

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 306-309

Chapter 306

I nodded and hummed a response, then searched for a pair of shoes from the shoe rack.

Molly peered at me with hesitation stark in her eyes. "Madam, it's late now and it's still snowing outside. Why don't you wait for Mr. Ashton to finish his shower and go with him?"

"It's fine."

I walked out of the living room and noticed two bodyguards standing guard at the door. My face fell and I snapped, "Step aside."

Both of them remained silent.

Molly had already gone upstairs to call Ashton.

My brows drew together with rage, but I was aware that I was no match for the two burly men.

PlayvolumeAd

They blocked my path, remaining immovable like two stone statues.

Shortly after, Ashton came down in a bathrobe with water still dripping from his hair.

Seeing me all dressed up, he frowned. "Where are you going?"

"Out."

"To do what?"

Irritation clawed at me. "To see a doctor."

He pursed his lips in response. "I'll get Jared to come over in a bit. Go upstairs and rest now."

"That's not necessary!" I emphasized, "I'm going to the hospital." Marcus' body had been taken away. Without any family, the only one who could hold a funeral for him was Sally, but of course she wouldn't be willing to do it.

So, I had to do this for him.

Ashton's expression turned overcast and his mouth grew taut. "You're going to see a doctor at the hospital at a time like this? Are you using that as an excuse to settle Marcus' funeral?"

I glanced at him and sneered. "What does it matter to you?"

He seemed to be trying hard to maintain his cool as he rebuked, "What do you think? Scarlett, I know you're in a difficult place, but you should know when to stop. Aunt Sally will handle Marcus' funeral. There are others in the White family who can handle it too. Why should you go? Will you stop only after rumors about both you and Marcus spread through the entire K City?"

There was no way for me to refute him, so I could only shoot him a withering stare. In the end, I stormed back into the villa.

He trailed after me and softened his tone. "I'll send someone to deal with Marcus' funeral. You..."

I stopped abruptly in my tracks and whipped back to look at him, noticing the winding staircase behind him from the corner of my eyes.

With anger still coursing through my veins, I raised my hands and shoved him. Since the railing was completely within his reach, he could've held it to steady himself, but unexpectedly, he allowed himself to fall and roll down the stairs.

Even tumbling down the stairs, he miraculously managed to maintain his usual charming and suave appearance.

I cast a glance at him, then spun on my heels and returned to the bedroom.

He came in just after I changed into my pajamas and climbed into bed. His eyes were dim and there was blood on his forehead and the corner of his mouth. His legs and hands were also injured from the fall.

I gave him a fleeting glance before closing my eyes, planning to give him the cold shoulder and go to sleep.

Ashton didn't seem to be angry, but his eyes darkened a few shades as he stalked toward me. Lowering himself beside the bed, he ordered in a solemn tone, "Get up and apply the medicine for me."

Without saying a word, I opened my eyes to give him an indifferent look before closing my eyes again.

He lifted the blanket and pinned me down with his sturdy body, nuzzling my forehead with the tip of his nose as he asked in a low whisper, "Doesn't your heart ache for your injured husband?"

I pursed my lips, refusing to speak. Does my heart ache?

Yes!

But I knew that with his reflexes, falling down the stairs wouldn't pose that big of a problem. At most, he would only suffer some minor wounds.

When I remained tight-lipped, a mirthless smile formed on his lips. "You think this is nothing compared to Marcus' death and that it doesn't deserve your care, right?"

My heart squeezed in my chest, but I remained stubborn. "Get off me."

He didn't listen. Instead, he grabbed my hands and interlocked our fingers above my head before kissing me aggressively.

He bit into my bottom lip, causing me to frown from the pain, but I endured it without saying a word.

As though he wanted me to beg him, he started to attack my lips mercilessly.

"When you threw yourself in front of the car, you acted based on your true feelings, right?" His lips grazed mine as he panted slightly.

Our fingers were interlocked so tightly that I felt a little bit uncomfortable. "Is it guilt or love that you feel for Marcus? And what about me? Hmm?"

He narrowed his eyes at me a fraction, but his gaze was warm and expectant as he waited for my answer.

I pursed my lips, having no intention to answer him. I could no longer differentiate between love and guilt. Many a time, the lines between them seemed to be blurred.

Silence stretched between us and as the seconds ticked by, the temperature around us seemed to drop along with his increasingly indecipherable expression.

After a long time, he broke eye contact. The simmering anger swirling in his eyes subsided slightly as he said in a deep and magnetic voice, "How long has it been since we had sex, Scarlett?"

My brows instantly knitted together and I snapped, "I don't want to!"

My mind was still plagued with images of Marcus lying in a pool of his own blood. A pang of pain hit me and I shoved him away. "I said, I don't want to, Ashton. I don't want to! Can't you hear me?"

