

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1043-1047

Chapter 1043

"Is she looking for John?" I pursed my lips in displeasure.

Ashton placed his hand on the steering wheel and raised his brows. "Seems like it."

Things were about to get interesting.

"C'mon. Let's go watch the show!" I got out of the car and strode toward the company's lobby, going after the skimpily dressed Yvonne. Even if she was here to see John, she should at least have the decency to dress properly. But the way she was dressed right then seemed out of character, even for her.

"Miss, do you have an appointment?" Yvonne was stopped by the front desk.

"I'm looking for John. Don't even try to stop me." Yvonne seemed slightly off and everything the front desk personnel said to her fell on deaf ears as she rushed in.

However, she seemed to have overlooked the fact that there were security guards here. She was hauled out of the lobby by them and politely warned against trespassing. Otherwise, they would have no choice but to get physical with her.

However, Yvonne remained undeterred. Even the security guards' stern warning failed to get through to her and once again, she charged into the lobby like a madwoman. The guards were startled but quickly formed a barricade outside the entrance.

Seeing that there was no way to enter, Yvonne panicked and started yelling hysterically, "John! I want to see John! How dare you stop me? When I see him, I'll make sure he fires all of you!"

The guards remained unmoved. Ashton and I watched for a while longer and grew bored. I simply took out my phone and dialed for John. The call was connected very soon.

"Hey, Letty. Are you guys here already? I just got out of a meeting. Give me a minute. I'll be down soon," John said over the phone and I could vaguely hear another voice beside him, probably his secretary reporting to him about work.

I hummed a response, not surprised that he assumed I was calling to rush him, when in fact, I wanted to ask him about Yvonne. Hence, I cut straight to the chase. "Someone's looking for you downstairs. She seems very desperate."

He was quiet for a moment before querying, "Yvonne's downstairs?"

I didn't give him a direct answer. "It's getting late and I'm starting to feel hungry. You should come down as soon as possible."

He didn't probe further, only giving me a perfunctory response before ending the call.

Never one to be interested in such matters, Ashton was looking at his phone with an impassive expression.

Meanwhile, Yvonne was still shouting at the entrance, but no one paid any attention to her. I surmised all the employees were given prior notice not to entertain her.

John came down shortly after, looking very flamboyant with a black coat over his suit. As the president of the company, he certainly looked his part with his cold and domineering presence.

Spotting me, he immediately walked in my direction and completely ignored Yvonne who was still shrieking at the top of her lungs by the entrance. He looked at me with a faint smile. "Did you wait long? I hope you're not too hungry."

I shrugged my shoulders, then pointed at Yvonne instead of answering his question. "Aren't you going to deal with that? You're not worried that it might damage your reputation?"

He narrowed his eyes at Yvonne beyond the entrance with a look of disgust in his eyes. Turning back his gaze to me, he said blandly, "This woman is stepping more and more out of line. It's quite annoying, to be honest."

With that, he walked toward the entrance, stopping in front of Yvonne to look at her with a stony expression.

When Yvonne saw him, she immediately ran toward him but was stopped by the security guards. Vexed, she yelled at them angrily, "Are all of you blind? I know Mr. Stovall! Why the hell are you stopping me? Get out of my way!"

The guards were unfazed, looking at her dispassionately while maintaining their stance.

Seeing this, she looked at John and said aggrievedly, "John, look at them. How can they bully me like this? You have to fire them later and teach them a lesson."

John sneered at her, "Teach them a lesson? Why should I?"

"They're bullying me. Shouldn't you do something about it?" Yvonne replied matter-of-factly.

John scoffed in response, "So what if they're bullying you? What does it have to do with me?"

Yvonne stiffened slightly from embarrassment. "John, what are you talking about? We're going to get married soon. Why are you saying all this?"

Impatience lined John's features and he said in a clipped tone, "I thought I've made things clear. It looks like I was not clear enough. Fine, I'll say it one more time. If you still don't understand, then I'll have to do something to make you do."

Without waiting for her reply, he raised his brows and continued, "Don't show up in front of me ever again. This is my last warning to you. I've already given you what there is to give. You can consider it a reward for the past few days—I don't really care. Now take the money and get lost from my sight. Permanently."

Yvonne's eyes reddened all of a sudden. "Why? I didn't do anything wrong. I listened to you and did everything you wanted. You said you'd marry me. Do you think you can kick me to the curb with just a few words? How dare you?"

