

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1458-1462

Chapter 1458

Then again, I would never compliment him, but neither would I dare censure him.

After all, I wouldn't want to provoke someone as vindictive as Ashton.

Even though I held my tongue, he wasn't about to let me off that easily. "Ms. Stovall, you were the one who wanted me to behave myself, yet you're now hugging me so tightly."

He leaned in even closer and looked into my eyes. "Aren't you being a little hypocritical here?"

As if he wasn't annoying enough, he even had to emphasize the word "hypocritical."

The entire process had felt like an eternity to me, but it couldn't have been more than a minute. I doubt Gregory had seen or heard everything that transpired.

Even if he had, at his age, the boy probably wouldn't have understood any of it.

True enough, Gregory was still waiting by the side and waving his little hands. "Ms. Stovall, I want a hug too."

He looked and sounded so sweet and innocent that my heart immediately softened.

Ashton, on the other hand, had such a smirk on his face that I could only imagine the evil intentions that lurked behind that smile.

Compared to him, Gregory was an absolute angel.

The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. Without any care for how I looked, I mustered up all my strength to wriggle out of Ashton's embrace. Once I freed myself, I knelt and kissed Gregory on his face. "Greg is the best!"

I had even intentionally kissed him loudly, just to irritate Ashton. I then held my head up high and strutted toward my bedroom.

Gregory stayed behind and continued to pester his father. "Daddy, I want you to hug me the way you did with Ms. Stovall!"

"Ms. Stovall?" Ashton asked calmly.

"Yes! Ms. Stovall! Hug!"

"Are you sure?" Ashton asked with a lilt in his voice. "No hugs."

Gregory immediately knew what his father meant and exclaimed, "Not Ms. Stovall! It's Mommy!"

Ashton finally smiled at his son and picked him up. The hallway filled with Gregory's laughter as they continued to play.

It warmed my heart to hear them having so much fun, and I couldn't help but smile at the sight.

As I sat on my bed, I thought back on the documents I had read earlier. The more I thought about them, the more restless I felt.

The uneasiness became so bad that I decided to give Emery a call. Hopefully, she could be the voice of reason.

The woman couldn't hide her surprise at me having taken the initiative to call her. "Letty!"

"Emery," I replied, trying to sound as calm as possible. "I have something I need to discuss with you."

"Go ahead. I'll tell you everything I know."

I decided to be tactful as I asked, "What's Ashton really like?"

After spending time with the man, I realized how passive my behavior was whenever I was with him. I'd have to know who I was up against if I wanted to change that.

When Emery didn't reply, I grew paranoid, thinking she might have figured out my intentions. "It's okay if you don't want to tell me anything," I quickly added.

"It's not that," Emery replied sternly. "The thing is, I don't know Ashton as well as you do. The two of you are the ones who know each other the best. If I were to comment more, it would just be a biased opinion."

"That's fine. You can put it as simply as you like."

"Alright then, let's see how I should say this." After pondering for a while, she finally concluded, "He's capable and has foresight. But whenever it comes to something to do with you, he lets his heart rule his head. And, I suppose he has terrible judgment when it comes to women... "

As the richest man in the country, I did not doubt that he was capable and possessed keen foresight.

But letting his heart rule his head sounded a lot like an exaggeration. Being as vindictive as he was, wouldn't women be at his mercy?

And with his intelligence, how was he not able to tell the good from the bad?

I couldn't hide the doubt in my voice as I replied, "Yeah, maybe you're right. You don't know Ashton well, or rather, you don't know men well enough. How can anyone not tell when someone is intentionally getting close to them? They're only playing along and enjoying the ride."

Chapter 1459

Emery burst out laughing on the other end of the call.

“Why are you laughing? Did I say something wrong?”

“No, no.” Emery held herself back and stopped laughing. “You’ve changed so much in six years. Whenever I criticized Ashton in the past for lacking self-control, you’d always speak up for him and help him find excuses.”

“What? Was Scarlett that blind?” I blurted out. When I realized the mistake I had made, I quickly corrected myself, “Was I that dumb?”

Emery sighed. “I wouldn’t say that. Things were just way too complicated in the past. But I can be sure of one thing. Ashton was an ordinary man with emotions and desires only when he was with you.”

I laughed upon hearing that. “Is that so rare?”

