

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1433-1437

Chapter 1433

My entire focus was on Ashton's reaction.

Ashton happened to look toward me at the same time. His gaze lingered on me for a moment before he turned his head away.

Ashton lowered his eyes and sneered as if someone had told him a childish joke. "Then what?"

Emery continued on in that headstrong manner of hers. "She is your only wife."

She seemed to realize she might have gone too far with that statement. She peered at Ashton cautiously.

Ashton seemed to be rather adept at hiding his emotions. His features had rearranged themselves into an expressionless mask once more. His silence was intimidating.

Emery tugged on the corner of my blouse worriedly, unable to suss out his true feelings. She seemed to be hinting at me to protect her if he made any unexpected moves.

I was confused at her immense faith in my ability.

Even if Gregory liked me, that didn't mean Ashton would extend his kindness to me. Before figuring out the truth, Ashton would always think of me as a woman who approached his son with ulterior motives.

Frankly, I was less concerned about Ashton's feelings than I was about the truth. I bit my lips briefly before I blurted, "I know Emery may sound unreliable, but I don't think she has anything to gain from lying."

Ashton barely flinched at my words, though I saw his eyes sharpen in focus as he pondered about my statement.

As long as he's willing to listen, we're one step closer to uncovering the truth.

I paused and glanced at Gregory.

He looked like an adult trapped in a small boy's body. Enchanted by the lines of code on the laptop, he seemed to have a good hand in programming. His small lips were curved in a smile.

My whole heart softened at the sight. I couldn't help but smile along with him. I suggested, "Actually, the solution is simple. Just let me do a DNA test with Greg, and we'll have our answer soon enough."

Now, everyone's attention had turned to Ashton.

I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

Feeling suffocated by the silence in the room, I started flicking my nails subconsciously.

Emery's truth bomb was already hard for me to accept, let alone Ashton.

He's the richest man in this country, and he has an upper-class fiancée. If Emery's telling the truth, it's going to give him a lot of problems.

A sudden thought crossed my mind. I asked Ashton, "Did you also forget about the past?"

Since Emery's confession, I had placed all my attention on Gregory. I forgot all about my supposed relationship with Ashton.

After all, Ashton was nothing more than a despicable stranger that I had known for a few days. I thought Ashton planned to remain silent throughout this entire exchange. To my surprise, he threatened us. "Everything that's been said in this room stays in this room. If even a word of this makes it out of here, don't say I didn't warn you about the consequences."

This statement stunned me. I nodded eagerly after I understood his true intentions. "Don't worry."

Ashton was the face of the Fuller Corporation. Anything that happened to him or his family could influence the survival of the corporation.

The engagement between the Zieglers' daughter and Ashton was public knowledge. If the media found out about a son from his former wife that he had been secretly raising, share prices of the Fuller Corporation could fluctuate out of control.

Suddenly, Ashton lifted his head and shot me a piercing stare. "You're pretty good at acting, aren't you? Did Alexander send you here?"

He knows Alexander? This means he still remembers our mutual friends. Though I must say, his tone is really hostile.

"What are you going on about?" I was perplexed at the malice he directed at me.

Yes, I may be your ex-wife, and yes, maybe we split up in an ugly mess. That doesn't mean you should be this pissed off when I'm back after fighting at death's door, right?

Chapter 1434

Ashton completely ignored my words as he turned to face Emery. He knocked his knuckles on the table rhythmically as he stated calmly, "Scarlett's obituary was published two years ago. If you're trying to get something from me, try not to make such stupid mistakes."

Emery froze as if Ashton had struck exactly at her weakness.

I was, however, utterly stunned.

I was dead two years ago?

A string of words flashed through my mind. The law states that once a person has been declared missing for four years, their immediate family or spouse can apply for their death certificate.

I lay on that bed for six years, but the obituary was only issued two years ago. The person who wanted to prove that I was dead had given up a long time ago. Once the four years were up, he or she immediately filed for the death certificate.

It was at this very moment that I understood what Marcus had meant. Just take it that Scarlett no longer exists.

My head hurt from the unwelcome revelation. I looked at Ashton. The only people who can apply for a death certificate are my immediate family. Who did the deed? Was it my missing family or this indifferent man in front of me?

