

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1448-1452

Chapter 1448

Joseph then passed along two copies of the paternity test report to Ashton, who received and swiftly slammed them down upon the coffee table in front of him. "Would you be so kind as to explain why you said Audrey was conceived between Scarlett and another man, my dear sister!"

Tiffany looked so nerve-wracked as she swallowed hard. Her face turned green, and her teeth chattered. "I tried to fight for her custody, but the Stovalls would not let her go. You were unwilling to back off, so I had no choice but to do this. I needed you to go all out for the lawsuit and bring our family's successor back to us. The Stovall family is likely to treat the girl well, so the arrangement assuages the enmity between the two families. It can also help you to forget someone you should not be missing, so what's wrong with that?"

Tiffany eased out of her initial reticence and grew bolder over time.

Her tone turned increasingly forceful and haughty.

In contrast to Tiffany's pretentiousness, Ashton was comparatively placid.

A pair of dark and staid eyes transfixed upon her. There were no emotions discernible upon his face. Toward the end, the corner of his lips lifted slightly, and the most subtle of movement from it was filled with scorn. "If memory serves, I believe that I have given you a chance before. What have you got to say for yourself?"

The woman's face stiffened in an instant.

She looked upon Ashton in fear. "Were you suspicious from that day on? Have you distrusted me ever since you saw this woman, or have you never once believed me? If I had not done what I did, do you think we could have managed to get by peaceably all these years?"

There was finally some semblance of emotion on Ashton's face as his eyes surged with boiling rage. "You're right. I did forget a great many things, so I won't talk about relationships. You can't blame me for your lack of appreciation of the many chances I've offered you, Tiffany Hall."

Tiffany reacted as though she just got swiped across the face. She fell back to slump into the couch, rendered speechless.

She probably had not expected that Ashton's indifference would supersede even their blood ties.

However, it was clear from the resolve in his voice that there was no way back for them.

She remained in a state of shock momentarily before she regarded Ashton indignantly. "You've been bewitched by these people!"

She suddenly cast an accusing finger in my direction and howled, "Never mind that this woman has Scarlett's face. Even if she is Scarlett herself, Dad will not have let her near you. I admit that I was wrong to lie to you, but do you distrust your own father as well? If not for Scarlett's promiscuity, the Hall family would not have had to leave our home behind. Have you already forgotten everything Dad told you?"

It grew increasingly apparent that the motionless Ashton could no longer stand the sight of her.

Joseph read his sentiments. He shot a glance over to his men, and someone came up to forcibly escort Tiffany out a heartbeat later.

Even if they were family, it was Ashton who ultimately wielded power. His acquiescence earlier was out of a desire to avoid being calculating.

The living room returned to a state of tranquility with the exit of Tiffany.

Ashton unexpectedly turned to Marcus. His eyes darkened, and the laughter he let out was unnerving. "I happened to bump into two of your old friends, Mr. White. Let's show them in."

With that, he snapped his fingers. A bodyguard brought a woman and a boy of age six or seven in through the side door.

The woman's cheeks were sallow and pallid; she wore only thin long sleeves on such a chilly day. She was so frail that she looked like she could be bowled over anytime by a gust of wind.

The boy was in humble children's clothing and seemed uncomfortable in the presence of strangers. The mother and son pair huddled together as they eyed their surroundings warily.

The expression on the woman's face froze when her gaze fell upon Marcus. She stood rooted to the spot, and her frazzled eyes started to well up with tears.

The brows of the usually composed Marcus furrowed, and he appeared conflicted.

Ashton's portentous voice rang out anew with a hint of levity. "According to this lady, she's your wife and the boy your biological son. So I'm curious, Mr. White, as to how you became engaged to be married to Scarlett under these circumstances? Was she aware of this?"

Chapter 1449

Wife and son?

Even though I knew Marcus had some secrets of his own, I was truly baffled at the information Ashton had revealed.

My feelings towards Marcus were purely platonic. If he had been married before, I could still accept it. However, I couldn't accept the fact that Marcus was wealthy while his wife was living a difficult life, poor as a church mouse.

Maybe I should stand by Marcus' side and wait till the truth is revealed, but the dumbfounded look on his face told me enough.

Marcus ignored Ashton's words and stomped towards the woman and child. He glared at her as he grabbed her wrist to take her and her child away.

Joseph immediately blocked his way, realizing Marcus' intention.

