

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love

## Chapter 289-292

### Chapter 289

"Only family members are allowed into the building. Miss, please take a step back and don't intervene in our procedures." At that, the officer pushed me backward.

I nearly fell, but fortunately, someone supported me from behind.

"I'm Marcus, the son of the woman up there. Can I go up?" After Marcus helped me to a stable position, he then took out his identity card to show it to the officer.

After a glance, the officer responded, "Mr. White, go ahead."

Marcus shot him an exceptionally cold look before he towed me into the building. Trailing behind him, we soon reached the top floor.

Outsiders were usually barred from entering these office buildings, especially the top floors; individuals were only allowed in if they had an employee's card with them.

The top floor of this building was an open space with tall railings. Greeneries were planted everywhere, and there were even chairs, tables, and umbrellas. Evidently, this was a place meant for resting.

I did not know how Sharon had mustered the strength to get past the railing. She was standing on the short ledge that was only as wide as a palm, and her hands were holding onto the railing. Even from a distance away, I could see she had an exhausted look on her face.

The wind on the top floor was intense, and her body was swaying with it. If she were to pay less attention, she would have fallen off the building.

From this height, I was sure she would be unrecognizable if she were to fall.

It was terrifying to watch her stand by the ledge, and I vaguely realized the psychologist and rescue team were already on the top floor with us.

When Marcus brought me to the top floor, Sharon became even more agitated. With bloodshot eyes and a hoarse voice, she croaked, "Marc, I'm sorry."

Tamping down the fear in his heart, he looked at Sharon with an ashen face. In a trembling voice, he uttered, "Mom, don't be. I don't blame you for anything. Come to us first. Let's talk about whatever it is on your mind when we're back home, all right?"

However, Sharon shook her head, her face pale from the cold. "Marc, live a good life after this. You're the White family's only son, and your father loves you. He didn't have a child with Sally because he's afraid you'll have nothing after he's gone. You have to keep living and have a family. Take care of the family. That way, your dad and I will rest in peace."

She was telling him her last words.

By now, Marcus' eyes were red, and he was trying his best to collect himself. "Mom, I know. Come down. You have to find me a girlfriend, and you have to be there at my wedding. Mom, don't do this. Come back here and let's live happily as a family."

She shook her head, her tears streaming down her cheeks in melancholy. "Marc, don't blame me for this. I survived the past ten years on my hatred for him. I refused to give in, and I refused to admit defeat. But I don't hate him anymore, so life is now meaningless to me. It's been so many years, and I owe him an apology. I have to look for him in the afterlife. I couldn't grow old with him in the world of the living, so I'll accompany him in the world of the dead."

Sharon was determined to die, and I could see the despair in her eyes as she stared at Marcus. Without the strength to live, death was the best option.

Marcus knew that well, but how much sorrow would he have to face to lose his mother right after he lost his father?

When he realized Sharon was refusing to heed his words, he broke down. "Mom, if you escape from this, what will I do? You'll leave me behind. You're my only family left. What am I going to do if you're gone?"

Sharon cast him a loving look. "Marc, without me, you'll have a better life. I'm your burden as long as I'm alive. Listen to me, don't go to M Country. Stay in White Corporation. Your dad wants to give you the company. Once I'm dead, you'll have more of the shares, and you'll still be White Corporation's chairman. Manage the company and live well."

At that, Sharon instantly let go of the railing. Marcus' eyes widened, but it was too late by the time he reached the railing.

"Mom!" he screamed as tears escaped his eyes. Subconsciously, he climbed the railing, about to follow in her footsteps.

Fortunately, the swift members of the rescue team stopped him and injected him with sedatives.

It was as if the sky had heard his cries. When Sharon fell off the building, it started raining. It gradually washed the blood puddle on the first floor away.

Marcus was sent to the hospital while a mortician brought Sharon's body away. The crowd dispersed.

Within a few hours, the scene ended with a death.

I spend several hours in the hospital watching over Marcus. Sedatives coursing through his vein, he lay unmoving on the bed as he stared at the ceiling. It was as though he was dead, too.

The doctor came by a few times to check on him, and he reassured me that there were no major issues. His heart had stopped for a while from the extreme sorrow he felt, but fortunately, he was young and he would recover.

The sky gradually darkened. I went downstairs to buy some food to eat. By the time I return, the sedatives had worn off.

Marcus was sitting on the bed when I entered. The moment he saw me, he whispered hoarsely, "Where is she?"

## **Chapter 290**

I knew he was asking about Sharon, so I hid my sadness away and replied, "She's been sent to the funeral parlor."

