

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1168-1172

## Chapter 1168

We both fell silent. Suddenly, a baby's wail broke the silence.

"I'm sorry. My kid's still young and doesn't like being away from me, so I usually bring him to work."

As Lydia spoke, she walked into the adjoining room. When she emerged again, she was holding a baby who was swaddled in a blanket. She cuddled him for a while and he stopped crying. It was a rather warm sight to behold.

That's Jackson's kid. I

"How many months is he?" For some reason, my nose suddenly felt sharp as if I were about to cry. I walked over to her and looked at the baby, who wasn't scared in the slightest. He looked quite a lot like Lydia and was very quiet.

"Just under six months." Lydia's face lit up with a smile as she talked about her child.

Kids were always particularly welcoming. I couldn't help but reach out toward his little chubby cheeks when footsteps suddenly sounded up right outside the door. I turned around before touching the baby.

At the sight of Jackson standing in the doorway, I pulled my hand back awkwardly.

Jackson didn't seem rattled. He looked at me for a couple of seconds before walking toward Lydia and taking the baby from her. His face finally softened slightly as he smiled at his baby.

I lowered my head and sighed in relief, having basically readied myself to be ignored. After a few seconds, Jackson's voice suddenly rang out.

"Lydia told me you're having twins."

I thought I was hearing things and looked up rapidly to meet Jackson's gaze before nodding. "Yeah."

"That's good. At least now you won't have any regrets." After that, Jackson turned his attention back to his kid and wife, clearly not planning to say anything else.

The three of them seemed to bask in a warm familial glow that I was clearly not a part of. I was starting to feel a bit awkward when Ashton walked in. The two men nodded at each other as a way of greeting. After that, we went through the check-up.

Once we left the hospital, I started thinking about Jackson's cold attitude. It felt like a heavy rock was crushing my chest, making it a bit hard for me to breathe.

Ashton was smart enough to spot something wrong. He drove off for a bit and stopped the car once we were far enough away from the hospital.

"What did Jackson say to you?"

I shook my head. "He didn't say anything."

That was exactly why it hurt me so much. Macy, Jackson and I had been childhood friends for a long time. We had fought before, but usually, we got over our differences quickly enough once we argued it out. No one ever held grudges. On the contrary, we both seemed fine on the surface but there was now an invisible thick brick wall between us that I couldn't break through.

Ashton lowered his head in deep thought. "You two should meet up and talk things out properly. Maybe you can ask Jackson to come over."

I smiled bitterly and looked at him. "Jackson is a man too. Why aren't you jealous of him?"

"I don't get jealous of everyone." Ashton turned back to start the engine again. "If Dr. Alder is his type, then you're far from it. He's not going to start anything."

"Huh? What type is that?" I felt like he meant more than what he said.

Ashton chuckled slyly and didn't answer my question. He just drove off.

I thought he was kidding, but he really invited Jackson over that night.

Things didn't seem real at the sight of both Ashton and Jackson in the living room. It felt like we had gone back to the time before Macy died, back when the two of them were the most important people in my life.

Soon enough, the table was all set. Jackson and I sat opposite one another while Ashton sat in between both of me.

I looked at Jackson. He was just as calm and unruffled as ever. It was as if nothing had changed. What exactly did Ashton do to get Jackson to come over? I was really curious.

## **Chapter 1169**

Ashton suddenly kicked me under the table and raised his eyebrows at me, indicating for me to say something.

I looked at him and then at Jackson. After a deep breath, I decided to blurt it out.

“Jackson.” I looked at him seriously. “Why didn’t you tell me before leaving for M Country? Why didn’t you invite me to your wedding? W-why did you block me on WhatsApp?”

As I spoke, I heard my voice beginning to crack. Disappointment and confusion welled up in my heart and pushed my tears out of my eyes.

Jackson was no different from Macy to me. Therefore, I felt like a child who had been abandoned by her parents—lost, confused and just wanted to know what I had done wrong.

