

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 378-381

Chapter 378

“Scarlett, come sit here!” Jackson beckoned me over when he caught sight of me.

I walked over to Jackson and took a seat next to him as Ashton pushed the stroller aside.

The Pear Garden villa was possibly the most luxurious in J City. The dining hall alone spanned over one hundred square meters. It was much larger compared to an average hall.

The round table was equally huge. I figured that the guests seated opposite would not be able to hear me unless I raised my voice.

There was a hint of tenderness in Cameron’s gaze towards me. Together with Zachary, they took a seat next to Ashton and me as Cameron instructed the butlers to serve the dishes.

“She is adorable. I think that she is around four months old now,” Cameron peered towards Summer in her stroller as she cooed with a bright smile.

Zachary’s expression seemed to drop when he caught sight of my stony face. “Scarlett, Summer seems to be a little smaller than most children. Are you giving her the proper nutrient intakes?” he asked with concern.

“As an infant, she has faced countless struggles. That’s why she’s much more petite than most children,” I replied as my mood soured upon hearing Zachary’s question.

Cameron tugged on Zachary’s sleeve with a hurtful expression. “It’s all my fault,” she murmured.

Why are they acting so strangely? I turned to Ashton with a puzzled look, and he clasped my hand in his palm comfortingly. “Thank you for inviting us to dinner!” he said and shifted his gaze to Cameron and Zachary.

As if sensing my displeasure, both Zachary and Cameron merely murmured in acknowledgment.

I couldn’t help but feel utterly bewildered at their demeanor due to two main reasons. Firstly, their attitudes towards me were a stark contrast to their past mannerisms.

Secondly, Zachary must have found out about Cameron’s past through the videos. Yet, he remained as cool as a cucumber.

Is there such a husband who holds no regard for his wife’s past? There were even more to those that I haven’t seen. How could Zachary face her with such a calm composure?

“Since the dishes are served, let’s dig in while they are warm.” Cameron gestured for the guests to begin eating.

Before she could finish her speech, a discordant noise resounded through the hall. “Mom, what have I done? Why won’t you meet me?” Rebecca’s voice echoed through the hall.

Rebecca and Joe appeared in the room. She was still dressed in the same clothes as she had on when she visited Peakville Estate. Her disheveled clothes gave her a very ragged and pathetic appearance.

Cameron leaped to her feet in an instant. It was clear that her mood had turned foul at the sight of Rebecca. "I thought I told you not to come looking for me?"

She was about to storm over towards Rebecca. Yet, Zachary yanked her to a screeching halt.

"Sit down and share a meal with us," Zachary said coolly as he addressed Rebecca.

Rebecca remained standing despite his invitation. "Dad, what did I do for you and Mom to abandon me?" she asked with swollen and reddened eyes filled with anguish.

Zachary sighed heavily as if he had nothing more to say. "Since everyone is present, why don't we talk after dinner?" he asked.

Rebecca opened her mouth to retort, but she was yanked away by Joe before she could cause a commotion. He dragged her to the table, where they both took a seat.

Rebecca glared at me in a haze of murderous rage when she saw how Ashton helped to pick my favorite foods.

"I heard that you have a sweet tooth," Cameron beamed. "I asked the cooks to prepare a matcha dessert for you. Why don't you try it? You should drink more soup to replenish your energy since you are still breastfeeding Summer. Ah, you should put on more weight! It's also important to remain healthy if you are breastfeeding."

As she spoke, she sliced a piece of cake and placed it in front of me. Cameron even helped to fill up a bowl of warm soup.

I was not accustomed to her sudden warm hospitality. Warily, I turned to Ashton and looked at him with a confused look.

"You should try it and see if you like it," Ashton replied.

Reluctantly, I took a small bite of the cake. Although it tasted great, the sweet taste of the dessert was muddled by my chaotic thoughts. I pushed it aside after a single nibble.

Next, I decided to sample the soup. To my surprise, I found it rather delectable.

Upon seeing that I savored the soup, Cameron quickly leaped to refill my bowl. However, Ashton stopped her in her tracks. "It's alright, Ms. Anderson. I can take more for my wife if she likes it."

