

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 361-364

Chapter 361

Yvonne took over her phone and blushed when she stole a glance at John.

Seeing her reaction, Emery cocked her brow and suggested, "How about leaving your phone number to her? Well, she might give her heart to you since you saved her life."

Displeased, John frowned at her words. After glancing at Emery, he turned to me and asked, "Are you tired?"

I nodded, as I was quite exhausted. It was right at this moment the alcohol kicked in, and my head was spinning.

Seeing how I couldn't balance myself, he reached out and pull me up from my seat before looking at Emery indifferently. "It's getting late. We'll be heading back."

Emery placed her wine glass on the table before raising a brow at me. "Ms. Stovall, since we're already friends, do you mind giving me your contact number? We can stay in touch in the future."

I was stunned before handing my phone to her. She typed a string of numbers and smiled at me. "Let's stay in touch!"

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When we exited the Imperial Hotel, it was 3 a.m.

When I got back to the villa, Ashton wasn't there. I wasn't surprised or anything because it was expected.

Overwhelmed by fatigue, I drifted off to sleep without mulling over it.

On the next day, I was still in my dreams when Jackson called.

Awoken by the ringtone, I sat up on my bed with an intense headache.

Once I answered the call, Jackson's voice sounded from within. "Are you the one behind the incident involving Cameron?" His tone was heavy, and even though I was in a daze, I could hear the curt reprimand in his voice.

"Yeah." I stretched my body and felt discomfort all over. It might be because of the lack of sleep.

He sighed and said, "Scarlett, if you can't get over the pain, there's nothing you can do. Promise me never to do this again. Don't become someone you hate."

I lifted a hand to massage my forehead and immediately sobered up a little. Tiredness still lingered on my being as I replied, "Jackson, I had become who I hate long ago."

When did I cease to live as the old me?

He fell silent for a while before saying, "Come back to J City. Summer and I are here for you. Everything will be better in the future."

Listening to his words, tears welled up in my eyes. I nodded slightly and forced a word out of my lips as I choked up. "Okay."

“You’re still sleeping, aren’t you? When are you coming back? We’ll pick you up.” Jackson’s voice sounded happy.

Thinking for a while, I replied, “I suppose... These few days? It’s almost the new year. I’ll take care of the matters here and return.”

“Alright.” After hanging up on the call, I stared blankly at the ceiling.

Feeling light-headed, I washed up before going downstairs.

Mrs. Eriksen had prepared breakfast. When she saw me walking down the stairs, she asked with a worried expression. “Did you have trouble sleeping yesterday? Why do you look so pale?”

I yawned and nodded. “Mrs. Eriksen, when are you returning to J City?”

She froze a while before blinking out of her daze. “I was about to discuss this with you. Aren’t you and Mr. Ashton returning to J City? I’ll have to head back tonight. Have you guys decided on how to celebrate New Year’s Eve?”

I shook my head and replied, “I guess I’ll return to J City.”

She furrowed her brows and explained, “Letty, didn’t you become a part of the Stovall family tree? This year, you should celebrate with the Stovalls. It’s only right.”

Oh, the Stovall family! My head throbbed in pain, and I held my forehead. “Yeah. Let me think about it.”

After eating my breakfast, I went to the White Corporation directly to meet Richard. He came to K City for the annual meeting.

I contacted him beforehand, and he agreed to wait for me at the office. When he saw me, he said, "There's a breakthrough in the AI products. We'll hold a product launch next year and it was believed that the White Corporation will monopolize the AI market if nothing goes wrong."

I was stunned by his words, as I never expect he would give me such a tremendous surprise. Smiling joyfully, I replied, "This is the best news I've received this year. Make some arrangements and make sure everyone goes home for their new year celebration after the annual meeting. After the new year, we'll hold a product launch."

He nodded and left after handing me the documents, while I was lost in a daze, standing in the office.

I came to work at White Corporation to acquire OrbitTech. It was my attempt to poach for business with the Moores, but it seemed there was no need for this anymore.

Nonetheless, the outcome was great but quite unexpected. Marcus wasn't around anymore, and I felt rather lost.

After exiting the White Corporation, I called Louis to invite him for a meal.

It was the end of the year and most people were enjoying their holidays. Louis was done with his inspection in different regions, so he had more leisure time on his hands now.

At the restaurant.

After ordering, Louis looked at me and said, "How's your holiday plan? I heard from Jo that you're returning to J City. Do you have someone important there?"