Ashton sat on the couch impassively as he watched the scene unfold. "Mr. White, we're not done here yet. You haven't admitted to the relationship between you and this mother and child, yet you wanted to take them away from my house? Are you disrespecting me in my own house?"

Marcus gritted his teeth and reluctantly looked at me. He finally released a deep sigh and admitted, "As you said, I'm her husband and the father of her child."

He recovered his usual arrogant composure after a brief pause. "Can I take them away now?"

Ashton finally let out a smile in satisfaction and gestured his subordinates to clear the way.

Marcus took two steps, then halted. As he turned to look at me, his eyes were filled with apology. He was apprehensive but still left with them.

Once the trio had left, Ashton composed his expression. Joseph left with the rest of the subordinates after he had passed a document to the man.

Only Ashton and I remained in the spacious living room after that.

The man swung his gaze towards me. I could feel his solemn aura pressuring me to speak.

Unable to withstand the discomfort further, I said, "Mr. Fuller?"

Ashton replied, "It looks like Ms. Stovall doesn't have a fiancé anymore."

Huh? Is he being sarcastic?

"I don't understand what you're implying." Ashton should have some basic respect for Marcus despite them not seeing eye to eye.

Let's first put aside the moral aspect of Marcus' actions. Can Ashton admit honestly that he didn't have the least bit of malicious intent when he exposed Marcus in public?

"I'm not implying anything." Ashton raised an eyebrow and continued, "I'm not a man with many skills. The only thing I'm good at is doing business. Since you lost a fiancé because of me, I shall repay you with one."

"Repay? How do you repay a fiancé?"

Ashton threw the document Joseph had given him on the table and pointed at it with a single finger. "Have a look."

I reviewed the document curiously and realized that it was a contract. The contract's content was for me to be Ashton's wife.

The whole situation was incomprehensible.

Ashton said indifferently, "Are you done with it?"

I nodded, then shook my head violently. I muttered, confusion in my tone, "I don't understand what you're trying to do."

Ashton studied me with a somber look. "Gregory needs a mother, and I need a wife to fight for my daughter's custody. I don't see why we can't help each other."

His eyes were cold, and his gaze was sharp. It was unnerving for me to meet his gaze.

I was able to think clearly after a while. I threw the contract back onto the table and avoided meeting his piercing eyes that were boring into me. "That is your own problem. Why would I help you?"

“You’re suffering from amnesia,” Ashton remarked condescendingly, “It has been two months since you woke up, and no one has sincerely helped you recover your memories. I can help you with that.”

I scoffed. “I can find my own memories without your help. Such an excuse is too unconvincing.”

Thinking my words may be too unreasonable, I added, “I think it would be best if Mr. Fuller discusses this situation with your fiancéé, Ms. Ziegler. I believe she would be more than willing to help your cause.”

Chapter 1450

“Sure...” He nodded. When he raised his lashes, his eyes were filled with determination. “But you’re the most suitable to play Scarlett Stovall.”

My brow furrowed, and I pondered. Even Emery and Alexander indeed had a hard time distinguishing me from the real Scarlett Stovall. So I’m not worried in the slightest bit about the Stovall family catching me. “All this talk, Mr. Fuller, yet you’re only listing down your demands. A win-win proposal is important in every business, right?” My heart thudded in anticipation.

This doesn’t feel like my first time negotiating something this important.

Ashton leaned back against the couch and crossed his legs when he saw me relent. “Leave your safety and lost memories to me.”

It would’ve sounded like an empty promise if it was given by any other person other than Ashton. But with him, I only felt a sense of safety and assurance.

As they said, money couldn't buy you everything, but you couldn't survive without any money. In short, money could help you solve most of the problems. Moreover, Ashton had more than just wealth to offer. No one dared to go against the Fullers with their current status in K City. Thus, I would get a free pass everywhere simply with one word from Ashton.

If he was giving me his word, that meant he already knew about Rebecca harassing me and the guy in a suit who stopped me today. There were too many people with malicious intentions around me, so his resources would be a huge help. I was well aware of that.

Most importantly, compared to Marcus' reluctance, Ashton's promise to help me "recover my memories" was the thing I desperately needed. So I gritted my teeth and agreed, "You've got a deal!"

The corners of Ashton's lip quirked up as he rose to leave. "Let's go."

"Go? Go where?" I asked, puzzled.

