

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 407-410

Chapter 407

I could not explain that either. "It started after I saw the pregnant woman just now. I guess it must be a repercussion of what happened the last time."

After a brief pause, I regarded him. "What are you doing here?"

Rebecca came over to us. It had only been a few days since, but she looked visibly sallow and seemed to have lost considerable weight.

Ashton was calm. "I was sending her to the hospital when I lost focus and ran into someone."

There may be more to this than what he described, as he had always been a cautious driver. It was unlikely that the cause had been a loss of concentration on his part.

I glanced over to Rebecca's pale facade and puffy eyes.

They were filled with hatred and resentment. Did I somehow offend her again lately?

A siren filled the air as the ambulance approached. Ashton ran his fingers through his own hair and swept it behind his ears before he whispered, "Don't worry about it. Wait for me at home. I'll be back when this is settled, alright?"

I nodded in acknowledgement.

It was a matter of life and death that he should see to it without delay.

As I watched him depart, Rebecca glared at me. "You should have died!"

Those words were as chilling as they were perplexing.

I was seriously baffled as I was certain that I had done nothing recently that might have roused her ire.

Ashton followed in the ambulance when it took the pregnant woman away. The disruption was cleared for traffic to resume.

I had lost half the day and might not have enough time to safely make the return trip from the cemetery before dark. This would be particularly risky, as I would be by myself.

After some deliberation, I thought I might as well drive down to the hospital to see how the conceiving woman was doing.

At the hospital.

It would appear that the woman got out of it unscathed. She had a fright, which made her water broke.

She had been sent into the delivery room by the time I got there. Her family was present as well.

Joseph had taken over Ashton's duty to communicate with her family. Rebecca sustained light injuries and was taken in for observation.

Once that matter was settled, Ashton finally found time to sit down. I regarded him silently for some time. "You've always been careful at the wheel. What happened back there?"

There were mixed emotions in his gaze which instilled a sense of foreboding within me.

Indeed, he said, "Rebecca was arguing with me in the car!"

The scent of iron and copper which filled my nostrils brought my attention to a soaked patch against his black sleeve.

"Are you hurt?" I asked as I reached out for it.

He intercepted my hand with his. "I'm fine!" There was a profound look in his eyes.

My lips pursed as my long-suppressed emotions surged to the surface. "Do you think neglecting to take care of your wounds somehow makes you manlier? What's wrong with you?"

He was taken by surprise by my unexpected outburst, and my glare shut down whatever response he had in mind.

I reached over to remove his coat. That was when I noticed a lengthy cut over his arm. The blood had caked over time and the color of his clothing made it hard for anyone to tell that he was injured.

Were I not close enough to smell the blood, I might not have noticed either.

Upon seeing my distress, he said in a comforting voice, "It's no big deal. Just a scratch."

"Shut up!" I was upset. Whether it was because he was with Rebecca, or because he did not take care of himself—I was not sure.

All I knew was that I was mad as hell.

The nurse was brought in to help clean up his wound. He was frosty when his exquisite, limited edition shirt was cut open.

Unfamiliar with his ways, the fingers of the youthful nurse trembled at his cold demeanor.

A frown creased upon his face before he lifted his eyes. "You do it!"

Her hands stiffened and the alcohol soaked wad fell upon his wound.

Ashton reiterated himself aggressively, "Let her do it!"

I exhaled before I took the bottle from her. "Thank you. Let me handle this."

A weight seemed to have been lifted from the young nurse's chest as she nodded profusely. "Alright!"

After she had gone far, I regarded the man with severity. "I'm not as gentle, so you better not be whining."

He pursed his lips. "What's with the temper?"

I quietly wiped the cotton wad over his wound. It was fortunate that the cuts were superficial in spite of its goriness.

With a bit of cream, it should heal in a couple of days.

Once done with the dressing, I got to my feet and started to clean up. "Why were you arguing in the car?"

I knew him well enough that he would not have gotten into an accident otherwise.

