

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 818-822

Chapter 818

He lifted a brow at my question and fixed his eyes on me. “You can help me if you want.”

His answer caught me completely off guard – I blushed and hesitated, not knowing what to say. I expected him to say he can manage by himself!

“So, do you want to help?” he asked in a low voice, waiting for my answer.

He is my husband, after all. We’ve been living together for a number of years, and we still have more years to come. One day, he would fall sick, and I might become ill as well. No matter how embarrassing it is, we have to take care of each other because we are a couple, not to mention he is wounded now.

After rationalizing my decision, I heaved out a sigh and accompanied him to the bathroom.

As he stood in front of the toilet, I bent down, biting my lip, and unfastened his belt buckle. Then, I unbuttoned his pants and proceeded to the zip.

When I was about to pull it down, he grabbed my hand and spoke with a raspy voice, “It’s okay. I can do it myself.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and rushed out of the bathroom.

Suddenly, his phone rang on the bed. I took a look at the screen and saw that it was Rebecca calling – she probably wanted to ask about his injury. Thus, I did not pick up the phone.

However, it kept ringing, and Ashton was still in the bathroom. He heard the ringtone as well and shouted, "You can answer it."

I pursed my lips and hesitated for a moment before picking up the phone. As soon as I put the phone against my ear, I heard Rebecca crying, and her anxious voice came from the other side of the line. "Ash, are you feeling better now? I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to throw a tantrum and caused you to get hurt. How I wish I was the one who got hurt instead. I promise you – I will always listen to you and won't do anything rash."

Oh, so he got hurt because of her?

I continued to hold the phone at my ear and remained silent. She continued to sob over the phone. "Ash, are you still angry with me? I'm sorry. I will..."

"The only thing you need to do is to stay away from him," I cut her off, a hint of anger in my voice.

She went quiet for a while and gradually stopped her crying. "Scarlett, why did you answer Ash's phone? How could you simply pick up someone else's phone? You're so rude."

I scoffed and said sarcastically, "Oh? Why aren't you crying anymore? Where did your saccharine voice go? Was it because Ashton is not on the line? Your acting skills don't seem to have improved over the years. Oh, and I'm sorry to tell you that it was Ashton who asked me to answer his phone. He's currently in the bathroom, unavailable to pick up your call."

She snorted contemptuously; her voice laced with jealousy. "Scarlett, stop your smugness. Even though I'm not married to Ashton, I'm still someone he cares dearly. You can see it for yourself. Today he could have protected himself, but he still chose to protect me and got himself injured. Yes, maybe he truly loves you and cares about you, too. But he has grown accustomed to having me by his side. Therefore, in the years to come, I'll continue to be the barrier between you and him."

I was not angry with her words, but I found them utterly ridiculous. So, I asked cheerfully, "Rebecca, aren't you tired of this?"

She was speechless for a second before answering, "As long as it makes your life harder, I'll never ever be tired."

"Okay!" I nodded. "I wish you luck."

With that, I ended the call and put the phone aside.

I was about to turn around when someone hugged me from behind, startling me. As I caught a whiff of a familiar scent, I knew that it was Ashton. "Do you always walk without a sound?"

He chuckled. "Yeah. Don't you know that?"

Well, he's right.

I turned around and looked at the bandage on his arm. "Don't bathe tonight, Ashton. I'll get some hot water and wipe down your body instead. Taking a bath might make the bandage wet and delay the healing of the wound."

He curled his lips into a smile. "Alright."

As I entered the bathroom to get a basin of water, he sat on a chair and looked at me silently, seemingly lost in his thought.

"Why are you looking at me like that? What's on your mind?" I asked.

He gave me a faint smile. "I thought you'd be angry after talking with Rebecca just now, but you seem so calm now. I'm surprised."

After wiping his hand, I put the towel down into the basin and glanced up at him. "Let's say you have several investment projects on your hand now. Which kind of investment project would you be most worried about?"

He fell silent for a while and answered, "The ones that I don't fully understand and lack confidence in."

I nodded in response. "It's true that I used to be wary about your relationship with Rebecca, but that's because I was not sure if you cared about her out of responsibility or out of romantic interest. However, now, I'm sure that you won't have any romantic feelings for her. It's not only because of me but also because of Joe. You know that Joe loves Rebecca, and she knows it, too. Even if you don't consider my feelings, I'm sure you would consider about Joe's."