"To sort out the relationship between you and Marcus, of course," Ashton said with a deadpan expression. He then added, "Also, we need to move all your stuff into my house."

"That will not be necessary." The rejection came out automatically. Even though I had started to have a good impression of him, it didn't cancel out the fact that Ashton was a self-centered jerk. "Don't we need to sign the contract? I've studied it. Cooperating with you to fight for your daughter's custody and act as a lovely couple in front of the media. I know what that entails, so there is no need for us to live together."

Ashton looked at me calmly, retorting, "Marcus' wife and child have returned. Are you sure you want to live under a roof with them?"

My mouth hung open for a second before I snapped it shut because I didn't know what to say while Ashton had made his decision. "I'm picky when it comes to my sexual partners. Stop hesitating. Let's go."

Did he insinuate that I'm not up to his standard of a sexual partner?

That comment is so unnecessary and insulting!

He is the one who benefits the most, yet he's acting as if he's on a high horse, giving me some hand-outs.

However, what he said is right... I was fine with staying at Marcus' house when I was his fiancée, but now...

I blew out a breath and followed behind the stoic man.

When we reached the White residence, the woman and boy had cleaned up, and they were waiting in the living room with Marcus. I felt like an outsider when Ashton and I entered.

"What's the matter?" Marcus approached me, ignoring the presence of the woman and the boy completely.

"Ashton wants me to be his fiancée and the mother to Gregory," I spoke directly since I had considered Marcus to be a close relative.

There wasn't much of a reaction from the man; it was as if he had anticipated my reply. "What do you think? Is that what you want?"

“You have your own family, and I don’t want to live my entire life not knowing what I want. He can help me with my lost memories and protect me at the same time. Moreover, I like Gregory.” I lowered my head, avoiding his eyes as I spoke.

Discounting the identities of the woman and boy, I knew of Marcus’ feelings towards me after we had been together for so long. I couldn’t help feeling guilty when I picked someone else over him so easily. I felt like a cold, heartless person.

“Understood.” Marcus nodded, keeping mum after that.

Chapter 1451

I chanced a peek at the woman and boy. I didn’t know how to break the awkward silence, so I said to Ashton instead, “Please wait a while for me. I won’t take long since I don’t have much stuff here.”

As I turned on my heel to head upstairs, Marcus grabbed my wrist. “You’re moving out?”

Ashton ripped Marcus’ hand from my wrist before the latter could react. “Do you expect her to continue staying here and watch the three of you play a happy family?”

Ashton purposely nudged me to the sides, then stood in front of me, creating a barrier between Marcus and I. The former met Marcus’ eyes arrogantly. “You better get your facts straight. She’s now my woman.”

His curt words angered Marcus. “It has been many years, but the way you speak still irritates many.”

I noticed Marcus’ clenched fists by his sides.

The situation was about to lose control, so I quickly dragged Ashton upstairs. "There's some heavy stuff I need your help with."

Fortunately, Marcus didn't follow us.

I released Ashton's arm once upstairs and headed towards my bedroom. "I really don't understand. Why do you have such an immense animosity towards Marcus?"

"You should ask him this question instead," Ashton answered indifferently as he gave the room a quick scan.

After helping me pack my stuff for a while, he continued, "Does Marcus sleep here with you?"

I nonchalantly replied as I folded my clothes, "His bedroom is right next door."

Ashton continued packing in silence after that.

As I pulled my luggage towards Ashton's villa located opposite the villa I was currently in, the man snatched it away from me.

"Is it not this house?" I pointed at the villa where Ashton had recently moved in.

"It's too old. I couldn't get used to living there."

He passed my luggage to the chauffeur, who then placed it in the trunk.

What more can I say?

The residence had been newly built. Ashton's villa only had an electric cut once, but he couldn't let that incident slide.

Maybe this is the principle of the rich and upper echelon.

Ashton brought me back to the house where we had negotiated.

The moment I reached the entrance, Gregory came bouncing towards me in excitement.

Ashton was standing in front of me. So I clearly saw him spreading his arms, preparing to catch Gregory.

Yet, Gregory cruelly passed his father, leaving Ashton's wide-spread arms empty, and threw himself into my embrace instead.

"Ms. Stovall!"

His adorable baby tone made me feel all warm inside. Even though Ashton and I had only been away for an hour, it had felt like a century.

Gregory seemed so happy every time he saw me, so I didn't hold myself back this time. I wrapped my arms around him, saying softly, "Gregory..."

