

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1413-1417

## Chapter 1413

"Sometimes, certain things in life take more than grit. If you can't educate a child, why don't you stay away from Gregory in the future?" Ashton threw a sarcastic question at the woman in a callous tone.

"What do you mean?" The woman seemed to be startled by the man's reply.

"You can't even understand that? If that's the case, I can't possibly allow him anywhere near you." Things grew increasingly awkward between them as Ashton deadpanned his reply.

Irrked by his response, the woman raised her volume, yet it was evident she had been trying her best to keep her wrath under control. "No matter what, I'm your fiancée! Soon, I'll be Gregory's stepmother! Why are you treating me like this?"

Ashton fiancée? Thora?

I felt bad for the so-called president of a listed company because, at the end of the day, she was just another woman. Despite trying her best to please the man she loved, her effort was to no avail.

Judging by her reply, this kind of interaction seemed to be the case for a long time.

"Our engagement is nothing more than an agreement between my father and yours. As long as I refuse to give my consent, you will not be my wife. If it weren't because of our families' relationship, do you think I'll allow you to confront me in such a manner?"

The man's rhetorical reply sounded more like a warning in disguise.

I used to come across Thora on the television. She was a gorgeous woman as well, yet Ashton seemed to be relatively indifferent.

Ashton ignored Thora and reached for his phone, instructing without a second thought, "Joseph, pick Gregory up from The Jade and bring him back."

Soon, he looked at the little boy and asked, "Gregory, you know what to do, don't you?"

The little boy nodded and answered, "Yes! I'll be waiting for Mr. Campbell!"

Ashton nodded and turned to face Thora, remarking sarcastically, "A little boy can read the mood in the room better than you. I can't help but wonder who's the one behind Ziegler Corporation's achievements."

Shortly after, the sounds of someone marching out of the room could be heard. I thought the little boy was the only one left behind because I could only hear the sound of him playing with his tablet.

Suddenly, the voice of glass being shattered into pieces reverberated in the spacious room.

Crack!

It took me by surprise; the woman was way more aggressive than I had imagined. I was worried about the child, yet his reply proved my concerns to be unnecessary.

The boy seemed to have gotten used to it. He started remarking sarcastically in a manner similar to his father's. "Daddy said you should stop wasting your time if you're aware of the outcome that's in store for you."

Oh, God! He must have learned from the best, huh? That's even more sarcastic than his father's remarks!

I gasped on behalf of the pitiable Thora because she had to go through the same thing again after being picked on by the boy's father.

Another woman's voice could be heard out of the blue. "Why are you getting worked up over such a trivial issue? Are you sure you're not going to regret wasting your effort in building up your image in front of the child?"

"Why don't you go ahead and give it a try? If you were in my shoes, I don't think you would be able to even go through a day! There's nothing I can do to get him to open up to me! He said..."

She continued sharing the things Ashton had said with the mysterious woman in the room.

The woman went dead silent when she heard Thora.

In the end, Thora heaved a long sigh and complained, "The Hall family shouldn't have fought over the custody for the boy! Since Ashton has to take care of his son, he doesn't have time for me!"

"Enough! Aren't you aware of the things you're supposed and not supposed to talk about in front of the boy?" It was pretty obvious that the mysterious woman was superior to Thora. She had the guts to reprimand the woman without holding back.

A few seconds later, the other woman brought something up to divert Thora's attention.

"Ashton asked Dad out for a meal. Why don't you tag along? He's been acting like a different person since that incident, but the Hall family is on your side. If you can't even stand this, you should forget about becoming his only woman. Have you seen him being romantically involved with another woman over the years? He's not just giving you a hard time, but it's everyone—"

"I hate the fact that he considers me just another woman!" Thora was shouting at the top of her lungs, but she soon replied in a hushed voice a few seconds later, "I don't think you will ever get it. Let's forget about it and head over to join your father."

## **Chapter 1414**

"Come with me."

A few seconds after the duo walked out of the private room, silence fell once again.

I hid behind the wall for another short while. Once the room went completely silent, I tiptoed my way out.

As soon as I reached the entrance, I had an odd feeling. When I turned around, I noticed the little boy I encountered on our way back home from the hospital, Gregory, had his eyes glued to me with a bright grin.

He stood upright and seemed to be anticipating my arrival because he wasn't surprised by the stranger in the room the slightest bit.

When I thought things were way too awkward, Gregory broke the silence and asked, "Have you figured out everything?"

Slightly taken aback by his question, I asked, "What?"

"That woman who was here a few minutes ago!" Gregory tucked his arm and orated, "She's my father's fiancée, but we don't really like her! Actually, the feelings are mutual between us! Since someone has to marry my father, can you be the one? I like you! You look just like my mother! Can you be my mother?"

