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My tears rolled down uncontrollably. He raised his arms and tugged me into his embrace. He comforted me, "No matter what, you will have a place in the sun!"

I nodded and cried uncontrollably. After a while, I pulled out from his embrace. Then I saw the stains of my tears and snot on his expensive suit. It looked hilarious.

I couldn't help and laughed. "Your clothes?" My voice was hoarse.

He sighed helplessly. He took out a tissue and passed it to me, "Clean up your own mess!"

I took the tissue and cleaned it for him, but there were still some stains.

I raised my head and looked at him, "It seems like it can't be wiped off." I said apologetically.

He raised his hands and flicked my forehead. He smiled, "I will have to send it for cleaning."

I nodded, that was all we could do now.

After eating and taking a stroll, my mood was brightened up.

When we reached the mall's car park, he went to fetch the car, and I waited for him at the exit. I was bored and stared blankly under the sun.

The autumn sun was not glaring, but it would still give one a headache if one stayed for too long.

"Jackson, did your driving skills get rusty? Aren't you only reversing? Why are you so bad at it?"

The voice was particularly familiar. I froze in my tracks and turned over to look instinctively.

But I froze again. The voice echoed from my back. It was Jackson, "Can you stop talking? Just stay quiet!"

"I can't!"

While listening to their voices, Marcus arrived with his car. He had also caught sight of Jackson and Marcy, and he looked up to see that my expression was grim.

He furrowed his brows, "Do you want to meet them?"

I shook my head and boarded the car, "Let's go!" I said.

I was in a half-dead state. I would only make them worry if I met them. I might as well meet them when I get better.

He paused for a moment and said nothing else. He drove the car back to the villa in the suburbs.

On the road, the sceneries went past in a flash. I stared out the window and was lost in my thoughts.

I heard a faint sigh, "You would have to get through it by yourself."

I went silent. I knew that I had to get through it, and I needed to do it by myself.

The rest of the days were peaceful. Marcus was good at taking care of people.

But I couldn't possibly stay here forever and impose on him.

Until now, I had been avoiding everyone for two months. I didn't want to meet anyone. I didn't check my phone, the television, nor the news. The days were peaceful as they went by.

Marcus was back early at night. He saw me reading in the hammock chair in the yard.

He covered a blanket on my legs and said, "The weather is cold. Stay warm, don't get sick."

I closed my book and looked up at him. I smiled faintly, "You are kinda like my grandma!"

He raised his brows. But he wasn't angry because I compared him to an elder. He smiled lightly, "How so?"

I tilted my head and gave it a thought, "Hm...you are both naggy."

He chuckled, "Then I'll have to do something about that. If not, you are going to dislike me."

The maid walked out from the living room and said politely, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. White, the dinner is ready."

Marcus briefly responded and took away the book from my hands. He took a glance and raised his brows, "Romeo and Juliet? You seemed to be reading this these days?"

I nodded and got down from the hammock chair. I smiled, "I used to only feel pity for the love story between Juliet and Romeo. But now I could see the life stories of every character."

He nodded and placed the book on the bookshelf, "Let's eat first!"

The villa was huge, but it didn't seem empty. At the dining table, Marcus saw me drinking a few sips of the fish soup and scooped me another bowl, "Drink more if you like."

I smiled as I touched my face and looked at him, "Do you see any changes in me?"

He nodded and looked at me closely, "Yes, you have lost weight!"

What the...

It was obvious that I had gained weight since Marcus had been using all types of methods to get me to eat these days. My thin face had grown chubbier.

I saw him putting down his cutlery, so I thought he was done with eating. After a short pause, I asked, "Marcus, I have something to say!"

He nodded and looked at me, "Go ahead!"

Having stayed here for some time, I would have thought that my life was always this peaceful if weren't for the painful memories that had been constantly pulling me back to reality.

I paused before speaking, "I'm planning to move to the city." I looked at his face, which had gone grim. I continued, "I'm grateful for your care all this while. But I can't be staying here forever. I can't let you take care of me for life, nor hide here forever. You were right. There are

some things that I have to get over by myself, and nobody can help me with that. K City is huge. I think I can stand on my feet in the city.”

