

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 273

Sobbing, she declared, "I was too stubborn and unreasonable. Ash, I'll change my bad habits. I'll be good!"

Ashton frowned. After all, he had been taking care of her for years. It wouldn't be easy for him to forget her.

He glanced at me without a word, and I immediately knew what he was about to do.

After a pause, I told him, "You can stay with her. I'll go to the doctor myself."

He pursed his lips. "I'll join you later?"

"No. She needs you more than I do." He was obviously worried about her. If he leaves with me, he'll be worried the whole time. Why would I humiliate myself?

Tears rolled down Rebecca's face. "Scarlett, are you still mad at me? I apologize on behalf of my mom. I would've stopped her if I had an inkling of her intention."

With that, she fell to her knees with a loud thud while sobbing profusely.

Everyone in the hallway, including the patients in their wards, craned their necks to see what was going on.

Cameron, who was silent for the entire time, immediately tried to help her up. As her daughter refused to budge, she sank to her knees, too. "Scarlett, it was all my doing. Rebecca doesn't know I tried to abduct you. You made Rebecca lose her baby the same way. Do you feel better now?"

I furrowed my brows.. Interesting.

"Young lady, everyone makes mistakes. You should forgive them."

"Yes! Besides, she's still ill. Don't make things difficult for them."

The crowd's voice grew louder, criticizing me for being unreasonable.

I had run out of ideas. "Ladies, if you want me to forgive you, pay your respects to my child, whom you choked to death. Rebecca, your miscarriage has nothing to do with me. Did I choke or suffocate your child to death? You were the one who was afraid Sally might run a DNA test after you gave birth. If the results prove the child isn't Ashton's, he'll leave you for sure. You dared not give birth to your child and blamed its death on me!

"If I am that capable, I would've saved my child when Ms. Anderson kidnapped me and murdered my child. You did something wrong. I'm not obliged to forgive you every time you beg for forgiveness shamelessly."

With that, I stepped back and entered the elevator.

Ashton soon caught up to me as we entered the car.

I sneered. "Mr. Fuller, won't you accompany your crush?"

He sat in the driver's seat and grabbed my chin to kiss me deeply.

"Scarlett, why are you this rude?"

I shoved him away. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your crush. I'll control myself next time."

After struggling in vain, my anger heightened. "Ashton, you don't have to insult me this way. If you want to defend her, you're welcome to slap me. We'll both feel better that way."

He stopped and forced me to meet his gaze. "You're not mad. Is it because it's unnecessary, or do I disgust you?"

I was stunned.

His gaze darkened. "Do you think I will defend Rebecca? You don't think of me as your husband? Am I that heartless?"

I pressed my lips together and glanced at him silently.

"No!" I responded after a pause.

He felt responsible for Rebecca. Even if he knew what was going on, he had to fulfil his promise to Parker.

Besides, both Rebecca and I lost our babies. To others, we suffered from the same plight, so we should call it even.

From the perspective of a bystander, I shouldn't be holding a grudge against her.

Ashton gazed at me before sneering. "You've never thought of me as the father of your child. You don't care what I'll do, right? After losing the child, you asked for Marcus' help. You wanted to help John. You've never thought of asking me. Scarlett, what am I to you? A useless ornament?"

I was amused by his outburst. "Ashton, you're the one who can't get over Rebecca. You weren't there when I was in trouble. Did you forget how you went to Rebecca several times after midnight? I don't know what your feelings for me are."

Why is he so upset? I've tried my best to be magnanimous. Whenever he went to Rebecca, I said nothing. I didn't hold a grudge against her for killing my baby and forgave her. When she needs him, I even advised him to take care of her.

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Ashton stared at me wordlessly. Holding back his anger, he demanded. "Tell me. What should I do? Huh?"

His reaction upset me. "You don't have to do anything to please me. Do whatever you want. If you want to take care of Rebecca, go ahead."

