

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1033-1037

Chapter 1033

Ashton frowned with disgust. "I appreciate people who have self-respect and who know right from wrong. You're none of these. I didn't come here today to help or visit you, but to tell you not to ever call me again.

I had never seen Ashton behave so brutally to anyone. Rebecca looked equally thunderstruck. She gazed at Ashton in dismay and disbelief.

Rebecca remained that way for a long time. Unfortunately, Ashton was unmoved, he just grabbed hold of me and stormed out of the room.

The officer in charge of the investigation followed us hurriedly. With a nervous smile on his face, he stuttered, "Mr. Fuller, about Ms. Larson..."

"Do what you have to do. Don't contact me about anything regarding her ever again. I'll pay for her this once, but I'm not interested in hearing about her, whether she is alive or dead," Ashton replied coldly. I shuddered. It seemed like Rebecca was already dead to him at that moment.

The policeman gaped at Ashton speechlessly. However, he maintained his professional veneer and ushered us out courteously.

When we'd gotten back into the car, Ashton reached out and took my hand in his. He gave a short sigh, then remarked, "Your hand feels so cold. How could you have been so disobedient?"

Ashton's words stemmed more from concern than reproach. I raised my head and met his gaze. "I didn't mean it. I just thought of something that I wanted to discuss with you right away, so I headed straight in. I didn't think that you'd gone in to meet Rebecca!"

I said this with a twinge of regret. If I'd known Rebecca would be there, I wouldn't have gone in to subject myself to her verbal abuse.

Ashton transferred my hands onto his stomach. Beneath his shirt, I could feel his firm, taut muscles. I reeled. What is Ashton doing? I wondered, startled.

Ashton laughed gently at my baffled face. "Do you feel warmer?"

Of course! My heart raced. We'd been married for years, but I suddenly felt shyness overcome me.

Ashton continued gazing at me. In a mellow voice, he urged, "What did you want to discuss with me just now? Was it about something interesting that happened?"

He looked at me expectantly. I rehearsed my opening in my mind once, then thought better of it. "After Hannah's wedding is over, can you accompany me to the doctor's for a visit?"

Ashton furrowed his brow. "What's wrong? Did something happen? Are you feeling unwell?" he demanded.

I shook my head. "No, it's... I would like to do a checkup. Don't you always remind me to take care of my body?" I retorted.

Ashton gazed at me intently, then agreed. "OK!"

After feeling that my hands were sufficiently warmed, I withdrew my hand. Flustered, Ashton asked, "Is something wrong?"

"I'm warm enough. Let's go home now," I replied. "We can't sit here forever, can we?"

Ashton smiled, then started the car.

The car flew past multiple homes, their warm lights forming many beacons in the dark. I pressed my lips together in a thin line, resolving not to raise the matter regarding in vitro fertilization with Ashton just yet. We'd been married for so many years now and had gone through so much together. I was lucky enough to be married to Ashton. Having a child was merely the icing on the top of the cake. After the multiple mishaps that had occurred, I didn't think I had the courage to carry another child. More accurately, I didn't believe either that I would be able to conceive ever again. Hence, in vitro fertilization would be the most feasible way for Ashton and me to have a baby of our own.

A smile flitted across my face at the thought. It was a procedure I'd never actually given much consideration to before.

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Hannah had no family but only a few friends in K City, so Chandler's house was more than enough to accommodate her guests. Chandler's house was situated at the outskirts of K City in a village that hadn't yet been touched by the rapid development the rest of the city had been subjected to.

Hannah called me over to the hotel the very first night. She insisted on me doing her makeup the first thing the very next morning when we'd have to wake up at the crack of dawn to start getting her ready to be a bride.

Ashton, however, felt apprehensive about me leaving his side. Like a chaperone, he escorted me to the hotel. I'd already set aside the dress I intended to wear for the wedding, having already agreed to be Hannah's bridesmaid.

The next morning, Hannah donned a phoenix coronet as her bridal headpiece, and I was tasked with matching her makeup to the grandeur of her outfit. Hannah, however, constantly distracted me with her constant protests about the tightness of her dress.

Ashton appeared after a while when his video conference had ended. He stood in the doorway, gaping at us for a while, then exclaimed, "You look fantastic!"

