

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love

## Chapter 248-252

### Chapter 248

I pressed my lips and sulked. "It's inappropriate for me to answer the call."

My response clearly showed him that I refused to accept his family. This was no doubt an insult to him, and I immediately regretted it.

"Inappropriate?"

Before I could react, he reached out his hand and grabbed my chin. "Inappropriate in what sense? Are you trying to tell me you've spent so much time with Marcus, and soon, you're going to be someone else's stepmother?"

The incessant ringing got on my nerves, but I chose to ignore it.

He then exerted more force on my chin. "Have he kissed you as I did? Had Marcus made you answer a call like this, you would have done it in a heartbeat, right?"

The color drained from my face, but I tried to stay calm. I smirked, "You're just trying to humiliate me because you think I'm filthy, aren't you? If that's the case, why do you still bother to come and fetch me?"

I paused for a moment and continued, "And who are you tell me what's appropriate and what's not? How should I face the family of a man who constantly humiliates me? Should I bow before them and wash their feet? I bet you've never treated Rebecca like this, haven't you?"

He gave me a death stare as soon as I finished. Yet, his grip never loosened.

At that point, my chin was already hurting so badly, but I still put on a tough look. "There are women whom you can hit and humiliate as you wish after you've paid them, but I'm not one of these women. I'll not allow a man to disrespect and degrade me all the time, and I'll definitely not hold on to a man who failed to protect his own child."

With his lips tightly pressed together, he let out a loud harrumph. However, by the time he turned his attention to his phone, the caller had ended the call.

After grabbing the car key, he left.

I'll do what it takes to defend my honor too.

If you don't know how to respect me, then don't expect me to respect you in return!

The revving sound of a car's engine emerged from the porch, and soon, the car left the compound of the villa.

I let out a long sigh and collapsed onto the couch, feeling utterly exhausted.

Once again, I screwed up. I should not have let my emotions get the better of me. And guess who's going to benefit from this fight? Rebecca!

It was still early, and I couldn't sleep. Thus, I gave John a call and asked him where he was so I could meet up with him.

I had been to Paramount Club several times, so I went straight into his suite after knowing where he was.

It was a surprise to see him singing and drinking alone in the suite as I thought he was with his client.

After seeing me standing by the door, he tapped on the couch and invited me, "Come! Sit!"

I pressed my lips, sat behind him, and lowered the volume of the song. "Are you okay?"

He took a sidelong glance at me and placed the mic in front of me. "I heard you're back with Ashton."

I nodded and poured myself a glass of wine. "Any updates about Rebecca?"

"After the video incident, Cameron found someone to hack into my computer and deleted all the videos and photos," he said as he leaned against the couch.

I could not help but frown, "She has her eyes on you now?"

In response, John raised his brows. "Why are you here at this hour anyway? Where is Ashton?"

"The White residence."

"I'm afraid Benjamin's number is up."

He nodded then turned around and looked at me. "Are you not going to pay the family a visit? Marcus has been nice to you all this while."

Of course, I wanted to visit them but in private. Hence, I ignored his question and moved on to another topic. "So, there's nothing else we can do with Rebecca?"

He pursed his lips and took a sip from his wine glass. "You seem to think I'm just a good-for-nothing other than having good looks."

What?

"That's not true." What an overly confident man.

He took a deep breath and said, "I've sent her the pictures. She should be delivering her baby by the end of the year. What are you going to do?"

Hearing his question, I was stunned for a bit and knitted my brows. "What am I supposed to do?"

By the expression on John's face, I could tell he must have thought how unbelievably stupid I was. "Are you not going to do anything to the baby?"

I could not help but bite my lips. Yes, I had made all sorts of threatening remarks in the past, but how could I harm a baby? I did not want to become just like Cameron!

He then let out a long sigh. "You're too kind. Dealing with Rebecca is not difficult, but you'll have a hard time dealing with Cameron. Not only is she cruel, but she also has years of experience in eliminating enemies who get in her way."

"I'm sure I can find her Achilles' heel. I'll start with Rebecca." The best way to crush Cameron's spirit is to destroy Rebecca first!

John kept mum and did not respond. He then looked at me, "Listen carefully. Ashton is not the father to the two babies that Rebecca had carried."

Obviously taken aback, a frown warped my face. "How did you know?"

"I found out about this by chance. It seems someone had raped Rebecca and made her pregnant, but she eventually lost the baby due to an accident. As for this pregnancy, Joe is the father to the baby, but Rebecca insisted it was Ashton's." He shrugged his shoulders.