Although it was a minuscule movement of kindness from Ashton, Rebecca still met my gaze with fury.

In the stroller, Summer babbled loudly. With a single glance, Jackson could tell that she was hungry.

"Have you brought her milk?" he asked me.

Before I could reply, Ashton was already one step ahead of me. He had already prepared her milk powder and was ready to feed Summer. Yet, the little rascal refused to drink from her bottle. Instead, she clutched onto my hand tightly.

Gently, I cradled her as she continued to warble in my arms. "What's wrong, my dear?" I cooed at her fondly.

"I think she doesn't want milk powder. Scarlett, you should head upstairs to feed her," Nick broke his silence and uttered.

"I'll show you the way." Cameron hurriedly rose to her feet. "Your child is only a few months old. They tend to prefer breast milk."

I decided not to comment any further and followed Cameron to the second floor with Summer in my embrace.

"You can feed her here. She must be starving," Cameron said warmly as she guided me into an empty room.

Without any lingering suspicions, I took a seat on the chaise lounge and began to breastfeed Summer.

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Originally, I thought that she would leave as I began feeding Summer. Instead, Cameron remained rooted in her spot as she watched me breastfeed Summer.

Summer's antics as she suckled on my breast were awfully adorable. She would clutch her feet in her hand as her bright eyes remained wide open.

"Scarlett, you are too skinny. Although you just gave birth, you've lost all of the fat around your abdomen. The two of you are still young parents. You don't know how to take care of yourselves. Now that the New Year is almost here, why don't you stay in Pear Garden for a few days? I heard from Nick that you plan to celebrate it with Mr. Fuller. We have experienced chefs and nutritionists working in Pear Garden. They can help to strengthen your body. What do you think?" Cameron asked.

"It's alright, Ms. Anderson. Thank you for your offer," I rejected her offer politely.

A flicker of awkwardness painted her face upon my refusal. "Scarlett, are you still holding on to the past?" she asked tentatively. "The two of you are safe and sound right now. Besides, I've already received punishment for my actions. The Moore family does not acknowledge me. As a result, Zachary had to accompany me to J city. Now that everything is in the past, let's start afresh, shall we?"

Upon hearing her words, I felt smothered with a haze of irritation. "Ms. Anderson, you can always regain your status and wealth. Yet, you stole the life of a living person. How do you plan to repay for your irreversible actions?" I asked her with a twitch of my lips.

Her face paled. "Please give me some privacy when I'm feeding my child," I said firmly.

Cameron opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something. Yet, she remained silent. Without another word, she exited the room.

As I remained seated on the chaise lounge, I observed my surroundings. The room was beautifully decorated in lavish and pink designs.

In an instant, one could tell that the room belonged to a woman. Although Nick visited the Pear Garden occasionally, there was no way that such a girlish room would belong to him. Cameron was also out of the picture. I concluded that this room must have been Rebecca's.

After she had her fill, Summer reached out her hand. Her sudden touch jolted me out of my daze as I turned to gaze at her with a smile. Gently, I lifted her and pressed a delicate kiss on her adorable face. My heart seemed to warm affectionately every time I saw her face.

All of a sudden, the bedroom door burst open. I quickly yanked my shirt down in haste. I looked up to see Rebecca. Her face turned as cold as ice when she saw me sitting in her room.

"Scarlett, why did you steal everything from me? First, you stole my lover and loved ones. Now, you're even in my bedroom."

I was puzzled by her words. "Ms. Larson, your inability to retain what's yours has nothing to do with me. I have no interest in your bedroom nor your loved ones. So why would I try to steal them away? As for the person you like, why don't you elaborate a little more? I am his legally married wife. How is that stealing from you?"

Her eyes reddened in a mixture of anguish and anger. "If it weren't for your meddling, Ash would never have married you! You are but a responsibility to him! Who do you think you are?" Rebecca snapped angrily in response.

I nearly burst out laughing upon hearing her remark. "Ms. Larson, at least he is willing to take that responsibility and marry me. What about you? Do you think that he loves you? If it was true love, why doesn't he spare you a single glance? Why do you think that Ashton loves you when he can barely tolerate your presence? Is that what you call love?"

"Y-You..." Rebecca stuttered as she was at a loss for words.

