

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1463-1467

Chapter 1463

Emery lowered her head, deep in thought.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing! Some things are best experienced yourself. If you think that engaging in a lawsuit with the Stovall family is the right thing to do, then do it. But I know that rather than the outcome, some people will be happy just to see you alive and well."

Her words stunned me momentarily.

She was clearly hinting that the Stovalls were waiting for their Scarlett to come home. But if that was true, why didn't they search for me these past six years? They had even published her obituary to the world. As she said, there was no point figuring out with limited information. The only way was to experience everything myself.

Amidst our conversation, Gregory had fallen asleep. Before leaving, I woke him up. "Can you walk yourself?"

In a half-asleep state, he rubbed his eyes. Meanwhile, he grabbed my thumb with his other hand and replied sleepily, "Yes."

Bequeath with this adorable scene, Emery and I smiled at each other. I held his hand as we made our way out.

At the main hall, Alexander popped out of nowhere, holding an exquisitely wrapped gift bag.

"What are you up to this time?" Emery asked suspiciously.

"Can't you be gentler with me?" Then he squatted. In place of his furrowed brows was a tender gaze. He handed the gift bag to Gregory. "Little one, here's a gift for you! Your laptop's outdated, so I got you the latest model. It'll be more efficient to use this."

At the mention of a laptop, Gregory's eye lit up. "Thank you, Uncle Zimmerman!" He was no longer wary of the man.

Although it was of average size, together with the packaging, it seemed huge in the hands of a six-year-old. On the other hand, Gregory didn't seem to mind its weight. He was hugging it tightly.

I let out a bitter laugh. Men knew themselves best.

"I'm glad you like it!" Alexander took the opportunity to pat his head. "It's not convenient carrying this. I'll get someone to send both of you home."

I was just about to decline his offer when I noticed someone heading towards us. "My ride's here."

Alexander turned around. Ashton and Joseph were making their way here.

"Yes, indeed," Emery chimed in chirpily. Their relationship ain't as bad as I thought.

Then she greeted Ashton, "Hey big shot."

"Mmhmm," he replied indifferently. Then he greeted Alexander with a nod.

Gregory exclaimed happily, "Daddy!"

Ashton did not respond. His gaze landed on the gift bag. "What's that?" While asking, he lifted it up.

I answered, "It's a gift from Mr. Zimmerman." I smiled appreciatively at him.

In response, Alexander lifted his head proudly.

Ashton fiddled the gift bag aimlessly. "Gregory doesn't know how to control his usage yet."

That was true. Gregory's love for laptops came second after Ashton and me.

Alexander was stunned. "It's wrapped. How did you know it's a laptop?"

"Pretty obvious. It's what he loves." Anyone slightly observant would have noticed the disdain in his voice.

This put Alexander in an awkward spot. "I mean, it's just a gift to make him happy. As for usage..."

Chapter 1464

Ashton ignored his words and turned to me. "Come with me."

He's so harsh and disdainful.

"Where to?"

Before I could even ask how he managed to find me, he had even made other plans for me...

Ashton handed the gift bag over to Joseph and said lightly, "Take Gregory home first."

Joseph bowed. "Understood."

Then, Ashton looked down at Gregory. "Go home with Mr. Campbell first. Daddy and Mommy have to go and do something. Wait for us at home, okay?"

Gregory had probably realized that Ashton had not rejected the new computer. Thus, he was acting especially well-behaved. "Okay."

Ashton was even taller than a model. Thus, although Gregory was already almost at my waist, he looked tiny beside his father. Even though no affectionate words were exchanged, the child's innocence and his father's maturity worked well together to create a heartwarming scene.

However, Ashton seemed to have no interest in creating such scenes. As soon as he was done speaking, he pulled me out, leaving me no time to bid goodbye to Emery and the others.

I could only shout to Gregory as I walked off. "Greg, remember to listen to Mr. Campbell! We won't be gone for too long. Bye-bye!"

Subconsciously, I did not want him to think that we could leave him behind at any moment.

However, Gregory did not think too much about it. He looked at me dazedly, then eventually smiled widely.

Just like that, I was dragged away by Ashton.

Once we entered the elevator, I broke free from his grasp. "Stop trying to take advantage of me. I know how to walk by myself."

This man had made plans for me as he pleased, left our son behind, and had not even said anything affectionate when he saw me. Seriously, is there anything he thinks is worth being gentle for?

Ashton glanced at me but kept silent as he pressed the button for the parking lot.