Chapter 819

His expression turned sombre. "Are you not confident in my love for you? Why do you think that I would not consider your feelings?"

"That's the worst-case scenario," I replied truthfully.

"What's the most favorable one?"

"You'd care about me and reject all the other women for me."

He laughed and leaned towards me. "Scarlett, I love you more than you'll ever know."

However, I pushed him away, stood up, and glanced at his injured arm. "Ashton, this is the second time you get hurt because of another woman. To be honest, I'm not happy about it."

As soon as I finished speaking, I took the basin to the bathroom and took a shower.

When I got out of the shower, I noticed a bouquet of roses in the room. It was rather beautiful. Ashton sat on the bed and grinned at me. "I know saying sorry is not enough to cheer you up, so I got you flowers. At least it's pleasing to the eye."

I gave him a nonchalant shrug. Indeed, flowers always make women happy.

"I pity your personal assistant, Joseph." It must have been difficult for him to get flowers at this hour and send them to our room in such a short time.

Chuckling, he scooted over and patted the spot next to him. "Come here."

Looking at the clock, I realized that it was getting late. It's time to turn in.

After I applied my skincare products, I went to lay down beside him and saw that he had not slept yet. He seemed to have something to say, so I asked, "Is there anything troubling you?"

He nodded and said in a serious manner, "I'm not sure about your attitude towards Marcus. It worries me."

I was stunned for a second before it dawned on me the meaning behind his words. "Marcus and I are only friends and business partners. Apart from that, we won't have any other relationship."

Satisfied with my answer, he smiled and pecked me on the lips. Due to his injury, he did nothing more and went to sleep.

I was completely exhausted after such a long day. As soon as I closed my eyes, I drifted off to sleep.

Since Ashton had injured his arm, he would definitely need help in his daily routine activities. Therefore, I planned to wake up earlier than usual to attend to his needs. However, when I woke up the next day, the spot beside me was empty, and the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

I quickly got out of bed and saw him struggling to twist a towel. He cursed under his breath and furrowed his eyebrows in frustration.

I held back my laughter and walked to his side. Taking away the towel in his hands, I said, "I've told you to call me whenever you need help. It's hard to do this alone."

When he saw me coming in, his frown disappeared instantly. "Did I wake you up?"

"Nope." I wring the towel dry and raised my hand to wipe his face. "I usually wake up at this hour. Besides, it's my husband who got hurt. How could I not get up early to take care of him?"

With his hands on the sink, he leaned back and lowered his head slightly so that I could reach him easily. Enjoying my "service," he suggested, "You should be my private caregiver today. What do you think?"

Although it sounded as if it was a request, I knew that it was a command. Hence, I nodded. "No problem. Hmm, but you have to go to the city to work. I can't leave Lavelian Village at the moment."

He nodded in response. After thinking for a while, he said, "I won't go to the city today. I'll stay here."

I gave him an "OK" hand gesture. After both of us were done freshening up, I went back to the room to change my clothes. Since the weather was good and there would be less work today, I figured wearing a dress would not be a nuisance. Therefore, I took out a dress that I had not worn for a long time from the wardrobe.

It was a nice knee-length dress that enhanced the slenderness of my legs. Besides, since I seldom wore bottoms that exposed my legs, the skin tone of my lower limbs was quite fair. My legs looked long and fair in this dress.

Then, I went to the dressing table and applied some light makeup. Otherwise, I would look bland in this outfit. A moment later, Ashton came out from the bathroom and landed his gaze on my legs, frowning.

I paid no heed to his frown and continued my makeup. When I was ready, he had also changed into a well-pressed suit, looking smart and dashing. I took my bag and said, "Let's have breakfast at the restaurant downstairs."

He nodded in response. Bending down to put on my shoes, I suddenly noticed that he was still frowning at me. "What's the matter?" I asked, puzzled.

He pursed his lips. "Nothing."

There were not many people by the time we arrived at the restaurant. Placing my hand at the crook of his arm, I brought him to a table by the window and sat down.

On a fine morning like this, the village against a backdrop of rolling hills and lush green forests was a pretty sight to behold.

With such a spectacular view of the natural scenery, my mood improved significantly. After ordering some food, I put my chin on my hand and continued to admire the beautiful scenery outside the window.

