

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1068-1072

Chapter 1068

Justin was a straightforward man, so he didn't quite understand the police officer's words. He was stunned for a while before he nodded blankly, appearing a tad silly.

After the police officer had said a few more words, we then left the police station. Only then did Justin recognize me, and he murmured in embarrassment, "Thank you so much for making this trip. I owe you one."

I merely smiled and told them to go home first since it was rather late.

Placing her hand on my shoulder, Emery then commented, "That guy seems rather simple and honest, but the girl appears to be quite ambitious. Is she working at Ashton's company?"

I nodded in affirmation. "Yup. I've run into her a few times, and it's indeed true. But then, it's normal for a girl, I guess. She's quite beautiful, so it's not surprising that she's ambitious."

At that, Emery snorted without commenting further. "Dang, it's almost ten o'clock now! I've got to go home, or Hunter will probably chew me out. We'll hang out again and talk another time, okay?"

As she said that, she drove off.

Thus, it was only Camelia and I left. Looking at me, she hesitantly uttered, "Scarlett, I haven't seen my child in a long time, so I miss him. I'd like to go home and see him."

Hearing that, I chuckled softly. "I'll drive you back now. Why are you so forlorn? I didn't say that you're not allowed to go home. I just wanted to bring you out for some fresh air and a change of pace. Your

emotions are affected by every single action of his because you focus all your time and energy on the child and Marcus.

“Now that the baby has been weaned, you should really find a job or something else to occupy your time instead of making Marcus the center of your life. I know it may be difficult for you to change in a short time, but go slowly and make gradual progress. You’re still young, so you’ve got a long way ahead of you.”

She probably understood me, for she dazedly nodded while gazing at me. With her eyes fixed on me, she then declared solemnly, “Okay. I’ll do as you say.”

In the car, she leaned back against the passenger seat with her eyes closed after such an exhausting day. After driving for a while, White residence came into view. It was still the same, and only the surrounding landscape had been improved throughout the past few years.

The pond in the yard had been filled and replaced with fruit trees instead. It was winter then, so the leaves had all fallen, leaving the trees barren.

I parked the car beside the yard and watched as Camelia walked in. But just after she had taken a few steps, she suddenly turned and stared at me. With a serious expression, she asked, “Scarlet, if... This is just a suppositional question, okay? If Mr. Fuller is no longer here, would you settle for the next best thing and choose Marcus?”

I was startled for a moment before I stared right at her and locked gazes with her under the dim streetlights that were shining brightly. “No,” I answered resolutely. “As you said, it’s a suppositional question. There are no ifs in my world, and I’m an obstinate person. Since I’ve decided on Ashton, it would only be him for the rest of my life. Other than him, all others are merely ships passing in the night.”

As she looked at me, she heaved a sigh. A long while later, she nodded and murmured, “Okay, I got it.”

Well, well... that was quite a sudden question.

Sending her off with my eyes, I spaced out for a bit while staring at the filled pond. It seems impossible to return to the past. It was here at White residence back when I first met Marcus. At that time, he was taciturn, and indifference was written plainly on his face.

Then, I recalled the day when he brought me back here. When we alighted from the car, he chased after me from behind, and I accidentally pushed him into the pond. The winter that year was extremely chilly, so he fell ill the very next day. Later, my phone malfunctioned. As I pondered back in time, a long time had passed, so much so that I've almost forgotten all that.

After an eternity, I spun around to head back.

Unexpectedly, I caught sight of a black Bentley beside my car and froze for a moment. Someone was standing beside the car, and it was none other than Marcus, whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

He stared at me intently with jet-black eyes without even blinking. In his black suit, he appeared lonely and apathetic. The oppressive aura emanating from him grew increasingly distinct.

"When did you arrive?" I queried as I walked toward the car. I had no idea whether I was so lost in my thoughts that I actually failed to hear the engine of his car.

Pursing his lips, he continued staring at me. His gaze was overly grim that a slither of fear inexplicably crept into me.

"You won't choose me even if he hadn't appeared?" he asked out of the blue, stunning me into utter stillness.

So... he heard my conversation with Camelia?

"Uh... As I said, there are no ifs." As I looked at him, a brief trace of guilt assailed me, but it was merely there for a moment and gone the next. "Actually, we both know full well that there are no ifs. Ashton Fuller's existence to me, well... Putting it simply, he's my husband and lover. We're like two pieces of driftwood, and it's destiny as well as a blessing that we could meet amidst the vast sea of people to end up walking together hand in hand.