As he heard that, Jackson’s hand froze and he sat in silence for a few seconds before going back to picking up dishes nonchalantly. “There’s no reason. It’s useless.”

That made me both angry and even more curious. “What do you mean by ‘useless’? Are you just going to throw away our friendship like that? Even Macy would never...”

“Don’t talk about Macy!” Jackson raised his voice. He tossed his chopsticks away and stared straight at me. “Scarlett, I didn’t want to say this, but you forced me to.”

He turned away as if he didn’t want to look at me anymore. “Macy died because of you. I can’t just forget that. If it wasn’t for our past friendship and Macy’s wishes, I would never have let Summer go with you. I already gave up so much, but it looks like you just couldn’t wait to have a kid of your own instead, huh?”

It seemed like even Ashton did not expect that from Jackson. His expression darkened and warned, “You’d better watch what you’re saying.”

It felt like there was a lump stuck in my throat. I couldn't pinpoint anything wrong or right when it came to Macy. She might not have died so young if she never got to know me, so Jackson had the right to hate me while I couldn't say anything in my own favor.

Jackson didn't seem to calm down at all. If anything, he got even angrier. He scoffed coldly at Ashton's warning and looked at me again with an almost empty expression. "I only came for one reason, and that's to take Summer back. She's more important than life itself to Macy, and I won't just leave her with the two of you to act like a shadow for someone else..."

"That's enough!" Ashton slammed a fist on the table, which even shocked me. He rarely threw such a temper, and even the maids next to us held their breath in fear.

Jackson showed no signs of feeling threatened and continued glaring at me. "Scarlett, I want you to give up the custody of Summer. You can't say no to me, not if you still love Macy."

Jackson looked at me with those eyes as cold as shards of ice. I had never seen this side of him before. Inwardly, I was panicking like a headless chicken.

He knew me too well. He knew I wouldn't be able to say no because of Macy. Despite that, I found it hard to believe the words he had just said. Ashton and I had never treated Summer as anyone's shadow. Does Jackson really think that lowly of me?

Jackson treated my silence as an agreement and stood up. "I'll come to get Summer the day after tomorrow. Please help her pack whatever she needs," he said blandly.

After that, he turned to leave, but not before I finally stood up. "Jackson."

## **Chapter 1170**

I clenched my fists and pressed my lips together, determined to put my foot down. "You're not taking Summer anywhere. She's my daughter."

Jackson stopped walking and turned back. "Your daughter is the one who's inside your stomach right now. Do you know who crashed into Macy and caused her to lose so much blood? One of Cameron's drivers. It was her plan all along. I saw Cameron and Zachary come find you once. If Ashton didn't try to exchange your life with Rebecca, then none of this would have happened. Macy would still be alive."

Even a grown man like Jackson couldn't help but start getting choked up while bringing up the tragedy. "I don't know why you wanted to force me together with that Anderson woman, but I'm sure about one thing. Just based on how differently Cameron treated you before and after finding out you were her biological daughter, I'm sure Summer will feel the same after you give birth to your own children. Since you chose to forgive Cameron and to have your own children so quickly, you should let Summer go. Macy's life may have ended much too soon, but I will not let that happen to Summer."

Cameron was the one who killed Macy?

I stood in shock at what I just heard. Terror and disbelief crashed into me like cold icy waves that wanted to drown me. My stomach suddenly started hurting a little and I instinctively placed my hand over it protectively. In slight disbelief, I asked, "What are you talking about? You told me it was just an accident. Also, when did I ever force you to deal with Cameron?"

Jackson turned around and glared at Ashton before looking back at me. "So you have no clue of what happened then? I didn't know anyone could be more selfish than you, but now I see why you two are a good match."

Right as I was contemplating what he meant, Ashton suddenly got up and punched Jackson in the face out of nowhere. It took Jackson by surprise and he reeled back, falling down on the ground. His lip cracked and he wiped away the blood that was starting to leak out.

