

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 828-832

Chapter 828

Noticing his balled-up fist, I braced myself for it to land on me. But it didn't.

After a long moment, he turned his gaze on me. In his eyes, I could see a mixture of sorrow, disappointment, and despondent.

"Very well!" he finally uttered the only words he could muster and slammed the door shut as he left the room, resulting in a loud bang that reverberated throughout the house.

This is going to be another sleepless night...

The next morning, despite having very little sleep, I had to be at Lavelian Village for a site inspection.

When I arrived at the meeting point, Rachel and Marcus were already there, which caught me by surprise. The reason being I did not expect Marcus to make an appearance in a task that was usually carried out by the site supervisor.

"Ms. Stovall, I hope you don't think the world revolves around you just because you're the president's wife. If you can't even arrive at a meeting on time, I suggest you just assume the role of a housewife, since Mr. Fuller already has more than enough to support you."

Rachel made a snarky comment on account of my tardiness. But I did arrive late, so there was no point in me getting back at her.

Pursing my lips, I ignored her remark and took over a project checklist from Leedon before turning to Marcus. "Mr. White, shall we do a walk-around to familiarize ourselves with the site perimeters?"

Marcus nodded. He glanced at Rachel indifferently but didn't say anything. After a moment of silence, his gaze fell on me and he asked, "Are you very busy lately? You look overworked."

"Oh, I'm alright. Just didn't sleep well that's all," I replied while shaking my head.

This turned out to be a major undertaking as it not only involved a thorough inspection of the construction security, but we also needed to coordinate with departments from different companies. We had spent the whole morning covering the inspections for a few bases.

To avoid future misunderstandings, the three of us carried out the assessment together and had to achieve consensus on every single inspection detail. As such, we were all tuckered out by noon and were resting in a visitors' room outside the base.

It was about noontime and everyone decided to break for lunch. I was feeling all drained out from sleep deprivation and walking all morning.

"Let's take a break and have something to eat," Marcus' voice rang from in front of me. I lifted my head to see him dressed in a black suit while holding a white takeout container.

"It's your favorite chicken casserole," he said while holding out the container.

I let out a slight smile. "Thank you, Mr. White. You're right on time." I took over the food and started devouring my lunch.

Marcus found a seat next to me and sat down quietly while I munched on my lunch. He waited till I was almost done with my food before he spoke slowly. "We've covered pretty much all of the important aspects this morning. Why don't you take time off this afternoon to get some rest? Sleep deprivation takes a heavy toll on your health."

I sighed a little. "I'm fine. Don't worry."

He tilted his head in my direction. "Did you have a row with Ashton last night?"

I was hesitant for a brief moment before I swallowed my food and replied with a smile, "Just normal fighting like every other couple. We'll be okay eventually."

He pursed his lips. "What did you guys argue about?"

Finally finished my food, I looked at him with amusement. "What, are you a marriage counsellor now?"

He smiled softly while passing me a glass of water. "You should consider yourself lucky that I'm about to give out free advice today."

I took a sip of water and replied, "We're really okay. It's just one of those trivial things all couples encounter. Oh yeah, the Harvest Festival is approaching. Are you going back to K City?"

He thought about it for a moment before replying, "Yeah, I will."

I nodded and fell silent.

Even though the sun was blazing hot today after the downpour from last night, I still politely declined Marcus' suggestion for me to take a nap at the hotel after lunch.

Nonetheless, I started to feel a dull pain in my abdomen and winced a little. Marcus noticed my discomfort and walked up to me. "Are you alright?"

Shaking my head, I put my hand over my lower belly. "Just a little twinge in the tummy. Might have been the food this morning."

Marcus frowned as he stood up. "Come, I'll bring you to the hospital for a quick check-up," the man said while holding onto my arm.

I shook my head again, thinking that it might also be my menstruation since it was about that time of the month. Before I could reject, I noticed from the corner of my eyes that the frame of the sunshade awning above us was coming off.

After a few seconds, I finally realized what a perilous situation we were in. Before I could utter another word, Marcus was already one step ahead and was about to pull me away from where we stood.

However, before I managed to take another step, my stomach had a sudden cramp and I froze on the ground. Seeing that the awning was about to fall, I pushed Marcus away and yelled, "Go! Go without me!"

Chapter 829

In the next split second, as though on reflex, Marcus took one big step toward me and used his body to shield me from behind. What happened next was me hearing a loud thump as the awning fell on top of us, followed by Marcus' low grunt behind me.