In a furious rage, she raised her hand to deliver a vicious strike. However, I managed to stop her. "Ms. Larson, it's best if you reconsider your actions. You've played your cards at the wrong time. Your downfall is the result of your loss. Have you ever considered why your parents decided not to meet you?"

I did not wish to squabble with Rebecca as I had Summer in my embrace. I would suffer greatly if Summer got hurt in our crossfire.

As I prepared to leave the room, Rebecca stood in my path and barricaded the exit. "Scarlett, what are you planning to do?"

"Ms. Larson, I should be the one asking you this question instead. What are your intentions?" I rebuked her question.

Why is she not letting me leave? Does she plan to harm me?

"I'm willing to let go of Ash. However, don't ever show up in front of my parents again. If you do, I'll make sure you regret your actions!" she threatened.

I felt puzzled at her remark. "I hope I will never have to meet you or your parents again. So please move aside. In the future, you should think before you act," I replied coldly.

Rebecca seemed helpless at my reply. Although she still harbored a deep hatred, she could not lash out recklessly. Instead, she stepped aside and stormed out of her bedroom.

When I entered the dining hall again, Ashton hurried over and took Summer into his arms. "What happened? You don't look too good," he asked worriedly.

"I'm fine."

When we returned to the table, Ashton continued to help me load my plate. After a few more bites, he left to play with Summer.

My appetite must have increased because I breastfed Summer earlier. Ashton grinned as he fooled around with Summer playfully. On the other hand, both Cameron and Zachary's gazes were fixated on me.

Although I felt uneasy under their scrutiny, I could not question their actions. After a few moments, everyone had their fill. Subsequently, I decided to stop eating.

"What's the matter? Are you full?" Ashton asked with a smile as he placed a piece of barbequed pork on my plate.

"Yup!" I nodded my head.

"Do you want to take a walk after eating?" Cameron asked. "The winter roses in blossom at Pear Garden are absolutely stunning around this time of the year." As she spoke, her gaze shifted to Summer.

At the sight of Summer's sleeping figure, Cameron called out for a housekeeper, "Come and take care of the child."

"It's alright. It's already dark outside. We should head home now." I turned down her offer. "Thank you for your generosity." Cameron and Zachary remained silent as I bid them farewell.

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It felt odd that we were here at Pear Garden for a meal.

Zachary glanced at Ashton with a smile and asked, “Mr. Fuller, the Moores’ company is facing some problems. Do you have a moment for a chat?”

Ashton did not reply to him right away but turned to look at me with pursed lips. “Go take a stroll—it aids in digestion. I’ll be home after I’m done here. Summer can stay with me.”

I glanced at Zachary and asked Ashton, “Looks like both of you are having a discussion. Is it appropriate to bring along Summer?”

“Sure. Just go ahead!”

I had a feeling that Ashton was deliberately setting up bonding opportunities for Cameron, Zachary, and me.

So Ashton thinks that I can easily forget how they have hurt me previously?

Pear Garden’s yard was huge—exactly how Cameron had described earlier. I was mesmerized by the breathtaking view of the blooming winter roses.

“Scarlett, there are some freshly baked cookies in our kitchen. I’ll let you bring some back later,” Cameron said cheerfully as she trailed behind me.

Feeling uneasy about the change in her attitude, I pursed my lips and rejected her offer politely, “Ms. Anderson, it’s alright. I am cutting down on sugar as it is bad for health.”

She looked at me and asked warily, “Scarlett, you still loathe me because of what I’ve done earlier, don’t you?”

My brows furrowed as I responded impatiently, “Ms. Anderson, what do you want from me exactly? Stop beating around the bush! I don’t have time to play the guessing game with you.”

She shook her head at once and explained nervously, “I don’t have any bad intentions. You don’t have to worry. My heart is filled with remorse for what I’ve done previously, and I’m just trying to make it up to you.”

“You don’t have to do that. There is nothing you can do after all that you’ve done. The best is to stay away from one another.” I quickened my pace after my speech to avoid further conversations.

She caught up to me and continued, “I know that I’ve no right to beg for your mercy. I really regret what I’ve done. Scarlett, both Zachary and I really hope that you can give us a chance to make things right.”

