

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1368-1372

Chapter 1368

As both of them locked their gazes, not the slightest bit of surprise was traceable from their eyes. They knew of each other's existence long ago.

At the moment, Christopher was even greeting Ashton smilingly and gestured to him by raising his wineglass slightly.

Infuriated by Christopher's casualness, Ashton's face fell as he clenched his fists furiously.

There were armed security personnel at every corner of the hall in order to secure the guests' safety. Anyone who stirred up trouble would be arrested as a terrorist.

I knew Ashton too well. The veins protruding on his forehead was indication that he was seconds away from unleashing his fury. I trotted toward him without any hesitation.

"Ashton, stop!" I made it in time to hold his fists when he was about to stride toward Christopher.

Eventually, he cooled his head off and let out a deep breath after a good twenty seconds. All this while, I never loosened my grip on his fists.

His tension vanished when he caught a glimpse of my anxiety. After throwing another glance at Christopher, he held my hand and led me out through the side door.

At the garden, Ashton finally slumped onto a long bench and let out a deep breath warily.

"I'm sure you know why I have been acting weird lately," he said evenly. Somehow, I could sense the helplessness and despair in his voice.

Nobody could swallow the fact of the sudden resurrection of someone who had died over twenty years ago. If I did not see the man myself, I would have thought Ashton was having hallucinations because he missed his parents too much.

I was at a loss for words, still overwhelmed by the sudden turbulence.

Leaning against the back of the bench, Ashton stared into the distance. Even before I came to myself and asked him what had happened, he poured out to me softly.

"I discovered the truth by chance when I was investigating Bill Young. My men who were trailing Armond Murphy were suspicious of him. They bribed his subordinates and took pictures of his private residence. Among the pictures, I spotted one of Bill Young playing golf with him. Even though it only showed his profile, I recognized him with just a glimpse.

"Pfft! After hiding himself all these years, his secret is unveiled now. Looks like he's really aged and can't make the right judgement now. How foolish of him to be on the same stance with Bill Young!" Ashton laughed mockingly.

"For over twenty years, he has fooled me! What a humiliation!"

My heart ached upon hearing Ashton's self-deprecating tone. He was feeling dejected, like a defeated wolf that was licking its own wounds in loneliness and dishevelment.

In an instant, it struck me about what he had asked me days ago. Something about losing the faith.

I understood my consolation meant nothing to him. Time would heal everything. He just needed a private space to heal.

I stayed by his side, to offer my sincerest moral support silently. I let him lie down in my arms, like how we did in J City the night before. I could not help him much. At least he could find a temporary refuge in my arms.

Love was indeed miraculous. Even in despair, there was an incredible power within us. For our loved ones, we harnessed that power as a motivation to help us overcome any hardships.

Intelligent people would not allow themselves to wallow in their despair. They knew the importance to stay rational and alert. After a while, Ashton was back to his usual self again. He rose from my arms and sat up straight.

"Let's get out of here." He decided at once.

The next moment, we heard footsteps from the gravel path.

Both of us looked in that direction simultaneously. After a few seconds, a young man came into view.

He looked kind of familiar. I remembered seeing him at the auction. He handed the script to Bill before the speech on the stage. If my guess was right, he was Bill's assistant.

The long bench was hidden from him. Nevertheless, he found our exact location effortlessly.

Handing Ashton a name card, he bowed and said courteously, "Mr. Fuller, Mr. Young would like to invite you to a gathering at his place tomorrow."

He placed the name card on the marble table next to us and left.

Ashton picked up the name card slowly, glanced at it and sank into contemplation.

Bill and Armond were on the same side. I assumed they had something to do about the poison in my body as well. If he intended to see Ashton to discuss future potential business collaborations, he would not have waited until now. I was sure he had other motives behind this invitation.

Chapter 1369

"Do you think it's his idea?" My instinct told me Christopher wanted to see Ashton.

"Yeah. I've the same thought as you."

"Are you going?" I asked anxiously.

He held my hand and rose at once without answering my question. "Let's get back to the hotel now."

We left swiftly through the back door. After ensuring that there were no reporters around, we got into his car. Joseph sped off at once.

Along the way, both of us were in complete silence. Joseph drove to the nearest hilltop. When the car stopped, Ashton got out right away and lighted a cigarette as he stood against the barricade.