No matter how privileged or outstanding Ashton was, he would still be at the mercy of his emotions when he was with something he liked. Why did Emery make it sound like Scarlett was blessed to have him express his emotions to her?

All I could think was how submissive this “Scarlett” must have been when she was with Ashton.

“You’ll know if it’s rare or not once you’ve recovered your memories. But don’t be fooled by one’s appearance, especially with someone like Ashton, who doesn’t wear his heart on his sleeve. It’s going to take a lot of time and effort to see him for who he really is. But you know what? It’s been so many years, and yet, I still can’t see through this sugar daddy.”

“Why do you call him a sugar daddy?” I had only skimmed the documents in the study, so I wasn’t entirely sure of the relationship between Emery and Ashton.

“He invested in my office and The Jade. What else is he, if not my sugar daddy?” she joked with a chuckle.

I was so taken aback by her declaration that I didn’t know what else to say.

Just then, one of Emery’s staff reminded her of an urgent meeting, so she had to cut our conversation short.

She quickly arranged to meet me that afternoon and was about to hang up when she added, “Why are you asking these questions anyway? Has Ashton been hounding you again?”

Emery was so spot on with her deductions that it made me wonder if she should be a psychic instead.

“Yeah... “ I confessed. “Not only that, he even had me move in with him yesterday, and I promised to be his son’s mother.”

“Have you remembered something? Or rather, has Ashton remembered?” Emery was so excited she was almost shouting now.

Even though I couldn’t see her, I could imagine how thrilled she must be just by the way she sounded.

“Sorry to disappoint you, but the answer’s no. Neither of us has remembered anything.”

I do want my memories back, but reality can be so harsh.

“Fine. I got happy for nothing. Very well then, I’ll be going to my meeting. I’ll see you later.”

I had only just ended the call when a knock on the door came.

When I opened the door, Gregory was holding a pile of clothes while dressed in his pajamas. “Ms. Stovall, I don’t know how to put these in. Please help me,” he whimpered.

“You don’t know how to wear them?”

It would be understandable if it were other children. But Gregory Hall was a child prodigy who could hack into programs and command an entourage. He had that kind of intelligence, yet he couldn’t figure out how to wear his clothes?

“I’m not good at it,” he whined as he looked at me with his little furrowed brows. “I’m going to be late. Help me.”

No woman in her right mind would be able to turn down such a request from an adorable little kid. I was no exception.

“Okay, Greg. I can teach you how to do it, but I’ll only do it once. You’re already six years old. You ought to have some basic self-care skills! Can we agree on that?”

“Yes!” Gregory replied happily with a nod as he pushed his way into my room. He then kicked off his shoes and jumped onto the sofa, waving his hands excitedly.

I couldn’t help but smile. A child’s world was indeed simple. Even a basic task like putting on clothes could bring so much joy.

I only realized how complicated Gregory’s uniform was after I had taken it from him. Just the top alone had three pieces to it. There was the shirt, vest, and coat. There was even a red-checkered bowtie for the collar. When put together, it looked just like a shrunken-down version of a three-piece suit. Even I had almost forgotten to put the vest on him. No wonder Gregory had so much trouble doing it himself.

Chapter 1460

Gregory started to whine as I continued to dress him for school. “I don’t like school. The kids there are all so childish. They don’t even know what binary is... “

I nodded at his words, though deep down, I was feeling very amused. This little guy knew so little about basic life skills, yet he was so advanced when it came to computer expertise.

Oh, Gregory. Your classmates aren’t the only ones. I don’t know what you’re talking about either.

Worried that my self-esteem might get crushed even further, I hurriedly finished dressing Gregory and ushered him out of the room. “Hurry, hurry, hurry! Don’t be late!”

When we got to the door, we ran into Ashton, who was just about to leave for work.

An awkward silence ensued when our eyes met. I stayed rooted in the spot, not wanting to move any nearer to him.

“Look, Daddy!” Gregory ran up to Ashton and twirled around for him. “Ms. Stovall helped me get dressed!”

Ashton hummed in response before looking back at me. “Today’s Sunday.”

“Okay. So?” I was still upset by what had happened this morning, so my tone was brusque.

“Which means there’s no school today.”

My face darkened as I turned to look helplessly at Gregory, trying to convey how hurt I was to have been tricked by him.

Unfortunately, the boy thought I was making faces at him, so he grinned cheekily back at me.