He bit his lip and did not seem intent on speaking. A voice then cut me off before I could say anything else.

“About you, Scarlett Stovall. You jinx!” Rebecca stepped out of the ward after she had her injuries attended to.

Hers was a look of antagonism.

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When Ashton saw that she was alright, he said, “That’s enough. Go home!”

“Hmph!” Rebecca sneered. “How long do you think you can continue to keep this from her?”

I looked to Ashton, confused. “Is there something I should know about?”

The man seemed distant when his gaze fell upon Rebecca. He then turned to Joseph who had just settled things on the other front. “Send Ms. Larson home.”

The other man nodded, but Rebecca pushed him away when he tried to put a hand on her. “Do you think no one else is going to talk just because I won’t?”

She turned to regard me scathingly. “You’re a pathetic idiot—being happy and contented when everyone’s taking you for a ride.”

“Get her out of here!” Anger permeated Ashton’s voice.

Joseph got a hold of Rebecca in an attempt to have her forcibly removed.

I looked into her wild eyes and asserted myself, “Let her speak.”

I approached and pushed Joseph off her. “What was it you wanted to say?”

Rebecca replied with a smirk, “Ask your husband. You are going to love the surprise if you got it straight from him.”

“What’s going on here?” I asked Ashton.

“I’ll tell you when we get back!” He rubbed his forehead in fluster.

The man pulled me into the elevator and prepared to take me away.

Hesitantly, I stood my ground.

He did not look pleased. “Let’s go home first, alright?”

I paused momentarily before I followed him in.

I waited by the hospital’s entrance while Ashton went to fetch the car from the parking lot, all the while preoccupied with thoughts about what I was being kept in the dark about.

My phone then chimed a couple of times in a row. Messages had come in, with attachments.

They were from an unknown number, and the first opened to reveal a photo of a baby.

The baby looked to be a newborn. It was tiny, with patches of red and green on its forehead. The eyes were closed.

The rest of the photos were, as far as I could tell, also of the same baby. There was also a video that featured it inside of an incubator.

My limbs went limp, as though struck by a ray of enfeeblement. The phone fell loose from my hands and onto the floor.

My mind droned on—filled with scenes of what I saw inside of the warehouse and my inability to deliver the baby before its fragile little life was snuffed out of existence.

I felt a moment of asphyxia. By my own admission, I was weak, or should I say, a coward.

I had not seen that child even once before Marcus buried him. I feared that if I did, I would be scarred for life.

Never had I thought that I would be able to see him under these circumstances. He had the same features as the child in my dreams.

Rebecca came down the steps shortly after. “What sort of face is this? Did Ash not tell you everything? Do you realize what a fool you’ve been, allowing yourself to be strung around in circles the way you did?”

My head throbbed as I looked at her. I was speechless.

She seemed to relish the expression on my face. “How does it feel to have your own mother kill off your offspring?”

I conjured the remnant of my strength. "What did you say?"

"So, he hasn't told you yet, huh? You are Cameron Anderson's real daughter. It was Ash who passed the sandalwood box your Grandma left for you to that woman. It was Ash who told her that it was mine, and also he who swapped our DNA samples."

She continued, "Do you not see how far he went to get me into the Moore family so that I may enjoy the luxurious life of a wealthy young lady while you remained an impoverished nobody? This is proof that he doesn't love you, and never will."

My body felt like it was no longer anchored as I staggered backward and sat slumped on the floor.

The demise of my child, my own close brush with mortality, and Macy's death. Were all these of Ashton's machinations?

"Why?" I asked. From whom was I seeking the answer from, exactly?

Rebecca laughed coldly. "What do you think? Because he has never loved you. I'm the one that he wants to protect and provide the best for. What other evidence do you need of that?"

I was dumbstruck. Then I abruptly broke into hysteria. "So his affections were feigned, just like everything else."

She was conversely delighted. "Yes. All of it were lies."

