

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 456-462

Chapter 456

He smiled in amusement. "What do you want to do?"

"I've always wanted to study law at K University, but my college entrance examination results were not so good. So I stayed at J University. Now that I have time, I want to apply for a postgraduate program at K University and continue to study law," I replied. It was my childhood dream. Being able to pursue it again at the age of thirty would be a great blessing.

He nodded in understanding and teased, "Okay. Do you need a tutor? I can ask Joseph to find one for you."

Chuckling, I raised my head to meet his gaze. "Doesn't this feel like you're raising two daughters?"

He laughed and stroked my hair. "It's my pleasure to help you to do the things you're passionate about."

As I rested my head on his chest and listened to his heartbeat, I felt at peace. No one knows what the future holds. All we can do is to live in the moment.

September in K City was neither too hot nor too cold. Staring up at the ceiling in the dimly lit room, I could not fall asleep, probably because I had napped too long during the day.

Ashton had been busy with his paperwork in the study. I saw the light in the study was still on when I got up in the middle of the night to have some water. So, I poured a glass of water and entered the room.

In the study, I saw that the computer was switched off and the documents on the desk were neatly stacked. It seemed that he was done with his work.

Ashton was sitting in his seat with his eyes closed. When he heard me walking into the room, he opened his eyes and asked, "Can't sleep?"

I nodded in response and put the glass of water in front of him. Leaning against the desk, I looked at him. "It's late. If you've finished your work, you should turn in early." We're no longer young. Staying up all night can be taxing on our bodies.

He narrowed his eyes and smirked. "Is that an invitation?"

It took me quite a while to realize the meaning behind his words. I could not help but blush at the innuendo. "Just go to bed earlier."

Then, I got up and headed back to my bedroom. Ever since we met at R Province, he had treated me like a gentleman and respected my boundaries. If it were not for the look of desire in his eyes just now, I would have forgotten this matter.

I had barely taken a few steps before he suddenly grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, have a chat with me."

Feeling bemused, I looked back and saw that he looked worn out. I realized that he was probably troubled with work-related issues.

Feeling sorry for him, I went near to his side and put my hand on his brow. "When's the last time you had a good sleep?"

He glanced at me and pulled me into his embrace. Resting his head against my stomach, he mumbled, "Four years ago."

It was a simple statement, yet it stunned me utterly.

As he held me in his arms, he said wearily, "I need you by my side."

Stroking his hair, I realized that his hair was longer than before. "You need a haircut."

"Uh-huh."

He sounded sleepy. Glancing at the clock, I realized that it was past midnight already. "Ashton, go to bed and sleep."

He muttered an answer and took me back to the bedroom with a tired face.

We originally slept separately, but he pulled me onto his bed and held me tightly.

Seeing how exhausted he was, I did not have the heart to wake him up, so I closed my eyes and fell asleep in his arms.

That night, I slept soundly and woke up the next morning feeling groggy. I peeked out from Ashton's embrace and found that he had not woken up yet.

Staring at his face, I was once again mesmerized by his good look. Currently, his dark brown eyes were closed and his curly eyelashes were particularly good-looking. He seemed to be sleeping well. Unlike his usual demeanor, he looked exceptionally gentle and peaceful when he was asleep.

Feeling tempted to touch his eyelashes, I raised my hand. The moment my fingertips grazed them, he woke up instantly.

Locking his eyes on me, he said with a raspy voice, "You're awake."

I nodded in reply and tried to wriggle myself free from his grasp, but he stopped me. "It's still early. We can sleep more."

I looked up at the clock. Normally, he would be out at this hour. "Don't you need to go to work?"

He smiled and said, "It's okay to be late."

But of course, the boss doesn't need to worry about being tardy.

However, even if I continued to stay in bed, I could not fall asleep again. So, I told him honestly, "I can't sleep anymore."

He nodded, but he did not let go of me. "Stay with me for a while."

In the end, I acquiesced to his request and stared at the ceiling. But a moment later, I turned beet red. "Ashton, you..."

"It's a normal reaction. I have it every day!" He gave me a side-eye. "Scarlett, I'm a man. This is extremely normal."

