

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 310

She sounded like she was too embarrassed to continue, so Sally spoke for her, "Rebecca didn't bring her driver along. She came here with me. It's already very late now and it's not safe for a girl to go home alone at this hour. The villa's big, so let her stay here for the night."

Sally's words were meant for Ashton.

The latter narrowed his eyes and looked to me instead. "What do you think about having a guest over for the night?"

I frowned, feeling slightly peeved. "What does it have to do with me?"

With that, I moved to head upstairs, but he grabbed my arm and ordered in a deep voice, "I'll get a driver to send Ms. Larson home."

Unhappy with her nephew's command, Sally's expression hardened. "Is this how you treat your guests? Since when have you become so inhospitable? Don't you know how cold it is outside? It's not appropriate to allow a girl to go home on her own. The house is so big and isn't lacking in rooms. Besides, my place is so empty, so I'd like her to keep me company. I don't like being alone at night."

Noticing Ashton's darkening expression, Rebecca timidly chipped in, "Ash, your aunt has gone through a lot lately. I was also thinking of staying back to keep her company. Don't worry, I won't disturb you and Scarlett. I only want to accompany your aunt, so that she won't feel so lonely."

Tsk, tsk!

How kind and considerate of her!

Ashton furrowed his brows in discontent, but since Sally put it that way, it would be unwise for him to reject her request.

With his arm still around me, he barked, "Do as you please."

Then, he tugged me upstairs and studied my face. "Are you mad?"

I was stunned, but I quickly shook my head in response. Without speaking, I trudged into the bathroom, feeling slightly exhausted.

Sally was obviously threatening me by flagrantly bringing Rebecca here.

She probably knew a little bit about Ashton and Rebecca. A married woman's biggest fear was having to witness her husband being intimate with his mistress.

Sally was really an expert at emotional manipulation, seeing as she came up with such a trick.

However, she seemed to have overestimated Ashton's place in my heart. If Ashton still regarded Rebecca as a friend, I wouldn't mind giving him up. This way, it would be easier to deal with Cameron.

I stayed in the bathroom for so long that Ashton thought I had fallen asleep, so he knocked on the door a few times to urge me.

As I towel-dried my hair after coming out, Ashton looked at me with his brows pinched together. "Were you hiding in the bathroom to avoid seeing me?"

My lips curved into a cool smile. "You have a very active imagination, Mr. Fuller."

He pressed his lips together and squinted at me. "Make sure you dry your hair completely, lest you catch a cold."

He went into the bathroom after that.

My phone rang with an incoming call from John just then. I answered the call, but he spoke before I could, "I've sent someone to keep an eye on things, but isn't Sally staying right under your roof? Wouldn't it be better for you to keep an eye on her instead of having me send someone else to do it?"

I grunted out a response and replied in a weary voice, "She only just moved in. I emailed you some information just a while ago. Take a look at it and see if it's of any use to Uncle Louis."

"There shouldn't be a problem." Then, he clucked his tongue, as though impressed. "You've been busy gathering information in secret, huh? Not bad. Did Ashton help you?"

"No." I wasn't in the mood to explain further. Plus, it was already late, so I said in a tired voice, "It's getting late. Say hi to Uncle Louis for me. Let's talk soon."

Before I ended the call, he blurted out, "Letty, have you been feeling off lately?"

I stiffened a little bit. "No. Why?"

He hummed in relief and continued, "I received a medical record stating that you have depression, and by the looks of it, it seems kind of serious. How are you coping with Marcus' death?"

Frowning, I shook my head. "I'm coping just fine. I'll survive."

"Why don't we spare some time to meet tomorrow? I'll take you to see a doctor."

"That's not necessary." My frustration was apparent in my tone. "John, I'll tell you if there's anything wrong. Alright, I'm going to bed now. You should rest too."

I hung up the call immediately.

Perhaps seeing Rebecca made me feel irritated, so I chucked my phone aside.

Sensing someone behind me, I looked back to see Ashton staring coldly at me. Only God knows how long he had been standing there.

My forehead creased. How much of my conversation with John did he hear?

I opened my mouth to ask him, but he abruptly placed his hands on my waist and lowered his head to kiss me.

Not expecting him to do this, I simply stood there, feeling slightly disorientated.

But I came back to my senses after a few seconds and shoved him away irritably. "Let go of me, Ashton!"

He froze for a moment, frowned, then pulled me into his arms again. In a hoarse voice, he grumbled, "Isn't it supposed to be like this between husband and wife?"