I nodded and looked at him in the eyes. "They are an important friend and a child, which my deceased friend left behind. It wouldn't be convenient to bring a child that young on a flight, so I plan to return to J City. Dad, will you blame me for not celebrating New Year's Eve with you?"

He smiled and spoke, "It's your decision, so I won't interfere. I've gotten used to it after all these years. Say, did something happen between you and Ashton?"

Chapter 362

I froze and shook my head slowly. “No, everything’s fine.”

He frowned. “Kid, you become one with your spouse the moment you exchange wedding rings. You have to treat all your future problems with the same attitude. Disagreements are common since you’re both young and have your own personality and opinions, so naturally, you’ll do things your own way. But that’s all part of the relationship. You can’t think of splitting up just because of an argument. Getting married isn’t a game. You can’t quit whenever you feel like it. Ashton is a genius when it comes to business, but he’s not perfect. I can see how much he cares about you.”

I nodded, understanding where he came from. “How’s the Moore family doing, Dad?”

He smiled helplessly when I suddenly changed the topic. “As long as Zachary stays quiet, you’ll be fine. It’s kind of strange how quiet the Moore family has been since what happened last night. Apart from just keeping the media silent, they didn’t do anything to you.”

I pressed my lips together tightly. The Moore family’s non-action was rather confusing and I couldn’t help but wonder if they were planning to do something even worse.

After chatting to Louis for a while, I stopped by the Baumans that afternoon to visit Sophia and Anthony.

It was rather late when I got back to the villa, but surprisingly, Ashton was reading in the living room.

Since we wouldn’t argue if we weren’t talking, I went upstairs straightaway. In Mrs. Eriksen’s absence, the house felt as empty as a ghost town.

“Since you’ve visited Mr. and Mrs. Bauman, are you going to stop by the graveyard to visit the rest of them tomorrow?” Ashton said suddenly in a cold voice.

I curled my lip. Rather than get angry, I just replied, “I guess Mr. Fuller really likes sticking his nose into others’ business.”

I knew he arranged for me to have bodyguards but I hadn’t imagined that he would send people to stalk me 24/7.

He put his book down and leaned his arm against the sofa as he looked at me frostily. “Have you prepared anything for that visit? I don’t think there’s a lot you can bring to dead people though.”

I frowned. He was being way too cynical at this point. “Ashton, I’m minding my own business so I hope you can stick to minding your own too.”

I wasn’t in the mood to argue with him, nor did I think we had to.

I turned to walk upstairs and went into our bedroom. New Year’s Eve was arriving soon so I decided to pack some of the things I’d be bringing back to J City.

Ashton had followed me up. Once he saw me packing my things, his expression darkened and he reached out to snatch away the clothes that I was folding. Then he proceeded to toss my luggage on the ground.

“If you really want to leave, shouldn’t you at least follow through with the procedures properly? Ms. Stovall, are you really planning on throwing three years of marriage away without a word? Is that the so-called ‘manners’ that you love to nag about?”

I gritted my teeth and felt a sudden headache coming on. “Ashton, I don’t feel like arguing with you anymore. I already told you that we needed to take a break from each other. If we feel like this marriage is a dead end, then we can break it off on good terms.”

I sighed, feeling tired. "Every problem has a solution. We're both adults. There's no need to throw a tantrum at me like that."

He scoffed coldly. "No need? So you want a divorce, huh? Is it because I don't treat you well enough or am I abusing you? Is marrying into the Stovall family and having me as your husband pointless to you now? Leaving after using me is indeed vicious of you, Scarlett."

I looked up and tried to suppress the emotions building up inside of me but eventually failed. "Then what do you want me to do? I tried to talk things out with you but you threw a tantrum. Now that I'm trying to give us a break, you call me vicious. Ashton, even a machine needs instructions and programming before it does what you want it to. I'm only human. How am I supposed to read your mind? I can't just magically guess whatever you want from me!"

He looked down and said in a low voice, "Don't be involved in anything that has to do with Marcus anymore, including the Baumans and the Whites."

I frowned. I didn't really need to bother with the Whites anymore, but Sophia and Anthony...

Ashton grew irritated at my silence and gripped my chin firmly. "Answer me!"

"What do you want me to say?" I could have just replied 'Okay', but the thought of not being able to visit any of them pained me. Marcus saved me after all. Was it so hard to go and visit once in a while?