The boy with chubby little cheeks behaved like an old man. I started chuckling, finding his choice of words hilarious.

I placed my hands on my knees and leaned forward to carry on with the conversation. "You're not supposed to poke your nose into the adults' businesses. You're just a kid. On top of that, you need to stop addressing a random woman as your mother because that's rude."

I looked at him in the eyes and made myself clear in a serious manner, yet I got increasingly discouraged as I went on because I couldn't bring myself to get mad at such a cute little boy.

To be honest, I could barely suppress the urge to pinch his chubby little cheeks – he was too adorable.

On the other hand, Gregory seemed to have misperceived my words as he asked sulkily, "Do you hate me?"

What? How could I possibly hate you when you're so adorable?

"I don't mean it. I—"

"You like me, don't you?" Gregory interrupted me and asked rhetorically. He held his chest high and announced, "Don't worry! My father is a great man! He will take good care of you! As long as you promise me to marry him, I'll deal with the rest!"

I found his reaction hilarious and asked, "What do you mean by dealing with the rest? What are you going to do?"

Once again, the young boy announced with his chest held high, "My aunt told me I can get myself another few siblings if I get Daddy to spend more time with that woman. Since I don't like her, I'll get Daddy to spend more time with you to get myself another few siblings!"

I gaped at his reply because the things he had been exposed to weren't supposed to be shared with a child of his age. Perhaps he had inherited the genetics of the prodigy—his critical thinking skills were top notch.

With that being said, he was way too naïve in which he had approached a random woman on the streets for the task.

After I took a deep breath and regained my composure, I stepped forward and caressed his head, explaining patiently, "It takes more than spending time together to bring two adults together. I can agree to help, but your father may not have any feelings for me. If that's the case, things will end up miserably and cause both of us a lot of trouble. You're not supposed to do such things, okay?"

Halfway through my orated speech, his father's sarcastic remark flashed back in my mind—have you always considered your father a man with bad taste?

I should have been more precise with my choice of words because I was certain Ashton didn't have a thing for me.

Shrugging my shoulders with a self-deprecating smirk, I said, "Alright, I need to leave because I'm here to meet someone. Stay here and wait for your uncle's arrival, okay?"

Once I was done, I brought myself up in an attempt to leave the room, but I could feel a chubby hand on my thumb.

When I lowered my gaze, I saw his abysmal pair of eyes. He said, "You don't need to head anywhere because I'm the one who asked you out."

"You did?"

I couldn't believe my ears—no ordinary six-year-old little boy could execute such a flawless plan, including bribing someone to send me a note and sending a chauffeur my way to bring me to the hotel.

Nodding, the little boy repeated the content of the note, "Meet me at The Jade at nine o'clock. I'll be waiting for you in room 608."

## **Chapter 1415**

That single statement had me convinced; he had managed to repeat the contents of the note without fail.

It wouldn't be much of a surprise for a six-year-old boy from such a renowned family to be able to produce such neat handwriting. However, it was tough to believe he could get so many people to do his biddings.

Crouching, I held his arms and asked with a serious expression, "You're not allowed to lie, okay? Tell me the truth! Do you know the one who asked me over?"

"Do you not believe me?" As Gregory asked, he walked over and accessed his tablet. The moment he took his seat, he started executing a series of commands. If I hadn't been there to witness it, I wouldn't believe have believed he had such a mature side.

Since he had dove right into it, in fear of interrupting him, I had to sneak my way over to check on the things he was up to.

Countless rows of codes could be seen on the screen as Gregory swiftly ran his chubby fingers across the keyboard.

After a short while, a large notification was prompted on the screen—Success!

He seemed to have gained access to another person's device.

I asked, "Did you hack someone?"

The little boy explained in a mellifluous tone, "Nah, I have merely edited a program and disguised myself as Daddy. I dropped our chauffeur and Mr. Campbell a text, acting as though I'm my father. They approached you and brought you over because they thought it was Daddy's instructions."



It turned out that he had been manipulating his father's subordinates in a rather creative and complicated method.

With that being said, the thing that surprised me the most was the fact he could easily execute countless complicated commands to edit the software.

However, I still had my fair share of doubts. Thus, I looked at the screen and repeated my question, "Are you really the one behind the note?"

"Mmm!" Gregory nodded with a determined look. He must be afraid I wouldn't trust him.

I secretly sized him up and wondered if I should consider myself lucky.

Initially, I had thought I could regain a part of my lost memories, yet I had been brought over for something else.