The hilltop was exceptionally chilly at night. As the headlamps from the car shone on Ashton, his lonely figure was shrouded by the smoke.

Gazing at him, I whispered to Joseph, "When did he find out that his father is still alive?"

"About half month two weeks ago. He didn't really sleep well ever since he knew. Madam, he can only have a good sleep with you by his side."

My heart sank; The throbbing pain in my heart almost suffocated me.

It was impossible to resolve a twenty-year grudge and faith within a couple of days or even weeks.

Christopher is alive and living a luxury life while Ashton led a life of abhorrence for over twenty years.

His sudden emergence was a great blow, shattering Ashton's faith and confidence within seconds. How could the arrogant Ashton accept it?

Since he cannot save himself, he can only bear with the torment himself, day and night.

I'm his wife and the person closest to him in this world. I should have known sooner and help him overcome it. I'm really ashamed of myself!

Whenever I asked him with concern, he always insisted that I should trust him when he said he's fine.

Those brief answers reflected his helplessness and struggles in combating his negative emotions. In my eyes, he was a mighty man who was undefeatable. I really thought he could handle anything. I didn't realize he lied so I wouldn't worry. How could I be so insensitive and clueless of his sufferings!

I fought to hold the tears that were welling up in my eyes. After I got my sadness under control, I got out of the car and wrapped by arms around him tightly from behind.

I could feel his body shaking, yet he did not push me away.

"You're not alone. I'm here by your side," I whispered to him softly so as not to trigger his emotion. "No matter what happens, my love for you is forever. I need you; I can't live without you."

I shuddered as the chilly wind blew into my clothes. Ashton remained silent for a while and tossed his cigarette away. He stepped on it and turned to wrap his arms around me.

"You're the only reason I'm alive."

He tightened his arms around me in case I vanished from his life. Burying his head into my hair, he took a few deep breaths, as if he could regain his courage with my scent.

We held each other tightly for a long time until my hands stiffened from the chilly wind. Ashton finally cooled himself down and led me back to the car slowly.

Worrying that Christopher hatching a scheme, Ashton sent me back to the hotel first. After that, he would return to the banquet by himself to keep Christopher's suspicions at bay.

On the way back to the hotel, he tried his best to summarize his findings of Christopher to me.

Two weeks ago, Ashton caught a glimpse of Christopher's profile from the picture taken by his men. He put aside all his plans to mount a full-scale investigation.

Later, he found out that Christopher had secretly changed his name to Nicolas Hall and became a renowned psychology professor. The new identity didn't offer him wealth, but he gained Bill's favor and got along with him well. Furthermore, Bill gave him protection and took every precaution to keep Christopher away from the media.

Ashton's men tried to sneak into Christopher's house for more leads, each of them went missing one by one. He suspected they were silent after being discovered by Christopher.

His father appeared to be an honorable man. In fact, he was a ruthless man who was good at playing mind games.

"I went to the Halls personally in my family's name. They turned me away." Ashton narrowed his eyes and stared out of the window. His dark eyes were glistening with glints of abhorrence.

After being deceived for over two decades, he was desperate to know the truth. However, he did not even have the chance to see his father in person. That was why he was agitated when he saw Christopher at the auction.

I furrowed my brows as I pressed my palm on the back of his hand gently. Mustering my courage, I asked warily, "How about your mother?"

Chapter 1370

He's still alive?

Ashton's expression turned grim and crestfallen. "I don't even know who I am anymore. There are times I thought I might not be his biological son. I even stole Uncle Charlie's hair to run a DNA test. Yet, the results showed that I'm a Fuller!"

He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. I could hear the cracking sound of his bones as he did so.

I totally understood his disappointment and frustration.

Why would a father fake his own death and dump his own child for more than two decades? While his son grew up in misery, he was enjoying the time of his life on the other side of the world. What kind of father is he?

Christopher's existence at this point had turned Ashton's entire life into a joke.

I decided not to probe further as I could tell he was overwhelmed with emotions. After a short drive, Joseph parked the car by the road.

"I'll drop you here, Mrs. Fuller," Joseph said, "The hotel is just right across the street, and Millie's car is right in front."

I nodded and got down from the car.

Since we did not know if Christopher was our foe or friend, it was better if we remained cautious.