"Stop wasting your time on a dead man!"

My frown deepened as I started to get even more annoyed. "Ashton, I think you're the one who needs to get over Marcus."

Constantly talking about how he was 'dead' was incredibly disrespectful.

Chapter 363

He laughed coldly. "Get over it? How am I supposed to get over it when my wife gets all depressed because of another man no matter where she goes? He's dead and yet he's on your mind all the time. Don't even think about telling me that you're just grateful. You know Marcus better than I do. Would he help some stranger because he sympathized with them? No! You know exactly why he started getting close to you, but despite that, you still let him take care of you. Do you know what that's called?"

He paused and looked at me before saying firmly, "Being selfish."

I pressed my lips tightly together and looked at his darkening gaze before flashing a smile. "Yup, that's me. I'm the most selfish person to ever exist so you should probably cut ties with me before my selfishness becomes contagious."

I pushed him away and felt my eyes start to cloud over with tears. He seemed to realize and reached out to pull me back.

My chest was starting to ache from all the emotions and I yelled, "Get away from me!"

He wasn't prepared for that and stumbled back a couple of steps. Instead of walking toward me like I expected him to, he continued to stare at me.

The tension in the air was so thick, it could be cut with a knife. I braced myself for what I thought was about to become another yelling match.

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But he stayed quiet.

He looked at me for a long time before turning and walking away.

I didn't know why things turned out like this. I knew he was good to me and I knew he was in love with me, but why did things have to turn out like this?

My tears started falling on the ground.

Before he stepped out of the room, I rushed forward and hugged him tightly. "Don't go," I whispered hoarsely.

He stiffened and let me continue to hug him.

"I'm sorry," I said, burying my face into his back.

He still stayed quiet as if he was waiting for something else.

After a long time, he put a hand on mine and turned away from my tight grip. "If that's all you had to say, then save it."

I looked at his handsome, angular features and into his eyes.

He lifted a hand to tuck my messy fringe behind my ear before leaning down and planting a kiss right at the corner of my mouth. "Don't involve yourself with the Whites anymore, including the Baumans."

I froze. I had already pulled my hands away but he took them in his own as he said in a deep voice, "Okay?"

I didn't need to care about the White family anymore, nor did I have much to do for the Baumans.

But the involvement that Ashton was talking about and the involvement I was talking about clearly differed. I owed Marcus my life. If Sophia and Anthony got into any trouble and needed my help, I couldn't turn them down.

That's why I couldn't say yes to Ashton.

"Ashton!" I finally spoke up and pulled my hands out of his grasp. "I'm sorry."

His gaze started freezing over again along with a hint of a murderous stare.

"You don't have to apologize to me," he said, his voice already returning to his usual cold self.

I sighed, feeling like a deflated balloon. I looked up at him and said lifelessly, "Ashton, let's get a divorce."

This had nothing to do with Marcus and Rebecca. It was simply the two of us that no longer worked out.

He gripped my shoulders tightly and stared at me with eyes like charcoal. He was clamping his lips together as if he were trying to suppress his rage.

"Dream on," he said in a low, raspy voice.

He let me go and stepped back, looking at me meaningfully before turning to leave.

I lifted a hand to massage my forehead. My headache was getting worse.

My mood got even worse when I looked around at the clothes strewn all over the floor after his little tantrum. I tried my best to control myself and continued picking them up and packing them into my carrier.

After that, I sat on the bed and booked my plane ticket to J City tomorrow.

Two sleepless nights were probably the most my body could take and I ended up passing out.

I thought I would be able to sleep until sunrise, but that was too naive of me. Ashton returned at about two in the morning.

I don't know when he returned to the bedroom exactly, but I got woken up by the sound of water running in the bathroom. After the water stopped for a few minutes, I felt Ashton lie down next to me.

His body felt slightly cold but dry except for his hair, which was slightly damp. He reached out an arm and wrapped it around my waist as he pressed his chest against my back. I stiffened.

We were close enough that I could smell the faint pheromones mixed in the smell of his shampoo.

I pressed my lips together and tried to move away, but he tightened his grip on me and nestled his chin into my shoulder as he said roughly, "Go to sleep."

After a while, I heard his breathing become slow and steady. He must be asleep.

I turned around and saw him in a deep sleep with his eyes tightly shut. His features were still chiseled and the shadows outlined his features. There were some faint purple shadows under his eyes that were probably due to his immense workload the past few days.