Ashton glared at him venomously. "Get out."

Jackson didn't fight back. He got up and patted himself down before leaving. "I'll come again the day after tomorrow. By then, I promise I will be leaving with Summer."

Their actions had completely befuddled me and I was already getting fed up with his miraculous determination. I dug my nails into the soft flesh of my palms and yelled, "You already have your own kid too, so why are you questioning my love for Summer?"

Jackson was already at the door when he paused. Without even looking back, he said, "I'm not like you. To me, it doesn't matter whether it's Macy's child or Lydia's child. I'll treat them both the same way."

After that, he walked out with his head hanging low.

The large living room fell into complete silence. I only turned my attention back to Ashton when Jackson was completely out of sight. Jackson was about to say something, but Ashton had stopped him. What is he hiding from me?

"A-"

"Mommy!"

Right as I was about to ask Ashton about it, I heard Summer's light voice from the doorway. I turned only to see that Emery had brought her back.

I was really starting to miss Summer since it had been so long. I hugged her tight before taking her to the garden with Emery. It seemed like my conversation with Ashton would have to be put on hold.

Summer was really starting to look and act more like Macy. They were both so full of energy, and Summer managed to run around and play for a whole hour or so before Emery and I had to sit down and take a break.

"She's so cute. I can't wait for Xavier to get to this age." Emery sighed, looking as if she wasn't in the best mood.

## Chapter 1171

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Novel

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Same old, same old.” Emery rolled her eyes. “It’s a pain in the butt having to live with your in-laws. Hunter’s mom is getting especially troublesome. We have so many maids in the house but she still forces me to get up early and make breakfast for Hunter every day. I’ve never had to do that before! Besides, if I have to do all that, then we might as well get rid of our maids.”

Emery was a part of the Moore family after all. She never had to worry about a single thing her whole life. Apart from that, she had a good eye for investments and had more than enough money to spare. Hunter’s parents probably didn’t know that and just treated her like a housewife. Like most parents, they pitied their son for having to work so hard and transferred all the pressure on Emery’s shoulders in an attempt to build a ‘good wife’ for Hunter.

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at her story and stood up for her. “Didn’t Hunter speak up for you?”

“Him?” Emery looked strange, as if she didn’t want to talk about him. “I wouldn’t know. We haven’t been talking much lately.”

“Why not? You two got together because you had similar interests in the first place.”

Emery shrugged. “He’s very much into a bunch of academic stuff now. Every day, he heads straight into the study after coming home from school and has meetings with the members of that discussion group. They talk about all this finance and stock market stuff that is honestly pretty boring.”



Without waiting for me to answer, she placed her hands on the bench and sighed. "Still, I know that all men want to be successful. At least I find that drive and determination attractive."

I laughed, but covered it up with two awkward coughs. "Watch it, you're about to drool."

Emery glared at me before quickly changing the subject. "Since I have to come back again tomorrow, I'll just stay the night."

"Tomorrow?" I didn't really get it, but I teased her anyway. "So you sent Summer back just to take her again tomorrow? You really see her as your daughter now, huh?"

"Well, she's my goddaughter after all." Emery crossed her legs and placed her hands on her knees casually. Suddenly, she looked at my stomach and became a little serious. "Also, you're having twins. Everyone would want to come and take in some of your luck."

I looked down at my stomach. While I felt a little weird under her stare, my whole head was filled with the thought of Jackson coming to take Summer away, so I didn't look further into it.

Only until tomorrow night did I realize what Emery meant. Cameron and Zachary arrived in full fancy garb. The news of my pregnancy had already gotten spread far and wide. The celebration was supposed to be held earlier, but due to my bar exam and because they were afraid I'd be tired from the pregnancy. That would explain why they only held it today.

At first, I thought they would only invite some close friends and family, but the guests arriving at our door became more and more strange. Apart from Cameron and Zachary, Louis and John naturally had to attend as well. After that, some people of even higher status than Cameron and Zachary arrived. To my surprise, even Channing showed up.

