

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1118-1122

## Chapter 1118

After all, I could not sell Emery out by telling Ashton that she did not like how ambitious and reckless he was.

But my worry was just as valid. He had to do everything by himself because there was no one he could trust, and because of that, he did not even have time to rest! I was afraid that he might collapse due to exhaustion one day.

Upon hearing that, Ashton responded with a casual voice, "Don't you believe me?"

"That's not what I meant." I lowered my head and mumbled, "I'm just worried for you."

Putting down the cutlery, Ashton inched his face closer to mine and teased, "You look like a little lost lamb that needs protection. I guess you want me to 'take care' of you like how I did yesterday, huh?"

He even intentionally emphasized the last line and smirked!

Why do men always think with their members! Argh!

I turned around and stared at him. "Stop it. I'm serious."

Yet, Ashton did not take me seriously. Holding up his chin, he leaned against the couch and gave me a sensuous look. "I'm serious too. Look at me and tell me what you want, Mrs. Fuller."

As the heater was turned on, Ashton only wore a thin shirt. He left the top two buttons undone, revealing his tanned chest and abs when he lazed on the couch.

I swallowed the fluid lodged in my throat and looked away. "Watch your behavior. You're still in the office."

"What behavior?" Ashton continued teasing.

After regaining my composure, I put on a serious face to tell him that I meant business. "You can't be..."

The moment I turned around, I realized that Ashton was already standing right in front of me. Instantly, I got tongue-tied.

A corner of his lips quirked up, and he squinted his eyes seductively. I could feel this warm breath on the back of my neck when he continued to inch closer. Immediately, my mind turned blank completely, and I did not remember what I wanted to say anymore. He managed to change the topic sneakily, leaving me at a loss. As he approached me, I could catch a whiff of his scent, which had a hypnotizing effect on me.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door before things spiraled out of control.

Ashton's expression instantly changed. The moment he noticed Stella standing by the door, he returned to his seat and said calmly, "Come in."

While I was tidying up my clothes, Stella had already entered the office.

After greeting Ashton, she shifted her gaze to me with a hesitant look on her face as though she was not sure if she should speak in front of me.

By right, that should be her least concern since I was a shareholder of the Fuller Corporation.

“Go on.” Ashton put on his usual professional look.

Stella lowered her eyes and passed a document to him. As he was flipping through the pages, she explained, “We have had verbal agreements with all the persons in charge of these projects early this year, but all of them called in the afternoon and expressed their intention to cancel the collaboration with us. Many have confirmed that they’re withdrawing from our partnership, whereas Mr. Rosenthaler is still trying his best to convince a few more to stay with us. But according to his secretary, Mr. Rosenthaler is not confident that he could turn things around, and he hopes that our company could step in and manage the situation as soon as possible.”

## **Chapter 1119**

Ashton knitted his brows, and his expression turned grim as he replied, “Got it. Schedule a meeting for me tomorrow. Get all the department heads to attend it.”

Once again, I recalled what Emery told me. I asked Stella, “Are these the existing projects in J City or the new ones in K City?”

The Fuller Corporation had a strong presence in J City, and the entire construction industry depended on them. Hence, it was unlikely for these companies to burn bridges with them so easily.

“The new projects, Mrs. Fuller,” Stella answered.

A line formed between my brows. It looks like Emery was right. Those people in K City have started making their moves now because they are jealous of Ashton.

Ashton took a glance at me and closed the file. He then turned to Stella and said, "You can leave now. I'll call you when I need you."

"All right." Stella then walked out of his office.

Ashton immediately turned his attention to me the moment Stella shut the door. "Tell me what you know."

"Hmm?" I froze for a bit and gave him a confused look.

Ashton sighed and said, "You've distanced yourself from the Fuller Corporation for quite some time, and you don't know much about the construction industry either. Therefore, you wouldn't have asked Stella that question all of a sudden unless you heard something from someone. We've been married for ten years, Scarlett, so I can read your mind easily."

Hearing that, I let out a laugh. I was pretty sure he could still read my mind even if we were not married since he was good at doing that. "All right, you got me. I came here to discuss this with you."

This sabotage was no laughing matter. I placed my hand on his and looked at him seriously. "I know you're a capable man, but can you not push yourself past your limits at this point? You've just relocated the company's headquarters to K City. Why don't you strengthen the company's foundation first before considering the financing project? Since you agree that something's amiss with the GW Group too, why don't we take a step back and reevaluate our options?"

Ashton's eyes darkened as he squinted them. Then, he went deep in thought before asking, "What did Emery say to you?"

Although he did not sound annoyed, his tone was intimidating nonetheless. I twitched my lips and answered matter-of-factly, "She's only worried for us."

