

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

Chapter 231-234

Chapter 231

Some time had passed when John finally looked at me with misty eyes and queried, "Who did this?"

I lowered my head and tried to hold back my tears but to no avail as they flowed down my cheeks like a broken string of pearls. "Cameron and the Moore family!"

Furious, he threw the phone onto the ground, thus attracting the attention of others in the cafe.

A waitress then rushed over to our seat and asked in a timid voice, "Sir, i-is there anything that I can help you with?"

"Get out of my face!" he yelled angrily.

To prevent things from exacerbating, I turned toward the waitress and said with a smile, "Sorry to have troubled you! Everything's fine here."

With that, the waitress walked away quietly. "I'm gonna kill the two of them!" John sprang up from his seat and was about to head out, but I managed to stop him.

After regaining my composure, I turned to him and explained, "The Moore family is backed up by the mob. If I could get rid of them that easily, I would've done it myself months ago."

After hearing my statement, he sat back down and looked at me, asking. "What do you want to do then?"

I went quiet for a while before saying, "Bro, you have to help me!" It was the first time that I had addressed him in such a way instead of his name since he moved to R Province.

He was stunned in place, unable to believe what he had just heard. "Letty, what did you just call me?" An elated expression started creeping onto his face.

"Bro!" I uttered while looking him in the eye. "Bro, you're the only help I can get. No matter what happened in the past, we're still each other's only family, so please help me. The Moore family must be punished for what they did," I added.

John stared at me vacuously like a little kid. "Okay, so what do you want to do?" he asked after nodding his head.

"Just get this video to Rebecca without exposing our identity. I want her to live in constant paranoia," I replied. As the popular saying goes, torture a man's heart rather than sever his body. We'll take our time tearing her heart apart bit by bit.

He nodded and answered, "Okay!"

Since he was a computer expert, I had no qualms letting him handle the whole thing. Relaxed, I took a sip of my coffee.

"Does Ashton know about this?" asked John after he had suppressed his anger.

I lowered my gaze and nodded.

"So what do you have in mind going forward?" he continued asking while signaling the waitress to refill my coffee.

"Can you guarantee your own safety while you infiltrate Zachary's company?" I answered with another question of my own.

He was stupefied in place for a bit before asking in a gravitas manner, "Letty, you plan to involve Zachary in this as well?"

I raised my eyebrows as I replied, "Am I not supposed to?"

John pursed his lips and looked at me confusedly. "Perhaps Zachary wasn't cognizant about any of this. It might be all be planned by Cameron alone."

"So what?" I chuckled before adding, "I doubt Zachary will just sit back and watch as I torture Rebecca. After all, she's his precious daughter too."

John seemed frustrated as he asked, "But why must we infiltrate Zachary's company?"

I rested my chin on my hand before responding, "I yearn for the day when the Moore family comes crumbling down. I'd like to see just how strong their love for their daughter is when that happens."

John was bewildered after hearing what I said. He gave it some thought before switching the topic. "About you and Ashton..."

Whenever Ashton was mentioned, I would get very irritated and an extreme headache would follow afterward. In pain, I glanced at John and said, "Bro, send me back home!"

He stole a glance outside the window. "It's still early though. Do you have something to do at home?"

I nodded in response before saying, "Since I'm now the project director at the White Corporation, I'll need to go home and figure out ways to elevate the AI technology of the corporation to the next level."

He let out a smirk and teased, "So you've become more mature and intelligent, huh? I can barely recognize you now. Anyway, I'm happy for you. At least you know to protect yourself now."

I curled my lips and stared at him blankly.

After taking a sip of his coffee, John added, "The reason you're telling me all this is my specialization in computers, right? And since I own a few companies that dabble in AI technology, you knew that I would be well versed in this field."

"If you don't want to help me, it's fine. I'll just think of another approach!" I said as I shrugged.

He then gave me a subtle smile and uttered impatiently, "Just spit it out. How do you want me to help?"

"I plan to set up a meeting with the boss of OrbitTech and discuss with him about acquiring this company of his. Therefore, I'd like you to not interfere with my plan!" I said earnestly. "Bro, I know that the Moore family isn't an easy opponent to deal with. But if I successfully acquire OrbitTech and all of its assets, I'll have a higher standing at White Corporation, which in turn gives me more opportunities to do what I want!"

John couldn't help but sigh before responding, "Okay, Letty. I won't lay a hand on OrbitTech. However, you need to know that relying on just the White Corporation won't get you anywhere against the Moore family."

"But I have you, Marcus, and the Fullers behind my back too, right?" I looked at him confidently.

John paused for a bit, then lamented with a sigh, "Letty, we have been part of your plan all along, huh?"

Like I previously said, people would always change. If we had something we desperately wanted to protect or destroy, we would go to extreme lengths to achieve it.