## **Chapter 249**

I was absolutely dumbfounded. "Does Cameron know about this?"

"No one else knew the truth except Rebecca. I bet Joe is still in the dark about this too. Since Rebecca has claimed that it's Ashton's baby, I'm sure Cameron would have believed her words." John shook his head.

Is that why Cameron tried so hard to get rid of my baby, so she could pave way for Rebecca's?

"How about Ashton? Does he know about it?" Ashton seemed to have clarified that he had not had any physical intimacy with Rebecca.

John let out a cold snort. "He would be the stupidest man in the world if he himself doesn't know it."

That comment rendered me speechless for a moment.

Alright. Fine.

So did that mean Ashton took great care of Rebecca but had never touched her? Why didn't he explain to me?

I would not have believed his words anyway. I guess he knew my temper better than I did.

Though, I really had to take my hat off to her brother, Parker. After all, he still managed to find a man who was willing to take good care of his sister even after so many years.

Despite knowing the baby was not his, Ashton was still willing to take on the responsibility.

"What are you thinking?" John patted me on the back. "My birthday is around the corner. You better get me a nice gift since I've helped you a lot."

Dude...

I pressed my lips and asked, "What do you want for your birthday?"

"Anything!"

"Like a shirt? A necktie? Or a belt?" I ran out of ideas.

He looked at me and said in a serious tone, "No. I want you for my birthday."

I scoffed, "Over my dead body."

Hearing that, he was at a loss for words.

"Don't buy things for me. Make me something special that I can appreciate."

I did not know how to react to that. Are we still living in ancient times? Does he expect me to sew him a pouch?

It was already 11 p.m. by the time I returned to the villa. Ashton was still not back yet, and Mrs. Eriksen seemed to be sewing something in the living hall.

Upon noticing me standing by the door, she put aside her sewing kit and smiled at me. "Welcome home."

I nodded gently and went to get myself a cup of water. Yet, there was only cold water in the dispenser.

Mrs. Eriksen said, "I may have damaged the water dispenser when I was mopping the floor earlier, and it's too late to get someone to come and repair the device at this hour. Should I boil you some water?"

I shook my head. She then started packing her things and was ready to return to the rear house. She must have stayed up late to wait for me to come home. "You can go and rest now. I'll go to bed soon."

She pointed at the water dispenser. "But..."

"I'm not thirsty. You can go now!" I frowned involuntarily as I did not want to talk to anyone at this point.

My reaction left her stunned for a bit. She then kept quiet and left the living hall.

I seemed to have lost my patience with people.

After Mrs. Eriksen had left, I sat on the couch in the living room for a while. Glancing up at the wall mindlessly, I noticed the clock had already struck twelve.

Why is Ashton not back yet? Does he plan to stay overnight at the White's residence?

I went to the kitchen and boiled some water for drinking. In the meantime, I took out my phone to check if I had missed any messages.

After realizing there were no updates on the notification tab, I let out a long sigh. I then lifted the kettle's lid to check if the water was boiling but was unfortunately scalded by the steam.

It hurt so badly that I immediately retracted my hand. After staring at the kettle for some time, I took out my phone once again.

Just when I was hesitating if I should give him a call, I heard someone entering the house.

Is he back?

I bit my lips, brought the kettle to the living hall, and poured two glasses of water.

The moment Ashton came in, I could see water droplets resting on his coat. Perhaps it was raining outside.

After hanging his coat by the door, he realized I was sitting in the living hall. He frowned and came up to me. "Couldn't sleep?"

I nodded and looked at him in the eyes. "How's Benjamin?"

A line formed between his brows as he was surprised that I asked. "Marcus told you?"

I shook my head. "I knew Benjamin has not been in the pink for quite some."

He nodded gently and stood in front of me. "Are you worried that I might not come home today?"

I shook my head. After that, I reached for a glass of water as my throat felt dry. Thanks to my clumsy self, I accidentally spilled some water on my thighs.

It was so hot that I winced.

Just then, Ashton walked up, carried me in his arms, and brought me to the washroom.

After turning on the cold shower to relieve my pain, he looked at me with a frown. "Did you drink?"

I nodded after a short pause.

The moment he tried reaching for his phone, I knew he was going to trouble Jared again. I snatched his phone and said, "It's late now. Let's not disturb him anymore."