Everything went dark at that moment. When I snapped back to reality after a few seconds, I realized we were both trapped under the big sunshade awning, hence the darkness.

Marcus was still holding onto me. I asked worriedly, "Marcus, are you okay?"

He replied weakly from behind me, "I'm okay. Don't worry. I'm sure someone will come to our rescue soon. Are you hurt anywhere?"

I shook my head, but my body was trembling from the shock. Luckily, before long, I finally heard a commotion just outside where we were trapped.

Suddenly, I felt a warm stream of liquid slowly trickling down my back. Sensing that something was off, I asked in a shaky voice, "Marcus, are you okay? Where are you hurt?"

His voice was weak and shaky, and I could tell he was just trying to reassure me when he said he was okay.

I panicked and started yelling, "Help! We're here!"

When I tried to check on Marcus again, he didn't answer me. I grew more distressed as I could feel more warm liquid flowing down from his direction. "M-Marcus, are you okay? Don't fall asleep, talk to me. Please, wake up! Help! Please hurry up!" I was already sobbing uncontrollably.

"Ms. Stovall, we're doing all we can right now. Don't you worry," a voice rang outside.

After a while, the workers finally managed to retrieve us from under the fallen overhang. As Leedon was about to help Marcus up, he was stunned for a few seconds when he saw the state Marcus was in before he fired away, "Quick, get our medical officers and call an ambulance!"

Upon hearing that, my eyes widened and I dared not move any muscle.

When the ambulance finally arrived, the medical staff carefully removed Marcus from above me and placed him on a stretcher. I was later helped up by Leedon, panting so heavily that I couldn't utter a single word.

All I could do was stared at the pool of blood from where we were trapped earlier. My brain seemed to have stopped processing everything else that was happening around me.

I didn't know how I had arrived at the hospital. The world seemed to pass me by in a blur as I stood outside the ER while doctors and nurses flitted in and out through the door. I had wanted to stop them to ask about Marcus, but my body wasn't listening to my command.

In my stupefied state, I remembered someone trying to pull me aside, but to no avail as I simply stood frozen on the ground with my eyes fixated on the light above the ER door. I finally managed to breathe a sigh of relief when the light turned red.

A few minutes later, the ER door swung open and a doctor walked out. I approached her, wanting to ask for Marcus' status. However, when I opened my mouth, I realized I couldn't make any sound from my sore throat.

The doctor's gaze shifted from my face to my body and she furrowed her brows. "Miss, are you injured?"

I shook my head and tried to muster all my energy to reply to her. "I'm... fine." My words came out all muffled.

She looked behind me as she spoke, "I think you guys should get her checked out to make sure she's okay."

It wasn't until then that I realized most of my light-colored top was covered in blood. No wonder the doctor asks me to get checked out.

I followed the doctor's gaze and was surprised to see that it was Joseph she was speaking to. I had no idea when or for how long he had been here. He nodded at the doctor and turned to me. "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. White's condition has stabilized. We should get you checked out by a medical staff now."

I nodded. The moment I relaxed, my vision went dark before I lost all consciousness.

When I came to, I was already lying on a hospital bed. A nurse was inserting an IV drip attached to my arm as she explained, "She passed out due to suddenly relaxing after a prolonged fight or flight response, causing the adrenaline rush to stop abruptly. To top things off, she is experiencing her menses at the moment, so her hormones are all over the place. She'll be okay after some proper rest."

I realized the nurse was not talking to me. I tilted my head and saw both Ashton and Joseph in black suits. The latter nodded after the nurse's reminder and sent her off.

Ashton's dark eyes fell on me for a brief moment and then slowly shifted away.

As I regained my full consciousness, my mind was once again flooded by images of Marcus in a pool of blood. Without thinking much about my row with Ashton from earlier, I asked, "How's Marcus? Is he okay?"

Upon hearing my question, Ashton's expression immediately turned sulky. His dark eyes fixed steadily on me as he spoke coldly. "So that's all you care about."

Chapter 830

I frowned at his snarky remark, but still wanted my question answered. "Has he come out from the ER yet? Is someone looking after him?"

Instead of replying to my burning questions, Ashton continued to stare coldly at me. His gaze was filled with despair and a hint of sad irony. After which, he left the room without uttering another word.