"You can still say no if you want because it seems like I'm just using you for my own benefit," I blurted out while looking at him.

Raising his eyebrows, John replied, "Do you think that I would reject?"

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I shook my head. "I won't!"

He smiled but remained silent.

For the first time, I realized that John was actually quite talkative, seeing as he'd been babbling away all afternoon. Since the matter with the AI project was settled, I wasn't in a hurry to leave either.

So, I propped my chin on my palm and listened intently to him. "Letty, all these years, I've been thinking about where I belong in the world, but you were always the one who came to my mind. So I don't think I'll ever be able to let you go."

I stared at him, not knowing what to say. In the end, I gave him a terse reply, "Just take things one step at a time."

I couldn't give him false promises about his future when my own life had already hit a dead end. If it weren't for the hatred fueling me, I would never have lived until today. Hence, I never promised anyone anything. I was selfish like that, unwilling to spare him even a sliver of hope.

Noticing the exhaustion lining my features, he asked, "Are you tired? Do you want me to take you home now?"

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I nodded and left the restaurant with him.

Along the way, I started to feel drowsy. He stopped talking and played some mellow music for me to ease into slumber.

Leaning against my seat, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. However, it proved impossible. More often than not, I lay wide awake in bed, so falling asleep in a car was out of the question.

Even though I was sleepy, I just couldn't drift off. When the car stopped, I instinctively opened my eyes, only to see John getting out with a dark look on his face.

Ashton's towering figure was planted firmly in front of the car. He looked slightly haggard and seemed to have waited at the entrance of the residential area for a long time.

John had a lot of bottled-up anger in him, so after getting out of the car, he raised his fist wordlessly and threw a punch at Ashton. Despite that, Ashton didn't fight back, allowing John to hit him however he liked.

I didn't intend to stop the fight either. I just remained in the car, my heart as hard as a stone and my face completely devoid of emotion.

After some time, John slumped onto the ground beside Ashton, probably from exhaustion. Even so, his anger hadn't yet diminished as he roared furiously, "I've never met a b*stard worse than you, Ashton Fuller!"

Ashton remained silent and slowly got to his feet. Although he had been beaten up quite badly, there was still an air of nobility surrounding him.

As he stood in front of the car, he stared at me with dark eyes. When our eyes locked, I felt no love, only the pressure of bitter memories threatening to overwhelm me.

We stared each other down for a long while before I relented and got out of the car.

I walked toward him and said in a clipped tone, "Please step aside. We need to drive the car in!" He was blocking the entrance, and I couldn't very well make the car fly over him.

He grabbed my hand with the strength of his grip gradually increasing, causing pain to shoot through my hand. After staring at me for a long time, hurt flashed across his eyes as he forced out the words, "Scarlett, this isn't your home."

I was trembling slightly, but not because of him, no. It was probably due to the late autumn's cold weather.

I felt the urge to laugh, but my voice was caught in my throat. My eyes stung with imminent tears, and I flung his hand away with all my might, keeping my emotions on a tight leash before speaking, "Sure. You can continue standing in the way if you wanna die!"

With that, I got into the car. John left the keys behind, so I started the engine and looked at the man standing motionless in front of the car. "Get out of the way!" I shouted.

His bottomless eyes gleamed slightly when he said, "If my death will make you feel better, so be it."

The autumn wind in K City was freezing, billowing so strong that the leaves on the roadside were blown everywhere, like orphans left to fend for themselves.

"It's still not too late to get out of the way!" I paused, narrowing my eyes a fraction before continuing, "Because I will run you down."

"Mm. Do it!" His voice was calm, but John started to panic.

He looked at me and warned in a grave tone, "Letty, don't be rash!"

Am I being rash? No, I know what I'm doing. Squinting my eyes, I lifted my foot and floored the accelerator.

Love was indeed terrifying and stupid at the same time. Stupid because right before the car rammed into Ashton, I jerked the steering wheel to the side and crashed into the flowerbed on the roadside.

This suicidal act caused my head to buzz. There was a sharp pain in my chest before something warm surged in my throat.

I spat a mouthful of blood and slumped weakly onto the steering wheel, gradually losing consciousness.

Everything happened so quickly, and my hazy mind could vaguely hear two anxious shouts.

"Scarlett!"

"Letty!"

Ashton's and John's voices sounded in unison.

I was in the hospital when I came to.

My whole body was numb with pain. Staring at the ceiling, I began to hate myself because I had failed to kill the person I despised the most. How useless.

Turning to look at the person standing beside my bed, I said apologetically, "Sorry. I seemed to have lost control of my emotions again and got myself into trouble."

This wasn't the first time Marcus had seen me try to kill myself. He was terrified at first, but now that I was brought back from the brink of death, he could finally relax.

He raised his hand to push away the stray strands of hair on my forehead and uttered in a low voice, "John's Bentley is scrapped. You're lucky to be alive!"