The people who passed between the hospital doors cast looks of bafflement my way as I sat there.

Rebecca leaned in and breathed in a sinister tone. “Did you really think he did not know about the child? If your child didn’t die in your mother’s hands, he would have been smothered by the prenatal vitamins that Jared gave you. The man closest to you is more frightening than you could ever imagine.”

My stomach churned. A metallic taste cumulated inside my mouth before I retched blood.

Rebecca’s eyes widened as her delight grew. “You’ve lost—utterly and completely.”

She stood up and loomed over me briefly before she made her exit.

When Ashton returned, I was in a daze as I stared at the pool of claret on the floor. The only sensation I felt was pain—in my chest and in the very fibers of my being.

“What happened here, Scarlett?” he said as he extended his hand to lend support.

Slap!

That backhand, rendered with every ounce of energy that was left inside of me, seemingly had no effect whatsoever on him.

The man’s slender frame stiffened as he tried to suppress his anger. “What’s going on?”

I suddenly found him extremely revolting. “Get out of here!”

He furrowed in response and swept me into his arms before he took me back inside the hospital.

I was examined and made to undergo numerous tests.

Upon completion, I lay on the hospital bed and stared vacuously at the pitch-black screen of the LCD television. "Let's get a divorce, Ashton!"

It would be best if we went our separate ways.

The rage he tried to force down boiled over. "Do you know what you are saying?"

I lowered my puffy eyes and lifted my hands to soothe them. "It was a mistake right from the beginning. Right now, it's still not too late to split up and start over."

"Hmph!" he sneered. "Mistake? Starting over? Are you condemning me, Scarlett?"

I did not waver as I looked at him. "I'm returning everything that belongs to the Fullers, including whatever shares in HiTech that Grandpa left me. Consider this my repayment for the debt of gratitude that I owed him."

His eyes narrowed and his thin lips trembled as he struggled to contain himself. "Your reason being?"

Reason?

I smiled a slight smile. Having gone through and endured so much along the way, I had become dead and putrid inside.

"I've been married to you for three years. I also know from when I stepped into the Fullers that Rebecca will always be special to you. I've already mentally prepared myself for the day that you would leave me for her."

Against his darkened eyes, I could not muster a smile. “You couldn’t protect me and love me, nor was I able to make you. That is my failing, for which I have only myself to blame. However, it doesn’t justify you taking advantage of my foolish affections to hurt me and our baby for Rebecca’s sake.”

His mouth was agape. “What did she tell you?”

My fingers gripped against themselves and dug my nails into flesh so as to alleviate my anguish. “She told me whatever there was to tell. I’ve never actually thought about reconnecting with my birth parents. I’m not upset about you wanting Rebecca to steal my identity so that she may have a brighter future, but you shouldn’t have dragged me down. I’ve told you before that if you chose to divorce me, I would leave with the child and make a life for ourselves. Both of you could then use the Moore family’s connections and lead your own lives.”

“Scarlett...” his voice held a multitude of emotions.

I took in a deep drawl. “But why must you ruin my life? Why must you make me suffer the pain of separation over and over, and even bring harm to the people around me? What did I ever do to you to make you hate me so much that you must keep me around and keep torturing me this way?”

“I...” He sounded a little choked up. Exhaling, I tried to laugh, but could not even manage that. “I will find someone and work out the divorce agreement. This will be the last thing I ask of you, Ashton. Let me go.”

His eyes were bloodshot when he regarded me. I could sense the pain that percolated within.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. “Please leave.”

Grandma said that life was short. Some would muddle through it, and others would go through it with clarity. Either way, one must live as one deemed fit.

Having stumbled my way through so many years, it would take a tremendous effort for me to try to turn things around.

His gaze remained transfixed upon me. The lights in the ward were simply too bright. It stabbed at my eyes and forced them shut.

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In the end, I pulled the blanket over my face and shut myself off.

Cameron and Zachary rushed over and were met with the sight of a dejected Ashton standing by the bed.