Chapter 1044

John's lips curled in distaste. "It seems like you're not aware, but I, John Stovall, always do whatever I like. These are my final words to you. Don't ever appear before me. If I see you coming to the Stovall residence or my company again, don't expect to get away unscathed. I can get really creative when it comes to tormenting people, so you better do as I say."

Tears rolled down Yvonne's cheeks as she stared at John pitifully. "John, I don't know what I did wrong, but don't force me to leave. Just tell me what I did wrong and I'll immediately change. As long as you don't make me leave, I'll do whatever you ask me to do!"

Irritated by her persistence, John sneered, "Are you sure you'll do whatever I ask you to do?"

Yvonne nodded profusely. "Yes! As long as you don't force me to leave!"

"Then just die," John ordered, behaving like a ruffian. He was never one to think before speaking. Hence, he had said that to her on a whim.

Thinking he was being serious, Yvonne peered at him expectantly. “Does this mean I can stay by your side as long I die?” She looked like she was actually taking his words seriously.

John nodded and cocked a brow. “Yes. Go on, then.”

With that, he looked past her at Ashton and me. “Let’s go. I’m starving.”

Before we could respond, a loud noise came from the pond outside Stovall Corporation, and following that, we saw the water inside splash a few meters high.

I realized with a start that it was Yvonne. Whipping my head toward John, I exclaimed, “I think she jumped in!”

John glanced back fleetingly but remained aloof as he replied blandly, “Mm, I guess so. C’mon, let’s go for lunch now.”

Then, he walked out without a care in the world. Ashton didn’t even bat an eyelash. Meanwhile, I was flabbergasted.

Similar to me, the security guards outside and the front desk personnel were taken aback. Looking dumbly at the pond, one of them cautiously asked, “Mr. Stovall, how should we deal with this?”

John’s brows knitted together in annoyance. “Deal with it as you see fit, of course. Send her to the hospital if she doesn’t die and if she does, call the funeral home to take her away. Make sure to make it a grand funeral. I think she’d like that very much.”

Without faltering in his steps, he directly got into my car.

The security guards and I were wearing similarly stunned expressions.

But none of us protested. Instead, we looked toward the pond to see Yvonne struggling pathetically in the water. The weather was so cold and I couldn't imagine how she brought herself to jump into the pond like that. In short, I just couldn't wrap my mind around the whole thing.

It must be freezing in there!

In the car, I couldn't stop myself from glancing at John. "You—"

He suddenly looked at me and cut me off, "Uncle Louis arranged a blind date for me. It's this afternoon. Help me assess her later. If she's suitable, I'll get someone to prepare for the wedding."

I was taken aback and stared at him blankly for a while. After recovering from my surprise, I asked, "You're going on a blind date later?"

He nodded curtly. "It's a friend of Uncle Louis'. She's almost the same age as you. Married and divorced. No kids. Uncle Louis asked me to meet her."

I was utterly floored by this revelation and scowled at him. "Why the hell are you bringing us along for your blind date?" I really thought that he genuinely wanted to buy us lunch, but it turned out that he was taking Ashton and me along to be his third wheel.

He shrugged nonchalantly. "You know I'm not into all these things. Besides, I'm a bad judge of character, so I need your help. If you think she makes the cut, I'll prepare for the wedding. Anyway, we're of equal social standings, that's for sure."

I felt like he had completely given up on satisfying his emotional needs. All he wanted right then was to find someone suitable to be his wife in name.

After giving it some thought, I looked at him again and said, "John, you can wait until you're more emotionally stable to think about what kind of wife you want, then only go on blind dates. By doing this, you're not only being irresponsible to yourself but that woman as well."

He frowned at that. "You're so weird. You don't like Yvonne, but now you're saying I'm being irresponsible to another woman by going on a blind date with her. What exactly do you want me to do? I've already lost a good relationship. Do you still think there's a chance for me to find love again?"

I mirrored his frown and was slightly stunned because I detected a hint of accusation in his tone. "So are you saying I shouldn't interfere in your life?"

He pressed his lips together as pain flashed across his eyes. Gazing at me with an anguished look on his face, he apologized, "Sorry, I didn't mean what I said, but I just really don't know what I should do. I'm completely lost now. I've lost the most important thing to me and I'm a complete mess now."