Although I did not witness her final moment, I had overheard the conversation of those who had. As she had fallen from such great height, their description of her final appearance was that she was crushed beyond recognition.

For a brief moment, I could even imagine it.

He nodded, an abnormally distant look in his eyes. When he looked at the soup I brought, he asked, "Do you only have soup?"

I froze, not used to his calmness after going through such tragedy. Then I nodded before shaking my head. "What do you want to eat? I'll buy it right away."

"It's fine. I'll take that." He took the soup from me and began drinking it like he normally would. It was as though he had not just gone through a tragedy several hours ago.

His unusual reaction worried me, but I did not know how to console him. "What else do you want to eat? I can buy it for you."

He paused his motion and shook his head. After a beat, his gaze landed on me. "Have you eaten?"

I stiffened, but shook my head. "I'm not hungry."

He put down the bowl before he stood up and grabbed his jacket. Looking at me, he uttered, "Let's go. Let's grab a bite and a walk."

As he dragged me out of the hospital, I stared at his towering figure, unable to spot anything different about him from the usual.

However, there was one thing that was different—his gaze. He had a murderous gaze, and that was something he never had. It was hatred—deep hatred.

I was shocked by it. Where did that come from?

After boarding the car, I ruminated for a while before suggesting, "Marcus, let's go to Central Park. I'll make whatever you want to eat at home."

If we were to go somewhere crowded, I was sure that it would only make him even more upset.

His hands on the steering wheel visibly tensing, he glanced at me. "Why aren't we going to the White residence?"

My mouth set in a hard line. "The White family has maids, and I won't get to cook when I'm there." Then, I tentatively asked, "You want to go back to there?"

After lowering his gaze for a second, he started driving in the direction of Central Park. "No."

The hospital was not far from Central Park, so we soon returned. As it had been a long while since I came back here, the fridge was essentially empty.

It took me a second after peeking into the fridge before I said, "Give me a moment. I'm going to buy some things back from the supermarket downstairs."

"I'll come with you."

With a faint smile, I shook my head. "It's fine. I can go alone."

He looked at me for a little longer. A silent agreement.



As it was already late, there were not many groceries in the supermarket. After picking some food that I knew how to prepare, I soon left.

When I returned to the house, I saw Marcus was no longer in the living room. After I placed my groceries in the kitchen, I went around to search for him.

The study room was where I found him, and he seemed like he was typing something into the computer.

When he saw me, he only looked at me and flatly replied, "You're back."

Nodding, I flashed him a smile. "I'm making pasta. It'll be done in a while."

The only answer he gave me was a quiet hum.

It was normal for me to overthink the situation, for his reactions would worry anyone else, too. He did not seem depressed or melancholic. It really was as if nothing had happened to him.

He hid his feelings so well that it seemed like Sharon had not died, and life was still going on as usual.

Once I was done with the pasta, I turned around, about to get him to eat. To my shock, he was leaning against the doorframe, arms folded, with a gloomy look on his face.

Sweat covering my back from the shock, I shakily asked, "Marcus, what's wrong?"

The gloomy look dissipated, and he asked, "Are you done with the pasta?"

I nodded, fear still lingering in my heart. After scooping a serving out from the pot, I placed the plate on the table.

As I watched him eat, I could not help but mumble worriedly, "Marcus, are you okay?"

He paused and lifted his head to look at me. "What?"

I shook my head, sensing him becoming distant from me. "Hurry up and eat. It won't be nice to eat cold pasta."

He narrowed his eyes. "You're not hungry?"

I gave him a small smile before shaking my head. "I'm not. Eat more."

At that, he pursed his reply and fell silent.

As I watched him eat, I wondered if he tasted nothing of the pasta. It was as though he was only eating to fill his stomach.

After the meal, he sat on the couch, staring at the television that he did not turn on with a dark gaze.

At that moment, I felt as though I was reliving the moment when John found out about his father's death. Back then, John's eyes were filled with darkness. It was as if he had fallen into a black hole, determined to drag everyone into the void.

After keeping the plates, I sat down beside him and said, "Marcus, you have to keep going forward. Your mom wants you to have a bright future."

He was silent for a moment. "You're consoling me?"

I was at a loss for words.

After a while, I finally said, "It's getting late. You should rest early. I'll come around to deliver breakfast to you tomorrow. Put your work aside; you should rest at home for the next few days."

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I did not know how to console him, so all I could do was give him reminders.

Lifting a brow, he cast an icy gaze at me. "You're not going to stay?"