Shortly after, I heard a soft whimper. "I can't breathe..."

I swiftly let go and laughed at Gregory's heavy breathing. I lightly brushed his nose with my finger and exclaimed, "Greg, how can you be so adorable!"

As I turned around, eyes filled with rage were glaring at both of us.

"Ashy!" Gregory belatedly realized Ashton was present as well. He ran and clung onto one of his legs.

Ashton pretended he couldn't hear Gregory's call, seemingly angry and hurt that Gregory had hugged others before him. He removed Gregory's arm from his leg and entered the house, sulking.

Gregory was taken aback by the man's coldness. His brows furrowed as he whimpered, "Does daddy not love me anymore?"

I let out a laugh as I ruffled his head. "It is not that he doesn't love you anymore. He's just jealous."

The boy's forehead creased with curiosity in his eyes. "I don't like jealousy, and neither does Daddy."

I smiled and patted his shoulder. "People will change. There will be many situations similar to this in the future."

Chapter 1452

Ashton had never imagined that one day he would have to fight for his son's favor with the woman he brought back.

He calmed down the more he pondered about it.

Gregory showed me around the house after leading me in. Compared to the time we had met in the mall, he had a much wider vocabulary now.

The maids were waiting by the hall. When we neared them, they retrieved my luggage from the chauffeur and greeted me respectfully, "Ms. Stovall, we have your room prepared. Please follow me."

I nodded. "Thank you."

On the second floor, the maid stopped in front of one of the rooms. She stepped aside and gestured while saying, "Please enter."

I tentatively poked my head into the room, peeking inside. "You mean to say this is my room?" I gasped.

The maid nodded. "Yes. This is Mr. Fuller's instruction. Please relay any further instructions to me if you have them."

She then turned on her heels and swiftly left.

I walked into the room with Gregory in tow.

The room was so spacious that there was a living room in it. The interior was furnished with low-key luxury style, and it contrasted strongly with the external architecture of the family home.

I gave the room a quick study, then sat on the couch with Gregory beside me.

I had always found the boy adorable. And so, I reveled in the fact that I would be his stepmother.

As I ruffled his soft, black hair, I couldn't help but hug him.

Puzzlement filled Gregory's eyes, but he returned my hug shortly after. When he noticed I was comfortable with his embrace, he wrapped his arms around my neck and nuzzled his cheek against mine.

A child at this young age has already learned to take advantage of positions like this.

I was about to let him go when his adorable voice softened my heart.

"Ms. Stovall, can I always be with you? I really miss my mommy. Can you please be my mommy?"

My arms stiffened, and my heart clenched upon hearing the pain in his tone.

A young child couldn't have known anything. He just missed his mother badly.

I patted Gregory's back gently and comforted him, "I will always be somewhere you can find me."

Feeling a heated gaze on the two of us, I lifted my head and saw Ashton staring at us intently. I didn't realize he had come in.

I instantly straightened my back and tugged Gregory's arm around my neck. "Your Daddy's here."

"Ashy!" Gregory yelled excitedly, bouncing over to cling onto Ashton's leg.

Ashton's face darkened. "Call me Daddy."

Gregory playfully stuck out his tongue and stood upright after letting go of Ashton's leg. "Daddy."

The man nodded in reply, seemingly satisfied as he lifted the boy up.

The sight of Gregory in Ashton's arms filled me with warmth.

Like what he did with me earlier, Gregory wrapped his arms around Ashton's neck and nuzzled his face.

Ashton frowned. "What are you sniffing at?"

"If you smell jealous," Gregory answered puzzledly.

Ashton placed him down on the couch gently. "Jealous?"

I was able to guess Gregory's next words, so I swiftly opened my mouth to interject.

"You're jealous!"

"Gregory!"

Sadly, I was a second too late.

Gregory, not taking any credit, said proudly, "That's what Ms. Stovall said."

My mouth fell open; I had been rendered speechless.

Ashton gave me a puzzling look. I could imagine his thought process.

I lowered my head, pretending to adjust my outfit and glance around the room, intentionally avoiding eye contact with both of them.

Ashton said a moment later, "Call her Mommy next time."

"Mommy?"

Gregory pouted and tugged on Ashton's sleeve. "Do I have to play pretend that she's Mommy?"

A sense of guilt rose from my heart.

Children can't lie. It doesn't matter how much they like you. They wouldn't want anyone to replace their parents.