Putting it into perspective, he's actually my happiness. He's tantamount to the beacon in my life. His light enables me to persevere and continue forging on bravely. "Marcus, I don't know your understanding of love, but to me, it's definitely not something in which one can settle for the next best thing.

This has nothing to do with anyone because love is independent in itself. We can love a lot of people in our lifetime. Like you, you once loved me, and you'll also fall in love with someone else in the future. But this thing between Ashton and I is no longer mere love. We're more like a single entity, and we share the same body, so we need to face life together in the future."

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I had no idea whether he could understand everything I said, but I stared at him and continued, "Camelia is a really nice girl. If you look at her closely, you'll discover that you've missed out on a lot in the past few years. When I was very young, I loved eating rock candy, but I could only have them once a month. Sometimes, my grandmother even forbade me from eating it. Since my craving went unsatisfied, I hankered after rock candy every single second of every day.

"Back then, the pumpkin pie my grandmother made was exceedingly delicious. But because I got to eat it every time I craved it, I didn't find it delicious anymore as time passed. "After that, when I slowly grew up, I could buy rock candy myself when I had pocket money.

At that time, I was very excited and bought several sticks at one go. However, I got sick of it just after eating two sticks. Actually, things we often yearn for are not necessarily what we truly want. Reflecting back on it now, the most delicious thing in my memories isn't the rock candy, but pumpkin pie. Alas, my grandmother is no longer here, so the taste could only remain in my memories."

Marcus' eyes were fixed intently on me. The bridge of his nose appeared high and his black eyes increasingly profound—perhaps because he had grown thinner. "Scarlett, my feelings for you have never been as simple as mere yearning because I couldn't have you. "Do you still remember how you

were when you first came to White residence? Back then, you didn't talk much. You were very quiet—always silent with a faint smile on your face.

My mother privately told me that a girl like you is very gentle. At that time, I didn't find anything good about a gentle girl. Later, when we were by the pond, you pushed me in. Now that I think about it, I've forgotten how cold the water was. The only thing I remember is your expression, and it remains vivid in my mind.

Although you were angry, you were very beautiful. "When I carried you out of the warehouse, you were covered in blood. You've probably forgotten about it, but you clutched at me tightly, insisting persistently and stubbornly that I save the child. Your expression back then was truly distressing. At that time, I felt that Ashton Fuller wasn't worthy of you since he couldn't protect you."

At that, I pursed my lips and dipped my head slightly. The past was too overwhelming to me that they barely beckoned memories anymore.

Nonetheless, he continued speaking. With a bitter smile tugging at his lips, he said, "Thus, I vowed to always take good care of you in the future no matter what happens. I saw the child after it was born, and it already took form. Afraid that you'd be anguished, I took the child away to spare you the grief of seeing it. "Later, you were always in a trance when you learned that the child was gone.

You kept waking up in the middle of the night and spacing out in the room alone. I didn't notice it in the beginning, but when I later realized it, I kept you company every single night. As time went by, you'd sit beside me and take my hand, asking me to close my eyes and sleep as though you were coaxing me.

"You probably had no idea, but those days were the happiest I'd ever been in my entire life. You always covered me with a blanket when you woke up in the middle of the night. "Sometimes, you'd go into the kitchen when you woke up in the morning, saying that you want to make me breakfast.

Your mind was fuzzy, so the breakfast you made was often burnt or inedible. You'd put sugar into the noodles instead of salt. Actually, sweet noodles don't taste half bad. Thereafter, I tried making it myself,

but I just couldn't get the same taste as the ones you made me. You said there are no ifs in your world, but Scarlett, you don't know how cruel it is to me."

Finally, I looked at him. The past then flashed across my mind. All of a sudden, a wave of sorrow flooded me. I couldn't deny that I indeed owed him so much that I could never repay him.

In the warehouse, he saved me like a hero, while in Lavelian Village, he took a bullet for me without any regard for his own life. Time and again, he saved me from sure death although I ruthlessly pushed him away every single time. However, when some things had happened, they cannot be undone no matter what.

When confronted with him, I couldn't even bring myself to say a simple utterance of thanks or apology. That was too trivial, and I knew what he wanted, but I just couldn't do it.

