

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 833-837

## Chapter 833

The lack of hesitation on my part took Ashton by surprise. "Scarlett!" he exclaimed while looking at me.

"I'm sure you have eaten your fill outside. There's no need to force yourself to finish these cold dishes." I tried to be as calm as possible, but I couldn't hide the hint of annoyance in my voice.

Ashton frowned at my reply, his anger simmering away. "Must you be so sarcastic?"

Even though his calm demeanor terrified me, I couldn't help but chuckle, "Yes, I've always been sarcastic. Is this your first time noticing it?"

No relationship was perfect, and no couples have ever not exchanged hurtful words with each other. At one point or another, many people would have thought about hurting their partner because they were just so frustrated with them. I wouldn't be surprised if Ashton had such urges racing through his mind now.

Ashton was trying to suppress his anger and not argue with me. His tone was a lot gentler when he said, "Are you angry because I wasn't home to have dinner with you?"

I smiled faintly back at him. "Not at all. It was just a meal. I was bored and thought I'd try out some recipes. Marcus hasn't been feeling well these days, so I'd like to make him something nutritious."

Even though that was true, it wasn't the complete truth. But my anger got the better of me, and I wanted to use Marcus to rile him up.

Ashton's face immediately darkened with rage as he stared at me. "Sorry for being so delusional. How could I have forgotten that there's someone you care dearly for still lying in the hospital? Speaking of which, why are you back home and not with him tonight?"

His derisive attitude infuriated me even more. "Thank you for reminding me. I should head over to the hospital now," I replied coolly. I would rather be with Marcus in the hospital than stay home and argue with Ashton. Besides, after this less than friendly interaction with him, a good night's sleep would be even more impossible.

Before I could walk away, Ashton angrily grabbed my wrist. "Scarlett, are you forgetting that you're someone's wife and mother? Running off in the middle of the night to see another man is not what a virtuous woman ought to do."

I tried to shake him off but to no avail. And in my moment of anger, I went on the offensive. "Which era are you from, Ashton? It's the twenty-first century, and you're still talking about the virtues of a mother and wife? You're the one having affairs, yet you expect me to uphold these virtues?"

Ashton scowled at me when I mentioned the affairs, clearly unhappy about it. "Scarlett, what on earth has Rebecca done to make you hate her so much?"

"Oh? Do you expect me to live in peace with her?" I laughed at the incredulity of his words. "Well, that's to be expected, I guess. Any man would want his wife and mistress to live happily together. Very well, I shall bring Ms. Larson here tomorrow. I'll even let her have the master bedroom so you can dote on her all you want."

After having said my piece, I pulled away from him and started to make my way upstairs. However, Ashton slid his arms around my waist and trapped me within his embrace.

His gaze was cold and menacing, and it sent shivers down my spine. "Have I become so worthless in your eyes? So worthless that you can push me to another woman without any care? Should I be grateful to you for wanting to give up your bedroom? Or should I praise you for being thoughtful?"

My stomach had been hurting from earlier, but now with him hugging me so tightly, the pain became even more unbearable. "Isn't that everything you wanted, Ashton? Or do you not want me to stay here and be in your way? If that's the case, I can move out."

Ashton suddenly burst out laughing. His laughter was no different than usual, but the words that followed were harsh and ridiculous.

"Is that why you've been so rude toward me since I got home? You're just looking for a reason to leave me so you can be with Marcus, aren't you? Scarlett, please tell me what I have done to make you think so lowly of me, to think I can be at your beck and call. Does our marriage not mean anything to you?"

I had been trying to remain level-headed the entire time, but the fact that he kept harping on about Marcus pushed me over the edge. "Why are you so fixated on Marcus? Are you still not sure about my relationship with him? Do you not know why he got injured?" I retorted.

"Whatever relationship I have with Marcus can never be as intimate as what you have with Rebecca. Marriage is a sacred bond to me, Ashton, but you have single-handedly ruined everything good about it. You destroyed the sanctity of our marriage over and over again because of Rebecca.

