

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 813-817

Chapter 813

Leedon started the car engine and looked at Ashton before turning to me. "My wife always throws a fit at me, but after giving her gifts and flowers as an apology, she would forgive me and prepare food that I like to eat."

He was grinning widely when he spoke of his wife. Thus, I couldn't help but say, "Your wife must've been living a blissful life."

Looking at me, he replied, "Aren't you too? Mr. Fuller is willing to humble himself and come fetch you off work. He didn't get mad even when you left him there."

I smiled. "He did something wrong."

The man replied, "That's how couples interact when living together. My wife always got mad at me back then. She even got jealous when I didn't greet her the first thing I went home. I didn't know what to do when she threw tantrums. However, now that we're getting older, her temper has improved. If I'm away from her for long, she will be so anxious that she is on the verge of crying."

At that, I unlocked my phone and received the money Ashton transferred before sending him an emoticon.

Instantly, the latter texted: What would you like to eat tonight? I'll make the orders first.

I replied to his message: I'll have to meet up with the third party tonight. Let's eat another day.

The man replied: I'll wait for you at the hotel. Reading his reply, I knitted my brows and didn't give a response.

When we reached the hotel, Ashton looked charming yet poised as he stood in the hotel lobby in his black suit.

Ashton came towards me and looked at me with a smile on his face. "What would you like to eat?"

I couldn't help but frown at his question. "I have an appointment."

Nonetheless, he smiled and explained, "It's for dinner. After all, I'm one of the collaborators, so we'll be having our meals together as well."

Oh, that's right!

I almost forgot that the project at Lavelian Village belonged to the Fuller Corporation. To cover up my embarrassment, I shrugged and went into the hotel without saying anything back to him.

Checking the room number Armond sent me, I searched for the private room while Ashton followed behind me quietly.

When we entered the private room, Armond, Joseph, Rachel, and a few other people involved were seated at the table.

When Armond saw me, he gestured at me to sit down. But as soon as they saw Ashton trailing in behind me, they were stunned. Meanwhile, Joseph and Rachel immediately got up and greeted, "Mr. Fuller."

Ashton waved his hand at them, motioning them to sit down before smiling. "Don't mind me. I'm only here to accompany my family."

Joseph sat down in his seat and scratched his nose mindlessly. It was obvious that he was feeling awkward.

However, the one involved was completely unbothered and sat down beside me. "What would you like to eat?"

I glanced sideways at him while furrowing my brows. "Ashton, aren't you busy?"

For someone his status, he didn't have to meet up with the third party. Setting that aside, he should behave more like the president of the company now that he had attended.

"Yeah." He nodded and added, "My mission today is to make you happy."

Upon hearing his reply, I heaved a helpless sigh and was reluctant to talk to him.

Seeing this, Armond started a conversation with Ashton. "I've heard that the representative of the third party is their president. Mr. Fuller's so well-informed."

Unexpectedly, Ashton poured a glass of water for me and chuckled. "Not really. I'm really here to accompany my wife."

I...

A beautiful piano melody filled the silent room, and it turned out to be Ashton's ringing tone. He answered the call and said, "I'm eating at the hotel. Are you coming?"

Listening to the voice from the other end of the phone, I figured it was Joe. This reminded me of what Ashton said before – Joe would reach Lavelian Village tonight. So that's why Rebecca wasn't with Ashton.

Ashton said, "Alright. I'll send you the address."

Then, he hung up and sent him the location of the private room.

Armond froze for a while and asked in confusion. "Mr. Fuller, is your friend coming?"

Ashton nodded. "Yeah. Joe is coming here from K City. Mr. Murphy, you don't mind it, do you?"

Armond smiled and replied, "Of course not. We welcome Mr. Quinn here."

A few minutes later, three rhythmic knocks on the door could be heard.

Joseph stood up and opened the door. As expected, it was Joe and Rebecca. After exchanging pleasantries with Armond, they sat down at the table.

Almost everyone was here, but the representative of the third party wasn't here yet, and Ashton didn't intend to wait any longer. He then called out to the waiter and ordered the dishes.

After the order was completed, the door was opened, and in came a middle-aged man wearing a suit and leather shoes. He wore an apologetic smile as he stepped into the room.

After that, he made a gesture, and someone familiar walked into the room.

The man was wearing a royal blue suit, his hair neatly combed. When he saw everyone in the room, he didn't seem to mind that he was late.

Wearing a smile on his face, he said, "I'm sorry to keep you all waiting."