Hannah tossed her head. "Of course, she looks fantastic! Scarlett has such a perfect face, with those refined features of hers. She's the very picture of a classical beauty! She looks like absolute royalty in that dress of hers. Anyone might have mistaken her for a princess all dressed up for her debutante ball. If I were a man, I'd have fallen in love with her at the first sight," Hannah declared, sighing enviously.

I was embarrassed by Hannah's generous compliments. Smiling at Ashton, I said modestly, "The dress is pretty cumbersome. It's a little difficult to walk around in."

Chapter 1034

Ashton smiled as he took my hand in his and said, "Don't worry, I'm by your side and I'll carry you if you can't walk anymore."

Hannah shot him a look and said, "Quit it with the public display of affection."

Ashton and I exchanged glances with a smile.

Hannah and Chandler's wedding were a little extraordinary as they wanted to jazz up their wedding. With everything prepared, Chandler and his entourage, entered the hotel and headed to Hannah's hotel room. The groom knocked politely on the door three times and announced, "My dear wife, I'm here."

His terms of endearment caused everyone to burst out laughing. Hannah couldn't help but cover her mouth with her hand and chuckled too. The bridesmaids were standing by the door and proceeded to play some wedding door games with the groom to challenge his love for the bride.

The merriment lasted a few minutes before the bridesmaids agreed to open the door. As soon as the door opened, the groom and groomsmen rushed into the room together. The groomsmen quickly

whipped out red envelopes to divert the attention of the bridesmaids as the groom headed straight for the bride. Chandler, who was holding a bouquet of fresh red flowers, strode fast to Hannah's side. He was supposed to kneel on one knee to present the bouquet to the bride, but in his excitement, he knelt on both knees.

His blunder caused another burst of laughter in the room.

Hannah, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, wore a stunning wedding gown. At the sound of the crowd's laughter, she curiously moved the veil to the side. She couldn't help but burst out laughing at the sight of Chandler on both knees.

One of the groomsmen hollered, "Hurry! Claim your bride!"

"That's right!"

After being prompted by his groomsmen, the nervous Chandler looked at Hannah. He blushed and stuttered, "M-My dear wife, let's go home."

Having said that, he sheepishly handed the bouquet to Hannah with both hands. As Hannah took the bouquet from him, the bridesmaids teased, "The bride is so quick to accept. But we're not done grilling with the groom yet."

Hannah smiled and looked at Chandler with gentleness in her eyes. "It hasn't been easy for him ever since our paths crossed. So that's enough of tormenting him."

After hearing that, I instinctively turned and looked at Ashton. Subconsciously, I leaned into his chest and was lost in thought. It had not been easy for us too. For us to be together, life had thrown us curve balls and tough challenges.

Chandler crouched by the bed, and then Hannah got up from the bed and leaned her upper body onto his back. Amid the blessings in the room, I overheard the inarticulate Chandler saying as he carried her on his back, "My dear wife, let's go home."

Oh, such sweet words!

And then, we followed Chandler and Hannah and made our way out of the hotel. Right at the entrance of the hotel, a dozen red Audi cars parked behind the wedding car. The wedding car was red too, and there was a woven of fresh flowers in a big heart-shaped decorated on the car's bonnet.

It was about forty minutes' drive from the hotel to Chandler's house. As arranged, Ashton and I sat in one of the convoy cars behind the wedding car. Just when we were about to reach Chandler's house, there were red balloons and ribbons decorated on both sides of the asphalt road that served as a guide to the house.

When the car came to a stop, the groomsman in the driver's seat turned around and looked at us. "We're not far from the groom's house. The groom's family has prepared a palanquin for the bride to enter the house in it, and she's going to ride in it from here."

I was taken aback for a moment and got out of the car as everyone else. There was an air of novelty in the decorations of red heart-shaped balloons and ribbons on both sides of the road. Further up along the road, there were decorations of bouquets of red flowers instead of red balloons. And since fresh flowers were expensive in the winter, they used hand-woven flowers instead.

I was right behind Hannah when she stared at the decoration of red flowers on both sides of the road. She was caught by surprise and turned towards Chandler. "These flowers..."

Chandler smiled and said, "My parents handmade them. They began weaving two months before the wedding. Initially, they wanted to use these all the way, but they couldn't weave sufficient flowers on time. That's why we only use it for this section of the road."