"Ha!" He looked down and scoffed. Straightening his back, he whipped out his cigarettes. "Should I feel lucky for having such a magnanimous and understanding wife?"

His voice was full of contempt and mockery.

I replied lightly, "Mr. Fuller, you're welcome. I'm just doing my job."

Yes. I was saying everything out of fury.

He puffed on his cigarette and asked sternly, "Are we seriously arguing now?"

"Arguing? Are we arguing now?"

Ashton suddenly snickered and put out his cigarette. "When will you stop talking that way?"

"What do you mean? I'm just going along with you," I responded with a chuckle.

He inhaled sharply to control his anger. "Going along with me? That's just your presumption. Just be honest with me instead of hurting each other with mean words. We're a couple, not rivals. There's no need to argue to decide who's right and who's wrong every time. Do you understand, Scarlett?"

After a moment, I got off the car and picked up a brick by the flower bed. Handing the brick to him, I said, "Okay. I want you to beat the disgusting mother and daughter duo up. Tell them I'm no pushover. Also, tell Rebecca she has no right to take my husband away from me!"

Arching a brow, I gestured at the brick. "So? Will you go?"

Ashton was astounded by my reaction. "Are you sure?" he inquired helplessly.

"Why? You won't do it?" I glowered at him.

A hint of a smile appeared in his gaze. "Do you want me to end up in jail? So you can marry another man?"

I rolled my eyes at him. Returning the brick back to the flower bed, I got into the car again.

As I was no longer mad, he chuckled faintly. "What do you want for lunch?"

"I'm not hungry!" I wasn't hungry after getting mad earlier.

He started the engine and shot me a look. "That's because you didn't exercise regularly. You'll be starving after a rigorous workout at home."

It took me a while to realize what he meant. "Ashton, stop it!"

He sped away and replied faintly, "We barely did it for the past month. Scarlett, are you trying to deprive me of my husbandly rights?"

Damn it. He's f*cking annoying.

Sensing my anger, he added, "I've been holding back since we came back from J City. Stop torturing me."

"Ashton, will you stop?" Why is he saying this in broad daylight?

Back at the villa, before I could step out of the car, he carried me in his arms and went upstairs at once.

Both Mrs. Eriksen and Molly were at home.

In our bedroom, I avoided his gaze.

"Ashton, it's not dark yet. Let's not do this now."

As he inched nearer and ignored my plea, I immediately suggested, "Why don't you take a shower first?"

He frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Well, we just came back from the hospital, which is full of germs. You should take a shower."

"Okay."

Sensing my discomfort, he nodded gently. He picked me up, and we entered the bathroom together.

Winter had come. K City was chilly by now, but luckily our house was fitted with central heating. The bathroom was steaming hot, and my cheeks were flushed a crimson red soon.

Ashton's deep and tender voice soon made me lose my guard.

"Don't say no to me. Scarlett, we're married. You're my closest kin. No matter what happens, we'll face it together. The Moore family isn't as simple as you think. But don't worry. I'll be by your side."

His sudden announcement confused me.

He didn't explain further and left after a while.

The following day, I woke up with an aching body.

My eyes were shut as I grimaced in pain.

Ashton buckled his belt and planted a kiss on my forehead. He caressed my face lightly, but I couldn't bring myself to move.

Soon, he left the bedroom. I was drained out by the activities last night.

With my eyes shut, I tried to drift off to sleep. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't sleep as my body felt awful. Tears prickled at my eyes. I buried myself under the covers and started sobbing.

Footsteps sounded in the bedroom as Ashton's voice, laced with fury, rang out. "Scarlett, why are you crying?"

I pressed my lips and said nothing.

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He pulled my covers open, causing the sunlight to blind my eyes momentarily.

Scowling, he inquired, "Are you trying to suffocate yourself?"

I wasn't in the mood to talk to him. "Ashton, can't I vent my feelings? Have you ever been considerate of my feelings?"

Knitting his brows together, he asked, "Are you unwell?"