I knew it was normal but I couldn't help but pursed my lips and uttered, "Let go of me. I want to get up."

He did not budge and his breath turned slightly ragged. "It'll be fine in no time."

At a loss for words, I looked away in resignation and lay stiffly beside him.

After a long while, he finally got up and went to the bathroom.

He eventually came out, looking calm and collected. When he saw my flushed face, he grinned and asked, "Did I scare you just now?"

Blushing again, I quickly shook my head in denial. “The housekeeper came up just now and said that our breakfast is ready.”

He nodded in response and motioned for me to go freshen up.

Chapter 457

Although we did not file a divorce, four years of separation was considered a divorce. Both of us knew that getting back together now was a bad idea.

While we were having breakfast, Summer appeared anxious about going to the new school.

So, Ashton and I went to the kindergarten with her to ease the butterflies in her stomach. When we arrived there, the teacher-in-charge was waiting at the gate. She looked about twenty.

Upon seeing Ashton, bewilderment was written all over her face. Letting her emotion get the better of her, she blurted out, “Mr. Fuller is married? And even has a child already?”

The moment the words left her mouth, she regretted it. She hurriedly bowed and apologized for her lack of courtesy just now.

Ashton did not reply, so I smiled and said, “It’s okay. Your reaction was understandable.”

In the past four years, Ashton had spread his influence all over K City, exhibiting his talents. Besides his outstanding ability, his striking looks alone were enough to make women swooning over him.

Moreover, in recent years, he was only seen with Nancy on public occasions and there was no news about his marriage. Since then, many people have thought that he was still an eligible bachelor, which caused more women to fantasize about him.

Back then, Summer was registered under Ashton's name. Hence, by law, she was his legal daughter.

After we dropped Summer off, he had pressing issues to attend to at work. So, he asked the driver to bring me home and kissed me goodbye.

When I went back to the villa, I began to read through the admission requirements of K University. The application for the program would open in November, so I had three more months to prepare for what was needed.

Later, in the middle of the day, I received a call. It was an unfamiliar number. Looking at my phone, I wondered whether to answer it or not.

The phone continued to ring several times, leaving me with no choice but to answer the call.

A female voice came through the phone. "Scarlett, it's been a while."

It was Rebecca. Even after four years, I could still remember her voice.

I stopped what I was doing and remained silent.

She did not seem to mind my silence as she continued, "I'm outside the villa now. I need to talk to you, but the security guard won't let me through."

Is she here for Ashton? I quickly closed the book in front of me and went out to the balcony. Peering across the courtyard, I could not see her outside the gate due to the high walls.

“What do you want to talk about?” I asked. It had been four years since I last saw her. I had no idea what we could chat about.

“Anything will do. We can go out for a coffee,” she suggested.

She sounded collected and mature. It seemed that everyone had changed in the past four years.

Lowering my gaze to my watch, I fell silent for a moment before agreeing. “Okay. Give me a moment.”

Having a chat outside the villa seemed inappropriate, so I tidied myself up and went out of the villa.

Rebecca stood outside the gate, leaning against a white Corolla. She wore a white suit with a pair of black high heels, and her hair was curled. She looked drastically different from the time I last saw her.

Before I could greet her, someone approached me. It was Joseph. He had been staying in the villa these days.

I did not ask much about him. But Ashton told me to contact Joseph whenever I need help. It seemed that he had become my personal assistant.

“Mrs. Fuller, are you going out?” he inquired before glancing at Rebecca, who was standing outside the gate.

I gave him a nod. “I’m catching up with an old friend.”

“Alright. I’ll go with you then.”

I did not understand his intention at first, but as my gaze landed on the cars not far away from me, I realized that he wanted to protect me.

Ashton was no longer the same as before; everything he did attracted the attention of the media. Joseph wanted to follow along because he was worried about my well-being. After all, I was Ashton's partner, so he needed to watch out for any possible danger I might encounter.

So, I nodded quietly.

Just then, Rebecca turned and saw that I had arrived. "Scarlett, long time no see."