Hannah was stunned, and then she blushed. "Why didn't you tell me earlier? We could have helped out and eased the burden of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman. They're getting old, and this kind of work is very tiring for them."

Chandler ruffled his hair and said with a smile, “Why are you still calling them Mr. and Mrs. Coleman? You’ll have to address them as Mom and Dad from now on.”

A blush spread across Hannah’s cheeks when she heard that.

I studied the beautiful hand-woven flowers decorated on both sides of the road. Although these flowers were artificial, each of these flowers was hand-woven with love and respect for Hannah. There was nothing more important than love and respect for one another between two people. These small details in the decorations were enough to touch our hearts.

Hannah got into the palanquin and was carried into Chandler’s house at a distance of nearly a kilometer.

The palanquin-bearers lifted the palanquin carefully and slowly followed Chandler, who was riding on a horse in front of them. The handsome horse trotted to the sound of beating drums and gongs as they headed towards Chandler’s house.

The big group of bridesmaids and groomsmen followed behind the palanquin and cheered. The joyful commotion caused those in the neighborhood to come out of their houses and watched the wedding celebration.

Chapter 1035

A wedding ceremony is a symbol of two souls joining together as one. The committed couple will live together under the same roof and share life fully. Marriage is more than a wedding ceremony and rings. Love, respect, and kindness are the ingredients to a happy marriage. It’s about committing to a life of loving faithfulness to one another.

Life is a journey filled with lessons, hardships, heartaches, joys, celebrations, the people we meet, and special moments that will ultimately lead us to our destination—our purpose in life.

I used to think that Hannah would never be able to love someone else after being so deeply in love with John, but I was wrong. Even though she had left John for good, he had a special place in her heart. But it didn't stop her from giving her heart wholly to Chandler.

Her past relationship with John was nothing more than just a memory. She had moved on and fell in love with Chandler, and that was all that mattered.

Their wedding was an unforgettable one.

One fine day she would look back at their wedding day with no regrets.

The palanquin stopped in front of Chandler's house, which was situated in the suburbs. It was a detached house with a red main door, and there was classic wedding decor on the exterior. Chandler's parents were already waiting by the gate to welcome the bride.

They came forward and greeted everyone with twinkles in their eyes and a joyous smile on their faces.

The guests and the master of ceremonies spread out and stood on both sides of the gate. With a loud voice, the emcee announced the official start of the wedding ceremony.

It was followed by the loud sound of gongs before the master of ceremonies went on to extend wedding wishes to the couple.

Next, the matchmaker guided the groom to help the bride to get off the palanquin. As the bride and groom held hands, they both crossed over a fire plate. As I took in the novelty of the wedding ceremony, I turned to Ashton and said, "I didn't know that there are so many etiquettes at a wedding."

He chuckled and leaned closer to me to explain, "Crossing over the fire plate signifies getting rid of the unhappiness of the past, and it's supposed to bring good luck to the bride."

I smiled and teased him, "How do you know that?"

Instead of answering my question, he asked, "Then what kind of wedding would you like?"

I answered with a smile, "When it's Summer's turn to get married, I'll have to think hard about the perfect kind of wedding to arrange for her."

As parents, it was what we hoped for.

He lifted his hand to my forehead and asked, "I was asking about you. What kind of wedding would you prefer?"

Seeing that he was serious, I answered with an embarrassed smile, "A grand wedding then, if I were to remarry."

I recalled that on our wedding day, Grandpa had actually ensured the wedding decorations were perfect. My emotions were running high that day, and I was completely focused on being a happy bride.

When I saw him brooding, I couldn't help but ask, "What are you thinking?"

He raised his eyebrows and motioned me to look at Hannah.

Hannah had crossed over the fire plate and was about to hold some oranges in her hands, which symbolized good luck. I turned to look at him and asked, "Is there any difference between the wedding customs in J City and K City?"

"Yes." He nodded in reply.

I had wanted to question further, but it was my turn as the bridesmaid to hold the bridal umbrella for the bride. It was customary for the bridesmaid to open the umbrella for the bride as it symbolized the bride bringing many descendants to the groom's family.

After a series of rituals and customs, I helped Hannah through the front door. There was a courtyard in Chandler's house and was surrounded by beautifully decorated white walls. The wedding ceremony was to take place in the living hall.

