

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1198-1202

Chapter 1198

Stunned, Cameron knitted her brows and gave Ashton a reproachful look. "How can you get Letty involved when she's now pregnant?"

Zachary patted her on the hand and consoled her, "Come on, forget it. Let's think about how to solve it first."

Then, he turned to look at us and said earnestly, "The Ziegler family and Ezra want to have dinner with us tomorrow."

At this, Cameron was apprehensive and criticized Ashton, "What you did today was too impulsive. How can you break the arms of the spoiled rich brat of the Ziegler family? He means everything to Mr. Ziegler. It's no wonder they want to have dinner with us to set us up!"

"Hah." John mocked obstinately, "That was just a light punishment. If I know that he's targeting Letty again, I'll snip his junk so that the Ziegler family won't have an heir!"

"What..." Cameron did not know about my abduction, so she asked Ashton, looking concerned, "Did Mitchell bully Letty?"

"Yeah." Ashton nodded. "He abducted her and even wanted to do those things to her. I can't help it and maimed his arms."

“Serves him right!” The look on Cameron’s face instantly changed as she commented angrily, “I thought that Ashton was blinded by his hatred and acted impulsively seeing how angry the Ziegler family was. It turns out that it was that b*stard who started it. Tsk. They can’t beat us in business, but they’re so good at hurling false accusations!”

Enraged, she got up to sit next to me and squeezed my hand, frowning. “Letty, that b*stard didn’t injure you, did he?”

“No, he didn’t.” Shaking my head, I forced a smile to tell her that she did not need to worry.

Although Cameron was overprotective, it was not really a shortcoming too. If what happened previously had not happened, she would have always been a good mother.

As men tend to be more rational than women were, Zachary was not too shocked and suggested, “Ezra is very powerful. Even the businessmen in K City are at his mercy. We can’t turn down their invitation to the dinner tomorrow, so let’s come up with a way to deal with it.”

“No way! We’re not going!” John suddenly turned into an idealist that valued family ties as he added with a look of disdain, “Uncle Louis and Ezra aren’t the same kinds of people. Letty is a member of the Stovall family, so we don’t need to butter up to him. I don’t think he has the nerve to barge into the Stovall residence to grab her!”

“Young people like you are too impulsive.” Zachary sighed. “When we help Ashton in his business in K City, we and the Ziegler family are merely business rivals, and there’s no right or wrong in the world of business competition. But now, the outsiders only know that Ashton has injured the son of the Ziegler family, and no one knows what the latter did to Letty. If we don’t attend the dinner, it’ll prove that we’re guilty and dare not to face the Ziegler family. Ezra will then praise the Ziegler family and criticize Fuller Corporation in front of the business community, which will impose constraints on the future development of Fuller Corporation.”

What he said was true, but John was still not convinced and replied agitatedly, “What do you mean no one knows? Fine. I’ll make sure every single soul knows what this a**hole has done!”

After that, he rose to his feet and added while straightening his clothes, "Wait for me here, Letty. I'll get justice for you."

Immediately afterward, he strode outside in a huff, without bothering if I was staying with the Fullers or returning to the Stovall residence.

Worried, I hurriedly texted Emma on WhatsApp, telling her to inform Louis, trying to prevent any more problems.

After John left, they did not manage to come to a conclusion whether to attend the dinner. As it was getting late, Zachary went home with Cameron.

Ashton helped me upstairs. When we were in the bedroom, he helped me wash up and get changed. He remained silent the entire time, but he did not show any sign of impatience. After he took off his suit jacket, he looked like he had lost some weight.

"Why didn't you eat well when I was not around?" My voice was breaking as it spoke of distress.

Chapter 1199

Ashton helped me to take off the slippers and sit down on the bed. "The food is tasteless without you."

His words were void of emotion, but they brought a lump to my throat.

I had the same feeling too when I was in Stovall residence. After all, the person who had been with me for ten years had already become a part of my life; thus, his absence would make my life meaningless.

After tucking me in, Ashton got up and went to the wardrobe before walking back to me with two files in his hand.

He opened one of them and handed it to me.

Taking it over, I took the content out curiously and frowned when I read it. "Didn't you give this to the Murphys already?"

The petroleum subscription agreement was the chance for the Murphys to make a comeback. Now I understood why Armond returned.

