

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1348-1352

## Chapter 1348

Suddenly, the tension was palpable. After a few moments of silence, Millie stopped the car by the roadside.

She wound down her window, lit a cigarette and took a long drag before turning to me and said, "It was indeed someone who works for Ashton that knocked you off yesterday. My contract with you is to keep you safe, and investigative work is not part of our deal. If you have doubts that I'm taking double salaries, feel free to cross check with Ashton. If you don't wish to see my face, I will do it out of your sight. But I won't leave until I fulfil my contractual obligation."

The woman was all calm and collected, as though she had already anticipated that her secret would be exposed any time. That, or this was all within Ashton's planning and expectation.

Nonetheless, I didn't wish for him to learn that I was now aware of his arrangement.

After some considerations, I decided to give Millie one more chance. "I believe you didn't do that for money. However, this will be the first and last time you tried to pull something like that with me. If you choose to pledge your allegiance to me, we can still work things out between ourselves. Alternatively, if you wish to continue your work for Ashton, then I'll terminate our contract right now. I'll make sure you're fully compensated based on the contract, but I'll ask that you stay away from me as I don't want someone I can't trust around me."

Millie tilted her head a little and was quick to come to her decision. "One last time."

It was her way of apologizing and promising.

Since I decided to forgive her, I chose to re-establish mutual trust between us.

"Fine. Let's just put this behind us and move on. Since investigative work is not your strong suit, will you look for someone with such talent in your circle? I want to know what Ashton is up to."

"Certainly."

"It's late. Let's just head home."

Millie nodded and tossed the cigarette butt out the window before starting the car and heading for Stovall residence.

Staring out at the blurry neon lights flashing by, I felt a sudden weight on my shoulder.

Ashton, what do I do with you?

The man went to great length with John to come up with such an elaborate lie so that I could wait for the research of my antidote without worrying, and to stop me from ending my own life.

Although his plan was full of plot holes, it was not without any success.

Since I couldn't determine the imminent threats he was facing, I kept a tight lid about "my death" for the time being.

After that night, Ashton kept himself busy and didn't contact me for one whole week.

I was in no rush to confront him. Instead, I instructed Millie to speed up the investigation covertly. However, before any useful information could come to light, a piece of news materialized out of nowhere.

Legendary investor Elliot Jacobson injected ten billion into Moore Corporation, making him the second largest shareholder after the Moores.

Instantly, all the media outlets in K City had their cameras zoomed in on the sudden appearance of a new big wheel in the corporate world.

Incidentally, Elliot had indirectly expressed his interest in me when asked about his love life by the press, resulting in some tabloid's exploitation of our stories to boost their magazine popularity.

Some even went one step further with an in-depth report about the possibility of our union based on common business interests.

"Elliot Jacobson. Seems like a nice bloke, I must say. Not only is he good looking and loaded, he also sounds like a gentleman with no scandal. His only two previous relationships during university time ended on amicable terms. If these were true, he does appear to be a husband material. Aren't you the slightest bit interested?" Emery asked suggestively while reading the tabloid filled with our photoshopped images.

I rolled my eyes, looked at her with distaste, but kept my comments to myself on this matter.

On another level, this piece of news might actually serve as a nice addition to the rumors already circulating around Ashton and Thora, which showed that he and I were drifting further apart. If Ezra dropped his guard because of this, it might provide Ashton with the perfect cover.

## **Chapter 1349**

As for Elliot, I had made myself pretty clear when he visited the Moore Residence last time. I assumed a seasoned investor like him wouldn't shoot himself in the foot.

"Enough about me. It's Monday morning. Instead of slaving away in your own office, you're here to bug me. What's going on?" I tried to change the topic.

"Don't you remind me." Finally tossing the magazine away, Emery sighed. "It's Hunter. He's been following me everywhere and pestering me to reconcile with him. It's so annoying!"

"You can't hide from him forever. Maybe it's time to consider applying for a restraining order, given the harassment he's causing you. You two are already divorced, there's no need to hold back." Emery had her fair share of pain and grief from this marriage. She deserved to have a better life, not being entangled in this mess from her past.

