

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1438-1442

Chapter 1438

However, there wasn't talk of any romantic liaisons between Marcus and "Scarlett". I supposed it was because "Scarlett" was married to Ashton.

From an onlooker's perspective, I thought there was something more to the situation.

I clicked on one of the articles. In it, I saw a photo of the late "Scarlett".

The similarities in our appearance were uncanny. We looked almost identical other than her healthier glow and stronger-looking physique.

Absorbed in my sleuthing, I didn't notice that Marcus' meeting had ended. He entered the office and commented, "What are you looking at? You look like you're in a trance."

He stopped right in front of me, lowering his gaze to the phone in my hand. When he saw the contents of my browser, he laughed carelessly. He walked to his desk and asked, "Did you think you were the same person?"

His words unraveled my suspicions.

I left my seat and took a chair opposite him. "Don't you think we look very alike?" I enlarged the image before passing him my phone.

Six years could change a person's appearance, but there were embedded characteristics that time could never remove.

Marcus crossed his legs on his office chair. He appraised my face seriously for a few seconds before he said, "Yes."

If he had made up flamboyant excuses, I could have argued with him over the topic. His straightforward reply baffled me.

He's confirming and denying my suspicions at the same time.

He was basically implying that while I was the spitting image of "Scarlett", that was where our similarities ended. That's why his tone is so nonchalant

I collected myself as I stared into his eyes. I recalled that Marcus had never mentioned his past to me.

Since he's so close to "Scarlett", why is he engaged to a woman who looks exactly like her?

"Come on, I'm getting off work. Let's go out for dinner."

Before I could make sense of the questions in my head, Marcus stood up and began herding me to the door.

I picked up my phone and followed his lead obediently.

I was struck with a thought. When I'm with Marcus, I accept all of his decisions unquestioningly. If he wants to change the topic of our conversation, I always let him.

As Marcus began to drive, a black vehicle suddenly shot out from nowhere, blocking his path. Marcus barely stopped his car in time.

Marcus honked at the vehicle several times instead of confronting the reckless driver.

A couple of minutes later, it seemed like the driver wasn't going to apologize or move his car. Resigned, Marcus unbuckled his seat belt and approached the car.

Just as he knocked on the driver's window, the car zoomed off.

Marcus was a good-natured person, though even he couldn't help but frown at the driver's rude and puzzling behavior. He didn't want to waste time pursuing the driver whose car had already disappeared around the corner, so he merely came back into his car.

I didn't ask him about the incident since there were a lot of things on my mind. Very quickly, I tossed the incident to the back of my mind.

As we got seated at the restaurant, I received WhatsApp messages from Emery. She had sent me a bunch of photos. They were all taken in the past from when she used to hang out with "Scarlett".

"Scarlett" was holding two young kids in some of the photos. Her joy was evident; I could tell she had a loving family.

"Are you still thinking about the question earlier?" Marcus threw out the question cautiously while he tried to catch a glimpse of my phone screen.

I passed him my phone. "Emery said that these might help me to regain my memories."

Marcus flipped through the photos for a moment before pausing on one where "Scarlett" was making funny faces at her kids. His gaze softened. "It looks like 'Scarlett' had a happy life with her kids before her death."

"I guess so." I smiled lightly. "I don't think there are any mothers who wouldn't be this happy to play with their kids."

Another thought crossed my mind as I asked Marcus urgently, "What about us? Did we ever have kids?"

Stunned, Marcus pushed the phone across the table to me. "No. I brought up the idea, but you rejected it. Maybe you didn't like kids."

Chapter 1439

I didn't like kids?

I thought I liked Gregory plenty.

Kids are the best! They're all a bunch of chubby little things that are just bursting with innocence. Just looking at them makes me feel better.

Did my feelings towards children really change after I almost died?

I looked at the photo of "Scarlett" and her kids. I replied absent-mindedly, "I guess so."

I thought that might be one of the reasons Marcus and I were separated for such a long time in the past.

I felt a rush of guilt. If I had thought things through, I never would have allowed myself to reach this age without having any kids.

I felt unsettled as if every fiber of my being was fighting against some unwelcome virus in my body. Despite all this, I felt sorry for Marcus as well.

I didn't want to live in this void any longer. I turned to face Marcus. "I want to see a psychiatrist."