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Armond stood up and greeted him with a smile. "Thank you for coming, Mr. White. We've ordered the dishes, and they will be served soon."

After that, Marcus was invited to sit opposite me. I could not help but frown. How is he the representative of the third-party company?

As I glanced to the side, I saw Ashton peeling the lobster that had been served just now. When he saw me looking at him, he flashed me a smile. "Hungry?"

I shook my head and opened my mouth to verbally decline him. But before I could say no to him, he had put a piece of shelled lobster into my mouth.

I was stunned for a second before starting to chew on it. The lobster was surprisingly delicious.

He looked at me and grinned. "How's the taste?"

"It's good," I replied, nodding my head.

Smiling, he continued to shell the lobster gracefully and said with a gentle tone of voice, "Slow down. I'll peel more for you."

He was acting as if no other people were eating together with us.

As I continued to enjoy the lobster, I gradually understood the situation. Judging from Ashton's behavior, it seemed that he had known that Marcus would come today, and that was why he followed me to this dinner.

All of a sudden, I noticed a sharp glare from the side. I looked up and saw Rebecca shooting daggers at me. She looked as if she wanted to swallow me alive.

Grinning at her childish behavior, I arched my brow at her. Looks like someone hasn't given up yet. Is this already too much for her to tolerate? Then, I cocked my head to the side and looked at Ashton, saying, "I want more, Ashton."

He placed the lobster that he had peeled into my mouth and gazed at me adoringly. "Slow down. You might choke."

I nodded and threw Rebecca a glance, smiling smugly at her.

As soon as she caught the look on my face, her face turned bright red with anger.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fuller is such a lovey-dovey couple. I don't know about others, but I'm jealous. Haha." Armond tried to ease the awkwardness with a joke.

Marcus narrowed his eyes and replied with a smile, "There are too many two-faced partners nowadays. I hope Mr. Fuller would be sincere to Letty."

Hearing the affectionate nickname from Marcus, Armond jolted in surprise. "Both of you know each other?"

"In fact, we've known each other for a long time." Marcus landed his gaze on me and looked at me lovingly. "This girl is so cold-hearted. She's been ignoring me ever since the last quarrel we had, and yet I'm still missing her every day."

My eyes opened wide, utterly speechless at his speech. When on earth did that happen?

Upon hearing the confession from Marcus, Armond could not help but ask, "So, the two of you are really close to each other?"

"Yeah. We are even closer than friends. Am I right, Letty?" Marcus replied while eyeing me.

I frowned at his bold words.

Before I could clarify my relationship with Marcus, Ashton had beaten me to it. “Since Uncle Benjamin – Marcus’s father – is the husband of my aunt, it’s true that Mr. White and my wife are more than friends because they are also relatives. But now that Aunt Sally has left the White Corporation, the relation between the two families is not as close as before. Therefore, Mr. White, I hope that you could think twice before you speak next time. After all, it affects my wife’s reputation as well.”

After speaking, he put the lobster in his hand into my mouth.

The atmosphere became more awkward. Fortunately, the waiters had begun to serve more dishes, distracting our attention.

Armond probably sensed the complexity of our relationships, so he invited everyone to dig in and cracked a few more jokes, trying to ease the tension.

As a sign of respect to Armond – the host of the dinner, everyone dropped the topic as well. Ultimately, we were gathered here tonight for the Lavelian Village project, not for petty squabbles.

Throughout the meal, I was the one who felt the most uncomfortable. Marcus would put food on my plate every now and then, and Ashton was stuffing so much food into my mouth, hoping that I would not take any food given by the others.

Moreover, I had to endure Rebecca’s icy glare and Rachel’s contemptuous gaze at the same time.

When the meal finally came to an end, Marcus looked towards me and asked, “Letty, where are you staying? I see that you’ve eaten a lot just now. Why don’t we go out for a walk later? It’d help with digestion.”

Pursing my lips, I shook my head and rejected him. “No, thanks. I...”

“My wife and I still have something else to do after this, but thank you for your kind offer, Mr. White.”
With that, he brought me out of the room straight away.

Although Marcus was unhappy with it, he took the hint and said no more.

As we walked out of the private room, I felt bloated indeed, so I started to think about where Ashton and I should go for a walk.

However, I needed to go to the restroom first.

After I asked Ashton to wait for me in the lobby, I headed straight to the restroom to relieve myself.

