

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1178-1182

## Chapter 1178

After a moment of consideration, I decided to take a look at Summer's WhatsApp chat messages. After putting her to sleep, I headed back to my room to read her conversation with Stella in private. Seeing as to how Summer was not the best at typing, the chat contained mostly voice messages. There wasn't anything special, but I noticed that Stella had never said no to Summer. She would always fulfill the latter's wishes, especially things I often didn't allow Summer to do. In particular, Stella had secretly bought Summer sweet, edible things more than five times in the past two weeks alone.

I truly believed that every mother would understand why I was so agitated at that moment. Without a minute to waste, I immediately called Stella on WhatsApp, anger boiling within me as I did so.

As expected, the woman picked up the phone quickly. Her tone of voice was soft and gentle, loaded with affection, "Summer, you want to chat with me for a while more, right?"

"Ms. Collins," I said coldly, not bothering to try hiding my displeasure.

The woman on the other side of the line fell silent for a second. When she spoke, there was a complete about-turn on her tone. She said respectfully and submissively, "Mrs. Fuller, why are you still awake? It's so late..."

Previously, I had brushed aside things regarding Stella as Ashton was quite satisfied with her performance. However, now that she had crossed the line and targeted Summer, it was pointless for me to show her an ounce of respect. Despite my displeasure towards her, I had to still handle the situation in a formal way. My voice became harsher than earlier as I spat out, "Please bear in mind that your job is to solely assist Ashton with the company. I don't want anyone to disturb Summer in the future. Also, I don't need anyone to interfere with my way of parenting. Do you understand?"

Stella sighed, feeling wronged. “Mrs. Fuller, please believe me when I say I didn’t. Please don’t get me wrong; Summer is an adorable girl. I simply wanted to pamper her and treat her well. I am not...”

“Then raise your own child and go ahead to pamper her,” I interrupted her, “Did I say something wrong? If I’m not mistaken, Justin has been waiting for you. If you change your mind and decide to have your own family, Ashton and I will be happy to help you on this.”

My harsh words stunned Stella speechless. The woman remained quiet for a while before she said honestly, “I understand now, Mrs. Fuller. I won’t do such a thing anymore.”

“Good. Please delete Summer’s contact and block her on WhatsApp after our conversation ends. That’s all for now.”

At that, I pressed the red button to end that call. A few minutes later, I opened Stella’s chatroom and sent a message to her. I was finally relieved when I saw a single tick and a blank profile picture appear.

Summer must be feeling too lonely these days. That was why Stella could easily get close with her. At Summer’s age, she should actually spend time with her peers. However, the Fullers’ lived in a single-family villa. It was separated from the neighbors. Whenever Ashton and I were busy, there was no one there to accompany Summer. It was high time for me to look for the best elementary school for her.

I didn’t know much about childhood educational institutions in K City. Thus, I sent Emery a message on WhatsApp for a piece of advice. Emery, what’s the best school in K City? By the way, It’s better to look for one with good security. Summer’s safety is my top priority.

Being the night owl she is, Emery usually stayed up late. I was hoping to decide on the school before going to bed, but I fell asleep at around ten o’clock without getting any reply from Emery.

The following morning, Emery called.

“I’m so sorry. I had a social event to attend last night and drank a little too much. I fell asleep as soon as I got home. But anyway, I’ve found a suitable elementary school for Summer. If you’re not busy in the afternoon, I’ll come over to pick you up. Let’s bring Summer along to have a look. Is that okay with you?”

I couldn’t ask for more. Without a second thought, I agreed.

I had not gone out with Summer since the festive season, so she was extremely excited along the way. Emery recommended us an elite school. Undoubtedly, the environment was good. The security measures were also in place. Besides, the children came from well-off families. After the visit, Summer and I both seemed satisfied with it. Hence, I firmed up Summer’s enrollment with the principal. Next Monday, she would be able to go to school with the other kids.

## **Chapter 1179**

Right after we left the school, Emery took me and Summer shopping. Hunter’s performance appraisal for the professor was around the corner. Therefore, she was going to pick a tuxedo personally for him.

It was quiet in the branded store we entered. While Emery was choosing the suit, Summer and I waited on the sofa patiently.

Emery had always been a generous woman, usually buying whatever she had her eyes on when she was out shopping. However, she zoned out several times that day while staring blankly at the suit, seeming to be exceptionally careful in choosing the clothing. Upon seeing her like that, I couldn’t help but tease, “Professor Zane’s position has improved a lot ever since he became your husband.”

Upon hearing that, Emery tilted her head, looking at me in disdain with her pretty eyes. “Was I treating him badly when he was my boyfriend?”

“Nope.” I smiled and patted Summer’s head gently. “It’s just rare to see you being so serious when buying things. Is the appraisal very important?”

