

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1183-1187

Chapter 1183

Just as John was about to get up from his seat, Louis stopped him and stated, "It's not safe to make your way back in the middle of the night. Why don't you spend the night here? The weekend is just around the corner. Let the little girl keep me company for the next two days. John, go get them to get the room ready."

John stood up from his seat and replied, "Alright!"

At this moment, Emma showed up at the stairs and craned over, announcing in a courteous manner, "The room is ready! Scarlett, bring Summer up. Hurry."

I was utterly dumbfounded and felt slightly awkward because Emmas had gotten the room ready a minute after the instruction was delivered.

Is she a seer or something? Why does it feels like they're trying to get me to stay for the weekend?

Knowing Ashton wouldn't be home, I decided to go along with their suggestion and asked John to bring my suitcases upstairs while I carried Summer up with me.

Once I tucked Summer in, I returned to the living room. I was about to drop Ashton a text message, but John stopped me. "Are you trying to text Ashton? That won't be necessary. I already told him I would be bringing both of you over here with me."

Although he seemed to be telling the truth, I was doubtful. Thus, I asked, "Are you sure?"

"Of course! Why would I lie?" John scoffed with a straight face, convincing me it was the truth.

Out of the blue, the notification of my phone running out of battery popped up. Consequently, John snatched my phone away from me and offered, "I'll return it to you once it's fully charged in the morning."

He turned and left the room before I could respond to his offer. On his way out, he closed the door shut. When I was about to call it a day, someone knocked on the door. A voice sounded, "Scarlett, have you fallen asleep?"

It was Emma. Since I couldn't seem to lull myself to sleep, I asked her to join me in the room because I had always been fond of her presence.

After we wrapped up our conversation, I knew Emma had something else in mind because she started stuttering.

When I thought about the incident that had occurred, I forced myself to calm down and asserted in a serious tone, "Emma, feel free to tell me everything, okay? You can always count on this sister-in-law of yours."

Seeing as to how John had brought me over and asked Louis, as well as the rest, to get Summer and I to spend our weekend here, I was pretty sure something was going on behind the scenes. "If that's the case, I'll be frank then." Emma held my hand and stared at me with a determined look. "Please teach me the way to get John to open up to me!"

The built-up tension dispersed into thin air because she had brought up something beyond my expectations. I asked with widened eyes, "Is that necessary when both of you are married?"

At my statement, Emma flushed and shrugged my hands off quickly. "Of course! John merely considers me his wife, but he doesn't really care about me... It feels as though something's missing between us! We might seem like a lovely pair, but we're not close in any way!"

She began behaving differently from her usual calm and collected self. I teased her in return, “I was there during your blind date with John. Isn’t this kind of relationship the kind you’re looking for? What changed your mind over the past six months?”

Emma stuttered, “I-I think I have fallen in love with him! You can’t really explain the reason behind having feelings for someone, can you?”

She then turned around and glared at me, asking earnestly, “Are you going to help me or not?”

Judging by her reddened cheeks, I knew she was no longer the indifferent woman I knew her to be. I held my chest high and announced, “Sure! After all, we’re a family! I can’t possibly turn you down, can I? I’ll do everything I can and get him to reciprocate the affection you have for him as soon as possible!”

Chapter 1184

Just as I was about to share John’s secret with the timid woman, a thought flooded my brain, prompting me to ask in a serious manner, “Is this part of John and your plan to keep me here?”

“What on earth are you talking about? I haven’t had the chance to bring this up in front of him!” Arching her brows in confusion, she denoted, “I thought of acquiring your aid when John told us you would be spending some time here with Summer. Are things fine on your end? Why are you running away from home?”

Huh? Wait! That’s not the case!

“Wait! Spending some time here? What do you mean? Aren’t we merely here for the weekend?”

“Does the duration make any difference?” After Emma gave it a thought, she added, “Since there are so many rooms, you can stay here for as long as you want! Isn’t it great? You can teach me the way to tame the stubborn John!”

As I lost myself in my train of thoughts, I couldn't pay attention to the things she had to say. A few doubts arose in my mind, but I dared not jump to conclusions. In the end, I asked, "Do you have your phone with you? Can you let me use it for a moment?"

After arching her brows in confusion once more, Emma reached for her phone from her pocket and handed it over to me.

As soon as I logged into my Facebook account, I began gathering news regarding Fuller Corporation.

There wasn't any latest news regarding Ashton's latest situation because the only news available were the ones regarding the gravely injured staff some time ago.

I grew increasingly curious; I couldn't figure out the reason Louis had insisted on keeping me there.