I've foolishly waited for you for three years, and I will not continue to waste my time with you. Whether you feel responsible for Rebecca or you truly long for her, it's none of my business. If she wants to be Mrs. Fuller, I'd be more than willing to let her have that title. But please do not tarnish my reputation by making me out to be a slut, pairing me with Marcus or Armond. Marcus has his family, and I'm not a home-wrecker. So don't try to make everyone sound as despicable as you."

## **Chapter 834**

Ashton's lips were quivering as he turned livid with rage. "What have you heard? What makes you think my feelings for you are worth nothing?"

"Why don't you ask your precious Rebecca?" After a brief pause, I chuckled. "You've never suspected her of anything because she's always acted so innocent in front of you. Did she tell you that she

answered your phone and told me you were in the shower? That she was showing off to me how in love the two of you were? Of course she wouldn't have told you anything. After all, she needed to maintain the perfect image you have of her."

Ashton remained silent with his lips pursed, still staring intensely at me.

I sighed and calmed myself down. "In the future, Mr. Fuller, please reflect on your actions before you lecture others. Also, pick your subjects well if you want to talk about sincerity and love. To me, that is all too laughable. But I'm sure Ms. Larson wouldn't mind."

With that said, I broke away from Ashton and decided on a whim to leave the villa for the hospital.

Layla was caught by surprise when I walked into the ward just as Marcus had fallen asleep. "Ms. Stovall, what are you doing here so late at night? You should be at home resting!" she whispered.

Despite being exhausted, I still managed to smile back in response. "It's no problem at all. How is he today?" I asked as my gaze fell on Marcus.

"Much better, even though he still can't get out of bed. By the way, Mr. White's phone has been ringing the entire day, but he wouldn't let me answer it. I'm not sure if it was his family calling to check on him," Layla said concernedly. Since I insisted on staying, she promptly left after packing up her things.

I sat beside Marcus before glancing at my phone. There weren't any messages which only added to my disappointment as I sighed in resignation.

The next day, Layla came back early in the morning only to find Marcus still sleeping. Since there wasn't anything she could do, she decided to head back out to buy breakfast.

I, on the other hand, had had a pretty awful night. The extra bed in the ward wasn't the most comfortable, and it also happened to be my time of the month. All that meant that I have barely gotten any decent sleep, and I woke up even more exhausted than I had been the night before.

Marcus had just woken up when he spotted my less than flattering dark eye circles. "Have you been staying up late again?"

I shook my head and smiled. "No, I've just been worried about you. Get well soon, and I'll be fine again."

He winced a little as he tried to sit up in bed. "You can't be moving about now. Your wounds have only just been stitched up. If you moved around too much, you might risk reopening them and getting them infected," I chastised as I held him down by the shoulders.

Thankfully he heeded my advice and lay back in bed to rest until Layla came back. She had bought soup for him since that was all he could eat after his surgery. He only managed a few spoonfuls before the pain set in again. Setting the soup aside, he turned to me. "There's hospital staff and Layla here to take care of me. You don't have to worry. Why don't you go home and have a good rest? The weather's getting colder. You'll fall sick easily if you don't rest enough."

I nodded with a smile, knowing that he was just being concerned for my well-being.

After chatting for a while more, Marcus dozed off again.

Since he had fallen asleep, I decided to make a quick trip to the villa to pack more things for the coming days. With me staying at the hospital for a few more days and with the Harvest Festival coming up, I definitely needed to be more prepared.

Ashton was nowhere in sight when I got home. Even his clothes in the closet were gone, and there was no message to say where he would be staying.

I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but I couldn't brush away the bad, nagging feeling in the back of my head.

After having packed a few sets of warmer clothes and daily necessities, I returned to the hospital.

Harvest Festival was only three or four days away, but I doubted Marcus could recover in that short period of time. Unfortunately, that meant I wouldn't be able to make it back to K City for the celebrations.

I had taken time off work, so for the next few days, I dedicated all my time to Marcus. I would either be chatting with him or accompanying him to his physical therapy sessions. All in all, it was a far easier job than having to work on the Lavelian Village project, which was now in Linda's good hands.