A few minutes later, I noticed that Ashton was looking at me. I thought that he needed my help, so I turned to him and asked, "Do you need anything else? I can take it for you."

Chapter 820

He shook his head. "You're not allowed to wear skirts anymore!"

Before I could react, he had draped his coat over my thighs to my chagrin.

I was also distinctly aware that everyone around us who was having breakfast glanced toward us more often than was necessary. Do I look indecent?

I examined my dressing again, but I didn't find anything overtly inappropriate. "Do I look strange at all?" I pleaded with Ashton.

He nodded solemnly. "Yes. You're too beautiful, that's the problem."

I was flabbergasted for a moment and burst into laughter the next. "Where did you learn to say things like that?"

He took a sip of water at length. "Just don't wear skirts this short again."

"It looks good on me," I pouted. "Why can't I wear it?"

"It's too short!" Ashton said brusquely.

Nora said that Ashton's reaction like this was a common ailment amongst men. They would try to restrict their wives' freedom to dress provocatively to the best of their ability but would enjoy looking at skimpily dressed women out in public.

"Rebecca and Rachel wear short skirts often and I think they look nice," I said deliberately. "Why can't I do the same? You can ogle at others but why can't I let others ogle at me? Ashton, you're being unreasonable."

"Do they have anything to do with one another?" Ashton fixed his beady eyes on me.

"Yes, they do," I said after some thought.

“Don’t you think that you’ve gotten fat recently?” he said critically. “Your fat thighs will be more obvious in a short skirt.”

“I actually thought that I’ve gotten skinnier!” I protested after a shocked silence.

However, I wasn’t actually sure if that was the case. “Have I really gotten fat?” I asked Ashton suspiciously.

“A little!” he replied seriously.

Sometimes, we girls can feel very insecure about our looks. It felt even more so for me because Ashton had never called me fat before until now. If it had merited a mention from him, perhaps there was some truth in it.

“Alright, I won’t wear short skirts ever again,” I promised. I’d look awful in them being as fat as he said I was.

Ashton gave a satisfied smile.

The waiter brought over the breakfast we ordered. It was mostly what I enjoyed eating, but now that my plumpness had been pointed out, I felt self-conscious and didn’t have much of an appetite. “Here you go,” I said as I pushed the plates toward Ashton.

After that, I helped myself to a glass of milk. “Why aren’t you eating?” Ashton asked with a frown.

“I need to start losing weight,” I said. “With a controlled diet, I should be able to slim down with time.”

We girls prioritize our figures and petite sizes anyway. It was well worth it to be able to fit into our favorite clothes.

Ashton wasn't pleased. "You should be full in the morning," he chastised. "How are you going to lose weight if you don't eat regularly? We can go for a walk tonight to burn off those extra calories if you like."

He pushed the pastries back in front of me. "Finish all of it."

"I really don't want to!" I protested. My appetite was virtually non-existent.

"You must!" he said sternly. "Caloric restriction is the worst way to lose weight. We can go to the gym tonight if you're serious about it."

I pouted in defiance, but ultimately relented.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure approaching us. It was Marcus.

Ashton saw him too. "Good morning, Mr. White!" he said pleasantly.

"Good morning, Mr. Fuller!" Marcus replied with a polite smile.

Marcus's gaze fell on me, and his smile was radiant. "Good morning, Letty! You're looking more beautiful today than you ever have!"

I was stunned with flattery. It's in our nature to enjoy compliments.

"Mr. Fuller, would you mind if I joined you?" It sounded like a request, but Marcus sat himself down and summoned the waiter before waiting for Ashton's approval.

Ashton pursed his lips but did not say anything.

I noticed that Ashton had a stain on the corner of his mouth, so I leaned over and wiped it off for him. It wasn't deliberate but I thought that it was inconvenient for his arm, so I took it upon myself.

He was taken aback by my gesture. "You're too old to be having food all over your face," I teased.

Perhaps my sudden action had startled him, but he seemed to enjoy it. His eyes twinkled with mischief, and he looked to be in a great mood.

However, I was suddenly aware that Marcus frowned at both of us and averted his eyes to our interaction, as though he was offended that we were acting like lovers in front of him.

It would be awkward for him to voice his displeasure, so he decided against it and had his breakfast in silence.

After breakfast, Ashton came back to the base with me under the pretense of requiring my care. The majority of his documents and meetings were converted to a video format for his convenience, rendering him to be able to work from the office entirely.