After seeing the red patch on my thighs, he looked up at me with a scowl. "Did you do this on purpose?"

I simply admitted, "Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I need your help." I was still waiting for him to help me with OrbitTech, though.

He responded with a smirk, carried me to the bedroom upstairs, and stripped off my wet clothes.

After helping me change into my pajamas, he applied some ointment on my thighs. It hurt a little, but the pain was still bearable.

It seemed he had intentionally avoided my question earlier. I lowered my eyes and tapped on his hand. "I feel better now. Thanks."

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Novel

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## **Chapter 250**

As soon as I said that, Ashton knitted his brows. "I'm only halfway done."

I pressed my lips and was at a loss for words.

While I was still thinking of a way to respond to that remark, he threw out this question all of a sudden, "What are you going to do if I decide not to come home today?"

"I'd probably have to scald my whole body and call you." This idea did cross my mind. I knew he would not ignore me.

He tightened his grip on my thigh, causing me to gasp in pain.

"Does it hurt?" he sneered. "Have you thought of turning yourself into a cripple?"

I kept mum, but I still gently ran my fingers all over his arm while he continued applying the ointment on my thighs.

"What are you doing?" He furrowed his eyebrows and looked at me.

I bit my lips. "Seducing you."

He let out a mirthless laugh, put away the ointment, and squinted. "You're doing this for that project?"

And again, I chose to remain silent. I got up, wrapped my hands around his shoulders, and pressed my lips against his.

He, too, wrapped his hands around my waist and said in a husky voice, "How much did you drink?"

I mumbled, "A few glasses, I think."

Frankly speaking, I was not good at seducing men, and foreplay always wore me out. I just wanted to hit the bullseye.

His breathing grew heavier as he pulled me closer to him. "So are you planning to give up?"

I shook my head and changed my position.

While he was enjoying the time of his life, I took the opportunity and asked, "Fuller Corporation has HiTech now, so how about OrbitTech..."

"Nope. No OrbitTech!" He instantly turned rough.

I looked up at him with a scowl, reached for the phone, and passed it to him. "Call Joseph now!"

He stopped what he was doing and gazed into my eyes. "You really think you can make me do things just by offering me your body?"

I did not know what to say. But I knew he was not happy about it.

I bit my lips. "You promised to support me in everything I do."

He took over the phone with a smirk and gave Joseph a call.

It took Joseph quite a while to answer the phone. Ashton then said to him in a cold voice, "Do not follow up on OrbitTech's case anymore!"

He ended the call, threw the phone aside, and went straight to the shower.

It was either I was too drunk or simply relieved that I had one less problem to worry about. Nonetheless, I fell asleep almost instantly.

By the time Ashton got out of the shower, I was already sound asleep. But he was not ready to call it a day.

He thought he could torture me the whole night by staying on top of me almost every hour. But jokes on him as I had already transported myself to a faraway dreamland.

My head hurt the moment I opened my eyes the next morning. It must be due to all the drinks I had last night. I raised my hands and clenched my fists to wake myself up.

Since I had to make a trip to the White Corporation, I had to freshen up and start organizing some documents. Yet when I tried getting out of bed, I realized someone still had his grip on my wrist.

Ashton was still asleep, and the stubble on his chin made him look even more appealing.

I could not stop myself from reaching for the sexy stubble. It was soft to the touch, but at the same time, it was also kind of prickly.

Under the dimmed light in the room, his facial features became even more prominent. Upon noticing someone was touching him, he woke up with a start and looked at me with his sleepy eyes.

With a deep growl, he asked, "Do you want more?"

I immediately retracted my hand. He then sat up, exposing some scratches on his abs.

Yes, I was the one who scratched him last night.

Ashton raised his brows after noticing I was staring at his body. "Someone has gone pretty wild last night."

Now that the alcohol's effect had mostly worn off, my mind became much clearer. "I wouldn't have done this to you had you behaved well last night."

He chuckled. "Oh? So do you want to go for another round?" He leaned forward and gave me a peck on my forehead, "You're my wife, and I'm your husband. Ask me if you have any doubts, and don't let rumors get to you. Okay?"

I nodded and gently pushed him away. "Alright, alright, that's enough. I need to go to the office today, so give me a break."

He could not help but laugh upon hearing what I said. Right after flipping the blanket over, he kept staring at my thighs for quite some time.

Initially, I thought he was aroused but soon realized he was staring at the red patches on my thighs.

