

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1378-1382

## Chapter 1378

"Ashton." I held his clenched fist in my hands, letting him know that he still had me by his side.

However, Christopher was by no means a good person who would want the better for Ashton. I did know what the man said to him, but Ashton could not seem to stand another word from him. He hurled his phone into the distance, smashing it into a thousand pieces.

Being the head of the Fuller Corporation in J City, Charlie had a great social influence within his community. After his tragic death, the police formed a special task force overnight to investigate the accident. The report was out the next day.

The car crash that took the lives of the couple was declared to be a motor vehicle accident.

Ashton wasted no time in arranging Charlie and Helen's funeral.

Although the Fullers did not have any close relatives, they had plenty of friends in J City. Many came as a sign of respect for George as well. Hence, many people showed up at Charles and Helen's house that day.

After a long exchange of pleasantries with the guests, Ashton and I headed into the study behind the living room for a short moment of silence. A moment later, Joseph followed us inside.

"Mr. Fuller," the man greeted respectfully.

Slumped onto the sofa, Ashton was too burnt out. He did not bother opening his eyes to look at Joseph as he asked, "Did you find anything?"

Joseph answered stiffly, "It's the same as the report from the police. It seemed to be a simple car crash. The car suddenly got out of control and crashed into Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. I've also checked the driver's background. We found nothing suspicious."

Christopher had once forged a fake DNA report. How difficult would it be for him to plan a perfect car crash?

Back then, the man had also used the same tactic to run away, and he had lived peacefully ever since. Now, the same old trick had been played again; a fatal blow to the man's own brother.

Ashton did not believe that the crash happened by accident. He ordered Joseph to continue to search for evidence and dismissed him right after.

Knock! Knock!

The housekeeper knocked on the door, saying apologetically, "Mr. Fuller, it's time for the eulogy."

It was time for us to pay our tribute.

“Okay.” Ashton stood up and adjusted his sleeves before striding out of the room.

All the guests were quiet and behaved respectfully. Even though the service was somber, I was glad that the service went smoothly with no hiccups.

Death is not the end of life. I believe they’re at a better place now.

After the eulogies were delivered, the guests came forward and paid their last respects to the deceased. Everything seemed to be going accordingly as planned. However, when a woman with a dramatic derby hat caught my eye, a bad feeling washed over me.

She had a model-like figure and a pair of sultry eyes that gave off an air of confidence. Taking a closer look, I realized she looked somewhat similar to Ashton.

The said woman walked towards Ashton with her chin held high, and there was no sadness or sympathy in her eyes. She extended her hand elegantly and shook Ashton’s hand. “My condolences.”

Then, she flicked her eyes at me, sizing me up, before following the other guests and placed a flower in front of the deceased’s portraits.

I was not the only one who noticed her; such an eye-catching woman would undoubtedly catch Ashton’s attention as well.

Just as I expected, after the woman walked a distance away, Ashton shot a look at Joseph and whispered, "Follow her."

"Right away." Joseph nodded and took off.

After the funeral ended, Ashton and I headed to the garden outside. We were surprised to see the woman from just now.

Wearing a pair of sunglasses on her, she sat on a bench leisurely and watched us approach her with a steady gaze.

We took a seat opposite of her, our figures reflecting on the lens of her sunglasses that shielded the emotion in her eyes.

"I've always wondered how my elder brother would look like if I had one. By the looks of it, you're not as disappointing as I thought you would be." She broke the silence first.

I was shocked beyond words at her somewhat casual statement. That was not what I had expected her first sentence to be.

If I'm not mistaken, she must be Christopher's daughter. This means Ashton's mother may be alive...

**Chapter 1379**

Ashton, on the other hand, was calm and collected. He seemed unfazed when he asked, "Where is Mother?"

Years of relationship had made both of us have the same lines of thought.

The woman before us removed her sunglasses and flashed a bright smile. "Does it matter? Don't you need to know my identity first?"