I simply hadn't been able to bring myself to utter an apology to him. After a long moment of silence, I asserted, "Camelia is a nice girl, so you should treat her well. Don't let her end up like... you."

There were countless possibilities as well as twists and turns in life. Thus, I was well aware that regrets were unavoidable no matter what. It was no different from people lamenting about having failed to cherish their youth and neglected to live life in the moment. All those regrets would accumulate throughout the days to become the most precious and interesting aspect of our memories.

That's right! Life would be dull without any regrets.

Subsequently, I climbed into my car. Starting the car, I drove away from White residence without bidding him farewell. In truth, I wished him happiness and hoped that he would be able to fall in love with another woman, living a life of his own for the rest of his days.

However, such hope was beyond my control. The only thing I could do was to wish that everything would go well.

When I returned to the villa, I received a phone call from Ashton. He seemed to have been asleep, for his voice was a tad hoarse. "Did you not go to Moore Residence and stay at home alone instead?"

Nodding, I plopped onto the bed and replied, “I was initially going over, but I forgot when I came back. I just felt as though you were waiting for me at home, so I came home.

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At that, Ashton chuckled softly. “It looks like Mrs. Fuller is missing me. What did you have for dinner?”

Likewise, I giggled. Without answering him, I remarked, “Ashton Fuller, it feels like you have life within you now.” In the past, he used to be cold and indifferent without much warmth. From afar, he always seemed rather chilly, but now that I had been with him for a long time, I found that he was oftentimes no different from the ordinary person—he experienced distress, concern, worry, and he would also nag, badger, and always treat me well.

“Why do you say that all of a sudden?” he queried. His voice was still slightly hoarse, and it sounded as though he had caught a cold.

“You’ve caught a cold! Have you taken any medication?” I blurted even as I resolved to go to A City tomorrow barring any unforeseen circumstances.

“I just caught a cold when I disembarked from the airplane, but it’s no big deal. How’s the weather over at K City?”

I nodded before slowly telling him about everything that had happened today while he listened quietly. As I spoke, I inadvertently blurted, “I miss you, Ashton Fuller.”

The person on the other end was taken aback for a moment, and silence reigned for a long moment. Then, in a low voice, he murmured, “I miss you, too.”

“I don’t have much to do in K City, so can I go over to A City to look for you? I want to see you.” I actually wanted to tell him about my encounter with Marcus, but on second thought, it would only add to his troubles, so I decided not to do so.

At that, he paused for a moment before saying, “Holden is probably arriving in K City tomorrow, so don’t be in such a hurry to come to A City. Fuller Corporation needs you and Joseph there. If you come over, I’ll worry about Fuller Corporation instead. Armond will most likely seek you out for the sandalwood box, so stay at Moore Residence as much as possible. You’ll have a backup if anything happens.”

Upon hearing that, I pursed my lips. “Why is Armond still fixated on that sandalwood box? Even if the item in there could get him some money, it’ll be a mere pittance. So, why on earth is he obsessed about it?”

“The oil fields in Eastern Epea have been affected by the epidemic this year, so a huge amount of petroleum there can’t be exported. The Murphys run a petroleum company, and this is the best time to buy petroleum there at a low price. However, they don’t have a contract in hand. While that single piece of paper agreement doesn’t seem to be of any importance, Eastern Epea only acknowledges that piece of paper.

“As the Murphys have been operating on a small scale throughout the past few years, that piece of paper didn’t really matter. But now that they want to purchase in huge quantities, it’ll be a drop in the bucket without that piece of paper. Furthermore, Armond didn’t get anything useful in Moranta, and petroleum is the fastest way to generate profits for Murphy Corporation, so he’ll definitely seek you out for that sandalwood box.”

Bafflement gripped me after listening to him. Then, I hesitantly questioned, “So, should I give him that sandalwood box?” After all, I might not necessarily be able to hold onto that sandalwood box if Armond demanded it.

The truth of the matter was, I had indeed promised to give him the sandalwood box when I came back from Venria. But then, Ashton changed the sandalwood box when I gave it to him, and I didn’t continue pursuing the matter henceforth.