He seemed to be deep asleep, so I lifted a hand and started tracing his features absentmindedly.

Chapter 364

I could smell the faint scent of alcohol on his breath and couldn't help but frown. I hadn't been able to smell it underneath his shower gel and shampoo, but now I realized that he had been out drinking.

I was extremely tired as well, but I couldn't fall asleep properly at all. I'd wake up every time I managed to come close to sleeping.

Eventually, the sun rose.

Unfortunately, I was woken up by Ashton.

I tried to push him away but he held my hand in a death grip.

He was much harder to get rid of in the morning.

I was still exhausted. I caught a glimpse of his dark irises staring at me.

I didn't feel very good and tried to push him away again, but this time he pinned both of my hands above my head and commanded, "Stop moving."

I pressed my lips together to avoid his kiss. "Ashton--"

"Don't piss me off more. We're not getting a divorce, so don't even think about missing out on anything a wife should do."

I-

The phone rang. It was a call from Jackson, who probably wanted to ask me what time my flight was.

Ashton picked up before I could and said in a low voice, "Calling so early? Are you trying to listen in on how we usually spend our mornings?"

How shameless!

I didn't manage to catch what Jackson said, but once he hung up, Ashton seemed even angrier.

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When he was finally satisfied, it was already afternoon.

I was more than exhausted. I had already been tired, but after what he did, I was feeling even worse.

"Why are you going to J City?" He lay down next to me and still continued feeling me up even after he was done.

I kept my eyes shut, not feeling like talking to him. I stood up and was about to go to the bathroom when he suddenly pinned me down. "Answer me."

I gritted my teeth. "I'm going to go shower."

"I'll walk you there," he said as he held me tightly.

"I don't want you to."

"I want to." His tone was already laced with anger.

After that, he picked me up and put me in the bathtub before helping me fill it up.

I thought he would be done after that, but he started to take a shower right then and there.

This was even more awkward than what we just did!

Once I was done with my shower, I walked out in my towel to see him already fully clothed. His gaze darkened and he said, "I'll be on holiday after tomorrow. We'll go visit Aunt Sally then go to J City together."

"No thanks," I said with a mild expression. "I already booked my ticket."

"Cancel it!" he barked in a scarily cold tone.

I pressed my lips together and frowned, trying to suppress my irritation. "You should go back tomorrow, then. It's troublesome to cancel the ticket anyway."

He looked at me and reached out a hand. My frown deepened. "What?"

"I'll cancel it for you."

"There's no need." I didn't feel like arguing with him and went to the closet. He was already gone by the time I came out.

After tidying up a bit, I checked the time. It was almost time for me to head off so I carried my luggage downstairs.

Suddenly, my phone pinged with a notification from the airline company. It said that my flight had been canceled.

After my initial shock, I realized that it was Ashton's doing.

I couldn't hold my rage in after a whole morning of trying and threw my phone on the floor with a loud bang.

I walked downstairs. He was having breakfast, which was just a couple slices of toast since Mrs. Eriksen wasn't home.

I picked up a piece of toast and tossed it at him in rage. "Ashton, what the hell are you trying to do?"

He frowned and glared at me. "Watch it."

"Watch it? Why should I?" I yelled, "How could you cancel my ticket without my permission? Ashton, what am I to you? A toy? Maybe a robot or a puppet that has to listen to your every word?"

He kept his mouth shut and continued staring at me for a long time before speaking. "You sound furious."

I paused and pressed my anger down again. "I'm not furious, but please don't touch any of my private matters without my permission ever again. I don't mind that you're not willing to get a divorce. We're just wasting each other's time after all. Still, please respect me. That's all I'm asking for, thank you very much."

My polite, slightly aloof tone clearly showed how exhausted I was.

I didn't look at his expression as I went upstairs again, booked another ticket, and came down with my luggage.

He stood in the living room with that familiar pair of dark eyes staring daggers at me.

He didn't chase after me even as I loaded my luggage into the car.

The car drove out of the villa and I sighed in relief when I noticed that he was still in the villa.

I got my air ticket once I reached the airport. Since it was still early, I got a book and sat down in the departure lounge to wait.

A girl suddenly approached me, giving me a shock.

“Ms. Stovall, are you heading back to J City today as well?” The girl was dressed in a fashionable trench coat over a knitted knee-length dress paired with ankle boots. Her outfit was both modern and classic at the same time.

