

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love

## Chapter 285-288

### Chapter 285

Marcus' expression was as dark as night.

As he stared at Sally, he uttered coldly, "Is there a point for you to say this now? Benjamin is dead. Are you trying to kill my mother too?"

Sally sneered, "So you want your mother to hate your father for the rest of her life? He's been framed for so many years, so why can't you let him die an innocent man?"

"I'm the one who should die! I should be the one to die!" Sharon cried out as she climbed to her feet. When she looked at Sally, she laughed. "He loves me. Yes, he loves me."

I sensed something amiss about her behavior, so I said to Marcus, "I think you should send her to the hospital. Something's wrong with her."

Few could withstand a shock as intense as that. After glancing at Sally, Marcus helped Sharon out of the White residence.

Now, the only ones left in the house were Sally and me. Looking at the apathetic woman, I mumbled, "Aunt Sally, it's getting late, so I'll be heading back first."

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Before I could take more than three steps, she uttered, "Do you think I did this wrongly as well? That I shouldn't talk about these old matters?"

At that, I froze for a moment before turning to look at her. "Benjamin didn't mention it when he was alive. Maybe he had other plans."

"Ha," she scoffed. "He's only keeping it to himself because he's concerned about Sharon's feelings and reputation. What other plans can he possibly have?"

I could not help but frowned at her words, sensing the disgust in them. "Aunt Sally, Benjamin's plans are also his concerns. All he wants is to protect his first wife's reputation. The way you're saying it is dismissing half of her life."

She had endured in silence and stewed in hatred for half of her life. In the end, she realized she was the one at fault; she had been the one to hate and love the wrong person. There was no way Sharon could spend the rest of her life at peace.

She looked at me and narrowed her eyes. "Are you trying to put in a good word for Marcus? Do you mean that my life isn't the same as everyone else's? My entire life was ruined because of her. I didn't marry the one I love, and I don't have anyone to grow old with. At the end of the day, I'm the miserable one."

To my surprise, I felt no urge to extend my sympathy to her despite seeing her suffering. "Aunt Sally, Benjamin gave you half of White Corporation's shares and the emergency fund. These are the things you exchanged for. All those years he had been with you, he gave you all his love and attention. You shouldn't be too greedy. You've enjoyed his wealth and love. Now that he's gone, you're complaining that he has wasted your time. Do you think that's right for you to do so?"

Everyone had a choice. When she made her choice to follow Benjamin back then, she should have known that a day like this would come. It was only a matter of time.

Glaring at me, she hissed, "It's all because you killed the daughter-in-law of the Fullers. You're on the side of the outsiders. Ashton's an idiot to have fallen in love with you."

I knitted my brows and stopped replying to her. Perhaps our brains functioned differently from each other. No matter what I did, I could not share the same thoughts as her.

When she looked for me because of Rebecca's baby, I knew she was someone who prioritized herself.

After leaving the White residence, the sky was already dark.

I headed back to the villa, thinking that Ashton had already gone home. However, I saw no signs of him at home.

Hence, I went to the study room. In the afternoon, I had gone through many documents in the office, and there were a handful of terms I was not familiar with. This would be the best time for me to research them.

While I was reading, Mrs. Eriksen asked me to go for my dinner. As I was too focused on my research, I told her not to disturb me.

By the time Ashton came back, it was already late at night.

He must have realized I was not in the bedroom, so he came to the study for me.

Noticing him, I looked away from the computer screen and fixed my gaze on him instead.  
"You're back!"

He gave me a small smile before walking over to me. As he sprawled by the edge of the table, he asked me what I was looking at.

The faint fragrance from him made me subconsciously furrow my brows.

I was not one to use perfume frequently, and he rarely used them too. Furthermore, I could tell that the scent was a women's perfume.

Immediately, I dropped the smile on my face and stood up. Avoiding his hand that reached out to grab me, I went straight to the bedroom.

Stunned by my actions, Ashton quickly followed me as he queried, "What's wrong?"

