

## When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 88

The moment he spoke, he seemed to have remembered something as he nodded and snapped his fingers, "Oh, I nearly forgot! He should be in Rebecca's ward now caring for his beloved woman instead. I doubt he has time to pay any attention to you!"

Having said that, he leaned closer, his tobacco-filled breath made me even more disgruntled and I spat, "Hey, John. If I die, will I be finally liberated?"

His face turned grim, "You can try."

How could I? It was not the right time yet. But even if it were, I guess it would not be a bad thing if I could drag a devil with me to my death.

Just then, the yard was lit by the headlight of another car. Turning my head, I saw Ashton's jeep driving up.

I glanced at my watch. It was twelve midnight. I was slightly surprised that he had actually come back.

John's car was easily spotted by Ashton upon the latter's return. However, he did not get down immediately. Instead, he stayed in his car, lit up a cigarette, and started puffing away while observing us with a deathly glare.

John, being the despicable opportunist that he was, leaned closer to me and sniggered the moment he saw Ashton. "I wonder what will Ashton's reaction be if he witnessed me kissing you?"

"You sick b\*\*tard!" I screamed and tried to move away from him, but alas, there was not enough space in the car.

Lunging his body forward, he managed to plant a kiss on my lips before moving back. Licking his lips in satisfaction, he deliberately stared back at Ashton with a taunting look on his face.

"John, are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am!" John nodded just as Ashton got out of his car.

I stared at him fiercely and demanded, "Open the door now!"

He totally ignored my demand. He was busy tracking Ashton who just got out of his car. When he saw that the latter went straight back to the villa. He turned to look at me before laughing, "Letty, he doesn't love you at all. He doesn't even care if others touch you!"

John had indeed learned the essence of tormenting his prey as his words struck a nerve deep within me. I retorted, "So what? It has nothing to do with you. Just let me go..."

Smash! A loud noise reverberated throughout the whole car. It was immediately followed by the sound of a car window cracking.

Lifting my gaze, I was shocked to see Ashton standing beside the car. His eyes were full of cold malice. Great, here comes another devil.

From afar, they all looked like well-dressed well-mannered gentlemen. But upon closer inspection, everyone's souls were rotten to the core.

John's a rotten guy. I was no better. And even Ashton could be despicable at times.

Concealed behind his cold sophistication and high nobility laid a feral, bloodthirsty soul.

And that untamed side of him was unleashed that night. Ashton was holding a sledgehammer in his hand which was left by the stone smith who repaired the yard rockery a few days ago. Against a hammer, a car's window could never withstand its smash.

John stared icily at the shattered window glass. He simply watched as Ashton stretched his hand in and opened the car door.

As soon as the door was opened, I got out of the car silently before glancing at the two evenly-matched men that were locked in a stare down contest.

John broke off the stare first as he blinked. Even though he was sitting on his car seat, the imposing aura he was exuding was not any less than Ashton's who was standing towering over him. "How about a showdown?"

Since the beginning of time, men had always resolved problems using their fists. Physical altercation seemed to be the preferred way to solve any disagreements for the masculine species. Perhaps they found joy in beating the daylight out of one another or maybe it was the only way they could think of to vent their emotions.

Ashton's dark eyes glinted as he smirked, "Sure!"

The commotion was enough to wake up Mrs. Eriksen who was living in the outer courtyard. She turned on the lights to the yard and rushed out.

Her gaze landed on me and Ashton before it fell upon John. Seeing an unfamiliar man in the yard, she was stunned for a while before she worriedly offered, "Mr. Ashton, shall I call the police?"

Ashton took off his black, custom-tailored suit. His eyes were glinting dangerously as he commanded, "No need. Go into the house and get my wife a chair so she can sit and spectate."

What...

Mrs. Eriksen nodded and hurried in.

I knitted my brows. Feeling upset, I looked at Ashton and said, "I'm not going to stay here and spectate anything. It's not good for our child. Just be careful and try not to hurt yourself. I'll wait for you at home."

My words seemed to liven him up. Ashton's dark expression seemed to lighten up. He smirked confidently as he gazed at me, "Got it, go back and wait for me then."

"F\*\*k!" For some reason, John got even more agitated by the whole scene as he let loose his fists toward Ashton.

The two men started fighting without so much as a warning.

