

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 337

I knew he was desperate to shower because of the overpowering stench of blood on his body. I followed him into the bathroom.

He turned to look at me with a frown. "What's wrong?"

"I'll help you wash up!" I exclaimed, reaching out to help him remove his jacket.

Just as my fingers reached his belt buckle, Ashton grabbed my hands and said in a ragged voice, "That's enough. I'll do the rest by myself. Go to sleep first!"

It was my turn to frown at him now. "You can't get wet because of your injuries. How are you supposed to shower or even bathe? Your only option now is to wipe yourself with a washcloth, but I don't think you'll be able to do that yourself."

Ashton demurred. "It's alright. Don't make such a huge fuss about it. I'll wipe myself down."

However, I insisted stubbornly, "I'll wipe you down!"

His eyes grew darker. Gazing at me with an unreadable expression, he said, "Mess with the bull and you get the horns. Are you sure about this?"

This man was going to be the death of me!

"If you try and wipe yourself down, your injuries might get worse," I said sulkily, changing the topic.

Ashton smirked devilishly. Taking my hand, he helped me unbuckle his belt, before guiding my hand to unzip his pants, his eyes growing even darker with lust.

I wasn't completely stupid. Knowing where this was going, I hastily retracted my hand and hissed, "You wipe yourself down, then. I'm going to sleep first."

Before I even exited the bathroom, Ashton had pulled me back, hugging me from behind. Afraid that I might aggravate his injury, I froze and tried not to move around as much.

I could feel his eyes boring into the back of my head. "Can we do it now?"

My face turned red with embarrassment. "Your wound might reopen."

"It's just a small injury. What's the worst that could happen?"

The temperature in the bathroom was high to begin with. His voice sounded a little rough, but he continued to press, "Can we?"

I looked down and shut my eyes, refusing to answer him. He took my silence as consent.

After a hot, passionate round of love-making, I felt as though my body was about to fall apart like a rag doll. As I wiped myself clean, I noted that Ashton's wound had bled through the white bandages again. His abdomen looked like a crime scene.

I frowned and gazed at him, feeling a little angry. "Look, you're bleeding again! I told you that was going to happen. Your wound has opened up again!"

Ashton seemed to find this very funny. After putting on his bathrobe, he said, "It's alright. Just get Jared to come over and take a look at it again. Don't worry about it."

I shot a glare at him, at a loss for words. I made my way out of the bathroom and made a call to Jared.

The call went through almost immediately. Hastily, I said, "Dr. Crest, Ashton's wound has reopened again. He seems to be bleeding quite badly. Can you please come and take a look at him?"

Jared froze for a second and demanded in confusion, "Why would his wound reopen suddenly?"

I didn't know what to reply him. I couldn't tell him that we just made love in the bathroom, could I? Rather helplessly, I muttered, "Anyway, he's bleeding quite a lot. Come over and take a look, won't you? Please do me a favor."

As I hung up the phone, Ashton looked mischievously at me with his arms crossed over his chest. With a faint smile, he said, "Are you going to tell him that my wound reopened because of unspeakable physical exertions?"

I glared at him and said, "Would this have happened if you controlled yourself just now?"

Ashton barked with laughter. In a helpless tone, he said, "Don't worry, it's not as serious as it seems."

Jared arrived at our house very quickly. Seeing the blood on Ashton's wound, Jared narrowed his eyes and raised a brow at him. "Just this once, do you understand me? I won't do this for you again."

Ashton shrugged amiably and replied with a drawl, "You don't have a wife. How are you supposed to understand the struggle of us married men?"

I gazed at him, shocked.

Was he blaming this on me?

Jared snorted loudly and placed the first aid kit aside. Turning to look at me, he said, "I'm kind of hungry? What time is dinner?"

I gaped at him for a second before replying, "Mrs. Eriksen is still preparing it. Can you help patch up his injury first?"

Jared found a place to sit down. Smirking slightly, he declared, "But I'm hungry and don't have much energy left. Ashton won't die of his injuries anyway."

Um...

Alright then!

I went downstairs and helped Mrs. Eriksen with the dinner. Just before I left, I heard Ashton turn to Jared and mutter, "You aren't young anymore, you know. Do you plan to be single for the rest of your life?"

Jared sighed dramatically. "How would a married man like you understand the freedom of a single man?"