"I'm tired," was my only reply to him before I entered the bathroom, about to wash up.

He stopped me and asked with a deep frown, "Scarlett, be honest with me, okay?"

"Aren't you tired after staying out for a day?" I was not angry. In fact, I was even smiling when I said those words.

In response, he narrowed his eyes and uttered icily, "I'm not. Did I come back too late?" After a pause, he apologized, "I'm sorry. I won't let you wait for me for that long from now on. I'll try my best to finish my work up as quickly as I can, okay?"

"No need for that. Your work is more important." I shoved him aside and entered the bathroom.

Before I could close the door, he squeezed in. Noticing my still-upset look, he furrowed his brows and hugged me from behind as he leaned his chin on my shoulder.

He murmured affectionately, "Nothing's as important as you." With that said, he rained kisses on me.

The scent of other women assaulted my nose, and frustration grew in me. Pushing him away again, I pursed my lips before ordering, "Ashton, go out. I'm going to shower."

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As I had said those words harshly, he knitted his brows upon hearing them. "We'll shower together."

Instantly, rage coursed through my veins. "Ashton, do you not speak human? I said I'm going to shower. If you want to take a shower, go to the other bathroom."

His expression darkened. "What's the matter with you? Why are you losing your temper over nothing? What did I do to you?"

"Nothing!"

I was not in the mood to talk to him. If he were not going to leave, I would. If you're not going to leave me alone, I'll do it myself!

However, he was persistent in clinging to me—he pressed me against the wall and bit down hard on my shoulder. "Tell me why you're angry, all right? Don't keep me guessing."

"Hurry up and take a shower. You smell," I voiced instead as I scrunched up my face.

Lifting a brow, he raised his arm to take a whiff of himself. Instead of scrunching up his face like I did, he smirked. "Scarlett, do you have a dog's nose? I'm surprised that you can even smell that."

"Hurry up and shower now!" I yelled with a tinge of anger.

Amused by my reaction, he patiently said, "She's sick. I was with Joe, so we went there together. I'm your husband, and I'll be loyal to you for the rest of my life."

By now, my lips were pursed into a thin line. Pushing him away again, I softened my tone to say, "Take your shower."

With a small smile, he went back into the bathroom.

When he came back out again, he was in a bathrobe that revealed his muscular chest. It was a pleasant sight for my eyes.

When he saw me reading a book on the bed, he walked over to me and asked, "Why are you reading a travel guide? Do you want to go there for a trip?"

"I'm thinking of going to M Country. Macy and Jackson have been there for quite a while, but they haven't sent me any messages or calls. I wonder how they're doing, so I want to visit them." I have not seen them, including Nick, since my accident, and I was curious about how they were doing.

He nodded before taking the travel guide from me. As he put it aside, he uttered, "It's useless to read these. Come with me to M Country since I'll be heading there soon."

"Why are you going there?" Can he really leave the city when the company's so busy recently?

At that, he pursed his lips before pressing a habitual kiss on my forehead. "Some major issues have arisen for the few hospitals that Jared's managing. I'll have to go there to check things out. There are a handful of those hospitals in the country, so it's a pretty grave situation."

I froze. So that's why his phone has been ringing all day today.

In the beginning, I did not take Stacey's words to heart. However, the moment the seed of doubt had been planted, it would start growing uncontrollably. It was the same for everyone.

After a moment of mulling over his words, I asked, "Only Dr. Crest's hospitals?"

He nodded. "He's been managing the medical side of things."

"Then, could it be that..." I trailed off, realizing that my next words would sound like I was trying to sow discord between them. Hence, I changed the topic and asked, "How long have you known Dr. Crest?"

Hearing that, he laughed before lowering his gaze to look at me. "I've known him since my college days. Why are you asking about that all of a sudden? Why, are you finally interested to know about my past?"

I smiled before asking again, "How did the two of you become such close and trusting friends?"

