

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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I nodded. Somehow, I was perplexed about it.

After that, she smiled and said, "Go upstairs and pack up your stuff in a bit, then we will leave for the White residence. Fortunately, it's not snowing too heavily today and the roads have been cleaned. If we were to wait for a few days more, I'm afraid the snow would be heavier and they might even block some roads."

I was taken aback. "Do I have to move today?"

She nodded. "Yes, it would be more convenient that way. I'll give Ashton a call later and inform him about this. The White residence is pretty well-equipped so you just need to bring some clothes and shoes. I'll let the butler know that you're going over as well. He'll get everything prepared according to your preference."

I shook my head. "There's no need for that. I'm just staying there for a few days and wouldn't be needing much stuff anyways. Furthermore, it's near to home, I can come back and grab whatever I need then."

She smiled and shifted her gaze to Mrs. Eriksen who was standing on one side. "Mrs. Eriksen, do pack up as well. We will be leaving in a short while. Have a look and see what Letty might need. Please help her pack up."

Mrs. Eriksen was stunned and she looked at me. "It's just nearby, what's the matter? It wouldn't be much of a hassle to travel back and forth. Why do we have to move?"

"It's more convenient to stay there. Going back and forth at night is simply too troublesome. So just bring along whatever that's necessary."

Mrs. Eriksen said little and went upstairs to pack up.

Initially, I thought it was a last-minute plan. To my surprise, I noticed Sally had brought two drivers when I arrived at the entrance. I was dumbfounded.

"I thought that I should be well prepared since it's been snowing heavily, that's why I had everything arranged." She explained instantly after seeing my shock.

I remained quiet since it was impossible for me to take back my words and refuse to go with her.

The White residence.

Because of the snow, the scenic view from the White's villa became even more breathtaking.

There were quite a few winter roses planted in the family's courtyard. With a bed full of pink roses accompanied by the snow, the view was extremely magnificent.

Along the snow-covered pebbles, there was a path that led directly to the villa's entrance.

Upon entering the villa, I could see Benjamin's memorial tablet was placed in the living room. The villa that was once glorious and lively was now awfully quiet.

Meanwhile, a few servants were busy cleaning up the courtyard and Sally had one servant brought me to the room that was on the second floor.

As I was admiring the snowy view from the living room balcony, I suddenly thought that new year was just around the corner.

This year had passed rather quickly.

"Did she ask you to come over?" I heard an icy voice coming from behind.

I turned around and saw Marcus. He seemed to have lost more weight since the last I saw him. His face was thin and sullen, accompanied by a pair of darkened eyes which looked icier than the snow outside.

I grabbed onto my coat instantaneously and asked him, "How have you been?"

He took a glance at me while he motioned towards the black sofa in the living room and sat down on it. "Not too good. What about you? Did Ashton agree with Sally bringing you over here?"

He lit up a cigarette and took a few puffs. His face remained darkened.

I walked towards the sofa and sat down, while facing him from across the room. "It's just for a few days. He's been busy with work and didn't have the time for me as well. Since you have a lot to handle, I'll be more than happy to help."

He curled his lips sarcastically. "You might be of help to Sally indeed."

I couldn't help but feel that his current tone was strange. I pursed my lips and asked, "How's everything going with Sharon's funeral?"

Since Sharon and Benjamin had divorced, the Baumans were in charge of the funeral.

"It's quite well!" He massaged his brows.

It was normal for him to lose sleep after what had happened recently. Upon noticing he wasn't interested in continuing the conversation, I kept quiet. Since Sally had gone to the company for some work matters, I had little to do in the White residence.

Not long after, I heard Marcus' heavy breathing. It seemed like he had fallen asleep.

I got up, grabbed a blanket, and placed it over him. Suddenly, he pulled my hand. "Stay with me!"

Before I could react, he was asleep once again.

He was still holding onto my wrist, and I tried to pull back a few times. As I could not free myself, I frowned and exclaimed, "Marcus, let go of me!"

He lifted his hand and nailed me down next to him. "Accompany me for a while, it's been a few days since I last slept."

Seeing that he was extremely exhausted, I remained silent and pretended everything was alright. I continued sitting next to him. After some time, he fell into a deep sleep after being bone-tired for many days.

Seeing Marcus sleeping soundly for quite some time, I too fell asleep because there wasn't much for me to do.

Out of nowhere, I was woken up by a startling sound. I opened my eyes hazily, unsure of what was going on. Then I heard Sally's voice.