I can't possibly pick on the child and ruin his day, right? After all, he merely wished to see me in person.

Sighing, I returned his tablet to him and put on a stern front, seriously warning him, "You're smart, but you're not allowed to keep your father in the dark anymore if you're going to meet another stranger in person. You're the son of the wealthiest man in the country. If anyone figures out your identity, you're going to be in huge trouble, okay?"

I had a hard time figuring out if the child could comprehend my words when he began blinking his eyes rapidly.

I wasn't in the mood to teach someone else's son on their behalf anymore. "Alright, since you have seen me, and I have turned you down, I guess it's the end of our session today. It's getting late. I'll be heading back now. Goodbye."

Just as I was about to leave, the young boy stopped me and begged with his face puckered in a pitiable manner, "What do you need from me to be my mother?"

I actually started feeling bad when I heard him crying. It was indeed an odd sensation for a woman who had never given birth.

When I was about to say something, a stern voice could be heard, yelling at the entrance, "Stop fooling around!"

The moment I turned around, someone had barged into the private room.

Ashton was dressed in a gray suit and a pair of suit pants that didn't have a single wrinkle on them. His neatly combed hair matched his public image; he had always shown up on the television in such a manner.

He glanced at me before asking the little boy with a straight face, "Are you going to move away from her or not?"

When the little boy heard his father's question, he glared at him and yelled, "No! I want her to be my mother! I don't want anyone else!"

It was such an awkward scene to be a part of. With no idea on how to deal with the awkwardness, I began with a smile, "I think he's missing his mother..."

"If that wasn't the case, do you think you could get the better of him?" Ashton deadpanned his reply. I couldn't help but wonder if the man was human.

## Chapter 1416

I was rendered speechless by his harsh remark. “Mr. Fuller, I think you have misunderstood me—”

He strode over and brought Gregory away from me with brute force before I could finish my sentence. “There are a lot of women who wish to become Mrs. Fuller, yet no one has tried something as silly as this.”

Halfway through his speech, he paused and signaled Gregory to stay away from me. Although the little boy was stubborn, he dared not defy his father’s instructions. Albeit unreluctantly, he inched away from me.

Ashton looked at me and spat out, “You’re a smart woman because you’re capable of utilizing your strength. Unfortunately, you have picked the wrong target. If you wish to become my wife, why don’t you come after me? You better stay away from him in the future. Otherwise, get yourself ready for the things that are in store for you.”

Huh? Is that a warning? Why does he make himself sound so superior?

At that point, I had had enough of the man’s arrogant remark. Suppressing my wrath, I repeated myself, “I’ll make myself clear for one last time—this is nothing more than a misunderstanding. I have no intention to approach your son, let alone be your wife. Although you’re not half bad in terms of look, you’re nothing more than a single parent with a son. I don’t see the need to waste my time with you.”

Since he didn’t bother to hold back against me, I decided to return the favor and went all out in front of him.

The man frowned when he heard my words. I could detect a hint of frustration through his eyes that had narrowed to a slit.

There wasn't anything else I could do to prove myself innocent because he seemed to have gotten used to different women saying the same things.

Okay! Considering he's such an exceptional bachelor with a great look and sturdy figure, it's not entirely impossible for those who have ulterior goals to approach his son to win him over!

If he compares me to those with ulterior goals, it makes me seem as suspicious as them!

"Since you think I'm up to something else, I'll leave you and your son alone at once! Also, you should really keep a closer eye on your son. Goodbye!"

"Mommy!"

I was about to leave, but the moment I heard the little boy's voice, I brought myself to a halt and turned around to look at him for one last time. In the end, I gritted my teeth and walked out of the room.

I'm so sorry, Gregory! It's your father's fault! He's such an irritating man!

Once I got out of The Jade, the chauffeur that had brought me there was still around. Therefore, I asked him to bring me back to Marcus' place.

As always, those in the villa had long tucked themselves in. Only a mere few faint sources of illumination were available. I tiptoed my way back into the villa, afraid of waking others up.

On top of being dehydrated after heading out for two hours, I was afraid of being busted. My thirst became unbearable when I reached the stairs, so I had no choice but to revert to the kitchen to get myself a glass of water.

The light in the living room switched on the moment I stepped out of the kitchen. I looked in the direction of the door and noticed Marcus, who was in a set of gray pajamas, craned over and looking at me.

He broke the silence before I could provide an excuse. "Have you run out of water in your room?"

As he had brought up the perfect excuse for me to disguise my trip, I played along with him and nodded. "Mmm. I have gulped down the entire bottle of water in my room because I'm thirsty."

He nodded and said, "You don't have to worry about the utility bills. Just switch on the light if you're heading downstairs."