To my knowledge, individuals had to have memorable days of heart-to-heart interactions before they could become friends that trusted each other.

Raising my head to look at him, I took in the sight of his defined jawline. Indeed, someone who possessed good looks would look good from any angle.

Hearing my question, he briefly frowned before answering, "I'll tell you more in the future. Are you feeling sleepy?"

It seemed like he was not keen on answering me, so I did not pressure him for one. All I replied was, "Okay."

After that, I fell silent.

His phone rang a few more times, but he never seemed like he was going to accept the call. When I looked at it from the corner of my eyes, I realized Rebecca was calling.

Thus, I frowned. "It's noisy."

Giving me back a similar frown, he silenced his phone. Unfortunately, even when silenced, the phone's screen continued to light up.

The call came in one after another, and I was starting to feel frustrated. To Ashton, I snarled, "Can't you just pick that call up? It's annoying."

When he grimaced, I could see a trace of gloominess in his expression. "Do you want me to?"

"Ashton, cut your crap. If you want to pick it up, then pick it up. If you don't, reject the call and look for her in person. It's annoying to keep seeing her name on the screen." It truly was. It was the middle of the night, but instead of sleeping, she was calling someone else's husband. This was honestly something that only Rebecca could do.

Dumbfounded by the sudden reprimand, Ashton stiffened for a few seconds before a cold look crept upon his face. "What do you mean by asking me to look for her in person? Scarlett, is there something wrong with you?"

"You're right. There's something wrong with me. Either you switch off your phone, or you leave the room."

He then picked up his phone and accepted the call on speaker mode. "Is there something you need?" he asked in a glacial tone.

"Ash, I'm all alone in the hospital now. Can you come and keep me company? I'm scared of being alone." Her voice was as sweet as cotton candy.

"Am I your dad, or am I your mom? Do you think I'll come to you just because you asked me to? Rebecca, you should know when to stop pushing your luck. Your brother asked me to take care of you, but he didn't tell me to sacrifice myself for you."

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After a pause, he continued, "Also, stop calling me in the middle of the night from now on. My wife is a light sleeper, and she has a bad temper. If she wakes from the noise, I'll have to take a long time to coax her because she's hard to coax."

At that, he promptly ended the call and switched off his phone.

Gazing back at me, he raised a brow and asked, "Are you satisfied?"

I rolled my eyes. "You have a few screws loose."

I then burrowed myself into the blanket. And so did he. When he settled down on the bed, he placed a few kisses on me again.

It was getting late, so I closed my eyes, about to sleep. Right then, I sensed something wrong.

Frowning, I pushed Ashton, who was holding me tightly, away as I roared, "What are you doing?"

"I'm hard." I could hear no tinge of embarrassment from him, and he made it sound as if he were talking about the weather.

Nearly choking on my saliva, I took in a deep breath before replying, "If you want to act crazy, get out. Stop annoying me."

Like a shameless man he was, he pulled me into his arms and mumbled, "Where can I go? It's a cold and lonely night. Don't you think you're a little cruel to me?"

Holding my breath for a few more seconds, I plastered on a fake smile. "Mr. Fuller, thank you so much for your praises."

He smiled back. "You're welcome."

I was a second away from strangling him there and then.

He was so shameless to the point he might as well stop wearing clothes like a civilized person.

"Ashton, if you're not going to keep it to yourself, let's sleep in different rooms from now on. If you keep doing this, I won't be able to sleep. You know I've always had trouble resting." What I was telling him was nothing but the truth. No ordinary person could stand his actions for long.

He paused before whispering, "Twice a week. I won't touch you any other time, okay?"

Maybe strangling him was not enough; throwing him out of the window was better.

He doesn't mean twice; he definitely means two f\*cking nights!

Rolling my eyes at him, I stopped arguing because I was too tired. Hence, I commanded, "Sleep."

In my daze, I felt him embracing me. When I hear his breathing getting heavier and heavier, I sighed. "Ashton, sleep in the guest room."

He hoarsely muttered, "Once?"