I gave her a wistful smile. She had become more mature and charming. Now, she was an attractive woman with a great career. The woman in front of me was no longer the one who was heavily dependent on Ashton four years ago. Her radical change was very unexpected, but I felt no envy.

"Good to see you," I replied.

"Let's go to the café downtown." Glancing at Joseph who was standing on the side, she continued, "It's a discreet place."

I nodded in response and followed her to the car. Before I could get in, the cars that I saw before came toward us and blocked Rebecca's car. To my surprise, the people who got out of the car were not paparazzi, but a group of sturdy bodyguards.

Joseph immediately became alert and stood in front of me. With a low voice, he looked at the two of us and said, "Why don't the two of you have your chat inside the villa?"

Rebecca clearly did not expect a group of people to appear so suddenly. She stood dumbstruck for a second before narrowing her eyes at Joseph. "No, we don't have to talk in the villa. I'll just speak a few words and leave."

After a slight pause, she scoffed. "Looks like someone wants to see you more than I do."

Chapter 458

Sparks fly whenever love rivals meet, I guess. I pursed my lips in silence.

Rebecca threw her phone into her purse and looked at me with her arms crossed. "Since both of you are divorced, why are you back now?"

How straightforward of her! Indeed, she has changed a lot in the last four years. Averting my gaze from the bodyguards, I replied monotonously, "It's none of your business, Ms. Larson."

She snickered in response. "How is it not my business? For four years, I've worked hard and changed myself for the better. All I ever wanted was to be the one to stand by his side. But your sudden appearance just made all my effort go down the drain."

Ashton had arranged a lot of bodyguards at the villa. They were now gathered at the gate, staring coldly at the men from the cars.

I looked back toward Rebecca and replied, "If you're really meant to be with him, you wouldn't need four years to try and get together with him. A year would have been more than enough."

Her expression immediately turned cold. "Scarlett, you've ruined my love and my family relationship. Do you think that I'll let it slide? If I can't be with him, I would never let you and Ashton have an easy life either."

Her words did not upset me. Standing from her point of view, I could understand her obsession and love. In fact, it was quite inspirational how she had fought to get what she wanted.

I nodded in response and saw a black Bentley coming to a stop at the roadside. "I couldn't care less about what you want to do with your grudge against me. But I'd like to remind you to cherish what you have now. After so many years, you should know better than I do that it's impossible for you to be with Ashton. Do you plan to continue spending the next four years for your futile love? You could do everything for love when you're a youngster. But at the age of thirty, you should know that life is more important than love. Rebecca, you're pretty and talented. Even if you can't find someone like Ashton, you should have many good men around you. It's okay to settle for the next best thing."

What I said was the truth, but I was not the suitable person to speak those words to her. Any proud woman would not like to be humiliated. Naturally, Rebecca became infuriated.

When she raised her hand to slap me, Marcus hurriedly strode forward and stopped her. After such a long time, his expression was still as sullen as ever, and his hostility became even more frightening.

"This shall be the first and the last time I see you doing this. If you do it again, I'm not sure if this hand of yours would still be attached to your arm." He spoke in a hushed tone, but his words were full of menace.

With that, he flung her hand away.

Cradling her reddened wrist, she sneered. "What a fickle woman you are, Scarlett. You're even more repulsive than I thought. You have another man other than Ashton. You're disgusting!"

Pursing my lips, I said nothing to her accusation.

Marcus, however, opened his mouth and responded frostily, "Disgusting? What's disgusting? Do you feel disgusted just because you can't get what you want? She is worthy to be loved by several people. What does that have to do with you?"

As always, Marcus was able to say the cruelest words.

His words had affirmed his feelings for me. Rebecca's upper lip curled in disdain, but the jealousy in her eyes was crystal clear.

Looking at Marcus and me, she snorted and said sarcastically, "Does your fiancée know about your love for Scarlett?"

He frowned. "That's none of your business."

She went silent for a while, but she refused to admit defeat. "Indeed, it has nothing to do with me. But I'd like to give you a piece of advice. Scarlett, you should know that there are things you shouldn't do. If your relationship with Ashton and Mr. White is accidentally exposed to the public, what kind of consequence would you face?"

