

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1373-1377

Chapter 1373

I kept my eyes on the road, hoping I could spot Ashton. All of a sudden, a yellow sports car overtook us.

The driver's arrogance instantly reminded me of someone.

Without hesitation, I took out my phone and called Holden.

Since I had been his client quite regularly, the man picked up my call immediately.

I gave him the task I needed him to help me with right away. "P917RG. Track this car for me in Fander in M country. You can quote me any price you want, but locate this car first!"

The moment Holden agreed to take this job, I hung up the call.

Around three minutes later, Holden texted me the GPS coordinates. The coordinate showed the target stopped at a river near a sea bridge that connected to the city.

We followed the coordinates, arrived at the destination some ten minutes later, and found the car with the plate number Joseph had provided.

I opened the car door and noticed Ashton standing by the river. He looked exceptionally lonely under the gloomy night sky.

I walked up to him slowly, feeling bad for him. However, I was even more relieved than I had managed to find him.

The truth might be brutal, and the process of coming to terms with it might be a difficult one, but as long as Ashton did not give up on himself, I would be there for him.

Perhaps he was too deep in thought and not aware of his surroundings. He jolted when I embraced him from the back.

A moment of silence fell between us before Ashton said in a coarse and trembling voice, "Let's go home."

My heart sank. The pain in his voice was so palpable.

I instantly nodded and agreed, "Okay. Let's go home."

The two of us stood by the river for a few more minutes before returning to the hotel together. We finally did not need to travel separately anymore.

Neither of us spoke as we made our way back. Everything that had happened had drained all of his energy. After asking Joseph to make the arrangements for our trip back to the country, he lay down on the bed in the hotel room, exhausted.

I shut the door, went to the balcony, and gave Emery a call.

"We'll be going back tonight. Something happened. Do you want to stay or leave with us?"

"I'm fine with any arrangement you decide on. What's wrong? Did the auction yesterday go well?" Emery had been away the entire night, so she had no clue what had happened.

I could not help but take a quick glance at Ashton. "I don't think I can explain it to you through the phone. Long story short, Ashton's father is still very much alive."

"What? Who?" Emery questioned, thinking she had heard me wrongly. "Ashton's father? I thought the man died twenty years ago..."

"To be honest, I'm as just as confused as you are," I sighed. "Ashton has booked us a flight back to J City. I suppose we'll have a clearer picture once he talks to the Fullers."

"Why do I feel like you're not pleased with the turn of events? Is the man a problematic person?" Emery hit the nail on the head.

I responded with another sigh. "Yes. He wants our kids and treats Ashton like his enemy. I don't like him at all."

I seriously detested Christopher. Zachary and Cameron had once wanted to end my life, but that was because they had mistaken Rebecca for their daughter. After they knew that they were in the wrong, they had tried their best to make amends.

Christopher, on the other hand, was nothing short of a heartless monster. Not only did he not bother to find out how Ashton had suffered in the last two decades, but he also acted high and mighty all the time.

"Wow. Someone actually has the guts to treat Ashton like shit? Why though? Why did his father hate him so much?" Emery mumbled as she analyzed. Upon realizing she had blabbered too much, she immediately diverted my attention. "Don't worry, okay? Perhaps things are not as bad you thought. Anyway, I don't think I'll be going back to J City with you. I'll see you in K City soon, all right? Take care."

Chapter 1374

Not long after we ended the call, Emery sent me a text message: The media back in the country found you and Ashton are staying in the same hotel. Just be careful of Thora.

Isn't it ridiculous for a couple, who has been married for years, to become the talk of the town when they stay in the same hotel?

I replied immediately: Got it. Thanks for the heads up. You be careful too. Emery was our close friend, and I was worried for her safety as well.

The woman replied casually: Nah, I'll be fine. I'm not alone anyway. I chuckled at that message. She must have had the time of her life yesterday.

I teased: Wow. Looks like you had a lot of fun with a special someone last night. Alexander had done all he could to get her attention. Who could resist a man like him?

Emery expressed her dismay in her next message to me, texting: Stop right there, woman. It has nothing to do with him, alright? You know what? I don't have to explain myself to you. I'm gonna go have more fun now. Ciao!

I closed the app after reading her message and shook my head with a grin. Sadly, that short burst of happiness disappeared the moment I thought of Ashton. My expression turned grim once again.

