

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 333-336

Chapter 333

Joe stared at me. It seemed like his emotions were well-controlled as he asked, "Only a murderer's death can compensate for their victim's death. Have you thought about what you'll do now?"

Raising my gaze, I noticed the hidden malice in his frosty stare. "I thought you liked her back then, now I'm not so sure anymore. She's still in there being operated on and you're already saying that she's dead."

My words stunned him. By the time he parted his lips to speak, I had already lost interest in arguing with him.

I stood up and left for the washrooms. As I passed the door to the stairway, my feet couldn't help but slow down. Ashton and Jared were smoking behind the door.

However, it was obvious that the two of them wanted to speak in private. Smoking was an excuse to do so.

My feet halted a distance away, not going any closer. I heard Jared's unfriendly voice as it echoed from behind the door, "Do you regret it?"

A cigarette sat between Ashton's slender fingers. He spoke unemotionally, "There's nothing to regret."

This prompted a laugh from Jared. "What if Rebecca dies? What will you do then?"

"Compensate them," Ashton spat. The word came out blatantly.

Jared sniggered, "You'd let both of the women who love you die? So having one dead isn't enough for you? What a bold thought."

Hearing this, I no longer cared about what they were saying. I shouldn't have listened to their conversation in the first place. I already knew how this story would end. Yet, my brain insisted on confirming his thoughts and feelings again, even if it only brought more sorrow to me.

I left directly for the washroom. By the time I came out, Rebecca had been transferred to the general ward.

Once the effects of the anesthetic wore off, Rebecca awoke. All color had drained from her face as she shifted sluggishly on the hospital bed.

Seeing Cameron and Zachary, her lips parted slowly. She rasped, "Mom? Dad? Why am I here?"

Cameron held her hand and explained that she had gotten hurt, that Ashton had rushed her to the hospital.

Rebecca stilled in a blur, probably struggling to recall what had happened earlier.

She looked around, taking in the hospital ward's surroundings. Then, her gaze landed on Ashton. Her eyes tinted red as she cried out with a grating voice, "A-ash, it hurts!"

Plump teardrops glided down her face. Feeling pitiful and wronged, she reached out to pull Ashton closer. As she moved, the wound started to rip. It made a long and painful-sounding hiss.

Ashton reacted immediately, rushing up to support her lower back. His eyelids lowered slightly as he ushered her to stop. "You just had surgery. Don't overwork your body with big and fast movements!"

Rebecca latched tightly onto him. She shot a fierce glare my way and claimed, "It was Scarlett, Ash! She's out to kill me. This woman is terrifying and wicked. You can't be with her!"

"Go away!" She pointed a spiteful finger at me and shrilled, "I don't want you here. And I don't want you in my sight at all. Leave!"

I watched her with a blank stare and my lips pursed uncomfortably. Seeing her lean into Ashton's chest, a sharp, growing pain prickled in my chest.

Rebecca's attention turned back to Cameron and Zachary. She announced with a pitchy shrill, "Mom and Dad. I want to sue her for deliberately assaulting me. I want to sue her!"

Then, she scrambled for her phone.

For some reason, Cameron and Zachary didn't reach for their phones. They just stood and watched her with a complicated gaze. This intensified as they looked over to me.

Even Ashton kept silent. His expression dimmed as he watched Rebecca pull out her phone and dial in three digits.

"Hello, is this the police station? I'd like to file a report for attempted assault. That person has caused me serious injury."

She speedily reported the hospital's address.

I watched as Ashton's face darkened, yet he still said nothing.

Jared glanced over at me. He paused slightly before saying, "Come on. I'll drive you back."

My lips pressed together into a thin line. Without the slightest care in the world. "I'll wait for the police!"

Jared frowned. "Ashton's here. He'll handle everything, so come on, let's get you home!"

My eyes remained on Ashton. I sneered, "If I leave with you now, what does that make me? A fugitive on the run? Might as well add a heavier sentence to my murder attempt."

That shut Jared up. He turned to look at Ashton, waiting for some kind of signal or sign. But Ashton showed no intention of responding.

In the moments that followed, two young men in police uniforms came in. They froze in shock at the people in the room.

After all, these were some of K City's famous and influential figures. They often made news headlines. Surely, these policemen must have read about them in the newspapers often.

The two policemen approached Rebecca's bed and asked, "Are you Ms. Larson? Did you call to report about an assault against you?"

Silence engulfed the entire ward. Rebecca stared bewilderedly at Cameron and Zachary. She seemed surprised that they hadn't said a single word at all.