On the fourth day, Marcus's condition had improved enough to walk a bit more. He was in such a good mood that he even wanted to attempt peeling an apple on his own.

I knew he hadn't been able to move his arm in the past few days due to broken ribs. Now that he had regained control of it, he was understandably on cloud nine at being able to tackle an easy, menial task.

Just then, his phone started ringing again. Marcus hardly glanced at it before moving it out of sight.

He had been getting countless calls from the same number and had been ignoring them all. I felt nosy and decided to peek at it, only to see it was Camelia's number.

I looked at him quizzically. "She must be so worried about you. You should at least tell her you're fine and recovering well."

## **Chapter 835**

He stopped peeling the apple and looked up at me with pursed lips. "Is it because of her?"

His words baffled me for a moment, but I soon got back to my senses. "Marcus, are you mad? It's not because of anyone. It's just not going to work between us. Camelia is a good girl. Please don't let her down."

Marcus ignored my words as he looked down and continued peeling his apple. I knew it would be useless to go on. It was impossible to talk sense into someone who refused to be receptive to it.

That night, Summer called and sounded very excited over the phone. "Mommy! Granny said the Harvest Festival is almost here and that it's a day for the family to reunite! Are you done with work? Will you be home soon?"

I had initially wanted to tell Summer that I couldn't go back because of Marcus. But after hearing how excited she was about the festival, I couldn't bring myself to disappoint her. Now that I had promised her to be home soon, I couldn't go back on my word.

Marcus knew I felt bad about it and smiled at me. "Go be with Summer, and don't worry about me. I will be fine with Layla here."

I knew he would be in good hands with Layla, but leaving him alone during Harvest Festival didn't sit right with me.

Besides, when Harvest Festival came around, Layla would be home for her family reunion too. It would be so lonely for him to stay in the hospital.

Maybe I could let Camelia come to A City?

Once that thought flashed through my mind, I decided to put it into action. One way or another, I was going to get Camelia to come.

I decided to call Camelia while I was out buying things. It took a few tries before she finally answered.

“Scarlett, what do you want?” she snapped. “Are you calling to show off how much you’re enjoying your time with Marcus?”

“No, Camelia. I called to let you know that Marcus got injured in Lavelian Village and is currently recovering in the hospital. He wouldn’t be able to make it back to K City to celebrate the Harvest Festival with you. If it’s possible, could you come to A City to keep him company? He doesn’t show it, but I know he’s afraid of being alone. It’d be nice to have you here and help him feel closer to home.

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the call. “Scarlett, why are you helping me?” Camelia finally asked.

“Don’t overthink it. I’m only doing this because I owe him too much. I genuinely want the best for him. I want him to find someone who loves him and who can give him a sense of belonging. I can’t do any of that for him, but you can.”

Camelia was silent again as she thought about it. “I hope the words you uttered are truly what you felt.”

I hung up the call without saying much more, and my thoughts started to wander.

The call to Camelia made me realize that it had been three days since my last communication with Ashton. He had never been one to take the initiative to call or text, so his radio silence wasn’t much of a surprise either.

Marcus wasn’t happy when Camelia showed up unannounced the next day. She had clearly not wasted any time in getting to A City after my call with her. However, I could barely recognize her when I saw her, a petite girl wheeling around an enormous suitcase while carrying a baby in her arms.

The Camelia standing in front of me was a stark contrast to the Camelia I used to know. In the past, she was the most beautiful and best-dressed girl in any room. But now, she had switched out her high heels for flats and tied her once luscious curls up in a messy bun. She had even ditched her dresses for oversized clothes to make breastfeeding easier.

How did a girl who had everything going for her end up looking like this?



I was in complete disbelief as I stared on.

“Marcus, how are you now? Why didn’t you answer my calls and let us know how you were doing?” Camelia asked frantically as she hurriedly set her luggage aside. She looked relieved when she could finally take a seat and stretch her arms and shoulder.

Marcus ignored Camelia and cast a steely gaze at me. “You told her to come?”