How I wish Ashton gets the love he deserves just as much as everyone else

Unfortunately, there's nothing he can do to change his fate. The least I can do now is to keep him company and show him that he isn't alone.

We touched down at J City in the evening on the next day and immediately paid Charlie a visit.

Ashton's uncle was busy sprucing up his garden when we arrived.

Ashton walked up and greeted him with a blank face.

At the sound of his voice, Charlie turned around and looked at us. He froze for a moment before asking, "Hey. Since when did you two come back?"

Somehow, I felt there was something amiss with his delayed response.

Charlie was the only Fuller who knew Christopher well. He must have some inside stories about Ashton's father that he could share with us.

Throughout the years, Charlie had raised Ashton well. Though Helen often gave them a hard time, the two men still maintained a close relationship. Since Charlie raised him like his own, Ashton did not believe his uncle would lie about his father's death.

There was no reason for Charlie to lie to Ashton.

Charlie might not know the entire truth, but that did not mean the man was entirely innocent. He had watched Ashton suffer for the last two decades, yet he chose not to tell him anything about Christopher. Does this mean he's not at fault? I don't think so.

Christopher had been in hiding for decades. He could have stayed away from Ashton and carried the secret to the grave, yet he chose to appear before his son. There was a high chance Christopher must have been in contact with the Fullers.

Ashton stared at his uncle and asked in an intimidating voice, "Do you really not know why we're back?"

Ever since the passing of Christopher and his wife, Ashton had lived with George and Charlie. Growing up, Ashton had always been emotionally unavailable. Charlie knew one day, this young man would become even more impassive. He had finally witnessed that today.

Charlie looked at Ashton and froze. He lowered his head to avoid his glare. "Watch your manners, Ashton," he said, "How do you expect to know everything about you? You must be tired. Go and take a rest in the guest room. We clean it every day, hoping that you'll come and visit."

He seemed a little absentminded as he spoke, even going as far as accidentally pruning some branches off a well-shaped shrub. However, the man soon snapped out of it, turning around and ordering the maid, "Carry their stuff into the house."

The maid came up and carried our luggage. "Please come with me, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller."

Unlike Ashton, Charlie was not great at hiding his emotions. Based on his reaction, I believed Christopher must have approached him before.

We decided to come unannounced in the late evening because we did not want Charlie to avoid us. Now that we were face to face with him, we hoped he could tell us the truth.

Chapter 1375

After taking a shower, we set out to look for Charlie again.

The living hall was exceptionally quiet; Charlie was not around.

I got hold of a maid and asked, "Where's Mr. Charlie?"

The maid lowered her head and answered, "He has gone to bed."

Ashton tilted his head and took a sidelong glance at the rooms upstairs. Though he had moved out of the family home for many years, he still remembered the location of Charlie's room very well.

We headed up and stood outside the room. Ashton knocked on the door and called, "Uncle Charlie?"

No one responded.

A corner of Ashton's mouth quirked up. It was as if he had expected this. He held my hand and brought me back to the living hall.

After a short while, Charlie came down slowly with Helen.

“Did you call me?” The man asked, looking like he had just woken up. “I would have slept straight to the next day if the maid didn’t call me.” He let out a chuckle at that comment.

“You should rest early if you’re tired,” Ashton said calmly while shooting daggers at Helen.

I glanced at him, paying close attention to his expression. He waited for them to tell him the truth for twenty years. I’m sure he doesn’t mind waiting for another few hours and asking them about it tomorrow.

Charlie responded with a wry smile, “It’s all right.”

“Please take care of yourself,” Ashton said, “I didn’t get to take care of my parents since they passed away at a very young age. I hope I still get to repay your kindness after I’ve made a name for myself in K City.”

A line formed between Charlie’s brows, but before he could respond, Helen stepped in and said, “Thanks, but you don’t have to. George raised you, not us.”

I was well aware of the fact that Helen did not like Ashton through and through. She even often went around telling people he was good-for-nothing. Ever since my relationship with Ashton improved, he seldom talked to me about them anymore.

There was just something strange about the couple.

“You’re right,” Ashton began, “But I still hope you can come with me to K City. I can take good care of you that way. We’re the only Fullers left in the family now. We should stay together, don’t you think?” He leaned against the couch and tapped his finger on the armrest absentmindedly as he spoke.