However, Ashton wasn't deterred. "Oh, stop sounding so smug. Why don't you use your hands the next time you feel an itch in your pants, instead of sleeping with the next woman you see?"

I felt rather stunned...

Conversations between men were really something else! I shuddered and flew down the stairs.

Mrs. Eriksen was nearly done with the food by the time I arrived in the kitchen. Just as I finished setting the table, Ashton and Jared made their way downstairs too.

The two of them seemed to be getting along very well. Due to the unspoken rule that we shouldn't be talking during mealtimes, none of us made conversation with each other throughout the meal.

After that, Jared helped to clean up Ashton's wound. In a voice of extreme disgust, he said, "Don't call me the next time you get into this sort of trouble again, thanks!"

Ashton shrugged and said with a nonplussed expression, "Well, that will depend on the situation."

Too tired to continue arguing with him, Jared got up and packed up the first aid kit. After jangling his keys in farewell, he turned around and left.

Ashton seemed to be in a pretty good mood. He leaned back against the sofa and ordered Mrs. Eriksen to bring him his documents from his study.

With nothing to do, I sat down beside him and flipped listlessly through a book.

"Ashton, why did the Moore family stop investigating the case?" This question had been stuck in my head since yesterday. Rebecca was the love of Cameron's life, and I had performed the blasphemous act of stabbing her. Even if I had so much as given Rebecca a push, Cameron would have been after my neck. Why had her attitude towards the whole situation changed so quickly?

Ashton narrowed his eyes and put down the documents in his hands, gesturing for me to sit down next to him.

I obeyed him and lowered myself into the seat beside him. He wrapped his arms around me and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Without any evidence, what can they do?"

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I felt a little confused. No evidence? Rebecca was right—my fingerprints were on the fruit knife itself, and any forensics department worth their salt would know immediately that I was the perpetrator.

I couldn't help but suspect that Ashton was hiding something from me. "Did you have something to do with Mrs. Eriksen's sudden appearance yesterday?"

It was quite obvious that Mrs. Eriksen hadn't thought of those words by herself. Ashton must have coached her on it beforehand.

He paused before replying, "You want me to watch my wife get shipped off to jail? I have no wish to live as a widower for the next few years."

I felt rather speechless.

This man had very strange ways of thinking. I didn't quite know how to respond to him.

I decided it would be better for me to keep my mouth shut.

PlayvolumeAd

The new year was just around the corner. Ashton was going to take me back to J City after concluding the company's new year meeting. However, now that he was injured, it would be very inconvenient for him to move anywhere.

He had handed over the meeting arrangements to Jared and Joe. Since I had already left Fuller Corporation, none of this was my business anymore.

As for the matter with Fuller Corporation, the Stovall family had contacted me through John before I even had a chance to ask them about it. Louis had finally announced when he was going to enter my name into the family register.

He ordered me make preparations, and to return to the Stovall Residence two days before to get used to the surroundings. Louis had decided to make it a grand occasion, and he had invited lots of guests to the ceremony.

Knowing that Louis had my best interests at heart, I agreed to obey his instructions and told John about the matter with Rebecca.

He was so shocked that he didn't speak for a few seconds. "Didn't Rebecca or the Moore family take any action against you?"

I shook my head. "Well, Rebecca insists that I should pay with my own life, and Ashton got injured because of this incident. However, the Moore couple has been behaving very strangely indeed—their attitude towards me changed drastically, and they refused to investigate this matter anymore. Even this seems rather ludicrous to me."

John thought for a few moments. "Why did they stop investigating the matter?"

"Probably because they didn't want the matter to blow up. After all, Rebecca was the one who ran over to our house to cause a scene. If word got out that the precious daughter of the Moore family was a married man's mistress, and that she had kicked up a fuss at his house, it'll only bring shame on them."

That was the only reason I could think of. Every other possibility seemed rather improbable to me.

John nodded and replied, "In the future, stay away from members of the Moore family. Oh, right, I have hired a costume designer for you. Come with me when you're free—we need to get you a few gowns. There will be lots of new year parties and banquets for you to attend

recently, and as the daughter of the Stovall family, you should look good at those events so you don't embarrass us."

I pouted, feeling a little worried about the cost. "One gown is already going to cost tens of thousands! Some of them even cost six figures. Do you know what a waste of money it is to buy a dress that you'll only wear once or twice in your life?"