"What's wrong with you?" A hint of anger streaked through me and I shot him a dirty look. "Your lover is still downstairs. Aren't you afraid that she'd be heartbroken if she sees you behaving so uninhibited?"

A chuckle escaped his lips and he pressed me against him. "Lover? What an interesting choice of word, Scarlett. Why? Are you jealous?"

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I pushed against him, but he didn't budge an inch. A frown appeared on my face as I evaded his kiss. "Ashton, where did you get all this confidence? Why would I be jealous?"

He smirked devilishly. "I know you're jealous." He trapped me in his embrace and purred in a baritone voice, "You love me, don't you, Scarlett?"

Momentarily losing control over my mind and body, I subconsciously grabbed onto his arms, looking a little flustered.

Noticing my subtle action, he lowered his voice and whispered into my ear, "Finally responding, hmm?"

My cheeks heated up all of a sudden. Suppressing my anger, I glared daggers at him and gritted out, "Are you done yet? Get out."

He tightened his arms around me, as though unfazed by my show of anger. "Where do you want me to go?"

"Wherever you want. I don't care!" I pursed my lips and shoved him hard. Then, I crawled into bed and closed my eyes in exhaustion.

He climbed into bed after me and circled me in his arms. My phone, which I had set aside, rang again out of the blue.

I flicked my eyes toward it and saw that it was John. Thus, I answered it without hesitation.

"Wait for me tomorrow. I'll take you to see a doctor," was what he said the moment the call was connected.

Upset, I was about to refuse when Ashton beat me to it with a gloomy expression. "Mr. Stovall, by calling so late at night, I don't suppose you want to listen in on my private conversation with my wife?"

Probably not expecting Ashton to be around, John fell silent for a moment before scoffing derisively. "Private conversation? You really do have a knack for blowing your own trumpet, Mr. Fuller. Though, I've never heard of a wife answering a call in the midst of having a private conversation with her husband." This undoubtedly struck a nerve in Ashton.

Ashton's arms tightened around my waist, completely holding me down as he spoke meaningfully into the phone, "Sometimes, husband and wife tend to spice things up between each other. Don't you know that, Mr. Stovall?"

"Oh? Is that so? What an eye-opener. Why? Did you use to call Letty like this too when you were with Ms. Larson?"

Ashton's face clouded over and he looked terrifyingly cold.

"Don't sound so spiteful, Mr. Stovall. At least the woman in my arms is mine to take, whereas she's someone you can never dream of touching. So, I'd say that my situation is much more practical compared to your wishful thinking."

Ashton's words were indeed cruel. After ending the call, he tucked my hair behind my ear without demonstrating any signs of anger. "I'll take you to the hospital tomorrow," was all he said.

I pursed my lips, but merely shut my eyes and let sleep take over me.

That night, I had quite a good sleep.

The next day, I woke up to see that Ashton had already changed his clothes.

He was sitting on the chaise lounge by the side with a laptop propped on his thighs, either working or looking up some information.

Seeing that I was awake, he placed his laptop down before coming over and bending down to peck me on the forehead. "Do you wanna lie down for a while longer?"

I creased my brows. "What's up?"

He cocked a brow. "I said that I'd take you to see the doctor today."

"I'm not going!" Although Marcus was gone, I was still an employee at White Corporation. I was the one in charge of the OrbitTech project, so there was no reason for me to give up halfway.

He frowned and pulled me into his arms, kissing me softly before saying, "Why don't you go and wash up first?"

After a good night's sleep, I felt more clear-headed. I squirmed out of his embrace and got out of bed to head straight into the bathroom.

When I was brushing my teeth, I could vaguely hear someone knocking on the bedroom door and automatically assumed that it was Mrs. Eriksen calling us down for breakfast.

After washing up, I went out to see Rebecca and Ashton locked in an embrace. I didn't know what came over Rebecca, but she was crying pitifully at that moment.

What the hell?

Staring at the pair of lovers, I inadvertently pursed my lips. I was in no hurry, so I merely folded my arms over my chest and watched as the two of them express their affection for each other.

Ashton seemed to be slightly tensed, but because he had his back to me, he didn't notice me standing there. He pushed Rebecca away and said indifferently, "You've been with the Moore family for at least half a year now. They're a prominent household, so you need to act the part. Why are you behaving like this now, without self-respect?"

Having been pushed away by Ashton, Rebecca naturally noticed that I had come out of the bathroom. She squinted slightly before directing her gaze back to Ashton.

With tears in her eyes, she said, "Ash, you've always known how I felt about you. You didn't promise my brother to take care of me out of responsibility. You did it because you fell for me. And the only reason you can't leave Scarlett now is because you feel responsible and indebted to her. You don't love her at all, do you?"

