

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1133-1137

## Chapter 1133

Ever since we had accepted each other, Ashton had only become more thick-skinned.

He deftly intercepted my missile and started twirling it between his fingers like a toy. The insouciant man did not appear to be threatened by me and continued in his roguish tone, "The contract only stated that we need give them first consideration, and not necessarily to work with them. If a better offer comes along and GW's development ideals does not align with Fuller Corporation's, we could easily cook up an excuse and blow them off with it. What's there to be concerned about?"

"So you're pulling a fast one on them?" I was quite astonished.

As the reality in business was ever changing, it would be necessary to be adaptive should one wish to take it by the reins. I had seen Ashton being swift and decisive, and also seen him lay low. Witnessing him throwing fits and playing punk with a large investment group was something new.

"Whoever said that the boss of a listed company couldn't do that?" Ashton said as he carefully helped me up and led me outside, as though I had really conceived. "Don't be fooled into thinking that GW are upstanding people just because they gave up three percent to us. The truth of the matter is, the shares of the company is a battleground for control. I could still manage if I let out fifteen percent. But if I were to relinquish another five, I'd be looking over my shoulder wondering when GW might knock me off my perch. I'm extremely cautious when it came to the stock numbers. Hence, GW's the real hooligan here. By offering them my verbal assurances, I've already shown them ample respect."

That got me thinking. Though I was not able to fully grasp the implications of this, I found myself somewhat in agreement with him. The expression that Sean ultimately showed us was indeed no different from that of a thug. Sooner or later, we might likely find ourselves on the losing end should we choose to deal with someone like that.

I had reached the lobby without realizing it and had no idea when Stella had started following behind. She took the initiative to move ahead and hold the elevator for me.

With little else to concern myself with since the issue with GW was now concluded, I heeded Ashton's words and made my way home first.

Stella rode shotgun with the chauffeur in front while I occupied the backseat on my own. Even though my relationship with her had been decent before, neither of us tried to converse with the other en-route the whole way home.

I was not sure whether it was owing to my awareness of her feelings for Ashton, or out of a sense of guilt for rejecting her application for promotion previously, I do not feel the need to go out of my way to act friendly with her.

So it was said that a woman's intuition was kind of a scary thing. You would never know when it came and went, but once it showed up, it would lead you by the nose and would not let up.

I could tell that Stella was not a happy camper through the rear-view mirror. She was a little down, probably because she just went from being a working professional to a nanny-like attendant. The abrupt change in mindset might take some time to adjust to.

Soon, we were home.

Before the chauffeur even stopped the car, I was able to see Emery's car parked by the side of the road from a distance.

Our eyes met as we alighted about the same time as she did.

"Back in from the hospital?" Emery had an arm around me as we walked toward the inside. She noticed that Stella was following close behind. "Who's this? Did Ashton find you a new nurse?"

Even if it was unintended, that came across as quite vicious. Stella might have only been a receptionist before, but she was now Ashton's assistant. For the assistant to a general manager of a listed company to be described as a mere nurse, even I would not have been happy about it.

I felt bad and did not dare to look at Stella's expression. Then, I patiently explained to Emery, "No, that's Ashton's assistant. He's concerned whether I might need help with certain things ahead of my pregnancy, so he assigned her to assist me temporarily. She would be returning to the company eventually."

## **Chapter 1134**

"I see." Emery did not much care to know and quickly moved on. "I've been thinking lately that perhaps I should purchase the villa next to my place and gift it to Hunter's parents. What do you think?"

I goaded her in good humor. "Is the five-hundred square-foot home of yours not spacious enough for the five of you?"

We arrived at the living room as we chatted. I saw that Stella was standing by the door, not quite sure what to do with herself. "You don't have to keep staying with me. Since we're at home, do make yourself comfortable. If you're bored, you could take a look around and familiarize yourself with the environment."

The corner of Stella's lips perked up gratefully before she went through the nearest side door and toward the garden.