Even though the past was painful, but I still have to look forward, right?

Thud! He slammed down the cutlery in his hands and said in a low voice, “I can’t untie the knot in your heart. But if you are willing to stay here, I can take care of you forever. You don’t have to worry about providing yourself.”

I smiled forcefully and said cruelly, “I do not want to!”

His handsome face froze. After a long silence, he spoke, “Alright. It’s fine if you are going back to K City. But you have to promise to contact me at any time. Call me if anything happens and tell me any time if you need anything.”

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I nodded. My heart felt warm from his words. With the tears brimming in my eyes, I forced a smile, “Yeah, okay!”

After a pause, I continued, “I’m planning to go back during the upcoming public holiday!”

He furrowed his brows, “You haven’t fully recovered yet!”

“I’m all better now!” I always felt that he was treating me like a porcelain doll. I said helplessly, “I had been resting for the past two months. Moreover, I can rest in K City too. I can find a job that is not so tiring.”

He gave some thought and nodded, “Fine. But you don’t have to rush for the job. I will settle it for you. I have houses in the city too. I’ll find a nearby house after knowing your workplace’s location.”

I wanted to reject him, but he interrupted, “Just nice there are vacancies in my company. Since you think you owe me a favor, you can come and help out. Also, I’m going to collect rent from you too. I’ll deduct ten percent of your salary for the rent.”

I was speechless and said helplessly, “I still have some savings. You don’t have to do this for me. Anyways, I was planning to find something else to do.”

"Yes, I know!" He seemed a little angry knowing that I was rejecting him.

I did not say much after looking at him.

Whatever. The White family's business was big. If he really had the heart to help me, it will be easier for me in the future too.

After I made the decision and had dinner, he asked someone to pack up. We were ready to leave tomorrow morning.

The next day.

The daylight came later in the late autumn. The sky slowly turned bright only at seven.

I woke up early to clean up. By the time I was done, Marcus was already waiting downstairs.

Noticing my arrival, he kept his phone and spoke, "Grab a quick bite. We will set off after you're done eating!"

I nodded in response and nibbled on some bread. He knew that I didn't usually eat much, so he furrowed his brows as he looked at me dine, but he didn't say much.

After bringing me to the car, he started the engine and passed me a notebook, "I found a few job positions that suit you. Take a look and let me know which do you prefer. I will settle it. You can start working after the holidays!"

I flipped open the notebook, and the neat handwriting first came into sight. I took a look. He had listed around ten job positions, and they were all easy jobs.

I furrowed my brows, "Can I do projects? Or you can put me under the project management department. I'm fine with starting from the bottom!"

He nodded, "Alright. The project director just went home after an accident. You can replace him."

I was stunned for a moment. I never thought he would agree so quickly and asked, "You are going to decide just like that? Won't you worry that my ability is not of standard and ruin your company?"

He took a side glance at me and smiled, "Will you?"

I pursed my lips, "That's hard to say!" After all, I had not been working for almost a year.

At the traffic junction, he rested his arms on the steering wheel and looked at me, "If you could handle a huge project like Fuller Corporation, White Corporation would just be a piece of cake!"

I didn't know how to react to him. He was humble with his words. White Corporation was huge, and they worked towards internationalization. Fuller Corporation was huge as well, but it still lacked at certain aspects.

The traffic at the city center was fairly heavy. Marcus briefly explained the company history of White Corporation while driving. He also told me some general work affairs and current developments in the company to prepare myself.

Benjamin White wasn't very well, so Marcus had been taking care of the company in place of his father. He would occasionally face some difficulties, and he admitted that he had his own motive for arranging me into his company.

He wanted to nurture his own trusted men.

The car entered the Central Park residence in the city center and stopped under a residential block.

I looked at the surroundings and was shocked. This area was in the city center, where the housing prices were staggeringly high. Even upper-middle-class people could barely afford the housing in this area.

He saw me staring and smiled, "Let me bring you in first. We can buy whatever that's lacking afterward!"