It seemed like everyone I knew who was of some high status showed their faces. The celebration miraculously turned the news of my pregnancy into some big event. Only when I laid my eyes upon the crowds of people in my house here to congratulate me on my pregnancy did I finally feel guilty at Jackson's words.

Macy became nothing more than a black and white photograph stuck on a tombstone forever while I continued to enjoy life and the admiration of many people. It was only reasonable for Jackson to feel angry by such a large difference.

I did my best to greet everyone before starting to feel worn out. I decided to go upstairs to rest and let Ashton and Emery deal with the guests.

## **Chapter 1172**

The moment I reached my bedroom, I heard a loud bang coming from the door. It sounded like someone falling. Without wasting any time, I rushed over curiously while holding my belly. I was startled by the person who was standing at the door. It was Stella, whom I had not met for a long time.

“Why are you here?” I thought since Ashton and Joseph were already here, there should be no need for another assistant.

Stella responded courteously while carefully sorting out her messy hair in front of her forehead. “I am here to deliver these important documents for the manager. I need to hand them over to him personally.”

Upon hearing this, I noticed she was holding a leather suitcase in her hand. It did look like something important, so I reached out my hand to take it. “Alright, give it to me then.”

To my surprise, Stella avoided my hand and backed up a few steps while saying hesitantly, “I am sorry, Mrs. Fuller. But Mr. Fuller emphasized that these documents are classified and should never be given to anyone without his permission. He specifically asked me to treat this uncompromisingly.”

I had never felt so offended before. Thus I responded rudely, “Do you really think that I will betray my own husband? Or are you saying that I, as a shareholder of this company, is not as trustworthy as you, a mere assistant?”

“No, Mrs. Fuller...” Stella tried to explain; her face paled in nervousness while trembling incessantly. “Please do not overthink. I have no intention at all to suspect you, but Mr. Fuller said...”

Honestly, I used to show no interest whatsoever in these kinds of documents. However, Stella’s reaction completely triggered my curiosity. The more she showed resistance, the more eager I was to find out the content.

I stepped forward abruptly to snatch the suitcase from her. Seeing that I was her superior and that I was pregnant, she did not dare to resist at all. With a reluctant look, she let go of it without any fight. “I will send the documents to the study. No one will find out that you gave it to me, so your job here is completed. You can go back now.”

Stella froze on the spot with a troubled expression, but she could only comply in the end. “Thank you, Mrs. Fuller. Please don’t ever mention that it is from me.”

Before she left, she took a final glance at the suitcase, while a complicated expression loomed over her face.

I could not care less about her feeling, as all my attention was upon those documents. I shut the door gently, opened the suitcase, and took out the documents cautiously.

Fuller Corporation and Winzone Trading Finance Project Agreement

A finance project?

Didn’t Ashton promise me that he will stay low and not jump into any business expansions at the moment?

I initially thought the documents were merely a proposal draft. But, I was astonished to see Ashton's signature clearly at the bottom of the contract, with the official stamp of our company, which meant this was actually a fully functional legal contract. My heart skipped a beat the moment I laid my eyes on its date... It was on the day I discovered I was pregnant.

Now I understood why Stella acted so strangely earlier. When I signed the share license agreement, one of the terms was that Fuller Corporation could not launch a finance project within two years. Yet Ashton broke it in less than a month. What is he up to?

Besides this contract, how many more secrets is he hiding from me?

Taking a deep breath to clear my head, I tried my best to remain calm. A moment later, I put those documents back in the suitcase and placed them in the study.

When I walked past the corridor, I stepped towards the fence to check on the living room.

Gazing from high above, I could identify Ashton right away without any difficulty. A group of men surrounding him was seemingly overwhelmed with excitement. I could not hear their conversation, but they were looking at him in a way like staunch believers were worshipping their own god.

Just then, my phone vibrated in my pocket. I took out my phone, and it showed a WhatsApp notification from Holden.