So many thoughts popped up in my mind that day that I could hardly sleep.

When I was just about to catch some sleep at sunrise, someone knocked on the door.

It must be Emery. I woke up and walked over to open the door. However, the moment I lifted my head, I saw a seemingly affable man standing by the door. It was Christopher.

By right, I should call him Dad, but I could not bring myself to do so. I just stood there and locked eyes with him for a few seconds.

What's his relationship with Bill? What did Christopher do when they exchanged the kids?

Wait a minute! What's he doing here? He should be meeting Ashton in Bill's house right now to sort things out!

"I thought you'd invite me into your room," Christopher smiled and said. From the expression on his face, I could not tell what was on his mind at all.

I did not respond to his snide remark. After a short pause, I stepped aside and allowed him to enter.

Without hesitation, he headed straight into my room.

He moved just like Ashton; it was as if they were cut from the same cloth.

I began to wonder if Bill had truly arranged a meeting for them.

Anyway, since the man was here, I might as well talk to him on behalf of Ashton.

I grabbed a coat and wrapped it around myself before I sat opposite Christopher.

“How can I help you, Mr. Hall?” I asked, “Or should I call you Mr. Fuller? I thought you were supposed to have a meeting with Ashton.”

There’s no point in me playing nice. This man is why Ashton suffered in the last twenty years.

In fact, he should also be held responsible for the death of our first child.

Christopher did not seem to take offense at my hostility. Instead, he poured himself a glass of water and remarked, “You’re smarter than I thought.”

“I’m flattered. If you have nothing to say, I have a few questions for you.” I shot him a cold stare, detesting him for the sleepless nights he put Ashton through. How can he behave so casually as if nothing had happened?

The man’s lips curled into a smile. He took a sip of water from the glass and looked at me before asking, “I know you grew up as an orphan, but hasn’t Ashton taught you patience and respect after he married you?”

So condescending. How dare he question my attitude after what he has done to Ashton!

“Of course, he taught me well,” I responded with a perfunctory smile. “But I’m afraid not everyone deserves my respect and patience.”

He let out a cold snort and leaned against the couch, crossing his legs. His eyes held a silent warning as he gave me a condescending stare. “Ashton or the twins? It’s your call.”

Chapter 1371

“Excuse me?” His statement got me confused.

“The twins belong to the Hall family. Do you want to hand them over to me, or do you want me to get rid of Ashton, so I can become the custodian of the kids?” Christopher threatened in a nonchalant manner.

What? He came all the way here to see me because of my children?

Instead of atoning for the mistake he made two decades ago, Christopher was now threatening to get rid of Ashton to get his hands on our babies.

Why does he want to do this? What on earth does he want?

It was obvious the man did not care for Ashton at all.

A father who wanted his son to vanish off the face of the Earth. How outrageous!

Rage throbbed in me like a heartbeat, but I tried to keep my cool. “Listen carefully, Mr. Hall. My children will carry the Fuller family name. You faked your death twenty years ago and made Ashton’s life hell. And yet, you now return merely to snatch our kids away? Are you heartless? How can you even bear to do such a thing?”

I minded my words, not wanting to ruin things any further for Ashton, but I wanted Christopher to know how angry I was.

Had Christopher been a decent human, he would have known that his request was absolutely nonsensical. I thought I had knocked some sense into his head and made him feel sorry for the things he had done. Yet, I saw no remorse in his eyes after my outburst. He remained unaffected.

“Are you done talking yet?”

The way he spoke and his tone was exactly like that of Ashton. I felt like I was dealing with another Ashton, but I could not read his mind as he showed no emotions.

Imagine how scary it was for me to deal with Ashton with zero emotions.

Ashton was a man who would not show mercy to all his contenders even when they had conceded defeat. And that was how he made a name for himself and the Fuller family in K City. Right now, I was dealing with someone like him all by myself.

I squinted and organized my thoughts before noting calmly, “Ashton is your son. How could you do this to him?” I willed my voice to stay calm, trying to defuse the tension.

“If you really have no intention to apologize to him, then at least tell him the truth,” I continued, “Tell him about the accident. Tell him about his mother.”

“That’s none of your business.” Christopher folded his arms across his chest. “You should be glad your children wouldn’t need to go through what Ashton experienced.”