When I got out of the restroom cubicle, I saw Rachel by the sink. Pulling out a piece of tissue, she eyed me disdainfully. “Scarlett, I don’t care how messy your personal life is, but the Lavelian Village project is the product of my hard work. So, you’d better not mess it up, or else I will not let you off the hook easily.”

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I replied impassively, “Don’t worry, you’re not the only one who cared about the project. I care about it, too.”

She scoffed. “I don’t think so. Scarlett, I’ve really underestimated you. I initially thought that you’ve gotten Ashton to fall for you by sheer luck. But I guess I was wrong. Even though you look average, you seem to be good at seducing men. It’s no wonder Ms. Larson loses to you.”

I dried my hands and glanced at her. “Ms. Zimmer, I like how you’re always dedicated, professional, and cool-headed when you’re at work. But I would like you to be rational thinking in your interpersonal relationships as well. I’m indeed not as good as you, but that doesn’t mean that I’m a good-for-nothing. Perhaps it was sheer luck that Ashton had married me. However, do you think that one can rely on pure

luck to get through all the challenges in a ten-year marriage? Don't be so narrow-minded, Rachel. You don't get to judge if one is worthy of something."

Then, I continued, "Besides, as a well-educated person, I hope you can utilize your thinking skills when you are trying to make sense of a situation. Yes, Marcus and I know each other. Him liking me doesn't necessarily mean that I must have seduced him or tricked him to get on his good side. Have you ever thought about the reason why two of these outstanding men fall for me? And why do other people admire your capability at work, yet they are not interested in getting to know you more? Life is not all about work, Rachel. When a man loves a woman, he is not just attracted to her appearance and her ability. It was the warmth that they give one another that keeps them together."

I said that not because I hated Rachel. On the contrary, I had always thought that she was admirable and deserved to be loved. I did not hate her, at least for now.

By the time I came out from the restroom, I saw Ashton, Joe, and Rebecca in the lobby.

Ashton was sitting on the couch, smoking. The billowing clouds of smoke shrouded his face.

Meanwhile, Rebecca put on her innocent facade and tugged at Joe's sleeve. "Joe, Ms. Stovall and Mr. White seem to be quite close to each other. He treated her like she is someone special to him."

Joe took a glance at Ashton and rebuked her, "Stop talking nonsense!"

Oblivious to the change in Ashton's demeanor, she continued to say, "No, I'm not. I saw Mr. White kept looking at Ms. Stovall, and she was also sneaking glances at him. I'm just saying that they look quite close."

Me, sneaking glances at Marcus?

Hah! That's got to be the biggest joke of the century.

I almost burst out laughing at her words. Then, I walked over to them and said sarcastically, “Ms. Larson was quite observant during the dinner, huh? Did you notice how many shrimps Joe peeled for you?”

When Ashton glanced up at me, I took away the cigarette in his hand, stubbed it out, and threw it in the trashcan. “You should quit smoking.”

He curled his lips and placed his arm around my waist. “Okay. Whatever you say.”

Shocked at my presence, Rebecca froze for a moment before turning to Joe and pouted. “Joe, I didn’t mean what I said. I was just...”

Joe immediately comforted her, “It’s fine. I know you didn’t mean it. Don’t worry about it.”

I tried my best to hold my laughter. I think I know why Rachel hates it whenever I acted that way. Because it looks downright disgusting.

It was getting late, so Ashton and I went for a quick stroll outside the hotel and returned to the hotel after that.

It had been a busy day. I was tired and sleepy by the time we got back to our room. After taking a bath, I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Before I drifted off to sleep, I vaguely remembered that Ashton saying something to me. But I was too tired to listen to him, so I simply nodded and slumbered the night away.

The following day, I looked at the calendar and realized that it was almost Independence Day. However, I knew that it was impossible to finish the tasks at hand before that.

But if I planned my work well, maybe I could finish some of them within these few days.

Looking around the suite, I realized that Ashton was no longer around, and he left me a note with a short line written on it: I'm going downtown. Some matters came up. Remember to have your meal on time.

I guess he has urgent matters to deal with.

After I got out of bed and freshened up, I headed to the base. The construction of the work was slightly delayed after the involvement of the third party as the third party focused mainly on the quality of work instead of the progress. Therefore, all of us who were involved had to work as best as possible to provide the details to Marcus.

And that also meant that our workload was increased.

When Marcus arrived at work today, he took a quick look around the site with his hard hat on. After that, he came to the office to see me.

Skipping the pleasantries, he got straight to the point. "You're the project manager of this project?"

Seeing the serious look on his face, I nodded promptly. "Yes."

