

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 73

“Fine. Tomorrow, then!” Macy replied and hung up at once.

Our cab rolled to a stop in front of the hotel. I paid the fare and got out with Nick. Glancing at the stairs in front of us, I couldn’t help but sigh in exasperation.

What a strange five-star hotel... Was there a need to build these stairs right at the entrance?

Complaining silently, I helped Nick up the stairs slowly. Luckily, it wasn’t tiring at all as I was wearing flats.

Halfway there, my phone started ringing. I put a hand into my bag to grab it, but Nick’s hand snaked around my waist.

I instinctively shoved him away. Alas, I forgot we were climbing the stairs.

Nick promptly tumbled down the stairs.

I froze in my tracks, utterly dumbfounded. It wasn’t until the security came to help him up that I snapped back to my senses. “Hurry, send him to the hospital!”

Hopefully, he did not hurt himself...

With the security’s help, Nick and I arrived at the hospital smoothly. After running the necessary checks, the doctor confirmed Nick had only sustained injuries to his head. He had to be hospitalized for a few days.

After all the hassle, Nick was still unconscious. The doctor couldn’t be sure what went wrong, so he told me he’d be back tomorrow morning when Nick regained consciousness.

Nick’s wound had been bandaged. The doctor said someone had to stay with him, so I remained there.

When Macy called again, it was dawn. I was nodding off on the bench outside Nick’s ward.

“Scarlett, let’s go shopping!” Macy declared once I picked up. I knew at once she was tipsy.

It was already dawn, so I yawned and sat up. “Macy, where are you?”

Did she drink alone again?

“Southvale Avenue. Come, let’s go shopping together!” she announced drunkenly.

I couldn’t help but worry as she was drinking alone in a foreign city. As Nick was still hooked on an IV drip, I couldn’t leave right now.

I thought about it and consoled Macy over the phone. After cutting the line, I called Jared.

“Hello?” Jared answered sleepily. I seemed to have woken him up from his sleep.

Feeling apologetic, I inquired, “Dr. Crest, can you do me a favor? My friend is on Southvale Avenue. I think she’s intoxicated. Can you help me pick her up? I’m currently busy.”

After a brief pause, Jared responded, “Sure. Send me her number. I’ll be there in a while.”

Sighing in relief, I proceeded to thank him profusely. I immediately sent Macy’s phone number to him.

After all the hassle, I made myself comfortable on the bench and fell asleep promptly.

The next day, when Nick woke up, he asked me, “Why am I in the hospital?”

I smiled awkwardly. “You drank too much last night and fell down the stairs. I brought you to the hospital after that.”

Frowning, he asked, “I fell down myself?”

I nodded guiltily.

Suddenly, he broke into a grin. “Scarlett, I remembered it was you who shoved me down the stairs. Why are you feeling guilty, huh?”

I couldn’t talk back to him. “Why did you get drunk in the first place?” Glaring at him, I added, “Use your brain. If you’re fine, we can go back now.”

Our business trip was a short one to begin with. As he was in the hospital, our work had to be delayed.

The doctor examined again and announced he was fine. He could leave right after changing the dressing. After his discharge, he shamelessly insisted I had to take responsibility for what I’ve done to him.

I had no time for his antics. We went to the office and showed Howard the evidence about the embezzlement.

Howard was shocked to hear the news. He hastily ordered a thorough investigation of the Finance Department and other relevant departments.

It wasn't a huge issue. After Nick prepared the final statement, I scanned through the overall operation of the branch office and listened to some reports. As there were no other problems, we ended our business trip.

We were supposed to go back to J City, but Nick insisted we should eat something good before returning. So, we ended up at the biggest food hall in A City.

I called Macy to invite her out. She only picked up after several rings. "Hello?" she uttered sleepily.

How could she still be asleep at this hour? "Are you awake? Wake up. I'm at the food hall now!"

"Mm!" Macy replied. "You go ahead. I'll be there soon."

