

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1428-1432

Chapter 1428

However, he had spoiled his son. It was overtly liberal for him to be calling people names.

Gregory waved his fork at me when I was lost in thought. "Ms. Stovall, Daddy would like some pork too!" he said in an attempt to instigate me.

The atmosphere over the dining table instantly chilled.

I did not think that a man of his wealth would stoop to eat something that I took for him.

The difference in our status was clearer than ever before. Just sitting at the same table felt strange; being intimate was out of the question.

"Greg, your dad will help himself if he wants some. He..."

It was a pathetic attempt to diffuse the tension, but Ashton chose this moment to make the situation extra awkward. "Greg, I would like some of that pork."

Though he addressed Gregory by name, it seemed to me that he was speaking to me.

Even Marcus's fork had frozen in midair. Everybody was confused.

"Err..." Gregory muttered with a glance down at his sticky hands helplessly. "My hands are dirty. Why don't you ask Ms. Stovall..."

Marcus couldn't bear it any longer. "Mr. Fuller, you have such a strong bond with your son," he interjected. "You and your wife must be very close."

A hint of coldness flashed before Ashton's eyes. "Mr. White, your relationship with Ms. Stovall appears to be pretty normal," he said with a sardonic laugh.

Marcus kept his expression carefully level. "It's hard to imagine how a busy man such as yourself would have so much time to poke his nose into other people's private matters," he said without hesitation.

Ashton scowled, his eyes dark as storm clouds. "Second only to your ability to worry over nothing, Mr. White."

Marcus suddenly sat up straight in his chair. "Mr. Fuller, you are indeed eloquent." He smiled humorlessly.

"Right back at you," Ashton said mildly as he turned to Gregory. "Are you finished?" he asked. Though his voice had no inflections, it was dangerously soft.

Gregory would undoubtedly have been to plenty of big events. He must have sensed that the atmosphere had turned hostile but was most reluctant to put down his fork. "Yes, I'm done," he admitted against his will.

"Let's go, then. We've overstayed our welcome. Someone's not happy," Ashton said as he got up. "Thank you for your kind hospitality," he said politely to us. Gripping Gregory by the hand, they departed.

I waited for the door to shut behind them before turning to Marcus. "Do you have a grudge against Ashton or something?" I asked suspiciously.

Their previous encounter was harmonious by comparison. However, upon becoming neighbors, the hostility between them had grown into something tangible.

There was no need for harsh words to be thrown about like that over a meal.

The most unusual thing was that Marcus was usually mild-mannered. He definitely was agitated earlier, which was most unlike himself.

At my words, Marcus resumed his calm demeanor. "Why would you think that?" he said with a light laugh. "You're overthinking. Finish your dinner."

It was obvious that it was a topic that he did not wish to discuss.

It only goes to show that there was indeed something going on between him and Ashton.

Our relationship was different from other normal engaged couples. If Marcus refused to discuss it, I wouldn't have any reason to get to the bottom of it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Gregory's food was virtually untouched.

Ashton had said that their kitchen was not ready for use yet and that the boy did not like takeout. It was going to be a long and hungry night for him.

Maybe I can cook them something simple and send it over?

That wouldn't do as well; Marcus may feel even worse. Though he wouldn't say it aloud, he may feel absolutely uncomfortable in his heart.

I shouldn't go against him.

"Are you full enough?" Marcus's voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Yes, I am. I'm going upstairs."

At that, I casually picked up my phone and turned to go up the stairs.

Marcus may or may not have seen it, but he did not say a thing.

After I shut the door and ascertained that Marcus did not follow, I opened up a takeout app and ordered a homecooked meal for the Fullers.

Gregory wouldn't be starving tonight.

As usual, I went out for a walk the next morning. I bumped into Ashton and Gregory, who were getting ready to leave their house.

Gregory seemed exceptionally excited to see me. "Ms. Stovall!"

"Good morning Greg!" I smiled at him brightly before glancing towards Ashton. I was surprised to see him staring intently at me.

I regained my composure before I greeted him. "Good morning, Mr. Fuller."

"Morning," Ashton replied coldly, bundling Gregory into a black SUV.

As the vehicle disappeared around the street corner, I sighed in frustration.