I felt tempted to strangle him. "Can't you feel it?" I gritted out angrily.

His frown deepened. "Let's go to the hospital."

Infuriated by his suggestion, I threw a pillow at him. "Get out!"

Ashton left without a word and shut the door behind him.

I shut my eyes and lay on the bed, but I was too upset to sleep.

Mrs. Eriksen brought breakfast upstairs and called me hesitantly. "Letty, I brought breakfast. Why don't you eat something and apply some ointment before going back to sleep?"

"No need!" I wasn't someone who'd throw a tantrum without reason, so I merely replied to her coolly.

She paused before explaining, "Letty, Mr. Ashton left a while ago. He told me to watch you eat a little. If you feel unwell, apply the ointment and get some rest."

"No need!" My voice grew louder.

Mrs. Eriksen stopped trying to persuade me and placed the tray on the table. Before she left, something occurred to her. "Letty, actually, Mr. Ashton adores you. I watched him grow up. His grandfather brought him up, so he doesn't know how to take care of others. He's good at solving problems because that was what his grandfather taught him. Mr. Fuller wanted him to take over the business. Mr. Ashton wasn't born a cold-hearted person. He might not know how to please you. But it's obvious he cares about you a lot."

She added, "He wanted to come up earlier, but you were mad at him. Hence, he told me to relay his wishes. You're a married couple and should understand each other. Don't argue over trivial matters as that would only bring harm to your relationship."

I was too exhausted to think of a reply. "I got it, Mrs. Eriksen. You should go back to work. I'd like to rest now."

She nodded. "Okay. Remember to eat your breakfast later."

She left right after saying that.

I lay in bed and stared at the scenery outside the window with my half-opened eyes. Winter in K City was a dreadful affair. It was drizzling now. This wouldn't help me feel better at all.

Every inch of my body was throbbing painfully. I couldn't fall asleep or bring myself to eat anything.

I wanted to lie in bed and do nothing.

I stared blankly at the ceiling. Actually, the news of Rebecca's miscarriage didn't lift my mood at all.

Annoyed, I tried to force myself to sleep. However, the more I wanted to sleep, the more my body refused to cooperate with me.

After a few tries, I sat up in frustration and made my way to the balcony.

I opened all the windows. The drizzling rain was splattering lightly as the chilly wind gushed into the bedroom, waking me up instantly. I felt terribly uncomfortable, so I sat by the window and allowed the rain and wind to waft through the open window.

The trees outside the villa were bare. No birds were visible. It was a desolate scene.

As the drizzle turned into a huge downpour, the annoyance in my heart faded away gradually.

After calming down, I felt sleepy. I leaned against the wall next to the window, closing my eyes to sleep.

Time flew by quickly. When I was about to drift off, someone pushed the door open.

Ashton had returned. He spotted me on the balcony as the cold wind wafted into our bedroom.

I sat up as he gazed at me, my drowsiness gone.

He hurried over to me and gritted out, "Scarlett, what are you doing?"

Pulling me back into the bedroom, he demanded, "Am I that disgusting to you? Why are you torturing yourself? Who do you think you are?"

After being awake for over twenty-four hours, I wasn't in the mood to argue with him. I looked up at him and lowered my gaze in exhaustion.

My throat was parched. Glancing around, I realized there wasn't any water around and gave up.

Ashton grew upset seeing my reaction. He tucked me up in bed before closing the windows and set the heating to the warmest temperature available.

My flimsy pajamas were wet by now. He rummaged through my closet and helped me change before tucking me in.

Mrs. Eriksen arrived and asked softly, "Mr. Ashton, is she alright?"

Ashton ordered gloomily. "Bring her some warm water. Reheat the dinner."

Nodding, she walked out and left us alone.

I was lying in bed when he pulled back the covers.

Stunned, I grabbed his hand. "Ashton, you..."

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"I'll apply the ointment for you," he replied sternly.

"No need. I'm fine," I croaked out in a raspy voice.