Knitting his brows, Ashton cast his gaze down and said nothing.

I knew that he was hiding something else from me again.

Putting the file aside, I let out a long exhale. "Tell me everything that you're hiding from me."

"That's all," Ashton replied without hesitation.

"What's this, then?" I asked while pointing at the other file.

At this, Ashton stared at the file in a daze for some time, seemingly thinking of something.

"What's wrong?" I gave him a nudge.

Only then did he come back to his senses. He forced a smile. “What would you do if I tell you that it’s a divorce agreement?”

My heart skipped a beat as I frowned with a reluctant look on my face.

I could say those great lines for my children, but it did not mean that I could do it with ease. It was true that I could cut ties with him if we divorced now, but he would have to face the rivals that colluded with the backing of government officials all alone. Without the support of the Moore family and Stovall family, he would probably end up being on the losing side.

“Have you thought it through? If we divorce this time, you won’t be able to find me again.”

I pursed my lips while having an expectant look in my eyes, hoping that he would take a step back.

Looking down, Ashton said nothing for a while. Then, he took the file and opened it. Taking out the content, he passed it to me. I looked down at it and saw that, as he said, it was a divorce agreement.

It turned out that he had decided to choose revenge over our family a long time ago. He had chosen to bear the responsibility as a son, while my understanding and love were nothing to him.

“Look at the last page.” Ashton’s voice was attractive at night. It was uniquely charming and made me want to obey everything he said.

I flipped through the agreement and saw my signature on it.

That’s weird. When did I sign this agreement? Could it be the previous agreement? But it can’t be. The previous content is different from this, but this signature does belong to me...

“I got Joseph to find someone else sign this for us,” Ashton said in a low voice, “Does it look like your handwriting?”

Oh, so he got a professional to mimic my signature. No wonder I can’t even tell that it’s not mine. I nodded my head. “Yes, it does. I can’t even tell myself, but why do you prepare a fake divorce agreement?”

Looking at the file, Ashton smiled and reached out to pinch the paper before he unveiled another piece of document behind the page that I thought was the last.

Compared with the formality of the divorce agreement, the hidden document was somewhat informal. The word “Agreement” could still be made out easily. After looking at it for a while, I only found out that it was an assets transfer agreement that Ashton drafted. It stipulated that all assets of the Fullers would automatically be transferred to me if something happened to him within two years.

In other words, as long as I signed it, I would become the sole heir to Ashton’s wealth. Even our kids could not inherit anything.

Although this proved just how important I was to Ashton, it was not something to be happy about. Such a preparation from him only indicated that even he himself was not sure if he could escape unscathed during the course of his revenge.

Chapter 1200

What Ashton said next confirmed my guesswork.

“I’ve long considered John’s opinion, but it’ll only be my last resort.” He looked a little tired with his downcast eyes. “What happened today reminds me that Armond is a viper that’s waiting for the perfect timing to strike, but I don’t know when that will be. Besides, there’s still some uncertainty in the identity of the people who killed my parents back then. Since I can’t stop now, I can only get bolder to catch them off guard so that they’ll give themselves away. After the divorce agreement is announced, we should stop seeing each other for some time. This is the best protection for you and our kids.”

Ashton paused and placed his palm over my belly. "After they're born, let them bear your last name."

I understood what he was planning. He wanted us to divorce and to let the kids bear my last name because he wanted everyone to think that our relationship was over.

The look in his downcast eyes was unfathomable while he exuded an air of melancholy. At this moment, he looked like the aloof man I knew when we first met.

I knew that Ashton would be trapped in living hell for the rest of his life if he were to watch the enemy who killed his parents live a happy life.

"Go ahead and do it." I gritted my teeth. I was not sure if I would regret it, but I knew that only in this way could Ashton have the chance to break free from a life of misery.

As though not expecting me to agree to it so soon, Ashton looked up at me in surprise.

Smiling at him, I reached out to touch his chiseled face. "You'll protect yourself, right? I can trust you to do that, right?"

He held my hand and assured me in a gentle voice, "Of course. I haven't repaid you for all the things I've owed you. I don't dare to die without your permission."

Not knowing what to say, I looked down at the agreement and tore it in half.

"Why?" Ashton was taken aback.

I pursed my lips and gave him a sidelong warning look. "I don't want these things now. I want you to give them to me slowly over the remaining decades of your life!"