Marcus was taken aback at my request. He set down the silverware in his hand before looking at me. He explained seriously, "I did look into psychotherapy, and I talked to some doctors. Psychotherapy is more suited to patients who have difficulty overcoming emotional hurdles. Since your memory loss was caused by an accident, it might not be too effective for you."

Just then, the waiter arrived to serve our orders. After he left, Marcus continued, "Why did you suddenly think of seeing a psychiatrist? Did something happen? You shouldn't stress yourself out over this."

I thought for a moment before lowering my head in despair. "I just want to recover my old memories. I don't want to live in the shadows of a stranger."

At my words, Marcus fell into a contemplative silence. He said, "Since you've made up your mind, I'll support your decision. We can contact a psychiatrist when we get home later. I'm still going to give you the same advice. Don't hold out too much hope for this. There's plenty of time for you to recover."

"Ok." I looked at him hopefully. No matter how small the opportunity, I had to try to regain every inch of my past.

"Let's eat," Marcus coaxed, a smile on his face.

It was already dark by the time we finished dinner. There was a drizzle outside.

The start of autumn brought plenty of rain to K City, which was somewhat frustrating.

My hair was wet as we walked to the car. Marcus focused on driving slowly in this weather. From time to time, he'd bring up a random topic.

We drove past an intersection as we left the city. Marcus stepped on the brakes, but the car continued moving no matter how hard he pressed on them. In fact, the car seemed to be speeding up.

Marcus tried to pull the handbrake, but we were moving at such a high speed that the brake wouldn't catch. The car shot past a red light like an arrow released from a tightly-strung bow.

Marcus' expression darkened. He kept honking to signal the nearby vehicles and pedestrians as he shouted, "Letty, the brakes are shot. I'll try to control the car, but you need to get off now! Or it'll be too late!"

I had already realized that something was wrong. More than ten vehicles were caught in a mess in the intersection we had zoomed past. The cars coming from the opposite direction were swerving away from us once they discovered how fast we were traveling.

I held on tightly to my seatbelt despite my nerves. “No, I can’t leave you alone!”

Marcus seemed infuriated instead of touched at my words. “I’m ordering you to save yourself! I used my life to save you once, and I can’t put you in danger again!”

I didn’t have time to unpack the meaning behind his words. I gritted my teeth before unlocking the passenger door. I leaped towards a grassy patch on the side of the road.

The soft patch cushioned my fall. I only sustained minor injuries.

I quickly ran after Marcus’ car. Suddenly, I heard a loud crash. His car had rammed into a rail guard and was now flipped on its side.

I sped toward the vehicle and located the driver’s door. On all fours, I peered through the window to assess Marcus’ injuries. “Marcus, are you ok?”

Chapter 1440

Blood was streaming down Marcus’ face, his gaze unfocused. He opened his mouth to say something, but no words came out. He blinked as if he recognized me, and then he fainted.

I pulled out my phone and called the ambulance. “911? Someone’s been involved in an accident. Here’s the address.”

Luckily, we weren't too far from the city. An ambulance arrived within ten minutes.

I paced outside the operating theater after Marcus had been wheeled in.

Two hours later, the light above the operating theater switched off. The surgeon pushed open the door.

I ran to him in a hurry. "Doctor, is he ok?"

"The airbag protected him. He only suffered external injuries. We've sewed him up, but he needs to remain in the hospital for observation."

Relieved, I thanked the doctor.

Marcus was wheeled out by the nurse shortly after. He looked half-asleep as the anesthetic hadn't worn off.

I approached the gurney and called to him softly. "Marcus?"

I could see his eyes moving beneath his eyelids, though he didn't reply.

I only thought of contacting his friends and family after he was sent to the ward.

What little information I could find online stated that he was an only child. His parents were long dead as well. I knew nothing about him beyond this. I didn't know his relatives or even a single one of his friends.

He seemed just like me, another lonely individual.

I empathized with him in that moment.

The next day, Marcus was finally awake.

I prepared some chicken soup for him.

He sat against the bed as I fed him. He teased, "You look just like one of those model wives."

I rolled my eyes. "Please, this is nothing compared to you asking me to save myself yesterday."

Any delay would've greatly increased the speed of the vehicle, causing more damage to the driver upon impact. Yet Marcus didn't think twice about waiting for me to jump out of the car before he rammed the car into the rails.