I pursed my lips, but my exhaustion was pulling me into the land of dreams. "Ashton, I'm very sleepy right now."

And I truly was. That was why I had no idea how I fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke to see him putting on his suit. He looked noble and elegant, worlds away from the animal he acted like last night.

At the sight of him, I mumbled under my breath, "Wolf in sheep's clothing."

However, the man had a keen sense of hearing, so he heard my words despite how quiet I said them. Narrowing his eyes, he walked over with a smile on his lips.

I ignored him as I shut my eyes, about to sleep for a while longer.

Unfortunately for me, he had never been nice to me. He dug me out from under the blanket before he started rubbing against my pajamas.

I only managed to get his hands off after several blows. When I finally succeeded, I shot him a grim look. "Ashton, don't you know how annoying you are? You won't let me sleep at night, but you won't let me sleep in the morning either. If you want to kill me, do it quick. Stop dragging it out."

A laugh escaped him, and he rubbed his face in my ear. "Scarlett, are you having your period?"

Instantly, wrath rose in me like a tide. I pulled the closest pillow to me and hurled it toward him. "Get lost!"

It seemed like he was used to it, as he pecked a kiss on my forehead before leaving.

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At the start, I had no plans to leave the house today. However, Stacey called and asked to meet me.

After Felix's event, she had come to K City. She, a highly educated and witty woman, soon joined the Moore family's company after a few interviews.

We ended up agreeing to meet at a tearoom. It seemed like the residents of K City rarely drank tea, so it was tough for us to find one.

However, as long as we wanted to, a tearoom could still be found.

The tearoom she found was located in a more secluded district. The two of us then ordered a pot of floral tea after we sat down by the window.

"They've sentenced Felix to death, and I'm finally free. Thank you," she said right after she sat down.

With a faint smile, I replied, "No need for thanks. I have my own plans myself."

She smiled back, not minding her reply. "Mr. Fuller's company is in big trouble, right?"

Her words made me tensed up for a moment. I knew Ashton would not publicize the matter, and the only ones who knew were the few shareholders that had a prominent position in the company.

Finally, I inquired, "The Moore family did this?"

She shook her head. "No. It's Cameron's side. I've heard of Jared and her making a move earlier, so I'm sure this was planned. Everything went wrong for the two hundred hospitals managed by the Fuller Corporation in the country and overseas. That's why I'm thinking that they might be trying to destroy Fuller Corporation."

At that, I tensed up again. Ashton had been busy recently, but he was the kind of person who shared little with me, so I barely knew anything about the incident.

From Stacey's words, I realized the situation was grave.

"Any evidence?" Isn't Cameron under investigation? How did she find the time to set Fuller Corporation up?

Is she trying to divert our attention?

Stacey shook her head. "I just realized it recently. Before Mr. Fuller planned to come to K City to expand his business, I found out from Felix that Cameron and Jared have been meeting frequently. Back then, I didn't know what they were trying to do. Now that I think about it, they must have been planning for the hospitals' incident.

The few hundred hospitals have been making illegal extra fees. In fact, one of the old patients in K City's hospital had passed away for months, but the hospital is still finding reasons to charge the patient's family. There are a handful of cases like these in the country, and every hospital will come across a case like this. The hidden charges are always either checkups or medication. However, this case is much more serious than the others."

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After a pause, she explained, "The hospital charged the family a million after the old patient passed away, and that's why the patient's children sued them."

Drawing my brows together, I uttered, "They're still charging the family medical fees after he passed away for months? What are they treating? His corpse?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. These are obviously questionable charges, but there are many similar cases. All the hospitals under Fuller Corporation have these cases. That's why it'll be difficult to handle them all now. There's a chance that Mr. Fuller might have to go to jail for this."

No way! Ashton can't possibly have done this!

"Jared has always been the one managing the medical side of the business, and Ashton has never asked anything about his management because he trusts him. Now that they're expanding the business overseas, all the business related to medical and research is Jared's responsibility. How can things turn out this way?"