Rebecca suddenly emerged and glared at me as she yelled, “Mom, what are you doing? Why do you need to beg her? She has caused us so much trouble!”

The next moment, she raised her arms and shoved me impetuously. There was an outdoor swimming pool right behind me, with a certain depth of water in it.

It never crossed my mind that Rebecca would get so agitated all of a sudden. I didn’t manage to duck her in time and fell backward into the pool.

It was a shallow pool. The water was freezing during winter. Being completely drenched, the coldness pierced through my body. I struggled to get out of the pool frantically.

The moment Cameron saw me fall into the pool, she yelled anxiously, "Help! Someone has dropped into the pool!"

Two bodyguards dashed out of the villa and pulled me out of the pool.

Cameron took off her coat and wrapped it around my body. Then, she instructed the bodyguards, "Send her to the bedroom at once so she can take a hot shower in the washroom."

Next, she looked at the maid and ordered, "Boil some chicken soup for her."

It was a chaotic scene then.

Rebecca tugged Cameron and asked furiously, "Mom, what're you doing? You don't have to rescue her. She deserves it. Just let her meet her end!"

"Shut up!" Cameron snapped at her in exasperation, "Why did you do that? If anything happens to her, I won't let you off easily."

"Mom, I'm your daughter!" Pointing at me, Rebecca shrieked hysterically, "Why are you still speaking up for her even after what she has done to hurt you?"

Cameron pushed her away and sent me to the bedroom together with the bodyguards.

I was still trembling, and my body had stiffened due to the extreme coldness. It took me a while to regain some warmth after soaking myself in the bathtub.

When I was out of the washroom, Ashton was waiting outside with Summer in his arms. There was rowdiness outside the room.

The moment he saw me, he asked with knitted brows, "Are you feeling better? How did you end up in the pool?"

"It's my fault. I should have looked after her well." Cameron explained to Ashton guiltily and asked me concernedly, "Scarlett, are you all right? How are you feeling now?"

I looked at her and replied coldly, "I'm fine."

Next, I turned to ask Ashton, "Are you done with your discussion?"

He nodded and asked, "Do you want to go home now?"

I just nodded and turned to look at Summer. She was staring at me with her pair of sparkling round eyes. It really melted my heart to see her adorable face. I was about to take her from Ashton, but he moved aside swiftly.

"Let's go home first. Don't catch a cold."

I nodded silently and followed him out of the bedroom. Coincidentally, a maid was holding a tray with a bowl of chicken soup. Cameron immediately advised, "Scarlett, take some chicken soup first to warm yourself up."

Suddenly, Rebecca appeared out of nowhere and snatched the bowl of chicken soup from the maid. With a vicious look on her face, she splashed the bowl of soup at me.

Ashton was moved to shield me from her attack.

I was stupefied and looked at him worriedly. He just frowned slightly with an intimidating look.

Fortunately, Jackson was responsive and took Summer away from him at once.

He turned to look at Nick. "Bring Mr. Fuller to go for a change now. Check his back to see if it is scalded."

Nick nodded in acknowledgment and gestured to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, this way, please."

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Ashton's face darkened as he glared at Rebecca in silence. At that instant, it was as if there was a drastic drop in the room.

After he walked away with Nick, Cameron raised her hand abruptly.

Slapping hard on Rebecca's face, she bellowed, "Rebecca, what is wrong with you? Are you looking to stir up trouble!"

Rebecca's eyes widened in disbelief as she covered her face and asked in despair, "You slapped me because of her?"

Cameron snapped at her with a stern look, "This slap serves as a reminder for you to behave yourself! I wanted you to have a good rest in the hospital, yet you refused. Thanks to you, we are in a mess now!"

"I'm not sick. Why do I need to stay in the hospital? Mom, you've changed. What's going on? It's Scarlett's fault, yet why are you punishing me?" Rebecca wailed in grief.

She cried her eyes out, and her high-pitched tone triggered Summer instantly, causing her to burst into tears.

Jackson tried to soothe Summer by all means to no avail. Pursing my lips, I took Summer from him and let her rest on my chest. Patting her back gently, I ignored the mother and daughter duo.

