

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 357-360

Chapter 357

I nodded and took in a deep breath. "Dr. Crest, can we talk?"

The doctor frowned and checked his wristwatch. Raising his brow, he asked, "Are you sure you're going to talk to me at this hour?"

It was 11 p.m. It wasn't that late, so I insisted, "It won't take long."

Pursing his lips, he walked to the living room and sat down before placing his bag down. "Alright."

I sat on the couch opposite him and poured him a glass of water. "Dr. Crest, have you... met Macy recently?"

He raised a brow and stared at me while frowning. "No. What's the matter?"

My heart began aching as I felt a weight on my chest. "She's gone."

When I was saying the words, my hands felt wet, but I wore a serious expression as I looked at him.

His hands trembled slightly while holding the glass and pursed his lips. "What do you mean by that?"

"She's dead!" I began tearing up as I forced those words out of my lips. Lowering my head to hide my pained expression, I blinked profusely to force back my tears.

Clang! He placed the glass on the table gently. Narrowing his eyes, his voice was low and deep. "How did she die?"

"She got into an accident. Two lives were lost." I lied as I promised Macy to keep the truth a secret.

He pursed his lips as his eyes grew dark. "Two lives?"

I nodded while suppressing the pain in my heart. "She was pregnant."

The doctor stared at me as his eyes went dull. "She was pregnant with my kid?"

"Yeah." I clenched my teeth and fought the urge to cry.

The man said nothing, and silence ensued in the spacious living room. The atmosphere grew chilly, and I shivered subconsciously.

After a long while, he looked at me, devoid of any emotions, and got up from the couch. Staring at me with a cold gaze, he asked, "That's all you wanted to tell?"

I was stunned by his reaction and nodded soon after. "Yes."

"I got it." He took his bag and exited the villa without bidding farewell.

I froze on the couch, seeing his nonchalant reaction. Is Macy nothing but a passerby in his life?

Mrs. Eriksen had a bag of groceries in her hand as she walked into the house. Seeing me alone in the living room, she asked, "What happened to Dr. Crest? He was fine when he's here, but why did he look so lifeless when he was leaving? What's wrong?"

"He looks lifeless?" I turned to Mrs. Eriksen while she nodded and wore a surprised expression. "That's right. When I came in just now, I greeted him, but he didn't seem to notice and almost bumped into me."

I lowered my heart and felt relaxed. Does this mean Macy is rather important to him?

After easing the pain in my heart, I went to the bedroom upstairs.

Ashton had changed into a suit, and his hair was combed neatly. I was stunned. "You're going out?"

He glanced at me indifferently, with a stony expression on his face. "Can't I?"

I was stumped for a moment. Shaking my head, I explained, "That's not it. It's so late at night and it's still snowing outside. You're sick, so you shouldn't go out in this weather."

My care for him was met with a sneer. "What's wrong with that?"

I pursed my lips and was at a loss for words.

Fine!

Shortly after, sounds of a car engine blared, coming from the yard. It was rather loud, as the world was silent at this hour.

Standing in the bedroom, I pressed my lips and sighed. No matter what I do, I'm always in the wrong.

Although Rebecca and Cameron were punished, I couldn't even feel happy seeing my enemies suffer. I had lost many of the things I held dear.

The vast villa was eerily silent like a graveyard after Ashton and Mrs. Eriksen left.

The strong wind was blowing outside, making a whistling sound at the window. The snow was heavy with the freezing breeze, while the sound of snow falling to the ground was clear.

Lying on the bed, I found it difficult to sleep with my mind buzzing away. I sat up and opened my laptop to watch some horror movies.

It was two in the midnight when John called. The first thing I heard after answering the call was, "Did you get into a fight with Ashton?"

Staring at the ambiguous scene on the laptop, I replied, "We've been at it for days. Why?"

"It's just that I bumped into him at the Imperial Hotel. What is he doing out here at this hour? He should stay with you at home." John's words made me laugh. "Now you're behaving more like a brother, worrying about my marriage life."

He huffed and replied petulantly, "Don't mock me. Your man has a woman in his arms. Are you not worried?"

The drama was quite nice, and I enjoyed it very much. After changing my position, I spoke, "He's an adult, not a kid. If he behaves like this when he's mad after a fight, I can't stop him. Plus, I can't possibly focus on him all day."

In the past, I might feel hurt or wronged when he went to mess around with other women. However, now that I had come to terms with myself, all I had to do was to play my part as his wife, and whatever he did had nothing to do with me.

