

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 227-230

Chapter 227

No one would reject such a great advantage.

After leaving the meeting room, Sally blocked my path and said, "Let's have a chat, Scarlett."

She probably wants to talk about HiTech. I nodded and took a glance at Marcus. "Let's get lunch together later."

He nodded. "I'll wait for you."

The woman frowned unhappily when she saw our exchange. After Marcus left, she asked, "Shall we talk in my office?"

I nodded. "Alright."

Her office was nicely decorated with lots of flowers. Once we were in there, she gestured for me to sit down and poured me a cup of coffee.

Then, she sat down in her chair. Instead of talking about HiTech, she asked, "How are you and Ashton doing recently?"

Since she was an elder to me, it didn't seem inappropriate for her to ask that question. I answered indifferently, "We don't meet, nor do we poke our noses into each other's business."

She nodded but didn't say anything in response. After pausing for a moment, Sally asked, "What are your plans now?"

"I'm not sure yet." I had been giving her somewhat lukewarm reactions so far, and she seemed unsatisfied with them. However, she didn't say much about it. "Both you and Ashton are husband and wife. No matter what mistake the other party made, you should solve the problem and stay by each other's side. You shouldn't hold grudges and force the other party to leave!"

She harped on earnestly, "I know that you've gone through a lot, Scarlett. But you have to talk it out. We're a family, not enemies. You shouldn't carry all these burdens alone. You can hate Ashton all you want, but you're still his wife. And when you're living under the same roof, you have to solve the problems you're facing. You can't just run from them, Scarlett."

I lowered my gaze as I started feeling annoyed. She was right, but I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to stand living in the same house as Ashton.

Seeing that Sally was about to say something else, I quickly said, "Aunt Sally, we're at work right now. Let's talk about private stuff at home, alright? You called me here to talk about the company's matters, right?"

There wasn't any problem with what she said. In fact, I could understand her reasoning and even agreed that she was right. But things were always easier said than done.

Sally stopped talking about this matter when she saw that I was getting impatient. After sighing slightly, she said, "Alright, then. We'll talk about the company's matters. Do you know what the consequences would be if you use HiTech as collateral and there is no progress after a year?"

I raised my brows. "Are you thinking for the Fuller family or the White family? If you're concerned about the former, don't worry, Aunt Sally. I obviously already have a plan in mind if I had the guts to make that suggestion. Besides, George already handed over the company to me before he passed on, so I have full discretion over it. It's my own business, to put it bluntly."

A displeased look appeared on her face once I was done talking. "Dad handed over HiTech to you only because he trusted you and hoped that you could make it a better company. He also wanted you and Ashton to be together for the rest of your lives. He didn't give you the company just to let you put it at stake so hastily," she said in a low voice.

Seeing that she was getting worked up, I got to my feet and retorted, "You said it yourself that George trusts me. Since it's my decision to make, it's not something that other people or even George can control. After all, never doubt the person you hire."

"You—"

"Sorry, I still have an appointment in the afternoon, so I'll take my leave now." I wasn't a good person, and I had no right to judge whether someone was good or bad. After all, everyone's experience in life was different. Therefore, I could only endure the hardships I experienced. As for everyone else, I would never be able to fathom their suffering, nor did I want to.

I headed straight to Marcus' office after leaving Sally's.

The man was in his seat, looking really bored.

Upon seeing me, he raised a brow as he asked, "What did you talk about?"

"Relationships!" I sat down on the couch and gulped down a few mouthfuls of water to suppress the irritation I was feeling.

His lips twitched. "Did she manage to convince you?"

I looked up at him and replied, "Do you think I would be convinced so easily?"

He pursed his lips. "That's hard to say."

Marcus paused for a while before adding, "I know you really love Ashton. Wouldn't you regret it if you just gave him up like that?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "How were you able to tell that I love him?"

He shrugged and got up before saying, "Would you have pushed yourself to this point if you didn't?"