His brows furrowed slightly. After a pause, he said, "We may need to talk over some of the details."

"What's wrong?"

Chapter 816

"It's not a big problem, but if it's not dealt with soon, we'll face technical problems in the later phase. Besides, something is off with the structure of the base. What do you guys have in the underground? Is it a garage or a warehouse?" Marcus asked.

I was a little bewildered by his question. "There's nothing underneath. Why?"

He frowned. "Normally, there will have something built underneath with this kind of structure."

He seemed to have realized something as he kept quiet and pondered for a moment. However, he did not ask further as he looked at me and asked, "Do you want to grab lunch together?"

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I..."

He arched his eyebrow and cut me off, "So, you plan to avoid me forever? We are business partners after all. It's totally fine to have a meal with business partners, right?"

With his personality, I knew that if I continued to find excuses, he would also continue trying to talk me out of it. Therefore, I complied. "Okay. I know we can grab something to eat behind here. It's nothing much, but it can fill our stomachs. I still have a lot to do in the afternoon, so I don't want to waste time going to restaurants that are far away from here."

He nodded with a smile. "Sure."

The on-site canteen was one of the temporary facilities built for the convenience of the employees here. It was not big, but it was sufficient for us. The hotel was too far away from the base as it took about an hour for a round trip. It would be better to let everyone rest during the break time instead of traveling on the road.

Thus, Armond decided to build this facility and hired a chef to prepare meals for all of us. It was quite convenient.

The canteen was almost full when we reached there. I found us a place to sit and saw Marcus bringing me a glass of juice. "It's freshly squeezed."

I nodded and thanked him.

After we got our meals, we ate quietly and did not chat much.

We still had some time left after finishing our lunch, and I initially thought about resting in my office until the break time ended. However, he suggested, "You should be familiar with this place by now. Why don't you take me around the site as a walk after our meals?"

I pursed my lips. "Why don't you go ahead by yourself? We only have fruit plantations nearby." With that, I turned around and headed to my office.

But he grabbed my arm and stopped me. I frowned and raised my voice. "Let go of me!"

He paid no heed and said, "I know you don't want to see me or spend time with me. However, as your business partner, Ms. Stovall, can I request you to take me for a tour here as a survey?"

"You're just using work as an excuse!" I flung his arm away in irritation. "Let's go."

What we had nearby the base was just pear trees. Most of the pears had ripened, and the fruit farmers were harvesting them to sell them in the market.

After walking for a while, Marcus said, "You don't have to treat me like this, Scarlett. I never have the intention of destroying your life. Is it possible for us to be friends again?"

I stopped and turned to look at him. "Do you think that we can get along now?"

He gazed at me with a sincere look. "I know that you don't want me to bother you because you're worried that I might affect your relationship with Ashton. And I also understood that you don't love me. You don't need to repeat yourself; I get it."

I pressed my lips together and did not say anything because what he said was right.

Then, he continued, "Actually, I really want you to be happy. I initially thought that with Ashton's cold attitude, it was impossible for him to make you happy. That was why I wanted to be one who gives you happiness instead. But from what I can see now, he is not as bad as I thought he would be. If so, why can't I give both of you, my blessings? So, I've thought it through and decided to stay by your side as a friend. As long as you're happy with your life, I won't pester you anymore."

Taken aback by his words, I looked at him and faltered. "You..."

He gave me a sad smile. "So, can you promise me not to keep your distance? Scarlett, I've lost so many of my loved ones. I don't want to lose you too. No matter how terrible I am, my care for you is sincere. Since I can't be your life partner to protect you, can you at least treat me like a brother? Please don't treat me like a stranger and ignore my existence."

My heart ached as I listened to his confession. Looking at him, I nodded and replied, "I'm sorry, Marcus. I owe you my life. Whatever you want me to do, I can do it for you. The only thing I can't do is to be with you. Even after all the things we had gone through, he still loves me and protects me. It's such a blessing to have Ashton as my husband. Thank you for loving me, Marcus. But I'm not worthy of your love. There are people who need you more than me. Camelia should have given birth, and she is a good girl. Since you've married her, you need to be responsible to her and the baby."

He nodded and smiled bitterly, seemingly ready to let go of the past. "I know. Since I can't give happiness to the one whom I love the most, it's better to give it to the ones who need it. This is for the best."

Chapter 817

We should not be too adamant in life. Otherwise, we will be the ones who suffer in the end.

