

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 703-708

Chapter 703

“Hey Derek, have you looked into a mirror recently?” Linda mocked. “You may not see it yourself, but trust us when we say you’re disgusting. You better let us go soon, or you’ll regret it.”

Derek fixed a steely gaze on Linda as he chuckled. “Do you think I’m still the same person from five years ago? The one you so easily manipulated? And do you really think the Murphys have any power over me here in A City?”

“The Murphys may not be able to do anything to you, but I can!” We were all taken by surprise when Nora’s voice rang out of the blue, only to see her emerge from the bathroom.

She leaned casually against the door frame, her lips in a pout. “Mr. Watson, what do you think will happen if I pressed this?” she asked as she slowly held her phone up.

When Derek didn’t reply, the doe-eyed Nora continued, “Why don’t we try it? I’m so curious to know what might happen!”

“Nora,” Derek grunted. Even though he was still smiling, one couldn’t miss the hint of annoyance in his voice. “How did you get in here?”

Nora pinched her cheeks as she muttered, “Having to fake a smile is so tiring. My face has gotten all stiff from it.”

She ignored Derek's question and looked around the room for a spot to get comfortable in, her phone still tightly clutched in her hand.

"Mr. Watson must have been so busy with work that you forgot this bar was given to me by my grandfather. I was bored and came here today for a drink. But I got a little tipsy and entered this room for a shower and nap. Unfortunately, I got more than what I had bargained for when I ran into this scene."

Nora's devil-may-care attitude was starting to get on Derek's nerves. She continued her innocent act as she propped her chin up with her hand. "I've seen and heard everything, and I can't possibly pretend otherwise. My grandfather had always taught me to stand up bravely for what's right. If I were to do the right thing and call the police now, what do you think will happen to you, Mr. Watson?"

That last sentence wiped the smile away from Derek's face. "Tell me, what do you want?" he asked with a glare.

Nora sighed as she thought about it. "To be honest, I have everything but a man. But that's not something you can give me. You're too old and fat, and you have bad teeth and body odor." She shuddered. "Ugh... I wouldn't want you even if you offered."

Derek shook with anger, but Nora ignored him as she continued to be deep in thought. "How about this? I saw you slap them earlier, so why don't you let them return the favor?"

Derek's expression darkened as he clenched his fists tightly. There was no doubt he was fuming, and I thought he was about to blow his top. To my surprise, he acceded to Nora's request and even personally untied Linda and me from the chairs.

We stared in bewilderment, neither of us knowing how to react to this sudden turn of events.

Nora said nothing as she started playing with her phone. Derek stole a glance at her before turning to face Linda. "Hit me!" he said through gritted teeth.

Everything was happening so fast that Linda hadn't gotten a chance to recover from her shock. She turned around instinctively to look at Nora, only to find her still playing with her phone nonchalantly.

"Just leave," Linda finally said.

Her response stunned both Derek and Nora, though neither said anything.

Nora shrugged innocently when she caught Derek staring helplessly at her. "Don't look at me. You're the one who hit her. You should be thanking her for being so kind, not me."

At that, Derek immediately thanked Linda before looking back at Nora. "Please send my regards to your grandfather."

Nora hummed in response and went back to playing on her phone. Not wanting to stay and be snubbed any further, Derek angrily left with his subordinates.

Now that the worst was finally over, Linda and I could finally calm our racing hearts.

After exchanging glances with each other, we looked at Nora, half expecting her to say something. Instead, Nora remained silent as she stood up and prepared to leave.

"Ms. Oberick, thank you for your help," Linda called out.

"It's ok. I just happened to be here," she replied coolly as she continued to head toward the door.

After everything that had happened, the awkwardness I felt with Nora earlier had long been dispelled. "Didn't you want to drink with Linda? It'd be insincere for you to leave now, wouldn't it?"

Nora stopped in her tracks and turned to look at me with a raised eyebrow. "Did I say I was leaving? I just wanted to use the bathroom."

As soon as she said it, she walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

Linda was left even more confused by this interaction and gaped at me. "You two know each other?"

I nodded.

After a while, Nora walked out of the bathroom and looked at us. "I've ordered some drinks. Shall we have them together?"

"Of course!" Linda replied excitedly. "If we're having drinks, should we get some food too?"

"Done! Delivery shouldn't take long," Nora said with a grin as she scrutinized Linda. "I heard you're Armond's personal assistant?"

Linda cleared her throat nervously. "Well, there's nothing personal about it. It's just a job."