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"Letty, what are the both of you doing? There are many servants going in and out of the villa. The both of you... should avoid being like this. You as well..."

I wasn't sure what was going on. Coming back to my senses, I lifted my head and looked around.

Ashton appeared out of nowhere. His handsome face had intensely darkened, and he looked murderous.

I looked at him and uttered in a croaky voice, "You're back!"

He stared at me silently, and his gaze was terrifyingly dark. I only realized that I was leaning in Marcus' arms when I had fallen asleep.

That was why upon entering, they saw Marcus and I sleeping soundly while leaning against each other.

The moment I knew why Ashton was angry, I stood up instantaneously. However, because I had been sitting for too long, I felt dizzy straight away and I fell back onto the sofa.

Before I knew it, I landed on Marcus' lap. He woke up and had his arms around me. "You need to take care of yourself since you're weak."

I was stunned. Suddenly, I was dragged up and Ashton uttered, "Mr. White is a loving person. However, you don't need to worry about my wife."

While saying that, he hugged me tightly in his arms and I felt a wave of coldness surrounding me.

"Huh!" Marcus stretched his waist and said casually, "Why are you so nervous, Mr. Fuller? Are you afraid that I might steal her?"

Marcus was obviously trying to provoke him. Ashton pursed his lips, and his eyes narrowed dangerously. "Mr. White, where do you find such confidence? Why would you think she might like you?"

Marcus raised an eyebrow, shifted his gaze, and looked at me with a smile. "Letty, what do you think of me? Do you hate me?"

It seemed like he had other intentions while saying that. Ashton's grip around my hand tightened.

I pursed my lips and remained silent because it was all too silly.

Seeing that I was silent, Ashton glared at Marcus and said sarcastically, "My wife is a stellar person. However, Mr. White, you need to remember that she is a married woman."

I felt that their conversation was rather silly.

He gave Marcus an icy stare and carried me into the room that was just a few steps away.

After he shut the bedroom door, Ashton immediately cornered me in the doorway.

His hand grabbed tightly onto my waist as he lowered his head and glanced at me. There was a hint of suppressed anger in his voice. "Aren't you going to explain yourself?"

I pursed my lips and let out a sigh. "There's nothing going on between us. He might have been suffering from a lack of sleep because he was busy with his parents' funeral. When he fell asleep, I just wanted to cover him with a blanket. Then he pulled me and that led to what you saw earlier."

I apologized after seeing the sad look on his gorgeous face. "I know. I shouldn't have done that. However, Ashton, I can't just ignore him. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be standing here. This has nothing to do with whether I like him. It's the fact that he had saved me before and I owe him because of that. He was by my side during my darkest days. In turn, I should be here while he is going through a tough time. I hope you can understand that, alright?"

He pursed his lips and gazed deeply into my eyes. After a moment of hesitation, he replied, "Yes, I can understand that!"

He continued, "You're allowed to be there for him during these times but you have to keep your distance after everything is settled, alright?"

He wore a black coat that day. There were drops of melted snowflakes on his shoulder. After not seeing him for a few days, his hair had grown longer, and he looked more haggard.

I nodded. It must have been hectic for him these few days. Since I could finally have some of his time, it would be wasted if we continued bickering!

He put his arms around me and pecked my forehead with his lips lovingly. "Let's go out for dinner. What do you feel like having?"

I was taken aback. "Aren't we staying for dinner with the Whites?"

"No. It's been a few days since I last saw you, so let's have a meal together. Just the two of us!" He hugged me and pressed me against his chest tightly. "Do you miss me?"

I could hear his heart beating and my lips curled instantaneously. "What are we going to eat?"

He pulled away from me slightly, cupped my face in his hands, and caressed my face. "What do you feel like eating? Why don't you miss me?"

I knew he wanted to hear me say that I missed him, but I couldn't bring myself to say that for now.

"Let's have steak."

He chuckled. "Hm, do you miss me?"

He buried his head against my neck. "Last night, I've thought about you the entire time in the hotel. I just wanted to hold you like this forever."

He had never spoken such sweet things to me. I couldn't stop myself from staring into his deep, shimmering gaze.

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For a moment, I felt the warmth exuding from within.

"This morning when I was staring at the snow outside the balcony, I wondered to myself if you had a good rest in the hotel last night. After all, it wouldn't be as comfortable compared to staying at home. There wouldn't be any heater or warm clothing. You looked weaker when I saw you earlier." Even though I whispered those words, he was listening to them intently.

I could sense a smile in his baritone voice. "Alright. Tonight I'll let you make it up to me!"

