

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 823-827

Chapter 823

Her smile froze on her face and slid off a moment later. "I am curious," she continued as if I had said nothing. "With what kind of a person you've managed to offend to make them want to kill you. And in such a manner too! Straight to the morgue. That's pretty cold if you know what I mean."

I shrugged. "Yes, I stay up all night thinking about it too," I replied nonchalantly. "What did you manage to uncover, Ms. Larson?"

Rebecca was visibly irritated at not being able to upset me thus far, but she obliged me nonetheless. "I did not discover much, or it could be that Ash had been looking in the wrong direction. After you were brought out of the lift, the person who brought you into the morgue was not the same person who drugged you. That person may not even be a man."

I frowned at her words. "I'm curious, Ms. Larson. Where did you get this piece of information from?"

"That doesn't matter," she said coldly. "What matters is that you shouldn't let Ash get into trouble again for you."

"What do you know?" I asked sternly.

Rebecca seemed to have lost her cool demeanor from earlier. I leaned closer. "Rebecca, if you meant what you said about doing all of this for Ashton, you owe it to him to tell me everything you know."

Her plan of making things difficult for me had gone awry and she looked sour about it.

“Scarlett, you’re pretty selfish, you know,” she reprimanded. “You’re constantly letting Ash place himself in danger for you. Don’t you love him? You’ve left him twice, and both times did you fail to find a man who’s more willing to spend his money on you than he is. At the end of the day, you go back to him. Don’t you feel ashamed?”

I was deeply offended. What the hell did she mean by not being able to find a man who wants to spend on me?

“Putting himself in danger for me?” I said, losing all pretense. “Rebecca, do you know why he chose me despite the greater compatibility he shares with you?”

I took a deep breath. “Because you are a despicable creature. How many times have you placed his life in danger? And always in a car too! Do you want to harm him because you can’t get him? And speaking of him spending his money on me: I’ve always thought that you would at least have some semblance of decency, but it appears that you are severely lacking in that department. You’re always somebody who buys what you want without ever working for it. Who is the one to pay for your branded goods? Your house and car? Isn’t it all from Ashton? You’ve used your brother’s death to guilt him into paying for all your expenses, not to mention instigating Cameron to harm her own child and nearly destroying his marriage. Don’t you think that you are taking his kindness for granted? Do you think that your brother would be ashamed of how his sister is behaving? Rebecca, if you had some dignity, you wouldn’t harass him shamelessly like you’re doing now. I feel pity for you, hence my tolerance for his generosity towards you. Don’t think that you are entitled to inherit everything with the Fuller name on it. Even if your name is Ms. Fuller, it’s high time that you start earning your own living instead of being the parasite that you are.”

At the mention of “parasite”, Rebecca slammed her fist down on the table. “Scarlett!”

She was livid. Her pretty eyes flashed viciously as if she would like to devour me. “You think I have no shame, don’t you?” she asked through gritted teeth.

I looked her in the eyes and nodded. “That’s right.”

I've never enjoyed quarreling with others, and I certainly did not feel comfortable putting them in their place. But Rebecca had gone too far today.

In retrospect, she probably regretted telling me what she knew about that night. But that didn't matter to me even if she didn't. She was a woman who wouldn't concern herself with these things. The things that she did know probably came from Joe anyway.

I figured that I'd better corroborate what she'd said with Ashton. I grabbed my purse and prepared to leave.

My tirade did not sit well with Rebecca. The shame and anger she must have felt was released at the sight of my departing back. "Scarlett, as high as you think of yourself, just know that Ashton is merely infatuated with you temporarily. Don't forget that the Moore family is aware of your dirty past and will expose you at any given time."

I laughed derisively and did not bother to wait for her to finish.

When I stepped out of the café, I breathed a long sigh of relief from having finally left the toxicity behind. Suddenly, my eye fell on a signboard not far away. It was a restaurant for hairy crabs. At the sight of that unpleasant trigger, my heart began to thump wildly again.

Ashton called me but I did not feel particularly eager to pick up. After a slight hesitation, I hung up on him. To return now would only make me feel worse.