Emery paused and cast her eyes inquisitively in the direction of the woman's footsteps. "Ashton's such a pervert. He couldn't resist the advances of his assistant, so he sends her here to let you clean up after him?"

I laughed when I recalled how Ashton thought I might have fancied Stella, and collected myself before I waved her off. "You're overthinking this."

"It's you who's not thinking hard enough about it." Emery sounded somewhat perturbed. "Ashton might be considered the reliable sort, but I bet that there are plenty of girls who would be drawn to that handsome face of his. You won't always be young, so it's imperative that you be more attentive."

Nonetheless, I took this in my stride. She looked sideways at me, quite exasperated before the admission material on the table caught her eye. She picked it up and casually flipped through it. "Are you preparing for another admissions test? Why are you wasting your time on this?"

"How could this be considered a waste of time?" I replied with a smile. "After all, I'm a shareholder at Fuller Corporation. It seems a little embarrassing to show others my current academic credentials. Besides, I intend to try for the bar examination afterward. With Ashton forbidding me from any involvement with the company, surely I have to find something else to do."

She placed down the book. "Then, why don't you go straight for the bar examination?"

"Can I do that?" That was something that did not occur to me before. "Why not?" Emery said candidly. "Even if you managed to get yourself into graduate school, whatever you learn from books would have little practical use. I'd say you might as well go straight for the bar examination. With a few years of experience under your belt and connections through the Moore family and Fuller Corporation, you'd be starting your own practice in no time."

I was not that fixated on whether I would be able to start my own thing, but Emery's analysis did align with my own interests.

Going for the admission test was something that I always wanted to do. Perhaps it had been an oversight on my part that I could pass it up and go straight for the bar examination.

Why complicate matters when it would all lead to the same outcome?

After careful deliberation, Emery and myself signed up for the closest available date for the bar examination online right there and then.

Once this was done, Emery stretched herself and started looking around for Summer. "Where's Summer? I haven't seen her since I've been here."

"She might be playing in the rear house with Mrs. Eriksen." Summer could withstand the cold fairly well for someone of her age, and would engage in snowball fights ever so often. With the snow in K City yet to start melting, she must have dragged Mrs. Eriksen off to build snowmen again.

With that, Emery and myself linked arms and made our way to the rear house.

We barely stepped onto the gravel path when Summer's laughter filled the air. That did much to uplift my mood.

When I got closer, I saw that her petite hands were reddened from the cold. There was still a half-formed snowball inside her grasp which she threw across the way.

## **Chapter 1135**

I thought she was with Mrs. Eriksen, but when I turned around, it was Stella.

The seemingly frail girl did not seem to mind the weather as she engaged Summer. Not a single hit registered on her, but it was obvious she was not going hard at her opponent at all.

Mrs. Eriksen was smiling as she stood by the side with their coats.

I had not noticed the change in Emery's expression. Relinquishing my hand, I went over and stooped down in front of Summer, then pretended to chide her angrily. "Why have you come out to play when it's so cold?"

Summer pouted, seemingly a little unhappy. However, she wisely loosened her grip on the snowball in her own hand, allowing it to fall upon the ground and shatter to dust.

Mrs. Eriksen hurried over to help her into her coat. "It's all my fault for failing to look after Ms. Summer."

At this moment, Stella suddenly decided to chime in. "I guess this must be Summer. She's really adorable."

I lifted my head to see that the woman was all smiles and full of tenderness for Summer. The discomfort she had from before seemed to have vanished completely.

I ought to be impressed by such adaptability, yet all I felt was displeasure and it showed on my face. A rather patronizing thank you was all that I could muster.

Summer had a perceptiveness that belied her age. She raised her head in pride as she knew Stella was praising her. "I like Ms. Collins, Mommy. Could she play with me next time?"

Stella got in ahead of me. "I could do that. As I'm your mother's home care aide, we'll be able to see each other quite often."

“Oh yeah! There’s someone who can play with me!” While the girl bounced up and down like a little monkey, my own sentiments could only be described as one of ambivalence.