Emery put away the suit in her hand and took two steps forward towards me before she answered absent-mindedly, “Not really. It shouldn’t be a problem for him.”

She had never been one to hide her emotions, so they were written all over her face. I noticed something off about her and asked, “Are you and Professor Zane doing well?”

Subconsciously, her strange behavior paired with my question reminded me of the fact that she hadn’t replied to my message the previous night. Emery’s alcohol tolerance was higher than most, and she always knew what she was doing. Besides, she was the one who always drank someone under the table. She seldom got drunk. In fact, it was actually a poor excuse of her being drunk and not replying to me, but only now did I realize that.

The topic I brought up halted her in her tracks for a while. Soon, she turned her back to me and pretended as if she was picking a suit. “What kind of question is that? There’s simply nothing you can do with those girls around Ashton, but not me. Don’t even think of getting off so easily if anyone is trying to mess with my man.”

I could feel her fierce and vicious aura even though she was facing away from me. Her words held a sharp tone to them. After all, Emery was a member of the Moore family, a family who was high and mighty to the core. She would never tolerate threats and provocations. I knew she would take action if something had indeed happened.

However, something like that was probably never going to happen between her and Hunter.

I stayed silent, lost in thought. After a while, Emery turned around, her expression looked normal. Then, she walked towards me and sat down by my side. “I almost forgot to tell you this. I’ve sent someone to look into the custody of Summer. The subordinates are preparing an editorial for the manipulation of public opinion, and they sent me the draft article. Have a look at it. If everything’s all right for you, we will get someone to publish it tomorrow.”

As she spoke, she handed her phone to me. My heart immediately sank when I saw the title.

'Rainbow Couples' To Adopt A Child.

There was a photograph of two men in suits, pushing a stroller under the title. The man on the right of the photo was pixelated. It was Nick and Jackson.

"No way." Without hesitation, I handed her back her phone. "Emery, how many people have seen this article?"

"Only a few. I can count the number of people who have read it on one hand. That includes the publisher and people I sent to carry out the investigation." Emery was lost in thought for a while as she looked at me cautiously. After a moment, she said, "Oh dear, please don't tell me you're being soft-hearted at this point."

I went quiet. Indeed, I didn't want to lose Summer, but I didn't want to fight in that way. If that article was published, countless people would get hurt. I didn't even need to experience the outburst to realize how serious the issue was. The level of acceptance of the LGBT community was already low in the country. It was almost impossible for them to receive supports from the public, especially when it involved the issue of child education. Putting that aside, Jackson's life would be destroyed if word got out. As for Nick, people who were acquainted with him would definitely recognize him at first sight...

Irritation and disappointment washed over Emery's face when she saw me acting in that manner.

"Scarlett, it's not the time for you to show too much sympathy. Our lawyer has done an analysis of your case, and it's not likely for you to win this. We only have one way out. Else, you can only wait helplessly for the court decision to give him the custody."

## **Chapter 1180**

I shook my head and gave her a wry smile while looking at the obedient little Summer. "I'm not going to let that happen. There's got to be another way. Summer can't live without me, and I can't leave her behind as well. No one can break us apart."

We had been through so much for more than ten years. Even if Jackson and I were to go to court, I would never ever stab him in the back with that.

I was worried that Emery might do things on the spur-of-the-moment decision. So, I emphasized once again, "Emery, get them to delete it."

She rolled her eyes at me resignedly. "I don't know how to explain what a good opportunity this is to you."

I pursed my lips a little at her comment. Before I could retort, the store manager walked up to us in an attempt to strike up a conversation. "Ms. Moore, have any of the suits taken your fancy? You guys seem a little tired. Why don't you pick your favorite one first? I will get someone to pack it up for you."

Emery, whose mind was muddled, simply pointed at the display rack in front of us. A lady in sexy clothes was standing at the spot she gestured to. Emery then said generously, "I want everything on the rack. Please pack everything up and deliver them to my house later."

The manager was a man of the world. He bent over slightly and said, "Alright. Please wait for a moment."

After saying that, he turned around to pack up the clothes. Suddenly, a high-pitched and piercing voice of a woman broke the peace. "Wait!"

We followed the direction of the voice and noticed a sexy and smoking hot woman aggressively approaching the manager. "Are you the store manager? Didn't you see that I was the one who had an eye on the clothes first? And you let other women have it without even asking me! Explain this to me!"

Although she was talking to the manager, she was shooting us a death stare. Obviously, she was not easy to deal with.

If Emery was at her best, I knew she would have definitely stepped forward to confront the woman. However, she was probably feeling worried today, which explained why she completely ignored that woman. Instead, she grabbed Summer's hand and headed out. "Summer, let's go home."