It was at that notion that I'd decided to wander aimlessly on the crowded streets.

I had lost track of time. It was a foggy night, with thunder rumbling ominously overhead. Before I registered the fact that it had begun to rain, my clothes were already soaked.

Chapter 824

I did not even know where I was; it appeared to be a small alley.

I made up my mind to return only to realize that I couldn't locate the route from which I came. I descended into a mild panic.

I paced for a little while and was about to use the GPS on my phone when I became aware that somebody was standing behind me.

I whipped around and was frozen with shock for several moments. I recognized him; my mind whirred for a name. A foreign-sounding name. Danny!

What is he doing here?

I clutched my shirt to force myself to remain calm. "Long time no see, Danny!" I said with as natural a smile as I could muster.

Danny stared at me with his bottomless dark eyes. After a long pause, he returned the greeting.

It was a deserted part of town. I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't frightened.

Besides, I did not know his intentions of approaching me. As hard as I tried to calm myself, my hands betrayed me by trembling visibly.

"When did you return to the country? Have you had your dinner?" I probed, in response to his silent stare.

Lightning flashed across the sky as rain sprayed over us like a fine mist.

“Stay indoors, will you? Abe is in the country. The houses in Venria were burned down and our goods were exposed. He had sustained heavy losses. If he finds you, you will be in deep trouble,” Danny said, ignoring my question.

When he finished, he turned and walked away. The thin clothes on his broad shoulders were already opaque from the rain. He looked a pitiful sight.

“Danny!” I called without realizing it.

He stopped but did not turn around, as if he was waiting for me to say something.

“How have you been?” I did not know what they were doing in the country. His dark skin was at odds with the rest of the population in this city and it made him stand out but not in a good way. He looked very different from when I last saw him. He was currently disheveled.

“Good!” he answered shortly. At that, he turned and left, with no intention of staying.

I stood in the alley for a little longer while the rain worsened. Before long, the bodyguard who was tasked to tail me had appeared. He held an umbrella over my head.

“Has he been following me for a long time?” I asked.

“Yes, quite some time,” he answered.

“Does Ashton know?”

“Mr. Fuller only knows that you are being followed, but he does not know who the person is.”

I nodded without enquiring further.

The bodyguard held out a phone to me. "Mr. Fuller wants to speak to you."

"Please take me back," I ordered, ignoring the phone.

He was startled but obeyed me. I was led out of the alley and into the car.

It was dark when we arrived back at the villa. It appeared deserted but I recognized Ashton's Bentley in the yard.

He was home.

I took a deep breath before going in. I changed into my slippers in the hallway and turned on the lights.

Ashton sat grimly in the living room. It was hard to tell but he looked angry.

I glanced at him and caught his eye. Looking away casually, I went upstairs without a word.

Before I entered the bedroom, Ashton came after me and grabbed my wrist. "Why didn't you pick up the phone? Who did you meet with today?" he asked quietly.

I was tired and drenched from the rain. "I met an old friend, and my phone was off," I said blandly, without the intention of pursuing the conversation.

I shook off his grasp and headed into the bedroom to gather up my bathrobe. However, Ashton blocked me with his slender frame. "Scarlett, we've talked about this. We can't have arguments when you give me the silent treatment."

"I got caught in the rain earlier. Can we talk about this after I have a shower?"

"Go on, then," Ashton said after a pause.

Without another word, I entered and shut the door. The September rain was chilly, plus the night was colder than usual. I felt a headache coming after my shower. I was probably already falling sick.

As I exited the bathroom, Ashton stared at me like he expected us to talk about the day. I blew dry my hair and wiped my face but was feeling worse by the minute. When Ashton went in to brush his teeth, I promptly fell asleep without waiting for him.

In my drowsiness, I vaguely heard someone calling me, but I was too tired to respond.

When I awoke the following day, my cold intensified to the point where even my throat hurt. Ashton was nowhere to be seen.

I had planned to return to K City. After I got up and tidied up for a bit, I went to Murphy Corporation to meet Armond.