I looked at the time and said, "You're not going to the office today?"

He smiled faintly, "I'm having a week-long holiday!"

Alright then!

We entered the residence, and he spoke when the elevator door opened, "This area is nearby the office. We'll see what's missing in the house and get it at the supermarket nearby. I will bring you to the office two days later. You can take a look at the surroundings and see what's lacking, then buy them later."

I nodded in response and thought, I'm probably the person who has the least worries at work. The boss had already settled everything.

The house was on the tenth floor. It was not high and spacious. The interior was cozy yet different from the villa. But it was comfortable to live in.

I looked at the arrangements of the rooms and looked at him, "The rental should be a few hundred thousand, right? Especially since it's located in an expensive land like the K City."

He raised his brows, "Are you worried about the rental?"

I shook my head and smiled, "I was wondering what are property investors like you were thinking. You bought the house and renovated it nicely. But no one lives nor rent here. It's such a waste to just leave it like this!"

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Ashton tends to do things this way too. I hung my head low at the sudden, intrusive thought about him while my nose wrinkled in discomfort.

Marcus did not notice my minute reaction. He merely grinned. "It's not a waste. See, we're using it now, aren't we?"

We took a spin around the house. It didn't look like we need to buy or replace anything, but the kitchen looked quite empty. Perhaps Marcus, assuming that I was not much of a cook, did not bother too much with the layout.

"Is there anything missing?" He said, changing the house key and fingerprint code to mine.

I nodded in response. "Since you're free tonight, why don't we cook at home? I can give Macy and Jackson a call later, invite them to join in. I should let them know I'm safe anyway. Ever since I left, it's like I've been cut off from the outside world."

Marcus nodded. He did not look too good, but I paid little mind to that.

We left the residence together and headed to the supermarket. There, we stocked up on basic cooking necessities, including rice, cooking oil, sugar, and salt. Marcus turned to me with a look of surprise. "You can cook?"

It was so embarrassing to have that question thrown at me. Impatiently, I rebutted, "Don't underestimate me, alright? What makes you think I can't cook?"

I picked a few seasonings and added bluntly, "Just you wait, I'll show you what I'm capable of tonight!"

Laughter escaped him. He raised a hand, patted me on the head, and said, "Alright then. I'll wait!"

I lifted my head and smiled at him. My eyes fell upon an item on the shelf behind him, so I asked for a favor, "Marcus, can you help me get that seasoning bag? I can't reach it!"

He did not respond. Instead, he just stared at a target behind me, looking rather solemn. I froze, faintly wary of an icy glare that seemed to be directed at me.

Out of instinctive reaction, I was about to whip my head around, but Marcus pulled me into his arms and buried me into his embrace.

When he spoke, it was in a stern tone, "It's getting late. Let's head back!"

I was stunned, but before I could figure out what was going on, someone forcibly grabbed hold of my wrist and pulled me out of Marcus' embrace.

I was shell-shocked when my eyes took in Ashton's face, filled with depth, eagerness, and delight interwoven in a complicated mess. In short, the emotions reflected in his eyes were an impetuous, messy lot. The thoughts in my head crashed to a halt as though my brain had been struck by a lightning bolt.

I was at a loss of what to do. My body stiffened, my heart began to ache, and the dense pain began to spread. Fear and bewilderment engulfed me.

I felt my hands and body tremble. In a moment, I broke off eye contact and stopped looking at him while my heart suffocated from the pain.

I was not ready to face him yet. I was not ready to tell him what happened to the baby. I was not ready to give him any sort of explanation at all.

“Scarlett, why are you...” A woman’s dainty voice suddenly rang, and it fell heavily on my ears.

My eyes darted to Rebecca, whose belly had already begun to show. She was standing next to a shopping cart stacked with lots of baby supplies fit for baby girls.

I suddenly recalled Ashton picking out these items before. They were more or less the same things.

Rebecca, Cameron... Staring at Rebecca with a pair of reddened eyes, I was on the brink of emotional collapse. In that instant, I lost control. I shoved Ashton’s arm away with all my might.