But Rebecca didn't ponder on it for long. Both her furious gaze and accusing finger pointed directly at me. "It's her. I want to sue her for attempted murder."

The policemen came over to me and said, "Please come with us, miss."

"It wasn't her! She didn't do it. Sirs, I can testify that Madam wasn't murdering anyone." Mrs. Eriksen had suddenly barged in from nowhere. She rushed before me and looked the two policemen in the eye. She said, "Madam didn't murder anyone. Sirs, you're arresting the wrong person."

Rebecca scoffed, "Not her? Are you saying that I stabbed myself?"

Mrs. Eriksen shot a wide-eyed glare at Rebecca. She responded boldly, "That's exactly what I'm saying. You did it to yourself so you could frame Madam on purpose!"

This upset Rebecca, who hadn't expected that Mrs. Eriksen would face her threat head-on. She glared back at the housekeeper and spat, "That's not true!" Then, she turned towards Ashton and started whining, "You saw it, right? She hurt me. You saw it, right?"

Chapter 334

Rebecca's eyes darted around agitatedly. "Aunt Sally was there, she witnessed it too. She can testify for me."

Nervous, her fingers quickly dialed Sally's number. Then, a phone rang immediately from the corridor outside.

It turned out that Sally had already been in the hospital since earlier, but was sat in the lobby waiting. She paced towards them after receiving Rebecca's call.

A frown creased on Sally's face as she looked at everyone inside the ward.

Seeing this, Rebecca burned a bright red and called out emotionally, "Aunt Sally! Tell these policemen that Scarlett stabbed me. She was going to kill me, you saw it too! Tell the policemen what you saw, okay?"

Sally's attention turned towards Ashton. His features dulled. Although his gaze was intense, there were no emotions on his face.

Sally struck a sideways glance at me. Her eyebrows knitted together as she uttered a simple response, "I was in the bedroom at the time. I don't know what exactly transpired, but when I came out, Ashton had already carried you up to the ambulance."

PlayvolumeAd

Shock stuck like lightning onto Rebecca's face. "Aunt Sally! You definitely saw the whole thing, why aren't you telling them?"

The police shuffled uncomfortably. Their ears turned slightly red from being in an awkward situation. They were clueless as to what was going on, nor did they know what to do next.

Rebecca tugged at Ashton's arm, her teary eyes pierced like nails onto him. "Ash, you saw it! You witnessed it with your own eyes. Tell them that Scarlett was trying to murder me, you have to tell them!"

But Ashton said nothing. His lips remained shut whilst his ominous eyes stared at me, they darkened to a chilling pitch-black.

When Ashton didn't respond, a thick smog of awkwardness spread throughout the ward. It especially bothered the two policemen who said nothing out of respect for the famous figures in the room.

After a long pause, one of the policemen turned to me and said, "Miss. Come with us so we can record your statement. We'll need to investigate more into the matter before determining the best course of action."

I nodded. Standing in front of me, Mrs. Eriksen darted frantically to stop the policemen. "You can't take Madam away without a shred of evidence. How can you solve the case by just relying on her testimony? Is this how you handle things?"

A touched sigh escaped my lips. Mrs. Eriksen was only worried that I would end up with a criminal record, that this tainted record would affect my life negatively.

I assured her that everything was fine, saying that I would just be giving a simple statement.

"Don't worry, I'll be okay." I reminded her one last time before exiting the ward. There's no escaping this. I knew this from the very moment I plunged that knife into Rebecca.

As my foot stepped across the ward's threshold, Ashton finally spoke up. "It wasn't her!"

His words took me by surprise. I felt a stiffness as my head turned to face him.

Even Rebecca was shocked at his unexpected interjection. Her eyes widened to the sides of her face, staring unbelievably at him. She protested with an ear-piercing screech, "Ashton! How could you say that? Are you even aware of what you're doing right now!"

Ashton had not only surprised Rebecca, but also Sally, who froze with narrowed eyes and a pursed lip.

Ashton's calm voice deduced, "The whole thing is illogical. The incident happened at my house, but what was Ms. Larson doing there in the middle of the night? If my wife really intended to hurt her, why would she use such an obvious method? Moreover, when I arrived at the scene, the knife was in Ms. Larson's hands."

Smack! Rebecca's palm landed on his cheek. Her eyes were no longer moistened with tears. She shook her head incredulously at him and roared, "Ashton. How could you do this to me? How could you do this?"

