

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 147-150

Chapter 147

Eventually, I got up and went to the bathroom for a shower. The warm water stung as it hit my swollen bits. After a minute-long shower, I stumbled back toward the bed and collapsed onto it.

I was so drained that I was already fast asleep when Ashton walked out of the bathroom after his shower.

I could vaguely remember him holding me for a bit before leaving.

When I woke up, night had already fallen. Sleeping in the daytime always made me feel as if I had a hangover.

I took my time to get out of bed.

Ashton seemed to be busy with his phone calls in the study. Upon seeing me come downstairs, Mrs. Eriksen immediately went to the kitchen to get me some food.

I did not really have the appetite for all the dishes she had prepared and got her to keep them after a few bites.

The sound of a heavy downpour could be heard from outside. All of a sudden, the doorbell rang. Seeing that Mrs. Eriksen was still occupied in the kitchen, I went to get the door myself. It was Kristina.

She looked absolutely stunning. At the golden age of twenty years old, she seemed to be able to rock anything she wore.

Nevertheless, she was already very much a fashionista herself. Donning a military green casual top matched with a pair of black high-rise wide pants, she looked youthful but classy. Her hair and accessories also looked good.

"Hi, Ms. Stovall. I'm here to deliver the documents that the president requested!" She said as she closed her umbrella, her charcoal eyes peering behind my shoulder.

She was obviously looking at Ashton.

I nodded. "Come on in!"

My brows furrowing, I could not help but wonder why would Ashton get a girl to send him documents on such a stormy day.

Meanwhile, Ashton, who had come out of the study, also frowned upon seeing Kristina. "Why is it you? Where's Joseph?" He questioned.

Kristina chuckled shyly and replied, "Mr. Campbell's girlfriend fell sick. He's kind of occupied with that now, so he got me to come instead."

She then passed the documents to him.

Just then, Mrs. Eriksen appeared from the kitchen again with a cup of water in hand, she looked at Ashton and said, "Mr. Ashton, Ms. Stovall didn't eat much just now. I think she's feeling under the weather too. How about you cook her some pumpkin soup later? It's her favorite!"

I was a little taken aback. Evidently, those words were not meant for Ashton but Kristina.

There was a slight change to Kristina's expression at that but otherwise, she still looked normal.

Gosh, Mrs. Eriksen. Thanks, but you might be overthinking this. In the two years that I had been together with Ashton, there was something that I sure about, and that was the fact that he still loved and felt indebted to Rebecca.

However, he was not a playboy who would lay a finger on just any girl.

After taking the documents, he gave me a look and nodded. "Sure!"

With her task completed, Kristina felt compelled to leave. She gave Ashton a look and promptly made her way out.

As Ashton went upstairs to organize the documents, Mrs. Eriksen pulled me to one side surreptitiously and asked, "Hey, Letty. How could you just let some strange woman enter the house like that? Did you see it? Her eyes were glued to your man! How are you so calm about it?"

I could not help but smile. "Mrs. Eriksen, it's not that serious, you know? He's quite busy with his work. Ms. Ludwick is his secretary. She came for work-related matters."

Mrs. Eriksen clicked her tongue. "Didn't seem like it to me. That girl clearly has a crush on Mr. Ashton. You'd better watch out!"

Seeing Ashton walking down the stairs, she dropped the banter and went back into the kitchen.

After sleeping for half a day, my eyes felt swollen and dry, so I decided to wash up again. When I came out of the bathroom, I was pleasantly surprised when I saw a bowl of pumpkin soup on the table.

My eyes darted to the kitchen. Mrs. Eriksen had already returned to her own room. On the other hand, I could see Ashton reading a book in the living room.

Upon seeing me, he said, "Go and have some soup first."

"You made it?"

"Yeah. Have a taste," he replied.

Seeing how it was a question that Mrs. Eriksen brought out of nowhere and the fact that he agreed to it so casually, I never would have expected that he would actually prepare the soup for me.

However, because I wasn't feeling too hungry, I only had a few spoonful.