His gaze darkened. "Either I help you apply the ointment, or you do it yourself. Decide."

I burst out furiously. "Ashton, will you please stop?" I was drained out, but he kept getting on my nerves.

He nodded. "So, I'll do it?"

His insistence annoyed the hell out of me.

I sat up and gave him a forceful shove. He was caught unaware and toppled to the ground. "Ashton, can you stop annoying me? I've told you again and again to leave me alone. Are you deaf?"

As soon as I yelled that out, I flopped down and buried myself under the covers.

I hadn't acted that way for some time.

Deep down, I knew it was wrong to lash out at him. But I couldn't help myself.

I thought he would leave, but he wrapped his arms around me gently. "I shouldn't have done that last night. I'm sorry."

He lowered his voice and cajoled, "Don't be mad at me. You can beat me up later after you feel better. Eat something, will you?"

Mrs. Eriksen arrived with dinner. "Dinner's ready!"

Ashton nodded and ordered, "Leave us alone."

After she departed, he picked me up and strode toward the table.

He placed me in his lap. I wasn't wearing shoes, so he told me to step on his shoes.

It seemed like he was cajoling a child. "Look at the delicious spread. Come on, eat up."

He was really bad at this. Offering a forkful of pasta to me, he coaxed, "Come on. Open your mouth!"

I closed my eyes and avoided him. "I can eat myself."

"Let me feed you." He pushed the pasta into my mouth. Utterly vexed, I insisted, "I can eat myself!"

I sat on the sofa, picked up a fork, and started eating.

I didn't have lunch, but I wasn't hungry at all. After a few mouthfuls, I stopped.

Ashton frowned at me. "Finish your food."

I knitted my brows and forced down another few bites. "I'm done. I want to sleep now."

"I'll stay with you." He pressed on the bell so Mrs. Eriksen would clear up the utensils.

I gazed at him in frustration. "Ashton, I want to sleep alone."

He stood firm. "I'll sleep with you," he insisted and reached out to hug me.

"I said, I want to sleep alone!" I shoved him away and yelled.

Immediately, I sucked in my breath as I had jostled my wound accidentally.

A hint of exasperation showed on Ashton's face. He wrapped his arms around me firmly. "Be good. I won't touch you or disturb you at night."

"Go away!" I gave him another push angrily.

His lips pressed in annoyance. "If it hurts, let's go to the hospital."

"No way!" He was about to drive me insane.

Ashton carried me in his arms and was about to head downstairs. "Ashton! No one goes to the hospital because of this! What shall I tell the doctor? That you forced yourself on me?"

"Fine. I'll help you apply the ointment. Then, we shall rest."

"You're crazy!" I couldn't be bothered to continue this conversation.

As I didn't retaliate, Ashton returned to the bedroom and put me down on the bed.

He started applying the ointment carefully. As I was frowning, he assured me. "I'll try my best to control myself next time. I won't hurt you from now on."

I ignored his words and closed my eyes.

After applying the ointment, he stood up and removed his jacket before lying down beside me. The stench of tobacco irritated me.

"Ashton, stay away from me. I hate the smell of tobacco!" I jugged him and shifted away from him.

He stiffened and got up. I thought he'd leave, but he entered the bathroom to take a shower.

Soon, he came out and wiped his hair dry before coming back to the bed. Pulling me into his arms, he announced, "I don't reek of tobacco anymore."

My eyes were already shut as I tried hard to fall asleep.

Alas, sleep refused to come. I tossed and turned in bed restlessly.

Suddenly, I sat up in bed. Ashton was astounded. "I'll go shower again," he offered as he thought the tobacco stench was still lingering around.

I got off the bed and looked around, but the sleeping pills I brought back the other day were nowhere to be seen.

I glared at him. "Where are the pills?"

He narrowed his gaze at me. "What pills?"

Utterly vexed, I swept the vase on the cabinet to the ground. "The sleeping pills! Ashton, where are my sleeping pills? Give them to me now!"