He frowned, his handsome features turning grim. Before I knew it, he pulled off the bathrobe covering his body and blocked my protests by smashing his mouth against mine.

When he moved to tug off my clothes, I instinctively scrambled away.

Bang! Due to my carelessness, I slammed into the bedside table, feeling a dull pain spread through me.

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In a fit of anger, I raised my leg and kicked Ashton off the bed. Completely caught off guard, he rolled off and landed on the carpeted floor, which undoubtedly cushioned his fall.

He sat up almost instantly and looked at me with a mixture of exasperation and amusement, the blazing fire in him seemingly doused. With his gaze still fixed on me, he growled, "You've got guts, Scarlett!"

I clutched my head and ignored his remark. Glaring at him, I spat, "If you touch me again, it won't be so simple as getting kicked off the bed."

With that, I pulled the blanket over myself, making sure to wrap it firmly around me before closing my eyes to sleep.

I didn't expect that even without doing anything, Ashton would continue gazing at me with a sexually frustrated look on his face. After a long time, he finally went to the bathroom with a sulky expression.

With everything that happened, my head was hurting so badly I couldn't fall asleep at all.

I fumbled for my phone and went through my contacts for John's number.

The person who answered the call was a woman instead of John. Her voice sounded familiar, but I couldn't seem to recall who it was.

Hence, I merely said, "Hi, I'm looking for John."

The woman replied calmly, "He's in the shower. He'll probably be out in about five minutes. If you trust me enough, you can tell me and I'll relay your message to him. If you don't want to, you can call again after five minutes."

I paused briefly before explaining, "I need his help to keep an eye on Marcus' funeral matters as well as Sally. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Ms. Stovall," the woman responded in an amicable tone. After thanking her again, I hung up the call.

I still couldn't put my finger on the woman's identity, so I simply chose to set it aside.

Not long after I ended the call, Ashton came out of the bathroom with some vapor still clinging to his body. After wiping himself dry, he climbed into bed.

To avoid him, I deliberately turned so that my back was facing him. When he pulled me against his chest, I immediately tried to squirm out.

However, he caged me in with his arms and coaxed, "Behave. I won't touch you."

I pursed my lips and huffed, "Go away. I can't sleep with you so close to me."

"You have two choices. Either we sleep like this, or I'll pull you closer to me. Of course, if you wanna join bodies, I'm all for it too. So, what's it going to be, hmm?"

A**hole...

...

News of Marcus' death blew up the next day. Many citizens pointed fingers at Sally, accusing her of plotting the death of the family of three so that she could have White Corporation all to herself.

Three consecutive deaths no doubt raised many suspicions. Except for Benjamin who died a natural death, both Sharon and Marcus had committed suicide. Hence, it was clear that there was more to the story than met the eye.

The Bauman elderly couple, Anthony and Sophia, were prominent figures in K City. The fact that both their daughter and grandson had committed suicide didn't add up. Hence, they ordered the police to conduct a thorough investigation for both deaths.

Something of this magnitude was breaking news. Even if Anthony and Sophia didn't bring it to attention, the police would've taken action.

Thus, Sally was brought in for interrogation and barred from participating in anything related to the White family and White Corporation's financial flow.

She wasn't even allowed to step into the White residence, the reason being that everything inside could be crucial to their investigation and that the place itself might be a crime scene.

In other words, Sally was basically banned from everything.

As a result, she was homeless and could only temporarily live in our villa since it was huge. The place that Ashton had previously arranged for Dr. Linnard was vacant ever since she left, so Sally moved in.

When Stacey called me, I was staring absent-mindedly at the show playing on TV.

Sally moved into the villa just then and I couldn't help but feel on edge since she had indirectly caused so many people's deaths.

Perhaps she was aware of my hostility toward her, she only squinted her eyes at me without saying anything else.

She was still Ashton's aunt after all. Even if I hated her, there was nothing I could do about it, so I stayed silent as well.

As soon as I answered my phone, Stacey's low voice drifted across. "Meet me at the café on the third floor of Fortuna Complex."

After leaving me with a simple sentence, she swiftly hung up the call.

Usually, this meant that she had discovered something major.

After getting ready, I was about to head out when I ran into Sally at the door. She was wearing a black coat with a dark green scarf around her neck. A faint smile formed on her ageless face as she looked at me. "Are you going out?"

I grunted in affirmation but wasn't inclined to continue the conversation.

She stood in my way with derision gleaming in her eyes. "Why are you in such a hurry? Who are you meeting?"

She was obviously looking to stir up trouble. "Ms. Fuller, do you need something?"

Raising her brows, she answered in a nonchalant tone, "No. I just wanted to have a nice chat with my niece-in-law. After all, we're still a family, so we have to get along well from here on out, don't you agree?"

I pursed my lips and said placidly, "So, what exactly do you want to chat about with me?"