"With all due respect, sirs, let us resolve this matter privately." Zachary finally broke his silence. He declared to the policemen, "I'm the victim's father. Rest assured, I'll get to the bottom of this, so we'll take this matter off of your hands now."

Conflicted emotions crashed like furious waves in Cameron's eyes. She looked at me and nodded before explaining to the police, "Thank you for making the trip down here. I apologize for any inconvenience caused, but we'll handle it privately from here."

Rebecca stiffened like a corpse, she gawked at the two in disbelief. Even Sally, Jared, and Joe froze at the scene before them. They watched the Moores with bewilderment.

"Mom, Dad. What are you saying? I'm your daughter! How can you do this to me?" Anger and sorrow crackled in Rebecca. She yanked at the hem of Cameron's sleeve and wailed, "You told me that I'm untouchable. And if anyone dared to hurt me, you said you'd make their lives a living hell. Mom, don't you remember?"

A confused sorrow flashed in Cameron's eyes. She held a firm grip on Rebecca's hand whilst looking to her husband for advice on what to do.

Zachary's head spun to face the policemen. His voice deepened with simmering anger, "You may leave now, sirs. We'll settle this on our own."

The two policemen nodded their heads immediately in relief, unkeen on handling this messy case. "Alright, then we'll leave you to it."

Once they left, Rebecca threw a fiery fit. She stared down every single one of us in the room. Her eyes blurred with a terrifying rage as she shoved everything on the bedside table onto the ground.

A sharp, piercing scream came from her lips. "Get out! All of you, get out! Liars. Murderers. You're all a bunch of liars!"

Ashton eyed her gloomily. "Name what you want, and I'll do my best to meet your conditions."

At this, a toothy smile crept on Rebecca's face. She looked unhinged as her face darkened into a hideous shade of brownish red. She raised a finger at me and howled, "What do I want? I want her dead, I want her gone from this world. Can you do that for me?"

Ashton frowned, his expression grew furiously colder. "There are limits to everything, Rebecca."

Rebecca's head lowered. Although her expression was hidden, her shoulders started to rattle murderously. A peal of vile laughter laced in her voice. "Great. Just peachy! You're all siding with her huh? Every single one of you is taking her side and defending her. How peachy!"

Chapter 335

She raised a questioning brow at everyone in the ward. Empty laughter cackled from her lips. "I'm the victim! I got stabbed for no reason, yet you're all so cold-blooded to me. You asked me what I want. Well, I want to stab her back! Can you fulfill this request?"

My jaw tightened. I eyed her coldly and agreed, "That's fine by me!"

Ashton's brows furrowed into a deep "V" as he looked furiously at me. "Scarlett, shut up!"

"You're fine with it?" Rebecca smiled ear-to-ear. "Great! Come over here, and we'll get even after stabbing you."

With that said, her cold glare fixated on me as she ripped out the IV needle from her arm. "There are no knives here, but I won't need one. I'll use this needle instead. We can call it even after I impale you."

I approached her. My body moved surely and steadily, devoid of any fear. As I closed in on her, her sneering smile curved deeper.

Within seconds, her arm snaked forwards with the needle, aiming for my eye. Gasps sounded from all round.

Ashton was quick to notice her plan. His arm darted faster than hers, snatching the needle from her grasp. Unfortunately, the needle drew blood. It slit a long, bloodied line down his palm.

Witnessing this, heavy sighs of relief weighed down the room. Cameron collapsed into Zachary's arms, burying her head into his chest. Complicated emotions surged as she said to me, "You should go. Let's forget any of this ever happened."

Rebecca sizzled in betrayal. "Mom! What are you talking about? She wanted to kill me! How can you let her get away with it?"

"Shut up!" Cameron yelled. Disgust colored her eyes green. "She wouldn't have hurt you if you didn't harass her in the middle of the night. Deep down, you know perfectly well why she stabbed you."

Rebecca's stared incredulously at her. Shock and disbelief burned under her skin; she refused to believe that the woman before her was her mother.

Realizing how harsh her words sounded, Cameron paused to recompose before meeting her daughter's eyes again. Then, she spoke in a gentler voice, "Rebecca, you're okay now. Just take a couple of days to rest and recover in the hospital, don't stress yourself over anything else."

But Rebecca was not easily swayed. She had spent most of her time alongside Ashton who sheltered and spoiled her. All those years in her life had cemented her arrogant and

stubborn temperament. There was no way anyone could convince Rebecca to let go of her grudge.