As I glanced toward the living room, I was a little swept away by Ashton's elegant side profile as he immersed himself in his book. He looked like a noble warrior basking in the light of dawn in some Renaissance paintings.

He exuded a different type of aura from John. For John, the aura he exuded had always been one that was cold and manipulative like that of a vampire. No matter how gentle and caring he would try to act, he could never hide his cold-blooded nature.

"Is my face more appealing than your food?" His voice suddenly sounded in my ears.

Coming back to my senses, I realized that he had already walked into the dining room and was standing before me. "When... When did you..."

He raised an eyebrow in amusement and said, "I was already here when you were still giving me that thirsty look."

Gosh... This guy is too much!

Diverting the topic, I said, "There's too much soup, I can't finish it."

He frowned upon looking at the left-over soup.

"I actually ate a lot just now! Mrs. Eriksen prepared a lot of food for me, and I had half a bowl of this! I... It's not like I'm a pig, so..." My voice trailed off.

He laughed, "I'm not interested in rearing pigs either!" As he spoke, he took the bowl from the table and began drinking the soup.

My eyes widened. I just ate from that! And I used that spoon!

This... Isn't this too intimate?

As I watched him eat, I could feel my face burning up .

Chapter 148

"It's too early to go to bed now. Let's go out for a bit." Ashton said before putting down the bowl.

I glanced at the clock and saw that it was eight o'clock. Sure, it's still quite early, but...

I stood up and said, "But it's still raining!"

"We'll go when the rain stops." He was really stubborn about his plans. After putting the bowl down, he dragged me along to sit on the sofa.

After a brief moment, he said, "I think you should start going for walks and stuff. Pregnant women need adequate exercise too, you know? Slow walks that last for about an hour or two should be sufficient."

I blinked. Where is he learning all this information from? It was then that I noticed the title of the book that he was reading earlier was named "The Shears' Pregnancy Encyclopedia."

Huh?

So that's the book that he was so immersed in?

As his gaze fell upon my surprised expression, he coughed and said, "Let's go out for walks every day from now on."

I nodded. "What other books did you buy?"

He paused for a moment before replying, "Just the ones that Jared recommended me. And look, the rain has stopped. Go and put on something warm."

"Do I really need to go?" I whined.

He nodded at me, his gaze firm. "I'll wait for you here."

Gosh. It seems like I won't be able to refuse him. After getting a jacket upstairs, I left the villa with him. The villas were spaced out wide apart in the villa estate to allow for sufficient green space in between.

After walking a short distance, a familiar sense of lethargy soon crept up my legs. I stopped and turned to look at him. "We've walked long enough. Let's go back!"

"It hasn't even been ten minutes!" He dismissed my pleas sternly. "We're going to walk for at least another fifty minutes more!"

The pavement was still wet from the rain, but the air felt warm. One could see the reflections of the street lamps lined up along the paths. It was a great place to have a walk at.

It's just that I don't want to! I'm lazy!

Unfortunately, with him dragging me on, I had no choice but to follow. The two of us stayed relatively silent, and all that accompanied our walk was the chirping of birds in the surroundings.

As I walked with my head low, I suddenly asked, "Ashton, have you thought of a name for our kid?"

The baby would be due in just a few months' time.

After some thought, he turned to look at me. "How about Scarla?"

My Grandma named me Scarlett because the color scarlet symbolized courage, passion, force, and joy – qualities she hoped for me to have.

Locking gazes with Ashton, I said, "Scarla... Does that name symbolized a fiery girl like the color scarlet?"

He chuckled, "You could say that."

"But that's a girl's name. What if the baby turns out to be a boy instead?" I said. Even after having a few pregnancy checkups, it did not cross my mind to check the sex of my baby at all, so I was not sure about it myself.

"Well... If it's a boy, we'll think about the name after he's born." He scoffed, kicking a branch off the ground.

Pouting, I protested, "Ashton! Do you need a lesson on gender equality?"

He pursed his lips as he put his hand around my waist. "That's just how things are in my family. I can't help it, you know?"