"About your conflict with Cameron and Rebecca, of course. To be honest, Cameron is indeed a detestable woman. She may look gentle and graceful, but she is actually rotten on the inside. I don't like women like her either. Not to mention, she killed my grandnephew. Speaking of which, she and the Fullers are officially at loggerheads."

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Folding her arms across her chest, she looked at me with her alluring eyes and continued, "It's a wonder how Cameron managed to climb to such a high position over the years, but of course, she has her fair share of dirty secrets. It just so happens that I'm in possession of those secrets. Don't you think handing them over to the Moore family would be much faster than investigating on your own?"

A crease formed between my brows. "Why would you help me?"

She laughed as though I had just asked a stupid question. "The child in your belly was my grandnephew. Isn't that a good enough reason?"

I scoffed in response. "It's probably been at least three months since the incident, right? And you probably knew about it for quite some time already, yet, you're only telling me this now. Do you think I'd actually believe that you're doing all this just for your grandnephew?"

Her reason was blatantly implausible.

She let out a tinkling laugh and remarked, "I finally understand why my father allowed an ordinary woman like you to marry Ashton. Even though you're not that smart, at least you still have some brains."

I narrowed my eyes into slits. She's obviously mocking me!

"What do you want from me?" I asked and subconsciously glanced at my watch.

"I want you to tell your godfather, Louis, to get the police to stop investigating the White family!" She leaned against the wine cabinet beside her, taking up a casual posture.

Stop investigating the White family? Won't that mean that she can legally take over White Corporation and become the chairperson?

With Marcus gone, no one would be able to lay a hand on White Corporation except her.

I smiled politely and replied in a cool tone, "Ms. Fuller, I think it's best we find time to sit down and properly discuss this matter. This isn't something that should be hastily settled with a few casual words. Anyway, I'm meeting a friend soon, so let's talk some other time."

She frowned but didn't argue. Narrowing her eyes, she agreed, "Sure. We'll talk some other time."

After leaving the villa, I drove straight to the meeting place. When I arrived, Stacey was already waiting for me.

From her empty coffee cup, I could tell that she had been waiting here for quite some time.

Upon seeing me, she glanced at her watch and raised her brows. "You're half an hour late, Ms. Stovall."

I shrugged and sent her an apologetic look. "I'm very sorry. I got caught up in something."

She offered me a small smile but didn't comment otherwise. Then, she took out a document from her bag and handed it to me, saying, "This is the transaction history between Cameron and Savini Tuffin. Have a look."

"Savini Tuffin?" I froze for a good few seconds before recalling who this person was.

He was the one who knocked me unconscious back then when we were dealing with Felix.

Stacey nodded. After the waiter refilled her cup, she continued, "Savini is the middleman between Cameron and Hector. He's the project director at AC Credit and he handles the quarterly audits of several companies under Cameron, so the transactions between them are within reason. Even if someone investigates it, they wouldn't find anything unusual."

My brows pulled into a frown. "So, the money transactions between Cameron and Hector are basically done through Savini?"

She nodded, but I was still slightly confused. "Savini and Cameron are both entrepreneurs, so it's normal for them to have transactions with each other, but what you're telling me is that Cameron wires money to Hector through Savini. Savini is an entrepreneur, while Hector is a politician. So, if the transaction between them is too large, it would no doubt arouse suspicion."

Stacey hummed in affirmation. "My thoughts as well, so I continued looking into the exchange between Hector and Savini. I found out that Hector's wife owns a livestock

company. It's quite a large-scale production and has been operating for nearly a few decades."

"So, you're saying that Hector collects money through his wife?"

She nodded and went on, "Also, I found someone to look into Hector's wife. She's been a housewife in the past few years, so she basically won't have the time nor energy to run such a large-scale livestock farm. In fact, Hector spent a few hundred thousand to buy a piece of land in a remote village for the livestock farm. He simply threw in some chickens and hired a local villager to keep an eye on the place, so it's basically been left unattended to all these years."

I could somewhat catch her drift. This livestock production company, to put it bluntly, was nothing but a front for money laundering. In fact, it probably didn't even bring in any profits. The accounts registered by this company were used to facilitate money transactions between Hector and other businessmen.

It was no wonder that Louis couldn't find anything even after investigating for such a long time. Hector was too cunning for his own good.

After a short pause, I looked at Stacey and asked, "Are there any transfers from Cameron in the livestock company's account records?"

She shook her head. "No, Cameron has been very cautious. The companies under her have no reason to collaborate with the livestock company, so her transactions are all done through Savini."

"Then, what about Savini? On what basis can he transfer money to Hector?" Savini was from an audit company. Even though audit companies often conducted business with all types of companies, money should be credited, not debited, from their accounts. Hence, an audit company wiring money to a livestock company wouldn't make sense at all.

