

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 203-206

Chapter 203

I nodded and did not continue the conversation.

When he saw me standing there, he frowned and asked, "Are you waiting for someone?"

I nodded. "I didn't tell Ashton beforehand that I'm coming, so I'm waiting for him here."

"Mr. Lowe, Mr. Fuller has allowed you to go up!" announced the receptionist as she looked at me uneasily.

Thomas nodded. Looking at me, he suggested, "Mr. Fuller is probably busy. Why don't you go up with me? Since you're in the later stages of your pregnancy, it's not good if you stand for so long."

I shook my head. "I'm fine. You can go up first. Mr. Crest will be coming down to fetch me. Please go ahead! I don't want to disrupt your work."

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Mr. Jared Crest?"

I nodded.

Smiling, he entered the lift without saying anything else.

Having witnessed such a scene, the receptionist had probably figured out what was going on. She immediately looked at me and apologized, "Mrs. Fuller, please don't take what happened earlier to heart. I didn't do it on purpose. I'm just doing my job, so please forgive me."

Mrs. Eriksen rebuked furiously, "Doing your job? What's your job supposed to be? You're supposed to welcome guests and convey messages. Yet, you failed to welcome us warmly and did not even convey any messages to Mr. Fuller."

After a slight pause, she scoffed, "It's not your fault that you didn't inform him. After all, we had not made an appointment. But an important part of your job is to welcome guests! Not only did you fail to do a good job in it, but you also mocked us. Why should the company continue to hire you?"

As Mrs. Eriksen had worked for George for a long time, she had witnessed all kinds of scenarios. She was thus able to retort skillfully and sharply.

The receptionist was rendered speechless for a while. Gazing at me, she said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller. I didn't do it on purpose!"

"Do you think that an apology would matter much after I murder someone?" As Mrs. Eriksen had been suppressing her anger earlier, she was starting to vent it out through her words.

"Why are you acting like this?" The receptionist raised her volume. "I've already apologized. Why are you still being so overbearing? Mr. Fuller's the one who has a mistress. Your own husband is cheating on you, but why are you venting your anger on others? Do you think that you can do anything just because you're rich?"

Her loud voice attracted a lot of people. Her volume increased as she spoke, "It's no wonder that Mr. Fuller is unwilling to have a petty woman around with him. Unlike you, Ms. Larson is beautiful and kind. You need to have some self-awareness. You probably had to resort to some unscrupulous methods to marry Mr. Fuller!"

Her words became meaner as she spoke.

Furious, Mrs. Eriksen raised her arm and was about to slap her when I pulled her back. I said calmly, "Let's not create a ruckus."

There were people filming us. Someone might make a huge deal out of this by spreading the videos. Suppressing the rumors in K City would be harder than if we were back in J City.

Furthermore, Ashton was trying to expand the business now. It would be undesirable for scandals to break out at this juncture.

"So, are you just going to let her bully you like that?" said Mrs. Eriksen as she furiously glared at the receptionist.

I shook my head. "She's just shooting her mouth off. It's fine!"

When Jared came and saw the huge crowd, he frowned and looked at me. "What happened?"

I glanced at the receptionist. Despite rebuking us so feistily earlier, she now looked quite flustered. An embarrassed look quickly crossed her face.

It was normal for people to admire talented people. This lady probably had a crush on Jared.

Averting my gaze, I shook my head. "I'm fine. Let's go!"

When we were in the lift, Jared raised his eyebrows and commented, "You're still coming along despite knowing that Rebecca's here. Won't you feel upset?"

I laughed. "I'll feel even more upset if I didn't come."

Chuckling, he glanced at my stomach and his gaze became solemn. He reminded, "Your baby's about to be born, so you mustn't roam about!"

I nodded and asked curiously, "How did you find out that I know Rebecca's here?"

"The receptionist looked pale. She probably said something inappropriate," replied Jared calmly.

He was right. As expected, intelligent people were very observant.

Hence, I did not elaborate further.