I lowered my head and blushed.

Upon hearing that we wanted to head out for dinner, Sally didn't say much. After all, Ashton was around and he was the one who mentioned that he wanted to take me out. She remained silent, even if she wasn't too pleased about that.

After we left the White residence, Ashton drove and brought me to a restaurant in the city center.

The crowd was huge at night. Fortunately, he had chosen a high-end area and there weren't many people.

The ambience was nice and quiet. After the waiter guided us to our seat, Ashton looked at me and said, "Besides steak, what else do you want?"

I rested my chin on my hand while staring at the city's bright lights. Without any hesitation, I replied, "Up to you, I'm fine with anything!"

He took a glance at me and saw that I was gazing at the scenery outside the window. Without questioning further, he ordered the food. "What plans do you have this new year?"

I shifted my gaze away from the bright lights and looked at him. "Wouldn't it be the same as in previous years?"

But it was only at that moment that I realized in the previous years, Ashton and I would return to the Fullers' family home to spend the new years when George was still alive. However, he wasn't there anymore. Since we weren't close to Uncle Charlie and Aunt Helen, it would be pointless to go back.

I pursed my lips at the thought.

Seeing my unease, he said, "I think the Stovall family would ask you to go over. What do you think of that?"

I had almost forgotten that Louis had asked me to be his god-daughter. "Then I guess I'll be heading over to K City for New Year's Eve."

Macy and Jackson were both abroad, and I didn't have any other relatives in J City. At the very least, Aunt Sally, Joe, Jared, and the Stovall family would also be here.

Upon thinking of Jared, I instantly asked Ashton, "Is everything settled at the hospital?"

He looked haggard. These few days must be hectic for him.

After the waiter served the food, Ashton cut my steak and handed over to me. "Yes, I think everything will be settled next year. No hurry. Let's think of how we want to celebrate New Year first."

Upon seeing that he had cared little about that, I was taken aback. I couldn't help but ask, "Dr. Crest has always been in charge of the hospital. How has he been dealing with such a big problem?"

"He's dealing with it. Accompany Aunt Sally these few days. I might need to go on a business trip tomorrow. I'll be back in a few days."

I sulked, with my chin resting on my hand. "New Year is almost here but you're still busy with work."

He smiled and brushed my hair. "I'll make it up to you after that. Let's renew our vows next year. You can decide on the theme?"

I was stunned. "Why is there a need to renew our vows?"

He chuckled and said, "I've shortchanged you for our wedding. Let's have one and make it perfect for us. Furthermore, being a part of the Stovall family, we will have Louis walk you down the aisle. He will be happy to see his daughter being happily married. It would be a wish come true for him."

"How is it possible for you to understand Uncle Louis so well, even though you have only met him a few times? What if he didn't really mean it to have me as a god-daughter?" I laughed.

"Everyone in K City knows Louis is a man of his words. Since he has announced publicly that he wants you to be part of the Stovall family, that's what he will do!"

I lowered my head and had difficulties with swallowing my food.

Upon noticing my changed expression, Ashton took my hand. "What else do you feel like eating?"

I shook my head. There was so much food on the table. "Ashton, do you think there are parents in the world who would really abandon their children? Even though I've only met Uncle Louis a few times, he has already portrayed such willingness to make me as his god-daughter. That means I'm not that bad. Why didn't they want me?"

I suppressed the bitterness from overwhelming me. For over twenty years, I told myself that my life was fine even without them.

Grandma loved me even though I wasn't related to her by blood. She loved me like her own. That was enough.

Growing up, my heart would ache even more whenever I saw my friends accompanied by their parents or relatives.. Why was I still alone in the end?

Ashton stood up and walked over to me. Then he embraced me in his arms while caressing my back. "You still have me, right?"

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After a long time, I freed myself from his arms and exhaled sharply. Looking at him, I chuckled lightly and said, "You really don't know how to comfort others at all, Ashton."

He replicated my smile and gazed back at me warmly. "I'll try my best next time."

I giggled softly and had a few more bites of my food even though I had already lost my appetite. He was going on a business trip the next day, so we planned to go back to the villa later.

However, Sally kept calling him. There was even a plea in her voice when she asked the two of us to visit the White residence together. Ashton was reluctant at first, but she was practically begging him.

Hence, he had no choice but to agree.

At the White residence, Ashton had to attend a video conference, leaving me bored stiff on my own.

I looked out the window and saw that it was snowing outside, The scenery looked especially enchanting under the silvery moonlight.