"Forget about him, I'll deal with it later," she said while shaking her head as her attention shifted elsewhere in the next moment. "By the way, I've taken over The Jade. Some fresh seafood has arrived from overseas yesterday. Will you be my guest?"

"Of course!" I agreed readily, and we left my office in tandem.

Although Ashton had made up the mutation of the poisoned cells in my body to make his story more believable, they changed my treatment plan and made me stick to a strict diet regimen at the Stovall residence. I had enough of their nonsense.

As soon as we arrived at the restaurant, Emery asked for their most prestigious private room.

“My apologies, Ms. Moore. The room is occupied at the moment.”

I knew The Jade only had one VVIP room. It was almost as exclusive as a five-star hotel’s presidential suite. Guests who could afford such a room that came with an outrageous price tag were not ones to mess around with.

“It’s just the two of us having a meal. There’s no need for such extravagance. Let’s just go to any private room.”

Emery thought for a brief moment and finally nodded in assent. “Alright then. But I want you to bring us your best wine available. We’re here to celebrate my venture into a new business. Lead the way then.”

“This way, please,” the manager said politely while leading us down a long corridor to the left.

Even though this was not my first visit to the restaurant, I was still in awe looking at all the opulent private rooms that lined up on both sides of the corridor. A few familiar faces could be spotted along the way when the waiters flitted in and out of the rooms. They were all prominent businessmen and politicians in K City.

The VVIP room was at the end of the corridor. The manager stopped at the room right across and said to us, “We’re here. Please take a seat and make yourself comfortable while I bring over the menu and your wine, Ms. Moore.”

“Don’t worry about the menu. We’ll have all your seafood specials today. Bring me your best wine. You can leave us to attend to the VVIPs next door. Just get another waiter to serve our table,” Emery said to the manager as she waved her hand and led me into the room.

Despite being the new owner of the restaurant, she was not one of those pompous, self-absorbed snobs who would insist to be served by the manager himself. Her gesture only reflected her belief in excellent customer service.

With a standard smile on his face, the manager retreated from the room courteously.

Not long after, a young waiter came in with trays of grilled salmon and butter codfish. In addition, the manager had taken upon himself to send in some foie gras and A5 wagyu beef.

For the past few weeks, I had to follow the nutritionist’s approved diet strictly. Now that I had the opportunity to dine outside, I quickly dug in without caring so much about the poison in my body. As the first bite of foie gras melted in my mouth, I could feel myself being enveloped in a world of happiness.

Emery was sipping on her wine from the DRC. Then she looked at me quizzically with one raised brow. “How long has it been since you last had meat?”

“I can’t remember.” I shrugged and placed my glass of wine under my nose and took a whiff of the fermented aroma before putting it down with satisfaction. “Not much since I came back from M Country.”

## **Chapter 1350**

“Your suffering seems endless...” Emery intoned sentimentally. “Life is too short. We should enjoy it while we can. I had a first-hand experience when I was getting my surgery done in M Country. After spending some time overseas, I’ve realized that it’s completely okay to be single. I think I’ll just stay

away from men from now on. God knows what kind of trouble they will bring. Most importantly, they're like a sticky gum that I can't get rid of."

I burst out a laugh. "I believe the last part is what you're most afraid of."

What's life without a mixture of joys and sorrows? With age, we learn to let go of many things that's out of our control.

"Can't you join in without killing my buzz?" Emery rolled her eyes at me and shot a glance at the waiter, who was quick to fill up her wineglass.

I finally conceded. "Alright, alright. It's my fault. Please stop tempting me with the wine. You know I have to abstain from alcohol now."

"Fine. I'll let you off this once." There was a satisfied smirk on her face.

Just then, a male voice rang from the door, "Isn't this Ms. Stovall? What a pleasant coincidence!"

It was Marshall Tiedemann, CEO of Tiedemann Industrial. I met him once at a gathering, but we never hung out privately as friends.

A group of men and women were standing outside the door with him. They appeared to be some important people he wanted to butter up to.

Marshall strode into our room as though we were close friends. "It's so good seeing you here. Why don't we join you two lovely ladies for a meal? Manager, reset the table," he said while gesturing his friends into the room.

Despite feeling annoyed by his self-serving attitude, Emery and I were not ignorant of common social etiquettes. Since he meant no harm, we half-heartedly accepted them into our room.