As I expected to be busy preparing for the bar examinations, I would not have as much time to spend with Summer. Despite that, I could not help but feel a little jealous allowing Stella to get close to my own daughter.

Any mother would understand how possessive they could be of their own children. No one would want to share them with other women.

Emery was not the type to hold back on anyone, so regardless of how Summer might have felt about it, she barked sternly at Stella. “A home care aide, huh. Since Ashton’s paying you so well, you ought to earn your paycheck. Now, go on and get Scarlett and myself two glasses of warm milk, and head out to buy the latest materials for the bar examination. Make sure you’re back within the hour as we’ve other tasks for you.”

Though the villa was in the suburbs and not that far from the city center, a round trip would take close to forty minutes. Taking into account the time needed to make the purchases, an hour’s time was considerably tight.

Stella’s expression stiffened, but she dared not protest in the face of Emery’s overwhelming presence. The woman merely nodded timidly. “Understood. I’ll get right to it.”

With that, Stella made her way out in double quick time.

It was hard for me to see her in such harried form. “Hire a ride, and remember to get the receipt so that you may claim for your expenses when you get back.”

Stella stopped and turned around. She nodded in gratitude. “Thank you, Mrs. Fuller.”

Then, she departed without looking back.

Emery rolled her eyes and snorted at the choices of a person like me who was too nice for her taste.

My eyes brows perked up and I pretended that I did not see that.

Once I had Summer settled in, I went on to the study with Emery. I bought a bunch of study material for the admission. In spite of the change in direction, there was still some amongst them that could prove useful.

Emery sat at the chair, drinking her milk. She observed as I categorized my books and started harping on it again.

“I’m curious as to how you manage to remain so calm when she’s that close to shitting all over you, Scarlett?”

## **Chapter 1136**

I did not like the way she put it. “It isn’t that serious. She just praised Summer a little. The kid probably won’t remember it after she wakes up.”

“Seems to me that you’re a real simpleton.” Emery sneered. “What’s her name, Stella? Have you seen how she looked at the two of you before? She wears a different face in front of Summer and yourself. This is the sort of people who are the worst. I would advise that you not let her into the main house and just leave her somewhere else.”

“There’s no need for you to treat her like this. No matter what, she’s Ashton’s.” There was not much I could do about Emery’s temperament. She could be quite harsh when it came to people she did not like.

Ashton was no fool. He would not have sent Stella to me if there was a possibility that she might do me harm.



On top of that, there could be many more women like Stella who would become besotted with Ashton's charms. If I were to go pick on each and every one of them, I would only wind up with a reputation as a green-eyed monster and become worn out for my troubles.

Emery was sorely disappointed to hear that and glared at me in disbelief. "She's Ashton's? Who do you say is Ashton's? Only you, Scarlett Stovall, the proper wife of Ashton Fuller, is Ashton's. The reverse is true that Ashton is yours. Since you are the one he married, you have earned the right to fix this little vixen on his behalf. What's holding you back? Do you need me to remind you of what happened back then with Rachel Zimmer?"

I paused with book in hand, positively dumbstruck.

Stella was nothing compared to Rachel. If even someone as ravishing and capable as Rachel could not cause Ashton to waver, I was sure Stella would not be able to turn my world upside down.

I was about to state my case when Mrs. Eriksen knocked upon the door.

"We've a visitor for you, Mrs. Fuller." "Understood. Please attend to them first. We'll be right there shortly."

The arrival of this guest was timely, as Emery wisely refrained from pressing further. She gave me a hand in completing my sorting before we made our way downstairs together.

Even though it was past the festive season, we still had the occasional relative who we had not been in contact with in a while, a business associate, or friends both close or distant drop in on us. When I got to the stairs, I saw that the guest was in formal wear, seated with his back to me. The man with a head of fair hair was foreign, and he looked rather familiar from the rear. It was as though I had seen him somewhere before.

I made my way around to the front of the couch upon reaching the living room to find that we were indeed acquainted. "Mr. Blondell?"

It was just this morning that Ashton turned down GW Group's offer at the office. There was obviously a motive behind his presence here.