If we could stay with each other until the end, it would be the best, but even if we didn't, I could live on without him. I'm well past the age of falling head over heels for love.

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"Fine." Shortly after, he offered, "Do you have trouble falling asleep? How about a drink?"

I rested my chin on my hand and stared blankly at the screen. "I just finished two episodes of a drama. My head hurts so much. John, I think my illness' getting worse."

John paused for a moment before saying, "I'll go pick you up now."

With that, he hung up.

Looking at the scene on the laptop, my heart twisted in pain for some reason. It was agonizing, and I felt suffocated. Tears wouldn't well up in my eyes anymore, but the pain in my heart was agonizing.

Everything seemed dull to me. My world was a shade of grey without brightness. Sometimes, I even felt like committing suicide to end my suffering.

And I don't know who I am anymore.

John arrived at the villa after thirty minutes. He stopped his car downstairs and honked.

I looked down from the balcony and saw him popping his head out from the car window. "Come down. Let's go for a ride."

Listening to his words, I changed my clothes and went downstairs.

After getting into his car, he turned to me and asked, "Do you feel like drinking?"

Hoping that alcohol could make my pain vanish for a short while, I nodded and smiled. "Sure!"

"What are you going to do from now on?" He spoke as he drove his car fast.

Thinking to myself, I couldn't come up with an answer, as I sighed helplessly. "I don't know. Come to think of it, I have nothing I want."

I had lost the yearning for love and the desire to live. My future seemed bleak now.

He shot me a look and asked, "Do you want to return to R Province?"

I froze and turned to him in confusion. "Isn't R Province demolished?" That alley was so small, and some developers planned to build a villa there as the surroundings there caught their attention.

He nodded. "Others were demolished, but our old house wasn't. It was still there."

Widening my eyes, I asked, "A holdout?"

Seeing my reaction, he burst into laughter. "You can say that."

I didn't press the matter. Given his capabilities, it was a piece of cake for him to remain the over a hundred square meters of land as it was.

I thought for a second and said, "Let's go there next year when spring comes. I'll bring Summer with me too."

He frowned, "Summer?"

I replied, "She is Macy's daughter."

He froze and fell silent without saying anything in return.

At the nightclub in Imperial Hotel.

John tossed the car keys to the valet and held my arm. "Make sure to enjoy yourself later."

I felt like laughing. "How do I enjoy? Don't tell me you're going to find me some hosts to serve me?"

He clicked his tongue and said, "Damn! Do you want hosts? Am I not enough?"

"Let's go." Since we were already there, there was no point in backing out now.

I wasn't into drinking. John only brought me here because he knew I was in a foul mood and needed something to keep me busy.

We didn't book a private room and only sat at a table in the main hall. He ordered some alcohol before turning to me and said, "If you're unhappy, you can just go for a divorce. The Stovall family's wealth is on par with the Fullers, so no worries."

I broke into laughter. It had been a while since I had drunk; it felt extremely refreshing after chugging down a glass of cocktail.

"How did you tell that I am miserable?" Squinting my eyes, I rested my chin on my hand and looked at the woman dancing on the stage. Turning to John, I said, "Everything has turned out great. Why should I be sad?"

He didn't drink and only stared at me with a sympathetic look. "Scarlett, promise me. No matter how hard things are in the future, I'm your brother and I'm here for you, so don't..."

He didn't finish his sentence while his eyes were filled with pain and hurt.

I sighed. It seemed he had many things he didn't wish to tell me.

Even if I asked him about it, he wouldn't tell.

Drinking when you have a lot on your mind was rather bad because you get drunk after only a few shots.

Slap! A woman was slapped by a middle-aged man on the table next to us. The impact threw her to the ground.

Both of us turned our heads in that direction. The woman's delicate face was swollen as she trembled in pain on the floor.

"F*cking b*tch! Acting all pure and innocent in front of me? What a turnoff!" The furious man kicked her abdomen.

Unable to suppress the fury growing within me, I threw my glass at the man and it hit his leg.

He growled, "Ouch! Who threw this at me?"

"Me!" I kept silent while John spoke and got up with one of his hands in his pocket.

Glancing at the man with disgust, he frowned and said, "Disgusting. Not only does he not look like a human, his behavior vexes me too. When did Imperial Hotel start catering to dogs?"

The manager heard the commotion and rushed to the scene. When he saw John, he smiled and apologized. "My apologies, Mr. Stovall. How about you follow me to the private room on the second floor?"

