

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 315-319

Chapter 315

John then turned to glare at Ashton. "Shouldn't you be getting a rest too, Mr. Fuller?" he mocked.

Ashton smiled. "I've always been healthy, you know."

John stormed off, infuriated. The moment he left, Ashton squinted at me. "Where's the prescription?"

I pursed my lips and gripped the prescription tighter. "There is none," I replied calmly. "The doctor told me to have a lot of rest and drink plenty of water."

"Scarlett," he emphasized.

Annoyed, I left the hospital without saying a thing. He followed me into the car and put the matter of the prescription aside. "Joe invited you to South Metro for a meal. Are you going?"

I was going to say no, but I paused. "Why did he invite me?"

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Ashton started the car. "For the thing we discussed over the call last time."

I was surprised to hear that. So he's going to apologize?

There was a saying that a man's love could be measured by how his friends treat you. I considered it for a moment and nodded. "Sure, I'll go."

It was still early when we came to South Metro. I thought we had come too early, so I asked, "Don't you think it's a bit early?"

He nodded. "Yeah. The sooner we get this over with, the sooner you get to rest."

Right...

When I saw the trio in the room, I felt like laughing. I looked at Ashton. "I thought this is supposed to be an apology. Didn't think it'd be a trap."

A frown creased Ashton's forehead, and he narrowed his eyes at Joe. "What is the meaning of this?"

Joe stood up and fidgeted. "Ashton, it's been a while since Rebecca could go around since her hospitalization. She's just here with us. I'm sorry for not telling you about this, but I promise it'll be fine."

Jared sipped his tea, pulling himself away from the drama. Ashton glanced at Rebecca calmly. He didn't care if she was putting up a pitiable front, and he looked at me. "You still want to do this?"

Joe looked at me apologetically. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. I—"

Rebecca interrupted. "What am I, a chopped liver?" She looked as arrogant as usual with a hint of grievance. "Since I'm obviously unwanted, I'll leave then. Bye." She took her bag and tried to leave.

Joe gave me another apologetic look. "Sorry, Scarlett. I'll send her off."

"It's fine. Everyone's already here whether we like it or not. Let's get on with it." I gazed at Rebecca mockingly. "You don't mind sharing a table with me, do you, Ms. Larson?"

Joe took the chance to invite Rebecca back and happily made the orders. Ashton had always been a man of few words. So he simply sat beside me and chatted with Jared, looking cool as a cucumber.

Once everything was served, Joe stood up and gave me a toast. "A toast for you, Scarlett. I apologize for my rude behavior. Now that you're Ashton's wife, you're a part of the family." He gulped the wine down graciously.

I peeped at Ashton again and found that he was still as inscrutable as ever.

Jared looked at me and paused for a moment. "There's a rule in our group. You have to down ten shots for it to be an effective apology."

I looked at the ten glasses of wine before Joe, and I was taken back to the time when I was the one who had to drink. They're really something, aren't they? Ten shots would be fine for a good drinker, but someone with a problem could end up injured or dead.

When Joe was going for the second shot, I shot up and looked at him calmly. "I'll be leaving if we aren't eating anytime soon."

"What is the meaning of this, Scarlett? Haven't your parents taught you about manners?" Rebecca shot up and barked. She was already angry enough with me, and my obviously rude behavior lit the flame within her.

Her face darkened. "Joe went out of his way to apologize, and this is how you treat him? Are you trying to ruin their friendship?"

Frowning, I answered calmly, "Ms. Larson, are you standing up for them? Because it sounds like you're venting to me."

"Why you little..."

I cut her off. "I have no parents, so I'm not sure what they would have taught me. You, on the other hand, have parents, don't you, Ms. Larson? They should have taught you to mind your own business and that sticking your nose where it doesn't belong is rude."

"Who are you calling rude, Scarlett?" Seeing that she couldn't win against me in a banter, she gave Ashton a puppy-eye look. "Ash, are you going to just let your wife insult me like that?"

My, my, this woman is shameless.

Ashton frowned at her in cold silence. Obviously, he thought she saw everyone else as an idiot.

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Joe stopped smiling and turned to Rebecca. "Stay out of this, Rebecca."