And then I launched myself almost frantically at Rebecca. No one expected I would turn out like that.

Rebecca stepped back in shock. I did not give her time to respond at all. The next thing I knew, I tore at her delicately styled hair, yelling in a frenzy, “Rebecca, a life for a life! I won’t let you and Cameron escape!”

“Ah... she’s gone mad! Scarlett, you mad woman! Ash, save me!” Rebecca, scared out of her wits, kept screaming. The scene descended into chaos.

Someone tackled me from behind. They had me tightly secured in their arms. A low, gruff voice rang in my ear, “Scarlett, it’s me! I’m Ashton! I’m your husband!”

Almost instantly, I felt my strength dwindling, my eyes still maddening red. I broke myself free from his arms with what little strength I had left.

Marcus held onto me. I squeezed his hands tightly, my voice hoarse and painful, “Marcus, take me away from here!”

I really did not want to stay here a minute more. I feared I would not be able to control myself and engage in another fight with Rebecca.

I was even more afraid of seeing Ashton protecting her and much more afraid of seeing them being intimate with each other.

“Alright, let’s go home!” Marcus complied. He carried me in his arms and headed towards the exit.

Random shoppers kept looking our way. Ashton, hot on our heels, eventually blocked Marcus’ path, his voice deep, chilly, and terrifying, as he ordered, “Let her go!”

Marcus sneered, looking rather grim. “Do you think she will go with you?”

Ashton’s eyes flitted to me, and his pupils shrank. Then, he shouted, “Scarlett, come back to me!”

I clung onto Marcus like my life depended on him, my eyes now red and swollen. I begged him, “Take me away, take me away from here!”

Marcus nodded. Then he turned to Ashton, lips pursed, and pronounced one word at a time, “Ashton, you’ll hound her to death if you keep pushing it!”

Ashton pursed his lips, and I could vaguely see in his dark eyes that he was crumbling bit by bit. For a long while, he had his eyes fixed on me before he slowly spat out a few words, “Fine! Go!”

Without Ashton on our trail, I was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief. Marcus carried me into the car and brought me straight back to Central Park residence.

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When we got home, he laid me down on the sofa in the living room before getting me some water and my medicine. He then squatted next to me and said, “Do you still want to take your meds?”

I nodded, reached out to take medicine from him, and swallowed it. I managed to calm down a bit after that. Feeling exhausted, I proceeded to lean back on the sofa.

He sat down and stayed right there next to me throughout a very long silence. I felt lucky that every time something bad happened, there was always someone who would stand by me, and we would pull through whatever it was together.

When Grandma died, George Fuller stayed with me. And now it was Marcus' turn. I had no clue how much longer I could stay sane, but I always felt that perhaps tomorrow, or someday later, I would not be able to hold on anymore.

Depression kept coming back. I could not tell whether I was just really bad at coping with it or was it destined to be this way.

I fell asleep without knowing it. I did not know how long I had slept, but night had fallen by the time I woke up.

Noises came from the living room. I rose to check, only to find Marcus in the kitchen, donning an apron as he cooked. His stance and actions resembled those of a master chef.

Hearing movements coming from behind, he turned around and, upon seeing my conscious self, smiled as he said, "You should go wash your face. Dinner will be ready soon!"

I leaned on the door frame, watching him prepare the food with great expertise. "Were you a student at Neo Oriental Academy?"

He chuckled, pride glinting in his eyes. "Ho? You're talking about that famous culinary school? Well, hearing this question come from you, that should be a compliment!"

I nodded, not holding back on flattery. "You seem to know your stuff very well!"

He turned off the stove, looked back at me, and nagged, "Go wash up!"

I nodded and obediently entered the bedroom for a quick wash-up. By the time I came out, he had a full course ready on the table, complete with a pleasant aroma.

I sat down at the dining table, and he brought me a bowl of rice. "You should eat more. When you're done, we'll go for a walk outside!"

I nodded. The food was wonderful, but I did not have much of an appetite and only managed to consume several mouthfuls.

Despite that, Marcus did not force me to continue. He merely said, "We have fruits in the fridge, and snacks too! Go get what you like."