Ashton fell silent for a while before answering her impatiently, "You're Nicolas Hall's daughter. One of the top five hundred richest people in the world, and the youngest candidate in the Forbes list, Tiffany Hall."

Ashton seemed to have looked into the Hall family after finding out that Christopher was still alive.

Tiffany lowered her gaze and chuckled. "My achievement normally would overawe my peers, but you look so calm. It's no wonder you're Dad's son."

Ashton's face fell instantly when he heard her mention Christopher. Worried that he might take out his anger for his father on her, I quickly grabbed his hand to placate him. Then, I looked at Tiffany and said, "Please do us a favor and cut to the chase. Tell us what you're here for, Ms. Hall."

The woman had purposely come to meet us on the day of the funeral of Charlie and Helen. Obviously, she was not a person who was considerate of other people's feelings, so she might as well stop with her small talk.

It was only then Tiffany looked at me from the corner of her eyes. "Oh, you must be Scarlett. Your children are certainly a big help to me."

I felt uneasy at once. Both Christopher and her daughter had mentioned our babies. What do they want from my darlings?

She seemed to have read my mind, seeing as to how she added, "Don't worry; I mean no harm. I'm only here to persuade Ashton to bring all of you to the Hall family."

Judging from her appearance and her achievements, she was clearly a career-oriented woman. Why would she ask Ashton to go back to the Hall family and be one of her competitors in the family?

Only the fittest would survive the fierce competition in an affluent family, and Thora was the best example.

Ashton clenched his fists. "Who told you I'm a part of the Hall family?"

His words were filled with anger and extreme disappointment.

A family was supposed to care for one another and stay with each other. But, the Hall family had abandoned Ashton and let him suffer the loss of his parents while they lived happily on the other side of the world.

Tiffany had been pampered since the day she was born; that was why she could speak those words easily. Although she had nothing to do with the scheme of Christopher, belittling the suffering of others was disrespectful and contemptible.

Being able to easily find us here meant that she was not someone ordinary. However, it was beyond me why she would choose the time when Ashton had just lost his family to ask him to return to the other family that had abandoned him years ago.

Perhaps the Hall family members were all ruthless. Fortunately, Ashton was an exception; he did not have their heartless personality traits.

Tiffany probably had not expected Ashton to reject her. She scoffed and rolled her eyes before retorting, "I don't really like to joke around, Ashton. Even though Dad and Mom did not want you, I still accept you as a Hall. I'm not as narrow-minded as them. We're biological siblings, so I believe you can definitely get along with us. Although the Hall family's property mostly belonged to my brother and I, we can surely help you if you need..."

"Wait," I interrupted. "Are you saying that Christopher has another son?"

As soon as I finished speaking, Ashton's entire body tensed up. He clenched his fists even tighter.

"Ah..." Tiffany flashed us a small smile. "He tends to keep a low profile, but don't worry; he's a congenial person. Don't you think that it's better to get together? Ashton grew up alone, but now, we can finally be together and take care of each other. I'm sure our family will become more prosperous."

As she continued to chatter away, she suddenly paused and looked at Ashton, smiling. "Ashton, don't you want to be a part of the Halls?"

How could a person who was born into a happy family feel the pain of an abandoned child?

Tiffany's words were indeed hurtful, but I knew, deep down, that whatever had happened was not her fault.

## **Chapter 1380**

Ashton, now overcome with emotion, could not take it anymore and left abruptly.

“What’s wrong with him? Does he really have to throw a tantrum in front of his sister?” Tiffany grumbled.

I immediately defended him, saying, “Since you know that he’s your brother, respect him. You have no right to comment about his rights and wrongs. Don’t judge him with your own shallow view of life.”

“Why are you getting so worked up, Scarlett? I can understand that Ashton is in a bad mood. That’s because we are family. But you’re not one of us. I don’t like to swallow my anger in front of other people.”

What? Ashton and I have been married for ten years, and yet she sees me as an outsider?

Ashton’s father hated and abandoned his own biological son, while his sister shows no respect to her own sister-in-law. The manners of the Hall family are surely eye-opening...