I was about to hang up when a man spoke, "You're awake?"

Damn it!

Did she get herself a man last night? I thought she was wasted!

"Ms. Markle, pray tell. What's going on?" I couldn't stop myself from asking.

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 74

"Uh, bye. Talk to you later!" Macy cut the line abruptly.

Huh? What was going on?

Didn't I ask Jared to send her back last night? I couldn't believe she found herself a one-night stand in that circumstance!

Wait, was that Jared?

I proceeded to call Jared next. The phone rang for quite some time before someone picked up.

"Scarlett," he answered in a clear voice. It didn't seem like he was asleep, so I asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm driving. What's wrong?" he replied.

Well, it looked like he wasn't with Macy.

Chuckling, I told him, "I'm done with work. Are you free this afternoon? Let's have lunch together."

"Sure," he agreed without hesitation.

When I hung up, Nick was looking at me, amused. "Scarlett, seriously?"

I shot him a puzzled look. "What's wrong?"

He sighed, "Is it that bad to spend some time alone with me? You keep calling your friends and inviting them here!"

Ugh, how childish! I ignored his outburst and gazed at the bustling city. "A City is developing swiftly."

Gazing at International Trade Center located right in the bustling area, I told Nick, "This is a tall building!"

He knew I was trying to change the topic and huffed, "Fuller Corporation's building is taller than this. Plus, it houses different companies inside."

"Oh? You seem to know it well." I grew curious.

"Mm." He grunted and added, "My mom bought this building with another tech company's owner. She has a company inside."

So this building was owned by Cameron. I couldn't help but admire this capable woman. She was both wealthy and pretty.

I recalled her saying she had another daughter when we were in Pear Garden. "You have a sister?" I asked Nick curiously.

Nick seemed to hate this topic as his expression soured. "That's her daughter. It has nothing to do with me!"

I stopped talking about it at once. Looking around, I noticed a store selling cream puffs on the first floor of International Trade Center. Suddenly, I had a craving for it.

Turning to Nick, I suggested, "Why don't you wait for Jared and Macy in the mall? I'm going to buy something."

I ran toward the cream puff store right after that. Both Macy and I loved eating cream puffs. We had similar tastes in food.

After I ordered a few cream puffs, I stared into space blankly. My childhood memory was fuzzy by then, but I remembered how I loved eating cold and sweet stuff.

“Two iced cream puffs, please!” Suddenly, a deep male voice rang in my ear. It was so familiar and brought back some memories of the past.

If the store owner hadn’t hummed in acknowledgement, I would’ve thought I was dreaming.

My reflexes always got the better of me. I didn’t know when it started, but John had always terrified me. Once I sensed his presence, my skin would crawl.

The sun was shining brightly, but a chill was running down my spine, seeping into my veins. I started panting and trembling in fear.

Behind me, a man greeted me icily, “Letty, long time no see!”

My body stiffened as I panted with difficulty. The cream puff store owner handed me my order, but I couldn’t bring myself to take it.

The man’s hand reached out and took it. He pulled my hand naturally and placed the box in my hand. “Letty, your reaction is really upsetting me,” he uttered menacingly.

It took me some time to calm down. I stepped away from him and choked out, “I’m sorry. You got the wrong person!”

With that, I fled the scene as fast as possible.

It had been five years since I last met John. He had once said he wouldn’t come looking for me on his own. However, our next meeting would be the beginning of his new scheme.

I thought I wouldn’t see him again after he left J City. After all, the world was huge.

Never in a million years did I think we’d see each other again in A City.

After escaping from John, I found Nick and Macy together. I stuffed the ruined cream puffs in her hands and pleaded in a trembling voice, “Macy, we need to return to J City now. Right now!”

Sensing my panic, Macy returned anxiously, “What’s wrong?”

“John Stovall. I saw him here!” I mumbled fearfully.

Macy slumped into her chair in shock. It took her some time to process that piece of information. “Let’s head back to J City now!” she urged.