I was fairly certain from his expression that Ashton still held out hope for his wife's survival.

My heart sank inexplicably as I processed the thought. There was an odd sort of ache in my chest.

But now's not the time for me to be sad.

I regained my composure and stood up before addressing Ashton, "I don't know what happened in the past, but you can see that I'm clearly alive now. I definitely have the rights and means to raise my own child, so I would like to spend some more time with Gregory."

I truly believed that I could make up for lost time with my son.

Ashton lifted his head slowly and stared at me. The deepness in his gaze was chilling. "Did you not understand what I said earlier?"

He paused and glanced at Gregory before continuing impatiently, "I'll make myself clear then. Gregory's mom is dead. No matter how alike the two of you are, don't ever fantasize about becoming her replacement. Trust me; you do not want to test my patience."

His words confused and angered me. "Mr. Fuller, you're the delusional one. No one is trying to pass off as your wife. I am your wife. I'm Carlette."

I pulled out the ID from my purse and showed it to him.

I had to admit that my move was rather childish, but in the heat of the moment, this was the only way I could think of to prove my identity.

I thought he'd be convinced when he saw my ID. Instead, he cast a disdainful glance over the card and laughed mockingly.

My hands shook as my diffidence rose.

Just then, Emery came over and looked at my ID. She frowned and tugged on my blouse. She seemed to be coaxing me to stop. "Keep it, Letty."

"Why?" I couldn't understand the situation. I snapped, "Can't my face and ID prove that I'm Ashton's former wife and Gregory's mother?"

"The former Mrs. Fuller was named Scarlett, not Carlette," Joseph explained.

There was no more fight left in me at Joseph's words. I tightened the grip on my ID sheepishly.

Now I recalled Marcus's words as he handed me my ID. "Carlette, not to be confused with Scarlett."

Was this just a big misunderstanding? Could I really look so alike to someone else?

Witnessing my daze, Ashton let out a deep sigh. He appeared to rein in his anger as he said quietly, "The Jade has been performing well under your management, but that doesn't give you leeway to stick a nose into my private business. I want you to prepare an official apology for this. I don't want to see this happen again, or I won't be so forgiving next time."

Chapter 1435

Ashton's words were directed at Emery, though his gaze was on me.

I had this odd sensation that he was seeing someone else as he looked at me. Or maybe, he's just like Emery and the rest. They see me as the dead "Scarlett", yet they won't let me become the real Scarlett.

Emery wasn't a woman to be trifled with, but faced with Ashton's firm demeanor, she could only agree meekly. "I'll give you a proper explanation."

She dragged me out of the room after that.

As we reached the door, Ashton's deep voice rang out. "You may not be able to carry the burdens of another person's life. Don't overestimate your abilities."

I heard his meaning loud and clear. I'm not Scarlett, and I don't deserve her life.

Little did he know that his attitude only served to strengthen my resolve. I glanced at Gregory out of the corner of my eye, my emotions still a jumbled mess.

After leaving The Jade, Emery offered to drive me home.

I rode shotgun. I buckled myself in at an excruciatingly slow pace as I replayed the scene in the shop over and over in my mind.

Emery could tell that my mind was elsewhere. With one hand on the steering wheel, she began assessing the situation. "Don't you think Ashton was acting weirdly just now?"

"Was he?" I was clueless.

Emery elaborated on her thoughts. "Think about it. If he had been convinced that you were impersonating Scarlett, he would have skinned us alive! Why would he let us off unscathed?"

"Maybe it's because I'm close to Gregory," I guessed.

"I don't think so." Emery shook her head. "You know what I think? I don't think he didn't recognize you at all; he didn't want to."

I knitted my brows in confusion.

He recognized me but didn't want to? What the heck does that mean? Who else can take better care of her own child than a mother?

Emery turned serious as she said, "It's too complicated. I can't explain it to you now. Let me put out some feelers first."

Since she herself was confused about the whole ordeal, there was nothing useful I could do at the moment. "Ok."

After a moment's thought, I asked, "What did Ashton mean by my obituary? What kind of person was I?"

Maybe it's not that Ashton can't believe his wife is still alive. Maybe he just can't acknowledge that he had ever married a woman like this.