Marcus walked over to me and reached out his hand. "These are the information of the two men from that night. I'll continue investigating if you really want me to."

Then, he handed me a file. I was stunned for a moment. Unable to contain the frustration I was feeling, I quickly opened up the file to read the documents. It was as though the old wound in my heart was about to be ripped open again.

After reading up their files, I couldn't stop myself from saying, "Both of them have their own families. Do you think they would stop being so cruel if they experienced the pain of losing a child?"

Marcus pursed his lips as his gaze landed on my cold face. He heaved a sigh and asked, "What do you want to do?"

Chapter 228

I stared at the files for a long moment before keeping them. "Just continue investigating. I have nothing to do with them. There must be a reason for them to attack me."

He nodded and paused briefly before adding, "Ashton seems to be investigating this matter too."

"It involves his child after all, so it's quite normal for him to investigate this," I sneered.

"Let's go. What do you want to eat?" he asked as he took his car keys.

With no particular food in mind, I stood up and answered, "Anything is fine."

After we entered the elevator, he said, "Are you using HiTech as a stake so that you can go against the Moore family with White Corporation?"

"I can't believe you noticed. Are you going to stop me?" I asked with a smile.

Frowning, he said, "The Moore family isn't as simple as we think. It's troublesome enough dealing with Cameron, let alone Zachary."

I nodded but remained adamant about my decision. "So what? I can't accept what happened to me."

Marcus knew that he wouldn't be able to change my mind no matter what he said, so he stopped talking.

Once we left the company and got into the car, he began driving without saying another word.

He always had great taste in food. When we stopped at a French restaurant, I took a glance at it before saying to him, "You should write a book about the food in K City. I think lots of people will like it."

Marcus grinned at my words. "You're just going to assume that they serve good food even before you start eating?"

I nodded. "This place is quite low-key, and the environment here is serene. No one would be able to find this place if they weren't purposely looking for it. Normally, people who open up places like this don't lack money, and their boss must be quite a sentimental person. If I'm not wrong, the chef here must be the boss."

His lips curled into a faint smile as he locked the car. "You're right!"

As I followed him into the yard, a waiter greeted us and brought us to the second floor. The restaurant wasn't spacious, but there were lots of flowers and plants in the yard. It was quiet and had an artistic vibe to it.

Marcus didn't ask what I wanted when it was time to order. Instead, he took the initiative and picked the dishes. Normally, he would choose unique dishes while making sure that they were to my liking.

I had a feeling that whoever became Marcus's girlfriend in the future would definitely be spoiled.

This man was really good at taking care of people.

He handed the menu back to the waiter and said, "We'll have tea, please."

"Alright. Please wait for a moment."

After the waiter left, I propped my chin up with my hand and said with confidence, "You'll definitely have a daughter in the future."

Stunned by my remark, he smiled and asked, "And how did you know that?"

I nodded. "Because you take such good care of people. You must've been a playboy with lots of mistresses in your past life."

"Hah!" He burst into laughter. "Since when did you become a fortune-teller?"

"Since... a long time ago!" Out of the corner of my eye, I saw three people who just came upstairs. Immediately, I shut my mouth.

Noticing my odd reaction, Marcus looked over too. Seeing that it was Rebecca, Cameron, and John, he frowned and glanced at me. "Do you know all of them?"

I nodded and shifted my gaze from them, my face turning grim.

When John saw me, he quickly walked over to us, looking flustered. Grabbing my arm, he said somewhat emotionally, "Where have you been all this while?"

I furrowed my brows and pried his hand off. "I hid away to give birth. Where else could I go?"

"Where's your child then?" he asked with a frown.

"It's dead!" Starting to get frustrated, I shot a glance at Marcus.

Immediately, he got up and pulled John away, then suggested, "Mr. Stovall, we're still eating now. It seems that you're also quite busy now. How about we find a chance to talk once you're done?"

However, the latter's face was icy cold as he looked at me. "Since when were you so close with him?"