“Yes. Harvest Festival is almost here. Don’t you want to spend it with them?”

He remained silent as he looked at the baby in Camelia’s arms. “Why don’t you head over to the hotel to rest? It’s too noisy in the hospital. Toby wouldn’t be able to sleep well here,” he said bluntly.

Camelia shook her head resolutely. “It’s no problem. Toby’s very well-behaved. He’s even more well-behaved when he’s around you!”

Marcus held his tongue as his brows furrowed even more.

## **Chapter 836**

I silently observed Camelia and couldn’t help but feel a twinge of sadness. The girl who used to be so beguiling had now become just like any other ordinary girl.

Who do I blame for her complete transformation? Time is ruthless, but so is Marcus.

Just then, Camelia's baby was awakened by the noise in the hospital and started bawling his head off. When Marcus glared at her, she hurriedly apologized and left the room with the baby to coax him back to sleep.

Marcus's actions left me befuddled. I knew he could be cold and distant, but that was reserved only for strangers and acquaintances. I never expected him to treat his family the same way.

I always thought there was a gentler side to him once one got to know him, but after what I witnessed, I started to doubt his character.

Is it Camelia? Has she done something wrong? Camelia used to lead a blessed, carefree life until Marcus bewitched her with his lies. She fell in love with him, married him, and even had a baby with him. But all she got in exchange for her love was Marcus's contempt.

"Scarlett!" Marcus shouted to get my attention when he saw me spacing out. As his gaze landed on me, I felt a shiver down my spine.

"What's wrong? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing. I'm going to check on Camelia!" I quickly replied and made my way out of the room.

Camelia couldn't find an empty chair in the crowded hospital hallway and sat on the floor instead. As her baby continued to cry, she had no choice but to breastfeed him right there and then, much to the chagrin of the onlookers.

The once beautiful girl who was admired by all had now become a mother despised by passers-by.

It pained me to see her in that plight, so I lent her my coat to give her some privacy. She looked at me with mixed emotions before finally saying, "Thank you." Such simple words, but they conveyed so much sincerity and gratitude.

“No, don’t mention it. I’ve experienced this before with Summer. Every time she cried, I could only coax her by breastfeeding her. As a first-time mother, I can sympathize with you.”

She wasn’t expecting me to respond as such and was a little taken aback by it. She sat there deep in contemplation and finally gave a bitter smile. “I used to think that my situation would get better once I had my baby. Now that he’s here, it feels like I’ve simultaneously lost and gained everything.”

She’s right. Becoming a mother is full of sacrifice, but we eventually realize that all the sacrifice is worthwhile.

“Don’t worry. You’ll see that this is all worth it.” I reassured.

She looked at me in confusion, not knowing what I meant by my words.

Not wanting to elaborate further, I changed the subject. “You came in such a hurry I don’t think you’ve packed enough for yourself. I’ll head home and pack some warm clothes for you.”

She hummed in response and stared at me for a long while before mustering up the courage to ask, “You and him, are you...”

“Friends. We’re just friends,” I replied without any hesitation. “I have my own family, so please don’t see me as your rival. All I want is the best for the both of you.”

Camelia tried to hold back tears as she bit her lips. “Thank you, Scarlett!”

“You don’t need to thank me. I owe him.”

On my way home, I couldn’t help but think about how obsessed men could be when it came to love. Just because they’ve had a change of heart, they could throw their wives aside without any care of the consequences. Men can be so heartless.

After packing more warm clothes and daily necessities from the villa, I ordered some nutritious food from a restaurant to bring back to the hospital. Camelia could definitely use some sustenance, especially since she was still breastfeeding.

Back at the hospital, I made my way back to the ward with my hands full of bags. When I got there, I was stunned to hear the heart-wrenching cries of Camelia and her baby while Marcus admonished them.

Thankfully, Marcus was staying in a private ward so their quarrel wouldn't have disturbed other patients. From the sounds of it, it didn't seem like Layla was inside with them.

"Fine! I will neither get in your way nor bother you again. I want nothing from you! I'm leaving!" Camelia cried out in pain. Upon seeing me at the door, her face contorted with rage. "Look at how things turned out! Are you happy now?" she yelled.