The manager, on the other hand, was crafty enough to wait at the door for Emery's confirmation before excusing himself to sort out the table.

Marshall solicitously invited Elliot to sit next to me, while another woman sat between the two men. The rest of their friends started to whisper among themselves. Judging from their expressions, I was sure my name was one of the topics.

Sighing helplessly, I planned to finish my food and get out of there when Emery suddenly nudged my elbow and made a gesture for me to check my phone.

Within seconds, my phone lit up with a WhatsApp message from her.

The woman sitting next to Elliot seems to be Ezra's only daughter, Katharina Grant. Looks like someone is playing matchmaking.

Katharina Grant.

I muttered the name under my breath.

If what Emery said was true, my mere presence seemed to have disrupted the matchmaker's plan. That might explain Katharina's icy stares on me earlier.

I looked around the table disinterestedly and brought my attention back to the food before me.

Emery, on the other hand, couldn't contain herself as she whispered, "Don't you have anything to say?"



“Not really.” I shrugged and sighed wearily. “I don’t want to meddle in something that doesn’t concern me. It would be better if we keep to ourselves and mind our own business.”

Just because I never made a public stance against the rumors circulating on the internet, that didn’t mean I had to associate myself to Elliot in any way. He and I knew it was just a publicity stunt hyped up by the media.

Away from the limelight, our social circles couldn’t be farther apart from each other. Even if we were dating, we still had all the freedom in the world to seek other potential partners before marrying.

Emery nodded and fell silent.

In the meantime, Marshall was talking boisterously, whereas Katharina was as meek as a bunny throughout the meal. She did nothing other than a few polite nods and filled up Elliot’s plate from time to time.

## **Chapter 1351**

Elliot, being the perfect gentleman, accepted her kind gestures graciously while maintaining a respectful distance from her.

Their lukewarm exchanges did not escape Marshall, and he involved me in the conversations. I deflected them all by playing dumb.

As time went by, Elliot started to ignore the passionate gazes from Katharina as his vision fell on me overtly.

Sensing he was about to say something from the corner of my eye, I stood up abruptly. "Excuse me, I'm going to the washroom."

I moved my chair, strode purposely, and bumped right into Ashton and Thora when the waiter opened the door. My feet were suddenly glued to the ground.

Of all days, Lady Luck has to choose today to let me stumble upon all these people that I've been avoiding!

"Ms. Stovall, you live such a busy life. While holding on to your ex, you're also flirting with." Thora made a snide comment after she noticed Elliot in the room.

Ashton glanced at me briefly before he shifted his piercing gaze around the room. His vision fell on me again as I caught an inexplicable yet meaning look in his eyes.

Hold on a second. I did nothing!

I instinctively balled my hands into fists and tried to explain myself. However, before I could utter a word, a figure zoomed past me from behind and stopped next to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, what a pleasant surprise to see you here! I have missed you so many times trying to secure a meeting with you at your office. Now that you're here, please join us. And I'm not taking no for an answer this time!" Marshall said cheerfully, while holding onto Ashton's arm.

"Such an honor to meet you too, Ms. Ziegler. Please come in. This must be my lucky day!" Marshall was so all over himself he had completely failed to comprehend the complicated relations between the few of us.

The next moment, a sense of despondent overtook me as I watched Ashton and Thora sat down together.

What's this? The Last Supper?

As though he was in a contest with Elliot, the expressionless Ashton's mere presence exuded the demeanor of a victor.

Resigned, I reluctantly returned to my seat at the table.

Emery was the only person who found the whole situation amusing. She stifled a chuckle and muttered, "Things are about to get really interesting."

"Just zip it." I rolled my eyes and poked at her arm as a warning.

"Mrs. Fuller," an oddly familiar male voice called. I turned around in surprise. A third person was with Ashton and Thora.

The bespectacled man was now smiling ambiguously at me, suggesting he knew me well.

"Do we know each other?" I gave him a mental thumbs up for openly addressing me as 'Mrs. Fuller' in front of Thora.

The man then removed his sunglasses and stared into my eyes merrily. He had a burly man with a crew cut. After a few seconds, his identity finally struck me.