Fuming, I glared at her and growled, “Joseph, send our guest out.”

Ashton and I decided to go back to K City once everything regarded the funeral had been settled.

Ashton was now the only one left in the Fuller family. Just like the family home, most of the housekeepers in Uncle Charlie’s villa were dismissed. Only a few stayed to look after the villa.

The Fullers’ family home was now completely empty.

Before we departed, Ashton sat in the car and looked wistfully at the house where he had grown up in. Holding his hand in mine, I leaned on his shoulder and waited quietly. A few minutes later, he squeezed my hand and said to the chauffeur, “Let’s go.”



As Christopher was still alive, the plan to avenge his death became a joke. Ashton no longer had things to settle in J City and boarded the same plane back with me.

As expected, after we landed, the reporters swarmed us as soon as we reached the gate. Tom and the other bodyguards were escorting us, but still, we could not make it out of the crowd unscathed.

“Mr. Fuller, you’ve come back here with Ms. Stovall. Does that mean both of you are getting back together?”

“Is the engagement between Mr. Fuller and Ms. Ziegler canceled?”

“Do you guys plan to remarry? Is it because of the children?”

“Will Mr. Fuller reconsider cooperating with Ziegler Corporation?”

“Mr. Fuller, rumor has it that among all your lovers, Ms. Stovall is the one with whom you have had the longest relationship. Why...”

When Ashton heard that sentence, he stopped in his tracks abruptly and shot an icy glare at the rude and nosy reporter.

People who were grieving tended to have emotional outbursts. Worried that he might lose his composure, I quickly called out, “Ashton, no.”

Since we landed, I had not made any physical contact with him to prevent the media from making a fuss out of it. Even now, I was trying to remind him with my eyes that held a warning.

Emery had warned me that if Thora found out that she had been tricked, she might go mad and take drastic actions. Therefore, I made a choice to have a low profile for as long as I could.

When Ashton heard me, the grim expression on his face faded away as he turned to look at me affectionately. One of the reporters standing next to us raised the camera in his hands and aimed it at us.

However, a second before the reporter pressed on the shutter button, Ashton pulled me into his arms.

I lifted my head, my gaze meeting his beautiful eyes. He nodded slightly at me, beckoning me to stay calm, and turned to face the camera.

“Since there seem to be so many rumors about my personal life, I would like to take this opportunity to clarify things. Yes, Scarlett is the one with whom I have been in the longest relationship, and she is also the only lover I have. All the other statements are mere rumors.”

And that included the engagement and every rumored lover he supposedly had.

While the reporters had yet to recover from their shock, Ashton shot the bodyguards a look and put his arm around me before forcing our way through the crowd and entered the car at the exit.

Men’s thirties were their prime. As one of the most eligible bachelors in K City, Ashton attracted even more attention than the others. Choosing to admit his reconciliation with me during his prime age was tantamount to letting go of the countless potential romantic interests and their relative merits.

## **Chapter 1381**

Within ten minutes, the hashtag #FulleReconciliation had been propelled to Facebook’s most widely searched and used term.

Ashton seemed in no mood to talk once he got into the car. Wary of disturbing him, I continued scrolling through Facebook.

The photo that was the most widely-circulated piece of information regarding this trending topic was my intimate photo with Ashton at the airport.

The internet was ablaze with theories and frenzied discussions.

Tsk tsk! Look at them! That's what I call true love!

The president's a real man indeed! He didn't abandon the woman who gave birth to his child after all.

Scarlett's gorgeous! She and Ashton really look like a match made in heaven.

I definitely ship this couple! None of those messy relationships for me!

Isn't this great? I'm glad the twins won't be separated. I was so worried that if they divorced, they'd end up splitting the twins between them!

I was rather thankful that the bulk of the comments were positive. A handful of cynical netizens questioned the validity of our relationship, citing the ambiguous closeness between Ashton and Thora. However, these naysayers' voices were quickly drowned out by the flood of other netizens eager to express their delight and support.