My brows shot toward my hairline. Tsk, tsk. Is she trying to provoke Ashton into saying something that would hurt me?

Ashton's voice was chilly when he grunted, "This has nothing to do with you. Don't come here again from now on."

"The fact that you're not giving me a straight answer means that you don't love Scarlett at all, right?" Rebecca gazed at him and continued, "On the night of my birthday, you clearly

knew that it was also her birthday, but you still chose to come to the Moore Residence because, in your heart, I'm more important than her, right?"

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Infuriated, Ashton warned, "Enough."

But Rebecca prattled on, unafraid of his warning. "My mother wouldn't have had any chance to attack Scarlett if you had gone to celebrate her birthday. When all is said and done, you only let her go out alone when it's near her delivery because you don't love her enough. And that's why my mother had the chance to attack her. My mother might have been the culprit behind the baby's death, but you're her accomplice."

Rebecca was getting agitated, and she peered at Ashton. "Ash, if you're staying with Scarlett just because you feel guilty, that'll just end up hurting her. You know you shouldn't force relationships. If you're going to stay together despite the lack of love, both of you are just going to end up hurt."

Ashton had his back against me, so I couldn't see his face, but I sneered. "He can and he will. It doesn't really matter if he and I will be happy together. The most important part here is that you're not happy, Ms. Larson. That's all I care about because that makes me happy."

Hearing my voice, he turned and narrowed his eyes. "You're done washing up?"

I nodded at him before smirking at Rebecca. "I know people can be rambunctious in the morning. Do you need to release the stress? Should I give you two some space?"

Ashton frowned and his face fell. "Scarlett!" I could hear the warning in his voice.

I shrugged, not angered in the slightest. "Have fun, you two. I'm going now."

But before I could go far, Ashton grabbed my hand. "Calm down, okay?"

I pursed my lips in displeasure and was about to retort when he told Rebecca coldly, "Do I need to send you off personally, Ms. Larson?" He was obviously upset.

Rebecca looked pale, and she was tearing up. She opened her mouth to say something, but she shut up after seeing how angry Ashton was. All she did was glare at me and left, holding down her anger.

With that, only Ashton and I were left in the big room. I could see the resignation in his eyes as he looked at me. "How long have you been listening?"

I shrugged. "No idea."

He smiled. "Alright, what are you angry about?"

I replied calmly, "It's a regret that my birthday is also my child's death anniversary."

Perhaps caught by surprise or heartbreak, he hugged me tightly, almost melding me with his chest. "She won't get away with this."

She? She who? Rebecca? Or Cameron? I didn't ask. All I did was let him keep hugging me. "I'm hungry, Ashton. Can you let me go now?" I blurted, feeling stuffy from the hug.

He froze for a moment before letting me go and taking me downstairs. I thought Rebecca had gone home, but she was still there.

She was talking to Sally in the dining room, and when Sally saw us coming down, she came up to us, smiling. "I thought you have a meeting today, Ashton. Why did you sleep in? Mrs. Eriksen made your favorite pumpkin soup for you. Have it while it's hot. Rebecca and I will go with you to Fuller Corporation later."

As she spoke, Sally had squeezed herself in between Ashton and me, separating us. I slowed down and followed behind them. A moment later, Sally pushed him down on the seat beside Rebecca and told Mrs. Eriksen, "Mrs. Eriksen, get Mr. Ashton a bowl of pumpkin soup right away."

She grinned at Rebecca. "Rebecca, you'd love to know this. There was one time when Ashton came back from school, and he saw Mrs. Eriksen making pumpkin soup in the kitchen. Guess what he did? He finished the whole thing himself. Mrs. Eriksen thought she overcooked it when she came back."

Rebecca nudged closer to Ashton and smiled. "Is that true, Ash?"

Goddamn. I sat down and put my chin on my hand. Bored, I asked, "When did you leave your home, Sally?"

Sally didn't answer, but Ashton did. "Fifteen."

I arched my eyebrow. "But your grandpa said he sent you to M Country after your parents' death when you were five. And you only came back to J City when you're twenty. Hmm, does that mean you managed to down a whole cauldron of soup when you were only five years old? Whoa, either that cauldron is too small, or you have a big appetite."

Ashton squinted at me. "I hate pumpkin soup the most."

What Ashton was implying was that Sally was simply talking nonsense. I shrugged before glancing at Sally, who was going white with the awkwardness. Then I took the food Mrs. Eriksen gave me and handed it to Ashton. "Finish your breakfast fast. We have some business to settle."