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After a moment's hesitation, Linda beckoned me to sit with her.

I sat next to Linda but realized Nora refused to look in my direction. Judging by that reaction, I figured she was still mad at me from earlier.

A sharp-eyed Linda also noticed the tension between us and tried to change the subject. "We're so thankful for your help today. Otherwise, who knows what that scumbag Derek would have done to us."

"Don't mention it," Nora casually replied.

Piqued by curiosity, Linda couldn't help but continue, "Ms. Oberick, the grandfather you mentioned earlier, is he the Mr. Oberick that I'm thinking of?"

Nora pursed her lips as she pondered about the question. "Don't think so much. Meeting you was fate, so let's drink to that!"

It was at that moment when I realized how little I knew about Nora. We had initially met in Venria, and even though everyone shared their stories, we all kept them brief. Even I didn't divulge much about myself, so it wouldn't be a surprise if she had held back information about herself too.

Linda noticed Nora's reluctance to elaborate and thus didn't ask any further. It was also then when the food and drinks got delivered.

Linda poured us our wine and raised a toast to us. "Once again, I have to thank the two of you for today. Here's to our friendship!"

Nora raised her glass of wine in return and drank it in one gulp.

"I'm still curious though, how did you get in here? We didn't even see you around before this. It seems too much of a coincidence, doesn't it?" Linda quizzed.

Nora raised her head and glanced at me. "I had long noticed the commotion when you were still in the lobby. Then I heard the staff mention the old lecher wanting to get a room, so I told them to let me in first."

Linda nodded, her eyes filled with gratitude. "Thank goodness for you. I still shudder to think what Derek might have done to us otherwise."

Just then, I mustered up my courage and turned to Nora. "I was rash earlier today, and I apologize for that. Thank you for still helping us get rid of Derek."

Nora seemed to be in self-reflection as she held my gaze. "It's not entirely your fault. I'm sure you have your reasons, so I shouldn't have forced you for an answer. Besides, when it comes to affairs of the heart, everyone handles them differently. I shouldn't have meddled in yours. I am to blame for being so pushy," she said apologetically.

"No, you aren't!" I exclaimed. "I don't know how to handle these problems, and I always seem to overcomplicate them. As an outsider, you have a clearer view of things. And as my friend, it's only natural that you want to help. At the end of the day, it's my fault for pushing you away."

Linda looked at us and burst out laughing. "You guys are adorable! Come on, let's drink. Real friends don't keep grudges. After today, we'll still be friends!"

With the tension between Nora and I all gone, the three of us continued drinking to our hearts' content.

Nora was terrible when she got under the influence of alcohol. All it took was a few glasses of wine before she latched on to Linda and bombarded her with every question about Armond, from details about his lifestyle to his past relationships.

Linda could still hold back initially, but the more she said, the more enthusiastic she got. Before long, she had managed to spill just about everything she knew about Armond.

I had stopped drinking for fear of getting too drunk and having no one to take care of me. As I continued to be entertained by my friends' incessant need for gossip, Armond called.

"Where are you?" he asked, slightly fuming.

It suddenly dawned on me that because I had gone out with Linda right after work, I hadn't been home to make Armond dinner. Is that why he's angry?

My anxiety drowned out my surroundings as I tried to pull myself together. "Mr. Murphy, I'm so sorry. I'm out with friends tonight, so I-

"Where are you?" he interrupted.

I was speechless, but Nora replied on my behalf, “Baroness Bar.”

“Who are you with?” Armond snapped. He wasn’t hiding his anger anymore.

“Linda and Nora,” I answered honestly.

After a slight pause, I added, “Mr. Murphy, have you eaten?”

However, all I got was a dial tone in response as Armond had already hung up on me.

Nora, who was now very drunk, tried to snatch my phone away. “Who was that on the phone? Was it Ashton?”

As she fiddled around with my phone, she continued, “You should call him and snatch him back from Ms. Zimmer, or whatever she’s called. He’s your man! How can you let him take care of another woman?”

I slapped my forehead in exasperation. Nora was a little dizzy from all the wine she had had, so I led her over to the sofa to rest.

Linda, on the other hand, was already lying quietly on the sofa. If she had been anything like Nora, I wouldn’t have been able to handle them both.

I got up to get Nora some water, only to realize I felt a little light-headed myself. So much for saying I’d drink less.

“Ashton, your woman is drunk. Are you coming to take care of her?” Nora suddenly piped up.

When I turned to look at her, I found her pressing away on my phone haphazardly. I couldn’t help but frown. “Nora! Stop playing!”