As I read on, a smile hovered on my lips. The comments, no matter their nature, didn't affect me much. I found myself immensely moved, however, by the genuine outpouring of well-wishes from people Ashton and I have never even met.

Ashton sensed my body weakening in gratitude. Perhaps mistaking it for unhappiness, he reached out a warm hand and pressed mine firmly into his palm.

I turned to look at him in surprise, but he had already reclined against his seat, his eyes shut.

Perhaps Ashton merely wanted to hold me. I thought to myself, and another wave of pleasure washed over me.

It had been a while since Ashton had managed to get any rest. I briefly considered waking him up, then thought otherwise.

As it turned out, however, the decision to let Ashton rest for long wasn't mine to make.

The car soon pulled up at the Stovall residence. The moment we'd entered, Thora was already waiting with Herman in the living room. They were both engaged in a frosty standoff with John and Emma.

At the sound of our arriving footsteps, the four of them swiveled around in unison to face us.

Ashton, however, looked utterly unconcerned. He airily led me into the house, where we took a seat beside John.

Herman scoffed. "True love, huh, Ashton? You and your wife really know how to put on a good show, stringing the rest of us along by the nose. Do you take us for fools?"

The Trivett family had always been suspicious of the Stovalls and naturally took an excessively defensive attitude towards us. When they'd initially agreed to let Ashton vouch for us, The Ziegler Corporation's collaboration with Pitcoin had seen a meteoric rise in value, all thanks to the conflict between Ashton and me.

The relationship between Ashton and me was harmonious again now. Furthermore, Ashton had publicly declared that he'd never separated from me. Neither had he ever fallen for anyone else. The Trivetts saw this as an affront to their alliance with Ashton. Herman, however, was reluctant to give up his privileged access to confidential data.

Ashton remained silent, his face expressionless. His look of complete vacancy was as impenetrable as a solid wall. Unable to bear the mounting tension in the room, John burst out, enraged, "Mr. Trivett, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't blame others for your own faults. Everyone can clearly see that the love between Letty and Ashton is real. You're the only one who's blind, I suppose. Who's to blame for that?"

Aggrieved, Herman glowered at John. "Don't think I won't dare to touch you just because you have Louis to back you up! If you get on my bad side, I won't rest until I've destroyed you."

At that, John let out a snigger. "Be my guest. Go ahead and try."

"You..." Herman spluttered, leaping to his feet. The air in the room was almost crackling with the abundant aggression between the two men.

Just then, Ashton intervened in a low voice. "Mr. Trivett, you're concerned about your Pitcoin business, aren't you? I'll promise you that whatever the relationship between Scarlett and me, I'll ensure that it doesn't affect Pitcoin at all. Are you satisfied?" he asked coolly.

Herman had actually been harboring the fear that Ashton and Louis would combine their strength. They would thus emerge as a formidable opponent. Ashton's declaration, however, greatly reassured Herman. However, another thought struck him, prompting him to thus further demand, "Mr. Fuller, I would have been more inclined to believe you if you had openly announced your relationship with Ms. Stovall at the start. In fact, I would have been willing to continue with that deal. However, now that I've come to know about this matter through hearsay, your credibility has been utterly reduced to zero in my eyes. How do you expect me to continue working with you?"

"What do you want, then?" John asked sharply, his wild eyes once again meeting Herman's level gaze.

Ashton, however, stepped in before the situation could escalate once again. Icily, he informed Herman, "Fuller Corporation will withdraw from all collaborations and related enterprises with Trivett Corporation. We'll compensate you for the breach of contract."

## **Chapter 1382**

That single statement silenced Herman entirely. At the same time, it had come at the cost of Ashton's bargaining power.

Fuller Corporation's withdrawal from the collaboration with Trivett Corporation meant that Ashton would be unable to interfere no matter what evil ends Pitcoin would be used for.

It seemed as if the discovery that his parents were alive had utterly transformed Ashton. The upright, dignified man that George painstakingly raised had vanished.