He lifted his head and looked at me. "Does it still hurt?"

I shook my head. "Nope."

"Just stay home and rest today."

I refused. "I'm fine. I have to get back to the office to settle some work today."

A sudden frown warped his face. He was apparently unhappy with my answer but held back his anger. "I'll drive you!"

Since Ashton had made a compromise, I should too. I nodded and accepted his offer.

He parked his car outside White Corporation and immediately became the center of attention when employees walked in and out of the building.

When I was about to get out of the car after unfastening the safety belt, I realized the car was locked. I tilted my head and gave Ashton a stare. "Open the door!"

A sharp glint appeared in his eyes for a brief moment as he pressed his lips and looked at me. "So, you're just going to leave like that?"

## **Chapter 251**

At first, I did not understand what he wanted, but as soon as he pointed at his cheek, I knew he was asking for a kiss.

"We're in public, for goodness sake!" It was extremely inappropriate to display affection in front of so many people!

A corner of his mouth quirked up. "We're married, so it's normal for a wife to give her husband a goodbye kiss."

Now was not the right time or place to argue with him on this topic.

Instead of starting a fight with him, I leaned forward and gave him a kiss on his cheek. All of sudden, he winded down the window and kissed me on my lips. "Oh yes. Sweet!"

I got out of the car and tried to control my anger.

As I was walking toward the entrance, I bumped into Marcus.

He had been standing outside the entrance. I bet he must have seen what Ashton did to me in the car, especially after Ashton winded down the window for the whole world to see.

His expression changed, and I could tell he was shooting daggers at Ashton. In spite of that, I went up and greeted him as if nothing ever happened, "Good morning!"

He bit lips and gradually turned his attention to me. "Hey."

Once we got into the elevator, he gave me a document. "Take a look at some information about OrbitTech. Our chances are slim as both John and Ashton have their eyes on this company too."

I nodded and took over the document. "What are our chances if they decide to give up on OrbitTech?"

He paused for a moment and frowned, "Have you talked to them?"

I responded with a nod. Once we stepped out of the elevator, I said, "One of them is my brother, and the other person is my husband. I guess luck is on my side."

"If only things are as simple as you thought." Marcus let out a cold snort.

We did not dwell on this topic after that. I went to my office and studied the document he gave me.

At noon, Sally came to my office. "We need to talk."

"About?" I gave her a puzzled look.

Clad in a black dress suit, she looked exceptionally elegant. She pressed her lips for a bit and said, "You'll know."

I nodded, put aside the document, and left the office with her.

We arrived at one of the cafés in the city center, and I ordered a cup of coffee. Sally looked at me and asked, "What's going on between you and Marcus?"

The way she spoke to me was as if she was questioning a teenager.

"We're friends. Business partners." I gave her the standard answer.

She nodded and took a sip of her coffee. "How about Ashton? Are you planning to divorce him?"

Oops. I don't think many people know that I've moved back to the villa.

I looked at Sally and squinted. "Is this what you want to talk to me about?"

She said, "I heard you were going to divorce Ashton after Dad passed away. The only reason that's holding you back was your pregnancy. Ashton is a responsible man, and he was willing to take care of you and the baby. Does this mean there's no love in this marriage?"

Who told you this?

I grinned. "Thank you for paying attention to the problems of my marriage. I appreciate it."

She also responded with a calm smile. "Do you still love him? Just tell me."

"It seems you really like to make swift decisions just after weighing the pros and cons, Ms. Fuller."

Upon hearing that remark, she let out a mirthless laugh. "You two decided to stay together because of the baby. Now that the baby is out of the way and you don't love each other, then it's time for you to move on! I noticed you seem to be very close with Marcus. Why not give him a chance?"

That's how you convince someone to get a divorce? What a joke.

"Did Ashton agree to your suggestion?" She might have advised Ashton too since he visited the White family last night.

Sally frowned. "Stop wasting each other's time and move on."

I nodded. I could not really blame her for giving me this suggestion. After all, I had indeed been quite close with Marcus recently. Let's not forget the fact Ashton and I were also on bad terms with each other and had been separated for quite some time.

Perhaps, to Sally, the best option for me was to file for a divorce.

Hence, I believe Sally must have evaluated the situation before throwing out her suggestion.

Unless she had an ulterior motive that I was not aware of.

I had to say something in response to her suggestion. "I don't think it's fair for you to advise us to get a divorce just because my marriage is on the rocks. If there's something else on your mind, please share it with me, so I can evaluate the pros and cons like how you'd do."