I smiled feebly, uncertain whether he was relieved or freaked out. There was a needle stuck into the back of my hand which was slightly swollen, probably because I had been on a drip for quite some time already.

"Was I out for a long time?"

He nodded. "Two days and one night. Your forehead and chest sustained injuries."

I stared at the ceiling again and said nonchalantly, "This time didn't hurt as bad."

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I didn't have the courage to die because I was scared of the pain, be it slicing wrists or jumping off a building.

The fear of pain made me a cowardly person.

His face sank. "Scarlett, this is the last time. If you'd rather hurt yourself than get revenge, then I'm done. Whether you live or die will have nothing to do with me."

I lifted my hand to grab his arm, apologizing in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry. I was wrong. I shouldn't have let my emotions take control of me!"

The fact was, I couldn't bring myself to die just like that.

Seeing my red-rimmed eyes, he sighed and placed my hand underneath the blanket before saying, "Don't do anything stupid again. You have a long way ahead of you. Take things slowly and you'll be fine."

I nodded and fell into a daze with my eyes fixated on the ceiling. Why couldn't I run Ashton over? Why wasn't I brave enough?

Sleep took over me once again, and it was already midnight by the time I woke up.

The moment I opened my eyes, I locked gazes with the man I was supposed to meet in the afterlife.

As usual, Ashton was clad in a black tailored suit. Perhaps because the heater was turned on, he took off his coat, revealing the impeccably ironed white shirt, which was completely befitting of his personality.

"You're awake." He came forward and looked at me with an unreadable glint in his eyes.

He was the last person I wanted to see, so I shut my eyes.

"Are you hurting anywhere?" he continued speaking.

Without any desire to talk, I remained tight-lipped.

"Would you like some water?"

A frown appeared between my brows as the back of my hand throbbed with a dull pain. I'd had too many infusions in the past two months, so the bruise on the back of my hand hadn't subsided.

It started to get annoying.

My body was lifted up all of a sudden, causing my eyes to fly wide open and see Ashton's handsome face up close.

A glass of warm water was held out in front of me. I stared unflinchingly at it but didn't react for a long time. Finally, I raised my infused hand to take it.

Truth be told, holding the glass was a rather difficult task with the needle stuck into my hand. Ashton's eyes were filled with pain as he looked at me.

As I squinted my eyes, the glass in my hand unexpectedly slipped out of my grasp. The glass shattered upon coming in contact with the floor, the loud noise reverberating through the room.

Instantly, the temperature in the room seemed to plummet. With a faint smile on my face, I said, "Sorry. I didn't mean it."

Even though I was apologizing, my gaze on him was unfeeling and had no trace of guilt in it.

His brows drew together as he replied in a tensed voice, "It's fine." Then, he crouched down to pick up the broken glass.

Perhaps he couldn't stand the silence hovering over us, so he spoke again, "Do you still want some water? I'll pour you another glass."

I lowered my gaze just then. Perceiving the slight tremble in his hands, the chill in my heart intensified.

"He was suffocated to death. Did you see it?" I knew that with John's personality, he would've shown Ashton that video.

From the moment Ashton appeared, I had noticed the repressed pain in his eyes.

Yes, he had cried, and that was all that mattered to me—knowing that he was in pain.

His hand stiffened midway, and he slowly raised his eyes to look at me.

When our eyes met, I sneered, “Mr. Fuller, do you think a quick death is better or a slow one?”

He stayed silent, the pain he was feeling clearly displayed in his eyes.

Seeing as he didn’t speak, I got frustrated and pulled out the drip needle on the back of my hand.

Because I had used too much force, some blood spurted out and stained the white sheets.

I swung my feet to the side and stepped onto the ground barefooted even though I knew it was littered with glass shards.

Without hesitation, I pressed one foot down. When my sole landed on the back of Ashton’s hand, blood spilled from his palm and slowly spread on the ground. Did it hurt?

I didn't know. All I knew was that when I held the glass shard and desperately tried to cut the rope that bound my child's fate, it pierced into my palm again and again, staining the rope a dark red. Even so, I had failed to save my child.

I slowly looked down and saw that Ashton's face had gone slightly pale from the sudden pain. With a casual smile, I said, "Sorry, I didn't see your hand there."

"It's fine." His voice was flat, so flat that I couldn't detect any emotion in it.

Skirting around him, I poured myself a glass of water and sat down on the chair to sip on it.

Ashton remained crouched on the ground, pulling out the glass shards from his palm with an expressionless face.

Blood oozed from the cuts on his palm and pooled on the ground.

Did it hurt?

I was numb to everything, with only frustration as my companion.

When Rebecca arrived and saw Ashton's bloodied palm, she looked as though she wanted nothing more than to tear me apart. "What the hell did you do, Scarlett?"

