a huge uproar. Do you really think I won't be able to find anything about the culprit? Does the Moore family really think they are so invincible that they can bury the truth?"

Rebecca was so terrified that she backed away, her mouth hanging open as though in a trance. "I didn't do it!"

Ashton turned to look at her with an extremely icy glare, "So your family's behind it?"

Rebecca shook her head, her body trembling non-stop, "No! That's not what I meant!"

I did not want to see how she would put on airs, so I exited the ward. Ashton wanted to run after me, but Rebecca stopped him. In tears, she pleaded, "Ashton, you have to believe me. I have absolutely nothing to do with this. I don't know anything..."

I was not familiar with K City, so after I got out of the hospital, I did not know how to get home.

Looking at the crowds, I had no clue where I should go from here. I had neither phone nor cash on me, and I was afraid that Ashton would catch up.

Along the way, I kept asking the passers-by for directions. By the time I reached Central Park residence, my feet were worn out.

When I got home and took off my shoes, I had already bled a fair amount.

Bang! The door slammed open. Marcus was still panting when he saw me. My appearance stunned him, if only for an instant, for he soon pulled me up and into his arms.

"It's been a day and a night. Where have you been? Why didn't you give me a call?"

I was stunned by his reaction. My heart leaped when I only realized his feelings for me in hindsight. I seemed to be in trouble.

After what seemed like an eternity, he released me. Next, he composed himself, gazed at me, and said, "Where did you go? Why didn't you come back after one night?"

"I don't know why, but I ran out. Then, when I came to, I was already in the hospital." I mumbled, omitting the part about Ashton.