With that, she walked out of the room with tears still streaming down her face. The situation in the room wasn't any better. Marcus was fuming while their baby continued to cry in his stroller.

Soothing the baby was my top priority as I dropped all my things and made my way to the stroller.

After picking the baby up, I tried to coax him the way I used to do with Summer.

## **Chapter 837**

After what seemed like forever, the little boy finally stopped crying. He looked at me with big teary eyes, clueless about his surroundings.

Layla finally came back to the ward after having excused herself when Marcus and Camelia started arguing.

“Mrs. White is probably downstairs. Could you bring her baby and these things down to her? I don’t think she’s had anything to eat. Please tell her that no matter what, she has to care for herself. If not for her, then do it for her baby,” I said to Layla as I handed the baby over to her.

Layla was stunned momentarily but eventually did as instructed.

I was left alone with Marcus in the ward. I was never good at preaching to others, but at that moment, I knew I had to get some things off my chest. If I didn’t, both Marcus and I would regret it in the future.

“I met Camelia on the plane six years ago. Six years is a long time, but I still remember our first interaction very vividly. I had accidentally bumped into her, and when I apologized to her, I was blown away by how beautiful she looked. She was initially very angry but forgave me after my apology.” After a pause, I continued, “As fate would have it, we sat right next to each other on the plane. The flight was over ten hours, and we chatted up a storm during that time. It was my first time in M Country, and she was worried I might get lost, so she left me her number as an emergency contact.”

Marcus looked at me quizzically, wondering what my point was in bringing up the past.

“That day, I was on my way to meet Ashton. Bumping into Camelia was an accident, but her beauty and grace wowed me so much I still can’t forget it after so long.”

I stared at Marcus and sighed. “Do you know how I felt when I met Camelia again today? In just a span of six years, she had gone from being a dazzling beauty to an unconfident, disheveled woman. I can’t imagine the amount of pain her parents would be in if they saw her today. Why have you reduced their precious daughter to this state?”

He frowned and replied curtly, “I can only give her what I can, and I have.”

“And by that, do you mean your wealth? You think giving her money would suffice?”

His naivety was so appalling it made me laugh. “Marcus, can you tell how different I’ve become in six years?”

“You’ve become more composed.”

I nodded. “The five years I spent in R Province away from Ashton was the best time of my life. I had Summer, and I had hope. Even though I didn’t have a lot of money, life was still comfortable. After Ashton brought me back to K City, everything was good. Unlike you, he tried his best to give me everything he can, and even what he can’t.” I looked up at Marcus to make sure I still had his attention. “I left K City not because I didn’t love him or that he didn’t give enough, but because I couldn’t get over the past. That doesn’t mean we still can’t have a future. I thought life had played a cruel joke on me, but after meeting Camelia, I realized how fortunate I had been. Ashton and I have had many misunderstandings, but you and Camelia are different. You intentionally put her through all this pain and suffering and turn a blind eye to it.” I stared him down as I continued, “Marcus, you’ve married her and even had a kid with her. No matter how selfish you are, you still have to find some space in your heart for your wife and child. You know it better than anyone else that we are only friends, and that will never change. But Camelia is your wife and the mother of your child. If you don’t love and treasure her, this would all come and bite you back in the future.”

He pursed his lips, not saying a word, though I could tell he was in deep contemplation. I had said all that I wanted to say, and I only hoped it would help knock some sense into him.

I made my way downstairs and finally found Layla and Camelia in the waiting area. Camelia still looked as unkempt and haggard as before as she wolfed down the food I had bought for her.

She felt someone staring at her and looked up in surprise, only to lock eyes with me. After wiping her mouth with her sleeve, she greeted me with an embarrassed smile.

I smiled back at her with a nod, trying to fight the overwhelming array of emotions I felt toward her.

I stood beside her and waited for her to finish eating her food. The baby in Layla’s arms was still blissfully unaware of the storm that had just passed as he looked at us with his big doe eyes.