Nick didn’t know what was going on. His brows knitted together as he asked, “What is it?”

Macy took my hand, ready to leave. Nick tugged at my other hand in confusion. “Wait, what’s going on?”

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 75

“Stop dilly-dallying. We’ll explain back in J City!” Macy pried his hands off before we left the mall. We hailed a cab back to the hotel, packed up, and rushed to the airport at once.

Macy and I held hands tightly during the three-hour journey back to J City.

After getting off the plane, we took a cab back to Glenwood Apartments. Back there, she proceeded to lock all the doors and windows before collapsing in a corner dejectedly.

A heavy silence hung in the air. Finally, she met my gaze, her eyes red-rimmed. “Scarlett, what should we do?”

I shook my head. The fear still lingered within me, and I was at my wit’s end.

“He might not know we’re in J City. We might be safe here,” she continued. The next minute, she shook her head and wept. “We can’t hide from him. He’s an IT expert. It’s easy for him to find us!”

I stared at her wordlessly.

We both knew John wouldn’t let us off the hook easily this time. Back then, Macy and I had barely escaped from his clutches. If the same thing were to happen again, I wouldn’t have the courage to save myself.

“Get Ashton’s help!” Suddenly, Macy blurted out. “Scarlett, go to Ashton. He’s capable enough to protect you. Plus, you’re pregnant with his child. If you tell him everything, he’ll make sure John stays away from you.”

Macy grew increasingly excited and took my hand to leave her house.

I stopped her, my heart sinking. “Macy, calm down first. Let’s think of something after we calm down, alright?”

Macy shook her head and bit her lip fearfully. In the end, she burst out in tears and wrapped her arms around me tightly. “How can I calm down? Huh? I’ve already forgotten about the nightmares after five long years. Why did he show up? Why?”

With Macy in my embrace, my heart was aching in sorrow. I had the same thought, too—we wouldn’t meet him again, ever.

That night, Macy and I barely slept through the night. We kept jolting awake from the horrible nightmares.

Macy finally fell asleep at dawn. I couldn't sleep, so I returned to the villa when the sun came up.

Macy was right. Ashton might be of help.

Nevertheless, I didn't expect to be locked out of the villa. Previously, Ashton and I recorded our fingerprints so both of us could unlock the door at Peakville Estate.

This time, I tried a few times but failed to unlock the door. It took me a while to realize the lock had been changed.

I tried to call Ashton, but his line was busy. Obviously, he had blocked my number.

I didn't know what was going on, so I went to the company instead. It was still early, so the building was practically empty.

The executives in the Finance Department used to welcome me warmly, but today they kept whispering behind my back.

My brows snapped together. I didn't know what was going on, so I entered my office first. Stacey hadn't arrived yet.

I browsed through the files on my desk and signed every document that needed my signature. An hour later, Stacey arrived. She was taken aback when she saw me at my desk. Nevertheless, she greeted me with a polite smile.

Something was amiss. She took the files I signed and was about to leave.

Sensing her hesitation, I asked, "Is something wrong?"

Her expression turned awkward. "Ms. Stovall, are you seriously going out with Mr. Harrison?"

I didn't know what she was talking about. "Which Mr. Harrison?"

"Nick Harrison!" She looked at me curiously. "The news about you and Mr. Harrison had been circulating around for days. Last night, someone exposed a video of you entering the same hotel room with Mr. Harrison at A City. But Ms. Stovall, you've just suffered from a miscarriage. Plus, you're still married to Mr. Fuller. Why did you..." she trailed off.

I was still confused. "What happened these few days?"

She took out her phone and showed me the front page news.

I read carefully through the news. It started two days ago when Nick brought me to the city center for dinner in his flashy Maybach. Netizens started making up stories that got more malicious. In the end, I became a slut.

After reading the article, my head began throbbing in pain. So that was why those people from the Finance Department were staring at me strangely.

Was that why Ashton changed the lock of the villa and blocked my number?