I chuckled in amusement. "Since when did you care so much?"

Right then, Cameron and Rebecca walked over with smiles on their faces. The former's gaze landed on my belly. "Ms. Stovall, you managed to maintain such a great figure even after giving birth. I'm so envious."

I pursed my lips and clenched my fists. While suppressing my anger, I answered, "Ms. Anderson, you should pray that Ms. Larson can be in good shape like me after giving birth. Oh, right. I paid great attention during labor. I will share what I did with Ms. Larson. As long as she follows the instructions, she'll be able to maintain a great figure too."

Rebecca didn't know what I was implying, so she was baffled. On the other hand, Cameron's expression changed drastically upon hearing what I said because she knew the implicit meaning behind my words.

Her previous friendly facade disappeared as she stood in front of her daughter and replied in an icy tone, "There's no need. Not everyone is as lucky as you are, Ms. Stovall. It's all a matter of fate. Besides, Rebecca has been very fortunate all her life. As her mother, I would do my best to provide her with whatever she wants."

Hah...

People who still have their mothers around really are treated like treasures!

I smiled at that. "I hope that Ms. Larson would always be able to live a good life and never have to suffer..."

"Of course!" With that said, Cameron dragged Rebecca away. She took a glance at John and said, "Mr. Stovall, it seems that we have nothing to discuss anymore."

Chapter 229

John was adamant that he had overheard something important as he looked at Cameron and said, "I won't keep you any longer, Ms. Anderson."

After Cameron and Rebecca left, John sat beside me and pestered me about the reason behind my two-month disappearance.

Miffed, I couldn't be bothered to explain to him. Hence, I turned to Marcus and changed the topic. "Let's order some takeaways and go home!"

Marcus nodded in response. Just as we were heading out of the restaurant, John blocked our path and asked, "Scarlet, what's wrong with you? Do you know how much trouble you've caused us just to search for you? Someone even..."

"Mr. Stovall, if you really care about her, I'd advise you to stop pestering her. The hardships she had to go through are way tougher than what you can imagine," said Marcus.

After grabbing the takeaways, Marcus held my hand and escorted me to the car as he saw that my face was getting pale.

"If you want to badger her to death, then be my guest." Marcus took a glance at John who was still on our tail.

Ignoring him, John grabbed my hand. "I thought your illness has been cured. Why is it relapsing?" asked John.

He then turned his attention to Marcus and questioned in a cold tone, "What's going on here? I thought she has fully recovered."

Perplexed, Marcus looked at me curiously and queried, "You've had this illness before?"

I nodded and said to John, "I don't want to get into it now. Let me get back home first, okay?"

Since I didn't bring my medicine, I had a hard time keeping my emotions in check.

John nodded and gave Marcus a minatory look. "You don't need to look at me like that. Ask Ashton if you have any questions," scoffed Marcus.

Having said that, he quickly drove off, leaving John in the dust.

Since Marcus was driving at high speed, we were home in no time. After taking my medicine, I looked at him and asked, "Are the two of them still in our hands?"

Marcus was stunned for a while before nodding. "I've already ordered some of our guys to keep an eye on them."

"I'd like to meet them now!" I stated. In order to deal a blow to the Moore family, I must start with Rebecca.

He pondered for a bit and replied, "Okay!"

I wasn't worried about my illness acting up again as I had taken medicine to stabilize my emotions. And so, I went straight to the suburbs with Marcus.

The warehouse was nothing different from my vivid memories of it. Upon seeing it, I reminded myself repeatedly not to break down.

"You don't have to force yourself. We can come back here some other day." Marcus stared at me with a concerned look on his face.

I shook my head, then took a deep breath and said, "It's okay. Let's just get it over with!"

When the lights were switched on, I was able to see the interior of the warehouse clearly. The warehouse wasn't that big, and there were large piles of junk in it.

Someone had already cleaned up the bloodstains on the floor, and the glass shards were gone too.