Without hesitation, I descended the stairs and decided to leave at once.

My ears caught the faint voice of Zachary's indifferent tone from far. "Rebecca, it looks like both Pear Garden and the Moore Residence are not suited for you. I've assigned my personal assistant to purchase a landed property for you in South District. Just stay there for your recuperation. Don't ever cause any troubles again."

I quickened my pace, not keen on hearing the rest of the conversation. I bet she could only refute Zachary's words by repeating those few sentences.

Once we were in the car, Summer stopped crying and looked at me with a puzzled look. I cheered up again at the sight of her adorable face.

Ashton came down as well five minutes later. He had changed into a black shirt.

However, the shirt was a bit too fitting for him. His body feature was apparently different from Nick's, although they were about the same height.

Ashton went to the gym frequently so he had a fine physique.

On the other hand, Nick had a slender body and fair complexion—like a teenage idol.

Sensing that I was gazing at him, Ashton asked me with a glint of mischief in his eyes, "You're not concerned if my back is feeling pain?"

I raised my brows and asked instinctively, "Is it painful?"

He chuckled and replied teasingly, "A kiss from you would help soothe the pain."

I pretended to scoff at him and looked away at once in order to conceal my flushed cheeks.

He smiled knowingly and started the car without saying anything.

The journey from Pear Garden to the Peakville Estate took approximately one hour. Not long after Summer was asleep in the Moses basket, I dozed off as well.

The next time I woke up, I was already lying comfortably on my bed in the Peakville Estate. Surprisingly, Ashton was not lying next to me.

I scanned every corner of the bedroom, but there was no sign of him. A while later, I got up and walked toward the baby room. In the baby room, Ashton was holding Summer in his arms and trying to coax her.

I was dumbfounded and asked, "Was she crying?"

He nodded and asked in concern, "Did her cries wake you up?"

I shook my head and told him that I wanted to breastfeed Summer. Although I've just woken up, I was still feeling drowsy. In the midst of breastfeeding, I almost dozed off and dropped her. Fortunately, Ashton was by our side and reacted immediately by taking Summer away from my arms.

Considering that I still needed more rest, he refused to let me continue breastfeeding Summer and talked me into catching some more sleep.

I had a deep sleep. When I woke up again, it was already the next morning. Again, there was no sign of Ashton in the bedroom.

I headed straight for the baby room after a quick wash-up. As expected, Ashton was sleeping on the bed next to Summer.

Seeing the both of them sleeping soundly, I tiptoed into the bedroom to check on them. The dark circles under Ashton's eyes indicated that he did not have a good night's rest.

When the doorbell rang abruptly, I rushed down to open the door. To my surprise, Cameron was standing outside the door.

In a split second, I started to get frustrated and asked impatiently, "Ms. Anderson, what brings you here early in the morning?"

Upon hearing my hoarse voice, she asked anxiously, "You sound different. Did you catch a cold after falling into the pool last night? Have you taken any medicine?"

I was at a loss for words.

What is exactly playing in her mind?

"Ms. Anderson, thanks for your concern. I'm fine. Are you here for Ashton? He is still sleeping. You may need to wait for a while." Trying to suppress my displeasure, I hinted at her.

As if she could not sense my displeasure, she said with a smile, "Infants cry a lot at night. I figured both you and Ashton are still young and maybe inexperienced in taking care of Summer. Hence, I've brought along two experienced nannies for you. Not only can they take care of Summer, but they can also nourish you. That way, you guys can have a good night's sleep."

After her speech, she introduced the two kind-looking middle-aged women behind her. However, I was repulsed by Cameron's pretentious look and replied coldly, "Ms. Anderson, you didn't have to do that."

Nevertheless, she ignored my words and began to brief the nannies on Summer's conditions. Later, she glanced at the kitchen and caught a glimpse of my pot.

“You haven’t taken your breakfast, right? Let me prepare for you now. You can try my cooking and give me some comments as well.”

Before I could say anything, she had made her way into the kitchen.

I was stunned again and stood motionless.

There must be some hidden motives behind her unusual kindness!

My expression of displeasure and impatience did not deter her from showing her concern. I was almost drowned in her nagging—from the food I eat to the way I take care of Summer.