I don't want a two-year guarantee. What I want is a lifetime one.

While on the way to visit Jackson at the hospital, Emery called me on the phone. "Check your Facebook. John has gone crazy!"

Launching my Facebook, I found out that John meant what he said the day before and got people to gather the dirt on Mitchell after he left.

Those scandals, which were initially suppressed by the Ziegler family, were exposed by a magazine called 24-7 Entertainment. Of the top ten trending topics, six were related to the Ziegler family, putting them in the center of public attention.

Ashton turned off my phone as he did not want me to keep looking at it. "Zachary is right. John's still too thoughtless."

"Why?" I did not understand. "The fact that the topics about the Ziegler family become trending shows that they can't do whatever they want anymore, isn't it?"

It had been more than twenty years since Ashton's parents passed away. Many things had changed, and statements made online could often easily make waves. So one needed to win the hearts of netizens to thrive. Admittedly, some people used public opinion for profit, but it was a very small number of people.

It was precisely because of this that Ashton could be so active under the noses of Ezra and the others.

"Putting aside the fact that Mitchell has been sent abroad, witnesses will be needed if those cases are taken to trial. As a future lawyer, do you think there's a possibility of conviction in cases without witness and evidence?"

“Are you saying that the Ziegler family will buy off witnesses?” Although I had not passed the exam, my sense of justice as a lawyer-to-be screamed inside of me. “There would be victims who would rather ask for justice than the money.”

Chapter 1201

Letting out a sigh, Ashton wrapped his arm around me. “There’s a long and painful process before justice is served. This is the same case for me, let alone the common folks. How many of them do you think can survive the ordeals? Compared to offending the Ziegler family and bringing troubles on themselves, they see hiding away and living a stable life as a blessing.”

I said nothing as despondency crept in. In other words, John went to all the trouble to dig up dirt on the Ziegler family only to end up embarrassing them to a small degree.

As the intensive care unit was not open to visitors all the time, we could only stand outside and see Jackson through the window.

Lying on the bed, Jackson was covered in bandages. Only the ventilator could prove that he was still alive.

He could still scold me the day before, but he could not even open his eyes at this moment. The thought brought a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes. Not daring to cry, I covered my mouth and nose for fear of disturbing Jackson.

Ashton patted me on the shoulder to comfort me. “I’ve arranged for some people to renovate Jackson’s clinic and to appease the patients who caused troubles. After he wakes up, he can start over. This is an unfortunate accident. Since you’ve had depression before and are now pregnant, you can’t get too sad, or you may easily lose control of your emotions. How can you take care of your kids then?”

Hearing this, I could only compose myself and try not to dwell in the frustration.

However, there was still a pressing matter to be dealt with. While keeping my eyes on Jackson, I asked Ashton in a hushed voice, "Are you going to attend the dinner tonight?"

"Yes," Ashton replied as he put more weight on my shoulder. "You'll use the identity as Mrs. Fuller for the last time to put on an act with me."

If we wanted the divorce agreement to be convincing later on, we did need to show some signs of discord prior to our so-called divorce. Hence, I responded in silent agreement.

After standing outside the ICU for one hour, Ashton got Stella to come over and asked her to give him a first-hand report on everything concerning Jackson. Then, he left with me as my legs were severely swollen due to the pregnancy.

After walking out of the elevator, we bumped into Lydia, who came with her kid. She merely took a glance at us and entered the elevator without even sparing us another glance.

The wait was torment. I had been waiting for the news of Jackson getting better the entire day, but I only received a text from Stella that read The doctor said that Mr. Kane still needs to be under observation.

Worried, I was out of spirits when we left for the dinner. As Ashton helped me walk outside, my mind was preoccupied, so I was stunned for a second when I saw John.

"Why are you here?" Judging from his formal attire, he seemed to be going with us.

"Why can't I be here?" John did an annoying shimmy and asserted proudly, "After all, I'm the only one who's embarrassed the Ziegler family big time in the past ten years. Besides, I'm representing Uncle Louis and the Stovall family today. Alright. Let's get in the car."

Then, he went up to me and helped me to get in the car of the Stovall family, whereas Ashton got in the Fullers' car that was parked behind us.

We soon departed.