John looked rather amused. "Nobody asked you to foot the bill. What are you so anxious about? Besides, gowns are a necessity. Ashton has already bought a few pieces of jewelry for you—make sure you learn how to wear them properly! Don't you dare show up at a dinner party looking like a nun, like you always do."

This man had a poisonous tongue!

Too lazy to argue with him, I thought for a while and said, "Did Uncle Louis invite the Moore family to the ceremony?"

John nodded and replied, "There are only so many elite families in K City. I think I could count them off on my fingers! As I see it, Uncle Louis will probably invite all of them. Are you avoiding them or something?"

"No!" I shook my head vehemently. After pondering for a bit, I said, "Well, it's not like I'm avoiding them or anything. I was just thinking that I should find a way to compensate Rebecca somehow."

Truthfully, I hated Cameron before this. After I injured Rebecca, however, my attitude towards her had softened a lot, possibly because of her daughter's relationship with Ashton.

I didn't want to keep fighting with Rebecca like this. We still had to see each other for a long time. If I continued to battle it out with the Moore family, I would never enjoy a day of peace in my life.

John fell silent before saying, "That's your decision to make. But since Rebecca has already been injured, Letty, you..."

"Oh, I'll think about it!" I hung up the phone immediately, feeling a little impatient.

It was a very gloomy day outside. I was still spacing out when Stacey called me.

When I picked up the call, I could hear the noise in the background immediately. "Ms. Stovall, will you be coming back to J City to celebrate the new year with us?"

"I'm not sure about that yet," I replied. "I'll ask Ashton about it later. Is there something wrong?" I did a quick calculation in my head and realized that there were only two weeks left to the new year.

Most of the office workers were on holiday. I continued, "Are you back in J City?"

Stacey nodded her head and said enthusiastically, "Yes, I arrived a few days ago. I thought you were going to come back too, so I went out and bought some items for the new year party. I even bumped into Mr. Harrison! He was walking around with a handsome man and a baby boy. I haven't seen him in a long while, and he seems to have changed quite a bit."

I didn't know which Mr. Harrison she was referring to. "Mr. Harrison?"

Stacey replied cheerfully, "Yes, that young president of Harrison Credit, Nick Harrison! He's Cameron's son."

That jolted me out of my daze immediately. So she was talking about Nick! I hadn't seen him in over six months.

I replied, "Yes, it's been a long time since I last contacted him. I wonder how he's been doing."

"Right? You know, when I saw that man and that baby with him, I couldn't help but wonder if he's gay. He seemed to be very close to the man, and the baby was probably no older than three months. He's the most adorable creature I've ever seen."

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I wasn't paying attention to her. "Hey, could you help me take a few pictures?"

"Huh? What do you suddenly need pictures for?"

"Help me get a nice shot of the three of them, thanks!"

I had a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Harrison's friend was Jackson, and the baby was Macy's kid.

Stacey gave me her word before hanging up the phone. I gave a call to Macy, but no one picked up.

After thinking for a while, I decided to call Nick instead. To my surprise, the call went through. "Ms. Stovall, my dear, how did you suddenly think of contacting me?"

"Mr. Harrison, are you in J City right now? One of my friends has gotten into a spot of trouble over there. Could you help me sort it out?"

There was a pause on the other side of the phone. Nick replied warily, "I'm in M Country right now. Is it very urgent? I'll get my men in J City to go over instead."

"Oh, it's alright then. I'll give my other friends a call. I'll hang up now! Let's catch up another time." Why was Nick lying to me?

Stacey's text message came very quickly. The picture she sent was taken in a building in J City's city center. Nick was wearing a brown coat, with both his hands stuck in its pockets. He looked both dashing and very bored. The image was a little blurry, but that was Nick in the picture—there was no doubt about that.

Jackson was standing right next to him, wearing a dark-colored sweater and a casual pair of shorts. Both of them were pushing a pram about. The entire picture was so strange that it was bound to draw some attention from passers-by.

I gave Stacey another call. She was probably on her phone again, because she picked up instantly this time.

I jumped straight to the point. "Stacey, I need your help again. Can you help me find out where they're living? Pay special attention to the man and baby who are with Nick. Also, I need you to find out if Macy is with them."

Jackson had told me they were in M Country. The weather in J City was too cold, he claimed, and it wouldn't be good for the baby. They were going to return after the new year, but unbeknownst to me, they had arrived in J City ahead of time.