She ignored me as she brought the phone to her ear and shouted, “Baroness Bar!”

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After that, she continued, “No, I’m drunk now. I shouldn’t be calling Ashton. I should call Armond, and let him come...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Nora dozed off.

I couldn’t help but chuckle at how ridiculous she was. Since she had fallen asleep, I brought her to the bed and tucked her in.

After covering Linda with a blanket, I decided to lie on the sofa to get some shut eye.

Ding dong! I was so close to dozing off when the doorbell to our room suddenly rang. I was stunned and sat up straight from the sofa.

Alcohol had clouded my mind, and I began to fear the worst. What if that there was an intruder at our door?

A short while later, the door opened, and Armond stepped into the room. One of the staff from Nora’s bar followed behind, still holding on to the room key.

When he realized the room reeked of booze and was in complete disarray, Armond’s face blazed with anger. “How much did you drink?”

Seeing how angry and fierce he already was, I decided not to lie. "A lot. But Nora and Linda drank the most."

"Do you expect me to praise you for having control?" he said coldly, even though the anger in his voice was obvious.

I was still feeling light-headed, but I forced myself to stay sober. "Armond, I... "

"Armond?" Nora suddenly sat up from the bed when he heard his name. In her drunken stupor, she scanned the room until she met his gaze and broke into an enormous grin.

"Armond, you're here? Are you going to take me home?"

She then got up from bed and staggered over, throwing herself into Armond's arms. "I knew it. I knew you'd appear in my dreams. Linda told me you hadn't been a virgin since you were seventeen. I'm sure you must be amazing... "

Nora's words left me dumbstruck.

I didn't pay a lot of attention to what Nora and Linda were discussing earlier. But judging by what we just heard, Linda had been very generous with the details.

The entire situation was so embarrassing that even the staff who had accompanied Armond had left quietly.

Armond was already angry when he first stepped into the room. But, now with Nora all over him, the fury in his eyes intensified even more.

He stared daggers at me like he was about to shred me to pieces. In an instant, I tried to pull Nora away from him but to no avail.

I trembled as I spoke, "Mr. Murphy, Nora's completely drunk now and thinks she's dreaming."

"How dare you, Scarlett!" He gritted his teeth in anger.

I forced a smile, despite feeling like I might keel over anytime from embarrassment.

The commotion had caused Linda to stir from her sleep as she groggily sat up from the sofa. She had a moment of clarity and shock when she saw Armond. "Hello, Mr. Murphy. Please excuse me. I've still got work to do."

Linda then stood up and strode toward the door like she was going back to work. Damn, she is blackout drunk.

I was getting worried about Linda when she didn't show any signs of stopping. She can't possibly believe she's at work, can she? If she walks out in this state, she's going to get into trouble.

Without further ado, I hurriedly apologized to Armond, "Mr. Murphy, I'm so sorry! Linda has had too much to drink. I'll go after her!"

In my hurry to keep up with Linda, I accidentally bumped into someone on my way out. Before I could make out who the person was, I was already once again apologizing profusely.

I had barely stepped out of the room when that same person grabbed me by my arm and pulled me back.

It was only then that I got a good look at him. My eyes widened in surprise when I met the gaze of Ashton. Why is he here? Oh no, that means Nora must have made a real call earlier.

"Where are you going?" Ashton asked before I could say anything.

My mind was a complete mess from the alcohol and all the surprises that had been thrown at me. "Linda's drunk, and I can't leave her on her own," I sputtered.

Ashton hesitated as he looked around the room. He appeared somewhat relieved when he saw Armond getting pestered by Nora, then proceeded to pull me out of the room and toward the bar.

Even in her drunken state, Linda had managed to make her way to the entrance of the bar. That was as far as she went because she made herself comfortable and fell asleep against one of the flowerpots.

Despite many attempts to wake her up, Linda still didn't stir. Ashton had no choice but to call for Joseph, who got to the bar in just ten minutes.

Joseph pinched his brows and sighed in resignation when he saw Linda sprawled on the floor. It was clear what Ashton had called him over for, and he felt a headache coming on.

"Get Linda checked into a hotel room, or try to send her back home," Ashton instructed. With that, he forcefully pulled me up to leave with him.

I was still perplexed as I followed behind him. "Ashton, what are you doing?"

He didn't say a word, not even when he pushed me into the car and sped off.

As the car windows were down, I was constantly blasted by gusts of cold air, making me feel increasingly sick and nauseous.