I did not even stop to look back. Instead, I walked on and blocked the sound of fists hitting against flesh from reaching my ears.

Back in the living room, Mrs. Eriksen asked me with a very concerned expression, "What is going on?"

"It's okay. It's no big deal," I said as I shook my head. Since I had barely eaten anything at the party, I was feeling quite famished. Looking at Mrs. Eriksen, I diverted the topic by asking, "Is there still food at home?"

"Yes... Of course," she affirmed before rushing toward the kitchen to bring out a plate of scrambled egg and a pot of chicken stew.

Seeing the food before me, I could not help but feel a little surprised, "Mrs. Eriksen, you do know it's midnight now, right? These dishes... How did you even..."

The fact that these dishes were still piping hot made it even more astounding.

She grinned and revealed, "Mr. Ashton called a while ago, saying that you didn't manage to eat much at the party and that you'd be hungry upon reaching home."

Upon hearing that, I was pleasantly surprised and was at a loss for words.

But... Is he concerned for his child or me?

Just as I was lost in my own thoughts, muffled grunts and yelps could be heard coming from outside. While serving me a meal, Mrs. Eriksen asked worriedly, "Why don't we just call the police?"

Shaking my head, I concentrated on chewing my food slowly and muttered, "There's no need."

Since both of them were evenly matched, I was very confident that none of them would die.

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Half an hour later, there seemed to be no more movement outside. The sound of a car starting could be heard, and Ashton stumbled in after a few minutes.

Having eaten my fill, I was feeling a little bloated. I also could not shake the feeling that my belly had been growing a lot bigger lately. I decided that I would drop by the hospital tomorrow for a regular check-up.

Mrs. Eriksen, who had been cleaning the kitchen while paying attention to the commotion outside, yelped when Ashton stepped into the house. "Oh my! Look at the state that you're in!" She then rushed over to check on him.

Meanwhile, I was resting on the sofa after my meal. I looked up to see that Ashton's handsome face was now swollen with a streak of bloodstain at the corner of his mouth. Despite the sorry state that he was in, he still stood tall and proud, exuding a certain triumphant aura.

While Mrs. Eriksen was busy looking for a first-aid kit, I took a glance at him before turning to inform the older lady, "It's getting late. I'm going to rest first."

She gawked at my nonchalance, unable to say anything.

Avoiding Ashton's intense gaze, I went upstairs.

I knew that I was being cruel by acting in such a cold-hearted way, but such was the fact of life, the more I took the initiative to care, the more I would be taken for granted. Just like I had things that I had hidden from him; he too, had many secrets that he had kept from me.

When I came out of the bathroom, Ashton was standing on the balcony, smoking. His tall and slender figure looked forlorn and cold.

Averting my gaze, I sat in front of my dressing table for my nightly skincare routine.

After a long while, and countless cigarettes later, he came in from the balcony and glanced at me before stepping into the bathroom.

Since it was already very late, I quickly dried my hair and went to bed, drifting into slumber almost immediately.

I guess we're having a cold war again, huh.

The summer night of J City was a little too quiet, making the cacophony of insects and animals in the yard of our villa sounded unusually loud. As the dazzling moonlight shone through the windows, the atmosphere in our bedroom was uneasily silent.

Feeling some discomfort, I tossed and turned as I tried to find the right position. Just then, a pair of large hands held me down.

I was jolted awake, only to find that Ashton was trying to have his way with me.

Squinting at him, I muttered, "If I don't even bother to respond to you when I'm awake. What makes you think that I will when I'm in deep sleep?"

I could feel him stiffened as he looked at me sulkily, "Are you taking your revenge on me?"

I closed my eyes, still feeling sleepy. "Not in a mood to talk."

"Hmph!" he sneered, before saying, "Seems like I have to try harder then."

I frowned. Indeed, behind that good look and well-dressed appearance, he is nothing but a despicable scum.

Biting my lips, I endured his forceful thrust in silence.

"Didn't you say that you won't respond to me?" Thinking that I was beginning to respond to him, he sneered, "I guess what you said earlier was just an excuse, huh?"

I remained silent and let him have his way with me.

After a long time, he was finally done. He turned on the light on the bedside table and was prepared to carry me into the bathroom as usual.