I could tell that she was trying to threaten me, and I admired her courage. But it doesn't matter. The moment her threat reached Ashton or Marcus, she would just be digging her own grave. Marcus had heard it now and Joseph would eventually pass every word of hers to Ashton as well. I was initially a tad bit envious of Rebecca, but I guess I was wrong; there's nothing about her for me to be envious about.

Marcus was downright furious. Grabbing Rebecca's wrist, he said sinisterly, "You should be thankful that I'm not a man who hit women, otherwise..." He then shoved her, causing her to stagger backward and bumped into her car.

Rebecca immediately went pale and winced in pain as she held onto the car to support herself. She was a girl after all and being treated this way was physically and mentally distressing.

Marcus was not a gentleman. He looked at her indifferently and warned, "You'd better stay away from Scarlett. You're not qualified to even talk about taking revenge on her."

She seemed to be in a state of shock as she remained quiet and entered her car.

After Rebecca was gone, I turned toward Marcus. Seeing him after four years, I did not feel particularly touched or sentimental. I just felt that time had flown so fast. Now that he was in front of me, I did not know what to say.

After a moment, he broke the silence first. "You're divorced. So why are you still living with him? You can live outside. I bought a house for you. It's decorated with everything that you liked before."

Chapter 459

I wanted to laugh at his words, but I could not. Looking at him, I remained calm and said, "Even if I'm divorced, at least I could stay at his place as his ex-wife. But if I live at your house, what reason should I use?"

Frowning, he looked slightly desperate to convince me. "It's okay. You can use whatever reason you want. As long as you're willing to move out of here, I'm fine with anything."

I smiled. "Even if the reason is me staying as your wife?"

His body stiffened upon hearing my words. "If you want, I'd be more than happy to comply."

I sighed. "Marcus, you're engaged. And Camelia is a good girl. Don't drop the gem in your hand to pick up a stone. That's really foolish. Four years ago, I'd said clearly that we could only be friends. I love Ashton. No matter how much time has passed, it will only be him. Life is too short and I can't cater to everyone's needs. I want you to be happy, but I can't be the one who makes you happy."

I was not sure if he understood what I wanted to convey, but at least I had clearly refused him.

He was silent for a moment, but there was no disappointment written on his face. Instead, he was as calm as ever. "I don't ask you to love me. I just need to know what I want in my life."

He came closer to me and spoke in a hushed tone. "I regret it. Four years ago, I shouldn't have left without gaining anything on that night."

I was dazed for a moment before anger rose in my gut. "It was you?"

Four years ago, on the night of new year's eve, I was on the way to pick up John at the airport when I got abducted. The Fullers were somewhat famous at that time, but their influence was limited. Fortunately, they had some power in J City.

So, the incident was not made known to the public. However, neither the Stovalls nor the Fullers could discover the person who took me away that night and Sally became the scapegoat.

She was imprisoned for two years and Rebecca was kicked out of the Moore family. Later on, I left J City and the incident was then forgotten. If Marcus did not reveal the truth just now, I would have thought that it was Sally who kidnapped me for the rest of my life.

No wonder Sally's doing everything possible to separate me and Ashton over the past four years. It's because she hates me.

"My original plan was to make you and Ashton part ways, but I didn't expect that your relationship would get better after the incident. What's more surprising was that it was him who caused both of you to separate four years ago." He landed his gaze on me. "Since both of you have separated, why don't you have a clean break with him?"

Looking at him, I realized that the person in front of me was no longer the person I knew. The affection between us was gone. What was left was his unwillingness to accept reality. I sighed as I could not help to get rid of his obsession. I looked up at the blazing sun and said, "Marcus, I want to live my own life."

I was indebted to him; I could not tell him anything that was too vicious or harsh.

Pursing his lips, he fell silent. After a long while, he finally said, "I can give you the life you want."

Sighing at his stubbornness, I realized I could not continue talking to him. "It's getting late. I should go back now."