When I ordered the food delivery last night, I checked Ashton's background before placing an order that might suit his tastes. His frosty attitude made me question if he really ate the food I had ordered.

I snapped back to reality as I pondered about the situation I was in. Why am I so obsessed with them? Is it just because Gregory is adorable? Or is it because they've been appearing in my life far more frequently than Marcus has these days? Argh, it's confusing!

Emery called me just as I got home.

"Letty, there are some things I need to talk to you about." Emery sounded much more serious compared to the last two conversations we had.

“When and where?” I was traumatized by my previous experience with the paparazzi, and I wanted to take every available precaution.

After I was discharged from the hospital, I had been watching the news at home. There was no shortage of dating scandals broken by dogged tabloid reporters. Next time, I may not be so lucky.

“I’ll pick you up in a bit.” She hung up before I could say anything else.

Half an hour later, I got into Emery’s car. I could tell she was in a weird mood. “Are you ok? You don’t look so good.”

Though we hadn’t spent much time together, I could sense that Emery wasn’t a natural introvert.

She seemed to fidget uneasily in her seat.

With a somber expression on her face, she nodded. “I’m a bit nervous.”

After a pause, she continued, “I’m about to tell you something very important. You need to know about it today. Actually, you- ah, never mind. This isn’t the time or place for it. I’ll tell you later.”

I didn’t probe her since she seemed so cautious.

She drove us to The Jade.

“This is my shop; do you remember it? You can order whatever you like. Drinks are on me for life.”

I shook my head. Though I wasn't feeling particularly thirsty, I still ordered a latte since Emery seemed so excited to bring me here.

Emery appraised me carefully before asking, "Letty, it's been so long. Do you really not remember anything?"

"No," I replied quietly as I looked around the shop.

The private room in this restaurant was decorated in the same style as the one Gregory had invited me to. Beyond that memory, I had no further recollection of this place.

When I visited the hospital two days ago, the doctor had given me a clean bill of health. When I would recover my memories, however, was entirely up to fate.

Living without the memories of my past felt a little like treading on thin ice. While everything seemed like such a wonderful dream, it also felt like it could collapse at any moment.

When I woke up every morning, even the air felt suffocating.

Emery let out a deep sigh. She unlocked her phone and pushed it toward me. "Do you remember who he is?"

There was a photo of a man displayed on her phone. Of course I knew who he was; this was Ashton.

"I remember him. He's Ashton." Confused, I asked, "Why are you showing me his photo?"

Evidently, Emery had a more important motive for showing me his photo. "You remember? Then why didn't you say so earlier?"

“He’s the richest man in this country. His face is in the news all the time. Why are you surprised that I remember who he is?” I was perplexed at Emery’s anxious demeanor.

Emery’s expression fell. “That’s what you meant by you remember?”

“Yeah. Why?” After some thought, I added, “Though it’s funny that you mention him. He’s my neighbor now. His son is pretty cute too.”

Chapter 1430

“Neighbor?” This seemed to catch Emery’s attention. She asked hurriedly, “When was this?”

“Just yesterday.” I didn’t think she would be so surprised at the news. “He moved into that villa opposite my house.”

“Oh my god,” Emery gasped, placing her hand on her chest in apparent shock.

A moment later, she seemed to recover herself. “So you’ve met each other already? And I’m guessing several times?”

“Yes. We had dinner together last night too. Why? Is something wrong?” Now I was the worried one. I recalled yesterday night’s dinner situation. I mumbled to myself, “Marcus doesn’t seem to like Ashton very much.”

“Hmph, shoot me dead if he does,” Emery spat.

“What did you say?” I didn’t know if I had heard her correctly.

“Nothing,” Emery said before changing the topic. “What do you think of Ashton’s son?”

“He’s a very interesting kid.” I couldn’t help but smile when I thought of Gregory. “You know, a while back he used to call me Mommy.”

Emery’s expression turned serious at my words. Staring intently at me, she blurted, “You are his mom.”

The private room fell into silence so intense you could hear the sound of a pin drop.

Sometime later, I managed to collect myself. Testing the waters, I asked, “Emery, you’re not pulling my leg about something this serious, right?”

I didn’t think Emery was really telling the truth.

As if she had long expected my reaction, she rearranged her features into a serious mask and answered, “I swear on my heart that everything I’ve told you is nothing but the truth.”