As a precautionary step, I dropped Ashton a text message and informed him I would be spending the weekend at the Stovall residence. I returned to John's room with Emma in an attempt to confront him, but the man I was looking for was nowhere to be seen. When we approached the butler, he said John had departed while Louis had fallen asleep.

Emma and I exchanged glances and heaved a long sigh; we both knew there wasn't anything else we could do about it.

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"Scarlett, wake up! The maid has just informed me that John and Ashton are fighting at the entrance!"

I was roused from my sleep when I heard Emma's anxious voice. Immediately after I put on my jacket, I rushed out of the house with her in tow.

By the time I reached the entrance, Ashton's car had departed, leaving an injured John behind. Judging by his bruised cheeks and bleeding lips, I knew they had gotten into an intense fight.

Emma rushed over and asked her husband concernedly, "Are you okay?"

Confused, I had my eyes glued to Ashton's departing car. I had a bad feeling about how he had departed before he saw Summer and I in person.

I had rushed out of the house in time to catch a glimpse of Ashton's indifferent expression just now. I was taken aback by the sight and currently had a hard time shrugging it off my mind.

Ashton should have long considered John and the rest of the Stovall family close acquaintances of his. Hence, his indifferent expression towards John had taken me by surprise.

I tucked my arms closer to my body because I couldn't stand the gentle breeze in the morning. When I looked at John blankly, a flash of realization about how he couldn't keep me in the dark anymore appeared in his eyes.

I headed into Louis' room with John and was immediately greeted by their serious expressions.

A few minutes after I took my seat, Louis broke the silence and announced, "Scarlett, you don't have to return to the Fullers anymore. The Stovall family will take care of you and Summer in the future."

It seemed like John had been keeping Emma in the dark as well. I couldn't figure out the reason they wanted me to stay there forever. Hence, I asked, "Why?"

My godfather furrowed his brows and looked elsewhere. He seemed to be stupefied because of my question.

After waiting in silence for a hot minute, I confronted John and demanded, "You tell me then."

Chapter 1185

Louis might have his concerns because he was a senior of ours. However, John and I had been through all sorts of ups and downs in our lives; we had nothing to keep from one another.

When John heard me, he snapped out of his process of thought and looked at me with his bloodshot pair of eyes.

After a gruesome ten seconds of silence, he said, "I'm sure you're aware of the things Fuller Corporation is going through. If Ashton insists, he's only going to drag you and Summer down with him. As your brother, I can't afford to expose you to such excessive risks."

As an expert in wreaking havoc himself, John could sense danger way ahead of others. Since it was pretty much the same as I had speculated, I regained my composure and replied calmly, "I'm well aware of the things that are currently happening. As his wife, however, it's part of my duty to be by his side when he needs me most. Do you really think I'll leave him just because of the risk associated with his decision?"

Although I knew they merely wanted to keep me safe, I found their decisions ironic. Staring at John, I brought something up and asked, "Who's the high-ranking official that's behind the scenes?"

If that mysterious figure is able to intimidate Louis of all people, I need to give Ashton a heads-up!

When John heard me, he got worked up and jolted up from his seat in anger. Staring at me with his chest held high, he remarked sarcastically, "Has he considered your safety? What makes you think you have to take the risk with him? Do you really think such a capable man isn't aware of the foe he's going up against?"

His response took me by surprise, and I had a hard time figuring out the reason behind his wrath. John had never seemed afraid when he performed reckless things with Ashton before.

Overwhelmed by wrath, John banged the door shut after making his way out of the room. Prior to his departure, he warned me, "You have to stay here. I won't allow you to return to him anymore!"

Bang! My heart skipped a beat as a result of the thunderous sound.

Soon, Louis and I were the only ones left behind. He heaved a long sigh and explained, "I'm sure you know him better than me. Please don't blame him for reacting in this manner. Your brother is merely afraid something bad will happen to you."

I nodded my head and forced a smile, assuring him it wasn't a big deal.

It would take something much more serious than that to get me to sever ties with him.

Louis nodded at my reaction and brought up another topic. "Are you aware your late grandmother is closely acquainted with Ashton's grandfather?"

I nodded my head once more and replied, "That's also the reason Ashton's grandfather has insisted on having us married to one another."

He responded with a nod, but a few seconds later, he looked at me with a serious expression and asked, "Has Ashton ever shared anything about his parents with you?"

Conscious of the things he was about to bring up, my heart sank. Ashton had once told me that his parents had passed on because they had been deceived. I would have the shock of my life if Louis were to tell me Ashton's parents' death had anything to do with Grandma and Ashton's Grandpa.