I rolled my eyes.

After strolling for another twenty minutes, we began on our way back to the villa. However, my legs had pretty much turned into jelly at that point. Wanting to give up, I squatted down and whined, "Ashton, you should go back by yourself. I don't think I'll make it."

He put his hands on his hips as he stared at me. "Gosh. It's only been thirty minutes so far."

"I'm not walking even for a minute longer!" I said, placing the umbrella on the ground so that I could sit down. Urgh. Being pregnant is so hard!

He sighed, and kneeled down before me. "Come on up then!"

Is he trying to carry me on his back?

I shook my head, saying, "I don't think that's a good idea. It'll hurt the kid!"

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, he replied lovingly, "How about a princess hug?"

"Hell yeah!" I nodded fervently, grinning from ear to ear.

However, on second thought, I realized that the distance back to the villa was considerably long and hesitated a little. "The road back is quite far. Are you sure that you want to carry me for so long?" I asked.

"If that's what you think, you're welcome to stay here."

Upon hearing that, I instantly got up and wrap my hands around his neck, laughing, "No thanks! Off we go then!"

He carried me up and began walking in the direction of the villa. I could not help but ask, "Am I heavy?"

I knew that he was a disciplined man who did workouts regularly. His muscles were defined and strong, so I usually would not worry about him having a hard time carrying me.

But I have a kid in my belly now! so letting him carrying me is making me feel a tad bit guilty...

He eyed me with an amused expression. "What do you think?"

Guess that means I am heavy, huh.

Tensing up, I started squirming around. "I think you should put me down..." Gosh. Why am I still gaining weight when I'm already controlling my caloric intake?

At that moment, I finally understood why many women would rather not have children. Pregnancy meant that maintaining a conventionally skinny body shape would become pretty much impossible.

He grabbed me tighter and spoke sternly, "Stop it. You're going to fall at this rate."

Looking at his serious expression, I stopped moving around. In fact, I got so comfortable in his arms that I was asleep by the time we arrived at the villa.

I had no idea how I entered the villa or how I got back to bed.

The next day.

When I woke up, Ashton was already gone. As I wandered around, I found many books on pregnancy and child-rearing in the study.

Putting my hands on my belly, a sweet feeling warmed my heart. I felt that the baby gave us all something to look forward to in our lives.

Chapter 149

When Mrs. Eriksen found me in the study, I was staring blankly at the bookshelves. "Mr. Ashton went to work early this morning. There's probably something urgent for him to attend to. He cooked you the soup that you like again and boiled some eggs. He also reminded me that you need to go for a walk after breakfast," she said.

I nodded with a smile on my face. What a refreshing day!

As I went to the kitchen after having breakfast, I was startled to see a plethora of fruits which were organized in neat boxes. "Wow. Why did we buy so many fruits all of a sudden?" I asked Mrs. Eriksen.

Putting away the mop she was using, Mrs. Eriksen replied, "Mr. Ashton brought back those fruits just the night before. He said that someone had sent them to you. They are all the freshest fruits that are in season! I've washed some and left the rest in the fridge."

Thinking back to the time when Macy called me, I nodded to myself. These must be from her.

But the sheer quantity of it is... She's definitely treating me like a pig!

With nothing to do that day, I decided that I would pay a visit to the company. Turning to Mrs. Eriksen, I said, "Can you wash them for me? I want to bring them to the company to share with others!"

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I'll pay Jared a visit while I'm at it. It's about time I tell him about Macy.

"Okay!" Mrs. Eriksen began preparing the fruits.

When I tried to help her, she quickly stopped me, saying that pregnant women should not be doing housework.

I sighed inwardly. Everyone is pampering me so much nowadays. Unable to decline her kind gestures, I stood by the side and helped with the packing.

After a while, we finally finished all the preparations.

As I moved the bags of fruits into the car, I turned to Mrs. Eriksen and told her that I might eat out with Ashton for lunch that day.

With that, I left the villa.