Does Ashton and Jared have a secret past?

Stacey sighed. "Clearly someone has planned for this for a long time. All that's left now is to find out how Mr. Fuller is going to deal with it."

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I pressed my lips together. "The children of the old patient have been paying the fees after he passed away? They said nothing even though they're paying a million for no good reason?"

No one would continue to pay the fees after their parents are gone, right?

She nodded. "They've even kept records of every receipt and medication, so everyone is talking about how evil Fuller Corporation is."

It was almost impossible for Ashton to turn the tables with all evidence pointing toward him while everyone was criticizing him.

Cameron really is ruthless. She's all quiet until she deals a deadly blow that no one can recover from.

After a brief while of contemplation, I said, "There are no results for Mr. Clinton's case in the investigation. Do you have any plans?"

Although Cameron and Clinton frequently contacted, neither of their accounts had any transfer of funds from each other, and no one could find a trace of evidence regarding cash transactions. Moreover, they had found nothing in Clinton's house.

Mulling over my words, she replied, "I'm not too sure about that. What about this? I'll go back and ask around for more details to see if I get anything useful."

I nodded; that was all we could do now.

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Stacey and I did not converse for long as someone was bound to notice us if we stayed around too long.

I had originally planned to head straight back to the villa, but I suddenly recalled the White's matter. After a pause, I went to the White residence to visit Marcus instead.

However, it was not long before I was stuck outside a building in the city center.

A handful of people had gotten down from their cars and headed toward the building, trying to find out what was going on. Even just by looking out of the car, I knew that something major must have happened.

I was not a busybody, but I was trapped between two empty cars. In the end, I could not help but ask a middle-aged woman nearby what was going on.

Middle-aged women were either on social media or trying to gossip, so the moment she heard my question, she quickly responded, "Oh, young lady, if you're in a rush, it's best that you leave this place. Someone's trying to jump from the building ahead, and I heard it's the ex-wife of the White Corporation's chairman who just died. What a tough life for the rich too. Her ex-husband just died, and now she's being forced to jump because of the mistress. I'd say that J City's Fullers' woman is really something. I mean, look. She already has her inheritance, but she's still forcing the man's first wife to kill herself. Karma will come to her for this eventually."

Outside the building was a noisy, chaotic crowd. After explaining the situation to me, the middle-aged women hurried over to watch the commotion.

For a few seconds, I was in a daze. The ex-wife of White Corporation's chairman? Sharon? Marcus' mother?

After a few more seconds of rumination, I locked my car and followed her toward the crowd.

Within a few minutes, the people had gathered into a large crowd outside the Prism building in the city center. Even the roads were blocked, and no cars could pass.

The Prism building was the location Ashton had chosen for the company's new headquarters. Around them were several offices of famous companies, including White Corporation and Moore Corporation.

Sharon was all the way at the top of the hundredth-floor building. If one did not squint, one would not have noticed someone about to jump.

Many passersby were gathered at the bottom of the building out of morbid curiosity, knowing that this was the result of grudges between wealthy families.

Someone had called the police early on, and the officers were already here. I could spot a fire engine around, and the police had already blocked off the building.

No one from the inside could come out, and no one from the outside could go in.

Not knowing what was going on, I tried calling Marcus, but none of my calls went through.

I then called Ashton, but he sounded like he was on the plane. Perhaps he was in a rush, for he only told me, "I'll be making a quick trip to J City, so I'll be back late. Don't wait for dinner for me."

With that said, he ended the call. When I tried to call him again, I heard the automated response telling me that his phone was not in service.

With no choice, I squeezed past the crowd to talk to the police. "Sir, can I go in? I know the woman who's about to jump."

"Who is she to you?" the officer inquired as he motioned for me to move backward and away from the scene.

As Benjamin and Sharon were already divorced, I could not think of who I was to her for a moment. In the end, I replied, "She's my friend's mother. Can I go up and talk to her?"