The lift soon reached the top floor. Glancing at the corridor, he said, "Just walk along the corridor and you'll reach Ashton's office. You can go ahead first. I have other matters to attend to."

I nodded. "Okay, thanks!"

"You're welcome."

While he returned to his office, Mrs. Eriksen and I walked along the corridor. She glanced at me and whispered, "Letty, that receptionist shouldn't remain in this company."

"I won't intervene with the company's affairs. It's got nothing to do with me whether she's working here or not. Don't overthink!"

When I reached Ashton's office, I knocked on the door. As no one responded, I pushed the door slightly.

The door was not locked, so it immediately swung open.

There was no one in the office. After placing the pastries in the lounge area, Mrs. Eriksen looked at me and said, "I'll go out for a while and wait for you downstairs later. Have a chat with Mr. Ashton for the time being!"

I nodded, thinking that she probably needed to buy something.

Ashton returned soon with Rebecca following behind. When he saw me, he was surprised. "When did you come?"

"Around an hour earlier!" Although I had just reached the office, I wasted a lot of time due to the receptionist.

Raising his eyebrows, he walked toward me and tucked my hair behind my ears. "Why didn't you call and inform me?"

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I raised my hand and glanced at Rebecca, who was clad in branded goods from head to toe. Averting my gaze, I calmly said, "I called you, but Ms. Larson said that you're in a meeting."

He frowned. The veins in his temples throbbed as he looked at Rebecca. "Interesting."

Noticing that he was furious, Rebecca's face paled. "I'm sorry, Ash. I didn't touch your phone on purpose. As it kept ringing a few times, I picked up the call, thinking that it's about something urgent. I didn't expect it to be from Scarlett!"

After hearing her words, I raised my eyebrows and remarked thoughtfully, "I only called once before the call went through." Smiling coldly at Ashton, I said, "Looks like you normally receive a lot of calls."

Ashton frowned. "Don't be so sarcastic!" Then, he glanced at Rebecca and said coldly, "It's getting late. I'll let Joe send you back."

An unpleasant look crossed her face. She looked at me and protested unhappily, "Ash, my Dad wants you to send me home."

Ashton frowned. "Since when did I become your chauffeur?"

Rebecca paled and was rendered speechless.

Feeling aggrieved, her eyes reddened. "You know that's not what I meant."

"But that's how I understood it." Ashton was becoming more skilled at rebuking others.

If I were Rebecca, I would have felt utterly defeated by now.

Rebecca clasped her hands so tightly that her fingernails dug into her flesh. With tears brimming in her eyes, she said, "I'll visit you tomorrow."

When she left, she kept turning around to look at Ashton.

Propping my chin up with a hand, I could not help but comment, "The receptionist said that your fiancée visits you every day. Looks like she isn't lying. Should I go home and prepare to welcome your fiancée?"

He frowned. "Fiancée?"

"Yeah!" As my arm felt a bit sore, I stretched it toward him. While he instinctively massaged it, I continued, "She visits you so frequently and is even pregnant. Who can she possibly be if not for your fiancée?"

With a grim expression, he raised his eyebrows and looked at me. "You believed that?"

"It's not up to me whether I believed it or not!" As I was not in the mood to argue with him, I remained calm.

He whipped out his phone and made a call. As I was near him, I could clearly hear the person speaking on the phone.

It was Joseph. "Yes, Mr. Fuller?"

"Change the receptionist on the ground floor. She's barred from working here forever." Then, he continued, "Without my permission, don't let any irrelevant personnel in."

Joseph was a bit confused. "Who are you referring to, Mr. Fuller?"

"Rebecca!"

With that, Ashton was about to end the call when Joseph quickly protested, "She came with Mr. Quinn. I'm not in the position to intervene!"

Ashton frowned. "Find a solution, then."

He hung up immediately after. Glancing at me, he asked, "How's that?"

I nodded in approval. "Simple and straightforward!"

He frowned. "So, are you satisfied?"