When he turned to look at me, he saw something that made him recoiled in horror. The hand that was originally on my lower abdomen tightened suddenly.

He fixed his gaze at me and muttered in a hoarse voice, "Why didn't you yell?" Panic was written all over his usually stoic face.

I kept my silence still. I was starting to feel a little dizzy, the pain in my lower abdomen and the blood that was flowing out of me continuously were all indications that the child inside me might be gone.

Strangely enough, the pain that I was feeling was not on any part of my body, but rather in my heart.

It was the kind of gripping pain that stemmed from being tightly crushed by something. The kind of pain that cut your breath off.

Bam! Ashton lost his balance when he was getting down from the bed and bumped into the chaise lounge beside.

I did not say anything as I watched on indifferently.

Grabbing his phone, his fingers were trembling as they slid across the phone screen. It took him a long time before he was able to call somebody.

The moment the call got through, Ashton spoke with an urgency not heard before, "She is bleeding a lot! It's really serious! I need an ambulance now!"

Hanging up on the phone immediately after, he stumbled into the bathroom and emerged with a towel in his hands.

Rushing to my bedside, he bent down and tried to wipe the blood away and to stop the bleeding but to no avail. The blood just kept on flowing.

I looked at him in a strangely calm way despite all that was happening to my body. My vision seemingly started to swim and drift further and further away.

My eyes were drinking in the panic, helplessness, and horror that was plastered on his face. Even during this dire situation, I felt nothing but a tinge of amusement. After all, he had brought this upon himself.

All the while, he did not look at me. When he realized that he could not stop the bleeding, he went to my closet, found a set of clothes, and put them on me.

Carrying me up from the bed, I could feel his trembling hands. He was obviously very concerned and disturbed.

Just then, the sound of police sirens came from the direction of the yard, indicating that the ambulance had arrived.

Sure enough, a moment later, a group of people carrying a stretcher burst into the villa. Ashton tucked me in and gave me a look filled with complicated feelings.

Unwilling to look at him again, I closed my eyes.

My mind was clear the whole journey from the villa to the hospital, and lastly to the operating room.

In fact, I was unfeeling throughout the whole process.

I knew from the bottom of my heart that whether or not this child could be saved had no bearing on the schism between Ashton and me. The crack in our relationship had long since progressed into an irreparable rift dividing the two of us.

“If you feel sleepy, just close your eyes and take a good rest. We’ll try our best to save the child. Don’t worry!” the doctor at the operating table reassured me.

I nodded and closed my eyes.

However, even after two hours, I was still awake and alert. The moment I was pushed out of the operating room, I saw Ashton standing by the door.

When he saw the doctor, he asked with a pale face, “Is everything okay?”

The doctor nodded reassuringly, “It’s a good thing that she was sent here in time. Both she and the child are fine. Still, Mr. Fuller, you need to restrain yourself in the future. Since Mrs. Fuller had polycystic ovary syndrome, the chance of conceiving a child is very small. Therefore, do keep in mind that the baby growing within her belly is hard-won. Please be careful and take good care of them.”

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Ashton nodded. Even though only a few hours had passed, he looked like he had aged a lot.

Feeling exhausted after being sent to the hospital, I fell asleep soon.

The next morning, I was awakened by a commotion. I saw the nurse changing my IV drip when I opened my eyes. Massaging my temples, I asked, “Who’s arguing outside?”

Pausing mid-action, the nurse replied, “It’s Mr. Ashton and Ms. Larson. She wants to visit you, but he refuses to let her enter. Hence, she’s crying outside now.”

Crying?

I remained silent, thinking that Rebecca’s tears were probably fake.

Seeing that the nurse was about to leave, I asked, “When you go out, can you tell them to come in?”

She nodded, gathered the bottles of medicine and left.

Soon later, Ashton and Rebecca entered. Her forehead was bandaged, probably due to an injury from last night.

Her pretty eyes were bloodshot, which made her look extremely pitiful.

She entered the ward along with Ashton. Shooting a glance at me, she feigned concern and asked, "Are you alright, Scarlett?"

I laughed. "I'm sorry that I'm still alive. I guess your wish hasn't been fulfilled."

"Scarlett, do you need to sound so sarcastic?" Ashton's expression looked quite unpleasant and frazzled.