When I reached Fuller Corporation, I dialed Ashton. To my surprise, he answered the call immediately.

"Have you had breakfast?" His voice sounded crisp and clear.

"Yes. I'm actually here at the company. I brought some fruits. Are you busy? Can you help me with them?" I said.

"Is there a lot?" He asked.

"Yeah. I took them all. Macy sent me way too much and I don't want to waste the fruits."

"Alright then. Give me a few minutes." He said before hanging up.

About two minutes later, I could see Joseph in his black suit running toward my car swiftly. "Mr. Fuller's in a meeting. I'll help you with the bags instead," he said.

Nodding, I got off the car and opened the trunk.

Upon seeing the mountain of bags, Joseph gave me a look of surprise.

"My friend sent these to me. I can't finish them, so can you help me distribute them to the employees later? The weather is scorching hot today. I think these would be pretty refreshing," I said, passing him the car keys before entering the company building with a bag of fruits in hand.

It had been a while since I last visited the company, but it felt great to greet some of my acquaintances.

As soon as I got out of the lift, I came across Kristina in a figure-hugging one-piece with her curls cascading down her shoulders. Isn't it just great to be young?

It looked like she was on the way to deliver some documents. Noticing my presence, she greeted me politely, "Ms. Stovall, are you here to see Mr. Fuller?"

Nodding, I replied, "The weather is too hot today, so I brought him some fruits."

She smiled back and continued her way into the lift. On the other hand, Isabelle, who was following behind me, spoke in my ears, "Mrs. Fuller, don't you think that it's risky for a woman like that to be your husband's secretary?"

Isabelle was the manager of the Finance Department, a relatively high rank in the company. She was a well-respected figure with an above-average annual income, a classy appearance that people envied, and a wealthy husband.

I could not help but chuckle a little. After making sure that the lift doors had closed, I replied calmly, "There's nothing risky about it, really. She's only in her twenties. With a bright future of endless possibilities, there's no need for her to waste her youth on a married man."

Isabelle was still unconvinced. "You need to be even more careful then. If she's not after his money, she's probably after his heart. That's even harder to deal with!"

Truth be told, I was aware that Kristina had been looking at Ashton a certain way. However, I had become used to such things. It's not like I can do anything about it.

Not wanting to be burdened by her gossip, I smiled awkwardly and told Isabelle, "Alright then, I'll go ahead now. I shouldn't interrupt your work."

Since Ashton was in a meeting, there was no one on the top floor. I decided to wait at Jared's office instead, knowing that he would not mind.

At first, it seemed like nobody was in his office either.

However, as I was about to leave, the door swung right open.

I was greeted by the sight of his weary face. His white shirt looked old and battered, and his face was unshaved. Frowning, I entered his office.

My brows furrowed even deeper upon seeing the wreckage in his office. I asked, "Hey, what's going on? You're a mess, and so is your office!"

It was rather odd for him to be in such a state. After all, he was a doctor and a clean freak to some extent.

"I was doing some research," was the response he gave me before he hastily made his way back to his chair to continue on his work.

Having no idea what he was talking about, I simply nodded and passed him the fruits. "These are from Macy. Do you want to have some?"

He froze. Staring at the fruits on his table with a troubled look, he asked, "Why did she suddenly leave J City?"

Chapter 150

Judging from the situation, I was certain that he was unaware of Macy's pregnancy. "How about you tell me what happened between you two first?"

"Nothing happened!" He sounded irritated. He sighed and resumed his work.

It seemed that Macy did not tell him about her being pregnant.

After some hesitation, I decided to tell him about Macy. "Dr. Crest..."

Before I could even begin, he eyed my belly and said, "How have you been feeling?"

Knowing that he was referring to the baby, I nodded. "Pretty good!"

"That's good to hear. It would be best if you take these once a day. Oh, and remember to maintain your usual diet patterns." He opened his drawers and took out a box of medicine.

After handing me the medicine, he returned to his pile of papers without another word, leaving me with no appropriate opportunity to talk to him about Macy.