Nora called before I arrived there. "Scarlett, are you free? Let's have lunch!" she chattered.

"Sure, what's up? Why the sudden invitation?"

"It's Laurel. She wants to have lunch with us before everybody goes home for Harvest Festival."

Chapter 825

She was right, Harvest Festival is just around the corner.

"That's a good idea. I will be going back to K City for Harvest Festival anyway; thus, I won't have the time to meet you girls. Now is a perfect time." I suddenly recalled the encounter with Danny.

“Nora,” I said after some hesitation. “Please be careful when you leave the house. I ran into Danny yesterday. He told me that Abe is in the country. We may not be safe!”

“What?” she exclaimed in shock. “How did Abe get in here? Grandpa said that the cops from A City and Venria had joined forces to apprehend him, but he was hidden in the mountains at the border. I can’t believe that he’s here at A City!”

I was startled at this piece of news. “Are you saying that Abe can’t survive in Venria anymore?”

“Yes. I didn’t manage to tell you this before. When we returned from Epea, I told Grandpa about this. He then contacted the cops from A City and Venria to arrest him for all the crimes that he had committed over the years. I think his good fortune is coming to an end.”

Nora’s news explained Danny’s disheveled appearance. It was tough being on the run from the law.

I ended the call with Nora and entered the building of Murphy Corporation.

I knocked on Armond’s door.

“Come in!” came his voice.

I pushed open the door and found him buried in some documents, his brow furrowed in concentration. At the sound of my footsteps, he looked up. “Weren’t you going to rest for a couple of days? What are you doing back here?”

I helped myself to the seat in front of him. “The Lavelian Village project is almost completed so far,” I reported. “We’re good to go with some last-minute inspections. As Harvest Festival is almost upon us, I would like to take off for a couple of days to return to K City.”

Armond nodded. "I was thinking of heading back there too. As for the inspection, you need to be there ahead of time with the third party. Bring someone from Fuller Corporation if need be, to go over all the safety measures again. I'm worried that it'll be too late to make any changes if the authorities suddenly show up and find something not in order. It will look better on us if we ascertain that everything is in order and report it as such."

I nodded. The project's most vulnerable points are its hidden dangers. If something were to happen over the holidays, the project would be delayed yet again. It would be wise to inspect it beforehand.

"Alright, I'll notify Fuller Corporation and the third party tomorrow to visit Lavelian Village and go over everything one more time," I declared. "Oh, by the way. You're heading back to K City for Harvest Festival?"

"Of course, I'm going back," he said, turning around to glance at me. Speaking of which, you need to fulfill your promise and give me that sandalwood box when we get back to K City."

I nodded. I had promised him back in Venria that I would give him the sandalwood box as a token of my gratitude if he was able to bring us back to the country. Due to work and other personal matters, I had put this off for quite some time now.

I recalled my encounter with Danny and was hesitant on telling Armond about it. In the end, I decided against it. "You should be careful when you leave the house. There's a possibility that Abe is in A City being on the run from the law. I'm worried that he may exact vengeance on all of us."

Armond, who was toying with his pen absentmindedly, froze at my words. "How did you know that he's here in A City?" he demanded.

"You knew about it?" I said, startled.

He sat up straight to face me. "I used to be in a similar business," he said with a laugh. "Of course, I would know."

I nodded and said no more. He was a man surrounded by bodyguards. Abe wouldn't risk it.

After saying what I came for, I had no reason to extend my stay. I returned to my office and tidied up. It was supposed to be a day of rest for me today. I came to the office just to inform Armond that I intended to return to K City.

Having done that, I packed my things and prepared to return to the villa.

I had planned to spend my day out and about today, but I couldn't help feeling anxious with Abe lurking somewhere in the corners since running into Danny that day. Who knows what might happen at any given time?

I did not drive, and the lobby of the building was not ideal to hail a cab. Therefore, I had to walk a little further out to be able to get a cab.

A City was a city of extreme wealth inequality, probably caused by the high prices of property and low wages of workers. An apartment costs thirty thousand on average, and a worker brings home about three to five thousand. With the high prices of consumables, many living in the city were not able to afford an apartment, much less have any savings. They just lived one day at a time.