Annoyed and unwilling to see me gloat, Sally looked at Ashton. "Ashton, Rebecca and I will be going to the Fuller Corporation later. Give us a ride, okay?"

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Ashton took a spoonful of soup and looked at Sally calmly. "It's going to be a hassle."

"No, it's not. We're all going to the Fuller Corporation, anyway." Sally was getting more and more upset.

Just then, Rebecca, who had been silent for the most part, uttered softly, "Ash, you don't want to see me, do you?"

He looked at her, nodding solemnly. "Yes."

Oh my.

Rebecca was hurt by that remark, and I could see her on the verge of tears. She stood up, answering quietly, "I won't be disturbing you then."

She was going to go out, but Sally stopped her. "Oh, you child. He's just joking with you. Don't leave." Then, she pulled her back to the table. Sally was the elder in the house, so she glared at Ashton. "Where are you going anyway? Why is it going to be a hassle?"

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Annoyed by his aunt's constant nagging, he put his fork down. "I have some business to attend to." When he noticed I wasn't eating much, he frowned. "You don't like the food?"

I shook my head. "Nope. The taste is fine, it's just a bit noisy."

Hearing that, Sally, who was already irked to begin with, blurted, "Scarlett, you're a part of the Fullers. What did you mean by that? Can't I stay over for a few days? I'm in my nadir here. Are you going to chase me away? I'm Ashton's aunt!"

My appetite was instantly gone. Feeling amused, I said, "Oh, so you know you're the elder here, Ms. Fuller? It's the twenty-first century now, but you're still trying to get another wife for Ashton, huh?"

"Get him another wife?" Sally frowned. "What are you talking about, Scarlett?"

I arched my eyebrow. "Ah, so you're trying to break us up, then."

Her face fell after hearing my caustic remark. "What nonsense are you spouting, Scarlett?"

I laughed. "Is it really nonsense though? Since you're his aunt, I'm sure you know Rebecca likes Ashton. I'm sure you know she wants to marry him. But who is she to you, and why did you bring her here? Are you trying to give her a chance to seduce Ashton and make him divorce me?"

I was getting agitated, and I looked into Sally's eyes as I continued, "You can tell it straight to my face if you dislike me. I can get a divorce at any time. There's no need to take her here, you know?" I stormed out of the dining room after that, not giving her any chance to retort.

Behind me, I could hear Ashton growl out, "Aunt Sally, you know she's not in the best of health. You didn't have to keep going against her. Come at me if you want to vent, not her."

I didn't listen to the ensuing conversation since I had gotten into the car outside the villa by then. Ashton followed me out not long after, and he smiled when he saw me sitting leisurely in the car. "You done venting?"

I rolled my eyes and said nothing more. Then, I started the car so I could go to White Corporation. He quickly got into the passenger seat. "Where are you going?"

"White Corporation."

He frowned. "No. You're going to see a doctor first."

I pursed my lips and stopped the car. "Get out. I have some business to attend to." I stared at him calmly.

He leaned back against the seat. "Fine. Get your business done with and then we'll go for the checkup."

"Don't you have better things to do? You're being annoying, Ashton." He was following me around the whole day like I was a criminal.

"My to-do list today only has one thing on it—stay with you."

I tapped the steering wheel, feeling frustrated. With no other choice, I tamped down my anger and looked at him calmly. "Fine, but you're driving. I don't know the directions."

He arched his eyebrow and sat up before giving me a peck on my cheek. "You can go to the company after the checkup. It's still the same thing."

I frowned, but I waited for him to get out of the car patiently. He went around the car, and when he was about to open the door, I finally let loose. I squinted at him and locked the door. "Have fun strolling, Mr. Fuller."

With that, I floored the accelerator, leaving him behind. I could see his expression darkening from my rear-view mirror. Then, I drove to White Corporation without sparing him another glance.

There wasn't much to do, but there were still things that needed my attention. Even though Marcus was gone, the company was still running as usual. I talked about work with Richard for a while before coming out. Just then, I received a call from John. "Where are you?" he asked coldly.

"I'm at White Corporation. What's up?" I wasn't in a hurry to leave after getting out of the office. Instead, I took the call as I stood beside the elevator. The signal was bad inside.

Sounding like he hadn't slept, John's voice was hoarse when he said, "Give me a few minutes. I'm taking you to the hospital to see a doctor."

Feeling slightly irritated, I spat, "I'm not going."

My refusal angered him. "And why is that? You're going to kill yourself if you leave your illness untreated."