I had my own tasks to do but was occasionally called by him to pour him a glass of water or to send documents as his arm was causing him issues.

Chapter 821

In between running around after Ashton's needs and my own duties, I felt worn out pretty quickly.

As I emerged from his office after helping him dispatch documents, Leedon approached me with a bottle of water. "Looks like Mr. Fuller is here to keep an eye on his wife!"

"You've misunderstood, Leedon," I said hurriedly as I blushed. "He hurt his hand yesterday and it's inconvenient for him to do many things, that is why he's here today."

“I don’t think so,” he said with a wink. “Or he wouldn’t call you away when Mr. White started a conversation with you!”

I was taken aback for a moment and joined in the laughter as well.

Leedon was right, though. Whenever Marcus started speaking to me, Ashton would interrupt with a call and I would have to attend to him, leaving Marcus in mid-sentence.

“It’s going to be a long day of work for you,” Leedon teased.

Well, I’d say!

As we conversed, Marcus distributed a bag of fruits amongst the employees. “Scarlett,” he said as he approached me. “My assistant had brought over some fruits. Take a break and have some!”

Before I could reply, my phone rang shrilly.

Leedon failed to stifle his laughter. “Ms. Stovall, looks like you’re wanted.” He helped himself to an apple.

I sighed. True enough, it was Ashton who called.

“I want some water,” came Ashton’s low voice on the other end.

I smacked my forehead in exasperation. “Didn’t I leave a glass on your table?”

“I’ve finished it!”

“Alright, I’m coming.”

I hung up and looked at Marcus. “I’m so sorry, I have something to attend to.”

Without waiting for his reply, I turned to head to the office.

Ashton leaned back lazily in his chair with his earpiece; his meeting was still ongoing. I glimpsed at the untouched glass of water on his desk.

I was speechless with indignation. “You haven’t touched it! Why did you summon me for?”

He’s like a child.

Ashton glanced up at me. “Joseph poured me a glass after I called you,” he lied shamelessly. “He’d brought some cakes too. Why don’t you cut me a slice?”

“Why couldn’t he prepare everything for you before leaving?” I grimaced.

“He’s busy!” Ashton said and resumed his meeting.

I was speechless but complied with his request.

“Here you go,” I said, pushing a slice before him.

“You’re not having any?”

“I’m on a diet, aren’t I?” He said that I was fat earlier today, but he still allowed me to have sweet things like cakes?

“Alright, meeting adjourned,” Ashton said to the screen.

He removed his earpiece and glanced up at me. “What would you like to eat?”

Me? What?

“Ashton, I’m still at work!” I said, outraged.

“No problem, I’ll have Joseph deliver something.” He nodded, unfazed.

“I’m not hungry!” He’s such a troublemaker.

Ashton said nothing of my obstinance. He left the cake before me and typed away slowly on his computer. He wasn’t as fast as he usually was with an injured arm.

I opened my mouth but had nothing of use to say that would be helpful to him.

A knock sounded on his door. “Come in!” Ashton called.

It was Rebecca who had a lunchbox in her hand. At the sight of me, she stopped in surprise. Recovering herself within seconds, she gazed at Ashton’s arm in concern and said, “Oh, Ash, what happened to your arm? I’ve made some broth for you.”

As she spoke, she strode to the side of his desk and opened the lunchbox for him in a gentle and loving manner.

“It’s nothing, thank you for your concern,” Ashton replied politely but firmly.

Rebecca tried a different tactic. She conjured an expression of guilt and said, “It was all my fault. I shouldn’t have thrown a tantrum when you were driving. I promise you I won’t do it again.”

"It's nothing," Ashton repeated coldly.

Rebecca stood with her arms folded and watched him type an email slowly. "Ash, are you sending an email?" she said quickly. "Why don't you have some broth and I'll finish typing that for you."

She approached Ashton with the intention of pulling his keyboard toward her, but he snatched it away.

"This is a work matter," he said sternly. "It is inappropriate for outsiders to handle them. These are confidential!"

Rebecca's outstretched arm froze. She withdrew it slowly and smiled stiffly. "You're right. I shouldn't have tried to interfere. I'm sorry, Ash. I acted rashly."

"It's fine." Ashton's voice was cold.

