

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1328-1332

## Chapter 1328

Bryson apologized while hurrying toward the doors. His flustered behavior was actually comical and genuinely adorable at the same time.

It seemed like what happened earlier was indeed a misunderstanding, which surprised me quite a bit. The moment Bryson heard that Thora might be hospitalized, he became so nervous and even left his guests unattended to head to the hospital. It seems like he wasn't all that cruel after all.

Even so, he was currently at loggerheads with her. I couldn't help but feel suspicious when he abruptly showed such concern for her.

Hence, it remained to be seen whether or not Bryson was trustworthy.

"Hey, Letty. Since the host has already left, should we leave too?" Emma was probably tired. We had an excuse to leave since Bryson was gone.

Glancing at the remaining guests, I affirmed that I had already greeted most of them, so there was really no need to stay. Hence, I nodded to Emma's suggestion.

That night, the search term for the Queen family's birthday banquet ranked first on social media, with the happenings and guests at the banquet becoming the hottest topic of discussion.

After showering, I lay in bed while scrolling through social media, but inadvertently caught a glimpse of a headline that was soaring in popularity.

Ashton Fuller Thoughtfully Chaperones Thora Ziegler To Hospital And Bryson Queen Abandons Guests To Visit.

Damn. For those who didn't know any better, they'd think they're in a love triangle after reading this headline.

When I tapped into the headline, blurry photos taken by paparazzi appeared. Among them were photos of the three of them entering the same hospital at different times. Not once did they appear in the same photo and neither of their faces were shown clearly.

Currently, it was three hours after Thora disappeared. The anonymous account who started this topic kept posting the latest information. At present, only photos of Bryson leaving the hospital were taken. Hence, it was safe to assume that Thora was hospitalized for the night.

It looked like her condition was quite severe.

I subconsciously refreshed the site several times, hoping to see some news about Ashton, but the situation remained the same after twenty minutes. There was no news about him whatsoever.

Some nosy netizens begun speculating that Ashton was guarding Thora at the hospital that night.

Despite having complete trust in Ashton, my heart still felt uneasy when I saw such comments.

After all, which woman would willingly allow her lover to look after another woman?

Ashton's too much. It's already been so long, but he hasn't even called to update me. I understand that he wants to gain Thora's trust, but he doesn't have to try so hard, right? Can he even sleep well in the hospital? It's not like Thora can't afford to hire a personal caretaker!

The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. In the end, I called him directly.

Surprisingly, he picked up the call very quickly. "Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

"I could ask you the same thing." I intentionally raised my voice and demanded, "Where are you?"

"Hospital," Ashton replied.

"Oh." I puffed up my cheeks in anger and didn't know what to say all of a sudden.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" Ashton queried.

"Nothing. I just made a hundred million in legal fee and wanted to share the news with you," I said while grabbing the pillow next to me to vent my frustrations.

Ashton's low chuckle drifted across the phone. "Mrs. Fuller, you really are ideal wife material, hmm? At this rate, I won't be able to catch up with your money-making speed anymore."

Oddly, a thought flashed across my mind. Men only spoke honeyed words when they felt guilty toward their wives.

Feeling troubled, there was a bitter note in my voice when I spoke, "Is that so? Well, I doubt that. Once you collaborate with Thora, I'm afraid money would fall into your lap with a mere snap of your fingers. Clinching multi-billion business deals would be a piece of cake to you, no?"

Ashton could probably sense that I was mad.

He released a defeated sigh. After a few seconds, he found his voice again. "The medical team that's developing the antidote for you just happened to be in this hospital, so I'm staying back to check their progress. Did you think I was sleeping over with Thora?"

Hearing his explanation, the weight in my heart abruptly vanished and I quickly threw the pillow aside to sit upright. Pressing my lips together, I guiltily changed the topic. "So how's the development of the antidote going?"

"The first generation of the finished product is ready and the trials will commence immediately. If it's a success, they'll make it available for your use at once. When that time comes, our hands and feet will no longer be tied. We'll be able to deal with Armond and the rest once and for all." Ashton sounded very confident.

“Okay.” I nodded obediently and continued speaking through puffed cheeks, “Get home as soon as you can.”

A faint voice spoke up from his end of the call. It was foreign and sounded like it belonged to a man. “Mr. Fuller, you may begin now.”

“Alright,” Ashton responded to the voice before turning back to me. “I have to deal with some stuff here, so you should go on to bed without me. I’ll text you when I get home.”

Then he hung up before I could manage a “goodbye” or even an “okay.”

Looking back at the call history, something didn’t quite sit right in my chest.

Am I mistaken or did Ashton sound a little nervous earlier? As I contemplated giving him another call after he was done with his work, my phone buzzed—it was a WhatsApp message from Ashton: Don’t worry, Honey. I’ll be extra careful so no one can cop a feel.