The older woman turned her attention to me. “Why did you vomit blood? Were they able to find out the cause?”

I did not answer, as I had neither the strength nor the desire to.

Ashton looked at them but continued to keep mum. It was the beginning of a prolonged silence.

In the days that followed, Ashton, Cameron, and Zachary all visited in turn. It was as though they had a mutual agreement to maintain the placidity.

As it was not any serious affliction, I was discharged after three days.

Ashton came to fetch me and brought me to the villa.

The quietude almost felt like second nature to me. One look at everything in the bedroom had me feeling what a joke this life of mine had been.

I did not have much that I needed to take with me, as everything that came into my possession since my marriage into the Fullers was purchased by Ashton. Apart from my identity card and graduation certificate, I had practically brought nothing along.

“It’s already late and won’t be safe for you to go out now. You should rest for today.” Ashton reached out from behind me and held down the hand I was packing with.

With my lips pursed, I withdrew and regarded him staidly. “That won’t be necessary. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Fuller.”

His brows folded into a deep frown. “Must we go down this path, Scarlett? It doesn’t have to be like this.”

“Yes. We didn’t. But why have I come to see this as the only way out?”

His expression was wrenched in despondency and misery. “I’m sorry!”

“If you could bring back my child and Macy, I’d gladly accept your apology.” To believe that a simple apology could erase his sins was sheer mockery.

It was a grey day in February. A slight drizzle tapped icily against the other side of the fogged-up windows as I took my luggage from his hands.

When I left the bedroom behind and stepped outside the doorway, I breathed a sigh of relief. At long last, it was over.

Jackson turned in. With his hair cropped short, he looked energetic as he loaded my bags into the trunk.

He then looked me straight in the eye. "Let's go!"

Ashton was by the entrance to the house as I got into the car.

This was goodbye, and may be forever.

We had gone far, yet he remained where he was. His tall and slender frame subtly faded into the distant mist.

"Perhaps it wasn't so bad that it could not work out!" Jackson said.

I held the divorce papers in my hand. "At times, even when the flesh wounds heal, the trauma remains."

Am I not able to let go?

From the fate that befell my child to learning about Macy's death—I kept searching for excuses. I heaped my hatred and indignation upon Cameron in an attempt to absolve Ashton of all blame.

He really was an innocent party—helpless to do anything about the child and unable to look out for Macy. He took care of Rebecca out of a sense of obligation and responsibility. That was what I kept telling myself—over and over again.

I was not that petty. I could have accepted everything if he only cared about me.

What I had not expected was that he knew exactly what he was doing because he knew that Cameron and Zachary were my parents. I did not hate him for not telling me. Neither did I hate him for swapping the DNA samples of Rebecca and myself.

What I could not come to terms with was how he allowed Cameron to hurt me and for my contempt for her to fester in spite of him being aware that we were related by blood.

He could have let me go right from the start. He could have agreed to divorce when I first proposed it. I could have taken Summer and Macy to Q City and had my child there. We could have found sanctuary there.

In spite of foreseeable struggles with my finances, I could have raised the two children and lived out the rest of my life alongside them. Anything would have been better than contending with the loss of a child and my best friend.

At Glenwood Apartments.

Nick stood by the doorway with Summer in his arms. He paused when he saw Jackson and me. "The food's ready. It'll be served in a while."

Inside the house, he passed the little girl along to Jackson before he returned to the kitchen.

Summer had been well behaved. It softened my heart just looking at her. I reached out and held her little hands in mine and played with her.

This went on for a while more before Jackson spoke up, "What's next?"

"I'm going to take Summer to R Province," I replied after giving it some thought.

I then turned to regard him. "Help me make some calls. I'd like to sell the apartment that I have here at Glenwood."

"Are you short on cash?"

"No! Macy and I bought one unit each back then. With the proceeds from the sale of the bar, I could get another in Q City. Couple that and the remaining one here, Summer should be set for the future."