As I turned around, Joseph walked toward me and quietly breathed a sigh of relief, as if he was worried that I would leave with Marcus.

However, an obsessive person would not let go easily. Marcus pulled me by my wrist and said, "I took a video that night. You said that people would eventually change in four years. I didn't force you four years ago because I wanted to win your heart. But since you refuse to be with me, I have to do it my way. I know that love can't be forced, but I don't care. If Ashton does not care about his reputation, I don't mind ruining it."

I looked at him in stunned silence. I had always believed that humans were good by nature. At that moment, I wondered why things had turned out this way.

So, I asked him, "Marcus, why? You don't love me, so why do you want to ruin me? I've never harmed you in any way."

I was always grateful to him for being the one who saved me when I was on the brink on the death. So why? Why did we turned out like this?

He snickered. "Didn't you say to destroy the unattainable?"

I was dumbstruck, and my mind couldn't formulate a response for a while. Shaking off his hand, I said, "I'd rather die four years ago."

After I returned to the villa, thoughts buzzed around in my mind. I couldn't understand why Marcus wanted to harm me. If he likes me, why does he want to hurt and destroy me? If he doesn't like me, what is his purpose in doing so?

Ashton's forehead was covered in sweat when he entered the villa. He looked as if he had come back in a hurry.

When he saw me sitting on the sofa, he heaved a sigh of relief and pulled me into his embrace. “Be careful when you’re out next time.”

I nodded in response and said, “Marcus came by just now.”

“I know.”

Right, Joseph probably told him. Changing the topic, I asked, “Ashton, does Aunt Sally reside in J City now?”

Chapter 460

Taken aback by the change of topic, Ashton paused for a moment before nodding his head. “Marcus forced her out of White Corporation, so she went back to J City.”

Marcus was traumatized by the death of his parents. And now, he was threatening me with the incident from four years ago. I wonder if his goal is to have me or to make Ashton suffer?

Leaning against his chest, I asked wearily, “Did something happened between you and Marcus?”

He froze for a second and held my shoulders. “Why?”

I looked up at him and said, “He’s a completely different person now. He even threatened me with a video from that night four years ago. I don’t understand why he did that. He’s no longer the person I knew.”

He pondered for a moment and sat me down on the sofa. Then, he held my hand and confided, "Back when Aunt Sally was in charge of Fuller Corporation, he came back from M Country and wanted to take back White Corporation from her. It was supposed to be easy for him to do so, but Mr. and Mrs. Bauman suddenly heard of the truth behind their daughter's death. And someone from the Fuller Corporation even leaked the news of Sharon's infidelity to the media. In the end, the elderly couple could not accept the news and passed away."

It took me a while to digest what he had said. Then, I asked, "Who did it?"

Ashton avoided my question. "And that's how the rivalry between the Fuller family and the White family started. I knew he was the one behind the incident that night. All these years of business feud benefit no one. I guess he wants you to be with him because he wishes to join hands with the Moore family."

I sighed, feeling a little frustrated. Resting my head against his shoulder, I had no mood to speak further on this matter. Before this, I thought things would be over after four years. But I guess everyone is different. Some people just can't let bygones be bygones.

I was a little surprised when Sally came to find me. Recently, Ashton had been very busy with his work, and I started my preparation for the admission test.

The guard let Sally in, and the housekeeper told me at the entrance of the study that Sally was waiting for me in the living room.

I nodded blankly and went downstairs.

The last time I saw her was about half a month ago. Now, she was modestly dressed as usual. But at the age of forty, signs of aging had appeared on her complexion.

She slowly took a sip of tea and looked at me. "Charlie and Helen immigrated two years ago, so I'm the only elder left here in the Fuller family now. You and Ashton were once husband and wife. Since both of you have parted ways, it's always good to have a clean break. When you left four years ago, you didn't

take anything from us. Now that you've come back, I'm guessing you probably want something from the Fuller family, so don't hesitate to tell me. We'll do our best to give you whatever you want."

It was obvious that she was here to tell me to leave. After a brief moment, I replied, "Are you chasing me out, Ms. Fuller?"