A soft smile broke out on my face, thinking that he must be fine if he can joke around like this.

Feeling relieved, I put away my phone and decided to check on the twins in their nursery. On my way there, I noticed a faint glow coming from Summer’s room. Seeing that her door wasn’t fully shut, I peeked into her room out of curiosity.

Surprisingly, Summer was still awake at this hour. She sat before her brightly lit computer with her head leaning down, doing something that I couldn’t see from where I stood.

The last time this happened was when Stella tried to get close to Summer. I already transferred Stella to the Logistics Department and made sure she suffered for it. Don't tell me that woman hasn't given up...

Suspicion grew in me as I tiptoed behind Summer to get a better look. It turned out that Summer was practicing some fourth-grade math questions with the guidance of an online mathematics website.

My lips parted slightly as I took in the unexpected sight before me. Summer had just started school, yet she had somehow attained this level of knowledge.

Her head was still lowered, focusing on the fourth-grade workbook before her. She was so absorbed in solving equations that she hadn't even noticed me standing behind her.

How can such a tiny human being look so mature and focused?

I inhaled and gradually approached her side, making sure to not startle her before asking my question, "What are you up to, Summer?"

"Mommy!" Summer beamed at me whilst eagerly motioning to the contents of her workbook. "Math equations are so fun, and Mr. Cress said I'm really good at solving them! He even assigned some extra homework so that I can practice. See!"

"Is that so...?"

I grinned before reaching for the workbook and flipping through its pages. Truthfully, there was nothing special about the contents since it mostly consisted of basic two-digit calculations. However, Summer nailed every single question so far.

I pressed my lips into a proud smile.

Summer resembled Macy, who had a gift for numbers before she passed. Back when Macy was a business owner, she would happily throw herself into the tediousness of bookkeeping. She loved it dearly; calculating, and tallying the sums like she was baking bread. When it came to this, Summer definitely took after Macy.

In many ways, this was comforting to see. It was as if Summer was living proof that a wonderful person like Macy had once existed on this earth.

I placed the workbook back down and petted the top of Summer's head. A comforting smile stretched across my face as I encouraged, "That's great, Summer! I'm so proud of you. Now, you're still young, and your body needs to rest. So let's get you tucked in, okay?"

Summer's face scrunched as she glanced at the workbook. Eventually, she returned her attention to me, surrendering through a cheeky smile. "Okay, Mommy, but can you please tell me a story?"

She did work hard earlier... Oh! How could I refuse?

The next day.

I received Cameron's call right after I dropped Summer off at school.

"Letty, are you free tonight?" Cameron asked casually.

I was too busy watching Jared, who had just come out of school to play with Summer. My eyes zoomed into his every move out of caution. Hence, I could only respond absently with, "I think so. Why?"

"Come over to ours tonight. Oh, and bring Summer with you because your father and I miss her," Cameron stated.

Cameron and Zachary hadn't reached out ever since I rejected Zachary's offer to gift their company shares to my twins. They probably assumed that I was avoiding them and felt guilty, so they decided to give me some space until now.

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Unbeknownst to them, I only refused because I wanted my kids to have a carefree life. I never expected them to misunderstand my actions or even go as far as to feel grief. So after some pondering, I spoke into the phone, "Alright, see you tonight."

My gaze shot back to the school gate once I hung up. There, Jared and Summer held hands as they skipped into the school. Call me a softie, but I couldn't help feeling a hearth-like warmth after seeing them hop away like father and daughter among the other children.

Though that feeling lasted for a brief moment because everything that Jared did in the past was unforgivable—he would always be a despicable piece of scum in my eyes, even if he spent a lifetime begging on his knees.

I understood that Ashton allowed Jared to meet Summer because he felt sorry for Jared as a friend. However, I personally disagreed with trusting or forgiving a horrible man like Jared. So for the sake of my children's health and safety, I decided to take additional precautions.

On my way back to the law firm, I texted Holden to find a nutritionist; preferably someone certified and licensed.

All I had to do now was wait.



Arriving at the law firm, I opened my office door and saw Bryson waiting inside.

“Mr. Queen, what brings you here?”

I initially planned to have Brooklyn transfer the excess of the one hundred and fifty million to Bryson. Yet, Bryson had unexpectedly taken the initiative and shown up here.

Bryson burst out into boisterous laughter as he stated, “I’m obviously here to pay you, Ms. Stovall!”

At this, my brow furrowed. Didn’t he shove me a check with a large sum scrawled on it last night? Did he lose his marbles?

Then again, he looked like he was serious. He then threw a quick look at his assistant. In a matter of seconds, the assistant pulled out a document and passed it to me from across the table.

“Sign this. From today onwards, your law firm will be in charge of my many companies’ legal affairs.”  
Bryson guffawed heartily.