She took another sip of her coffee and paused for a bit. "You should know who's the father of Rebecca's baby, right? I'm sure you know it better than I do. She's also the main cause of the problems in your marriage. Now that she's carrying Ashton's child, we have to step in and acknowledge the child as a part of the Fuller family."

## **Chapter 252**

I see.

How stupid of me! Of course it's all because of Rebecca's baby.

I looked at her and grinned. "You must have known about her pregnancy for quite some time, right? You didn't mention this, because legally speaking, I am still Ashton's wife, and you didn't have a reason to break us apart. Now that my child is gone, you want to get rid of me, so you can bring Rebecca into the family because of the baby she's carrying. I wonder if Ashton knows about your intention?"

Sally's expression instantly changed. She did not like how straightforward I was, even though the things I said were exactly what's on her mind.

"You're right. Don't we all make decisions after weighing all the pros and cons? Since your marriage with Ashton is doomed to fail anyway, why don't you take this opportunity to free yourself?"

I nodded in agreement. What she said made sense, but somehow, I was not pleased to hear that.

After that, I turned my attention to my phone, which I had placed on the table, and said, "You heard it? If you agree, we shall make a trip to Civil Affairs Bureau and sign the divorce papers."

Sally was taken aback when she realized Ashton was on the phone and heard what she said.

The color drained out of her pale, and she gave me a disdainful look.

Ashton, on the other hand, expressed his dismay in a deep voice. "Don't ever allow others to tell us what to do. It's our marriage, and we make decisions for ourselves. And above all, you should know my feelings for you."

He then raised his voice, "I'm afraid your understanding of love is quite different from us, Aunt Sally. How much do you, as an outsider, know about our marriage, anyway?"

She froze instantly as she was dumbstruck upon hearing the word "outsider."

Before she could defend herself, Ashton continued, "Next time, please mind your own business, Aunt Sally. You're the daughter-in-law of the White family now, so it's time for you to leave the Fullers alone. If possible, we don't even have to keep in touch anymore."

Ashton sounded harsh over the phone as if he wanted to sever ties with her.

After ending the call, Sally looked at me with her pallid face. "How dare you pull this trick on me?"

I smiled and shrugged my shoulders. "I just wanted to confirm if he wants to apply for a divorce too."

A corner of my mouth quirked up, "Well, it looks like you're doing this behind Ashton's back when he's not aware of anything. I'm glad he heard the conversation. Otherwise, we might start arguing over this unnecessary misunderstanding."

I believe Sally was smart enough to know that we had identified her as a troublemaker who tried to wreck our marriage.

All of a sudden, she raised her voice. "Fine! I'll leave your marriage alone, but Rebecca's child belongs to the Fullers, and I'll make sure the child gets the recognition he or she deserves!"

Once again, I nodded. "You're right. I agree with you totally. But how certain are you that Ashton is the father to Rebecca's child? You better investigate properly before acknowledging the child as a Fuller."

Time was running out, and I still needed to grab a quick lunch. With that, I picked up my handbag and smiled. "Oh yes, there's something else you might not know. Do you know who caused the death of my child? Perhaps you can have a chat with Cameron or even Rebecca and see what they'll tell you. It's time for you to analyze the situation and not be fooled by what you see."

Following that, I grabbed my bag and left the café.

Why on earth did she choose a café? I don't need coffee for lunch. I need a proper meal, damn it!

I went down to the second floor and passed by a new restaurant. I could not help but giggle at its name – The Unpalatable.

To come up with such an unpleasant name, the proprietor must be a young and wealthy risk-taker.

Out of curiosity, I decided to order takeout from them. Surprisingly, both the food and the lunchbox they used looked pretty good.

I supposed Marcus had not had his lunch too, so I returned to order another takeout. Lo and behold, I bumped into Cameron and Rebecca outside the restaurant.

The mother-daughter duo, who was probably shopping in this mall, was so well-dressed that I could hardly tell one of them was pregnant.

What a blessing it was to be rich.

I was just a stone's throw away from them, so if I could see them, I was sure they could see me too.

Under normal circumstances, we should avoid each other. After all, none of us wished to make a din in this public area.

But since there were not many people in the mall, the two of them noticed me right away.

Rebecca walked up to me with a look of haughty disdain. "I wonder if there are any places in this world that I can go without seeing your irritating face."