He was Joe Quinn, the person who used to pull out all the stops to sabotage my relationship with Ashton, was now calling me "Mrs. Fuller" so intimately.

I was astonished. "When did you come back?"

Joe had distanced himself from Ashton after he got married. I took it as a sign that he wanted to retire from the corporate world. His sudden appearance caught me by surprise.

The man said sullenly, "I never left K City, Mrs. Fuller. It's sad enough that you and Mr. Fuller didn't come for a visit before. Now it's just plain hurtful that you think I'm no longer living in this city."

It was rather amusing to see a man in his thirties with manly stubble on his chin to pout like a teenage girl.

Is this still the Joe Quinn that I used to know?

"Um..." I was at a loss for words.

"Mr. Quinn, I believe today is an important day for Ms. Stovall. You should leave your reunion for another time." Thora chimed in. "It's great to see that you are finally letting go of your failed marriage and started dating again. Your effort is really commendable, Ms. Stovall."

The woman paused for effect, then turned to Elliot. "Mr. Jacobson, you made the right decision to go out with Ms. Stovall. Everyone in K City knows all the virtuous qualities she possesses."

## **Chapter 1352**

I really admired Thora's flawless choice of words that masked her sarcasm perfectly to make it sound like a heartfelt compliment.

The mere mention of my marriage with Ashton was bound to confuse those who did not know me well. A simple search online would produce results of me clinging on to him like a jealous ex-wife.

Thora is still holding grudges on the fact that I had previously forced a kiss on Ashton.

On second thought, she might have miscalculated her move to tarnish my image in Elliot's mind. If she succeeded, her master plan would backfire and give me more legitimate excuses to continue latching on to Ashton.

I simply played along and turned to Ashton. "You're absolutely right, Ms. Ziegler. Everyone in K City knows how devoted I am with love. I'll never let go of my man no matter what happens."

Thora's expression darkened instantly as she struggled to control her anger. "What if your love is one-sided?"

I let out a small yet victorious smile and replied slowly, "Ms. Ziegler, you've never been married before, so it's natural that you don't understand the ins and outs of a couple's married life. As we overcome the trials and arguments in our relationship together, we build a rapport and strengthen our love for each other. This emotional bond is exactly why we, and other married couples, want kids?"

"Having kids only proves that the man has normal functioning organs, nothing else. No sane man would reject when a woman offers herself to him for sex. One should know that schemers won't last forever."

Thora's eyes were burning with rage as I continued unceremoniously. "It doesn't really matter how outdated the methods are as long as it works. Given your confidence, your relationship with your partner must be exemplary. But come to think of it, I haven't seen much of your current relationship being reported by the paparazzi. Ah, your tight security must have stopped them from obtaining any sort of materials. Why don't you share with us which security company you hired?"

Upon hearing my sarcastic retort, Thora was livid beyond words.

Everyone in the VVIP room knew Thora and Ashton were always seen in each other's company at various public events. Despite that, the two had zero interactions in private. In her presence, Ashton never failed to maintain his distance out of courtesy.

Although I was the clingy and shameless ex-wife, I didn't have to worry about suffering a backlash if I hugged or kissed him in public because we used to be legally married.

Regardless of how sound Thora's argument was, moral and the law were on my side.

Both women refused to back down. The silent room was instantly filled with a tensed awkwardness which was unbearable for the guests.

Joe, being immune to catfights, spoke up fearlessly at this moment, "Well, if you ask me, I think it's pointless to fight; the result speaks for itself."

He then raised his wineglass to no one in particular. "It's not every day that we get to gather here with everyone. Why don't we set aside our differences make a toast to this chance encounter instead?"

After a prolonged silence, Marshall stood up. "I'm with you, Mr. Quinn. Cheers!"

I inhaled sharply and looked at him with disdain. Such an idiot for making the situation ten times more awkward than it already is.

To think that Emery was wasting such wonderful wine on this person got under my skin, but there was nothing I could do right now other than hoping for this meal to end as quickly as possible.

Ashton and Elliot remained eerily silent and motionless throughout the whole time.

Marshall refilled his glass and approached the former. “Mr. Fuller, I heard Fuller Corporation has successfully won the bid for a piece of land lately. Will you consider developing it as a potential joint venture to share the workload?”