Emery's carefree and fearless attitude was a trademark of all family members of the Moore family. She simply washed her hands of the situation and walked away, leaving the manager to pick up her slack. Her standards were many times higher than the woman who was yelling rudely. After all, the world is ruled by power, and power is obtained with money. With the Moore family's reputation, Emery didn't have to worry about anything. It was clear cut, whether the manager would stand on or her side or the side of justice.

I raised my eyebrows and silently wished the furious woman farewell. All the best! After that, I turned around and followed behind Emery.

.However, the woman was persistent. She hurried over and blocked our way. "Stop right there! Are you going to leave like that without offering a single apology?"

After saying that, she looked at someone who was behind us with puppy dog eyes and started talking in a whiny voice. "Mr. Ziegler, Someone's bullying me! Are you just going to stand there and do nothing? Boo-hoo..."

I was disgusted by her tone; it almost made me sick. Hence, I turned around, only to see Mr. Ziegler in a colorful suit. It seemed like he was texting on his phone. After a while, he finally lifted his head and walked towards us.

Upon seeing that, the woman immediately moved closer to him and leaned on him, acting innocent while complaining, "Mr. Ziegler, I spent quite some time and finally found a suit which goes well with you and highlights your elegance. But this woman showed up and bought everything on the rack! Even the manager is not doing justice to me."

"Is that true? Did such a thing really happened?" He gave the manager a cold-eyed stare. The manager lowered his head instantly. He seemed to be very afraid of that man.

A while later, the man's gaze fell upon us. He smirked once he saw Emery. "Oh, it's my first love. What are the odds? I guess we were fated to see each other, weren't we? What do you think, Emery?"

I stared at the man, eyes wide in confusion.

This man with an unusual and unconventional taste is Emery's first love? Was Emery blind during a period of time?

Compared to the man, Emery's facial expression was relatively menacing and full of hatred. "You wish! Mitchell. That was your one-sided love. We were never together." She let out a scoff before continuing, "I see that your taste is getting more terrible over the years."

## **Chapter 1181**

Her last remark was obviously referring to the woman standing next to Mitchell.

Emery had a sharp tongue, so her words always hit their mark. Upon hearing her snide comment, Mitchell immediately felt embarrassed and humiliated. Hence, he pulled his hand back from the woman's grip and thrust his hands into his pockets. After which, he cleared his throat and bent over to look at Summer. "Is she your daughter?"

Mitchell didn't seem like a good person, so I subconsciously pulled Summer in front of me in a defensive manner. "You've misunderstood. She's my daughter."

He straightened up and raised one of his brows, looking at me. "And you are?"

Emery aggressively stood in front of me. "Stop looking at her with those eyes. She's taken by someone you can't afford to offend. Don't get any ideas up in that horrid head of yours."

“Oh?” Mitchell smirked scornfully. “I didn’t know that there’s someone the Ziegler family can’t afford to offend in K City?”

Emery sneered in mockery, “It’s a parent’s duty and responsibility to educate their children. We have no obligation to eradicate illiteracy. Goodbye!”

Mitchell turned blue in the face while Emery dragged Summer and I away from the store.

As we left, we could hear the man shouting in dissatisfaction. “Emery, don’t be so cocky! Do you think I wouldn’t be able to find out if you don’t tell me anything? You better watch out!”

A bad feeling washed over me, and I turned back to have a look at the man. Mitchell was already making a phone call, his eyes burning with fury. When he realized I was looking at him, his facial expression changed abruptly when our eyes met. He shot a sly grin at me, sending chills down my spine. My heart began pounding furiously, and I hastily sped up.

Once I got into the elevator, unease filled my mind when I recalled Mitchell’s look. I turned toward Emery and asked anxiously, “Who the hell was that guy?”

Though her eyes were like burning torches blazing with anger, her expression looked disgusted and a little helpless. “A playboy.”

“Huh?” I didn’t catch what she meant. “What do you mean?”

“His head has been full of dirty and filthy thoughts since he was sixteen. He wouldn’t refuse any women as long as they were pretty good-looking. Aren’t all those qualities of a playboy?” All of a sudden, Emery gritted her teeth in anger. “He used to like me in the past. It makes me so sick!”

On our way back, Emery had told me a lot about Mitchell.

She told me about how the Ziegler family cut their teeth in the real estate industry in K City, and how the Zieglers preferred sons over daughters. I heard details about Zayne Ziegler, who was in charge of the

company business even though he was capable of nothing, and Thora Ziegler, the second daughter in the family who was forced to make a living outside of the family. The woman went on to establish the Ziegler Investment, a company that mainly managed the real estate and facilities. Ziegler Corporation and Ziegler Investment almost carved up the whole real estate industry in K City.