Glancing outside the windows, I surmised that it was probably very late now. She was really crazy about Ashton, even more so than I thought.

With an arched brow, I shifted my gaze toward her, only to realize that both Jared and Joe had come in after her.

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I smiled blandly. "Thank you for visiting me even at this hour, everyone."

Rebecca glared at me and knelt down to check on Ashton. Suddenly, the television in the room switched on by itself.

As I suspected, that video started playing on the screen, forcing Rebecca to watch it until the end.

I was already numb by then, so I observed everyone's expressions instead.

There was fear, heartache, shock and disbelief.

John really was a genius to have come up with this idea to let all of them watch the video together.

The video finally ended after some time. Rebecca looked at me, then at Ashton's hand.

PlayvolumeAd

She was ashen-faced; I liked seeing her this way. Putting down the glass of water in my hand, I slowly approached her. Then, I crouched in front of her and smiled. "Ms. Larson, did you enjoy the video? Do you wanna know what it feels like when your child is finally taken out of you after being suffocated to death?"

Her face blanched with horror as she exclaimed, "You're crazy!"

I huffed out a humorless laugh, admiring the panic sprawled across her face as she protected her protruding belly with both hands. Slowly, my smile turned vicious, and I

lowered my voice to say, "Would you like to have a taste of the pain I felt at that time? Hmm? Your mother probably likes that method too. Why else would she have used it on me? Don't you agree?"

"You can't go around throwing baseless accusations, Scarlett!" Rebecca fell back onto the ground in shock, scrambling backward on her fours.

Having just recovered from his shock, Joe helped the panicked Rebecca up from the floor. "How can you be so sure that it was her mother who did this, Scarlett?"

I raised my brows in response. "Would you like to see the evidence, people?" I paused for a moment before saying in a bored tone, "Actually, spoilers are no fun. Tell you what, I'll show you guys what a suffocated child looks like some other day."

Then, I pinned my gaze on Rebecca's belly and smiled meaningfully. "Isn't it great? You get to watch in advance what your child will look like after being suffocated to death."

"Take me away! Take me away! She's crazy!" Rebecca was so petrified that she started rambling incoherently, yanking on Joe to bring her away.

Joe stared at me with conflicting emotions swirling in his eyes.

As soon as Rebecca left, I felt immensely bored. So I flicked my gaze to the man on the ground who had a devastated look on his face, then glanced at Jared who was standing by the door.

Seeing the heartache shining in his eyes, my own heart wrenched with pain.

Frustrated, I dialed for Marcus and immediately expressed my displeasure when the call connected. "Do you not want me anymore? Don't just leave me at the hospital. I'm scared!"

Ashton looked at me with eyes that held endless darkness.

I knew that he was hurting, but so what?

To my surprise, Marcus arrived at the hospital in no time, so I suspected that he had been nearby all along.

Seeing the mess in the ward, his face clouded over as a crease appeared between his brows. Then, his gaze landed on Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, look at the state she's in. How long are you planning to keep tormenting her?"

Ashton didn't say anything. From the start until then, his eyes hadn't once left me. I could tell that he was drowning in self-blame and grief.

Despite knowing that, my heart didn't break for him.

I walked toward Marcus, who frowned upon noticing the blood on the back of my hand.
"You pulled it out on your own?"

I nodded and said softly, "Let's go. I'm exhausted." Just like everyone else, there was a limit to my energy. Hence, going out of my way to hurt others had taken a toll on me.

Sensing the truth in my words, he replied curtly, "Let's go then."

At the door of the ward, Jared's face seemed to be covered with a layer of frost. His eyes glinted coldly as he blocked our way out and said to me, "The child was also Ashton's. He isn't hurting any less than you are. Why do you hate him so much? Does piling all your pain on him and letting him bear it for you make you happy?"

"Move aside!" Marcus' expression darkened. They were both men who wielded power in the corporate world. Thus, they were equally imposing.

Jared stood as still as a statue with his gaze fixed on me.

Pursing my lips, I looked back at Ashton to say, "On the night of Rebecca's birthday, you were at the Moore family's banquet, right?"

Ashton looked at me, his eyes dimming slightly. "Yes."

My chest still ached, but I pushed past it and replied, "I'm sure you know better than me why Cameron chose to do it that night, right? For two months, Marcus hasn't let me touch any electronic devices. I didn't watch the TV or read the news. I didn't even have any contact with outsiders."

Having said that, I couldn't help but release a soft laugh. "But I'm not an idiot. Even though I didn't read about your engagement with Rebecca in K City's news headlines, I already guessed that Cameron did what she did because she wanted both me and my child dead. After all, with me gone, there wouldn't be anything standing between you and Rebecca. It's too bad she miscalculated. She never expected that Marcus would show up and take me away."

I didn't wait to see the look on Ashton's face. Whether he was hurting, distressed, or wallowing in guilt had nothing to do with me.