Marcus asked one of the bodyguards to bring me a chair so that I could rest my legs. Shortly after, the two people were brought in front of me.

On the night of the incident, I recalled seeing two men who were wearing hats. However, since both of them were in disguise, I only had a vague impression of how they looked like.

Marcus ordered his men to bring the men closer for me to take a good look at their faces. Surprisingly, the two of them didn't seem like vicious and violent people at all. In fact, both of them looked trustworthy and sincere.

That being said, looks could be deceiving as they were without a doubt the ones who murdered my child.

"Ms. Stovall, this isn't our fault. We were just following orders. We..."

The two of them must've been tortured for quite a while before coming here. That's why they are so desperate to be vindicated.

"Are you that deprived of money?" I chuckled.

Both of them nodded like little chickens pecking on the ground.

"Oh, I see," I murmured nonchalantly. "Since you two are just doing things for money, that means you guys would do something for me too as long as I pay both of you. Right?" I queried.

The two of them exchanged glances before turning their gazes toward me and asked tentatively, "What do you need us to do?"

"Just do some acting!" I responded. After taking a look at the surroundings, I calmly said to them, "I want you two to act out the incident that night. And after you guys are done, it would be nice if each of you could give me your confessions as well."

Upon hearing the second request of mine, their faces immediately turned pale. "Ms. Stovall, we could re-enact the scenes for you. As for the confession part, we've already been paid. Therefore, we can't expose our client's identity. That would violate the trust between us," one of them responded.

I nodded as I fiddled with my phone out of boredom and said, "Well, if that's the case, then there's no point for you two to act out the scenes. I assume that both of you have wives and kids, right? How about this, I'll return the favor of what you guys did to me by getting rid of your..."

Before finishing my statement, I turned to look at Marcus and feigned a smile. "I don't want to kill anyone though, especially kids. Is there anything worse than death that I can put them through?" I queried.

Marcus thought about it for a while before responding, "How about chopping their limbs off or make them..."

"You two are callous b*stards!" Both of them were getting riled up and tried to lunge themselves toward us but to no avail as they were pinned down by the bodyguards.

Although I was livid after hearing what these hypocrites said, I managed to retain my sangfroid before uttering, "Oh, so we're the heartless ones, huh? Said the guys who left the child and me in my belly to rot in this abandoned warehouse just for a few hundred

thousand. I was about to give birth to my child, but you pieces of sh*t tied my legs and blocked his way out. Do you know how he died in the end? He was suffocated to death in my belly. The two of you should be grateful that I didn't ask you to pay me back with your children's lives. So what are you guys whining about?"

Chapter 230

"Well, if you guys still don't want to cooperate, we might have to get our hands dirty. It should be easy enough to get away with a few murders since you guys were able to do it," I said in a serious tone while staring at the two of them menacingly.

"Please don't! Ms. Stovall, we'll do anything you ask. Just leave our wives and kids out of this. They're innocent and innocuous. The blame is all on us. If revenge is what you want, then you can take our lives instead. We'll give you anything that you want!"

"Yes, we'll do anything as long as you leave our families out of this."

The two men were acting pitiful, which disgusted me. I calmed myself down before looking at Marcus and suggested, "Since they both agreed, let's have them re-enact the scene!"

Marcus nodded and brought out the actress who was going to play a pregnant lady. She was dressed in the clothes that I wore on the day of the incident. The actress we found already had some resemblance to me in terms of looks and body figure. But after a few touches by the make-up artist, the identity between us was surreal.

To top it off, Marcus also ordered his men to bring out the same mirror from that night.

After setting everything up, the warehouse returned to how it was during the incident two months ago. As for the stormy inclement weather on that night, we prepared additional lighting and sound effects to reproduce the same ambiance.

Since I didn't want to cast my mind back to the incident, I only gave the actress a laconic explanation of what I went through that night. After that, I told Marcus to get some of his men to escort me home as I couldn't care less about watching the play. The video recording of the play was what I actually wanted because I could use it as evidence.