John glanced at him and said indifferently, "I like to drink here. Nothing wrong with that, right? There's a dog here, so kick it out."

The manager had a stiff expression on his face. Looking at the chubby man beside him, he apologized, "Sir, I'm really sorry, but we have rules here. We don't allow our customers to disturb others and ruin their moods."

Is this what they called saying unreasonable words in the most polite way possible?

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The man was rather displeased. Seeing how he dressed and the gold chains on his neck, he must be one of the wealthy mine bosses. who bought a house in K City and behaved arrogantly.

He pushed the manager away and glared at John. "Who the hell are you? Mind your own business!"

Who's John? If John wanted him dead, he had tons of tormenting methods to make the man suffer. And so John kicked the man in his belly without sparing another word. His movements were so swift that the man had no chance of defending himself.

Being the merciless man he was, John kicked the man's crotch without hesitation. "You like it this way? Keep cursing, and I'll break you."

"Argh," the man screamed out of pain as he rolled on the floor while covering his crotch.

His shrieks attracted a crowd, and they were looking at me and John.

After expressing his anger, John felt a lot better. He turned to the manager and commanded, "Take him away. Don't let people like him in from now on."

Faced with John's domineering aura, the manager could only do as John said and asked some men to carry the man away.

Standing at the side, I looked at him and pursed my lips. This was the second time I witnessed him hitting people because he was in a foul mood.

Noticing my stare, he pursed his lips and calmed down before saying, "Did I scare you?"

I shook my head and replied, "This is the second time. Are you implying something by using violence in front of me deliberately?"

He took off his coat and tossed it on the couch. Leaning against the couch, he explained, "It was an accident. I'll control my temper next time."

I was left speechless by his relaxed attitude after beating someone up.

He ordered a few drinks while the server was cleaning up the mess after the commotion. Looking at me, he said, "You really like to butt into others' business."

Me?

Tilting my head in confusion, I asked, "When did I start meddling with others' business?" I wasn't one to follow the crowd.

He chugged the glass of wine down in one go before raising a brow at me. "There. That lady is glancing at you."

I froze and glanced back. The female worker who was hurt just now stood still beside the table. It seemed like she was waiting to face the music.

I pursed my lips and looked at John. "There's nothing I can help her with."

"You've just made it worse for her." A voice sounded suddenly, and I was shocked.

A beautiful woman sat down beside me. She was flamboyant and gave off a sense of aggression.

I was stunned. "Hello!"

The woman swept a glance at me and spoke disdainfully. "I'm Emery Moore. And you are?"

Emery Moore?

The youngest daughter of the Moore family and Zachary's little sister?

Hah!

What a coincidence!

I said, "Scarlett Stovall."

When she heard my name, she froze for a moment. Soon after, she narrowed her eyes at me. "You're the one who destroyed Cameron?"

I pursed my lips and didn't respond. I didn't really like the Moores, so I was reluctant to talk to her.

John said, "Cut the crap. We're here to drink and enjoy. If Ms. Moore wants to seek trouble, you can go to other tables to try your luck and stop your bickering here."

Emery snorted and turned to me. "You have so many people to protect you."

"What do you want, Ms. Moore?" I made it clear that I didn't wish to drag on this conversation.

“Don’t be so repulsive toward me. I’m here to be your friend.” Emery sat beside me and continued, “As the saying goes, ‘the enemy of my enemy is my friend.’ I hate Cameron and that pretentious daughter of hers too, so we should be friends.”

I remained silent, listening to her bold words.

She looked at the female worker who was hurt and said, “Shouldn’t you help her to the end? She’s such a fragile lady. Do you think it ends here after John castrated the man?”

When I turned to John, he was impatient. “Can you stop dilly-dallying?”

Emery remained calm and said, “You two are the heirs of the Stovall family. The man wouldn’t dare to seek revenge on you guys. However, that’s not the case for her. She is on her own, without a powerful family background. Now that she had caused trouble, that fatty will surely come for her and make her suffer.”

When she saw me furrowing my brows, she gave a scornful laugh. “Stop putting up the image of being uninterested in mundane affairs. You’re lucky enough to meet so many benefactors in your life. You have a pretty face and people around you to protect you. Unlike you, there are a lot of pitiful people leading miserable lives.”

She pointed at the lady and said, “Look at her. She’s beautiful and has a delicate figure. Perhaps her family background is similar to yours. However, she doesn’t have Ashton as her husband and Mr. Stovall as her brother, nor did she have someone like Louis in her life. So, her life is full of sorrow.”