Eventually, I couldn't take it any longer and tugged at Ashton's sleeves to let him stop the car. When he finally pulled up at the side of the road, I stumbled out and started retching.

I took the bottle of water he handed over and rinsed my mouth with it. "Do you still feel sick?" he asked sympathetically.

I shook my head slowly, even though I still felt dizzy and awful. When I tried to stand up, Ashton immediately came forward and caught me in his arms.

At that moment, my subconscious wanted to push him away. But after a long, arduous day, coupled with the effects of wine, I had no strength left to fight him. I was so tired I just closed my eyes and stayed in his arms.

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Ashton brought me back into the car and rolled the windows back up. I had no energy left to move or talk, so I just leaned against the car and slowly drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up to the sound of water running in the bathroom, I found myself lying on a hotel room bed.

I knew I was brought to the hotel by Ashton, so waking up on a foreign bed didn't worry me as much.

Even after the rest I had, my head was still spinning, and my body felt limp. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't get myself out of bed.

So that's how it is after I drink. I may be sober, but my body just refuses to cooperate with me.

The bathroom door opened, and Ashton stepped out with a towel wrapped around his waist. "Are you awake?" he asked as he glanced at me.

I nodded and instinctively pulled at the covers. It was only then that I realized I had been stripped naked.

My eyes widened in horror as I glared at Ashton. "Ashton, you're despicable! You knew I was drunk, and yet, you..."

He turned toward me with a raised eyebrow. "And yet I what?"

I couldn't make heads or tails of his reaction, so I mumbled, "Did you do that to me?"

He casually yanked his towel off to dry his hair before asking, "Do that?"

He knows what I mean, yet he still acts all innocent about it.

Since he seemed reluctant to give me a direct answer, I changed the subject. "Where are my clothes?"

He stopped drying his hair to look at me, still with the same indifference he had before. "You should be asking me where my clothes are," he replied coolly.

"Fine. Where are your clothes then?" My anxiety increased when I realized the room stank of booze, and both his and my clothes were missing. What have I done? Wait... What have we done?

He threw his towel aside and leaned closer to me. "My custom-made suit cost one hundred and eighty thousand. Include my emotional damages, and that would be two hundred thousand in total. How do you plan to settle that?"

His words left me speechless. When did I owe him two hundred thousand?

"You puked all over me, don't you remember? The hotel has security cameras. Do you need to see some footage as proof?"

As I took in that familiar scent of his, my instinct was to avoid him altogether. But he had me backed into a corner, and there was nowhere I could hide.

"I threw up again?" I asked apologetically. I had no memory of what happened after I had fallen asleep in the car.

He said nothing as he looked at me, a hint of arrogance in his eyes.

Perhaps I had been so blackout drunk that I couldn't remember throwing up on Ashton. And seeing as how both our clothes weren't in the room, I was starting to believe him.

After some hesitation, I began to worry about the monetary amount he mentioned earlier. "Do you really need that much for emotional damages?"

I knew that all his clothes were custom-made by famous, big brands, which justified their insane price tags. But twenty thousand for emotional damages was just too far-fetched for me.

"Every meeting I conduct is valued in the tens of millions. Asking for twenty thousand isn't too much of a stretch, is it?" he replied calmly.

"But, I didn't know you had a meeting to attend. I didn't even know you were coming. And besides, I wasn't the one who called you..." I protested, my voice trailing off weakly.

With a monthly salary of a mere few thousand, where was I going to find two hundred thousand to pay him back?

"Does that mean I should delete your number from my phone? And that I should never answer your calls again?"

"You didn't have to pick up the call," I mumbled in frustration, as the image of him hugging Rachel earlier that day once again filled my mind. Hit with a pang of jealousy, I added, "I guess I really am to blame. I have probably ruined your date with a gorgeous woman."

"Scarlett, what nonsense do you have in your head?"

I stared at him with furrowed brows, anger slowly simmering away. Perhaps all that alcohol had lowered my inhibitions because I decided to speak my mind. "Yes, there's nonsense in my head, unlike Rachel.

She has the looks and the brains. She's good at everything while I'm not. She's the only good match for you, so why don't you go back to her. I didn't want you here anyway."

I lowered my head as I tried to hold my tears back. Everyone was always blaming me for not knowing my place and for pushing Ashton away.

But little did they know that I was the one who had to endure the most hurt. I was the one who had lost the baby. And I was the one who had to put up with all the resentment and grievances.

When I didn't hear a response from Ashton, I looked up and saw him looking straight at me.