Despite knowing he was upset, I had no choice but to check on Marcus myself. As I sat up from my bed and attempted to remove the IV drip from my arm, the door swung open.

Joseph walked in and saw what I was doing. He darted to my bedside and stopped me. "Mrs. Fuller, the doctor just said that you have to rest. You can't remove the drip."

I furrowed my brows and asked, "Joseph, can you help me check on Marcus? I'm really worried about him. Is someone taking care of him?"

Joseph sighed helplessly and said, "Mrs. Fuller, sometimes it baffles me how you manage to overlook all that Mr. Fuller has done for you. Knowing that Mr. White has injured himself trying to protect you, do

you not think Mr. Fuller will take good care of him? After being told of your accident on site, he dropped everything and rushed to the hospital in the first instance. But he was met with his stunned wife being worried sick for another man, not responding to his calls when he tried to speak to you. When you passed out all of a sudden, Mr. Fuller even fell into a full-blown panic mode that I've never witnessed before. Knowing you'll be worried for Mr. White's wellbeing, he has made sure that Mr. White receives the best care he can get in this hospital. Mr. Fuller has even hired a personal nurse to look after Mr. White. And after all that he's done for you, your first words after coming to were all about Mr. White. Don't you think that's a bit too cruel to him? After all, he is your husband, and despite the very little emotion he lets on, he does feel jealous and sad just like every other guy."

I was overwhelmed and at a loss for words. Biting my lips, I tried to digest the information that had been dumped on me.

Looking at my bewilderment, Joseph sighed again. "Mr. White's condition has been stabilized. But he hasn't come to as the anesthetic hasn't worn off. He is being looked after by doctors and nurses so you don't have to worry about him. More importantly, you really need to get some rest yourself."

As Joseph helped me back onto my bed, my mind kept flashing back to all the things that he had just said to me. A pang of guilt rushed into my chest. In retrospect, I did hurt Ashton's feelings for being insensitive.

Since I couldn't fall asleep right away, I waited till the nurse came to remove the IV drip before I decided to take a walk.

Ashton was nowhere to be seen, hence I decided to check up on Marcus. After checking for his room number and arriving at his ward, I was relieved to see that a nurse was looking after him. The nurse greeted me with a smile.

Marcus was still unconscious from the effect of the anesthetic. His forehead was injured and his body was covered in a blanket, hence I turned to the nurse and asked, "How is his wound?"

"The doctor just came by to check on him. She said that he has sustained an injury to his head, but she's not sure at this stage if he suffers from a concussion. A metal rod pierced through his right ribcage, but

luckily, it missed his vital organs. There are a few other scratches but they are just superficial wounds. Judging from his current condition, he's going to be hospitalized for a considerable amount of time."

My body shuddered at the mention of his ribcage being pierced by a metal rod. That must have been where most of the blood came from. My hands started trembling and my legs turned wobbly as I relived the incident in my head.

I forced my weakened legs to move to his bedside and sat down, losing my bearings. If it wasn't for him, the metal rod would have run through my body instead. Human lives are indeed very fragile and short. And yet, in the span of my very short life, he has saved me twice; this time he even risked his own life for me. It's not easy to just stop worrying about him like everybody else has been saying.

"Ms. Stovall, why don't you get some rest yourself? I'll be here to take care of Mr. White," the nurse said.

I shook my head a little. "I'm okay. Besides, I've already rested more than enough. I might as well stay here. Please let me be."

Sensing I was not going anywhere, she decided to stop persuading me.

"In that case, Ms. Stovall, I'll take a walk outside. Please call for me should you need anything," she said while heading out.

I nodded before I suddenly thought of something and called after her, "May I know how I should address you?"

"My name is Layla Lane," Layla replied with a smile.

I nodded. "Is it okay if I call you Layla?"

"Sure," she said before leaving the ward.

After Layla left the room, I turned to Marcus. It was impossible to not be moved by what he had done for me.

I felt suspended in time, trying to decipher what I was feeling in my gut. Slowly, I came to the realization that I had been avoiding people who had displayed the slightest amount of kindness or affection toward me; people such as Ashton, Marcus, and John. It was as though I was incapable of accepting any kind of compassion.

For some reason, I kept looking for every little detail in my life to push Ashton away; subconsciously trying to sabotage every meaningful relationship I have had. A disembodied voice at the back of my mind kept telling me that there had to be a reason why they approached me, be it I could be useful to them, or that I could help advance their own motive. Whatever the reason, I was convinced that I was undeserving of true love.