Upset, I got in the car and asked angrily, "Can you tell me where we're going now?"

Instead of avoiding the question, Ashton said straightforwardly, "The hospital." After his reply, the entire drive over was silent. Soon, we arrived at the hospital.

When I got off the car, I pretended to tie my shoelace, purposely fell behind Ashton.

He only took a few steps before he suddenly stopped in his footsteps and turned to look at me coldly. "Are your feet tied to a rock or something?"

I rolled my eyes. "Whatever. The hospital's only so big. It's not like I can get lost."

For whatever reason, Ashton could not stop nagging at me.

His expression was dark as he stared at me motionlessly.

Not wanting to bother about him any longer, I straightened my back and looked straight ahead, then walked briskly to overtake him.

Peeved, Ashton subconsciously quickened his own pace and managed to follow closely behind me.

Even though I could not see him, I could feel the heat from his fiery gaze, which made me uncomfortable.

Then, I paused and took a step back so that Ashton and I were standing shoulder to shoulder.

Ashton narrowed his eyes slightly as a glimmer of imperceptible pride flashed across his eyes. However, he quickly composed himself.

We then walked into the elevator together, as if nothing had just happened.

When the elevator doors opened again, I noticed the empty corridors and realized that the hospital was rather deserted.

Ashton instantly knew what I was thinking and said faintly, "This saves time."

Was this how the rich lived their luxurious lives? By booking the entire hospital just for a mere visit? If you don't need the money, you can donate it to those in need, okay?

Immediately after exiting the elevator, a bodyguard came forward to greet him. "Mr. Fuller."

"Is it ready?" asked Ashton expressionlessly.

"Everything has been prepared."

I was confused for a second but then thought of Ashton's painful look that morning. Did he come just to do a check on his body?

Just then, Ashton's toneless voice sounded out. "Bring her over."

Her? Who?

I turned around to see that a group of doctors and nurses had suddenly appeared, blocking the way.

As soon as Ashton was done speaking, a slightly older female doctor stepped forward and said, "Follow me, Ms. Stovall."

Chapter 1465

Why are they checking me?

Noticing my doubtful expression, Ashton said, "Take it as a normal physical examination. Everyone does it once or twice a year. There's no need to worry."

When he was done, he gave the doctor a look, and before I realized what was happening, I was being taken away by the doctors and nurses.

"Hey! I've been going to the doctor regularly so I don't need your people to be nosy. I know my body the best. Ashton, get them to stop!"

For the very first time, I felt the coldness of the medical staff. No matter how much I shouted, they paid no attention to me and simply continued their checkup procedures.

As it was difficult to take on so many people at once, I soon gave up on struggling.

It was already eight in the evening when all the checks were completed.

When the nurse brought me into the office, Ashton was sitting leisurely on the sofa as he scrolled on the tablet.

I had been "manhandled" for so long, but he was sitting there so happy and carefree?

Resultantly, my anger rose. However, upon taking a closer look, I noticed that he was looking at my checkup data.

My mood instantly changed, and I took a seat beside him. "So, why on earth am I doing so many checks?"

"In case you're hiding some serious illness from me, which will affect Gregory's health," Ashton replied, not even looking up at me. His toneless voice sounded somewhat heartless.

I stared at him, feeling embarrassed. "You're quite good at seeing things from a different perspective, Mr. Fuller. I can't believe you came up with such a crappy excuse."

Ashton seemed to have finished looking through all the reports as he put the tablet aside. He looked at me and said with a straight face, "You're special too, Ms. Stovall. You're clearly angry, but you can still force a smile out."

Then, I was speechless for a long time.

I locked eyes with him for a few seconds but eventually looked away first. He was simply too thick-skinned. Admitting defeat, I looked away and muttered to myself, "Think whatever you want then."

For once, Ashton did not talk back to me. However, instead of him being kind, it was because the head doctor had entered the room.

The doctor immediately placed a thick hard copy of the report onto the coffee table in front of Ashton.

"Generally speaking, Ms. Stovall's various indicators are stable. However, her body's still a little on the cold side and needs some treatment. These are all just minor issues. As for..."

Ashton then cut him off. "Get to the point."

The doctor obviously knew who Ashton was, for he was afraid to annoy him. He instantly changed his previous kind expression to a more serious one.

“Ms. Stovall’s memory loss is probably because the oxygen supply to her brain got cut off for too long, causing the hippocampus to be damaged. According to the medical reports, it’s unlikely for her to recover her lost memories.”