My certainty began to waver at her bold statement.

Though Emery seemed like a jokester, I knew she wouldn’t mess around when she dealt with serious issues. Her revelation was just too inconceivable to me.

Ashton has never publicly revealed the identity of Gregory’s biological mom. How can it be me?

Ashton and I were a thing? If that's the truth, why am I engaged to Marcus? Is Emery telling me that Marcus has been lying to me all along?

"Gregory Hall is my son?" I hugged myself, trying to calm my nerves. "Does this mean Ashton and I were-"

Emery cut in and confirmed my suspicions, "It's not just a thing of the past. The two of you were never separated. Even if you did, it was to protect each other. You were always in love with each other."

Clink!

As I lost focus, the cup in my hand knocked against an ashtray on the table. Coffee spilled from the cup, staining the tablecloth a dirty brown.

I scrambled to clean up the mess with a bunch of napkins. I eventually calmed myself down before addressing Emery, "I know you have nothing to gain from lying to me. But you must understand, there's a lot to process from what you just told-"

Before I could finish my sentence, I heard a piercing scream.

"Scarlett?"

The loud click-clacks of high heels approached me. I turned around and saw a beautiful woman stomping furiously toward me.

Her gaze was full of hatred as if I had killed her family or something.

"Damn it. Who let her in?" Emery swore.

Soon, the woman was right in front of me. Her tactfully made-up face was tinged with hostility. Our proximity amplified her aggression.

I had no impression of her. Subconsciously, I knew we didn't have a great relationship in the past, and I knitted my brows in worry.

"It's really you! You're still alive!" She spoke impassioned, grabbing my elbow in the process. She began yelling like a banshee as she made a move to slap me.

Emery got up from her seat and pushed the woman away. "Rebecca, you're mad! Are you done acting like a b*tch?"

The woman named Rebecca wasn't paying attention to Emery, who suddenly shoved her mercilessly against the door of our private room.

Chapter 1431

Rebecca seemed oblivious to the pain. Her eyes had never left mine as she yelled, "Ashton's not dead, and so are you. Why must Armond die when the two of you managed to live?"

I had no clue what she was going on about. I was only certain of her resentment of me.

Emery butted in angrily, "Armond deserved it. No one owed anything to him. If you think your life's too long, I can always send you and your b*tchy face to prison for life!"

Rebecca ignored Emery's words completely. Her ire was directed completely at me. "You know what, I'm glad to be alive. I'm going to make your life a living hell!"

Emery slapped her. "Rebecca, you should go see a doctor if you're barking mad. Don't make me show you what a living hell really is!"

Just then, a fashionably dressed man in a beret walked past our room. At the sight of Rebecca lying on the floor, he rushed forward to help her up. "Oh god, why are you making a mess again? What if the paparazzi were around? You'll be dead!"

"They can take as many photos as they want! They're all just a bunch of keyboard warriors. They've been attacking me since my debut, but I'm still as popular as I've ever been!" Rebecca retorted. Her prima donna attitude turned me off.

I guessed that she was some sort of celebrity. The frustrated-looking man beside her was probably her manager.

Her manager seemed to be more tactful than Rebecca was. When he recognized Emery, he immediately offered an apology. "Ms. Moore, I'm so sorry. Vivian must be drunk. I hope you can forgive her behavior. I'll apologize on her behalf."

Haughtily, Emery replied, "If this happens again, I'll put both of you out of work."

"It won't, I promise."

With an awkward smile on his face, he dragged Rebecca out of the room.

When they reached the doors, Rebecca stopped and glared at me.

It took me a long time to collect myself after Rebecca had left.

Emery shouted, "What a b*tch!"

She turned toward me and noticed that I appeared lost. "Scarlett, are you hurt?"

I shook my head and croaked, "Is she my enemy?"

"Yes." Emery sat down and explained nonchalantly, "There were rumors that she had died at a drug rehabilitation center. Apparently, someone had brought her out of the place. She got herself a new face and a new identity. Now, she's made herself into a C-list celebrity. Her acting's pretty sh*t, though she's great at keeping up her popularity. Or should I say, notoriety."

"She's in showbiz? Why and how do I know her?" I was even more confused.