I chuckled, "Have you always been this experienced in taking care of women?" As a woman, I admired his attention to detail.

He nodded and replied frankly, "That's how I take care of Snowball!"

That caught me off guard.

I could not go on. I looked in the refrigerator and found that he bought quite a number of fruits. He probably went out on his own when I was asleep.

I took out a small box of strawberries and was about to wash them in the kitchen when he called out, "They're already washed. You can go ahead and eat them!"

I... Fine, he's quite considerate.

He cleared the table while I returned to the sofa. Noting my lack of activity, he suggested, "Why don't you change into something else? We can go for a walk outside later!"

I opened my mouth to speak. Initially, I did not want to go, but then I thought, why not? We need to live a little, don't we?

It was late autumn, so the sun would descend earlier than usual, casting our surroundings into darkness. Marcus was rather good-looking, so much so that he managed to draw the attention of the many people wandering around the residence, especially young women, who also happened to be out for a walk.

After some time, I got tired. I sat down on a bench under a street lamp. Looking up at him, I said, "The woman who marries you in the future will be very happy."

With both hands in his pockets, he arched his eyebrows and said in a laid-back manner, "Are you happy now?"

I froze. Without knowing it, certain memories began to flood into my mind, and for a while, I bowed my head without saying another word.

Marcus must have perceived my emotions, for he let out a loose sigh. He stayed beside me and patted me on the back, "Sorry about that. I didn't mean it!"

I shook my head. It had nothing to do with him. It was my own problem, and I could not get over it. No matter how hard I tried, I seemed to be stuck.

"Did you get him... a funeral portrait?" I choked. My hands had begun to tremble on their own.

Pursing his lips, he lifted a hand to wipe away my tears. He sighed silently, "Don't look. It'll get better!"

In the end, I did not have the courage to bury my own child myself, nor did I have the guts to see what he looked like.

Marcus said I had an adorable baby boy with a healthy weight who was fair and chubby.

I could not bear to see him. I was afraid I would lose control and would want to die along with him. I was afraid that, if I saw him, I could not bear to have him buried.

"Fine, I won't!" I lowered my eyes. At the same time, I pinched my palm so hard it actually hurt.

It was getting late, and the night got cooler too. Marcus rose to his feet before assisting me as well, "Let's get back inside! It's cold out here."

I nodded. Slowly, we headed back to the residential building together.

As soon as we got there, he came to a halt. I looked up at him. He was staring grumpily at something straight ahead. I followed his gaze.

I froze at the sight of our guest. Why is Sally here?

When she saw Marcus and me, Sally sprinted towards us and pulled me away from Marcus. Holding onto me, she asked, "Letty, where have you been all this time? What happened? Where's the baby?"

Her series of questions left me at a loss. I instinctively looked at Marcus, who furrowed his brows.

Eyes still on Sally, he said in a solemn tone, "What are you doing here?"

Stunned by his inquiry, Sally turned to him, her brows knitted, "Marc, why is Letty with you? Why haven't you gone home? What exactly is going on here? Ashton has gone crazy looking for Letty! Do you think it's appropriate for you to do this?"

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Marcus sneered. His voice turned ice-cold as he continued, "He's gone crazy looking for Scarlett? What do you take us for? Idiots?"

"Marc!" Sally said angrily, "Watch your tongue!"

"My tongue?" Marcus snorted. "The best way to hide a misdeed is not to commit it. Go back and tell Ashton that Scarlett doesn't need him. And tell him to stay away from her!"

Sally realized there was no way to communicate with Marcus, so she took my hand and said, "Letty, if for some reason you're not willing to see Ashton, then come back with me. Don't stay here. Marc is an unmarried man, while you are a married woman. This is K City. People talk. If you're caught by someone with ill intentions, think of what it'll do to the Fullers and the White family's name!"

J"Ho!" Marcus scoffed, "Family name? Oh, now you bring it up! Haven't you done enough damage to the Fullers and the White family? What? Are you here to put the blame on us?"

Those words hit Sally like a hard slap on the face, rendering her speechless.