My eyes rounded at the thin document. Oh my god, this is my lucky day!

According to Emma, Bryson’s net worth is estimated to be far more than mine and Ashton’s combined. If our law firm successfully negotiates this deal, then we’ll never have to worry about rent ever again.

It was like we had struck gold. Although a beaming delight smeared across my face, I still couldn’t ignore the teeniest hint of worry inside me. After all, nothing good came this easy.

This jackpot, along with the rough ten million that he gave me last night, might bite me in the ass someday. What if he comes asking me for impossible favors? How am I going to refuse?

After weighing my options, a decision finally came to mind. I cracked a smile whilst gently nudging the document back to him. "We were only doing our jobs by settling your case. Moreover, you've already over-compensated us for our efforts. Mr. Newman will get the Finance Department to transfer the excess sum over to your personal account. As for this other matter, there's really no need to be polite."

Bryson's smile faltered for a split second after hearing this. "That's alright then. We'll put this matter aside for the time being since your current schedule is overwhelmed. Now, I came here today because there's this other thing I need your help with..."

I knew it! No one's that nice for no reason.

"Go on."

Seeing that I didn't refuse, Bryson raised a fist over his mouth and cleared his throat while shooting an impatient gaze at his assistant.

A knowing look flashed in the assistant's eyes as he nodded, then promptly turned to leave.

Once the door clicked shut, Bryson's eyes darted around to ensure that it was just two of us before he finally felt safe enough to pull his phone out of his pocket.

He then unlocked his phone and raised it before me with a giddy smile.

"Ms. Stovall, take a gander at these women and let me know if any of them catches your eye."

Regardless of how ridiculous his request sounded, I still did as told.

The screen showed a photo album. Tapping on it, the display flickered to a photo of a stunning young woman. However, she stared at the camera vacantly as if she were a soulless zombie.

I glimpsed at the thumbnails and recognized the first few women from last night's birthday banquet. Nonetheless, I continued to scan the following pictures.

## **Chapter 1331**

Although the next ones all had goddess-like curves and features, they still felt mediocre as none of them stood out particularly to me.

After all, K City was an urban jungle with sky-high property prices. Hence, it wasn't rare to see streets flooded with men and women who looked like stunning creatures.

"What do you think?" Bryson's voice picked up pace.

This felt like I had just been asked an awkward question on a live talk show. I flashed a thin-lipped smile before treading cautiously around the topic. "I'm curious as to why you're showing me these women, Mr. Queen."

Bryson's eyes widened slightly but regained composure as he explained, "It's nothing important, but a friend of mine is looking to find a wife. And you know... a tough guy like me wouldn't know what to look for in a woman. Plus, I don't have many friends in K City, so I thought I'd ask you."

His explanation made sense. However, his pursed-lip and pin-straight posture gave his intentions away.

Why would anyone take it upon themselves to wife-hunt on behalf of their friend? That “friend” is most likely referring to himself.

Back when we were dealing with Bryson’s case, I got a glimpse of his personal information. He was maybe seven or eight years older than Ashton and has illegitimate children with two of his mistresses.

Given the current laws, Bryson’s assets would be divided between him and his wife should they decide on a divorce. Hence, it wasn’t difficult to understand why he never officially married either of his two mistresses.

Bryson wasn’t considered the most attractive man since he possessed boring and ordinary features. It was painstakingly obvious that his mistresses were only after his wealth, so it wasn’t at all cruel that he refused to marry them.

However, I didn’t comment on this since it was his private life. All I could do was offer a piece of advice, “Truthfully, Mr. Queen, none of these women stand out to me.”

Bryson slumped. The lively expression on his face darkened to a stone-grey as his fingers tapped on the table. “I see... Never mind then, I suppose it’s not meant to be. I’ll have my friend reconsider.”

Judging from his soured reaction, there must be someone he likes among these women that I rejected.

Regret nipped uncomfortably at my chest. I didn’t want him to miss out on a chance at love because of my advice, so I took back my words as quickly as I said them. “Actually, all that matters when starting a relationship is how two people feel for each other and whether they get along well. So please don’t take my personal opinion of these women to heart.”

Bryson kept his phone away at this. His eyes sparkled with hope as he spoke gratefully, “Ms. Stovall, you don’t understand how much your advice means to someone like me. I really can’t explain how grateful I am for your help, so please accept my humble thanks. I’ll buy you a meal some other day to express my gratitude. Anyways, you seem busy, so I’ll leave you to it.”

Just as he finished speaking, Bryson immediately got up and dashed out the door. I could almost picture him with a bushy tail tucked between his legs as he seemed terrified that I would question him further.

Bubbly laughter erupted from my lips after seeing tough-old-Bryson scamper off like some frazzled chipmunk. What an interesting man.