I was taken aback by how intense his stare was and tried to avert my eyes. However, he cupped my chin and turned me around to meet his gaze. "Are you bringing up Rachel to agitate me? You keep trying to push me toward her even though I don't feel for her that way. I went along with it to keep you happy, but now you're blaming me? If you can't overcome the hurdles in your heart, I'm willing to wait and give you all the time you need. Even if it takes the rest of my life, I'll continue to wait."

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"I'm not asking you to wait!" I cried out, tears welling up in my eyes. "I've told you before that I don't need you to wait for me. So what if I'm not happy about this arrangement? Time is the best medicine, isn't it? I pushed you to Rachel because I don't want you pestering and upsetting me when I'm with someone else in the future. Is that so wrong?"

I paused to wipe my tears away as Ashton remained silent. "Once we each have found a better partner for ourselves, it'd be best to stay out of each other's lives. You know it wasn't me who made the call, and I never wanted you there either. I'm willing to compensate for having puked on you, but do you have to slap me with a whopping two hundred thousand fee? You said I'd get half of your assets if we got a divorce. I'm letting you know now that I want nothing from the Fullers. I've also gotten my lawyer to transfer HiTech's ownership to you. From here on, we'll have nothing to do with each other. I'll pay for your suit, but not for the emotional damages you claim to have."

With that said, I angrily pushed Ashton away. I wrapped myself with the towel he had tossed aside and made a beeline for the door. I don't care if anyone sees me like this. The body is just a shell. To hell with anyone who dares criticize me.

I had only taken a few steps toward the door when Ashton grabbed me and pushed me onto the bed. I could see the fury in his eyes as his pent-up anger and frustration burst forth.

The more I struggled, the more Ashton held me down. "You're wrong if you think I'm someone who will come and go as you wish. Stop messing around and tell me exactly what you want me to do. Or do you think you're the only one for me?"

I bit my lips in fear, cold beads of sweat rolling down my face. "Ashton, you b*stard!"

"I'm a b*stard?" he growled. "Tell me what it means to be husband and wife. You left me without a word and kept pushing me to other women. Every time we speak, you say you want to sever all ties with me. Scarlett, do our marriage certificates mean nothing to you?"

That was the last straw for me. "Ashton Fuller, I'm going to sue you."

I was in so much pain from being pinned down by Ashton, and my head was still hurting from the alcohol. All the emotions that had been bubbling inside of me had finally surfaced. I couldn't help but burst into tears.

My voice was hoarse and quivering as I continued, "Just tell me if you want to destroy me. You are Ashton Fuller, and you can easily get any woman you want. You're only mad at me because I was the one who pushed you away. If I became obsessed with you as Rebecca did, you'd have tossed me aside like an old rag. You just refuse to accept the fact that I've rejected you."

Every word I said was like a stab to my heart, and I sobbed even harder.

Ashton suddenly let go of me. He looked me in my eyes as he asked softly, "So, in your opinion, everything that I've done to get close to you is because I'm unable to accept your rejection?"

I could see the hurt in his eyes as he said that. Unwilling to look at him again, I lowered my head.

Ashton brought my chin up to meet his steely gaze. "Why are you hiding? There's no need to be afraid. Just be honest with me."

When I didn't reply, he chuckled. "What? Feeling guilty already?"

I was so close to a complete breakdown. "Ashton, what on earth do you want with me? Don't you know the reason I'm pushing you away? It's your fault that I'm unable to bear any children now. Like any other girl, I just want to feel my parents' love. I've always envied other girls for being able to ride on their fathers' shoulders, but you've ruined all the expectations I have of my parents. Are these reasons not good enough for you?"

Seeing how stunned he was, I added, "Yes, I love you, but so what? I could have given us children, but because of your selfishness, I went to hell and back. Not only did I lose a child, but I also can never be a mother again. And to make things worse, I can't ever look my biological parents in their eyes because you've turned us into enemies. Are these not reasons for me to push you away?"

Ashton merely continued to look at me, his eyes so cold and hard.

I laughed bitterly. "You think that as long as we have mutual love and understanding, we can go back to what it was like and once again be the couple that everyone envies. But Ashton, ask yourself truthfully, can we really move on from the past? Because I know I can't."

In my defence, I had tried my best to forget everything that had happened to me. I once thought that maybe if I had a child again, I'd be able to bury the past.

Alas, destiny played a cruel joke on me. I could no longer bear any children, and I also had to be constantly reminded of the child I lost. My past would haunt me forever.