With Macy's personality, she would probably give in and contact me eventually. In fact, according to my calculations, she should've called me to ask after the baby by now.

However, it had been some time, and Macy still hadn't contacted me. In fact, I had seen neither hide nor hair of her. Every time I gave her a call, I had a distinct feeling that she was avoiding me on purpose.

"Alright, I'll be keeping tabs on them. Don't worry!" However, as I hung up the call, I couldn't help but worry even more.

I had a feeling that something bad was going to happen.

...

The next day, I discovered for myself that John was extraordinarily efficient at his job. Just as Ashton left for work, I received a call from him.

"Come down to Joy Luck Boutique for your gown fitting! Do you want me to send a car over to fetch you?"

I shook my head, climbing up from my bed as I did so. Still feeling rather sleepy, I replied blearily, "It's alright, I'll drive there. Can you give me the address?"

John rattled it off to me. Rather sternly, he said, "Don't take your own sweet time. I'll be waiting for you there."

"Okay!"

He did have quite a blunt, abrupt personality.

After hanging up, I washed up and got ready to leave the house. Afraid that I might be hungry on the way there, Mrs. Eriksen stuffed a few chocolate buns into my hands, clucking her tongue anxiously.

I used to drive a Cadillac back in J City. After Jackson sent it to the car repair shop, I hadn't used it since.

After I arrived in K City, Ashton had gifted me a Cayenne. However, I couldn't get used to driving it—the bottom of the car was too high, and that made it very awkward for me to drive it around.

However, in a place like K City, which was flooded with all sorts of luxury cars, even an expensive car like the Cayenne seemed pretty low-key.

I was planning to go down to Joy Luck Boutique straight-away. When I drove past a pastry shop in front of the city center, however, I couldn't help but remember the delicious pastries I had once enjoyed there.

Before I could stop myself, I pulled up in front of the pastry shop. After my miscarriage, Marcus had brought me here to cheer me up. The pastry shop was very popular— dozens of people queued up to get their hands on freshly-baked pastries and buns almost every day.

However, there were usually less customers on a weekday. When I arrived, the shop had just opened, and there wasn't a queue to be seen.

After going around the entire shop once, I selected a few of my favorite pastries, all of them mocha-flavored. As I paid for my purchase, the shop assistant grinned at me and said, "Miss, our first customer of the day gets a free pastry on the house. Please select another pastry."

I felt delighted. What a pleasant surprise! "Oh, is that so?"

Although I couldn't possibly finish all the pastries, a free gift was always welcome. My mood became much better immediately. I felt as though I had just picked up some money on the sidewalk! Although it was just a pastry, it was enough to lift my spirits. Today was going to be a great day.

I walked out of the shop in high spirits. While I was searching in my bag for my car keys, a harried-looking pedestrian bumped into me while he was trying to cross the road.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. However, since the traffic lights were about to turn red again, he took off in a hurry almost immediately.

I looked down at the squashed box of pastries in my hands, feeling a little sorry at how out of shape they looked. I decided to find somewhere to sit down and finish the pastries.

I watched the city crowds pass me by, shivering as the cold winds of K City chilled me to the bone. After a few bites, I lost my appetite.

There were still so many pastries leftover. I paused for a moment, feeling a little guilty for wasting food. In the end, however, I stood up and made my way to the nearest rubbish bin.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from some distance away. "Mr. White, we've booked your hotel for you."

I flung the box of pastries into the rubbish bin and turned around to look hastily.

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Not far away, a man in a black suit was passing a file of documents to another person in a black Bentley parked by the roadside.

They were probably conducting a business deal. Seeing as it was rather late, I decided to be on my way.

Just as I was going to look away, I caught a glimpse of the man in the backseat. His face was cold and handsome, and it seemed as familiar as it was foreign.

That's Marcus!

Was—was that really him?

I froze immediately, too stunned to know what to do next. Without turning to pick up my bag from the bench, I ran towards the car immediately.

"Marcus!" I yelled. As soon as he heard my voice, an expression of shock appeared on Marcus's handsome face.

He swept a cold look towards me, before taking the file of documents from the man expressionlessly. After that, he slammed the door shut, and the Bentley pulled away quickly.

I continued to run after the car like a mad woman, screaming loudly, "Marcus! Marcus!"