Thus, I went downstairs with the intention of going outside for a stroll.

There were many winter roses and trees in the White residence's yard. The snow on the ground seemed to be blanketed by a layer of silver, glimmering exquisitely and giving the whole place a dreamy vibe.

I took a few steps into the yard and lifted my face to the sky to welcome the snowflakes. Looking over my shoulder, I noticed my uneven footprints in the snow and found it to be a rather pleasing sight, which greatly improved my mood.

It was a pity that Ashton was busy or I would've dragged him down for a snowball fight.

With that thought in mind, I started rolling snowballs. Due to the thick layer of snow, I managed to make a whole mountain of them.

Then, I found a spot and began throwing the snowballs to alleviate my boredom.

The thin layer of snow on the tree branches fell to the ground as I threw the snowballs, painting a rather bleak scene.

When Marcus came outside, I was having quite a lot of fun throwing snowballs at the trees so that the snow would fall off its branches.

I never expected him to come out from under the archway and right in front of the snowball that had just left my hand, which unsurprisingly hit him right in his face.

My heart missed a beat and I hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose."

"It's windy out here. You might catch a cold if you stay too long." His handsome face was cold and indifferent, so much so that I couldn't read his emotions as I looked at his stiff posture through the snowflakes that were caught in my lashes.

As he spoke, he draped a large coat over my shoulders. "Let's go in. It's cold outside."

I was stunned for a split second, but nodded blankly and turned to go back in.

Suddenly, he yanked my arm and asked in a low, restrained voice, "Are you and Ashton... back together?"

I stiffened momentarily before nodding. After giving it some thought, I decided to add, "Marcus, you're a good man. You'll definitely find happiness in the future."

He gazed at me and was silent for a while. "How do you know I'll be happy? Scarlett, do you know what happens when someone who has been living in the dark for many years suddenly sees the sun?"

I pursed my lips and met his gaze, allowing him to continue speaking. "If I'd never seen the sun, perhaps I wouldn't find living in the dark difficult, but reminiscing about the sun from within the darkness is probably something you will never be able to relate to."

His confession seemed to suck all the air out of my lungs, making me feel weak and powerless, but I couldn't seem to find the words that could bring him solace.

With my eyes still fixed on him, I parted my lips to speak, yet, no words came.

He grabbed my hand and forcefully interlocked our fingers before pulling me into his arms. He pressed me tightly against his body and patted my back. "Forget it. If Ashton cherishes you enough, you'll live happily for the rest of your life. But if he misses out on his chance with you-

"I won't," Ashton cut him off in a deep and assertive tone.

I broke free from Marcus' embrace and looked back to see Ashton coming out with a long coat in his hand. He walked to my side, took the coat off my shoulders, and handed it back to Marcus. He then placed the coat in his hand around me. "Thank you for the coat, Mr. White."

Marcus narrowed his eyes at him and pressed his lips into a thin line. With a stony expression, he replied in a clipped tone, "No thanks are needed."

Ashton hugged me to his side and led me straight into the living room. I struggled a little bit to keep up with his long strides and when we entered the bedroom, I noticed that the rage written on his face hadn't yet subsided. Initially, I expected him to vent his anger on me, but surprisingly, he only barked, "I'm going to take a shower!"

With that, he strode into the bathroom. I knew he was angry.

He came out dressed in a white bathrobe that covered over his broad shoulders and narrow hips, looking elegant and poised no matter how I looked at him. Seeing me sitting on the chaise lounge, he said with a stoic expression, "It's getting late. Go to bed earlier."

Faced with his lukewarm attitude, I was at a complete loss. I lowered my head slightly and simply turned around to go into the bathroom.

When I came out of the shower, he was already lying down on the bed and seemed to be asleep.

After blow-drying my hair, I slowly climbed into bed. His back was to me, so I reached out to wrap my arms around his waist and press my cheek against his back before calling out softly, "Ashton, I can't sleep if you don't hold me in your arms."

His body stiffened for a split second, then came his monotonous voice, "Go to sleep now."

I pursed my lips and hugged him for a while. Seeing that he was still reluctant to turn around, I got up and crawled to the opposite side before wriggling to get myself into his embrace.

After nestling against his chest and making sure his arms were around me, I looked up to study his face. His eyes were closed and he had a slightly wan complexion that was probably due to overworking these few days.

I lifted my hand to stroke the stubble on his chin before murmuring, "Ashton, if you don't talk to me, I'll assume that you're ignoring me. Let's sleep on separate beds from now on. I don't want to share a bed with such a cold husband."