When I was about to say something, he suggested, "I'll head out and get you a few sets of pajamas tomorrow."

Once he was done, he returned to his room, leaving me behind.

It took me some time to snap out of confusion. I looked down to stare at the set of casual clothes I had on and soon lost myself in another train of thoughts.

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I had a hard time falling asleep after the encounter with Gregory. I blamed it on a woman's nature for being overly motherly.

In the end, I ended up tossing and turning on the bed until five o'clock in the morning. When I had enough of wasting my time, I got up and decided to head over to the kitchen.

Marcus always had someone to send different types of ingredients over on a daily basis. In other words, there were different types of ingredients available in the kitchen.

Oddly, the proper way to prepare the different ingredients available would pop up in my mind. I wondered if it had something to do with my survivor's instinct. I ended up preparing different ingredients for a few dishes I had in mind.

## **Chapter 1417**

"What put you in such a great mood?"

When Marcus showed up, I was in the middle of heating the milk.

"I decided to give cooking a try because I couldn't bring myself to sleep. Speaking of which, it turns out I can cook."

I once thought I couldn't cook. Therefore, I was startled when I started preparing the ingredients as though it was not a big deal.

A woman will learn how to cook after they find someone worthy of their time and effort.

That particular quote crossed my mind, causing me to think I must have brushed up my culinary skills when I was deeply in love with Marcus.

He stared at me for a few seconds. Smiling, he suggested, "You need to consider your condition before engaging in such things. You have just recovered. It's fine to have the maids deal with these."

“It’s fine. I’m well aware of my limits. I actually feel better after getting myself involved in some activities.”

The milk had completely heated up once we wrapped up our conversation. I poured each of us a glass and brought them to the dining hall. “Care to join me for breakfast?”

After a few minutes, he said, “I need to return to the company for a meeting. Once I’m done, I’ll be back and bring you out for lunch with me.”

I replied without thinking much, “You don’t have to trouble yourself. I can just make myself something to eat.”

He fell silent for a short while, but then insisted, “I’ll be back.”

“You don’t need to worry about me because I’m merely an amnesiac... I’m not handicapped. I can still take care of myself. If I don’t start doing that, I’m afraid I’ll turn into a lazy bum.”

The conversation was wrapped up with a smile from Marcus.

After we had our meal, he returned to the company. Knowing that the maid would have everything in the kitchen washed up, I retrieved some gardening tools with me and headed over to the courtyard.

While watering the plants, I caught a glimpse of the afterimage of two figures with the corner of my eyes. When I looked ahead, I saw a male and a female sneaking their way around the building.

The man seemed to be in his best fit, but the woman by his side had a relatively casual set of outfits—an oversized trench coat with a floral print dress and shades to go along.

I stared at them for a few seconds and wondered if I should call for help.

Suddenly, the cool-looking woman removed her shades and bypassed the wall, sprinting in my direction. Startled by the clicking sound of her high heels, I had a hard time grasping the situation. By the time I returned to my senses, I was already in between her embrace.

“Scarlett! It’s you! I thought Alexander had gotten the wrong person!”

Confused by the situation, I stayed in between her embrace awkwardly. It took me a few minutes to gather my thoughts. “M-Miss, may I know—”

“Why are you being so courteous around me? I’m Emery!”

Emery took a step back and started sizing me up. Her eyes brimmed with tears as she announced, “I had a hard time recognizing you because you’re so skinny!”

After being unconscious for six years, my appearance had undergone drastic changes. On top of that, after the long night I had, I seemed relatively pale and haggard.

I tried my best to recall the woman in front of me, yet my effort was to no avail. “You’re Emery?”

“Yes! I’m Emery! The one and only Emery Moore of yours in this world!” Her words were barely audible as she started sniffing once her emotions came flooding out.

The cool-looking woman had actually burst into tears in front of me.

She didn’t bother concealing her emotions. Muttering to herself in an aggrieved tone, she started sharing all sorts of things with me.



“Why have you not returned to us? Are you aware we have been searching for you over the years?”

“Emery.”

The man in his best fit approached the wailing woman and placed his hands on her shoulders to console her.

After he removed his cap, his face could be seen. It was Alexander whom I had encountered back in the restaurant a few days ago.

I figured that the woman was also acquainted with me since they had shown up together. Unfortunately, I couldn't recall anything at all in spite of her wailing in front of me. I wasn't sure if I should say something to console her, but after much considerations, I said, “Ms. Moore, please calm down.”

When she heard me, she got increasingly worked up and yelled, “Ms. Moore? Have you really forgotten us after being away for six years?”