Chapter 831

Even though they always used their actions, and this time, their life, to prove that they loved me, I still felt profoundly insecure deep down. I wasn't sure if this was due to my deep-seated low self-esteem, or that this happened to every other woman.

I ended up spending the whole night watching over Marcus. Layla had come in intermittently and asked that I get some sleep myself, but after I repeatedly rejected her suggestion, she decided to just leave me alone.

The next day, the morning sunlight shone through the window and lit up the room as though bestowing upon it a new life. Marcus finally woke up and when he saw that I was unharmed, he smiled in relief. "Thank goodness that you're okay."

At that point, all my suppressed emotions had escaped into the form of unstoppable tears and I started to sob uncontrollably. I held onto his hand and tried to speak in between my sobs. "Please... never do

this again! I-if something happens to you, how am I going to explain this to Camelia? You have a wife and a kid! You can't do something so silly again!"

He smiled weakly and stroked my hair gently as he said, "Don't be silly, I can't have stopped my instinctive reflex even if I tried to. Besides, I actually feel honored being able to keep someone I wanted to protect safe."

It took me a while to collect myself. After which, a doctor came by to check on Marcus. I was glad when the doctor informed me that he would recover fully with enough rest.

As soon as my heightened sense of wariness subsided, I was overcome with a new wave of tiredness. After all, I did stay up all night and had had very little rest.

Looking at my bloodshot eyes, Layla said, "Ms. Stovall, now that Mr. White has awakened, you should really get some rest yourself. I'll continue to monitor his health. Please stop worrying."

I nodded, finally feeling a heavy weight lifted off my shoulder. After leaving the ward, I headed to the hospital lobby, ready to take a cab home.

When I got to the hospital lobby, a familiar black Bentley was parked just outside the curb. Joseph rolled down the driver seat window and said, "Mrs. Fuller, I'll give you a ride home."

I was puzzled. Did he just happen to be here or...

I wasn't sure if Ashton was in the car and appeared hesitant. As though reading my mind, Joseph added, "Mr. Fuller has left for some work stuff."

I rubbed my nose awkwardly and got into the car.

As Joseph started the car, I hesitated for a brief moment before asking, "Have you been in the hospital this whole time?"

He tilted his head in my direction. "Not just me. Mr. Fuller has been here as well. He had been scrolling through his phone all night standing by."

I paused before biting my lips. "I..."

"He understands your concern for Mr. White. But the fact that you didn't return to your ward or the villa all night did sting him. If I were you, I'd probably give him a call to check in with him even for just a minute. At least it shows that you care."

Joseph's words had once again stabbed right onto my sore spot like a dagger.

Saying no more, I stared out the window and was lost in my thoughts.

Joseph dropped me back at the villa before heading out again.

After the whole site incident and me staying up all night, the pain in my lower belly hadn't subsided. Back in my bedroom, I tried to take a nap, but the cramp took a turn for the worse, forbidding me to sleep well.

I finally got up and searched around the room for some painkillers. Failing to find any, I resorted to ordering some from an online delivery service.

After finally taking some medicine to control the cramps, I already lost all desire to sleep. I checked my watch and realized it was already six o'clock in the evening. Ashton should be back soon.

Giving up trying to sleep, I went into the kitchen and found some ingredients in the fridge for me to cook a meal for Ashton as my way of saying sorry.

Now that it was September, the weather had started to cool down. It was almost seven o'clock when I finished scuttling about in the kitchen. However, there was still no sight of Ashton.

Looking over at Armond's well-lit house, I decided to give Nora a call. She was quick to answer her phone. "Hey babe, have you eaten?"

I took another look at my neighbor's house. "Not yet. Are you at Armond's?"

"I am. Are you next door?"

"Yup."

Just then, Nora called for me from her backyard. I put down my phone and walked toward my own backyard to meet with Nora who was dressed in thick pajamas. "How are you doing?"

I nodded. "Let's just say that I'm happy to be alive." I didn't think she knew about what happened at Lavelian Village.

Nora rested her upper body on the railing before she said weakly, "It's been a few days since I last saw you. I've been so tired for the past few days. And I've basically been lying down all day today."

I paused for a brief moment. "Is it that time of the month for you?"

It was her turn to pause. "How did you know?"