I was not in a good state of mind. I pushed Sally's arms away and, unable to answer or add anything to their argument, I ran towards the residential entrance.

Sally called out to me from behind. She wanted to give chase, but Marcus stopped her. "That's enough. Do you think the Fullers haven't hurt her enough? Her baby died two months ago, on the night of Ashton and Rebecca's engagement. He died from suffocation. Where were you all then? Where were all of you when she was locked in a warehouse, struggling to escape? Her baby's dead. The Scarlett you know is dead too. Now, she wants nothing to do with the Fullers." Marcus' booming voice echoed in the night.

I froze in place when my eyes took in the figure standing in front of me. It was Ashton. Under the night sky, his eyes appeared red, while agony crossed his face.

Behind me came Marcus' angry voice. "You go back and tell Ashton to stay far away from her, or I'll beat him into a pulp each time I see him."

Ashton had his eyes locked on me as he approached me, one step at a time. I could not move away. Once again, the searing pain in my heart caused my whole body to tremble.

"What happened to the baby?" He spoke, his voice lowered to the extremes. Indescribable emotions rose to the surface.

I opened my mouth but could not utter a single word.

Marcus caught up to us. When he saw Ashton, his face was overcome by fury. "The baby's dead. He couldn't be born in time, so he died from suffocation. Are you satisfied with the answer now, Ashton?"

"Shut up!" Ashton barked at him, his eyes still reddened. He directed his gaze towards me and, with restrained emotions, he uttered, word by word, "Scarlett, tell me, what happened to the baby?"

I wanted to speak, but the whole thing was too painful to be put into words, so I could only look at him in a daze.

After a long while, I breathed in deeply and spat out the two words that could potentially cost me my life, "He's dead!"

Ashton's tall form took a step back, seeming to have lost his balance. He looked at me with a faint glimmer glinting in his dark eyes.

I knew he was crying.

We can't be crying all the time. If we suffer but flesh wounds, there is nothing to cry about. If we cry, let it be because of sorrow.

That was what he used to tell me.

I had been locking away my emotions, and it was making me feel horrible. My head was starting to feel dizzy. Realizing that the situation was getting from bad to worse, I reached out a hand to hold onto Marcus and whispered to him, "Get me out of here!"

Marcus' eyes darkened when he noticed something was off. He promptly carried me into the residence and got me home.

He passed me my medicine, which I swallowed, and brought me to the bed. He stuck around to console me, "Don't overthink it. They aren't blaming you. They just don't know what you've been through. "

I did not speak. Tears began to flow down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Life is too hard!

Time passed slowly. I could not fall asleep. At two o'clock in the small hours, Marcus received a call. Benjamin White's condition had taken a turn for the worse, and he was sent to the ER.

Before Marcus left for the hospital, he worried about my being alone. He placed a phone next to me and gave his instructions, "Get some sleep. Call me if there's anything. I have stored Macy and Jackson's phone numbers in there. If you can't sleep, call up Jackson and have a chat with him."

I nodded and gave him a faint smile, "You should get going. Drive safe!"

He nodded and left in a hurry.

My insomnia had been a common occurrence in the past few months. In the beginning, I relied on drugs to fall asleep, but consuming too much of them would be detrimental to my health.

Marcus worried that I would be too dependent on the antidepressants if I take them too often, so he would only let me take them when my emotions were beyond control.

At the moment, it was dark outside. The lamp on the bedside table was dim. I stared at the ceiling, my head still a little dizzy.

Rumble! Suddenly, thunder roared outside. The residence was a tall building with a wide view, with the curtains currently drawn open. One after another, bolts of lightning flashed. The scene was especially horrifying.

Before long, the heavy rain came pouring down. As the storm crackled outside, I closed my eyes, trying to force myself to sleep.

But the more I wanted to sleep, the more I could not. Bolts after bolts of lightning lit up the room. Devastated, I rose and got out of bed.

I headed to the balcony and pulled the curtains close. Then, I turned back and went to bed. But along the way, I accidentally tripped over the chaise lounge and fell onto the ground.