After all, I'm a mere human, not an animal. Sighing to myself at the thought, I knew I would always have memories that continue to torment me. Each time I saw a mother with her child, the memory would come back and rip me apart. I could no longer love Ashton the way I did because the more he stayed in my life, the more I hated him.

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Therefore, I chose to leave him.

After a long while, he stood up and walked to the side silently. He lifted the phone and made a call.

"Joseph, send over two sets of clothing." He hung up and went into the bathroom.

After a while, he came out, and there was a knock at the door. He wrapped a towel around his waist and answered it.

When he came back, he held two bags in his hands. He did not shy away from me at all. He simply changed into his clothes and blow-dried his hair in front of the bed.

I lay in bed while he stood at the window. With a low and reserved voice that held a hint of helplessness, he said, "Here are some clothes. From now onward, I will not bother you anymore. You are free."

He put the bags on the bedside table. Then, he took his phone and car keys and turned to leave.

"Ashton!" I called out to him.

He stopped in his tracks. His slender back stiffened. He did not turn to look at me but replied faintly. "Yeah?"

I let out the breath of air that I was holding in. Biting on my lips slightly, I said, "If it is possible, I would like for the both of us to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get divorced."

The air froze instantly. His hands balled up into fists. Veins popped up on the back of his hands.

"Sure!" He uttered that clear solitary word after a long while.

Watching him leave, I could only lie on bed and let my tears flow freely.

Life is a long journey. Now everything was back to square one. In the next life, I wished that instead of having the kind of love that was breath-taking and fiery, just an ordinary encounter and subsequently growing old together with the love of my life would suffice.

That night was destined to be another sleepless night.

After sleeping for a few hours, I was groggily awakened by my ringing phone.

It was a call from Nora. "Scarlett, I did it. F*ck! I did it last night."

My head was throbbing. I did not understand what Nora meant. "What do you mean by you did it?"

"Err..." she paused for a bit and said, "I slept with Armond last night. And I think it was quite wild."

I was stunned. Going along with what she said, I questioned, "Wild?"

Nora replied, "Yes. My clothes were completely ripped! You won't believe this. He even destroyed my newly-bought lingerie!"

"Is this your first time?"

"No!" she exclaimed. Then, she suddenly realized something. "F*ck! I didn't see him around this morning. I couldn't have broken him, could I?"

I... I was at a loss.

To be honest, this was the first time I encountered a situation like this.

"Err... Shouldn't you just call him?" Armond looked like he was over thirty. He couldn't be so inexperienced that he would get hurt from having intercourse.

"Yeah, I should. I'll hang up now!" Nora did not behave bashfully and nervously at all for a girl who just had sex.

I was just about to hang up when she was reminded of something and suddenly asked, "Oh yeah, where did you go last night? Linda called me just now and told me she was absolutely wasted. She couldn't remember who you left with."

I pursed my lips and couldn't help but ask, "Hold up. Didn't you drink until you blacked out last night? How did you know you were with Armond?"

She snorted in laughter. "Are you kidding? I may be drunk, but my brain is still fully conscious. Besides, how could I miss the chance to sleep with the man I liked? That would be unlike me. Now spit it out. Who were you with last night?"

"Ashton!" There was no point in concealing.

Nora exploded with excitement on the other side. "Damn! You were with him last night? How was it? Did you make up?"

"No," I sighed, "if everything goes according to plan, I will probably get the divorce papers these few days. Then, we will go back to J City to finalize the divorce."

She went silent for a bit. Then she asked, "Scarlett, I need to ask you seriously – Why?"

I smiled faintly. I could feel that I was over it. "Many things happened in the past. There is just too much that can't be clarified between the two of us. So, I can't stay with him. I guess this is fate."

She sighed and advised, "Perhaps you have already made up your mind and you have your own plans in mind. If so, I support your decision. But Scarlett, I really do think that you will only meet and love a man like Ashton once in a lifetime. In the future, you might regret letting go of him."

I nodded. "Maybe it will be as you said. However, bear in mind, Nora. Life is full of choices. No matter what we decide, we will always regret the path we did not take. So, we should just roll with it!"

She mumbled in response. There was a hint of pity in her tone, but she did not say anything else.

After hanging up, I looked at the time and noticed that it was almost eight-thirty.

I had to go to work! Hastily, I got up, washed up, and put on fresh clothes. Soon, I was out of the door and on a taxi to the company.

When I reached the entrance, I realized that I may have forgotten Armond's breakfast.

"Good morning, Scarlett!" I could hear Nora greet me from behind.

I was quite surprised. "Why are you here?"