At that moment, Ashton went silent. After what seemed like an eternity, he admitted, "From my perspective, I don't want you to give him the sandalwood box. He's not an honest person, so no one can guarantee that he won't continue targeting me when the Murphy family has stabilized. He has always wanted the business deal in Moranta, but he has no time to bother now that he's all caught up in the affairs of the Murphy family."

Indeed, that's true.

He then paused for a moment before continuing, "Nevertheless, the Murphys is a domestic company, so the country will have sufficient petroleum reserves after they purchase the petroleum at a low price. It's beneficial to everyone in the country since a huge supply of petroleum means a possible lowering of its price. Therefore, it's a good thing to a certain extent."

At that, I grew increasingly conflicted. "So, should I give it to him or otherwise?"

However, he didn't answer me anymore. Instead, he abruptly hung up the phone. When I called him back, the line was busy. When the call was connected after a long time, we bypassed that topic.

The next day, I went straight to Fuller Corporation.

Holden was late, so Joseph briefly informed me about the company's recent condition before leaving the office. When Stella saw me in Ashton's office, she was stunned for a moment. In the next second, she handed me some documents that were to be reviewed with a neutral expression. They were basically collaboration proposals from some small companies and some internal start-up plans. Ashton had previously left me instructions for these, so I had no problems handling them.

I was reviewing those documents in the office when Holden arrived. His method of making an entrance was truly different from others. A long-legged beauty with wavy curls sashayed beside him, and he wasn't at all bothered about running his hands all over the woman in public.

As soon as he entered the office, he pulled the woman onto his lap and inserted his long and slender fingers between the woman's thighs. Despite it being in the middle of winter, the woman was wearing flesh-colored leggings. He caressed her for a while, but he probably didn't find it satisfying, for he asked the woman to remove it altogether. Hearing his request, the woman looked at him in mild embarrassment and murmured, "This isn't quite appropriate, no, Mr. Taylor?"

“What’s inappropriate about it? As you said, you’re here to keep me company and make me happy. Why, are you going back on your word?” Holden’s roguish appearance then truly seemed as though he was itching for a beating.

The woman’s face was a mask of mortification, but Holden merely looked at her apathetically as though everything had nothing to do with him. While he didn’t show much of an expression, he vaguely emanated displeasure. Women working as escorts were naturally adept at reading someone’s moods, so after a moment’s hesitation, the woman bit her lip lightly.

Lowering her head, she mustered her courage to remove her leggings right there in the office. As I sat there at the table, I couldn’t help frowning. Staring at Holden, I suggested, “Mr. Taylor, how about I reserve a hotel room for you, and we’ll talk business when you’re done enjoying yourself?”

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Holden leaned back against the sofa with a devilish expression on his face. “Don’t bother, for I’m pressed for time. But then, I also feel like enjoying myself, and I can’t help desiring to grope a woman, so I’ll just do it here.”

Argh! What a shameless man!

I pursed my lips and said nothing further.

After turning up the thermostat in the office, I watched as the woman removed her leggings while seated on Holden’s lap. Subsequently, the two of them started getting it on right there without any qualms.

Lifting a hand, I massaged my temples as I felt a headache coming on. Then, I made a video call to Ashton, and fortunately, he answered in mere seconds.

I turned the camera to face Holden, whereupon Ashton's brows furrowed. In a terse voice, he drawled, "You came to my office to have fun, Mr. Taylor?" The moment his voice fell, the two people who were initially a tangle of limbs sprang apart.

Raising a hand, Holden wiped the lipstick off his lips before he swung his gaze at me with a frown. "What are you doing, Scarlett?"

I merely shrugged in response. "I think it's more appropriate for my husband to discuss business with you."

At that, his brows creased slightly. He then pushed the woman off him and snapped coldly, "Take the money and leave!" In the next moment, he took out a check from his wallet and threw it at her. After picking up the check, the woman quickly left.

Thus, it was only Holden and me in the office then. Glimpsing that Ashton was in the car, I couldn't help asking, "Where are you going?"

"I went to prison to pay Brandon and Abe a visit."

Hearing that, I nodded in acknowledgment. Now that Holden was back to normal, I ended the call with Ashton. I then looked at Holden and said, "Can we talk business now, Mr. Taylor?"

It was clear as day that he was rather chagrined. Pursing his lips, he sprawled on the sofa as though he was boneless as he grouched in a weak and languid voice, "I didn't eat breakfast when I came out in the morning, so I'm starving and don't have any energy to talk."