When I recalled how Nick answered the call from him at the hotel, my headache intensified.

Why did everything come down on me, all at once?

My phone started buzzing. Seeing I was busy, Stacey left with the files.

I glanced at the caller ID. It was Nick. Feeling annoyed, I answered his call. "What is it?"

"Did you see the headlines?" he asked casually.

"Mm," I mumbled in response. "Yes, I did."

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 76

"It's my mom's birthday tomorrow night. Wanna come along?" he asked. It seemed like our scandal meant nothing to him at all.

I massaged my temples, which were throbbing dully. "I'm not free. You should refute the rumor soon."

Ashton was the only person I could ask for help to keep John away from us.

But right then, the rumor about Nick and me was a problem.

He fell silent for a moment before answering, "I'll take care of that."

"Alright," I said tiredly. "Stop causing any more trouble!"

I didn't know when John would come to J City. If Ashton got upset at me over the scandal and the nightmare from five years ago happened again, I'm afraid I couldn't survive any longer.

Staying alive was the most important thing for me then.

After hanging up, I placed my phone aside before deciding to go to Ashton's office.

This time, his office was quiet. Joseph wasn't even there.

As the clacking sounds of the keyboard sounded from his office, I came to a stop outside and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" the man's irresistible voice rang out.

I hesitated for a while before pushing the door open. When I came closer to him, my heart started thumping furiously.

He was still typing furiously on his keyboard.

I stood in front of his desk silently, watching him deal with work. Indeed, he looked hot when he was focusing on work.

"Put it down. I'll sign it later." As he was too focused, he didn't realize it was me and ordered without looking up.

I remained standing without a word.

After a long while, he frowned and stopped typing. When he looked up and saw me, his expression darkened.

"What is it?" he asked icily.

"Ashton, we need to talk." I had to explain to him about my so-called scandal with Nick.

He leaned back in his chair and arched a brow sarcastically. "Ms. Stovall, you need to talk about work?" he inquired in a tone dripping with disdain.

He sounded completely distant.

I pursed my lips and wrung my hands together tightly. "Ashton, I can explain the rumor about Nick and me."

"You slept with him?" He raised a brow and inquired coolly.

I didn't quite understand it at first, but it quickly dawned on me what he was insinuating.

"No!" I declared, my face was ashen.

"Ha!" he sneered loudly. "Scarlett, do you think I'll trust you?" he taunted.

"Ashton, at least give me a chance to explain, alright?" As both Nick and I didn't explain the rumors, the matter had worsened by now.

Seemingly impatient, he pinched his forehead and looked at me. "Ms. Stovall, you're getting paid handsomely to work in Fuller Corporation. Please do not waste your time discussing your private affairs with your employer."

"Ash—"

"Ms. Stovall," he interrupted. "You should know that this isn't the appropriate time to talk about this."

I parted my lips to retort, but Joseph was walking toward us. He shot me a polite smile. "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller is busy."

He was asking me to leave.

I gazed at Ashton, who obviously didn't want to continue this conversation.

Ignoring Joseph's words, I asked, "Mr. Fuller, when are you free, then? We really need to talk."

He said nothing, but his expression grew thunderous.

Joseph immediately spoke, "Ms. Stovall, if there's nothing else, please leave at once!"

I knew he wouldn't listen to me today, so I left his office. On my way out, I bumped into Jared.

He was holding some stuff in his hands. When he saw me coming out of Ashton's office, he questioned, "Did you have a fight?"

I nodded in response.

Ashton had always been bad-tempered over the years. We might be a married couple, but I didn't even know why he was mad this time.

"Here, your medicine. Remember to take them regularly back home." Jared handed me a package. He glanced at Ashton's office before telling me, "I've heard about the scandal. You should explain to him."

He returned to his office while I went back to mine.

When it was finally time to get off work, I grabbed my bag and headed to the parking lot to wait for Ashton.

I spotted his black Jeep and stood beside it. It was my problem, so I had to explain everything to him clearly.