"Why should I? Everyone agreed to this rule when Parker was here. I was there too. Why should I stay out of this?"

"But the rule didn't say anything about sticking your nose into this. Don't you know that, Rebecca?" Jared finally spoke. His gaze was cold and also impatient. Rebecca was stunned before tears started to stream down her face.

I was starting to get impatient. "I don't know how you guys agreed to the rule, but I accept your apology. Thanks for the treat, and there's no need for the wine. You've apologized, and that's good enough." I paused for a moment. "Everyone settles their matter differently. You have your way, and I have mine. Do away with the wine."

Joe was flabbergasted, and he cast a confused look at Ashton.

Ashton, who had kept quiet all the while, finally stood up and looked at Joe. "We'll go with Scarlett's way. It's getting late, and she's exhausted. We'll be leaving now."

He was going to take me away when Rebecca stopped us and glared at us with tear-filled eyes. To be precise, she was looking at Ashton. "You can't just break the rule Parker made whenever you want. Do you think this woman is more important than our decades of friendship?"

An angry frown creased Ashton's forehead. "This woman is my wife."

Rebecca sneered. "So what? That doesn't give her a free pass to break every rule."

Hearing that, I felt the urge to laugh. "Ms. Larson, I've heard of how you used your own brother for your own gains. Frankly, if you were to write it all down, you could probably start an online novel filled with drama. I don't care what the reasons were behind this inhumane rule, but Ms. Larson, let's stop for a moment and think. You guys were just twenty-year-old kids back then. I can understand why this rule was made in a fit of impulse, but for Pete's sake, do you think it's still relevant now?"

I took a deep breath. "Everyone's in their thirties now, for god's sake. Doesn't matter how healthy they are, ten glasses of alcohol is going to hurt. Not to mention they've been pulling all-nighters lately for the company. Their bodies are at their limits. If you're going to force them into drinking all ten glasses, Joe might just end up dead like your brother. Is that how much you value your friendship?"

Rebecca paled, then her face turned red with anger. Her chest heaved, and she glowered. "That's sophism! You're leaving because you're too arrogant to accept his apology!"

There were times when I thought Rebecca might be a five-year-old. Every word she uttered and the way her thought worked was like a child's.

I looked at her for a moment before turning to Joe. "Honestly, you're a good guy, Joe. You know right from wrong. Ashton's my husband, and since he sees you as his brother, then by extension, you're my brother too. I won't argue with you just because of some childish insults. Naturally, I won't get between you and Ashton. I accept your apology, and you don't have to drink the wine. It's precisely because you're family that I don't want you to kill yourself over some stupid rule."

Then, I took Ashton's hand and left the room. The moment I got into the car, I flung his hand away and glared at him. "Did you bring me here just to annoy me?" I wouldn't have come if I had known Rebecca was present.

He pursed his lips in resignation. "I was with you the whole time. I couldn't have known about this."

Even so, I was still irked. "Go back on your own." With that, I went into the car and left without him. I looked at the rear-view mirror and saw him slapping his forehead lightly.

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The moment I stopped my car at the villa, I saw Sally standing at the doorstep. She was wearing a jacket. When she looked behind me and didn't see Ashton, Sally looked at me. "Got some time? Let's talk."

I shrugged. "About what?"

"Us."

I laughed. "Haven't you had enough fun bringing Rebecca in?"

She frowned. "I just want to do something that can benefit both of us. If we can live in harmony, I won't do anything to your marriage and family."

"Ah, so in other words, if I refuse to work with you, you'd ruin my marriage and family, is that it?" I went past her and entered the living room. Molly and Mrs. Eriksen weren't there. She must have made sure they aren't in.

She flicked her hair and drawled, "Let's get back to the matter at hand. I don't really like Rebecca, to tell you the truth. Honestly, I'd like to be your friend, not your enemy."

I smiled. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Ms. Fuller. You're a visionary, so to speak. I don't think someone like me can be your friend." One of the most terrifying things in the world was to be friends with someone who only cared about profit.

She arched her eyebrow. "That's just how human nature works. You'll get it once you're my age."