I chuckled. With a voice devoid of any emotions, I said, "I won't dare. You're very impressive, Mr. Fuller. You almost killed me in a single night. I'd rather stay far away from you."

Due to the solemn atmosphere, he was unwilling to talk much with me. Instead, he dragged Rebecca out of the hospital.

Lying on the hospital bed, I felt a wave of dejection and a sense of defeat engulf me. There was always a certain point where one would lose all hope in life.

A lot of things happened for the next few days—the shocking news Nick published, Rebecca rejoining the family, and John coming back to J City to develop his career. However, I paid attention to none of them.

After a week's stay in the hospital, I was already three months pregnant. My pregnancy was also starting to become slightly noticeable due to the small bump in my stomach.

Sometimes, I would fall into a daze while stroking my stomach or staring at the ceiling.

Ashton would come to the hospital almost every day and occasionally talk to me. However, we ended up quarreling each time.

This happened a few times. In the end, he stopped coming to the hospital so frequently. However, as he had paid a lot of money, the doctors and nurses still took good care of me.

I did not question him why he did not visit either. Mrs. Eriksen still visited me every day, bringing over different soups she had made for me.

Sometimes when I daydream, I would feel even more reluctant to have this baby—perhaps due to my mental state.



As long as I did not have this child, I could leave Ashton completely and lead my own carefree life.

The more I thought of it, the urge to abort my child increased.

I knew that this was because of my poor mental state, but I could not help but keep thinking about it.

During the weekends, the bluebell trees along the main streets of J City bloomed. The lavender flowers lining the streets imbued this initially mundane city with a sense of vitality.

A few days later, I was discharged from the hospital. Ashton drove very slowly as if he was deliberately allowing me to admire the beautiful scenery along the streets.

I turned my head and stared at the scenery that whizzed by, but my gaze became unfocused.

“Ashton, I’ve lost my true self for too long.” Ever since I first met Ashton, I was no longer myself.

Instead, I was selfish, stubborn, and cold. Why did I turn out like this?

Frowning, a solemn look appeared on his handsome face. “Your stomach is getting bigger. Just leave the HiTech case aside for a while. Let’s take some time off and travel.”

I knew that he wanted me to destress, but I did not feel like going anywhere.

Shaking my head, I stroked my stomach. “The Fuller Corporation’s audit is probably ending soon. I won’t be giving birth anytime soon anyway, so let’s settle the HiTech case first.”

He fell silent for a while before nodding. “Okay. If there’s anything wrong, come look for me.”

I remained silent after that. Glancing at the couples hugging each other on the streets, I recalled the past twenty years of my life. I did not seem to have dated someone properly.

I had never experienced the blissful feeling of love, nor how to love someone or be loved.

A quarter of my life had passed, yet I seemed to be constantly clueless.

At that thought, I could not help but cast my gaze downward and let out a self-mocking chuckle. Was my life destined to remain so bitter forever?

“What are you laughing about?” When Ashton noticed my action, he suddenly asked solemnly.

I shook my head and replied nonchalantly, “I suddenly thought of something amusing.”

“What?” Although he wanted to know, I was in no mood to answer.

Silence filled the car again.

After a short while, we arrived at the villa. When I stepped out of the car, Mrs. Eriksen rushed over and asked, “Are you feeling better? I made some oatmeal for you. Would you like to have some?”

Smiling faintly, I shook my head. “Mrs. Eriksen, you just brought me chicken soup this morning. I’m too full for anything else.”

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She smiled and relented. “Okay, then. You can eat when you’re hungry later. Mr. Ashton had a swing built in the courtyard and planted a lot of flowers. Would you like to take a look?”

I knew that she wanted me to relax and get into a better mood. Hence, I squeezed her arm and smiled. “I’m fine, Mrs. Eriksen. I’ll go back to my bedroom to rest. You should take a break too.”

After entering my bedroom, I took out all the clothes in my closet and tossed them onto the bed. Then, I folded them and placed them into a suitcase.

When Ashton came in and saw what I was doing, a frosty look crept into his eyes. “Why are you packing up?”

With my head lowered, I continued folding my clothes and said, “I’m going to stay in Glenwood Apartments for a while.”

He grabbed my hand and stared at me, his fury evident. “Scarlett, what are you doing?”