I was so frustrated I wanted to scream and pull my hair. I wouldn't be surprised if I had to endure more of these in the future.

"Oh, right." I suddenly remembered my date with Emery, so I decided to change the subject. "I'll be going out later."

"Where to?"

"That's personal." Does he not understand that I'm informing him and not asking him for permission?

After pondering for a while, Ashton finally said, "I'll be going to the neighboring city in the afternoon. You have to be with Gregory. It's my right to know of your whereabouts."

I was surprised that Ashton would allow his son to be alone with a woman he had barely known for a month. "I can bring Gregory along?"

Or has he once again mixed me up with the Scarlett he knew so well?

There was a flash of annoyance in his eyes as he grumbled, "Do you want to leave him alone instead?"

"No... That's not what I meant," I quickly explained. "If you must know, I'm just going to meet Emery."

"I'll get the car and chauffeur ready," Ashton answered as he made his way down the stairs.

With Ashton gone, I turned my attention back to Gregory. He had fetched his tablet and was now taking photos of himself.

Is he that narcissistic? "Gregory?"

The boy hummed in response but continued to strike poses while looking in the camera. From where I was standing, I had to admit he did look rather handsome.

I smiled and crouched down in front of him. "Your father said I could take you out to play today. Are you excited?"

"Really?" Gregory's face immediately lit up. "Yay! I can go out with Ms. Stovall!"

I rubbed his head lovingly as my eyes darted over to his tablet.

Piqued by curiosity, I reached out for his tablet, and Gregory handed it to me without any hesitation.

Gregory had registered a personal Facebook account and posted a status update with the selfie he had just taken.

The caption was just a simple phrase: Don't worry about me. Love, Greg.

I didn't need any explanation to know that he had written this for the late "Scarlett."

As I scrolled through to the earlier posts, they all had the same caption with Gregory in different poses. An inexplicable sadness came over me, and before long, tears were streaming down my face.

I could only imagine how sad Gregory must be to be mourning for his late mother in his little private corner.

I hugged him tight and patted him gently. "From now on, I'll always be with you."

Gregory couldn't understand why I had such drastic emotional changes in a short span of time. He listened quietly and patted my shoulders, comforting me like an adult. As we stayed hugging each other, the sorrow I felt inside me started to spread like wildfire.

Chapter 1461

It took me a while to regain my composure. Afterward, we left the house and were greeted by Joseph, who stood waiting beside the car.

Although Ashton had mentioned arranging a chauffeur, I didn't expect Joseph to be the one.

Noticing our arrival, he was quick to open the door. With one hand still on the handle, he greeted politely, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Gregory, you're here." He smiled at the latter.

My son was delighted to see him. "Mr. Campbell!"

After Gregory entered the car, it dawned on me to ask, "Mr. Campbell, aren't you busy? Are you sure it's ok for you to accompany us?"

“There’s nothing to worry about. Also, Mr. Fuller won’t feel safe unless it’s me.” His voice was earnest.

Joseph’s overly respectful behavior puzzled me. Since he had been the one to gather intel about me, he should know that I am not Scarlett. There was no need for him to treat me as such.

But what he said about safety made sense. With Gregory’s identity still a secret, Ashton would definitely want someone trustworthy, like Joseph, to look after him while he was out. “All right, thank you.” After I got in the car, Joseph kindly closed the door after me.

Emery chose The Jade for our meetup because it offered more privacy, especially against paparazzi. By the time we arrived, Alexander was already waiting by the entrance.

“Scarlett!” Alexander exclaimed zealously. Although he called my name, his eyes were on Gregory. Sensing his intention, I pulled Gregory behind me, busting his attempt to lift him up.

“Mr. Zimmerman.” I chuckled triumphantly. Even adults needed time to warm up to strangers, what more, a six-year-old. Since Ashton trusted Gregory with me, I ought to keep him safe.

Having seen through his plan, Alexander released an awkward laugh. “Emery’s waiting for you in the private room.” Then, he half-squat to match Gregory’s eye level. “You must be Ashton’s son, Gregory, right? You can call me Uncle Zimmerman!” He looked at the kid with adoration.

Gregory popped his head out from behind me. His eyes darted around nervously before replying, “I am.”

Alexander could not stop grinning at his adorable behavior. Then, he fished for some milk candies from his pocket and handed them out to the boy. “Want some?”