He paused for a while before he looked at Ashton and continued thoughtfully, “As for your condition, Mr. Fuller, I’m not very sure as of yet.”

Ashton reassured him and said, “Just tell me. I won’t hold you accountable.”

The doctor was able to breathe a sigh of relief then. He relaxed and said carefully, “Although both of you met with an accident six years ago, your situations are very different. Your body is normal, Mr. Fuller, and there’s nothing that would cause you to have amnesia. The only possibility left is hypnosis.”

“Hypnosis?” Ashton’s expression darkened, and his eyes turned bitter and cold, causing his entire aura to turn frosty.

Even I was a little surprised, not to mention him.

Isn’t hypnosis something that only appears in TV dramas?

“Hypnosis has always been a controversial treatment method in the medical field, and is mostly only used to calm patients’ emotions...” The doctor pushed up his glasses and continued with a serious expression, “As the public knows, hypnosis plays a very prominent role in memory editing, and it is quite consistent with your situation. However, I don’t specialize in that area, so I may not be of much help...”

As soon as he was done speaking, the doctor got up to leave but was blocked by the bodyguards at the door.

“Mr. Fuller?” asked a bodyguard while waiting for Ashton’s instructions.

Chapter 1466

“Let him go,” Ashton said, not bothering to raise his head as he stared silently into space. There was no way to tell whether or not he had even listened to what the doctor said.

When the doctor left, Ashton fell back into his own thoughts. His expression remained indifferent, and his emotions were hidden, causing others to be afraid to approach him.

Although I was not afraid, I did not dare to provoke him either. Thus, I sat to one side and waited patiently.

A long time later, Ashton eventually gathered his thoughts and pulled me out of the hospital.

Only after driving for a while did Ashton speak. His voice was low and deep. “What do you want to eat tonight?”

“Do I even have a say in front of you, Mr. Fuller? You should decide.” I suddenly thought of something and asked, “We’re not going back to eat?”

Ashton did not reply and simply parked the car after turning the corner. By the side of the road was a restaurant selling local cuisine.

Helpless, I followed him out of the car as I muttered absently to myself, "Gregory's going to be so lonely eating by himself."

Ashton stopped in his tracks and glanced at me with an expression that said he knew it well, signaling that I did not need to worry about Gregory.

How could I not worry about it? Children were aware and had their own thoughts as well. Once he realized that the adults had left him to fend for himself, he'd feel so wronged.

Who knows how long our mother and son relationship will last. As long as I'm still his mother, I won't just leave him alone!

Just as I prepared to go home alone, Ashton's voice rang out. "The peak hour in K city will at least last until ten at night. There're two more hours to go. Are you sure you're not hungry?"

"I can bear..."

Just as the word "bear" left my mouth, my stomach growled loudly.

Ever since I woke up, I had constantly taken all three meals on time. Even if a meal was late, I always had snacks lying around. Therefore, as I had been getting a checkup the entire afternoon, my stomach had been long empty. Needless to say, I was hungry.

There was nothing more embarrassing than that exact moment.

Ashton narrowed his eyes, and a slight smile appeared on his face. It was as if he had seen through my words.

Obviously, there was no use in trying to act tough anymore. Thus, I continued walking into the store while blushing.

Ashton took a seat opposite me, then passed me the menu.

Surprised, I widened my eyes. He's so kind?

I glanced over the menu before returning it to him while keeping vigilant. "You order. I'm not picky."

Without another word, he ordered a few simple dishes.

Since Ashton was still deep in thought, he barely spared me a glance while we waited for the dishes to be served.

Soon after, the dishes arrived. I was a little surprised once I put my phone down.

Half of the dishes were lightly seasoned, while the others were well-seasoned and spicy.

I asked, "You like to eat spice?"

Previously, he had enjoyed the light-tasting food that I made. Did his taste buds change?

Then, a thought suddenly popped into my mind.

Is Ashton trying to accommodate my eating habits?

As soon as I had that thought, my chair seemed to have grown spikes. No matter how I sat, I felt uncomfortable.

Ashton's suddenly acting so considerate. Don't tell me he's hiding something from me?

Just as I was mentally calculating the possibility of me falling for one of his traps, Ashton replied in a dark voice, "Yeah."

He had perfectly exhibited what it meant to be a man of few words while at the same time exuding an unexplainable, attractive force.

Ashton was actually trying to cater to my habits.