Well, I guess there's nothing I can do now.

After staying silent for a few moments, I could feel that the atmosphere was getting awkward and eventually left his office.

When I arrived at Ashton's office, Kristina had just poured him a cup of coffee and was organizing his desk for him.

They seem close.

A voice echoed in my head. If she's not after money, she's after his heart! That's even harder to deal with!

I sighed. But Rebecca and Kristina are two different people. He wouldn't possibly...

But if he does fall for Kristina one day...

My head was starting to hurt from all these thoughts. I massaged my temples for a bit before entering the office.

Upon seeing me, Kristina smiled and promptly left.

Ashton put aside the papers on his desk and pulled me close. "Where did you go just now?"

"I paid Dr. Crest a visit," I replied, my eyes darting around the office. Ashton's office was really big, and Kristina's workspace was right around the corner outside his. She would be able to see what he was doing just by looking up a little.

Gotta admit that woman got a good spot.

"What are you thinking about?" He asked, stroking my hand.

I looked back at him and leaned my head on his chest. "I'm thinking about a romance drama called the foxy secretary and Mr. Wolf."

He cracked up. "And how's it going?"

Pouting a little, I pointed a finger at Kristina's desk outside his office, raising an eyebrow. "Can you see her? The foxy secretary."

"So, does that mean I'm Mr. Wolf?" He said with a grin.

I nodded and walked toward the sofa. Sitting down, I said, "Mr. Wolf is suave but a playboy, while his foxy secretary is young and beautiful. You can pretty much call them a match made in heaven."

Knock! Knock! Joseph had arrived outside the office after distributing the fruits as I had instructed. Still grinning from ear to ear, Ashton said calmly, "Come on in!"

"Mr. Fuller, according to the latest updates from OrbitTech, it seems like they are going to sign an acquisition contract with Animus next week!" Joseph said, passing over some files to Ashton.

Ashton nodded and gave Joseph an odd look. Joseph blinked. "Mr. Fuller, is there something wrong?"

"Were you the one who put that there?" Ashton asked, gesturing at the workspace right outside his office.

Joseph turned to look and paused for a moment before asking, "Mr. Fuller, are you unhappy with the position of Kristina's workspace?"

Ashton simply gave him a look.

Upon seeing Joseph turning to look at me, I shrugged and said, "It has nothing to do with me."

Ashton laughed, "You shall take over Kristina's job. I'll arrange for her to work for Joe. I don't really need a female secretary here."

"But... "

Though it seemed that Joseph had something to say, Ashton cut him off straightaway and added, "Please help me make a reservation for a restaurant nearby."

Ashton was making it crystal clear that he did not want Joseph to talk too much. Joseph nodded at him and made his way out.

As we watched Joseph leave the office, Ashton turned to me again and asked, "Okay, are there any more plot developments that you would like to share?"

Making myself comfortable on the sofa, I said, "Well, with the foxy secretary gone, I'll think about another story. This time, it's called the delicate princess!"

Ashton stared at me and rubbed his temples for a bit. After keeping the documents on his desk, he walked toward me and said, "Rebecca has already left for K City."

"I know."

Later at noon, because it was summer, J City was in a state of perpetual heat. The weather was so hot to the extent that most people would prefer to stay at home. As such, the streets became less crowded, and the restaurant that we visited was quite empty.

While Ashton made the orders, he caught a glimpse of me resting uncomfortably on my seat and asked, "Are you feeling unwell?"

I nodded. "The weather is ungodly!"

Squinting my eyes and smiling at him meekly, I said, "Ashton, you're feeling the heat too, aren't you? So you'll understand my urge to have something icy, right?"

Back at the villa, he would always take it upon himself to ensure that I was not consuming anything cold, making my cravings even worse.

"This place is air-conditioned. I've also ordered you some juice. You'll feel better after drinking that." He gestured for the waiter to adjust the temperature of the air conditioner.

Hearing that, a flash of irritation stirred within me. I glared at him and huffed, "I've just lost my appetite. I'm going home!"