Had I not known Alexander’s identity, I would’ve assumed he was up to no good.

Although Gregory loved sweets, he resisted the urge to take them and reluctantly pulled his gaze away. Then he looked at me. "Ms. Stovall, can I..."

I took the sweets and placed them in his hands. "You can have them. But what should you say?"

"Thank you, Uncle Zimmerman."

That small interaction had Alexander on cloud nine. "Gregory, I have lots of other delicious food. Hamburgers, fried chicken, cakes..."

Preoccupied with his sweets, Gregory paid no heed to him.

Noticing his unresponsiveness, Alexander stopped his rambling.

I hurriedly added, "Gregory's a picky eater so he won't eat many of those. Let's not keep Emery waiting now. Lead the way."

Thankfully, Alexander listened and led us to the room.

Noticing our arrival, Emery walked excitedly towards us. "Sweetie! We're finally by ourselves. Let me carry you!"

Gregory retreated a few steps back, then looked at me for assurance. Seeing how I was not stopping her, he allowed Emery to carry him.

With the boy in her arms, she was overflowing with happiness. "After so many years of interference by the Hall family, and Ashton's unwillingness to recognize our ties, I finally have you in my arms again!"

Emery checked him up, taking in all the changes. Her affectionate gaze made her seemed more of his real mom than me.

Chapter 1462

Alexander got jealous of their interaction and turned away childishly.

Based on Gregory's behavior around Emery and Alexander made me certain that this child was not one to judge based on appearance. Although the latter had a handsome face and a good figure, I could tell the kid was more comfortable with Emery.

After a while of bonding, Emery asked sarcastically, "Don't our superstar here have any commercials to shoot today?"

Alexander ignored her underlying message. "Work is never-ending. It's such a rare opportunity to see Gregory. Naturally, I want to spend more time with him!"

His mischievous tone seemed like a provocation to Emery. Try all she might, but he would not leave.

She rolled her eyes and resumed playing with Gregory. She could not be bothered to entertain his childish behavior.

After the waiter served our dishes, he closed the door tight after him. Emery got down to business.

"Do you know Ashton had a fallout with his sister recently?"

“Really?” Some time back, I had noticed Ashton got mad during the company’s performance appraisal. However, he had done nothing to Tiffany then. After all, they were family. Who knew what happened afterward.

“I’m quite certain this is true. Now that Ashton discharged Tiffany from all responsibilities, many people in the upper management are getting restless.” She analyzed the situation seriously.

Alexander chipped in his two cents’ worth. “Perhaps Ashton regained his memories. He’s just paying back for what the Hall family did to him. They deserve it.”

“What’d you mean?” I asked.

Emery glared warningly at him. “That’s enough. Shouldn’t you leave now? If your fans discover you, it’ll disrupt my business.”

Alexander clearly had more to say, but kept it in. He could not go against her words and left reluctantly.

Then Emery took the spot right next to me. “So... any progress with you and Ashton?”

“Not really. But if I have to name one, I wish he would go away.”

She felt dispirited by my response. “Do you really hate him this much?”

I shrugged helplessly. If Emery was being harassed by Ashton repeatedly like I was, she probably wouldn’t even have the mood to meet me for dinner. I asked her seriously, “Has Ashton ever loved anyone seriously before?”

“I mean, if he didn’t love you, you probably won’t have given birth to his children.” While speaking, her eyes reflexively landed on Gregory. “What a looker! I’m so envious.”

I teased, "Alexander has good genes too. Why not have one with him? I bet the child won't pale beside Gregory."

"Forget it. One troublemaker is enough. I won't want to get myself involved in another. And, we're talking about you now! Don't digress."

As the conversation got deeper, she advised, "You know, the both of you have been through so much all these years. Obviously, it'll be great to have your memories back. But if that's not possible, shouldn't you think for yourself and the kids? If the Hall family knows you're still alive, they won't let you off easily."

Some words did not have to be said explicitly. Tiffany's behavior was enough for me to infer what the Hall family was like. Pretending to recover my memories was so that I could help Ashton get his custody of our daughter back. No matter what, it would only benefit the Halls.

"I haven't thought that far. Ashton's plan is to get Audrey back first."

"What about you? Do you feel the same way?"

I pondered for a few moments. "A child can't grow up without a mother. Six years is enough. I don't want to miss any more of her growth."