My mind was a tangled mess. I asked Emery shakily, "Maybe you really did recognize the wrong person. You saw it yourself. Perhaps I just happen to share a face and a similar name with this 'Scarlett'."

I furrowed my brows. I didn't know if I was unable to figure out the truth or unwilling to accept my supposed death.

If my closest family can't wait to erase traces of my existence, how am I different from those people who are rejected by the rest of the world? I'll always feel like I'm living in some purgatory, forgotten and left behind by all that I love.

Emery opened her mouth as if to say something, but I didn't have the emotional capacity to listen to her. I lifted a hand to stop her. "It's fine. Let's not talk about this anymore. I'm tired; could you send me home?"

Emery didn't force me to face my emotions at this very moment. She drove toward home in silence.

As the car passed through the technology district, I had an urge to talk to Marcus. I had Emery drop me off at the side of the road.

It wasn't hard to locate White Corporation. A short five-minute car ride later, I found myself walking into the lobby of its offices. The receptionist greeted me warmly, "Good day, Miss. Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I'd like to meet Marcus. I'm his, erm, friend," I stammered, glancing towards the office area surreptitiously.

I had never been to Marcus' office since I woke up from my coma. It was crowded with tech workers dressed in flashy attires. It looked hectic.

The receptionist frowned at my explanation. "Mr. White has many friends, and he doesn't meet just anyone. Please register, and I'll give you a call if he's able to meet you."

Chapter 1436

Looks like Marcus' business is thriving.

"That's fine. It's not urgent." I was just acting on a whim. If Marcus was busy, I could always talk to him later.

The receptionist raised a brow as she kept the visitor log. She said indifferently, "Have a nice day."

Just as I turned around, the elevator doors opened with a ding. Marcus exited with a few men. An older man in the group appeared to be his client.

I guess he has a business meeting.

Marcus saw me immediately. He seemed to hesitate for a moment before talking to the assistant standing beside him. He arranged for the client to be brought to a meeting room. Thereafter, he approached me. "Why didn't you tell me you were dropping by? I could send someone to drive you here."

The receptionist probably didn't expect us to have such a close relationship. Her face soured.

Before I could reply, Marcus had slung his arm around my waist. He dragged me with him as he said, "Let's go to my office."

I shivered involuntarily at his sudden and intimate gesture. Once the doors of his office closed, I stepped away to put some distance between us.

Marcus seemed to be used to this. He merely fetched a glass of water for me.

After taking a small sip, I explained, "I had a spot of free time, so I decided to come and check out your office since I was in the area."

"Why did you suddenly feel like leaving the house today?"

"I went to meet a friend." I decided it would be prudent to keep some information to myself.

Maybe it was because I didn't know many people here, but Marcus immediately guessed, "Ms. Moore?"

"Yes." There was no point in hiding this.

The atmosphere became awkward after that conversation. I held on to my cup as I mulled over the suspicions in my head.

Marcus was observing me closely. His relaxed attitude told me that he had an inkling of my thoughts.

He sat down in the chair behind his desk. Nonchalantly, he asked, "Did you two meet for a chat? You didn't bump into the paparazzi, did you?"

I had mentioned our old run-in with the paparazzi to Marcus in passing.

Marcus' question had opened up a Pandora's box. I couldn't rid myself of the thoughts in my mind. I blurted, "Marcus, you've known Mr. Fuller for a while, right?"

Marcus schooled his expression into a neutral one before asking, "Who's been spreading rumors?"

His reply put me at a loss of words.

Meanwhile, he didn't look guilty at all.

Now I was the awkward one. How can I question a man who's been by my side for the past six years over a stranger I've merely known for a few days? That's too much.

Observing my hesitation, Marcus asked seriously, "Is it Emery?"

I pursed my lips. "Emery only wants me to regain my memories ASAP."

This didn't surprise Marcus, who opted not to interrogate me about our conversation topics. "Do you think she's telling the truth?"

"She has nothing to gain from lying to me." My trust in Emery was unshaken.

"That's good." Marcus smiled gently. "As long as you believe that she's not lying to you, then she's telling the truth."

Marcus' cryptic statement unnerved me.

Marcus had never felt like a fiancé to me, let alone someone I had loved romantically in the past. He felt more like a platonic, male confidant who wasn't petty or jealous of my relationships.