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So I would have to wait for a decade before I can understand where she was coming from? I smiled. "I can't do anything about the White family's matter if that's your goal. Louis might be my godfather, but I can't call any shots, since Mr. Bauman's the one who came up with the idea. You don't have to panic if the death of the White family has nothing to do with you. Just lay low for the time being, and you can go back to being the chairperson of White corporation."

She narrowed her eyes, and her face fell. "So that's a no then?"

I shrugged. "I have my own way of dealing with Cameron, but thanks for the offer, Ms. Fuller."

With that, I went to the bedroom. Sally followed after me. "Don't be in a hurry to refuse, Scarlett. I know you have your ways, and my info on Cameron won't be of use to you. But think about this, if Rebecca keeps getting in between you and Ashton, what will happen to your marriage?"

I stopped in my tracks and turned my head. "So, I take it that you're going to ruin my marriage using Rebecca?"

She pursed her lips, looking upset. "There's no need for us to be enemies. You're underestimating the help that I can give you."

I felt like laughing, but I held it in. "Ms. Fuller, the most I can do is stay out of your way, and I ask you to stay out of mine. I can't help you, and I know I can handle my own business well. Let's just keep this up."

My belly throbbed when I came into the bedroom. It was making me uncomfortable, so I went into the bathroom and found out that it was the special time of the month. Ever since the miscarriage, there would be lochia and black blood. It hadn't been normal for months, but that finally ended.

Finally, something good. I was sitting on the bedroom's sofa watching TV when Ashton came back. Feeling cold, I wrapped myself with a blanket.

His hair was wet, and he was holding a bunch of flowers. When he saw me on the sofa scrolling my phone, Ashton came over to adjust my blanket. "Why are you still up? Were you waiting for me?"

I sat up. The lethargy was catching up to me, and my waist was sore. "Yep," I said calmly.

He placed the flowers in the vase and caressed my face. Since I've been feeling toasty for a while, his hands felt cool to me.

"Why were you waiting for me?" He pulled me into his embrace and smiled. I could feel his stubble rubbing against me, and it was prickly.

I looked at the flowers he bought. The packaging and the state of the flowers alone were enough to tell me it screamed of money. He handed the flowers to me and smiled. "See if it smells nice."

"Is this for me?" I took it and had a whiff. Indeed, they smelled nice.

He hugged me, whispering, "Who else if not you?"

I lowered my gaze and said flatly, "Aunt Sally said Ms. Larson is going to stay over for a few more days."

He frowned, looking upset. "So?"

I loosened my grip on the flowers. "Put these in the living room."

He frowned, anger welling up in his eyes. "So this is how you're treating my gift?"

I pulled away from him and looked at him calmly. "What should I do then? Hug them while I sleep?"

He pursed his lips but said nothing more. Then, he tossed the flowers onto the TV cabinet before taking off his jacket and entering the bathroom.

Sounds of him taking a shower came from the bathroom a short while later. I looked at the flowers before going to bed, feeling despondent.

My belly was acting up, and every time I took a step, I felt myself bleeding. Since I wasn't in my best mood, I was easily infuriated.

Ashton was still dripping with water when he came out, and his hair wasn't fully dried. He frowned when he saw me lying on the bed. He then tossed his towel to me. "Dry me off."

I frowned, but I kept quiet and ignored him.

Seeing that I was not budging, his face darkened. "Talk to me, Scarlett. There's no need to throw a tantrum. I know I've handled things poorly, but you've vented enough. What else do you want? Please stop sulking, okay?"

I wasn't in my best condition, and I was getting sleepy. I nudged myself and tried to push myself up. I gave him a kiss and said, "Thank you. I really like the flowers you gave me. Good night." Then I went back to bed.

Ashton's gaze never left me. Once I was done speaking to him, he squinted. "Well, that was a half-*ss effort. He then leaned over and kissed me, supporting his body with his elbow. It was a deep kiss, and I didn't fight back. Instead, I responded to his kiss, prolonging it for quite a while before he let me go.

He stared into my eyes. "Can we do it tonight?"

I fell into a trance for a moment, then the pain from my belly shot up into my head. "I'm exhausted, Ashton."

He got what I was saying and didn't force me. He nodded. "Sleep tight then."