Pouting, I rebuked, "What's your business got to do with me?"

As I could not be bothered to argue with him, I passed the pastries I brought to him. "Mrs. Eriksen said that if you knew that I baked these pastries, you'd definitely enjoy them."

Taking the box from my hands, he glanced at it then back at me. "Did you really bake them?"

"I helped out!" As Mrs. Eriksen and Molly baked them too, I did not deserve full credit.

Chuckling, he commented, "Although they look quite ugly, they probably taste quite good."

Ugly?

I was rendered speechless.

It was already evening, so the workday had already ended. Mrs. Eriksen called, saying that she would return first and that I should go home with Ashton.

Knowing that she was deliberately trying to make me spend more time with Ashton, I agreed without saying anything else.

Ashton was not particularly fond of pastries, so he merely took a few bites. Not commenting on it, I leaned against the couch and used my phone.

However, he snatched my phone away. "Stop using your phone so regularly. It's bad for your eyes."

"Then, do I look at you instead?" I was extremely bored. Furthermore, as I was quite upset by what happened downstairs, I felt an urge to rebuke Ashton whenever he spoke.

He laughed and offered generously, "Sure, you can look at me to your heart's content!"

Completely uninterested in his offer, I rolled my eyes. "You should ask Rebecca to do it instead. I'm not interested!"

"Are you still angry?" He pulled me into his arms as he said exasperatedly, "Rumors spread easily in a company as large as this. It's inevitable for some people to deliberately stir up trouble. What's the use of being bothered by it?"

I said sarcastically, "So you knew about it right from the start, but you just idly stood by? If I hadn't visited today, would you have been enjoying this a lot? Your wife and your mistress are both pregnant. Once we both give birth, you might be blessed with a son and a daughter! How perfect!"

Hearing the sarcasm in my words, he massaged his temples. "You have such a wild imagination. Why can't you think about other issues instead?"

I scoffed, "Like what? Should I think about your passionate relationship with Rebecca and how the both of you are sleeping with each other behind my back?"

He frowned, feeling frustrated. "I keep saying that there's nothing between both of us, so why do you keep harping on it? Are you never going to get over it?"

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"How can I get over it?" As I was upset, I spoke in a very blunt manner. "You let her enter the office whenever she wants to and allow the staff to call her your fiancée. Yet, you still act so indifferently about it, as if it's got nothing to do with you. Are you lying to yourself or to me, Ashton? What's the point of all this?"

When he met my gaze, he suddenly laughed. "You allow John to shower you with concern, send you fruits and reminisce over good memories. Why can't you tolerate Rebecca's presence?"

Not expecting him to mention these things, I immediately seethed in fury. When I stood up abruptly, I almost lost my balance and fell. He tried to hold me, but I shoved him away. "Stay away from me!"

I stomped out of the office. When I opened the door, I saw Joe who was about to knock on the door. There was an awkward expression on his face, probably because he had overheard our conversation earlier.

"Did you have a fight?" He suddenly asked. I was stunned for a while before returning to my senses.

"No, Mr. Quinn. We aren't a couple!" With that, I brushed past him and left.

Ashton caught up with me and grabbed my arm. "Where are you going, Scarlett?"

"It's none of your business." I flung his hand away and was about to leave when he dragged me back to the sofa. Looking at Joe, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Having witnessed this scene, Joe felt a bit embarrassed. "I've settled the matters regarding the European market. Jared and I are planning to celebrate tonight. Will you be coming along?"

Ashton glanced at me and raised an eyebrow. "Do you think that I can go?"

Joe was rendered speechless for a while before suggesting boldly, "Why don't you bring Scarlett along? She can just refrain from drinking alcohol!"

"Do you want to go?" Ashton asked, still holding me.

"Is Rebecca going?" I asked Joe with a determined gaze.

Taken aback, he paused for a while before saying, "Yeah."

I nodded. "I'll go!"

Joe glanced at me, then back at Ashton. Without commenting any further, he left the office.