She shook her head and gave me a faint smile. "No. I just think that as the adopted child of the Stovall family and the biological daughter of the Moore family, you must know that if some unpleasant news of you is spread out in the future, it wouldn't be good for your reputation. Am I right?"

Each and every word of hers sounded as if she was being considerate of me. But I did not believe so. Since she had blatantly expressed her intention, she left me with no choice but to leave.

Hence, I stood up and smiled politely at her. "Thank you for your advice, Ms. Fuller. You're right. I shouldn't be living with Ashton since we've been separated. It is inappropriate for me to stay here."

I then continued, "Thank you for your kind words. I'll pack up and leave immediately."

I had always been a straightforward person, so I swiftly turned around to go upstairs. But she stopped me and smiled. "You're definitely an impatient child. I've only been here for five minutes and you're suddenly trying to leave. Wouldn't this be an outright indication for Ashton that I'm the one who chased you away?"

I raised my brows in response. "Isn't that so?"

The smile on Sally's face immediately turned into an awkward grin. "Of course not. I'm just doing this for your own good. A girl needs to have a good reputation, after all."

I smiled back. "Thank you again, Ms. Fuller."

She shook her head in response and the awkward look she had on her face faded. "You don't have to be in a hurry to move out now. Actually, you can discuss this with Ashton first. You know how unreasonable

he can be at times. So, why don't you find a reason to leave him and move out later? This is for the good of you and him."

Is she saying that I should pick a quarrel with Ashton so it seems like I'm the one who wants to move out?

I almost laughed out loud at her suggestion. Being born with a rebellious temperament, the more she did not want it to happen, the more I was motivated to do it.

Looking at her, I said, "There's no need for so many excuses. I have no intention of staying here for long anyway. It's just a matter of time before I move out."

As soon as I finished speaking, I went upstairs and put all my clothes in my suitcase. When I came down, Sally looked nervous and she blocked my path. "Scarlett, you don't need to rush."

I beamed at her and said, "It's alright. I'm free today."

Chapter 461

Joseph had been staying in the villa these few days. So, when he saw the luggage in my hand, he immediately called Ashton.

Then, he halted me in my tracks and gave me a perplexed look. "Mrs. Fuller, are you going somewhere? Why don't I give you a ride?"

I shook my head. Smiling faintly, I said, "It's alright. I've already called a cab. It'll arrive soon."

Indeed, the car arrived soon after.

Sally probably never expected me to leave so hastily. So, when she saw the car, she panicked and turned pale. Tugging on my hand, she hurriedly said, "Scarlett, no. You don't need to leave so soon. I..."

"What Ms. Fuller said was true. I should have known better." I cut her off. With that, I got into the cab.

Joseph was puzzled, but he could not stop me by force. In the end, he hopped into his car and followed me.

Previously, John had given me a house in K City. I thought I would never use it, so I had never gone there. Now that I was in need of a place to stay, I hailed a cab and headed there.

The house was located some distance away from the city center. The place was spacious with a stylish interior design. However, because it had been unoccupied for quite a number of years, it inevitably had a musty smell.

I did not expect the first person to visit my new place would be Marcus. When I saw him, my expression immediately turned cold.

I looked at him in disdain and spoke in an irritated tone. "Why are you here?"

He seemed to be happy to see me here. Glancing at the room behind me, he nodded approvingly. "Do you feel comfortable living here?"

I pursed my lips and ignored his question. "What do you want?"

He was completely unaffected by my unfriendliness. He grinned and asked, "May I come in?"

I pondered for a while before stepping aside. He came in and sat on the sofa in my living room. I did not serve anything to him, not even a glass of water. If it wasn't for our friendship in the past, I wouldn't even let him in. After our last encounter, the relationship between us is no longer the same.

"Four years ago, after we parted ways in M Country, I came back not long after. After knowing that you'd left the Fuller family, I looked for you everywhere. I always wondered if you're fine and where you'd gone. Every year, I wander in various cities to search for you. But at the same time, I was afraid of meeting you." He spoke calmly and gently, unlike the way he had talked that day. "Scarlett, you have no idea how much I missed you."