After a pause, I shook my head.

Then I grabbed my jacket and left.

So many things had happened unexpectedly. By the time I reached the villa, it was already past midnight.

Before my car entered the garage, I saw the man standing by the doorway. He was a towering man. Under the dim streetlight, he looked like a weary traveler.

After parking my car, I stood by the doorway. Once again, it started drizzling.

His expression darkened. "Are you planning to stand outside for the rest of your life?"

With that said, he strode toward me. The more droplets landed on him, the more distant he seemed to me.

Pressing my lips tightly together, I muttered, "Didn't you say you'll be late tonight?" What I had understood from his call earlier was that it was likely he would not return tonight. After all, J City was far from K City. It would take him half a day just to fly there and back.

He sneered, "Do you think this isn't late?"

He was right; it was already past midnight.

Instead of saying anything else, he pulled me into the villa. Staring at me with a dark look, he asked, "Where did you go?"

"Central Park," I replied, not planning to hide anything from him. Whatever happened today was major, and I was late in coming home. Even if I said nothing about it, he would find out about it tomorrow.

He narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Why don't you say there for a few more days? It'll save you the trouble from having to travel around."

I nodded. "Sounds good. I plan to do that too."

"Scarlett!" He gritted out, "Who is your husband?"

Speechless for a moment, I huffed, "You're the one who asked me to move there. Why are you angry at my reply?"

"Am I not allowed to be angry? You're spending most of the day with Marcus. Why don't you just take him in as your godson? That way, you can keep him company every second of your life."

Looking at his enraged expression, I retorted, "Why don't you tell me to marry him instead?"

Smack! He slammed his hand onto the table, looking a second away from strangling me to death. "So it's right of you to come back after midnight?"

I dropped my head, whispering miserably, "No. You only know how to lose your temper every time. You don't even bother asking me why I'm there or what happened. All you do is lose your temper. You're even saying that I'm in the wrong just by coming home late. Ashton, you're unreasonable."

He tensed, nearly barking out an angry laugh. A beat later, some of the anger melted away from his face, and he asked, "All right. Tell me then. Why did you go to Marcus' place?"

I sat down and muttered, "Get me a glass of water first."

He froze as the corner of his lips twitched. "Scarlett, you-"

"Forget it if you don't want to. Don't yell at me again. I'll stop talking if you want me to." After all, it was not like he could do anything to me, even if he got mad.

His dark eyes stared at me for a while as he bit down on his thin lips. In the end, he said, "You'd better say something I want to listen to later, or else..."

He did not continue his sentence. Instead, he gave me a glass of water and sat down opposite me. "Speak."

I cupped the glass with both hands as I ruminated over the events before replying, "Benjamin's dead."

He raised a brow at that. "I know. Aunt Sally told me about it." After a pause, he narrowed his eyes and uttered, "That's all?"

I sighed. "Marcus' mother, Sharon, jumped off Prism building today. I'm scared that Marcus would not be able to take it, so I spent some time with him at Central Park. That's why I'm back late tonight."

He furrowed his brows and questioned, "What actually happened?"

In recent days, he had been busy. Perhaps Sally only mentioned Benjamin's passing to him; she might not have even told him any details.

After all, this was the Whites' family matter. At the end of the day, Ashton and I were outsiders.

After a brief thought, I continued, "The day Benjamin passed, Sally told Sharon things from a decade ago, and I think they really affected her. Her mental state did not seem right near the end. Maybe she couldn't take it, so she followed in Benjamin's footsteps."

He only nodded, having little thoughts about the Whites' family matter. Then he looked at me and said, "Marcus has his own life to continue, so don't keep going there. Don't forget that I'm your husband, not him."



I could hear the jealousy oozing out of his words.

Pursing my lips, I huffed, "Ashton, I'm just repaying a favor. Can you not assume that everything is as complicated as you think they are?"

"Repaying a favor? You've got so many ways to repay a favor. Did you have to go there yourself?" There he was, being sarcastic again.

Anyway, he was not in a good mood, and he did not wish to talk much to me. Therefore, I did not take his words to heart.

Instead, I said, "It's already late. Aren't you sleepy?"

He shot me a glance before storming up the stairs.

## **Chapter 292**

Knowing that he was fuming on the inside, I did not make him angrier anymore. When I returned to the bedroom, he was not around, and I was sure he must have gone to the study.

I then went to wash up in the bathroom. It had anti-slip tiles, so I usually took off my house slippers when I went in.

However, I somehow managed to slip and fall a few steps into the bathroom.