D*mn this guy!

"I'm perfectly healthy, John. Depression is just an emotional issue. It'll be fine if I keep it in check. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill. I don't have time for this. Now tell me, how's your investigation on the Moores?" I shifted the topic since I didn't want to talk about my checkup.

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John was angered by my remark. "I'm making a mountain out of a molehill? You tried to kill yourself for God's sake! Are you going to keep saying that it's nothing until you're dead?"

Feeling helpless, I kept trying to change the topic. "I gave you the documents yesterday. Is the Moore family making any move now?"

I could vaguely hear him sigh. "Uncle Louis looked into Hector and Savini just like you asked. He found something and has gone to J City today."

I nodded. "Oh, by the way, Cameron might look like she's not involved in this. Since their relationship is purely professional, it'd make investigations hard, as everything will look normal. Tell Uncle Louis to look into Hector's wife. He'll probably find out the deal between Hector and Cameron then."

"Got it. Wait for me at the company. I'll pick you up in a jiffy." I had thought that I managed to distract him, but he just wouldn't let the matter slide. He must be an idiot.

Taking a deep breath, I said calmly, "Don't come. I'm leaving the company now."

The elevator was here, so I hung up. It wouldn't take a few minutes for me to leave, so it was impossible for him to pick me up. Unless he could fly.

I thought I could leave right away, but unfortunately, life had to throw a wrench in my plans. Ashton came for me when I arrived at the first floor. He was in a black bespoke suit, looking dashing handsome with his extraordinary height and attractive looks.

I subconsciously tried to evade him, but before I could, he was already walking over to me. Before I knew it, he was hugging me without a care in the world. "When are you going to stop throwing a tantrum?"

I pursed my lips, but I didn't resist since everyone was looking at us. "I'm not throwing a tantrum." I forced out a smile.

Just when he was dragging me out of the company, a conspicuous sports car skidded to a halt, attracting everyone's attention. The door spun up in style, and out came John. He was wearing sunglasses, and he radiated a thuggish air.

John took off his sunglasses when he saw me in Ashton's arms, and he squinted at Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, can't you see she doesn't want this?"

Ashton threw him a look of disdain before turning to me. "So this is why you don't want me around, huh?"

What the hell? This is slander! "No." I said calmly, "I have no idea why he's here."

Handling Ashton alone was problematic enough. Adding John into the mix would be a recipe for disaster. I looked at both men before caving in. "Fine, I'll go for the checkup." Then, I went into Ashton's car.

At the psychology department within Top Three Hospital, only I and the psychologist were in the ward. The psychologist, Dr. Davidson, was an elderly man.

"Dr. Davidson, Mr. Fuller has asked me to give you this." The nurse came in and gave a document to Dr. Davidson. Before she left, she glanced at me with a serious look.

After Dr. Davidson was done reading through the document, he adjusted his glasses and looked at me. "Are you frequently bugged by insomnia, Scarlett?"

I thought about it before answering, "Yeah, whenever I lose control of my emotions, I'll lose sleep. Does that count?"

"Yes. Your emotions got the better of you, but you have to learn how to vent them out. Come to me whenever possible, and don't bottle your feelings up. Life goes by us fast, and before you know it, you're already an old geezer like me."

Dr. Davidson seemed to be having a casual chat with me, and I nodded in agreement. He wrote something to me and smiled. "Do whatever you want. Don't hold back too much."

I took the prescription and was stupefied after seeing it. Most of them were just calming pills. "This is the same prescription."

"Yes. You've been haunted by your depression for years. At this point, a full recovery is impossible unless you yourself want to heal. All I can do is tell you to keep moving forward no matter what," he said calmly.

I nodded in silence. When I came out of the consultation room, Ashton and John looked at me. "How was it?"

I paused for a moment and smiled at their reaction. Then I handed the prescription to Ashton. "He told me to make sure I take enough water every day."

"What?" John was mystified. "Dr. Davidson said so?"

I nodded and tilted my head. "Even the doctor says I'm fine. You guys should stop asking me to consult a doctor."

John frowned. "But that's just..." He glanced at Ashton, who was looking upset, and he stopped talking. After a moment, he said, "Uncle Louis wants you to come with me to the Stovall residence next week for dinner and a chat. He wants you to get to know the family." John looked at me.

I froze for a moment before I nodded. Then, I yawned. "I didn't sleep well last night. So I'll be going back now. See you."

He was going to say something, but seeing that I was sleepy, he stopped in his tracks and nodded. "See you. Rest well, Scarlett."