My heart ached. In the past, I would have heartbreakingly thrown the question back at him. I did not do anything, but why was I the one hurt in the end?

That day, I merely gazed at him calmly. “Ashton, I’m not trying to do anything. I just don’t want that night to happen again.”

After a short pause, I flung his hand away and continued packing my clothes. "We must not commit the same mistake over and over again. Both of us know very well that arguing won't solve the problem. I know that you don't love me too. I'll try to forget the past."

"What do you mean forget the past?" He scoffed, "Scarlett, what do you want to forget? Me?"

Not knowing why he was so agitated, I sighed and said, "Stop being so hung up on it. I'll give birth to and raise my baby well. I won't intervene between you and Rebecca."

"Scarlett!" He grabbed my hands again. His expression was cold, emanating a hostile aura. "How many times do I have to tell you that there's nothing between Rebecca and me? Are you leaving so urgently because you've already thought of a backup plan?"

I frowned, not wanting to argue with him. "Ashton, do you think that you didn't do anything wrong at all?"

His face fell. "Do you want me to admit that I'm wrong?"

I was at a loss for words. As he refused to let me pack my clothes, I stood up and walked out of the bedroom without bringing anything along.

Suddenly, he hugged me from behind and slammed the door shut. With a solemn expression, he warned, "I won't stop you from staying wherever you want. However, you can only do that after you give birth to your child. Before that, you must stay here."

"Hah!" I felt an urge to burst into laughter. "Ashton, are you concerned about my child or your reputation? If you truly care about your child, why would I have several near-miscarriage experiences because of you? Aren't you being ridiculous here!"

Looking at his conflicted expression, my smile widened. "What are you planning to do by forcing me to stay here? Do you want me to look at this painfully familiar house every day? Do you want me to be depressed, thinking about how you're going to ruin me?"

A grim look crept into his eyes as if my words had managed to hurt him. He moved closer to me and asked coldly, "Am I such a despicable man to you?"

I scoffed, "Are you not?"

Ashton's expression became extremely unpleasant. "Scarlett, so this is the extent of your love."

I no longer wanted to speak. It did not matter how much I loved him anymore. Gazing at him calmly, I replied, "I will make my love disappear slowly. Don't worry, I won't cause any trouble to you."

“Hah!” spat Ashton as he left the bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

After a few close encounters with death, I was able to keep my calm better. While I packed my clothes, Mrs. Eriksen rushed in. She grabbed my hand and persuaded, “Letty, you mustn’t leave! Although Mr. Ashton has a bad temper, you can see his sincerity. Youngsters like you must not make rash decisions. Otherwise, you might regret it in the future.”

Looking at Mrs. Eriksen, who was adamant about blocking my path, I felt a bit exasperated. “Mrs. Eriksen, I just don’t want to stay here. I’m not going somewhere far away.”

She shook her head and grasped my arm firmly. Seeing how resolved I was, she suddenly burst into tears.

I held onto my forehead, feeling helpless of what to do.

After some persuasion, I had no choice but to relent and stay behind. However, instead of staying in the master bedroom, I moved to a room on the top floor which was beside a rooftop garden.

By then, I was already three months pregnant and my stomach was starting to protrude. As I could not roam around much, I spent my days traveling between the office and the villa.

Luckily, there was not a lot of work to be done at HiTech. I just needed to go to the office to check the market reports and statistics every day.

I heard that Ashton had gone on a business trip, but I did not pay much attention to that. Although we stayed in the same house, our feelings for each other were not mutual. It did not matter to me where he went.

On a Friday evening, Macy called me and asked me out to shop. As my child would be born after a few months, I needed to buy some baby products.

Hence, I agreed. At that moment, Stacey placed a stack of documents on my desk and said, “Ms. Stovall, the audit for Fuller Corporation is almost completed. We can finish it after a few days. This is the report for Harrison Credit’s audit, which you can take a look at it. I’ll get the one for AC Credit tomorrow.”

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Glancing at the pile of documents on the desk, I nodded. As I had previously asked her to pay attention to OrbitTech, I asked, “Let me see the market report for HiTech. The feedback for the products seems quite good. Are there any updates regarding OrbitTech?”

She replied, "Yes. OrbitTech and HiTech have released a product in the AI education category at the same time. As their target consumer group is students, their publicity efforts are mainly concentrated in schools. The product is quite good, but the price and cost are quite high. Hence, only a selected group of people can afford it."