We exchanged pleasantries before all of us sat ourselves down. Sean appeared to be as chatty as he was before, but the subject never seemed to deviate far from myself, my relationship with Ashton, and how I miscarried two of my children. To show up in such an untimely fashion and asking about such things had the observing Emery quietly seething by the sidelines.

"... It was not easy to come by, the relationship between Mr. Fuller and yourself. It makes me kind of envious, really. But since it's all in the past, Life still has to go on. Wouldn't you agree, Mrs. Fuller?" Sean's tone switched gears and suddenly appeared to be very motivational, almost like that of a preacher's.

I nodded in acknowledgement. "Thank you, Mr. Blondell, for your concern. We've already moved past that, and are no longer mired in grief."

Sean nodded as though he absolutely concurred. He then seemed to remember something as he produced a name-card from the inside of his suit jacket and slid it across the coffee table and in front of me.

### **Chapter 1137**

"Almost forgot about this, Mrs. Fuller. The purpose of my visit this time is actually to make this recommendation. It's a pregnancy care center based in M Country, one of many businesses under GW Group. Its security and the quality of its medical staff are guaranteed to offer conceiving women the finest care available."

I took a look at the name-card before passing it along to Emery. "May I know what's this for, Mr. Blondell?"

Nobody would give something for nothing. After getting blown off in the morning by Ashton, Sean was probably itching to reveal the true purpose of his visit this afternoon by now.

“Well...” The man shrugged before he crossed his right leg over his left and assumed a more comfortable seating posture on the couch. “Since your last two pregnancies did not go too well, I thought that entrusting your preparations for this upcoming one to one of our care centers might ensure that things would go smoothly this time.”

I wanted to ask why he was being so kind to us when Emery next to me interjected with a straight face.

She returned the name-card and stated flatly. “Get to the point, Mister... Blondell?”

Emery’s spoken Ustranasion was certified, and she was confident with it even in the presence of professional translators. It came in handy this time as she could very well hold herself against Sean, a man from the upper echelons of the corporate world.

Perhaps Emery’s assertiveness gave Sean cause for pause. It took some time before he reverted to his smiling demeanor. “I’ve learned just this morning that Ms. Moore of the famed Moore family in K City was articulate and keen of wit. I must say that it’s quite a privilege to be able to see you in action for myself.”

“You have flattered me.” Emery remained unperturbed. “I’ve nothing on GW Group in terms of reputation, so we could dispense with the pleasantries. Let me guess. You want Scarlett to advise Ashton to reconsider the financing project in exchange for a stay at your company’s pregnancy care center. Isn’t that right, Mr. Blondell?”

The previously laid back atmosphere suddenly took a frosty turn.

I pursed my lips and did not interject. Emery was like a heroine who dared to do as she willed.

At this point, Sean stopped beating about the bush. He collected himself and regarded me intently. "Take it that what Ms. Moore said is what I have in mind. I wonder what your thoughts about that are, Mrs. Fuller?"

"Me?" I pointed to myself before I laughed heartily. "What more could I say? Emery knows me best. I'm a little fussy and am not fond of life abroad. As such, I'm only likely to remain here. So there's no need for us to discuss this."

It would appear that Sean had no idea that I was the one who suggested for Ashton to cull the project.

Regardless, I was no fool. When I am overseas and out of Ashton's line of sight, he would be surrounded by enemies from all sides. Under those circumstances, it might be possible that I might be turned into a bargaining chip for GW to hold hostage against him.

Sean was a smart man and immediately caught on. The smile froze upon his face, and he did not look any more pleased than he did back at Fuller Corporation.

There were no permanent allies or enemies in business. Who knew when Ashton and Sean's paths might cross again, so there was no need to go to the extremes. Thus, I accepted the name-card on the table. "It's our pleasure and good fortune to be able to befriend someone like you, Mr. Blondell. Chanaeans don't have the habit of checking into care centers as we are more used to preparing for birth at home, but we would surely pay a visit to your facility if need be. We appreciate your thoughtfulness and will remember it well."