I would be lying if I said I wasn't touched.

Marcus smiled and finished the soup quickly. He leaned against the headboard and closed his eyes, weakness evident in his posture.

My guilt overwhelmed me. I croaked, "Thank god you're alive. Or I'll never be able to forgive myself."

Marcus scoffed lightly. After some thought, he said, "Under these circumstances, I'm sure you'll forgive me for anything I'm about to say, right?"

I held back my tears as I asked, "What's up?"

The smile on his face disappeared. Somberly, he stated, "We were never engaged."

I actually felt a bit regretful at his words. I looked at him seriously.

I felt frustrated at my inability to blame him despite his deception. Instead, I lowered my head and avoided his gaze. "Yes, I know."

"If you're angry, you don't have to hold it back, you know. Or are you giving up on me completely?" Marcus asked earnestly. He didn't seem to be panicking at all.

I collected my thoughts before I answered him. "If you really wanted to keep me in the dark, you wouldn't have let me hang around with Emery. Besides, you saved my life and took care of me for the past six years. I'm forever indebted to you over that."

Marcus lowered his head and didn't offer a rebuke.

I poured him a glass of warm water. "I'm curious, though. Why did you make up our engagement?"

He laughed. "In that situation, if I didn't say we were engaged, would you have trusted me and allowed me to take care of you?"

To a person who had forgotten everything, the world was a scary and unfamiliar place. Since the doctors and nurses assumed we were together, Marcus' words felt like the truth. Before I left the hospital, there was no reason for me to doubt him.

My discomfort back then made me cautious about many things. I guess Marcus caught on to that.

He must've lied to protect me back then.

I nodded and decided to drop the topic of his deception. There were more important things I needed to know. "So am I really the 'Scarlett' that Emery has been talking about?"

Chapter 1441

Marcus looked at me directly. "I already gave you the answer."

His answer dashed my fantasies. "Oh, ok."

You look alike, but you're not the same.

This whole mess is because of my face.

"Are you disappointed?" Marcus hit the nail on the head.

I shook my head, hiding my true feelings. "No, I'm glad it's resolved. I don't have to worry about this anymore; it's a relief. I only regret that I'm not Gregory's mother."

Marcus said jokingly, "If you've changed your mind about kids, I'm always ready to make a baby with you."

"Pfft." I rolled my eyes and snatched the water out of his hands. "You're still trying to take advantage of me after admitting that you've been lying to me for years? Don't make me kick you to the curb!"

Marcus' head injury didn't stop him from using his arm. He held his glass easily as he whined, "You're going to treat a patient like this?"

I glared at him and dropped the subject.

Though my memories hadn't returned, that didn't mean I was a muddled mess.

There were too many mysteries surrounding Marcus. I would unravel them one by one once he had recovered.

Marcus spent six years taking care of me in the hospital. That was proof enough that he didn't bear any ill will toward me.

Drowsy after the meal, Marcus soon fell into a deep sleep. I left to get some fresh air in the corridor.

My phone began ringing just as I sat down. It was an unknown number.

I had a sinking feeling that the caller was my cold neighbor. This sort of mysteriousness suited him.

I checked on Marcus through the window. He was sound asleep, his chest rising and falling steadily with each breath.

Once I ascertained his safety, I picked up the call. "Hello, may I know who's calling?"

A familiar voice drifted through the receiver. "Ms. Stovall."

I knew without a doubt that this was Ashton.

His tone was unique, cold like the lakes in late autumn with an inexplicable charisma. It was easy to recognize.

Ironically, his call felt like winning the lottery. I didn't expect someone as powerful as him to call me voluntarily.

I collected myself and calmed my nerves. "Mr. Fuller, how can I help you?"

"I have the results of your paternity test with Gregory. I'll send someone to pick you up."

I noticed that I was already used to his concise manner of speaking.

"You've caught me at a bad time. I'm at the hospital." I turned around and checked on Marcus once more. "My friend is alone in the hospital, and I can't just get up and leave. Can we reschedule?"

Ashton seemed to completely ignore my request as he talked over me impatiently, "Ms. Stovall, do you know how many thousands of people are employed at the Fuller Corporation?"

"Huh?" Surprised, I nodded though he couldn't see me. "I've seen it on the news. Why?"