However, the car refused to slow down. At that moment, the traffic light turned red, and the Bentley screeched to a halt.

Feeling extremely relieved, I ran over to the car at once. In my haste, I didn't realize a car speeding towards me until it was too late.

Before I could react, I had flown through the air and landed on the ground with a sickening crash.

I felt an excruciating jolt of pain shoot through my knees and my elbows.

"Miss, are you alright?" The driver of the car emerged from the car and ran towards me, helping me up from the ground. He looked extremely apologetic. "I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to do it! You just appeared out of nowhere—I didn't see you coming at all."

I shook my head. Before I could respond, I looked up to see the traffic lights turn green again. The Bentley sped off into the distance.

I stood and gaped as it left, feeling rather confused. My eyes didn't deceive me—I was sure the person I just saw was Marcus.

But Marcus was supposed to be dead...

"Miss, why don't I take you to the hospital? You're bleeding quite badly. Just to be safe, you should probably get a doctor to take a look at your injuries."

The driver's face was white as a sheet as he said that. Clearly, he was more stunned than I was.

I snapped out of my daze and looked down at myself. My knees and elbows were drenched completely in blood.

Thanks to Rebecca, I had gotten a couple of scratches on my body while defending Ashton from her attack. However, the wounds had reopened again when I was thrown to the ground.

The wounds were rather deep, and they were bleeding rather profusely.

"Well, I'll have to trouble you then!" I couldn't possibly drive myself to the hospital now, could I?

...

We arrived at the hospital soon enough.

The doctor helped me to clean and dress my wound. Meanwhile, the driver footed the medical bill and fetched my prescription from the pharmacy, looking very apologetic as he did.

Since he seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere, I felt a little guilty at the amount of care he was lavishing on me. "Today's accident was my fault! Thanks for taking the time to send me to the hospital! I'm much obliged to you, and very sorry indeed. I'm fine now, so please leave now if you need to!"

Seeing the bloody mess on my knee, he mumbled, "Regardless, I was the one who crashed into you, so that's on me. Please give your family members a call. When they arrive, I'll let them know that I'm willing to bear all the responsibility."

This driver was a nice, honest man. Feeling bad for taking up so much of his time, I tried to decline his request a few times. However, he insisted on waiting for my family members to show up so he could settle the matter with them.

Left with no choice, I could only give Ashton a call.

He answered the phone in a deep voice. "Have you had lunch yet?"

I opened my mouth and shut it again, unsure of where to begin. Feeling a little awkward, I said, "Ashton, are you busy right now?"

"What's up?" he demanded.

"I just got knocked down by a car and sustained some injuries. Can you swing by the hospital if you have the time?"

"Knocked down by a car?" Ashton suddenly sounded very concerned.

I didn't know how to explain the incident over the phone. In the end, I merely said, "Yes, but I didn't get badly injured. Can you come over anyway?"

"Give me the address!" Immediately, he covered the receiver with his hand and announced to his subordinates, "We'll end this meeting for today. Please make sure to think about how we're going to resolve these issues. That's all from me!"

"Are you still in a meeting?" I asked, stunned. I looked down at my watch—it was already six in the evening.

"Yes," Ashton replied impatiently. "What's the address of the hospital?"

"I'm at Medwin Hospital! Be careful on the way here, my life isn't in danger or anything."
With that, I hung up the phone.

The driver continued to gaze at me, his face clouded with worry and despair.

We waited for another fifteen minutes before Ashton arrived at the hospital.

He had arrived in such a hurry that the chilliness of the office air-conditioner still clung to his clothes. When he saw me lying on the hospital bed, he frowned and turned to the nurse beside me. "Is she alright?"

The nurse froze for a second, her eyes brightening with delight as she appraised the handsome man in front of her. Flushing slightly, she replied, "She'll be alright. She just suffered some abrasions, that's all. It's slightly worrying that her old injuries reopened because of the fall, but she'll recover after a few days' rest."

Ashton nodded curtly. His gaze fell on me, and he pursed his lips. He then turned and looked directly at the driver, who was cowering in a corner.

"Was it her fault or yours?"

The driver looked rather stunned by his iciness. After a brief silence, he replied haltingly, "I was driving within the speed limit. This woman here suddenly rushed onto the road and

straight into my path. I didn't manage to stop my car in time. I'm really sorry about this, I didn't mean it!"

Ashton turned to look at me. "Is this true?"