If we reunited four years ago, I would calmly ask him how the accident happened, why did he go to M Country, and why didn't he come back after he survived the accident. But I'm no longer interested to know any of the answers. Now, I just want him to leave.

I took a deep breath and said, "I don't know your purpose in pestering me. But if you're planning to use me to join hands with the Moore family, I'd like to tell you that it's not going to work. Four years ago, I didn't acknowledge them as my family. What makes you think that I'd return to them now? As for the Stovall family, I think John hates you as much as Ashton despises you. As such, he is even less likely to cooperate with you. What I want to say is that bothering me would not bring any benefit to you."

Since he's a businessman, I shall analyze the benefits for him.

Silence filled the living room momentarily. He then reached out to take my wrist before pressing my palm onto his abdomen. What I touched was his scar. "Four years ago, I brought you back to Clermont from the hospital. You were mentally unstable after you lost your child. And you would often sit on the balcony alone, staring blankly into the distance. If there was no one around you, you'd try to jump out of the window. Afraid that you'd hurt yourself, I locked all the windows in the villa. Later on, you would wake up in the middle of the night to look for a knife and cut yourself. One time, you almost hurt yourself. I went to grab the knife in your hand and let you stab it into my body. The moment you saw my blood, you fell unconscious for several days."

He was as cool as a cucumber, but I felt a sudden wrenching pain in my heart. It had been so long that I have almost forgotten that period of time.

He continued, "After you woke up, I asked the housekeeper to store away all the knives and sharp tools in the house. I thought that without these things, you couldn't hurt yourself anymore. I never expected that you would bang your head against the wall to kill yourself. In order to make sure you're safe, I forced myself to stay awake so I could watch over you every night. I was afraid of losing you."

people would always choose to forget the most painful moments in their life. For me, that period of time was the most torturous moment of my life that I would choose to forget.

As he recalled the moments that we shared, my heart ached terribly. But I could not bring myself to speak a word to interrupt him.

I withdrew my hand and wanted to say thank you to him, but it sounded too shallow at this moment. So, I chose to remain silent.

He was still smiling, but there was now a hint of hostility in the way he was looking at me. "You got better day by day after that. And I naively thought that you would not have any hope in your relationship with Ashton again. Scarlett, I know you don't love me. But so what? We have a long time to bring love and joy into our relationship. However, you still choose to be with him in the end."

He then laughed sarcastically and mocked, "Scarlett, you never learn your lesson, do you?"

I had nothing to refute him. Pursing my lips, I fell silent.

He scoffed. "I didn't want to hurt you. But Scarlett, do you know how I got through the nights after my parents passed away? Every night, my parents would appear in my dreams. My mother would yell at me, saying that she was cold while my father would tell me that he was lonely. Then, I'd be wide awake for the rest of the night, haunted by those dreams. How I wish you're by my side to accompany me like how I'd taken care of you back then. But every time I opened my eyes after the nightmares, there's no one else but me in my lonely, hollow room."

As Marcus looked at me, I could see his expression darkening. “Do you know how it feels to struggle alone in the darkness?”

I pursed my lips. I wanted to apologize but the words were stuck in my throat.

“Scarlett, I used to love you. But now, I hate you as much as I loved you in the past.”

I couldn’t believe these words would come out of Marcus’ mouth. Stunned, I was lost in my thoughts for a long while.

When I was back in high school, I learned about the law of conservation of energy in physics. Later, I learned that in political materialism, it was also believed that conservation was everything.

Back when we were young and naive, we thought that everything we learned in school was purely about astronomical geography. Thinking it over then, I finally came to the realization that we had actually learned life lessons throughout those years without even noticing it.

There was no such thing as unconditional love in this world. It was impossible for love to exist without attached conditions. In fact, love was all about to give and take. The relationship between two people was designed to be an exchange process. If you enjoyed receiving all the love and affection from your partners without making any effort to return back, the uneasy feeling in your heart would never fade away.

I would probably never be able to face Marcus in my lifetime.

He’s right. He was the one who got me out of hell. So why didn’t I reach out my hand when he was in hell?