To welcome the bride, a red carpet was rolled out in the hall. When we entered the living hall, I handed Hannah's hand to Chandler.

Hannah leaned closer to me and whispered in my ear, "Scarlett, I think I left my phone in the bridal car. Can you help me to get it now before the bridal car leaves?"

I nodded and went out to retrieve the phone from the bridal car. Just when I was about to head back into the house with the phone, I caught sight of a familiar black Bentley.

Chapter 1036

It's John!

I was not surprised to see him, but I was not expecting to see him either.

His luxurious car was especially conspicuous. I walked to the car, raised my hand, and tapped on the window. Not long after, the window lowered.

He seemed to have lost some weight since we last met, and there were dark circles under his tired eyes.

"Don't you want to go in?" I asked as I studied his pale face.

He shook his head and pressed his lips together. Then he asked, "Does he love her very much?"

I shrugged and said, "They're perfect for each other. By the way, Uncle Louis is here too. I saw him go in together with Kiki. Why don't you go in? You're practically part of her family now."

He looked uncomfortable as he stared at the door. "I'd better not go in. She looks beautiful. Please convey my message to her, and I wish her well. I blew my chance with her, and if we were to meet again..."

"I don't think she ever wants to see you again. You blew it, and there's no point crying over spilled milk now. You're my brother, and I do wish that you will live a happy life. If you really want to settle down and have a family, you'll have to find the right partner. Yvonne is not the right one for you. It has nothing to do with her family background. If you think that you can't heed my advice, then I'll suggest you consult Uncle Louis about her. The answer is deep in your heart."

Having said that, I walked off with the phone in my hand. I wasn't going to stick around and chat with him. I had to get back inside to resume my role as the bridesmaid and join in with the toast.

Back in the living hall, I handed the phone to Hannah and went to stand next to Ashton. He looked at me and asked, "Saw someone you know?"

I was taken aback and nodded. "John's outside."

Just then, the master of ceremonies announced the commencement of the tea ceremony for the bride and groom to pay their respects and show their gratitude towards their parents.

Chandler's parents went to sit on the chairs at the center of the living hall, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen stood on both sides of the chairs. It was a lively atmosphere as the house was full of guests.

The master of ceremonies started off the tea ceremony with good wishes to the married couple.

I had attended other weddings before, but none like that. So naturally, I was filled with curiosity about their customs and watched in awe as Hannah and Chandler paid their respects to their parents.

Hannah was blessed to have met someone who truly loved her.

I saw the twinkle in Hannah's eyes as she smiled up at Chandler and said to myself, "John really blew his chance."

As they exchanged rings, I felt a little sorry for John. On the other hand, I was very happy for Hannah to have met the right one.

After the tea ceremony ended, I accompanied Hannah to the newlywed's room on the second floor. The room was huge and the interior was beautifully decorated, giving off a unique and intimate atmosphere. The couple's bed was set with fresh sheets. There were a few children who were curious about the bride.

They gathered outside the door and were asking for sweets. Fortunately, Hannah came prepared and took out a bag of sweets. After she had distributed the sweets to those children, they went away merrily. Catching her breath, she took out a cocktail gown from the wardrobe and said with a grin, "I didn't know it could be this tiring. Thank goodness I will only marry once. Otherwise..."

I quickly interrupted her and said, "Shush! It's your big day—only good vibes."

She looked at me and burst out laughing. "I did not expect that from you at all, Scarlett. By the way, where's Mr. Fuller? He must not like it to be in such a lively environment."

I chuckled. "He's out there with Uncle Louis. Don't let his cool appearance fool you. I think he's probably enjoying the celebration."

Otherwise, why would he be so focused on observing Chandler and Hannah's tea ceremony?

Suddenly, there was a sound of knocking on the door. I got up to open the door. It was Chandler's mother, and she was holding a platter of assorted food. She looked at me with a smile and said, "Hi, you

must be Ms. Stovall. I'm Chandler's mom. Chandler is busy attending to the guests, and he's afraid that you girls might be hungry. So I've brought you some food. Please have something to eat before the toasting session. It's not good to drink on an empty stomach."

Chapter 1037

I quickly stepped aside and said with a smile, "Come on in, Mrs. Coleman."