Ashton grabbed my hands. "What are you planning to do?"

I laughed. "What can I do? The Moore family is so powerful. It's impossible for me to ruin Rebecca, right? I just want to keep an eye on my husband. Why? You don't want me to come?"

He said exasperatedly, "Your baby is about to be born. It's not safe for you to roam about!"

"Isn't Dr. Crest there?"

"He's really busy so he won't have time to take care of you." He made me sound like a burden.

"Fine, I won't go then." Since he was already trying so hard to persuade me, it would be shameless of me to insist.

With that, he fell silent.

Glancing at me, he asked, "What do you want to eat for dinner?"

I could not think of something in such a short span of time. After deliberating about it, I suggested, "What about barbecue?" I had an urge to eat something heavy perhaps due to my pregnancy cravings. I rarely ate barbecue in the past because it was too hot and oily. However, I now felt uneasy if I went too long with eating any barbecue.

He frowned. Not very fond of barbecue, he said, "Eat something else."

"Why?" I disliked it whenever he acted like that. "You're the one who asked me what I wanted to eat. Now that I've said barbecue, you're unwilling to eat it. What do you want me to do?"

He frowned. "The smell is too strong and it's very crowded. It's not safe!"

"It's even more dangerous if I go hungry!" Ashton was extremely annoying at times. "Oh, right. It's more suitable for a dignified president of a company like you to dine at a Western restaurant with an elegant lady like Rebecca. You can enjoy classical music and bask in the romantic atmosphere instead of suffering in a crowded and noisy place like a barbecue shop. It's not worthy enough for a nobleman like you."

Since I was in a bad mood, I did not mince my words.

Pursing his lips, he chided, "Scarlett, can't you be gentler like other women? It's pointless to be so mean."

I chuckled. "If I'm being pointless, look for Rebecca instead. Why are you criticizing me here?"

As it was getting late, I did not continue arguing with him. Instead, I stood up and left the office. Glancing back at him calmly, I said, "It's alright if you don't want to eat barbecue. But if you're worried that something bad might happen to your son, wait for me outside the restaurant. Send me home after I finish eating."

He was so furious that he burst out laughing. "Are you even a woman, Scarlett?"

"How could you not know about that?" When the lift doors opened, I strode in.

He followed me silently and our conversation ended right there.

In the barbecue restaurant, I ordered a lot of dishes. Ashton looked at the oil dripping down the meat and averted his gaze.

I had always known that he disliked barbecue. Not only was it noisy, but he also thought it had a strong smell and was unhygienic. Hence, he rarely ate barbecue.

As the meat was still being barbecued, I felt bored and started using my phone.

He snatched my phone away and repeated his usual catchphrase. "Stop using your phone so regularly. It's bad for your eyes."

I pursed my lips and ignored him.

Propping my chin up, I stared at the barbecued food. When I noticed his hungry expression, I could not help but suggest, "If you really dislike barbecue, you can dine in the adjacent Western restaurant. Let's meet after eating."

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I was not trying to imply anything else. Instead, I genuinely thought that this was a win-win situation for both of us. However, he glanced at me coldly and instructed, "Eat quickly!"

At that moment, his phone rang. He glanced at it and frowned. "I'll go and answer this call."

I nodded and watched as he left with his phone.

The barbecued meat was ready after a while. Not waiting for him, I stuffed them into my mouth eagerly. It felt so carefree to eat without anyone disturbing me.

When I raised my head and glanced at Ashton, I saw him enter the car with his phone. He probably wanted to talk in his car.

Ten minutes passed. While I was eating happily, he came in and sat opposite me. However, he did not touch his cutlery at all.

Instead, he asked, "Jared and Joe are having a celebration tonight. Will you be coming along?"

"Where?"

"The Paramount Club."

The Paramount Club was the most luxurious place in K City. It was where men visit to splurge and a place for women to seek their riches. I was not interested in a place like that.

Hence, I replied calmly, "I don't want to go."