After he left, I stayed up all night sitting in the living room. I was in no position to judge Marcus. Every step he took was him trying to find peace in his heart.

September in K City was neither too cold nor too hot, but the cool breeze in the middle of the night was enough to keep people awake.

It was a sleepless night for me.

After I had left Ashton's side, it didn't take him long to show up. It wasn't something beyond my expectation. Hence, I wasn't surprised at all.

I didn't have to worry about Summer as the housekeeper and driver were responsible for taking care of her.

Ashton came at seven o'clock in the morning while I was still sitting on the sofa. I had no idea how long I had been sitting there, but it was probably a few hours since my body felt stiff and numb.

I opened the door when I heard the doorbell rang. It had only been a night since Ashton and I last saw each other. As our eyes met, I noticed that there was stubble on his chin. He looked haggard as if he had gone through the vicissitudes of life.

"Can I come in?" He sounded distressed.

I nodded and made way for him.

He looked at me with a gentle gaze. "I'm sorry."

I smiled faintly. "I'm not mad." After all, Sally was the elder in the Fuller family. There was nothing much he could do.

He pulled me into his arms, enveloping me in the tobacco smell on his body. "It won't happen again."

It sounded like a promise, as well as an assurance.

I hummed faintly in response. At that moment, I felt a sense of peace and relief to be able to lean on him.

I began to feel sleepy. I closed my eyes and asked, "If you're not busy today, can you stay with me for a while?"

He answered with a slightly indulgent smile, "I'm not busy. We have all the time in the world."

I knew that there was no way he wouldn't be busy. After all, Marcus had the intention of targeting Fuller Corporation. He was dying to see the downfall of Fuller Corporation. Hence, he would not miss out on any opportunity to pick on Ashton.

Even though I knew that he was lying, I simply pursed my lips and smiled faintly. It didn't matter. Life was a long journey. At some point in our life, we just had to live for ourselves, even if it was just for a few days.

It was actually quite a good option if we could just live our lives in peace and serenity like that.

By the time I woke up, night had already fallen. Unknowingly, I had slept for the whole day.

Ashton was leaning on me. He chuckled softly when he noticed I was awake. "What were you dreaming of?"

"I dreamt of a beautiful sea of flowers." I dreamed quite often recently. In my dream, Macy, Grandma, and Grandpa were there, as well as my child who had grown up.

Noticing how absent-minded I looked, he reached out and pulled me into his arms. "Initially, I kept the villa just for you. If it triggers some bad memories, how about we move to a new one?"

I was amused. "How bold of you. Aren't you afraid of being captured by the paparazzi and being branded as a spendthrift?"

He rested his chin on my cheek, his stubble prickling me. "I don't mind being the subject of some gossip for you."

I stopped teasing him and simply smiled in response. Then, I got up from bed. There was nothing much in the house since I had just moved in.

Hence, I decided to order a takeout.

In the living room, he was working on his laptop, while I was studying some documents. The atmosphere was peaceful and harmonious.

Not long after, Joseph sent Summer over and he brought some daily necessities as well.

While the two of them were talking about work in the study, Summer was leaning in my arms. She raised her head and looked at me. "Mommy, I think I got myself into trouble today!"

I was shocked for a moment before I put down the book in my hand and looked at her. I asked in a gentle tone, "What happened?"

Looking like she was on the verge of tears, she pursed her lips and said. "I accidentally pushed a kid down the slide. I didn't mean it! It's just that he had been sitting there for a long time, and many other kids were waiting to play on the slide. So, I nudged him gently. I never thought he would lose his balance and fell down."

"How is he now? Did someone send him to the hospital?"

She nodded. "Mr. Campbell sent him to the hospital. He gave them a lot of money as well. Mommy, I know I was wrong."

“It’s not right to hurt someone and we should always apologize for our mistake. But Summer, I knew you meant well, it’s just that the way you handled the situation was wrong. Have you thought about how you are going to deal with the situation if the same situation were to happen again in the future?” Since it had already happened, there was no point in me to keep blaming her. What I could do was to let her know that we must take responsibility for our actions.