Chandler's mother was nearing fifty years old. I heard from Hannah that Mrs. Coleman was well-known for her profession of embroidery. She had a pleasing, submissive, gentle air about her.

She placed the food on the table and reminded us to fill our tummies before she left the room.

Hannah, who was starving, wolfed down a few bites of the food after changing into her cocktail gown. Before she could finish her food, a red-faced Chandler came to the room and tugged her away for the toasting session.

When I got out of the room, I saw Ashton leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. He must have been waiting for me. When he saw that I had changed into a different set of clothes, he raised a brow and asked, "Why have you changed your clothes?"

"It's not easy to walk in that dress." I didn't want to get stepped on all night.

I was confused as he stared at me. "Were you expecting me to keep wearing that?"

He chuckled softly and didn't say anything further. Chandler, who had gotten himself a little drunk after a few glasses of wine, blurted out, "Mr. Fuller wanted you to look beautiful..."

“That’s enough. Let’s go. You haven’t eaten, so let’s go get something to eat.” Ashton took my hand and made our way out. Chandler looked stunned at being cut off in mid-sentence.

Chandler and Hannah proceeded to the first floor for toasting. Louis, together with Kiki, had their stomach filled, and he seemed to be in a good mood today. It was obvious he had a little to drink.

He looked at me and asked, “What was it like when you got married to Mr. Fuller?”

I was taken aback for a moment before answering with a smile, “It was Grandpa who arranged it, and it was a beautiful wedding.”

Louis stared at Ashton and said, “I’ll say, Mr. Fuller, should you give her a wedding? Or maybe a wedding anniversary celebration? Isn’t that what all girls want?”

Ashton chuckled and answered, “Do you have any suggestions, Uncle Louis?”

I watched them banter back and forth like children before saying with a laugh, “We’ve been married for many years. There’s no need for another wedding.”

“You can’t say that.” Louis continued, “As husband and wife, other than caring for and loving each other, you have to spice things up a little.”

Ashton nodded with a smile and said, “You’re right, Uncle Louis.” Then, he looked at me with his dark eyes and said with a smirk, “Let’s get acquainted all over again, Ms. Stovall. I’m Ashton Fuller.”

I frowned and let out a smile involuntarily. “What are you up to?”

“He’s proposing to you. Can’t you tell?” Louis said loudly, waving his glass of wine about for emphasis.

I was dumbfounded. Suddenly, I saw Ashton moved the chair away from him, and with a ring in his hand, he got down on one knee.

This was completely unexpected and a little too sudden. Initially, there was a picture of Hannah and Chandler on the stage's big screen. But it was replaced with a photo of a young woman.

Isn't that picture taken when I first entered J University? I was only eighteen years old at that time. That picture was taken at the entrance of J University's library, and I was holding a book that I just borrowed from the library.

"Some people are destined to be together at first sight." Ashton's voice resonated. "That year, you were eighteen years old, and I had just taken over Fuller Corporation at the age of twenty-three. You were a fresh-faced and gentle girl. You weren't my type at all, but that first sight of you was etched deep in my mind. Joe took that photo of you unintentionally, and I've grown attached to it for many years."

I looked back at the man who was kneeling in front of me. At that moment, my heart began to flutter.

The hall grew quiet as the guests listened to Ashton. "When I saw you for the second time, it was in the Fullers' living room. You begged my grandfather to treat your grandmother's illness. He then asked you if you would marry me. At that time, you nodded and agreed. I knew you didn't want to marry someone you didn't know, but I felt relieved knowing that you were going to marry me. Marriage was useless to me, so it didn't matter who I was going to marry. But I was kind of excited when I got to know that I was going to marry you. It was not my original intention to force you to marry me. That was unfair to you. So after getting married, I was hardly home. It's not that I didn't want to see you, but I was worried that you would be uncomfortable being around someone like me who doesn't show affection. I told you before that you can divorce me when you meet someone else that you love. The Fullers will not mistreat you. But I never thought that you would stay in the Fullers for three years. The funny thing was, the longer you stayed in the Fullers, the harder it became for me to keep my feelings to myself. You have no idea how happy I was the night when I found out that you were pregnant. I knew then, with a child, our bond would be unbreakable. That's why I thought of many ways to keep you by my side."