Despite all that, people were willing to fight for a spot here because of the four seasons and relatively fresh air.

Chapter 826

Being a scatterbrain, I had walked further than I had originally planned. Soon, the roads began to look foreign to me, so I headed back.

"You ugly devil! You look like an illegal immigrant. You stink like the trash you belong in!" A chorus of jeering voices came from an alley nearby. Curious, I inched forward for a closer look.

I caught sight of a gang of delinquents surrounding a man on the floor. They looked to be dropouts, around fifteen or sixteen years of age.

One of them held up a bucket of unknown contents. "Make way, make way. The main course is here!" he yelled excitedly.

The boys scattered as the bucket-toting boy emptied its contents onto the man on the floor. In an instant, he was drenched from head to toe.

The boys shouted with laughter.

I frowned with disapproval. The man on the ground had his head between his knees. He looked to be of a strong build, but his clothes were torn and ripped. His most striking feature was the darkness of his skin.

He looked like a harmless, homeless man to me. The kids appeared to have more plans to drench him, so I yelled out "The cops are coming!"

They were children, after all. At the sound of my voice, they bolted.

When it was silent all around again, the man on the ground slowly looked up. His gaze was cold, but he gave no indication that he had been bullied.

I froze in shock when I recognized him. Danny again! How did he end up like this?

After a brief deliberation, I walked in to the alley.

At the sound of my footsteps, he turned to look and froze in surprise at the sight of me.

“Are... are you alright?” I asked as I don’t know what else to say.

Danny looked away and squeezed the extra water out of his shirt. “I am fine!” he answered brusquely.

I took a deep breath as I felt some sorrow in my heart.

I fingered my purse and took out all of the money that I had. It wasn’t much, but I gave it all to Danny. I’d even included my phone number. “This is for you. My number’s here, if you need my help, feel free to call me.”

He did not reach out to take it, but kept his eyes fixed on me. I placed the money and my number on the ground next to him and left promptly.

It wasn’t that I was being compassionate or anything, but during my time in Venria, Danny had aided me and allowed concessions despite not doing them so openly. Without him and his kindness, I may not even have made it back here alive.

A cab took me back to the villa, where I found Ashton reading in the yard. He ignored me and remained absorbed in his book.

It was noon. I wandered to the kitchen and found lots of food in the kitchen.

I took some out and whipped up a quick meal for myself. After that, I went upstairs to the bedroom. I originally planned to do some light reading but I fell asleep due to exhaustion.

Several hours later, I woke up and realized groggily that it was already late afternoon. The remnants of my lunch had been cleared away.

There was nobody in the villa. I sat for a while in the living room and returned upstairs soon after. I’d been sleeping the entire day and I had no desire to continue.

The sky grew dark, thunder growled threateningly. Before long it had begun raining again. The gale swept the fine mist indoors and plummeted the temperature inside the villa.

Summer called to tell me what had happened in her day at school; it was the little things that bothered children. I let her speak until she tired herself out.

I hung up soon after. After a day and a half spent sleeping, I wasn't able to fall asleep in a hurry. My mind on inspecting the Lavelian Village project the following day, I texted Rachel and Marcus to inform them of the inspection tomorrow.

It was midnight when the sound of an engine came from below. I knew it was Ashton without looking. Since we have not been on the best of terms these few days, it would be better for us both if I dropped off to sleep quickly to avoid a confrontation.

The door opened and shut, followed by the flick of the switch of the bedside lamp. The tap in the bathroom came on and then off. Finally, the bed on his side sank as it bore his weight.

Suddenly, I felt my waist being hugged with Ashton's breathing in my ear. I didn't expect him to. Maybe he felt something different about me today.

"You're not asleep?" he said quietly.

I sighed as the pretense fell apart. "No," I whispered.

The bedside lamp was still on. Ashton flipped me around to face him. It's a good sign that we haven't fought yet. "Let's talk about things?" he asked.

Chapter 827

We were supposed to discuss what happened the night before!