I nodded. "Okay. Continue keeping an eye on them. If necessary, you can arrange for a meeting between the president of OrbitTech and myself."

As OrbitTech was focused on technology research and development, its marketing and management efforts were not exceptional. If Fuller Corporation could acquire a technology powerhouse like OrbitTech, it could have a breakthrough for its future developments in the technology field.

Stacey nodded. "Understood. However, the manager of OrbitTech's marketing department seems to be in close contact with a technology company in A City."

"I see." As a technology company, it probably wanted to find investors to expand its business. Not concerned about it, I raised my head and looked at Stacey. "Are you dating?"

She was stunned for a while before smiling shyly. "Yeah, we're going to get married soon." As she spoke, she subconsciously touched the wedding ring on her finger.

I smiled. "Does he work in the same industry as us? Why don't we have a meal together?"

Looking like a woman happily in love, she chuckled and said, "He's quite busy recently, so he doesn't have much time to spare. Why don't we wait till this busy period passes? If you don't mind, I'd like you to be our president."

"You've already decided to marry?" I was a bit shocked. From my recent observations, she had only dated for one or two months.

Blushing, she nodded and explained, "We were classmates. We've known each other for a long time, but we've only started dating recently. Our families have been urging us, so we decided to get married."

I laughed and did not say anything else. After Stacey placed the documents down and left, I received a call from Jared.

I picked up the call and greeted, "Hello, Dr. Crest!"

"Are you free, Scarlett?" He sounded like he wanted to talk to me about something.

Stunned momentarily, I replied, "I'm meeting Macy tonight. What's the matter?"

He fell silent for a while before saying, "It's nothing. Ashton called me to check up on your body."

I subconsciously frowned and replied, "I'm fine. You don't have to worry."

"Did you guys get into a fight?"

"No!"

Our disagreements could not be counted as full-fledged arguments. We simply did not see eye to eye because we were both on different wavelengths.

After a slight pause, he continued, "That's good, then. There's a box on my office's desk which contains some supplement pills. You can come and retrieve it whenever you're free. Remember to take it regularly."

"Alright. Thank you!"

"You're welcome."

After chatting for a while, I hung up the call and glanced at the clock. The workday had already ended.

I was going to meet Macy at the shopping mall, so I tidied my desk and headed directly to the car park. After what happened the previous time, I rarely parked my car in the underground car park.

Instead, I parked it in the open car park on the ground floor. Underground car parks were often dark and shady. Although an open car park would expose my car to the sun, it was still safer.

After getting into the car, I reversed the car out of the parking lot. I was about to leave when I suddenly spotted someone familiar. A slightly chubby middle-aged man was sitting in a black Cayenne beside Joe's red sports car. Somehow, his figure looked familiar to me.

Although I didn't manage to see the face of my kidnapper clearly, I could remember his figure well. I could not help but stop my car and scrutinize the middle-aged man sitting in the Cayenne.

However, the man drove away quickly.

As I did not get a good look at the kidnapper, and there were a lot of chubby middle-aged men around, it was difficult for me to identify him amongst so many people.

After hesitating for a while, I still drove toward the shopping mall where I was supposed to meet Macy.

By the time I arrived, Macy had already been waiting for me for a long time. When she saw me, she pouted and lamented, “Scarlett, you’re late for half an hour.”

Passing a cup of milk tea to her, I explained, “I’m not late on purpose. There’s a traffic jam along the way. As an apology, here’s a cup of milk tea I bought for you.”

She took it from my hands and replied proudly, “Since you’re so sincere, I’ll let you off the hook.”

The shopping mall in the city center of J City was humongous. Perhaps it had been quite some time since Macy last came out, she was extremely excited. In fact, she deliberately skipped breakfast in the morning just to prepare herself for the sumptuous seafood buffet here.

I chuckled, recalling the times in college when we did not have a lot of money. In order to eat good food, we would save up for a long time before splurging on a buffet together.

Memories were the souvenirs of time.

Come to think of it, those were the happiest days of my life. Although I was poor, I did not love anyone—life was carefree and burdenless.

After dinner, Macy dragged me into a baby shop. She walked around and picked some items which I would need once my baby is born.