Nodding with a faint smile, I dialed the secretary's external line. In no time, Stella picked up the call. "Hello, Mrs. Fuller, this is Stella here. Is there anything I can assist you with?"

“Please order a bountiful breakfast spread. I’d like an American breakfast and a set of continental breakfast. Thank you.” After I had finished speaking, Stella was noticeably taken aback, but she promptly concurred, “Sure. I’ll get right to it.”

When I hung up the phone, Holden closed his eyes while reclining on the sofa. I wasn’t in a hurry either, merely continuing to review the documents in hand with my head lowered, scanning through all those that needed to be approved, one by one.

Stella’s efficiency was exceedingly impressive, for she delivered the breakfast over not long after. It was a very lavish spread. After placing it on the table, she cast Holden a perplexed look before leaving.

At the sight of the breakfast on the table, Holden didn’t continue picking trouble with me. Instead, he stared at me and offered, “Why don’t we eat together?”

Flashing him a faint smile, I declined, “No, thanks. I’ve already had breakfast, so please help yourself, Mr. Taylor.”

The man’s elegance seemed as though it was in his blood, for even his movements as he enjoyed breakfast were extremely elegant. After taking a few bites, he stopped eating and pinned his eyes on me while sitting on the sofa.

Sensing his gaze, I lifted my eyes and looked at him with a faint smile. “You’re done eating, Mr. Taylor?”

In turn, he arched an eyebrow. “You’re much more patient than Ashton Fuller, thus less irritating.”

At that, I frowned slightly. “Mr. Taylor, this isn’t the first time Fuller Corporation is collaborating with the Taylor family, so you actually didn’t have to go to such lengths.”

Nonetheless, he chuckled at my remark. “You and your husband are truly interesting. Okay, let’s go and take a look at the factory as well as the processing materials. If there’s no problem, then this matter is settled.”

Unbidden, I breathed a sigh of relief. Phew! Thank God this guy isn't making trouble anymore. If he were to continue with his ridiculous act, I might have truly gone crazy!

After putting everything away, I left the office with him. Stella was right outside the door, so she greeted us when she saw us exiting the office. Thereafter, I ordered, "Later, go in and clear the table. Then, reserve a hotel room for Mr. Taylor and arrange dinner for him. Mr. Taylor is from Moranta, so take note of that."

I uttered those words in a mere whisper, so Stella nodded imperceptibly. Cautiously stealing a peek at Holden, she then nodded and replied, "Okay, will do."

While we were waiting for the elevator, Holden looked at me with a frown. "From what I remember, we're considered friends, so why are you so distant with me? Have I done something unreasonable? Or do you feel that you don't know me anymore after having not seen me in such a long time?"

Huh? This man is really childish.

Staring at him, I answered in exasperation, "Of course we're friends, Mr. Taylor. However, I don't think you have considered me as a friend today. Otherwise, why would you have brought a beautiful woman to my office and started getting it on with her in front of me? If you'd regarded me as a friend, shouldn't you have greeted me right away before discussing business as a matter of course?"

Upon hearing that, he lifted a hand and rubbed his nose in slight embarrassment. Chortling, he then countered, "I just wanted to meet you again in a unique way after so long. That was just a trifling intrusion earlier, so don't take it to heart."

I merely shrugged. "Of course not. As you said, Mr. Taylor, we're friends. Since we're friends, I naturally won't take that to heart. But to be honest, Mr. Taylor, you don't have to go so far when you choose a woman next time. That woman is stunning, but I don't think she's your cup of tea."

Chapter 1072

Giving a light cough, Holden stared at me and drawled, "Don't you think it's rather inappropriate for you to discuss women with me so blatantly? Do you talk to Mr. Fuller in such a manner as well?"

I shook my head in response. "Of course not. He doesn't parade women in front of me so blatantly. Besides, I have some say in the kind of woman he likes. Furthermore, judging from his current demeanor, I think he probably won't be like you for the time being."

Upon hearing that, his brows furrowed slightly. "For the time being? So, you don't trust Ashton Fuller all that much either!"

"Well, not exactly. It's just that no one can guarantee what happens in the future, so I only pay attention to the present. As long as he loves and cherishes me presently, that makes me the happiest. As for the future, we shall see what happens then. It's something that hasn't happened, after all, so no point fussing over it!"