Even though Thora did not seem to associate herself with the Ziegler family, in reality, if something were to happen to the family, the Zieglers would definitely help each other. Hence, the relationship among the Ziegler family in K City was deep-seated and intertwined in many ways. The family shouldn't be underestimated. Mitchell Ziegler was the youngest son in the family, a typically rich and good-for-nothing man from a wealthy family. He was a playboy who spent most of his time enjoying himself with many women, having a lot of casual sexual relationships. He used his social status to take advantage of plenty of women, ruining their lives as he did so. Previously, he was even arrested for rape. However, he was released in the end due to the strong forces of the Ziegler family. He was known as the infamous 'Devil Incarnate' within his social circle. Fortunately, the Moore family had been bureaucrats for three generations. If it weren't for the Moores, Emery might have fallen into Mitchell's hands too.

"That man is such a jinx. Let's not go to that store anymore... No... We should blacklist the whole mall," Emery concluded.

I nodded my head in agreement. "Let's go somewhere a little farther. The city center isn't big. It'll be easy to run into an acquaintance of some kind."

As for an acquaintance like Mitchell Ziegler, it was better not to see him anymore for the rest of our lives.

## **Chapter 1182**

Ever since I found out about the finance project, Ashton had openly become busy. Sometimes, he only went back home once every three days. I was hardly able to see him during the day.

Even he had been working hard and putting much effort for days and nights, the development of the company in the construction industry was still at risk. A few accidents had happened at the construction site, causing many workers to become disabled even they had been through secret treatment. Hence,

they had filed a claim of injury against Fuller Corporation for getting workers' compensation. However, an attorney had confirmed that there had been no human operation error from Fuller Corporation, allowing the claims to be denied.

In the end, the workers decided to file a complaint with the media, and things took another drastic turn due to how the media was framing things. Public opinion switched over to bias towards the weak. Fuller Corporation was forced to issue an official apology statement and make compensation.

Such an issue had a huge impact on Fuller Corporation's corporate image. The media companies had been digging out news, regardless of the truth.

Besides sending Summer to school and picking her up after school, I still had to finish my daily revision for the bar exam. Although my daily life routine was simple, I still understood Ashton's situation.

He had taken a big step from J City to K City, struggling hard to succeed. Now, he was facing greater difficulties. Perhaps he would be defeated miserably in less than two years.

I waited for Summer in front of the school as usual.

As soon as I picked her up, I turned around and saw John standing by the street with his hands in his pocket. He was dressed in a pure white suit that did not compliment him well. I wondered why he had picked out such a horrible outfit.

"Uncle John!" Summer recognized him at first sight. She broke free from my hands and ran over to John. They were so close to each other, looking almost like father and daughter.

"Get in the car." John stepped aside, revealing a silver-gray sport compact behind him. I looked at it, confused. The Fullers' car is supposed to be in the parking lot.

“Where’s my chauffeur?” I asked.

“He’s disappeared into thin air.” John put on a faint smile. As he spoke, he held Summer and got into the car.

Despite being married, he was still full of nonsense. I couldn’t help but roll my eyes at him before getting into the car as well.

Though both in K City, the Stovall residence and where the Fullers stayed were located in different directions. I naturally thought John was going to pay a visit to the Fullers, but after getting into the car, I realized he was heading in the direction of the Stovall residence.

“Are we headed to the Stovall residence?” I asked.

John was focusing his eyes on the road, so he only answered after stopping at a red light. “Your name is on the Stovall family register. Have you forgotten to take care of the elders in the Stovall family?”

I knew he was referring to Louis. During the festive season, my godfather patrolled a lot. We hadn’t had the chance to see him when we paid a visit that time.

I found John ridiculous for going through all that trouble. “You don’t have to make your trip all the way here personally. You could have just called. I would have brought Summer over.”

John trailed his eyes to the front as he curled his lips slightly. “I had to come personally to make sure nothing could go wrong.”

“What?” I tilted my head curiously. He sounded strange, but I couldn’t put my finger on why.

“It’s nothing.” John heaved a long sigh of relief. He raised his head, looked at the rearview mirror, and teased Summer, “I missed Summer so much. I couldn’t wait to see her. Of course, I had to come personally. Am I right, Summer?”

“Yes!” Summer grinned from ear to ear. Undoubtedly, I didn’t raise any objection and let John fetch us back to the Stovall residence.

It was usually an hour’s ride, but we only needed forty minutes to reach the destination, given John’s driving speed.

Louis adored Summer, laughing joyfully the whole time he was with the young girl.

In the blink of an eye, it was half-past eight at night. If it were any other day, I would be tucked Summer into bed by now. The young girl was worn out after playing with Louis for such a long time. She leaned on me and rubbed her eyes with her hands, feeling sleepy.

I adjusted my position a little to make Summer feel more comfortable as I prepared to return home. “John, get a chauffeur to send us home, please. It’s getting late.”