Sighing, I felt my heart clench painfully while seeing the agonized state he was in. I shot a helpless glance at Ashton and he coincidentally looked at me reassuringly before comforting me in a steady voice, "Let's just go with the flow. Many times, people appear in our lives for a reason. It's all fate, so let's allow fate to take its course."

Since when did this guy become so religious?

However, there was indeed some truth in his words. Hence, we could only think this way for the time being.

After regaining control of my emotions, I glanced back at John and advised, "John, since Uncle Louis arranged this date for you, you should take it seriously. When we get there later, treat her respectfully and politely, regardless of what you think about her. Don't be distant or cold. It doesn't matter whether you like her or not, make sure you behave yourself."

Chapter 1045

He nodded and leaned back in his seat. Sighing, he closed his eyes with exhaustion. A relationship can really take an emotional toll on a person.

As the car came to a stop in front of our destination, we got out of the car, and John stood nonchalantly at the side. Seeing the unconcerned look on his face, I nudged him with my elbow and said, “No matter what, you need to treat this seriously, okay? You’re not a child anymore. Since you’ve promised Uncle Louis, you need to respect yourself and your date later.”

“I know.” He looked at me expectantly. “Are you coming with me?”

I shook my head and held Ashton’s hand. “Nope. My husband and I will sit at the side while you talk with the lady. If I see you disrespect her, I will not bother to care about your matters anymore. You can do whatever you like.”

He pouted and nodded obediently. “Okay.”

John was about to head to the table that Uncle Louis had booked when Ashton and I were stopped by the host of the restaurant. Apparently, in order to enter this high-end restaurant, Ashton and I would need to make a reservation in advance.

John glared at the host. “What do you mean they can’t enter? You know what? Fine. We’ll leave. Tomorrow I’ll shut down this lousy restaurant!”

He then grabbed my hand, ready to leave. I was rendered speechless by his childish behavior. Thankfully, Ashton stayed calm and stopped John. “You should go in first. We will go in later.”

John frowned. “Why? Are you guys planning to leave me here alone?”

“I’ll call the owner of this restaurant and let him arrange a table for us. If not, Scarlett and I can’t go in,” Ashton replied.

John pursed his lips. “You know the owner?”

I knew John was just stalling for time. Fed up with his behavior, I crossed my arms and said, “John, go wait for us inside. Or else, we will leave immediately. This has nothing to do with us anyway. Now I’ll give you three seconds to move. Three, two…”

“I’ll go in now!” he shouted and stomped angrily away. As he went inside, he kept turning around and looked at me with puppy-dog eyes. “Scarlett, both of you must come inside, okay? Otherwise, I would be very sad.”

If we weren’t at a public place, I would have punched him to death.

Unable to continue looking at his immature behavior, I rolled my eyes. I then turned to Ashton and saw him on a call with the owner, saying, “Is Tasty Elements your restaurant?”

Seeing the curiosity in my eyes, he put his phone on speaker. A voice came from the other side of the line. “Yeah. I invest it for fun. You want to go there?” Is he Joe?

Ashton replied, “Yup. I’m in front of the restaurant now. Tell your staff to let me in.”

With that, he passed his phone to the host. The host took it over tentatively. Before he could say anything, Joe shouted, “Are you out of your mind? Why did you stop the customers from entering?”

The host was still baffled. “Um, hi. May I know who you are?”

Silence came from the other side of the phone, and Joe eventually said, “Give the phone back. You’re fired.”

Then, he hung up.

Three minutes later, a chubby man came out of the restaurant and smiled obsequiously at us. “Hi, Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller. I’m so sorry for the inconvenience caused. Please come in. According to Mr.

Quinn, your meal is on the house today, so please enjoy yourselves and order whatever you want to try!"

He then ushered us into the serene, classy restaurant, and we selected a table right next to John's.

As Ashton ordered food for both of us, I cast my gaze on the lady sitting opposite John. She seemed gentle and virtuous, albeit a little cold and distant.

I continued to observe them. John seemed to have nothing to say, and the lady did not speak much as well. They continued to eat gracefully as if they were not at all affected by each other's presence.

I then looked towards John and shot him a look, signaling him to find something to chat with his date. But he merely stared back and stuck out his tongue at me. Looking at his puerile behavior, I almost jumped out from my seat and beat him.

"Is she your sister?" the lady said. She was not loud, but the three of us heard her well. John and I froze immediately, and she continued, "Let's eat together. The more the merrier." As soon as she finished speaking, she stood up with her bag and walked to our table.