“We’ve thought about that possibility too, but since we’re so used to J City, I don’t think we’d be comfortable living in a big city,” Charlie explained.

No matter how hard Ashton tried to convince them, Charlie and Helen seemed to have all sorts of excuses to turn him down.

I had been observing the woman, and she seemed to be oddly courteous throughout the conversation. I also noticed her tendency to peep at me when she was talking to Ashton. Every time she saw me looking at her, she would offer me a rather awkward smile.

After Charlie had rejected the offer for the third time, Ashton kept silent for a long time. As tension began to build, everyone in the living hall grew nervous. Thankfully, Ashton broke his silence moments later. "There's something I wish to ask you, Uncle Charlie."

Upon hearing that, the other man shuddered while he was about to take a sip of tea. He quickly regained his composure and asked, "What is it?"

Ashton took out a few photos from his pocket. They were the photos of Christopher, whom he had secretly shot. Ashton didn't think twice before he dumped them all on the coffee table.

Charlie took a glance at the photos, and his expression turned grim immediately.

Helen did not seem to notice her husband's reaction. She pursed her lips and grabbed the photos from the table. The moment she saw the photos, the color drained out of her face. She stuttered, "How... how.. how is this possible?"

Ashton shot Helen a cold stare. "Tell me, who's the man in the photo?" He raised his voice. "When the world thought he had passed away, he's still alive and well in M Country. So, explain to me how this is possible."

Clearly, Ashton's patience had worn thin.

Chapter 1376

From Charlie's dark eyes, I could tell he was not surprised to see those photos. This confirmed Ashton's prediction — Charlie had known Christopher was alive.

Ashton had once told me that even though Charlie treated him well, he often felt as if his uncle intentionally stayed away from him. Charlie's behavior eventually caused Ashton to lose trust in him. It had got to a point where Ashton did not bother trying to figure out what went on in his uncle's mind.

Ever since he took over the Fuller Corporation, Ashton had finally learned that he could trust no one in this world.

He had always attributed the problem he had with Charlie to interpersonal difficulties. Never in his life had he questioned if he was really related to this family.

Everything that had happened recently had made the man question his identity.

"Am I really your nephew?" Ashton asked icily.

If Christopher could change his identity and forge his death, Ashton believed the man was capable of manipulating the paternity test results too.

Charlie took a deep breath to calm his nerves. "Why do you even bother to ask me such a question if you've already guessed it right? You're right. We're not related by blood. You might not be a Fuller, but we've never treated you differently."

Ashton let out a cold snort but kept mum. Upon seeing his reaction, Charlie shuddered.

Charlie let out a sigh, thinking Ashton did not buy his story. "Your grandpa adopted Christopher, your father. He was not only a hardworking person, but he also has strong business acumen. He did all he could to repay your grandpa's kindness. The Fullers have always had a close relationship with your mother's family. Your grandpa decided to matchmake your mother with Christopher when the patriarch learned that she had fallen in love with him. Though your father was not pleased with the arrangement, we all still lived a rather peaceful life."

"Unlike your grandpa, who didn't know how to run a business since he was a soldier, Christopher turned the Fuller Corporation into a successful establishment," Charlie explained, "Yet, one day, Christopher's biological family came to J City to look for him. Your grandfather panicked and sent him off to another country. That family, who eventually took my DNA sample for the paternity test, gave up after obtaining the results."

Ashton's face continued to be stiffened with dismay. "And?"

He wanted to know why his own father detested him so much.

While Charlie was caught up reminiscing the past, a hard glint flashed through his eyes all of a sudden. He stood up impatiently and made a condescending remark. "That's all. The Fuller family has done Christopher wrong, but we've raised you well. Tell him he should consider all the old scores settled."

Charlie shot Ashton a sullen glare before stalking back to his room upstairs.

"Uncle Charlie," Ashton called out, but before he could say anything, Helen interrupted, "It's getting late. He hasn't been feeling well lately. Let's talk about this some other time."

Ashton and I stared at the couple's backs as they made their way upstairs in a rather hurried manner.

We eventually went back to your room. Annoyance was written all over Ashton's face as he went out to the balcony and took a puff at a cigarette.