Even though we lived together, we seemed to live our separate lives in that house. We didn't flirt or behave romantically toward each other.

This thought had been weighing on my mind for a long time. This time, I couldn't hold in my curiosity. "Am I really your fiancée?"

Marcus' expression changed at my question. In an unusually playful mood, he asked, "What do you think?"

I shook my head. "I don't know."

Suddenly he laughed. He took out his phone before addressing me casually, "It's getting late. Do you want to wait for me, or shall I arrange for someone to send you home?"

Chapter 1437

His blatant shift of the conversation topic wouldn't fool anyone.

Somehow, I felt that his words masked a deeper meaning.

Marcus was the first person I saw when I opened my eyes. Naturally, he was the most familiar person to me.

At this very moment, though, I felt like I didn't know him at all.

As if sensing my thoughtful gaze on him, Marcus lifted his eyes to mine. His large hand patted me lightly on my elbow. Sounding every bit like the perfect gentleman, he advised, "Don't force yourself too hard. You'll gain your memories back eventually. Take your time."

I answered weakly, "Of course. Since you're getting off work soon, I'll wait for you."

If I go home early, I'm just giving myself more time to imagine nonsensical scenarios in my head. I should use that time to observe Marcus in his daily life instead.

Marcus arranged for his secretary to bring me a cup of coffee before he left for his meeting.

His company adopted an open office concept. Glass walls segregated different areas in the office. From where I was seated, I could observe the situation in the conference room.

Marcus seemed exceptionally commanding in front of his business partners. He had full control over the atmosphere in the conference room. His stance reminded me greatly of Ashton.

Ashton's already this imposing in daily life. He must be even more striking when it comes to closing business deals.

I paused in the middle of drinking my coffee. Why am I thinking about him again?

I shook myself awake from my stupor as I started observing the decor in the office. I thought it was an impressive feat that Marcus owned all of this at his age, especially since his office was located in the bustling city center.

My thoughts wandered to the crazy Rebecca.

I didn't manage to question Emery about our relationship thanks to Ashton's and Gregory's sudden appearance.

Like Alexander, Rebecca was in showbiz. It shouldn't be too hard to dig up some information on her.

I pulled out my phone and keyed in "Rebecca Larson" in the search box.

Rebecca Larson And Ashton Fuller Sighted On A Public Date.

Cameron Moore's Daughter Makes A Flashy Comeback.

The Golden Girl Falls Down The Wayward Path.

Unable To Cope With Crippling Drug Addiction, Rebecca Larson Commits Suicide In Rehab.

Each article was accompanied by a slew of paparazzi shots.

Rebecca's eventful life had been plastered across the news. Many netizens had expressed their sympathy at her tragic downfall.

She looked completely different from the woman I encountered at The Jade. I guess showbiz wouldn't be so forgiving towards an artist who had fallen from grace, let alone someone who used to do drugs. She would've had a hard time securing opportunities even if she had a strong backing. I guess now I understand why she had to get plastic surgery.

Just like what Emery said, Rebecca had reinvented her appearance and her entire identity. The public now only knew her as "Vivian", and her shocking past had been covered up.

There was still a knot in my mind that I couldn't untie. Emery mentioned that Rebecca was the one who had wronged me. Why didn't I track her down in the past six years? And why was she infuriated once she saw me?

I felt hopeless about the situation. I couldn't even confirm if I was "Scarlett"; worrying about her enemy was definitely beyond me.

I let out a long sigh as I turned my attention back to Marcus. Acting on my gut, I Googled him instead.

The search results shocked me.

Heir To The White Corporation. The Promising Graduate Returns. Alleged Friction Between Marcus White And Stepmom Sally Fuller. Marcus White Takes Over The Reins After Benjamin White's Death. Marcus White's Mother Dies Of Alleged Suicide.

How did he cope with the loss of his parents in such a short time?

His life seemed a lot more tragic than Rebecca's. Maybe his melancholic behavior was a result of that depressing period in his life.

The articles also reported on his relationship with "Scarlett".

Six years ago, Marcus had apparently disappeared mysteriously without a trace. When shareholders of the White Corporation began eyeing an opportunity to take over the company, "Scarlett" had stepped up to help Marcus protect his family business.