Then, she raised her hand and summoned the waiter. "Hi. Can you move us to this table? We'd like to eat together. Thank you."

Seeing that she had sat down beside me, John rubbed his neck and joined us as well, embarrassed.

"Hi. My name is Emma Lyons. I'm thirty-three years old, a divorcee without kids, and I can no longer conceive. Currently, I'm working as a professor at K University. I guess you know about my family background, so I don't need to say more about it. As for my past relationship experience, my ex-husband was the only romantic partner that I had. My current income is thirty thousand per month. I have cars and some properties. Therefore, I'm financially independent." After Emma finished introducing herself, she met John's eyes calmly.

John hesitated for a moment before replying, "I'm John Stovall, thirty-five years old, not married, but I have a son. He is still an infant. My income is not bad, and I owned several companies, cars, and other properties. Besides, there's someone I love."

I was flabbergasted. What is he doing? Why did he say that?

Emma nodded and turned to me. "So John is also looking for a partner for marriage, just like me. As his sister, do you have anything to ask? You can ask me whatever you want to know about."

Me?

Taken aback, I gave her an awkward smile and said, "No, I think you've misunderstood me. I'm not here to judge if you're suited for John. This is a private matter between you and him, so it's not up to us to decide. If everything goes well, both of you are the ones who are getting married, not us. We are just bystanders."

Emma pursed her lips and did not respond.

John also turned quiet all of a sudden.

Seeing their behavior, I sighed inwardly. I could feel a headache coming.

After a pause, I looked at them and asked, "Would you like to go for a walk together? Maybe you guys can find a café and chat about each other's hobbies and lifestyle."

"No, thanks. My hobby is reading, and I don't have any other hobbies," Emma replied curtly.

John also gave a terse answer. "I like to sleep with young women and spend money on them. Other than smoking and drinking, I have no other hobbies."

I took a deep breath and shot daggers at him. Is he out of his mind!

To my surprise, Emma replied, "Great. We wouldn't interfere with each other's life then."

What!

I stared wide-eyed at both of them, and it suddenly dawned on me that they're perfect for each other.

Feeling like a third wheel, I started to rack my brain for an excuse to leave.

However, Joe suddenly appeared in the restaurant with a pretty lady beside him, who looked about twenty years old. Her clothing and bag were all high-end products, unlike the women whom he would casually date.

As soon as they entered the restaurant, they found us and came towards our table. It seemed like Joe was here for Ashton. They clapped each other on the back and greeted one another. Then, they sat down at our table, and now we were a group of six.

When Joe saw me, he was stunned for a second before saying hi to me. I initially thought that I would need to introduce Emma to him, but he said, "Hi, Ms. Lyons. What a coincidence. What brings you here?"

"I'm here for a blind date." Emma was still as straightforward as ever.

Joe rubbed his nose, looking a bit uneasy. Something is not right.

I looked at Joe and smiled faintly. "Mr. Quinn, are you not going to introduce the beautiful lady to us?"

He smiled and gave a simple introduction. "She is Zelene Harrett, my fiancée."

That took me by surprise. I did hear the rumor saying that he was engaged, but seeing his fiancée with my own eyes caught me completely off guard.

In just a few days, he had already gotten over Rebecca and found himself a socialite fiancée. Well, I did not expect him to be so level-headed.

Zelene looked at us and smiled politely. "Hello, everyone. Nice to meet you all."

"Seems like you have high standards in choosing your partner. Not only do you want someone with good family background, but also a young, good-looking appearance. No wonder you told my father that we were not suitable for each other," Emma said casually, making everyone's jaw dropped.

Her words obviously meant that she had gone on a blind date with Joe before, but they did not get together in the end. And he probably chose Zelene because she was younger and more attractive than Emma.

What a small world!

Coming to think of it, the social circle of the elites in K City was indeed not large. There were not many prominent families here, so it was quite normal to have a situation like this.

I glanced towards John subconsciously, but he looked completely unperturbed. I guess he doesn't care about Emma at all.

Joe explained, "Oh, Ms. Lyons. Don't tease me like that. I'm not that superficial, and it's not because of the reason you've mentioned. Although I don't have a lot of yearnings in life, I still hope to find love. But Ms. Lyons, you had told me that you didn't want to have any romantic relationship. So, I don't think we are suitable for each other. And that's why I went to see Mr. Lyons and told him so."