This woman...

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The manager came back after sending the fatty away. He glared at the female worker and reprimanded, “Yvonne, you know the rules here. The boss is generous, so spend a night with him and you’ll be highly rewarded.”

“Why don’t you do it?” I got up and walked toward the manager. “According to your logic, how about you take off your clothes here and perform an erotic dance on the stage? I’ll give you a hundred thousand. What do you think?”

“Ms. Stovall, this...” The manager stuttered before rephrasing his sentence. “Ms. Stovall, your jokes are so funny.”

I wore a serious expression, as I clarified that I wasn’t fooling around. “I mean it. If one hundred isn’t enough for you, let’s make it two hundred. Is that enough?” The expenses in K City were quite high, but the income of the workers without proficiency qualifications was less than ten thousand.

The manager’s expression fell as he looked at me. “Ms. Stovall, I didn’t offend you or anything. You wrecked my place and demanded such an unreasonable request. You can’t trample on us commoners just because you have a powerful family background.”

“Haha!” I chuckled. “Manager, may I know your name please?”

He was stunned for a moment. “I’m Long.”

I nodded. “Hello, Mr. Long. As a manager, shouldn’t you stop those unreasonable customers from hitting your workers? I can understand if you’re busy and didn’t notice Yvonne was hit by the man. However, after the incident, shouldn’t you understand the situation first before giving her punishment?”

After pausing for a moment, I folded my arms and continued, “Oh right! From what you said, I bet you knew why she was beaten. She has the freedom of choosing the way she wants to earn money. Not only did you not defend her, you humiliated her. Mr. Long, transactional sex with customers is illegal according to the law. At the very least, you’ll have to get her consent first. There is nothing wrong if she disagrees to being beaten.”

“What was that supposed to mean, Ms. Stovall? Are you here to wreck my business?” The manager’s expression turned grim. Once he spoke his words, a few men dressed in black showed up beside him.

It seemed like they were bodyguards.

Raising my brows, I said, “That’s very arrogant.” They know my identity, but they are so blatantly standing up against me. It seems like someone powerful is backing them.

I turned to John and asked, “Who owns the Imperial Hotel?”

The latter cocked his brows as he looked at Emery, who was sipping on her wine.

So, the Moore family owns the Imperial Hotel.

The woman noticed my gaze on her and grinned with delight. “Ms. Stovall, let’s be friends.”

I put on a fake smile. “What a unique way to befriend someone, Ms. Moore.”

She shrugged and said with no hesitation. “I’m not some honorable woman, so there’s nothing wrong with me using methods like this. Now, it’s up to you.”

Her words made me feel like laughing. “You’re quite forceful in making friends, Ms. Moore. If I don’t agree, are you going to make us stay?”

Emery hurriedly shook her head. “Nope. I’ll think of other solutions if you’re don’t agree. However, you guys can’t leave her alone. After all, she has angered the man. That fatty wouldn’t dare to go against the Stovall family, but he may seek revenge on me.”

Upon hearing her words, John scoffed. “Ms. Moore, your nightclub has been going on smoothly all these years. Are you scared of a nouveau riche like him?”

“Of course not,” Emery replied before looking at Yvonne. “I’m not scared, but she is. That fatty can’t do anything to me, but he may lay his hands on her.”

So she means I’ll have to take Yvonne under my wing.

John clicked his tongue and turned to look at Yvonne. “Miss, do you mind finding another job?”

Wow!

Is John trying to poach people openly?

Yvonne was startled. She turned to Emery with a smile plastered on her face, as she didn’t know what to do.

Emery curled her lips and smiled. “So you have decided to become my friend, Mr. Stovall?”

John cocked his brows while he smirked devilishly. “Well, it doesn’t hurt having more friends.”

The woman chuckled and said, “Alright. Then that’s it!” With a satisfied smile on her face, she turned to Yvonne and beckoned at her. “Mr. Stovall had given his words. Are you refusing his help?”

Yvonne widened her eyes in surprise and hurriedly bowed at John. “Mr. Stovall, thank you for saving my life.”

The latter held onto his forehead and sighed helplessly. “Enough. Don’t be so serious about it.”

With that, he checked his watch and looked at Yvonne. “Do you have your phone with you?”

The woman nodded and hurriedly took out her phone.

John took over her phone before typing a string of numbers. When he was done, he returned her phone and instructed, "Call this number tomorrow and tell him I asked you to."