As for the two men's confession, I already knew who their client was, so there was no need to hear it from them. I wanted their admission because I needed testimonies that I could hand over to the police. With this, I could make sure that they were indicted for the crimes that they committed and given the fitting punishment.

However, I have to admit that people do change after going through certain experiences. We become stronger as we slowly become immune to the things that once hurt us. Those who are vulnerable will learn to steel their hearts and move on.

After arriving at my residence, I went to have a quick shower and then passed out on my bed. It had been quite a while since I had such a good night's sleep.

It was pure hogwash that people couldn't sleep after doing a bad deed. In fact, no bad person would ever rue the dreadful things that they had done. Rebecca and Cameron were the epitomes of such people. Even after murdering those whom they had beef with before, they were still able to sleep soundly at night. In fact, they even felt relieved that the people who got in their way were dead.

...

The next day, Marcus gave me the video recording of the play enacted by the two men while we were at White Corporation. "So, what do you plan to do next?" asked Marcus.

It was pure torture for me to watch the video recording because I felt as though I was experiencing that incident all over again. I then turned to Marcus and said, "Schedule a meeting with John as soon as possible."

"Why do you want to meet him?" asked Marcus while frowning.

I stopped the video recording and said casually, "He's a computer expert. With his help, we can get this video recording to the eyes of Rebecca anonymously. Moreover, he would definitely go against the Moore family after learning what they did to me."

"Scarlett, you've changed. It's like you'll deign to do just about anything to get what you want now." Marcus frowned again, but this time it was out of revulsion.

I chuckled a bit and aligned my eyes with his before uttering, "So you're saying that I'm just using John's feelings for my own benefit?"

Marcus furrowed his eyebrows, seemingly rather displeased. I queried, "Marcus, didn't you notice that I'm also using your feelings for me to get my revenge?"

Having heard what I said, he was overwhelmed with complicated emotions. He then let out a sigh and uttered, "I know you're feeling depressed right now, but..."

"So are you still willing to help me out?" I asked before he could finish his sentence. I could be kind and forgiving, but I wasn't a saint. If someone took away something precious from me, I would swear to do the same to them and hold a grudge in my heart until I had exacted my revenge.

After wrapping his head around my question for a while, Marcus looked at me and replied, "Whatever it is that you want to do, I'm always willing to lend you a hand. That being said, I just don't want you to have any regrets in the future."

Regrets?

After hearing what he said, I let out a laugh, tears welling up in my eyes, but I managed to recollect myself and said to him, "Look, I don't think I'll ever regret getting revenge on the Moore family. However, I think I'll probably regret having to take advantage of both you and John someday in the future. It's not like I have a choice though since the only people who can help me out are the two of you."

Marcus sighed softly in response.

The meeting of John and I happened later in the afternoon at a local cafe. I hadn't seen him in two months, and he seemed a little strained. Upon seeing my face, he looked like he was overwhelmed with guilt and sorrow.

John was rather taciturn at first. But after a while, he broke the silence between us and said, "Scarlet, that night when I received your call, I rushed over as soon as I could. But when I arrived, the only thing I saw was a burnt car outside the warehouse. I'm sorry that I took too long to get there. For the past two months, I have been blaming myself for what happened to you that night. Can you tell me what was actually going on? How did your child die?"

The painful feeling that stays in your heart and doesn't fade away no matter how much time passes is called hatred.

It took a while before I responded in a flat tone, "I can't explain to you as I don't want to evoke the painful memories of that night. Every time I bring up the topic, my head just starts hurting to the point where I can't breathe. Here, you can take a look at the video footage that was recorded by a camera found in the warehouse. The video basically covers everything that happened that night."

I played the video recording and handed the phone over to him.

While watching the video, John became angrier by the second with a menacing expression on his face. He was gripping the phone so tightly that his blood veins were showing not just on his hand but on his forehead as well.