"Hmph, I think it's probably best if you never have a thing to do with Rebecca again." Emery scoffed. "That woman stole your man, and she almost stole your entire life and your kids. She's a living example of an ultimate a**hole. Back then, I was still wondering what kind of blind idiot would save a hopeless drug addict like her. Now, I realize it's something a psycho like Armond would totally do."

"If that's the case, shouldn't I be the one hating her? Rebecca made it seem like everything was my fault. Are you sure you're not just sugarcoating things because you're my best friend?"

"Huh?" Emery stared at me in incomprehension. "You're blaming yourself for her evil schemes?"

I didn't know how to argue with that. I guess there are plenty of things in this world that I'll never understand. Just like love and hate. We may never outrun or hide from them.

“Ms. Stovall!” Gregory’s childish voice drifted in through the door.

Turning around, I saw Ashton and Gregory framed in the doors of the private room.

Chapter 1432

Gregory was visibly shaking with excitement. Pulling on Ashton’s elbow, he dragged him into the private room. He leaned so much of his weight into Ashton that he almost toppled over.

Ashton, on the other hand, seemed perfectly calm. He walked over slowly.

I didn’t know to expect to meet them in the same place twice. “Greg, why are you here?”

“I’m hungry, so Daddy brought me out for lunch!” Gregory loosened his grip on Ashton and plastered himself to me.

Faced with Ashton’s chilly stare, I unconsciously took a step away.

Ashton looked between me and Emery. He seemed surprised that we were together.

A few seconds later, I recalled Emery’s bombshell. I looked at Gregory with mixed emotions.

Is Gregory really my son? I used to be married to Ashton?

As this thought crossed my mind, I tried to stare surreptitiously at Ashton. I began appraising him seriously for the first time.

The more I looked at him, the less sure I felt about ever having marital relations with this man.

Plus, my impression of Ashton was a man who was difficult to please. He wasn't my type at all.

As if he sensed my roving eye, Ashton lifted his eyes and met my gaze head-on.

His gaze was as cold as his demeanor. I couldn't help but shiver at the hostility.

Gregory may look like him, but he hadn't inherited even an ounce of his coldness.

Joseph showed up later, probably facing some difficulty in securing a parking spot. He looked surprised to see me and Emery. He greeted us politely, "Good day, Ms. Stovall and Ms. Moore."

I nodded in acknowledgment.

Emery was shocked at his appearance. "Joseph?"

She glanced at Ashton, puzzlement in her eyes.

A second later, she exchanged a loaded glance with Joseph right under Ashton's nose. They seemed to reach a wordless agreement.

Joseph came forward and reminded, "Mr. Fuller, the private room is ready."

“Good,” Ashton replied lightly. “Gregory,” he called as he prepared to leave.

I could almost see the little gears turning in Gregory’s head as he reached out to hold my hand in a vice grip. “I want to eat with Ms. Stovall!”

Ashton’s gaze darkened, though he didn’t voice his opinion. After a short moment, he gritted out, “Fine, up to you.”

He left our room right after that.

I guess he agreed to Gregory’s request.

“Ms. Stovall, come with me,” Gregory pleaded eagerly. He used all his might to drag me with him after Ashton.

I had always had a soft spot for Gregory. Soon enough, I found myself in the private room reserved by Joseph. Emery had followed me here, though she purposely remained a few steps back, whispering furiously with Joseph.

Just as we sat down, Ashton gestured for Joseph to retrieve a laptop from his briefcase. He switched it on before handing it to Gregory, who rushed toward a nearby couch ecstatically with his gadget.

Once he confirmed that Gregory was preoccupied with the tablet, Ashton lifted his head and stared sharply at Emery and Joseph. He demanded sternly but softly, “Spit it out.”

Thanks to his muscular physique and naturally imposing aura, he seemed absolutely intimidating, though there was barely any anger displayed on his face.

I thought I could guess what he was talking about, though I wasn't a hundred percent sure. I also stared intently at Emery.

Feeling dwarfed by his imposing aura, Emery blurted, "I want Scarlett and Gregory to reunite with each other. Nothing in this world can stop a mother from reuniting with her own son!"

I wasn't taken aback at Emery's abrupt statement thanks to the bombshell she had dropped on me earlier.