“What would you like to talk about?” I probed carefully.

“Why didn’t you pick up my call last night? Who was the man you met in the alley?” he asked calmly.

“I’ve told you, my phone was off, and the man was an old friend!” It made not much of a difference whether he knew about Danny or not. I’ve decided that he would be better off not knowing.

Ashton narrowed his eyes in displeasure. “Scarlett, I’ve told you before. I don’t like it when you lie to me.”

I gazed at him and chuckled coldly. “Lie to you? Who’s lying to whom now? Ashton, let me ask you this. Where were you that night when I was at the morgue? Who were you with?”

He pursed his lips, clearly unhappy. “Why are you bringing this up now?”

“Why not? You’re bringing up things from yesterday! I can do it just like you.” I did not know why I was this upset. Maybe the thought of him being with Rebecca as I lay there dying made me feel awful. I had thought that he had brought back those hairy crabs for me from his business engagement. It made me feel like a fool that he was out there giggling with Rebecca while I waited for him at home.

He exhaled with dissatisfaction. “Scarlett, do we have to interact with this much hostility every time?”

“We don’t have to interact at all!” I was much happier if none of us spoke, to be honest. The silence wasn’t a big deal anyway.

I rolled over and faced my back towards him. I had so much unhappiness that I wasn’t able to express and it hurt to hold it in. To make things worse, I couldn’t drift off to sleep.

I became angrier when I felt his hand moving on my body. I flung off the quilt and sat up straight in bed. "Mr. Fuller, if you desire a woman's company, feel free to contact Ms. Larson, who I'm sure would be delighted to oblige. If you're not willing to ask her, I don't mind doing it for you!"

I snatched up my phone to dial Rebecca's number. Ashton glared at me with anger. "Scarlett, what are you saying?"

"I'm looking for someone who can satisfy you!" I retorted. "What is it?" came Rebecca's voice from the other end.

"As you wish, Ms. Larson, Ash needs you very much right now. Please could you come over to our villa? If you need to be paid for your services, I will transfer you the money." I was reckless and abandoned all restraint.

There was a moment of silence on her end as she was shocked. "Scarlett, what the hell are you doing?" she raged. "There's a limit to throwing insults, you know!"

"Is the money insufficient?" I asked mockingly. "Aren't the expenses that he's paid for you over the years enough for you to spend one night with him? Haven't you always told him that you love him? Why wouldn't you come to him now when he needs you?"

"Scarlett, you..." I did not hear what came next, because at that moment Ashton had snatched my phone from me and hurled it across the room, where it was smashed to pieces upon impact with the floor.

We stared at each other, both of us in such a rage. Even Ashton was not as adept as concealing his emotions as he usually was, and looked murderous.

"Why did you humiliate her for?" he said coldly. "You could have directed your anger towards me and told me straight to my face if you didn't want me to touch you. What did she do to you to deserve this?"

"Why? Does your heart break for her?" I asked sarcastically without any fear towards him. "Isn't what you need the most right now is for someone ladylike and gentle? What's wrong, are you resentful to me

for exposing your harbored love for her over all these years? What am I to you? A replacement of her for you to lie to and do whatever that you please?"

"Replacement? Lies?" Ashton's handsome features were contorted with hurt. "After all these years, is that what you see it as?"

"Isn't it?" I laughed derisively, feeling my vicious surge of anger wearing him down. "Do you think that I'm unaware of why you refused to let me go all those times? It's because I'm a Moore, and the goddaughter of Louis. It's because of my identity that allows you to have unobstructed access and connections all over K City and even all over the world. Ashton, you don't have to hang on to me for these benefits under the pretense of loving me. Even if we were separated, the Stovalls and the Moores won't deny you access to your privileges. If you want Rebecca, you can have her and keep your connections. You don't have to sneak around anymore. I don't mind it at all."

"You don't mind?" Ashton gave a sarcastic laugh.

He glared at me with his bloodshot eyes which radiated the power of unspeakable anger. His hands were balled into fists in an effort to contain it within his body. In the dead quiet of the night in our bedroom, the atmosphere was chilling.