She smiled and explained, "I wondered about that as well. It wasn't until later on that I found out that Savini owns a frozen meat market. This way, no matter how large their transactions are, it would still be considered reasonable and legitimate as it's completely normal based on market demand standards."

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They're good, I'll give them that!

Without obtaining the inside story, it was impossible to find out the truth. Even after knowing the inside story, it was difficult to convict Hector. After all, all of this looked to be reasonable transactions.

My head spun slightly. Even if I relayed this information to Louis, there was no way to directly identify Cameron's involvement in this.

Seeing the conflict lining my features, Stacey suggested after some hesitation, "You can try starting with Savini. He's not as loyal to Cameron as he seems. Besides, there seems to be a third-party intervention in this matter. If I'm not wrong, someone wants to take Cameron down."

"A third party?" My curiosity was piqued. "Who else did Cameron offend?"

She shrugged and replied, "I'm not too sure, but I recently discovered that someone dug up videos of Cameron rising to her position when she was young. In fact, there were quite a number of people involved. By the way, Hector's wife should be a good approach in this matter. Even though we can't trace any money transactions, you may be able to discover sexual transactions."

I nodded and kept all the documents she handed to me. "Thank you for doing this," I expressed my gratitude.

She smiled and took a sip of her coffee. "Don't mention it. You helped me deal with Felix, so this is the least I could do."

Since she put it that way, there was no reason for me to contradict. After exchanging some simple pleasantries, she excused herself.

It was quite late by the time I returned to the villa. Hence, I was surprised to see an unwanted guest.

Rebecca and Sally were seated in the living room, engaged in a friendly conversation.

Upon spotting me, Sally smiled and waved to me. "Letty, you're back. Ms. Larson and I were just talking about you!"

I frowned. Her words sounded so pretentious they raked on my insides.

Rebecca was in a white cotton dress with her hair pulled up into a ponytail, looking every bit like a youthful and sultry woman.

Catching sight of me, she smirked lightly. "Scarlett, you're back. It's cold outside. Come on over and have some tea with us."

I remained expressionless with only my slightly pursed lips as an indication of my displeasure. "No, thanks. You two don't mind me. I'm going up to rest now."

"Letty, don't go just yet. Come here and sit with us for a while. I've been so busy with the White family matters all these years that I didn't have the time to sit down and have a nice chat with anyone. Since everyone's here today, you should join in too!" Sometimes, I really envied Sally's ability to put up such a flawless and natural act.

Unable to refute her indisputable reasoning, I went to the living room and took a seat.

Sally brew some tea while Rebecca had a faint smile on her face. At a glance, we portrayed an uncannily harmonious scene.

The three of us looked like we had always been close friends, but of course, we knew better.

After Sally was done brewing the tea, she said gently, "The most classic step in tea brewing is to get a whiff of its fragrance, but people often skip this step. Since we're not in a hurry today, let's enjoy the fragrance of this tea."

I wasn't a tea lover, but I raised the cup and took a whiff of it anyway. Indeed, the smell was very fragrant, but I found it inappropriate to be drinking tea so late at night.

Rebecca lifted the teacup to her nose in an elegant manner before breaking into a smile. "This tea is of excellent quality. I'm already intoxicated with its fragrance. I'm starting to look forward to tasting it."

Sally returned her smile, then poured the brewed tea into separate teacups and gracefully said, "Try it."

I only took a sip, whereas Rebecca smiled and remarked enthusiastically, "This is really good tea!"

The two of them earned my utmost admiration for being able to act so relaxed and poised while drinking tea in the middle of the night.

Noticing that I only had a small sip, Sally queried, "Is the tea not to your liking, Letty?"

I shook my head and simply replied, "No. I just don't have the habit of drinking tea at night. I'm prone to insomnia, so drinking too much isn't good for me."

She nodded with a smile. "Then, why don't you drink something else?"

I shook my head and declined, "There's no need for that. It's getting late now. Both of you enjoy the tea. I'm going to head upstairs and call it a night."

Just then, the sound of a car engine came from outside. Sally smiled when the noise ceased abruptly. "It sounds like Ashton's back."

Soon, Ashton came in. He placed the car keys on the shoe cabinet, then looked over at us.

Upon seeing Rebecca, his brows drew together, but he turned his gaze to me and asked, "Have you had your dinner?"

I nodded and was about to go upstairs.

He took long strides and I had barely made it a few steps when he caught up to me and wrap an arm around my waist. "What did you do today? Did anything interesting happen that you wanna share with me?"

I shook my head, having the blues.

"Ash!" Rebecca's gentle voice rang just then.

Ashton glanced at her with an impassive expression. "It's late. Aren't you going home yet, Ms. Larson?"

Evidently, he was telling her that it was time for her to leave.

Rebecca turned ashen-faced and she parted her lips to say in a meek voice, "I didn't bring..."