I shrugged. "Because it's my time of the month as well."

Nora let out a long sigh before she said, "This is so unfair! Armond has been out all day and right now, all I want to do is to take my frustrations out at him!"

Chapter 832

I smiled, amused at how predictable women can be.

“Is Ashton not back yet?” Nora asked after noticing how quiet and empty the villa was.

“Yeah, I think he’s been pretty busy these days.”

I had tried calling Ashton earlier, but there was no answer. After a few attempts, I gave up on it.

Just then, the yard was illuminated by a car’s headlights. Nora turned to smile at me. “Could that be Mr. Fuller?”

I shrugged, secretly hoping for her to be right. Alas, my hopes were dashed when the car parked at Armond’s house.

Nora’s eyes lit up when she realized it was Armond who had just come home. “Our poor punching bag is back! That’s my cue to leave. Bye!”

With Nora gone, I headed back into the villa. The food I prepared had gone cold by now, so I decided to call Ashton again.

This time, the call finally went through. “Ashton, where are you? Are you on your way home? I’ve made dinner for us. Will you be home to eat?”

This was my first-time cooking at home, and I had planned it so we could have a heart-to-heart talk over dinner. I had gotten sick of arguing with Ashton, so I knew compromises had to be made for our relationship to be more sustainable. It was all about knowing when to give and take.

The silence on the other end of the call gave me butterflies in my stomach. I was worried about him being upset about Marcus and not giving me a chance to explain.

“Ms. Stovall, it’s Rebecca. Ash is currently in the shower. I don’t think he’ll be home tonight, so you don’t have to keep dinner for him.”

My heart sank when I heard Rebecca’s voice. She had answered Ashton’s phone before, but that was in the past when I had braced myself for the possibility of Ashton leaving me for her. This time, however, my heart was not ready for it.

Over the years, I had grown certain that what Ashton felt toward Rebecca was nothing more than a sense of responsibility. But now that I knew he was at her place, it instantly destroyed the trust I had in him and shattered the self-confidence I had painstakingly built.

When I did not reply, Rebecca’s tone got even more condescending. “Ms. Stovall, I’ll let Ashton know that you want him home. But please have your dinner first. I’m afraid it’d be late by the time he makes it back, and you know food doesn’t taste as good when it’s cold.”

Not wanting to be snubbed by her anymore, I promptly ended the call. I stared at the dinner I had prepared, feeling like an absolute fool.

Love and trust? That’s all bullsh*t now.

Even as I tried to keep my anger at bay, I couldn’t get the dripping sarcasm from Rebecca’s voice out of my head. I had so much faith in myself that I wouldn’t be bothered by their relationship, yet here I was, steeped in pain and unable to sleep.

I lay in bed and tried to calm myself down, but all it did was make me even more frustrated as unpleasant memories came flooding back. At that moment, none of the good times I had with Ashton in the past could make up for the pain he caused in the present.

It looked to be yet another sleepless night as I tossed and turned in bed, fraught with worry and pain. Then, to make matters worse, my stomach started to hurt. I was suffering from emotional and physical pain at the same time. Life can be so cruel at times.

Perhaps it was too early for bed, or the emotional rollercoaster I was on kept me awake. Either way, falling asleep no longer seemed possible.

I decided reading might help calm me down, so I headed to the study to finish reading "Three Makes A Family."

I was making good progress on the book when there was the sound of a car engine, followed by the yard being illuminated by headlights. Ashton's back already?

The thought of him being home distracted me so much that I couldn't carry on reading any more. With a sigh, I put the book away and headed downstairs.

Ashton sat at the dining table in the kitchen, still dressed smartly in his all-black suit.

I had left the dishes on the table without having eaten a single morsel. The food would undoubtedly be cold by now, but Ashton seemed unbothered by it as he started eating.

I watched on in silence as the anger and hurt from earlier slowly came back. It had been two hours since my call with Rebecca, which meant that whatever shenanigans they were up to would have been done and dusted.

"The food has turned cold, don't eat it anymore. I wouldn't want you to fall sick from it, Mr. Fuller," I said coldly.

Ashton was a little surprised when he saw me standing outside the kitchen. "Did I wake you up?"

His tone was full of warmth and concern, but I felt like he was only putting on a pretense.

I forced a smile as I walked toward the table. "You didn't. But the food's cold, so don't eat it." With that, I cleared all the dishes away without even waiting for his reply.