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Even so, when Ashton was lying beside me and hugging me, I could feel his kiss getting more passionate. Obviously, he had been holding it in for a while.

I tried to back off, but I was already on the edge of the bed. Moving more would make me fall, so I pushed him, but he held my hand. I frowned when I noticed his hand was coming up my shoulder. "Ashton..."

"Be good. Don't be scared."

I held his hand down. "Sorry, but I can't."

He smiled and kissed me more before trying to lure me into it. "It'll be fine. We can take it slow."

Realizing that he must have misunderstood me, I was speechless for a moment. Nonetheless, he noticed it a short while later. He looked at me, surprised. "When did this happen?"

"Tonight." It took all I had to say that.

He went out of the bedroom, leaving me alone in the bed, not knowing what to do. Before I realized it, he had come back with a bowl of ginger carrot soup and a bowl of chicken soup. That surprised me.

"Mrs. Eriksen made some chicken soup for you. Have it before you sleep," he cooed as he tried to feed me.

I didn't like sweet stuff, so two mouthfuls were all I could handle. He then said, "Finish the chicken."

I frowned. "I brushed my teeth, so no."

"I'll just take you to the bathroom later. Finish this and go to sleep." He pressed on, allowing no refusals. We had been living together for years, and I knew I would be on the losing side if I kept it up. In the end, I resolved myself to finish it.

My whole body felt heavy, for I hadn't recovered from the miscarriage, and it was my special day of the month. I had a good night's sleep the first night, but because of the lack of blood, I felt dizzy.

Ashton had a lot of business to settle, and the annual general meeting was coming up, so he told Mrs. Eriksen to take care of me. I tried to sleep, but I couldn't, so I scrolled through my phone. A moment later, it rang.

I took the call. "Hello, Mr. Tuffin."

Savini was a shrewd man. The moment I talked to him, he laughed. "Did you sleep well last night, Ms. Stovall? Do I have the honor to treat you to lunch?"

"Sure, Mr. Tuffin."

"Thank you for giving me the honor, Ms. Stovall."

After I hung up, Stacey called me before I could get out of bed. "So? Did Savini set up a meeting with you?" She cut to the chase as expected.

I nodded. "Yep, news does travels fast to you, huh?"

She smiled. "I just overheard something this morning. Hector's been detained, and they have evidence of his illegal earning of hundreds of millions. This is a serious crime. I reckoned he's going to stay behind bars for a long, long time.

"But Savini seems to have disappeared. He probably caught wind of the news. He's already gone when the police went to his house, so I thought he might have contacted you."

Her deduction piqued my curiosity. "How are you so sure he'd contact me?"

She found my question amusing. "After the incident with Felix, he should have guessed that you were behind it, but he hesitated for too long, and this is what happened. If he contacted you earlier, maybe Cameron would have been the wanted one here, not him."

That was true. Louis was in charge of the political side of things. Even if Savini were to be convicted, he would not have it worse than Hector. If he had come to me earlier, he might have had the chance to redeem himself.

"What about the Moores then?" I asked.

She answered, "Rumors have it that Emery, the youngest daughter of the Moores, have returned. Jonathan is blessed with her when he was sixty. He spoils her, and she's one little devil. She's hotheaded, stubborn, and hard to handle. She seems to dislike Cameron and Rebecca, so she kept tripping them up ever since she came back."

I smiled and got out of bed. "Sounds like Cameron's getting busy."

Stacey smiled. "Now that Hector's arrested, she'd probably get caught if she so much as to make a slight misstep. So, what's your plan in dealing with Hector's wife? Should be easy to get something from her."

"I haven't thought about that for now." I looked at the time. "But since Savini came to me, that makes things easier. Hector's wife should be no problem to handle."

"I see. I'll let you handle it then." I nodded. When I was about to hang up, she added, "Oh, right. I almost forgot to tell you this."

"What is it?"

"It's about Jared. There's nothing going on with the Fullers now, right?" she asked. "The matter with the hospital hasn't been settled yet, but something else broke out in J City and is making the rounds. It's about a land Fuller Corporation is developing. It's only two months since then, and they found the bodies of the residents' children buried there. Not just one too. At this rate, the whole corporation's going to be forced to a halt."