"To accommodate a change in my schedule, thousands of employees will have to change their schedules as well. Ms. Stovall, are you sure you want to be responsible for a change like that?"

My jaw fell open at his statement. What was I thinking? That I could outmaneuver a businessman at the top of his field?

In the end, I could only tell him the address of the hospital.

He hung up immediately after I ended my sentence.

Impatient jerk! What a rude b*stard!

I was left staring at the call log of my phone. I decided to ask the housekeeper to come and take care of Marcus.

Marcus woke up just as I pushed open the door.

“Did I wake you?” I asked apologetically.

“No.” He shook his head weakly. He looked even paler after his short nap.

After some hesitation, I said, “Marcus, I’m leaving for a while as I have some things to attend to.”

Chapter 1442

Marcus’ half-awakened eyes promptly lit up, and his inflection elevated a notch. “To see who?”

I replied with a stutter, “It’s...”

He did not wait for me to finish. "Go ahead if you want to, but be careful. There may be something more to the traffic accident than meets the eye."

His tone was calm, but his words discouraging.

I nodded. "I understand. I'll be back as soon as possible."

With that, I poured a glass of water and left it within his reach. "Rest up first. Mrs. Kingsley will be over soon."

"Okay."

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I left only when Mrs. Kingsley arrived.

I was about to hire a ride when a black van honked at me.

Its number plate was not unfamiliar to me. Ashton had once unloaded from this vehicle when he moved in next door to Marcus.

I instinctively reached over for the handle. When the door to the rear seating opened, there sat Ashton.

Cautiously, I withdrew my hand. "Mr. Fuller?"

"Get in."

Ashton spoke briskly and without much emotion, so much so that I was unsure whether I had imagined hearing him.

I caught a glimpse of his fingers rapping upon the armrest ever so often. Their movements were casual yet confident. Only then did I understand that he had been waiting for some time, so I promptly lowered my head and entered without a fight.

The soundproofing inside the vehicle was excellent as it was relatively quiet even while we traversed the bustling commercial district.

I was first between us to break the silence. "Have you found out the results of the paternity test yet, Mr. Fuller?"

"Not yet." Ashton's lips lifted somewhat patronizingly before he went on to light up a cigar for himself.

My body had been subsisting on medication and supplements during this period and was more sensitive than most. I cupped my nose inside my knuckle against the smell of tobacco drifting toward me.

In the next moment, the windows to the side steadily lowered.

When I turned, I saw that the freshly lit cigar was now resting quietly inside the ashtray. With the inside of the car completely ventilated by the night breeze, the scent of the tobacco quickly dissipated.

I felt warm inside and pursed my lips as I regarded him and his considerate gesture.

Ashton's gaze was directed forward and unwavering. The calmness that was also reflected in his gaze made him hard to decipher.

Shortly, the car rolled to a halt.

Joseph came up to open the door. "Mr. Fuller."

It would appear that he, too, had been waiting for a while as well. Upon detecting my presence, he bowed in greeting. "Ms. Stovall."

He then walked himself to Ashton's right and whispered into his ear as he led the way.

I followed behind in silence with a clamminess inside my palms.

Even though it was conclusive enough over on Marcus' end, I could not help but hope for some luck and some surprises going in.

We did not have to wait very long before the doctor arrived with the paternity test report in hand. A bunch of the specialized terminology was broken down and explained, but it was all Greek to me.

Ashton must have noticed my unease. He stretched out his legs and said staidly, "Be concise."

The doctor immediately closed the file and replied solemnly, "Ms. Carlette Stovall and Gregory Hall are not biologically related."

"No?" I could not mask my disappointment. Could it be that Marcus was right while Emery and the rest were mistaken about this?

I absentmindedly looked to Ashton for his reaction. His face was darkened as he sat frozen in his seat.

After a brief pause, he looked up and instructed Joseph, "Send Ms. Stovall home."

His tone was frostier than before, and there was a subtle sense of urgency about it.

Joseph, too, seemed surprised at the outcome and took a while to recover. He then duly gestured to the door, saying, "After you, Ms. Stovall."

I did not get up right away, turning to the side instead. "Mr. Fuller!"

It was the ties that bind. I refused to believe that Gregory's attachment toward me came out of nowhere. We must be missing something.

Even though I was unable to convince myself, I would not be able to accept this if the results currently in Ashton's hands had been tampered with.