Louis took a deep breath and orated, "Back in the day, the Murphys were suspected of illegal mining of petroleum. As the person in charge of the investigation, I found out the Fullers from J City had something to do with him. Since there was solid evidence to get them convicted, I brought a team of elites and the required documents to take them into custody with me. When we were on our way to J City, we heard the bad news of the Fullers' members passing on because of an accident. Only a limited few had the rights to mine petroleum. As the person in charge, your grandmother must have been aware of the things the Murphys had been doing behind the scenes..."

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach when I heard him. Confused, I asked, “Does that mean Grandma brought upon Ashton’s parents’ demise?”

Louis instantly shook his head and asserted in a serious tone, “I can’t be certain, but judging by the gathered evidence, that seems to be the case.”

“Since that particular incident, the Murphys had been behaving themselves. I thought the incidents had come to an end, but when I saw the patriarch of the Oberick family during the banquet held for the twins, I sent John to investigate if there was anything going on behind the scenes. To my surprise, Ashton had been busy getting to the bottom of the truth over the years. He was determined to get his revenge against those at fault at all costs. I’m afraid it’s going to be another futile effort to pick on those in power...”

I couldn’t recall the rest of our conversation from that point onwards. By the time I returned to my senses, I was on the couch in the living room. Overwhelmed by the truth, I had a hard time gathering my thoughts.

Chapter 1186

Ashton had never stopped expanding the corporation ever since he was appointed the person in charge of Starlight Group. He had acquired OrbitTech and merged it with Quinn Corporation after receiving funds from globally renowned angel capitalists. If he has been aware of the truth all this while, why did he get married to me? If it weren’t because of his grandfather’s offer to have him inherit the company, would he have chosen to marry me?

After a long while, John showed up at the entrance. He stood there for some time in silence before making his way over. He took a seat by my side and asked gently, “Are you feeling okay?”

I couldn’t bring myself to form a complete sentence, too shocked by the new piece of news I had just received.

Nonetheless, John was conscious of the things I had in mind. He caressed my hand and assured me gently, "Please don't take the words I said just now seriously. I didn't mean it. As long as I'm around, the Stovall family will always be your strongest backings. Just stay with us and allow us to keep you safe. No one will try to pick on us."

I took a deep breath, calming myself down before I looked at John and gasped out my reply, "I wish to talk to Ashton in person."

"That will not be possible." John made himself clear he would not give in to my request. "You're not supposed to return to him because he's not the only one I'm wary of! He has offended the mafia, and I will never allow you and Summer to be exposed to such uncertainties!"

John's right. They had the audacity to come after us in M Country when Ashton's plan to acquire his revenge had yet to be revealed, let alone when the plan blows up.

But... the thing I care about the most is Ashton's feelings. Since John said Ashton held a grudge against those who had brought upon his parents' demise, I wonder if he hates me as well... My heart skipped a beat as all my concerns came flooding out at once. I felt lightheaded and thought I could hear the ambient noise in the living room. Clenching my fists with all my might, I suddenly felt a strong urge to get to the bottom of the incident.

John noticed something was wrong and immediately tried to console me. He took my hands into his own and said, "You need to calm down. Try and refrain from getting overly worked up for the children's sake."

As I caressed my baby bump, I couldn't help but furrow my brows in confusion.

In the end, I decided to stay with the Stovall family for the time being. When John realized I was serious, he finally returned my phone to me. To my disappointment, I hadn't received a single missed call from Ashton even after I checked my call log a few times.

Perhaps Ashton was of the same idea with John and thought it would be better to have me stay with the Stovall family, or perhaps not.

Ashton's decision to dominate the market after acquiring the capital he needed had slowly spiraled out of control. I began seeing pictures and videos of him on the headlines of different media pages. Judging by the man's pale and haggard look, I was sure he had been having it tough over the past few days.

After I settled down at the Stovall residence, we entrusted a doctor from a private hospital to deal with my prenatal check-up. Therefore, when Lydia showed up at the doorstep, I was shocked.

When the woman paid a visit, I was in the middle of a short break in the garden with Emma. Thus, I asked the maid to show her the way to us.

"It's never an easy task to reach you, huh?" Lydia had put on a white tulle dress that made her seem like a young lady from the neighborhood.

Emma suggested, "Please have a seat."

"I'm fine. Thanks," Lydia replied with a courteous smile before looking at me. "Scarlett, I'm sure you know the reason I'm here, don't you?"

"I'm guessing it's because of?" The only mutual connection we had was Jackson. Perhaps she was there to persuade me to give up the custody over Summer.

Lydia responded with a self-deprecating smirk and asked, "Since you're aware, I'll be frank then. Ms. Stovall, what will it take to get you to stay away from Jackson?"