He nodded. "Good!"

Ashton really disliked barbecue, so he did not take a single bite. Instead, he merely watched as I ate.

By then, I was already slightly full. Looking at the remaining food that had not been barbecued, I felt that it was a pity that I could not bring them home.

Hence, I could only give up and say to Ashton, "Pay the bill!"

He stood up and went to the cashier without a single word. After dragging me out of the barbecue shop, he asked, "Are you tired? Do you want to take a stroll?"

I shook my head. "I'm fine!" Remembering that he had not eaten anything, I asked, "Would you like to eat something?"

"It's okay." After a short pause, he said, "Let's go home first."

At that moment, my phone suddenly rang. Sitting on the passenger's seat, I accepted the call.

Jared's voice rang out. "Scarlett, is Ashton busy now?"

Taken aback, I shook my head. "No."

He chuckled. "We're at Paramount Club. Would you like to come over?"

I glanced over at Ashton. He had already started the engine and was driving back to the villa.

After hesitating for a while, I replied, "Okay, we'll come soon."

Hanging up the call, I looked at Ashton and instructed, "Let's go to Paramount Club."

Ashton raised his eyebrow, but did not say anything.

We soon arrived at the third floor of Paramount Club.

With the energizing music booming beside my ears, I followed behind Ashton and headed to the private room.

He glanced back and reminded me, "Stay by my side later. We'll leave after a short while."

I nodded.

Ashton pushed the door open, revealing a dimly lit room. The lights on the stage were flashing brightly while a young girl danced.

When Ashton entered, Joe and Jared stood up and dismissed the girl on the stage.

The room was basked in a warm yellow light, which made the atmosphere less lively than before.

Rebecca was sitting beside Joe quietly, while another girl wearing a blue skirt sat beside her. She looked quite familiar to me.

After mulling over it for a while, I suddenly realized that she was Kristina. I could not help but frown. She was sitting next to Jared and looked very intimate with him.

I felt slightly upset. Although Jared was clueless about what happened to Macy, she was currently pregnant and hiding in the countryside, while Jared was here acting so intimately with another woman.

More importantly, Kristina was not as naive as she seemed. She was so obsessed with Ashton earlier, so why did she suddenly shift her target to Jared?

After we sat down, Ashton and Jared started talking about work, so I did not join in the conversation. As for Rebecca, she was a very unlikeable and arrogant person who was unwilling to socialize with others.

Instead, she watched as Kristina eagerly poured alcohol for the other men with a bright smile while occasionally interjecting their conversation.

The resentful look in Rebecca's eyes intensified. After Kristina finished pouring some alcohol into Joe's glass, she could not help but stand up and instruct Kristina, "Ms. Larson, buy some tacos for me. I didn't eat much for dinner tonight, so I'm feeling a little hungry."

The men did not pay much attention to her. However, Ashton looked at me and asked, "Would you like to eat anything?"

I thought for a while before shaking my head. "I'm not hungry."

Ashton fell silent. On the other hand, Kristina's expression became slightly ugly. Smiling at Rebecca, she said, "Ms. Larson, you can order food over if there's anything you'd like to eat. It's getting late, so it's not safe for a girl like me to go out alone."

"There's nothing in the food delivery options that catches my eye. Why can't you just run an errand for me? Are you afraid that I won't pay you?" Rebecca's arrogance and stubborn personality was acting up.

As she had always been like this, I had already gotten used to her attitude.

The other men were the same too. However, Kristina was not used to it. In her opinion, Rebecca was deliberately trying to put her in a tight spot. After all, she was the only one whom Rebecca could order around.

Although Kristina's face clouded over, she still squeezed out a smile and tugged Jared's sleeve. She asked gently, "Jared, is there anything you'd like to eat? I can buy some for you when I go down to buy Kristina's food."

Jared frowned. Glancing at Rebecca, he asked, "Didn't you eat earlier?" He always had a cold demeanor. If he had no intention of treating someone gently, he often acted in an aloof manner.