Glancing at the car behind me from the rearview mirror, I tilted my head and asked John, "What are the two of you up to?"

I was there when Cameron and Zachary came the day before, but I did not hear them say that Ezra invited the Stovall family. Moreover, John had sent the internet into a frenzy with Mitchell's scandals in the morning and had become a thorn in the side of the Ziegler family. His presence at the dinner would only irk them.

Looking at me, John flashed me a fake grin. "Nothing. I just want to meet the Ziegler family, so Ashton brings me along. That's it."

The expression on his face sent chills down my spine. Knowing that I could not find out the truth from him, I stopped pressing him for an answer.

Chapter 1202

The car drove for more than half an hour before it finally stopped.

Being a property magnate, the Ziegler family owned a villa that was located in a winery with the best scenery in the suburbs. It looked like a castle when looking from afar. It was not even seven in the evening, but the decorative lights were already switched on. The fountain danced among the beams of lights like the elves of night, adding a mysterious and solemn air to the castle.

The Fullers were the richest family in J City, and their villa was considered decent even when compared to those in K City. However, I only saw the gap between J City and K City after seeing how impressive the Ziegler family's villa was in person.

Meanwhile, John was accustomed to it as he walked inside with me arm in arm, whereas Ashton walked behind us.

When we entered the building, we saw Cameron and Zachary, who had long arrived, chatting.

Seeing us, Cameron rose to her feet and came over to greet us. "You're here."

Thinking that she could look after me, John let go of me and walked together with Ashton.

Afterward, the others also stood up and exchanged greetings. After a brief introduction, I finally got to know Ezra, whom Zachary and Louis dreaded.

Sitting across from me, he wore a plain outfit and held a folding fan in his hand. His hair was gray, and he looked amiable and all smiles, which was completely different from what I had imagined him to be. Yet, his disposition as a government official was discernible.

After chatting for a short while, we went to sit at the dining table. I did not know what was wrong with John as he insisted to sit next to me, so Ashton could only sit between Zayne and Zachary.

Where one sat at the table often determined one's status. The Ziegler family was obviously the host, but Ezra sat at the head of the table, which showed that the Ziegler family respected Ezra very much.

After wine was poured into glasses, Ezra clinked a spoon against the side of his wine glass, attracting everyone's attention.

“Let’s toast for Mr. Fuller and Mr. Ziegler who have buried the hatchet.”

It turned out that Ezra was playing the peacemaker, which surprised everyone.

As the Ziegler family sided with Ezra, Zayne and his wife immediately raised their glasses and looked at Ashton while saying humbly, “Mr. Fuller, both of us were at fault yesterday. I propose that we drink this to put it behind us and become friends from now on. We shall compete fairly in business. How about it?”

Before Ashton could speak, Ezra began to heap praises. “Fuller Corporation and Ziegler Corporation are both high-performing enterprises in K City. As a government official, I really don’t know how I should express my gratitude to both of you for setting aside your personal grudges and working together to contribute to the economic development of K City.”

Looking touched, Ezra picked up his wine glass and walked up to Zayne, adding respectfully, “Mr. Ziegler, here’s to you. Thank you for your big heart!”

As he was standing, Zayne did not dare to remain seated, so he immediately rose to his feet and clinked glasses with Ezra at a lower angle than the latter. “Mr. Grant, you have flattered me. We’re just giving back to the people. It’s our responsibility.”

The two men complimented each other so much that it was as though only they were present at the dinner and got to call the tune.

Just as they finished their wine to seal the deal, John said mockingly, “The one being injured is a member of the Stovall family, but you, Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Grant, seek to make peace with the Fullers instead. Do you think there’s no one left in the Stovall family?”

Zayne and Ezra could initially take Ashton's silence as tacit agreement, and the issue would be put behind them. However, John's words instantly put them in an awkward position. Lowering his half-raised glass, Ashton sat back on his chair with a half-smile and rigidly placed his glass back on the table.

After being embarrassed, Ezra had on a grim expression, but Zayne spoke first probably because he was more hostile toward John following the Facebook incident. While remained standing, he said condescendingly, "Now that you mention it, Mr. Stovall, both Ziegler family and Stovall family are of respectable status, and yet you put our private grudges on the Internet and let everyone laugh at us. Although you were only brought back from the countryside when you were a teenager, you should know some manners and rules after so many years!"