"What do you mean?" Confusion washed over my features; I couldn't figure out why Lydia had become worked up out of the blue.

Meanwhile, Lydia, who had come prepared, reached for her phone and unlocked it before handing it over to me. The news Emery once showed me could be seen on the phone. It was the news that could turn Jackson into an outcast of society through his relationship with Nick.

What's going on? I asked Emery to stop! Why has the news made it to the public?

I wasn't even given a chance to defend myself as Lydia added snarkily, "Honestly, I'm surprised you have resorted to such petty tricks to get the better of Jackson after being acquainted with him for years." After pausing for a few seconds, she continued, "Since things have turned out as such, we have no choice but to deal with it. I'm here on Jackson's behalf because his life and career have been adversely impacted. Why don't you name your price to set him free? As long as it's not giving up the child custody, he's willing to give you everything else you want."

Chapter 1187

Emma, who had been observing the two of us, noticed Lydia was about to lose her cool. Thus, she interrupted us in a hurry, "Ms. Alder, you're intimidating a pregnant woman. Please calm down and talk about it in a rational manner."

Lydia tossed an annoyed glance at Emma before returning to her usual self.

I had gone through the comments of the news. Since Jackson wasn't a public figure, only those from the industry were taken aback by the news. A lot of the netizens, including Jackson's patient, said they were utterly disgusted. As a result, others had stopped consulting the man for his advice.

Perhaps God thought it was about time to put me through another trial—all the irritating things He had planned out for me were scheduled to occur at the same time. After I returned Lydia her phone, I got in touch with Emery as she watched me with the eyes of a hawk.

Emery picked up the phone almost immediately. "Hello?"

"Jackson's news has made it to the headline." I had faith in Emery and thought she would never play pretend in front of me. Although she hadn't given her consent to remove the news, I was certain she wouldn't defy my opinions since I had made myself clear.

Indeed, the woman on the line was equally surprised. “What? How’s that possible? I swear I delivered the instructions to omit the news! They would never defy my instructions. I’ll deal with it at once, but I need some time to figure out the things going on behind the scenes.”

“Alright, sorry to trouble you.”

“You need to stop being so courteous, Scarlett. I know you called to reprimand me. I’ll talk to you after I settle this.”

Immediately after she finished her sentence, Emery hung up the call.

I then showed Lydia my phone and said, “See?”

At my action, Lydia immediately knew something must have gone wrong in between the processes. She muttered with an embarrassed look, “I’m so sorry, but I can’t keep myself calm because of Jackson’s current condition.”

“It’s fine. How’s he doing?” I asked nonchalantly; I had no intention to blame her for being overly worked-up either.

Sighing, she answered, “It’s tough for him because of his odd relationship with his father. Their relationship has worsened because of the incident, but it’s worse for his clinic. As some of the patients’ privacy has been infringed, Jackson had to deal with a few lawsuits.”

In spite of the trouble on his end, Jackson’s attorney had been following up with Summer’s case as though there wasn’t anything else bothering him.

I grew upon hearing the kind of miseries the man had to go through. After I gulped a few breaths of air to calm myself down, I said, “Don’t worry. Since it’s my fault, I’ll get rid of it. Meanwhile, you...”

I understood her frustration. No woman could stand their husband having a thing for another man.

Lydia chuckled before she bemoaned, "It's fine. Actually, Jackson's past doesn't really matter to me. He has been taking great care of me and the baby. I'll always be there for him."

I responded with a nod and acknowledged her point of view. After all, it was their relationship. As long as they had faith in one another, others' opinions didn't really matter.

Soon, Emery reverted back to me with a call and told me the one behind the incident was an assistant of the company.

Once the assistant managed to figure out the person involved was someone affiliated with Fuller Corporation, he had stolen the news and sold it to another third party. As soon as Emery figured out the truth, the company had terminated the said assistant.

Emery had pulled her connections to get the person behind the published news to remove it. It wouldn't be much of an issue, but it would take some time to get rid of it.

Once I put my phone aside, John, who had returned some time ago, showed up behind Lydia and announced in a petulant manner, "Dr. Alder, thank you so much for your time, but you're dismissed."

As compared to the times he tried to chase those who would harm me away, John had been pretty mindful of his choice of words.

His sharp tone told Lydia it was about time for her to leave. After she bade me farewell, she walked in the direction of the entrance and departed.

John approached me and remarked sarcastically, "Go tell that psychopath to stay away from Summer because I will never allow him to bring her away when something's wrong with his brain! Consider this a warning. He should stop pushing his luck!"

I couldn't stand him insulting Jackson, so I glared at my brother, eyes filled with a silent warning to watch his mouth.