I was fidgety throughout the meal, not daring to even lift my head.

On the other hand, Ashton was calm and had a better appetite than I had ever seen before.

Since we had avoided the rush hour, the drive home was particularly smooth.

When we entered the living room, Gregory was holding on to Alexander's gift, one of the latest laptops. His gaze was solemn, similar to the first time I had seen him using a computer.

"Greg..." I said in a singsong voice.

However, Gregory only half-heartedly hummed in reply. His eyes never left the laptop, and it was as if his hands were glued to it, constantly typing away.

I walked over to stand behind him and gently patted him on the head.

“Ms. Stovall!” Gregory said distractedly as he smiled and looked up at me. Then, he turned back and continued studying the laptop screen.

Chapter 1467

Gregory was very talented at programming. Resultantly, he was able to smoothly operate programming software on the new laptop within that afternoon.

His coding skills were seriously amazing.

I could not help but take a seat on the sofa next to him, watching him silently.

After a while, I realized how interesting programming actually was.

Since Ashton knew Gregory’s character very well, he knew that his son would not leave once he saw a computer. Without saying anything else, Ashton headed upstairs.

After about twenty minutes, Gregory said excitedly, “Ms. Stovall, I can show you something fun very soon.”

However, as soon as he was done speaking, a large hand appeared and shut the laptop.

Gregory and I raised our heads simultaneously, coming face to face with Ashton’s expressionless face.

“Go and wash up. Your bedtime has long passed.” His tone was cold, leaving no room for bargaining at all.

Gregory’s face fell, and he was reluctant to go. However, he was facing Ashton after all, so he had no ability to fight back. He could only reluctantly reply with an “Okay” before he stood up to leave.

Yet, my reaction was a second too slow. I did not realize whose territory I was in before I jumped up and shouted, “Why are you going around switching off others’ computers!”

It was a critical moment since we were about to see the results of the code. To have been interrupted just like that was indeed a very annoying thing to experience.

Compared to my threatening reaction, there was no change to Ashton’s demeanor. He asked indifferently, “What time is it now?”

I glanced at the clock on the wall and replied, “Ten. So what?”

Ashton only spared me a cold glance before he turned around and made his way upstairs.

Only in hindsight did I realize that usually by that timing, Gregory would have been deep asleep.

Thus, Ashton was only doing it out of consideration for the boy. However, his plain, straightforward manner made me subconsciously want to resist him.

Can’t you just talk properly?

Just then, someone pulled on my sleeves. I looked down to see Gregory giving me a pleading look. “Ms. Stovall, I still want to use the laptop for a while and finish writing the program.”

I was speechless. How was I to tell this smart yet silly boy that I wanted that too, but we had to do things according to the rules?

I pondered for a while, then sighed and squatted in front of Gregory. Trying my best to treat him like an adult, I explained, “Gregory, it’s too late today, and I’m tired. The data is saved on the laptop so it won’t get lost. But if you don’t have enough sleep, you won’t grow tall, and you won’t be able to protect the people you love in the future. Let’s go wash up and sleep, and we’ll continue tomorrow, okay?”

Seemingly understanding my intentions, he replied, “Okay.”

“Good boy!”

Although I had already interacted with Gregory for a few days, his good behavior still surprised me a little.

It was Monday the next day, and the whole family got up very early to have breakfast. Then, Ashton dropped Gregory at school on the way to work.

Once they left, I was the only one remaining in the huge house.

Bored, I decided to pick up my old hobby again and headed out to the garden to care for the plants and flowers alongside the workers.

While I trimmed the potted plants, I could not help but think of Marcus and his wife. When I had previously investigated him, there was no information about his marriage, so I did not know what kind of entanglements they had previously.

Suddenly, there was a hoarse, tired male voice coming from behind me. "Letty."

The voice was soft and sounded as if its owner had been crying. The moment I heard it, my heart sank, and my body felt heavy. I could not help but turn around instantly.

The voice belonged to a man wearing a white suit and whose chin was covered with stubble. He stood on the gravel path in the yard, next to a little girl about Gregory's age. She wore a Lolita-style dress and donned a princessy-looking hat, her eyes filled with energy.

Both of them looked as if they had come out of a comic book.

However, the man's gaze was heavy. Although he had perfect facial features, his eyes were full of complicated emotions—rejoice, exhaustion, relief, and lost.

Perhaps women were more empathetic for the moment my eyes met his, I could not help but feel sad.