Ashton's words thus dropped like a bomb in the living room, scattering the uneasiness that had hung so heavily in the air before.

Thora, who had been observing the scene unfold from the sidelines, chose this moment to speak. "You're going to withdraw from all collaborations? Ashton, do you really intend to sever all ties with me?" she seethed.

The Ziegler family was no longer Ashton's target. In fact, from certain perspectives, Ashton had indeed wronged Thora in some aspects.

A flowering career was all well and good for a woman, but her relationships and emotions would always remain her core occupation.

Thora waited in agony for Ashton's reply. Ashton, however, was in no frame of mind to deal with anything other than the recent tragedy. He merely gazed at her blankly with disinterest, looking absent altogether as if his soul had flown off to another dimension entirely. Wherever it was, it was neither present nor ready to engage with Thora's demands.

It wasn't that Ashton wanted to evade her questioning. He didn't quite possess the capacity to at the moment.

Every second that ticked by threw Thora into a greater frenzy. The expression on her face was growing increasingly desperate. Unable to endure this long-drawn awkwardness, I hastily chipped in, "Ms. Ziegler, allow me to apologize to you on behalf of Ashton. He only hid our marriage from you due to the circumstances. If there's anything you're dissatisfied with, we'll do whatever we can to make amends."

Thora was an intelligent woman. I truly believed she would know that negotiating a compromise would enable her to achieve the best possible outcome from this catastrophe despite the hurt she'd suffered.

Besides, Ashton and Thora were both victims of the previous generation's wrongs. There was no real benefit in furthering this resentment.

Thora, however, did not act like the reasonable woman I expected her to be. "I was played for a fool by the two of you. Do you think I'd let you off the hook that easily?" she asked bitterly.

Upon further reflection, I realized that it must have taken a considerable amount of courage and pride for Thora to have arrived at her current position. For her to have cast off the help of the Ziegler family and establish her own business, she must have had an unimaginable amount of perseverance. I knew I should not expect her to back down without a fight, then.

I heaved a sigh. "What does Mr. Ziegler think of this matter?"

At the mention of his name, Thora instinctively started and glanced away. I followed the line of her gaze and realized that she'd been looking at Ashton.

She had her jaw clenched in contemplation. After a while, she said evenly, "I want Ashton to sign a five-year contract. It must clearly state that within the stipulated period, Fuller Corporation will only collaborate with one of Ziegler Corporation's construction companies."

I gaped at her. Thora clearly had no qualms about allowing her personal grievances to interfere with professional matters.

Five years of collaboration with the Fuller Corporation was a surefire way for Thora to propel her own company to the top. It was the best maneuver the woman could make from unrequited love.

Ashton, however, had no discernible reaction upon hearing Thora's demand. He nodded, saying gravely, "As long as the work is legal and reasonable, I have no problem with it."

Despite such an enormous ask, Thora remained discontent. She piped up again, "Furthermore, this scandal put me in a bad light. Both of you will have to find a way to fix my reputation."

"Don't take advantage of their kindness! How do you expect them to clean up your mess? Are you expecting Ashton to divorce Scarlett to pursue you, then let you dump him this time around?" John retorted heatedly.

Thora, however, remained unflappable. She obstinately stuck out her chin at him before saying haughtily, "That's just what I'm asking him to do. I'm the only one who should be permitted to dump others, not the other way around."

Her ridiculous statement made John give a snort of incredulity. "Who do you think you are to make such ridiculous demands? You..."



I hurriedly cut in, "Wait, John." I glanced at Thora thoughtfully, then said, "I think Ms. Ziegler's request can be met in another way."

I was certain that Ashton's and my divorce was not the only option for Ms. Ziegler to recover her standing.

Thora's features softened upon hearing my attempt at conciliation. The corners of her mouth twitched before she spoke, "I've finally seen for myself today that you're a practical woman. You're not the spoilt princess I thought you were, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. You really did put up a good performance all those other times we met."