I took the opportunity to slip away back to my own work now that Rebecca was here. Before I could do so, Ashton looked up and caught me. "Scarlett, come over here and help me type out this email!"

Chapter 822

"Oh, I'm not a fast typist," I replied, startled.

"That's fine. I'll dictate, and you type," Ashton said impatiently as he stood up for me to take his seat.

He pulled me to his chair before I could protest. "Fuller Corporation and its subsidiaries..." Ashton began his narration.

After a few paragraphs, I couldn't take it any longer. "These are your work documents, so it's not appropriate for me to be looking at inside information of the company."

"My arm is injured," he said stubbornly.

I didn't know what to say to that, so the only thing I could do was what he wanted.

Rebecca stood at the corner of the room, her exquisite face looking pale.

After a continuous couple of days of frantic activity for the Lavelian Village project, we finally had the chance to take a break.

To our surprise, Harvest Festival was almost upon us. Back in the city, I racked my brain for a way to apply for a leave from Armond for a trip back to K City.

I had been on the phone with Summer every night for the past couple of days. She told me that she missed me, and my eyes welled up with tears every time I heard that.

On a Saturday afternoon, Ashton had invited Armond for a discussion regarding the next phase of the Lavelian Village project. Since I had nothing to do, I planned to return to the villa to pack and head back.

However, Rebecca's phone call was unexpected. "Scarlett, do you have a moment?"

I had a bad feeling about it and rejected her outright. "I'm sorry, Ms. Larson. Now is not a good time. You can say what it is you need over the phone."

"It's nothing important," she laughed lightly. "It's just that I have heard you had a near-death experience in a freezer, and I would just like to offer my sympathy."

I froze. How did she know about that?

“Thank you for your concern, Ms. Larson.”

“Such a pity that you’re busy at the moment, Ms. Stovall,” said Rebecca. “I was thinking of talking to you about that incident. Perhaps another time, then.”

Ashton was supposed to investigate the matter. It had been such a hectic few days that I had completely forgotten to follow up with him. And now Rebecca called me out of the blue to discuss this. Does this have anything to do with her? Or could it be...?

“Rebecca, what exactly do you mean?” I asked impatiently.

“Oh, it’s nothing. I didn’t want Ash to tire himself out over you, so I hired someone to do a little digging on my own and I’ve found something interesting. If you’re busy today, forget about it.”

“Text me the venue,” I said and headed straight to the bedroom and grabbed a coat.

She agreed to and hung up.

The venue was a café which wasn’t hard to locate. Rebecca was already seated when I arrived and was admiring the scene outside the window with an elegant air.

She knew that I was here but did not deign to look at me at first. She narrowed her eyes and took another sip of her coffee. “It tasted its best when it was bitter. It’s not the same after adding sugar.”

I did not respond to that. I did not enjoy anything bitter whether it was food or life.

I ordered a glass of juice for myself. Rebecca remained silent the entire time. "Ms. Larson, are we here for the pleasure of my company?" I asked with impatience.

"Of course not!" she laughed.

Rebecca took a few more sips before looking at me again. Her gaze fell onto my neck and a smirk played on her lips. "Ash paid for two necklaces the other day. I was wondering who the other one was for. Apparently, it was for you!"

I touched the necklace absentmindedly. It was gifted to me by Ashton the other day over a meal.

I did not egg her on. I knew exactly what she wanted to say and was determined not to give myself a reason to be unhappy.

"Why don't you ask me how I knew about that?" she said with a wicked smile.

"I have no interest in knowing," I snapped as I took a sip of juice. It tasted too sweet to be freshly squeezed.

Rebecca shrugged as if she was unperturbed by my rudeness. "I had planned on inviting you out for crabs, but I've had so many of them over the last few days. How were the crabs that he'd brought back for you? Did they taste good?"

The glass in my hand shook at the mention of that. I looked up and found her leering at me.

So that was why he did not come home the past couple of days. He has been having dinner with her.

I did my best to control myself. "So, are you here to gloat at me or what?"

"Of course not. But I really do like crabs since I was a little girl. Ash remembered all this time. When I arrived at A City the other night, he took me straight for crabs. I do apologize for the ordeal you went through that night though. It was completely unexpected. Thank goodness you are fine."

It sounded insincere and hollow. "It has nothing to do with you," I said with an indifferent laugh. "I am thankful for the incident because it showed me just how much Ashton loves me."