I sighed. It must be devastating for him to find out he isn't a Fuller by blood, even though he lived with them for more than two decades. More importantly, he finally knows that Charlie had kept a distance from him because of Christopher.

Ashton was tired of dealing with all the lies; he was afraid to know the truth. However, the man knew he had to face them, no matter how hard and painful they may be.

Instead of piling all the pressure to spill the beans on Charlie in one night, Ashton decided to take things slow and spend the next couple of days in J City. He was determined to uncover more information. He wanted the truth.

Chapter 1377

Plans were bound to break when changes occurred. After Charlie and Helen saw through us and our intention, they packed up and left the house early in the morning. When Ashton and I headed downstairs in search of them, they were nowhere to be found.

"As the saying goes, you can't wake a person who's pretending to be asleep. It's going to be hard to make them spill the beans." I sighed.

Ashton stared blankly at the door for a few seconds before taking his phone out to dial Charlie's number.

The call rang for a while before it got through.

Charlie immediately stated, "Hi, Ashton. I forgot to tell you that we're going on a trip today. We've planned this trip for a long time. Feel free to stay at the house for a couple more days and take your time to pack before..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Ashton cut him off, "Uncle Charlie, I won't force you to say anything if you're not willing to tell me the truth, but I don't want to be kept in the dark anymore. I promise I won't bother you again after you tell me all the things I have the right to know."

After a brief silence, Charlie replied, "Meet me at the café opposite Fuller Corporation."

Ashton and I arrived at the café an hour later, nine o'clock sharp.

Soon we ordered our coffee, we sat down at a table by the window, waiting for Charlie and Helen to arrive.

About half an hour later, a deafening screech of tires suddenly came from the road outside, masking the relaxing music in the café.

Then, a clamor of footsteps and screams ensued.

"What a terrible driver!"

"Did they survive? Quick, call the police!"

"Go and check on the victims."

I frowned. Though I felt sorry for the people in the car, the situation did not affect me as much as the others in the café.

Meanwhile, Ashton looked out of the window, seemingly deep in his thought. Suddenly, as though realizing something, he sprang to his feet and rushed out with a frown. Worried, I immediately followed him out.

The two squeezed through the crowd and saw the crash.

The victims were a man and a woman. The face of the unconscious woman was so bloody that no one could even see her appearance. On the other hand, the man, who was nearer to us, lay face-down, and his body was twitching slightly.

Realizing that he might be conscious, Ashton went forward and tried to put him in a comfortable position.

However, as soon as he saw the man's face, Ashton froze and called subconsciously, "Uncle Charlie? Are you Charlie Fuller?"

The dying man tried to open his mouth to say something, but he suddenly gasped and collapsed to the ground, motionless.

One of the bystanders found the victim's wallet and saw his identification card. "Oh my gosh! This guy is Charlie Fuller!"

"That Charlie Fuller?"

"Then... The woman must be his wife, Helen Clarke."

"The Fullers were doing quite well in K City recently. Of all times, why did such a horrible thing happen now?"

“I don’t know. Maybe they were making dirty money. It’s probably karma.”

Just then, the police and ambulance arrived at the bloody scene.

“Move aside! Don’t block the authorities!”

Once the police dispersed the crowd, he shook Ashton’s body and snapped him out of his trance. “Sir, please cooperate with us. You need to leave now.”

With a blank face, Ashton stood up and walked towards me, his face painfully expressionless.

Behind him, the police placed a finger under Charlie’s nose and checked his pulse before reporting to his colleagues, “No breath. Weak pulse.”

Ashton and I went to the police station to give our statement, and at 3 p.m. that day, Charlie Fuller was pronounced dead.

The Fullers did not have any other relatives, so all the legal proceedings were handled by us. By the time we were done, it was already late at night – daytime in M Country.

As we made our way out of the police station, Ashton’s phone rang.

The silence from the other side of the line made Ashton’s face fall. “Why did you do it?”

He did not say much, but I instantly knew who had called him.

Only the heartless hypocrite, Christopher, would call at this hour to check the condition here.

Ashton's voice was low, but it was laced with anger. His face remained expressionless, but he was exuding an aura of deep resentment and boiling hot anger.

The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb. For Ashton, the Fullers who raised him were much more important than his biological parent.