The man paused for a moment and let out a mirthless laugh that left me feeling baffled. He then lowered his eyes and mumbled, more to himself than to me, “That’s the only reason we kept him alive.”

“That’s enough!” I could not take it anymore. “You really think Ashton is solely a tool to procreate? Don’t you care for him? I’m absolutely disgusted by how you present yourself as the perfect man to others.”

He's nothing but a heartless beast!

Christopher was apparently taken aback by my reaction. His expression turned grim for a moment before he warned in a calm voice, "Do you know the danger of talking to me in such a manner?"

His threat worked. I instantly regained my composure and consciously kept a distance from him.

There was no point in arguing with him, but I could tell he was not confident that things would work out the way he wanted. Otherwise, he would not have come all the way here to confront me.

I must not let my emotions get the best of me. It's not about me now. It's about Ashton; I need to be strong and do this for him.

I let out a heavy sigh, stood up in a gradual manner, and took a sidelong glance at the phone nearby.

I inched closer to the phone while trying to divert his attention. "You're right. I might be too young to understand the consequences of my actions. However, I must seek Ashton's advice since he's the father to my kids."

Chapter 1372

"Just give me the kids," Christopher cut in, "I'll handle Ashton."

While Christopher spoke, I moved close to the phone, immediately crossing my arms to distract him while I dialed Ashton's number.

I supposed Ashton would have known that he had been tricked by now.

As expected, he answered the call almost immediately.

After turning off the screen while leaving the phone on, I casually walked up to Christopher.

“You want my kids because you want them to inherit your family business,” I stated, “But why don’t you consider Ashton? Is it because of his mother? Do you hate Ashton because of something his mother did?”

That assumption sounded awful coming out of my mouth, but that was the only way I could think of the clear all the misunderstandings.

We all need closure from broken relationships.

He laughed. “I thought you would know the answer, given how you had him investigated into before.”

“How did...”

“Enough!”

Before I could complete my sentence, Ashton’s furious voice roared from the other end of the phone.

Both Christopher and I could all hear him, even though I had not turned on the speaker. He must be at his breaking point.

I could not imagine the pain he had to go through after knowing why his father left him to fend for himself.

The moment Christopher heard his voice, his eyes flitted around the room, trying to trace the source. He knitted his brows when he realized what I had done and shot me a disdainful look.

He stood up, walked to the phone, and raised his brows. "You've married a capable wife, Ashton, but trust me, one day, you'll let her down. I would advise you to give me the children as soon as possible. There's no point in fighting to the death over this."

With that said, he got up and left.

There was a point in time during that conversation where I thought the truth had come to light, but I still had a lot of doubts.

Once Christopher was gone, I immediately picked up the phone. After a short pause, I cleared my throat and asked, "Are you all right?"

No answer came for me.

"Ashton?"

There was no still no response from him.

I then unlocked the screen with a tap of a finger and realized he was no longer on the line.

He must have had an emotional breakdown and ended the call after hearing what Christopher said.

Instead of wasting time, I immediately changed into new clothes and asked Millie to drive me around, even though I did not really have a destination in mind.

While doing so, I gave Joseph a call. "Where is Ashton?"

"He just grabbed his car key and drove off!"

"Why didn't you stop him? Don't you know he's not emotionally stable?" I exclaimed while placing my head on my forehead in worry. "His car has GPS installed, doesn't it? Track him down for me now!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller. We've just sent his car to the workshop for maintenance. The car he drove belongs to the company, and it doesn't have GPS..."

"Are you kidding me?" I exploded, "Give me the car plate number!" I knew it was not right for me to vent my frustration on Joseph, but I could not control myself at that moment. All I could think about was Ashton.

Millie must have noticed how anxious I was. She hit the gas and sped away. "Don't worry. I'm sure Mr. Fuller wouldn't do anything that will put himself in danger. He might have gone out for a spin on the outskirts. Let's drive out of the city and try our luck there."

"We can't do anything about it now. Just drive." I tightened my grip on the phone. Nothing she said could calm me down.

Unlike K City, danger lurked everywhere in M Country. Ashton had almost been assassinated in that very location. I was afraid saboteurs might take this opportunity to get rid of him once and for all.

Millie managed to beat all the red lights, and in just a short while, she avoided the jam and headed out of the city.