Ashton kept mum for a moment and walked to his desk. "I've been managing this corporation for years. Do you really think I'm unaware of the concern Emery told you?"

After a brief pause, he started looking for some documents from a drawer under his desk. Then he walked up to me and tapped on the documents. "Construction and trading are the two major sources of income for the Fuller Corporation. Before shifting my focus to K City, I've established my connections here, so by right, everything's good to go. Yet, take a look at all these documents. They all turned their backs on me. Even those who have yet to leave are merely staying temporarily because of the Moores. They might not end up signing the contract with us too."

After going through all four documents, I realized that the sum involved in these projects was at least ten million. That was a lot of money.

Without connections and resources, a company could never run a business properly. This was exactly the problem Ashton experienced when he made a foray into K City.

## **Chapter 1120**

At this point, I knew I should not dampen Ashton's spirit, but I could not keep quiet and watch the Fuller Corporation crumble.

I hesitated for a moment but decided to voice out my opinion. "Let's go slow, okay? Without a strong foundation, the company will collapse easily. We should spend time accumulating our resources and building our connections."

Ashton shook his head in disagreement. "It's not as easy as it seems."

He gave me a sullen gaze and continued, "The Moores has been trying to stop me since they heard that I was venturing into K City, so it's only normal that my other business rivals are now doing the same to sabotage me as well."

Of course, I was aware of the dilemma he was in. But I only wanted him to be safe in this trying time as that was my biggest concern.

Noticing the changes in my expression, he grabbed my hands and leaned on the couch. "But you see, I'm still in one piece. Besides, there's no turning back now, Scarlett. Even if I don't expand my business empire, my rivals would still think of ways to take us down. Instead of waiting to be butchered, I might as well take them down first."

I was shocked to learn how ambitious he was, but at the same time, I totally understood his logic. Besides, no one could stop Ashton if he was determined to get something done.

Instead of dampening his spirit, I should support his endeavors. But at this point, how could I not be worried?

It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. Even if you have no intention of defeating your rivals, they will not hesitate to destroy you, and the winner will take it all.

Though I had the same concern as Emery, I decided to keep my opinion to myself and trust Ashton wholeheartedly.

I never believed that women were more inferior to men, but I had to admit that Ashton was more visionary than I was. After Ashton had finished his dinner, I left his office and went home directly.

While I was on my way back to the villa, I gave Emery a call and told her what Ashton said. She remained quiet for quite a long time, just like how I reacted in Ashton's office.

She then made this remark, "Your man is one of a kind, Scarlett."

A corner of my mouth quirked up. "I think everyone knows that."

"I'm not trying to kiss his ass," Emery said in a serious voice. "But with his ambition and courage, nothing's going to hold him back from conquering the world."

I could not agree more as that was exactly what I had in mind when Ashton told me his thoughts.

After another round of small talk, I ended the call and looked out the window to calm my mind, but I still could not shake off the uneasiness I felt.

Those who wished to sabotage Ashton had already settled down in K City for decades. Hence, he would definitely have a hard time dealing with them if he wished to take them down.

Something Ashton said earlier also reminded me how lax I had become.

Not only had I kept my hands off the Fuller Corporation during this period, but I had also turned into a housewife, not having any goals in life.

I did not mind being a housewife if I had all the house chores to keep me occupied, but since Mrs. Eriksen was in charge of all the tasks, I spent my days taking care of Summer and delivering dinner to Ashton.

## **Chapter 1121**

If I was already living such a mundane life in my late twenties, what would happen to me in the next ten or twenty years?

I had enrolled in a Master of Laws program last year, but due to unforeseen circumstances, I had to put my studies on hold. Since I could still remember what I had studied before, I was confident that I would be able to resume the course with ease.

Besides, as Ashton continued to expand his business, he would have to confront a lot of legal issues. I would be able to assist him once I obtained the license to practice law.

It's about time for me to further my studies. This time, I must follow through till the end, and the same goes for my pregnancy as well.

Despite his hectic schedule, Ashton still took some time off to accompany me to the hospital for my regular checkup.

Professor Zidd was pleased to inform me that my uterus had recovered, and he said we could carry out the in-vitro fertilization while undergoing the treatment.

Besides continuing with the estrogen and progesterone injections, I would have to undergo the ovulation induction treatment consecutively for a week too. This was to prepare my body for the in-vitro fertilization process.

Since I had to get sufficient rest throughout the week, I had to stop delivering dinner to Ashton's office.

Apart from taking care of Summer, I also bought the latest reading materials to prepare for my studies. I would study them after Summer had gone to bed.