Shooting daggers at me, Rebecca snorted. "Even if everyone here defends you, you'll still go to jail. Don't forget, Scarlett. Your fingerprints are all over the knife that you stabbed me with. I doubt anyone here can stop me if I insist on filing a case against you. As long as I'm alive, I'll sue you for attempted murder. I'll make sure you get at least a couple of years and rot in a jail cell."

Clang! Ashton smashed a glass of water that originally sat on the bedside table.

With eyes locked on Rebecca, he picked up a shard off the ground. "Your wound receives seven stitches on it, is that right?"

Rebecca watched him cautiously, "What are you up to?"

"You wanted a life for a life," he responded. "Clearly that won't do because you didn't die. So however deep your wound goes, that's how deeply I'll stab myself. Are you happy with that?"

Ashton proceeded to lift his shirt. Within seconds, he forcefully plunged the shard into his abdomen.

I was so shocked and I rushed to stop him, but it was already too late. The shard sank deeper and deeper into his skin.

Rebecca stared at him in disbelief. Her hands shot up to her lips as she watched him in anguish. "Does she really mean that much to you?"

Ashton's hand pressed onto his wound, blood gushed onto his fingers, seeping into the cracks of his nails. An overwhelming pain pulsed in my chest. I raced towards him, hoping to drag him outside to a doctor or a nurse to get treated.

But he held me down while looking at Rebecca. "She's my wife. I will bear the burden of her mistakes as well as any pain she feels. What I can do is to protect her to the best I can. Whether or not she's a good or bad person will not change the fact that she's my wife."

My eyes reddened at the sight of his wounds. Concern and anger brimmed at the corner of my lips. "Who asked you to bear those burdens for me? I don't need your intervention. I can take responsibility for the troubles I've caused. It's just a few years in prison. I can handle it on my own."

I spun around to leave as I was ready to turn myself in.

Suddenly, Ashton's fingers coiled tightly around my wrist. He growled with a low voice, "Shut up!"

Then, his attention turned back to Rebecca. "If this wound isn't deep enough for you, I can still pierce the shard deeper."

"Get out!" Rebecca shrieked. Her bubbling emotions were on the verge of an explosion. "All of you, get out! I don't want anyone in my sight!"

Blood seeped onto Ashton's clothes. It dripped and formed a strikingly vermillion puddle on the hospital floor. Jared had just called for a doctor. He immediately picked up that Ashton's hand that was still pressing on the shard. Furiously, he shouted, "Stop forcing the shard inwards! Do you really want to die that badly?"

Ashton said nothing. He only looked at Rebecca, obviously waiting for her to say that she'd drop the charges against me.

Rebecca focused on Ashton, her eyes were filled with pain and despair. She clambered off the hospital bed, picked a shard from the ground, and rammed it at him.

Since I stood next to Ashton, I quickly rushed in front of him and blocked Rebecca's attack. The glass shard cut through my arm. The pain caused beads of sweat to form at the nape of my neck.

Thankfully, Rebecca was injured and didn't have much strength to shove the shard any deeper. She glared at us for the longest time before she loosened her grip on the shard, letting it shatter onto the ground. Her voice quavered, "Both of you just leave. I won't press charges!"

...

In the doctor's office, Jared cleaned my wound. Ashton, however, was sent into the operating theater. Messy thoughts bounced at high speeds in my mind.

Chapter 336

I was still recovering from the shock of what had just happened. My entire body felt completely numb.

Jared continued chattering next to me, but I didn't register a single word he said. When Cameron and Zachary arrived in the room, Jared turned to look at me with a rather complicated expression on his face.

Cameron was the first to open his mouth. "Are you alright?"

I looked up at them and said in a dull tone, "If the both of you want to file a lawsuit against me, please go ahead."

Cameron shook her head frantically. "No, we're here to take a look at you! Ms. Stovall, you..."

Zachary interrupted her impatiently. "Alright, you've seen her. Let's go and visit Rebecca now! This matter is over as far as I'm concerned."

Jared helped me to bandage my wounds. As he gazed darkly after their retreating backs, he said with a frown, "I suppose the Moore family won't be filing a lawsuit against you, then."

Truthfully, I wasn't afraid of what they might do to me. I bowed my head and stared at the wound on my arm.

Looking up at Jared again, I asked, "Nothing will happen to Ashton, right?"

He burst into laughter. "He didn't sustain injuries to his lungs, so he's fine. He'll be alright after a few stitches, don't worry about it."

I nodded, still feeling a little uncertain.