We chatted for a long time during the stroll. When we were back at the base, he turned towards me and said, "Since we've reconciled, can I invite you for dinner tonight? Don't overthink about it. It's just that I'm not familiar with this place yet, and since I'm just going to be here for a day or two, I want to take this chance to spend time with my close friend. It would be better to eat with a friend than eating alone."

Looking at his innocent and expecting gaze, I could not bring myself to reject him. I nodded and replied, "Sure."

As Marcus went back to the base with a smile, I suddenly realized that Ashton might be back at the Lavelian Village tonight.

But I can't take back my words. I sighed at the thought.

The work I had in the afternoon was a breeze.

When I was ready to leave the office in the evening, Marcus came and leaned against the door, smiling at me. "Seems like you're busy with work every day."

I nodded in reply and packed up. Looking at my phone, I realized I had not received any message from Ashton since morning. Is he buried in work?

Marcus brought his car today and parked it at the gate of the base, so we walked out from the base together and got into his car. Whistling to himself, he seemed to be in a good mood. He looked at me and asked, "Do you know any good restaurants here? You've been here longer than I do."

I shook my head. "Nothing special. I seldom go out after work."

It was getting dark, and Ashton still had not contacted me. Hence, I sent him a WhatsApp message: Have you taken your meal? ^[11:11]_{SEP} After the message was sent, I looked out the window and spaced out.

Since I did not have any recommendations, Marcus decided to have our dinner at the hotel. As soon as I sat down in the restaurant, my phone vibrated.

It was a WhatsApp call. Looking at the caller ID, I could not help but frown. It was Joe. Nevertheless, I answered it. "Hi, Mr. Quinn."

"Where are you?" He sounded a bit anxious.

I replied, "I'm at the restaurant in Lavelian Village Hotel. Why?"

"Come to the entrance and bring Ashton back to your room. His arm is hurt. Thank you."

I was caught off guard for a moment. Ashton is hurt?

Before I could ask him more, he had hung up the call and left me speechless. How straightforward!

By the time I put down my phone, Marcus had ordered food for us. Looking at him apologetically, I stood up and said, "I'm sorry, Marcus. Something urgent came up. I need to leave now."

With that, I took my bag and left. Even when he was calling for me to come back, I still continued to rush to the exit and apologized to him again. I was worried sick about Ashton.

At the entrance on the ground floor, Joseph helped Ashton out of the car. I went towards them and saw the bandage on Ashton's arm. "What happened? Why is he hurt?"

Joseph paused for a second before answering me, "We had a car accident just now. Don't worry, the doctor had applied some medication on the laceration wound on his arm."

I frowned, thinking if I should help him. After all, it was his arm that was injured, so he should be fine walking without support. But in the end, I went forward and helped him.

As soon as we walked into the hotel, we saw Marcus striding towards us. Upon seeing the bandage on Ashton's arm, he knitted his eyebrow and looked towards me. "We will have our meal next time."

With that, he turned and left.

Ashton took a side glance at me and questioned, "You were having dinner with him just now?"

I nodded. "We had just ordered our food when Joe called me and said that you're injured."

His gaze darkened immediately as he looked at me coldly. "So, I disturbed both of you?"

I sensed the rising anger in his tone. "You're overthinking. We were just having a meal."

"How am I overthinking?" he snapped, looking a little angry.

Sighing, I pressed the elevator button and glanced up the ceiling. If we continued this conversation, it would just end up becoming a heated argument. Hence, I changed the topic. "You must be hungry. Let's order room service and eat together in our room. What would you like to have for dinner?"

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and I helped him into the elevator. "Anything will do," he responded nonchalantly and kept quiet after that.

Hmm, he seems to be in a bad mood. I guess it's because of Marcus. I had bodyguards following me today, so I supposed they had reported my whereabouts to him. Ashton had always been possessive, so he must be irked by the fact that I had spent most of my time today with Marcus.

Even so, I was not angry with him. His moodiness was understandable, especially now that he was in pain. Bringing him back to our room, I asked in a warm tone of voice, "Did the doctor ask you to change the dressing? Did he prescribe any medicine?"

He shook his head. "Nope."

Seeing that he did not have any medicine with him, I figured his injury was not too serious, but I still opted to order room service and let them send our dinner to our room.

When I saw him walking towards the bathroom, I asked, "You want to take a bath?" I don't think he can bathe with his injured arm.

He turned around and furrowed his brow. "I need to pee."

Taken aback, I glanced away awkwardly and kept quiet. But as I thought that he might need some help, I asked out of concern, "Can you manage it yourself?"