Emma did not respond and looked at him impassively as if she was just blurting out her observation and could not care less about Joe not choosing her.

The dinner had not started yet, and the atmosphere was already so awkward that I could cut the tension with a knife.

However, Zelene was completely indifferent as if she was not involved in the situation. She ordered her food politely and turned to me. "Mrs. Fuller, do you want to order anything? The steak here is really good. Do you want to try it?"

Chapter 1047

I smiled. "Since you have recommended it, I will definitely try it. Ms. Harrett, you seem to be very familiar with this restaurant."

She replied with a smile, "Not really, but I've been here a few times. So, I remember the ones that I like and always recommend them to friends that come here."

Surprisingly, Zelene was nothing like Rebecca. With Joe's personality, I thought he would find someone similar to his ex-crush, but Zelene and Rebecca were like chalk and cheese.

After chattering for a bit, I stood up from my seat and headed to the restroom. When Ashton saw me leaving, he quickly stopped his conversation with Joe and wanted to accompany me, but I declined as I did not want to interrupt them.

A few minutes later, I stepped out of the restroom and bumped into Joe, who was leaning against the wall of the corridor. I thought he was waiting for someone, but I looked around and saw no one. Hmm, who is he waiting for?

After hesitating for a moment, I walked towards him and asked out of politeness, "Are you waiting for Ms. Harrett?"

He lifted his gaze and looked at me coldly. "I'm waiting for you."

I furrowed my brows, puzzled. "Why?" I don't think we have anything to talk about. Joe had never liked me. All these years we rarely interacted with one another even though he was my husband's close friend.

"Can I help you with anything?" I asked, stopping in my tracks.

He arched an eyebrow and cut to the chase. "Can we talk somewhere else?"

I don't think I have a choice, do I? So, I nodded and gestured. "Sure."

As we arrived at the stairwell, he put his hands in his pockets and leaned his tall figure against the wall, giving off an aura of grimness. I remained silent and stared at him, waiting for him to speak first.

After a pause, he lit a cigarette and took a long drag on it. "Were you the one who reported Rebecca to the police?"

I frowned. Gosh, is he here for Rebecca? I thought he had moved on! Apparently, he still cares about her.

"I found her by accident, so I called the police," I told him truthfully. That night, Hannah and I went to the alley out of curiosity. I never thought Rebecca would be like that.

He exhaled slowly and cast an icy gaze at me. "Ashton has given his heart to you. What else do you want from her? Why do you have to push her over the edge? You just want her to die, don't you?"

Hearing his accusation, I was stupefied. I could not help but ask, "Mr. Quinn, don't you think there's something wrong with your logic? She was the one who committed the crime. I did not force her to do it. And I have never harmed her. That night, I saw her purely by chance. I called the police because she was doing something terribly wrong. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. Are you expecting me to ignore what I saw and let her continue to ruin herself?"

He scoffed, "It's up to her to decide what to do with her life. Besides, you could have solved the problem in another way, but you chose the one that made her suffer the most. You caused Ashton to completely give up on her and took away the light in her life. Scarlett, you're even more wicked than I thought."

I blinked in bewilderment. What? Is there something wrong with him? What does he mean by "you can solve it in another way?" Exasperated, I said, "So, you think that it was my plan to get her arrested so that Ashton would give up on her? Joe Quinn, you're freaking ridiculous! What makes you think that I would use my precious time to do something that would bring me no benefits but harm?"

Then, I continued, "To be honest, I don't care about Rebecca at all; she isn't worth my attention. She's nothing but a woman who only knows how to cling onto men and leech off them. She could have improved herself over the years, but she didn't. Even if Ashton likes her, I don't think any man could put up with a woman like her for long. What kind of man could tolerate her and love her forever? Speaking of which, Joe, didn't you give up on her as well? What makes you think that you have the right to question me?"

Taken aback, he stubbed out his cigarette and stared at me blankly. After a long while, he replied coldly, "Don't change the topic. It's your fault. You didn't have to send her to the police, but you showed no mercy and did it anyway. Her reputation and her life are ruined because of you. Even if she could get out of jail one day, how can she survive in society? Scarlett, you're such a cruel woman."

"Hahaha!" I couldn't help but burst out laughing at his preposterous reasoning. How ridiculous can he get?