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Stacey's words caught me by surprise, and I was shocked for a few moments. "When did this happen?"

"Two or three days ago, but it's under wraps for now. Ashton probably had a hand in it, though I doubt he can settle it easily. After all, it's human's lives we're talking about here. Fuller Corporation is going to suffer."

"Alright, I got it." The news was quite shocking for me. How did this happen?

Ashton had been managing the corporation well. The hospital's incident was already unbelievable enough. It was almost ludicrous that deaths would be involved. If the incident made its way to mainstream news channels, that would undoubtedly ruin the corporation.

"There's something else. It's about another rumor I heard. Macy went to see Jared during your recovery period. Something could have happened between them, but I'm not sure. Then I heard she delivered prematurely.

Premature birth? I gasped. "Are you saying that Jared could be involved in the hospital's incident, the children's deaths, and even Macy's premature delivery?"

Stacey wasn't too sure about that either. She paused for a moment. "I'm not too sure about that, since I don't know the full story either. Finding Macy is the best way for you to go about this. Get some answers out of her. Maybe she knows more about Jared."

After Stacey hung up, I called Jackson, but nobody picked up.

For three months, I wondered why Macy never spoke to me directly on the phone. I had a feeling that they were avoiding me but I couldn't figure out why. Did something happen?

I didn't want to involve myself with Ashton and Jared's matter. Jared was unlikely to force Ashton into a corner even if they had a grudge. After all, they were already friends for years.

I was more worried about Macy. I could see no love between her and Jared. It was obvious she wanted to tell him about her pregnancy when she went to see him. I knew she was trying to help me, but Jared didn't seem to care about the child.

Otherwise, there was no way he would let her deliver prematurely and leave K City right after that. Since I couldn't get through to Jackson, I could only infer the events that had transpired.

Savini sent me the location, and I dressed myself up simply before going out.

Thanks to the traffic, I was slightly late when I came to the private room. Savini seemed to have been waiting for a while when I went in. He shot up hastily the moment he saw me. "Glad you could come, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded before walking over to the table and sitting down. He smiled and said cautiously, "I've made the orders. Are they to your liking, Ms. Stovall?"

I simply grunted and said nothing. I looked toward the window, and it reflected Savini, who was fidgeting. A long while later, he couldn't hold back any longer. "I'm sorry for disturbing your peace on this fine morning, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded at him, waiting for him to continue, though my silence wracked his nerves even more. He asked, "Have you heard about Hector's arrest, Ms. Stovall?"

I paused for a moment, pretending to be surprised. "Mr. Clinton is arrested? Why?"

He seemed to calm down after noticing my reaction. "Let's put that aside for now. Ms. Stovall, there's a reason why I invited you here today. Let's strike a deal."

I sipped from my glass and arched my eyebrow before nodding. "What's the deal about?"

He stopped talking for a moment since the waiter was serving the food. Once we were alone again, he said, "I'll tell you the details of Ms. Anderson's trades and how she manages to elude all the detectives. Not to mention I have the evidence that can seal the nail in the coffin."

I put my chin on my hand and looked at him calmly. "How should I trust you when you've sold out your employer?"

"I know you're the one behind the whole thing here, Ms. Stovall. You looked like you did nothing, and yet, you're the one who is controlling everything. You've started your plan the moment Felix was set up. Felix was just a catalyst, while Cameron's your real target. All you need now is the evidence for her crimes, and I have that evidence."

I looked at him languidly. "I know, but you haven't answered my question. How should I trust you?"

He pondered for a few moments before placing a document before me. He looked at me. "This document here contains the trades between Cameron and Hector which are done through me. The transactions are all here. This alone is enough to deal a heavy blow to her."

I looked at the document, but I wasn't in a hurry to take it. Instead, I peered at Savini. "What are your terms?"

"Freedom." He looked haggard. "The police are already here for me. I know I can't escape it, so all I ask for is my freedom."

I sighed, but I had to give a cold answer. "Honestly, I could get the same document you're giving me if I spend some time on it, and I don't have to bear the risk. Working with you is the riskiest choice here. You're a businessman, so you should know that better than me."