However, Ashton still hadn't shown himself after an hour. The parking lot was practically empty by now. I thought he was working overtime.

To my utter surprise, Joseph showed up.

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 77

Joseph was taken aback when he saw me. "Ms. Stovall, what are you doing here?" he questioned politely.

"Where is Ashton?" I demanded.

"He left with Mr. Quinn," Joseph replied as he took out the keys from his briefcase.

I parted my lips in disbelief.

In the end, I shot him a smile. "Goodbye, then."

Seriously, Ashton?

I drove back to the villa in a hurry. When I arrived, I pressed on the doorbell a few times before Mrs. Eriksen opened the door. Wiping her hands, she grinned. "You're back!" She motioned for me to look inside.

I stepped inside and saw the man sitting on the sofa, reading the newspaper.

After changing into house slippers, Mrs. Eriksen went back into the kitchen. I sat down beside Ashton and waited patiently for him to finish reading the papers.

Ashton finally finished after some time. I gave him the fruit juice Mrs. Eriksen prepared. "Ashton, can we talk now?" I inquired.

He glanced at the fruit juice but didn't take it. "Ms. Stovall, what position are you assuming to talk to me?"

As he was so calm, I didn't know what was going on in his mind.

I spoke after a brief pause, "Ashton, before we are officially divorced, I'm still Mrs. Fuller."

"Ha!" he sneered. "So you are aware that you're still Mrs. Fuller."

I knew he was upset over the scandal, so I cajoled him in a gentle voice, "Nothing ever happened between Nick and me. The paparazzi made those stories up. Ashton, you know me well. I won't do that."

“So?” He rose to his feet. “Scarlett, do you seriously think you can do whatever you please as you’re pregnant!”

His mockery was unbearable. Despite knowing Nick and I were innocent, he still acted this way just because he was livid at me.

Feeling a little aggrieved, I raised my voice at his figure. “I do whatever I please? What about you and Rebecca? Did you forget what you did to hurt me?”

As he stopped in his tracks, I continued, “If Rebecca hadn’t suffered from a miscarriage, I wouldn’t even be here. She’d be your wife by now.”

He glowered at me angrily. After a few exchanges, I wasn’t as afraid of him anymore. Before he could reply, tears rolled down my cheeks.

“Why are you glaring at me? Isn’t that the truth? I’m your wife. Do I deserve to be treated this way just because I love you? Spending my days waiting for you in this empty house?”

As I was sobbing profusely, he frowned and came to me. “You feel aggrieved?”

He reached out to wipe my tears away, but I stepped back out of his reach. “Why can’t I feel that way? Ashton, someone cooked up that scandal. You knew it well, but you changed the lock and even blocked my number.”

I was studying his expression carefully. When his face softened, I added, “Are you chasing me out of the Fuller family? Accusing me of cheating on you? You don’t mind me marrying another man, do you? You are fine with your child calling another man his father?”

His expression soured. “Don’t you dare.”

I bit my lip and insisted. “You’re leaving me with no other choice! Fine, as long as you don’t regret your decision.”

With that, I spun on my heels and headed out. I had done everything that I could. If he refused to relent, I couldn’t force him, could I?

Suddenly, he grabbed my wrist and implored in a low voice, “Shouldn’t you have dinner before you leave?”

The anger in his voice had faded away. Mrs. Eriksen beamed and announced, “Dinner is ready. Come, eat up!”

Ashton brought me to the dining table and laid down my utensils. He then started eating politely.

The Fullers never talked when they ate.

Mrs. Eriksen served me my soup. “You are in your first trimester, right? Have you gone for your check-up yet? Don’t get worked up too often. I’m only nagging you for your own good. Trust me—I’ve been there.”

I nodded and sipped on my soup, listening to her attentively.

Glancing at Ashton, I noticed he was enjoying his meal quietly and calmly.

After dinner, Mrs. Eriksen asked in concern, “Letty, are you getting cramps in your legs recently?”