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I collected Summer in the afternoon when her school ended and told the chauffeur to head for Moore Residence.

Once there, two rows of maids greeted us upon arrival.

“Good day, Ms. Stovall and Ms. Summer.”

Perhaps I was overthinking, but something seemed odd about the maids’ stiff behavior. Was there really a need to line up and greet us so formally for a simple meal?

“You’re here.” Cameron must have waited for some time because she lept over to hold Summer’s hand once we entered the living room. She cooed, “Did you miss Granny?”

“Mm-hmm! Why didn’t you ever visit?”

“Well, granny has to run a business here. How about I take you out shopping once I become rich?”

“No, I’ll earn my own money to shop!”

“Oh?” Cameron chuckled in delight, “What an ambitious grandchild I have! Alright then, I’ll wait for that day to come.”

Perhaps it was because they hadn’t seen each other for a long time, but the two chirped away like excited birds.

## **Chapter 1332**

In the middle of the living room, Zachary lounged on the single-seated sofa with a cigar between his fingers whilst brewing some tea. His sophisticated gestures exuded the charm of a matured man, even at the age of fifty. One could easily imagine how equally suave he must have been when he was younger.

I sat down on the sofa next to his before greeting softly, “Dad.”

He hummed in acknowledgment before placing a teacup before me. “Have a taste of this green tea that we imported this year.”

“Okay.” I took a quick sip, running the warm liquid over my tongue. Then I flashed a brief smile at him once the flavor seeped in. “It’s pretty good. I can taste the notes of sweet grass in there.”

There was no response from him. He looked away and focused on refilling my cup.

Cameron intended to spend some bonding time with Summer before dinner. However, Summer had put her foot down and insisted on completing her homework in the study. At this, Cameron gave in and followed along to tutor her.

Right when they arrived upstairs, a maid's voice called out from the front door. "Mr. Moore, the guest has arrived."

"Invite them in." Zachary didn't even bat an eyelash at this sudden arrival. He blew at his tea in a relaxed and unbothered manner.

Are we not having a simple family dinner?

Just as suspicion fizzled in my head, the guest's footsteps grew closer from behind me.

I surrendered to my burning curiosity. Turning around, I was faced with a foreign man. The only indication of his identity was the superb quality of his garments; he wore a white dress shirt underneath a sleek, black trench coat with a hand-knitted cashmere scarf around his neck.

Yet, I still couldn't put a name to his face, no matter how hard I pried into my mind. It was evident that this man wasn't someone I knew, nor have our lives ever intersected.

The man behaved courteously. He tilted his head to greet Zachary, then cast a warm smile my way before striding over.

"Ms. Stovall." My name rolled off his tongue as he politely extended his arm over. "I'm Elliot Jacobson."

Elliot?

As in the trader who disappeared into thin air after he single-handedly swiped billions from many capitalists at the stock trade in M Country? That Elliot?

Back when Pitcoin first blew up, Emma often shared juicy tidbits about the stock-investing world. She also mentioned that Elliot was considered a celebrity in that realm. Hence, I couldn't help but freeze at the legendary Elliot who now stood before me.

Recalling how Emma fangirled after Elliot, I civilly reached out to shake his hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Oh Elliot, you're here." Cameron had somehow heard us chatting and trotted downstairs in a blink of an eye. Delight beamed on her face as she ushered, "No need to stand around, please sit. I heard that you've just returned from M Country?"

"That's right." Elliot flashed a neutral smile as he continued, "Father wants to return to his roots, so he moved our business back here."

Many of the wealthy who kept a low profile owned an abundance of companies under their very names. Sure enough, Elliot was no exception to this.

"That's a good thing," Zachary nodded. "There's no place like home. And I happen to be looking for potential collaborators for my company's new projects. You should come over someday, and we can discuss if there's a possibility for us to collaborate."

"Sure," Elliot responded accordingly.

A maid's voice then sounded from upstairs, "There's a phone call for you, Mr. Moore."

"Okay," Zachary replied whilst standing to head upstairs. With one foot up the stairs, his gaze turned over to us. "I have some matters to attend to, but I'll be back in a bit. You guys continue chatting."



Right as he stepped foot onto the second floor, Cameron bounced onto her feet. She moved towards the kitchen as she announced, "Letty, why don't you keep Elliot company while I go prepare some dishes?"

My cheeks puckered after seeing those two put on such a shameless show.

I couldn't help but squint my eyes in embarrassment. Literally, anyone can tell that you guys are setting me up with this guy.

Although I haven't gotten around to telling Zachary and Cameron about the fake divorce, it was pretty obvious that I was still hung up on Ashton. Plus, there was a huge fuss in K City about how I stalked Ashton. Almost everyone could tell that I still had feelings for him, yet they still arranged this blind date without me knowing?