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and I stepped in with him. He agreed with my sentiments, but he looked at me and murmured, "Scarlett, I think you're being too optimistic and rational. It's not really a good thing."

At that, my brows scrunched together. "What kind of love is considered irrational?" Ashton gave me sufficient sense of security, hence the reason for my seemingly rational and calm demeanor.

After pondering for a moment, he replied, "That friend of yours. I think her love is truly irrational. She's so fanatical about her man that it's a bit maniacal. I really don't know how to describe her."

Which friend of mine?

For a moment, my mind stalled. I couldn't figure out who he meant, so I stared at him blankly.

Frowning, he explained, “I meant that woman whom you had me pick up at Moranta back then. Well, the one who was particularly noisy and chattered endlessly. Isn’t she the woman who loves Armond to the point of no return?”

Nora?

When I realized who he meant, I couldn’t help sighing. “That’s different. She’s inherently a zealous girl, and she’s love-starved. When she first met Armond, she was initially trying it out with him, but she later invested herself increasingly more into the relationship, so she naturally lost herself.”

Nora truly loved Armond, growing to care for and cherish him all the more. Back when they first got together, she didn’t really care about him all that much, and it didn’t matter even if she lost him. But as time went past, she seemed to have focused all her emotions and feelings on him. The more attention she gave him, the more she became devoted to him.

This is indeed true.

I pursed my lips and said nothing further.

Holden, on the other hand, seemed deep in thought, but I didn’t bother inquiring about it.

When we stepped out of the elevator, I spotted Rachel in the lobby. She was a beautiful woman—the kind of devastating stunner who turned heads and stood out among beauties. Once, I felt that it was a shame that she didn’t become an actress as such a bombshell would definitely be the center of attention in the entertainment industry.

“Oh wow, a goddess!” Holden couldn’t help exclaiming as he noticed Rachel.

Tugging at me, he asked, “Is she an employee here?”

“Ashton recruited her from abroad. She’s responsible for the technical research of AI development, so she’s both a project manager and a researcher. She’s a woman with both brains and beauty,” I replied with my eyes fixed on Rachel.

While we were talking, Rachel looked in our direction. She was a beauty besides being a fashionable woman who was skilled in dolling up. Right then, she was wearing a white shirt and a black leather skirt coupled with a camel coat. It was professional yet not drab, showcasing her perfect figure. Hence, her appearance always attracted much attention.

“It’s been a long time, Ms. Stovall. You seem to have lost weight!” She gazed at me with a red box in her hand. In turn, I flashed her a smile and replied, “You’ve gotten increasingly beautiful as well.”

At my compliment, she giggled before shifting her gaze to Holden. Then, she turned back to me and inquired, “Who is this gentleman here?”

“This is Mr. Taylor, the president cum chairperson of Moranta International Trading,” I introduced. As I did so, I noticed that the red box in her hand seemed to contain sweets.

After listening to my introduction, her eyes lit up. In the next instance, she greeted, “Nice to meet you, Mr. Taylor. Besides having achieved so much at a young age, you’re also exceedingly handsome. You’re truly an exemplary model for youths today, Mr. Taylor!”

Her remark had Holden guffawing in delight. Gazing at her, he blurted, “You’re really good with words. May I have the honor of knowing your name? And do you mind me asking you out to dinner sometime?”

He smiled brightly at her. His smile was alluring, friendly, and gentle. In fact, it was so dazzling that I couldn’t help wondering whether he was trying to enchant her with his charm.

Looking at him, Rachel smiled faintly as she replied, “You flatter me, Mr. Taylor. I’m Rachel Zimmer, and it’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance. But don’t worry about dinner since a meeting is destined in itself. I hope that you’ll still be here in K City during my wedding. I’m looking forward to seeing you there!”

As she said that, she took a handful of sweets out of the red box in her hand and placed them into his hand. Then, she even took out a wedding invitation from her handbag and handed it to him. "Do honor me with your presence then, Mr. Taylor!"

Holden was stunned for a moment, and he clicked his tongue while holding the sweets in his hand.

Subsequently, Rachel handed me a bag of sweets and a wedding invitation. Looking at me, she said, "You'll wish me well, yes? I hope you and Mr. Fuller will attend my wedding then. I'm looking forward to seeing you both!"