While I was going through the reading materials today, I heard someone coming into the study. Upon lifting my head, my eyes met with Ashton's.

"You're home early." With a childlike smile, I stood up and welcomed him.

I began to understand how excited Summer was every time she saw me.



This is how we react when the people we love the most appear before our eyes, isn't it?

"Professor Zidd said that we could proceed with the in-vitro fertilization tomorrow. You should go to sleep earlier so that you'll be in good shape tomorrow."

Although Ashton was dead serious about it, I couldn't help letting out a laugh. I gently tapped on his chest and teased, "Do you really have the willpower to sleep early and not touch me tonight?"

Instantly, Ashton grabbed my wrist and smirked. Staring at my hand, he said in a lustful voice, "I don't. That's why I need this hand to work its magic on me."

"Dream on!" I pulled my hand away from his. When I was about to leave the study and get back to the bedroom, I saw Mrs. Eriksen standing by the door with a tray in her hands.

Mrs. Eriksen must have stood there for quite some time. She was surprised to see me walking out of the room at first but gave me a baffling smile and pretended as if she was oblivious to everything that had happened.

Nevertheless, the look on her face made me blush, and I bit my lips in embarrassment.

Right then, Ashton came up and grabbed my shoulders before he asked Mrs. Eriksen in a deep voice, "Yes?"

Being the tactful person she was, Mrs. Eriksen turned around and answered with a lowered head, "It's been some time since you're back this early. I've made you soup. Here you go."

"Let me." I reached out for the tray but was too embarrassed to look at her. "Thanks, Mrs. Eriksen."

Mrs. Eriksen placed her hands into the apron's pockets and grinned. "I'll take care of Summer. You two have a good rest."

What she said rendered me speechless, and my cheeks became even more flushed.

## Chapter 1122

Yet, Ashton said something that made me want to punch him. "There's no use in drinking this soup anyway since we have to follow the doctor's instructions and not act as we please."

Upon hearing that, Mrs. Eriksen froze and gave him a puzzled look. "Huh?"

To stop Ashton from spouting more nonsense, I immediately diverted Mrs. Eriksen's attention. "Hey, did you hear that? I think Summer's crying. Can you go and check on her?"

"Really? I didn't hear anything, though," Mrs. Eriksen got even more confused.

"Yes, I'm sure she's crying," I said earnestly. "Why don't you check on her and see if she needs anything?"

"Oh, okay. Don't worry. I'll take good care of her." Mrs. Eriksen then ran toward Summer's room.

I felt sorry for making that up, but that was the only way I could think of to end the awkwardness.

Without saying a word, I turned around and shot daggers at Ashton, but he shrugged his shoulders as if he was not bothered by it. He then stuck his hands into his pockets and walked toward the bedroom.

I puffed out my cheeks and followed right behind him.

Once we got into the room, I placed the soup on the bedside table and slammed the door. "Can you mind your tongue in front of Mrs. Eriksen next time?"

“But I was only telling the truth,” Ashton said while removing his tie and threw it on the couch.

When he was about to walk toward the home bar, I dashed to his front and extended my arms to block him.

“No drinking, mister.” I knitted my brows. “We need to go through a medical procedure tomorrow.”

Though technically, I was the one who would be going through the procedure, he would still need to contribute his sperm. Hence, I needed him to be completely sober.

What if his sperm got drunk because of the alcohol? Hmph!

Professor Zidd was extremely mad at us the last time because the progress was disrupted when we got physically intimate. Hence, we must not make the same mistake again. At that moment, Ashton was still trying to reach for a bottle of wine. He tried to negotiate with me, “Just one sip. Okay?”

“No way.” I was determined. No means no! I’ve had enough with all the injections, and I sure as hell don’t want to go through that again!

A line formed between Ashton’s brows, and he looked at me with a pair of puppy eyes. “My life feels incomplete right now.”

That pitiful expression on his face softened my heart for a moment, but I was not ready to give in just yet. “Drink this soup instead. It’s good for you.”

Ashton raised his brows and asked as if he was genuinely considering the option, “What if I can’t keep my hands off you after drinking the soup? What if I...”

“Stop it!” Oh, God! Why is this man so horny!

But I guess he’d have to make a choice between the soup and the wine.

If Ashton decided to go for the wine, our efforts would be in vain, and I really wanted our kid to grow up healthy and strong.

I gave it some thought before giving him my consent. "Drink first, and we'll talk about it later!"

My hands can still do the trick if he insists.

To my surprise, he instantly gave up the idea of drinking wine and gobbled down the soup in one shot.

After putting down the empty bowl, he turned around and gave me a cheeky smile. "See? I told you. I can't seem to control my hands anymore!"