"Ah!" I shrieked in fear.

Bang! The bedroom door burst open to reveal Ashton, panting by the doorway. It seemed like he had rushed over.

When he saw me on the floor, he frowned as he lifted me up into his arms. "Are you hurt?"

"I sprained my ankle."

He then reached out to pinch my ankle, and I could not help but gasp from the pain.  
"Ouch!"

"So you know it hurts?" he snarled. "Do you use your eyes to breathe?"

Pouting, I whispered, "How am I to know that the floor is so slippery. Who in their right mind would want to fall?"

He gave me a taunting look. "Who can you blame if you were the one to not watch where you were going?" After a pause, he continued, "What were you about to do?"

"Shower!" Why does he have such a terrible temper?

He placed me gently into the bathtub and filled the tub before coldly saying, "Do you need me to wash you?"

"No need!" came my quick reply.

He continued, staring at me apathetically. "It's as if you've lost your parents-in-law when his parents died, Scarlett Stovall."

I-

What kind of logic is that?

How did he even connect this to that?

"Ashton, is this fun for you? It's not whatever you think it is; I slipped on accident. Moreover, Marcus helped me in the past, and now that he's having so many troubles. What's wrong with me helping him a little? Have I ever said anything about your relationship with Rebecca? Besides, there's nothing between Marcus and me."

Ashton was being melodramatic. If not for Marcus' appearance back then, I would have died with the baby. Now that he was facing such a tragedy and there was no one around him he could talk to. What was wrong with me being concerned about him as a friend?

"Ha!" He barked out a laugh. "Do you have to help him in this way? Scarlett, do you think you're the only one who knows how to repay a favor? Will it kill you to get someone to take care of Marcus instead?"

"Sure! You get someone to do that, then!" I huffed. "If that's the case, you could've found someone to take care of Rebecca, too. Why did you have to do it yourself then?"

The anger overwhelmed him and took away his words for a moment. With an expression as dark as charcoal, he uttered, "Stop talking about things from the past. Hurry up and shower. Call me when you're done."

"There's no need for that!" I was furious, too. "I can do this myself!"

His lips twisted into a sneer. "You can? Are you planning to jump out of the tub and slip one more time? Are you that keen to cripple yourself?"

"You-" Inwardly, I was seething and closed to erupting like a volcano, but I did my best to tamp it down. "Get out."

Even as he left, I could see that he was in a foul mood.

Half an hour later...

After my shower, I stared at my swollen ankle under the water. I stood up by myself while holding onto the edge of the bathtub.

It was a level of pain I could bear, so technically, I could do this by myself.

On the rack beside the tub were my towel, pajamas, lotion, and essential oil. As I sat by the edge of the tub, I started applying the lotion on myself. As the scent of the essential oil was too strong, I left them alone.

Just as I was about to grab the towel to dry my hair, I knocked over the bottle of essential oil, and the glass shattered on the ground.

At the loud sound, I stiffened for a moment. Staring at the glass fragments by my feet, I could not help but frown at how inconvenient it would be for me to crouch down and clean up the mess.

However, the mess would not clean itself, so that was what I did. Just as I was about to crouch down, Ashton entered to see me in my odd position.

"Scarlett, are you a masochist?" he gritted out in a deep voice.

I lifted my head to look at him before realizing I was still naked. Promptly, I reached out to tug the pajamas to cover myself, but the lotion fell onto the ground when I did that.

Staring at it, he sneered. "Why don't I give you all my glassware at home for you to break them?"

Seriously, this man-

"I didn't mean to do it!" I huffed as I peeked at him. "Carry me out. I can't move around like this."

Under my feet were all glass fragments, and if I were to put my foot down, the soles of my feet would not look like soles when I leave the bathroom.

When he noticed I was no longer angry, he walked toward me with a faint smile. "Isn't it nice for you to be so quiet like this?"

He then carried me up into his arms as he swiftly bit my lips. I glared at him, thinking, He's really taking advantage of me whenever he can.

Back at the bedroom.

He placed me onto the bed, but instead of standing back up, he murmured, "Didn't you say that you like to repay favors? How are you planning to repay my favor for carrying you out of the bathroom?"

What the f\*ck!

Is this a favor?

It's barely anything worth mentioning!

"Ashton, is this entertainment for you?" You only carried me out! How shameless can you be?

With no signs of blushing, he said, "Can we do it tonight?"

This...

I raised a brow. "Aren't you tired?" He just traveled between J City and K City, but he still has the energy for nightly activities?