Ashton jumped down from his hospital bed after the stitching and said to me, "Come on, let's go home!"

I gaped at him, feeling rather stunned. A complicated mix of emotions surged up within me. "Ashton, you must be knocked in the head!" I exclaimed. "You've just come out of the operating room, and you're looking for death again? Don't you think your injuries are bad enough as they are?"

It was already three in the morning now. Mrs. Eriksen and Sally had returned to the villa. Jared and Joe went home, too. As for Rebecca, the Moore family had hired a night nurse to look after her.

I remained in the hospital with Ashton. When he tried to sneak out against doctor's orders, I managed to stop him with an angry yell.

He looked at me, stunned. With a frown, he demanded, "Aren't you tired of being cooped up at the hospital?"

I pursed my lips and shoved him back onto the hospital bed. The injuries on his abdomen had been bandaged and were healing well, but I felt my heart ache just looking at them. "Lie down on your back," I ordered. "We'll leave the hospital only when the doctor discharges us."

Ashton lay back down obediently and patted the space next to him on the bed. "Lie here with me, or we'll go home right now."

I pressed my lips together in exasperation. There was no use in arguing with a sick person. Besides, I was pretty tired. To his delight, I lowered myself into his bed, trying to put as much distance between us as possible.

However, Ashton snuggled closer to me and wrapped his arms around my body. In a low voice, he mumbled, "Sleep tight."

Hearing his voice, the tears I had been holding back started flowing down my cheeks uncontrollably.

I turned around to face him, my face wet with tears. "Ashton, don't you dare do this for me in the future. I don't need it, and I don't want you to get injured because of me."

He tilted my chin up and looked deeply at me. "Does your heart ache?"

I gazed into his eyes and leaned up to press a kiss on his lips. Because of my clumsiness, Ashton looked rather amused.

Since we were still at the hospital, he pushed me away lightly and mumbled, "Alright, that's enough. Don't you know where we are?"

However, women were ruled by emotion. Since I had started it, I couldn't possibly stop right now. Avoiding his injury, I buried my head in his neck.

Ashton's breathing sounded even more ragged now. "Scarlett, stop fooling around. We're at the hospital!"

I refused to listen to him. After plastering his entire face with kisses, I lay my head against his chest and started crying silently again.

Ashton sounded a little helpless. "We're still at the hospital, you know. If you want to make out, we can do that when we get home!"

I ignored him and continued sobbing against his chest. Haplessly, he tried to console me. "Do you really want to do it right now?"

After a pause, he continued, "Let's go home first, alright? We can make out as much as you want when we get home. It's a little inconvenient to do that in the hospital."

I looked up at him, registering the sharp features of his face. Ashton was so handsome that God was so unfair. In a rather hoarse voice, I said, "Ashton, don't do this again in the future, alright? I'm n—not worth putting your life on the line for."

Ashton froze when he heard my words. In a deep, restrained voice, he replied, "You're completely worth it. Everything I do for you is completely worth it."

I took in his words, my heart throbbing with indescribable pain and sadness.

Although the bed in the VIP lounge was huge, it was incomparable to the size of the one we had at home. Because of the shock of the event, I scarcely slept a wink that night.

I jolted awake numerous times that night, startled awake by the nightmarish images of Ashton lying in a pool of blood.

A few more times later, my entire body was dripping with sweat. Upon realizing that I was having a nightmare, Ashton pulled me into his arms and patted my back to comfort me.

I gazed up at him, my heart hurting tremendously. "Ashton, make sure you die behind me when the time comes, alright?"

I was terrified. Thoughts of those frightening events were still swirling in my mind, and I never wanted to experience them again.

In a low voice, Ashton asked, "What did you see in your dream?"

"You went missing!" The moment I opened my mouth to reply to him, tears rolled down my cheeks again. My heart was aching so much that I didn't think I could bear it anymore.

"You silly girl," he laughed. "Close your eyes and go to sleep! I promise I'll still be here when you wake up." He sighed and caressed my hair gently.

Because we had such a difficult time falling asleep in the hospital, Ashton went and got himself discharged from the hospital the very next day. We returned to the villa instead.

Sally had already returned to the White residence. Apparently, Mr. Bauman had called off the investigation on her.

Mrs. Eriksen was the only employee left at the villa. Molly had been dismissed by Ashton before we returned home.

Because I had slept so badly the entire night, my head was throbbing painfully. The moment we got home, Ashton knitted his brows together and said, "I'm going to go take a shower first."

