

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1478-1482

Chapter 1478

The corners of Ashton's mouth twitched. Snidely, he remarked, "Does it matter whether I've remembered anything or not? I didn't even know that you were alive for half my lifetime. Don't you have your own ways of dealing with things regardless?"

Nicolas' face had turned crimson with anger, and the veins on his neck were nearly popping out of his taut skin. "That was a matter of expedience!" he retorted.

"The fake accident was a matter of expedience. My kidnapping was a matter of expedience. So was hurting the woman I loved and separating my two children..." Ashton repeated mockingly. "You've spent your whole live plotting. What's the point of even living, then?"

Nicolas' chest was heaving with rage. Shaking his finger threateningly at Ashton, Nicolas fumed, "Ashton, do you think you can be the CEO of Fuller Corporation without my support?"

The look of tranquility that Ashton maintained throughout Nicolas' rebuke was almost ridiculous in contrast to Nicolas' extreme ire.

Ashton's eyes met Nicolas' levelly. He then said breezily, "Do you want mutual destruction? Perhaps you could have achieved that six years ago. Let's see how you try it now. You might manage to do it if I don't succeed in ruining the entire Hall family first!"

I recalled John telling me that ever since he'd obtained custody of Gregory, Nicolas had recklessly placed all of his eggs in the one basket that was the Fuller Corporation. On the one hand, it would be useful for thoroughly manipulating Ashton. On the other, Ashton was admittedly the most gifted at doing business than anyone else in the Hall family.

After the incident at the island, the Hall family had suffered severe repercussions. It had been impossible for Nicolas to personally intervene, resulting in many complications. The Fuller Corporation had proven to be most useful at the crucial point in time.

Nicolas had allowed himself to be ensnared by his faith in his own hypnosis techniques, never dreaming that Ashton would one day emerge from his stupor.

Nicolas looked at Ashton, utterly aghast. He frantically dismissed Ashton's claim with a leer, saying, "So what if you succeed in ruining the Hall family? You won't be able to bring Scarlett back to life. You may despise the Hall family but the blood flowing through your veins is the same as ours. Your fate is irreparably bound with ours. If the Hall family is destroyed, do you think you'll be able to escape unscathed?"

Ashton met Nicolas' eyes steadily. Smiling faintly, Ashton answered, "Is that so? I don't think there's any benefit to being a member of the Hall family, though."

Not to be outdone, Nicolas sniffed, and said, "Stop lying to yourself. Is there anything you possess that hasn't been purchased by me? The food you eat, the clothes you wear, your prestigious position, weren't all of those given readily to you?"

"I'm willing to give up everything. Even if I leave the Hall family and shed everything, I'll still be Ashton Fuller. I'll still be Scarlett's husband and the father of my children. What about all of you? What will be left of the Hall family when I'm gone?" Ashton taunted. Both Ashton and Nicolas had entered into this fight tooth and nail. Neither evidently had any qualms about ripping the other's dignity to shreds.

"Very well," Nicolas said ominously. A perverse gleam shone in his eyes as he continued, "Let's see just what you're capable of, then."

The tension in the room was unendurable. No one dared to meet anyone else's eyes.

Suppressing his rage, Ashton had pressed his lips tightly into a thin white line. Through gritted teeth, he asked, "Where are those researchers?"

The mention of them roused Nicolas with a start. He gave a dry laugh, then sneered, "The researchers? Are you talking about the project the company invested in? You're the one who's supposed to be coordinating that. How would I know?"

Ashton's hands had been hanging by his side. He now cracked his knuckles, exuding an intimidating aura.

Assuming that Ashton would not dare to lay hands on him, Nicolas pressed, "It must be a pretty big project if you're taking it so seriously. You can't miss out on having these experts on your team. Once you've found them, bring me along to meet them. We may not get along but that shouldn't affect our business efforts."

Looking meaningfully at Ashton, Nicolas emphasized, "After all, we're a family. We should help each other. Nothing is considered too much to ask. If someone wants to abandon ship, though, don't blame us for doing what we must to survive."

He stood up and walked past Ashton. As he sauntered towards the stairs, he casually said, "I don't think we need to carry on with this meal. Dismiss, everyone."

The next second, a loud sound of glass shattering onto the ground rang in the living room.

As I turned around, Ashton was standing there with his fists clenched tightly, seething with anger.

Roses and broken pieces of porcelain lay in a pool of water, dirtying the clean floor. The vase that was originally placed on the coffee table was now gone.

A maid rushed over and said tentatively, "Sir, we'll clean this up. You..."

Ashton did not reply, he just stood still. When the maid was about to start cleaning up the mess, he turned abruptly and left, scaring the poor maid.

This wealthy family had too much drama. Since he had left, I had no reason to stay here as an outsider. Taking Gregory with me, I rushed out to catch up with Ashton.

He was still very agitated. As soon as he reached the door, he snatched the car key from the chauffeur and got behind the wheel.

Upon seeing that, Joseph clenched his fists anxiously. "Sh*t! He might get into danger."

I cast him a glance and pondered for a second before handing Gregory to him. "Send Gregory home first."

With that, I jogged towards the car and slid inside right before Ashton started the car.

He whipped around and glared at me with his fury eyes. Locking eyes with him, I could not help but gulp nervously.

“Get out,” he enunciated his sentence word by word.

“You wish!” Feigning calmness, I looked away, fastened my seat belt, and stared ahead. “Go on. I have some things to talk to you about.”

He narrowed his eyes at me and stared me down for a couple more seconds before releasing the brake pedal and raced out of the house.

Luckily, there were not many cars on the road and he continued to speed down the highway and drove around the riverside for about twenty minutes before finally stopping the car.

I was glad that I had experienced Millie’s driving skills before. If not, I would not have stay composed throughout this deadly journey.

Ashton lit a cigarette, took a long drag on it, and slumped into his seat. As he rested his arm by the window, he closed his eyes and continued to puff on his cigarette.

The light from the streetlamp shone into the car and silhouetted his perfect side profile, adding a hint of mysteriousness onto him.

I went straight to the point. “I see you’ve regained your memories.”

However, he did not reply. The air was so still that I could hear him breathing.

Turning to him, I raised my voice and said solemnly, “You’ve always known about the things Tiffany had done, but instead of seeking justice for your deceased lover, you’ve opted to act as if you don’t know anything to shield your family’s mistakes. Am I right?”

He opened his eyes and stared at me with his bloodshot eyes. “What are you trying to say?”

I gave him a faint smile and said half-jokingly, “Well, I need to know the person who I’m working with, don’t I? Ashton, do you still remember the first time you meet me? You looked disdainfully at me. It was as if you had believed that your lover, ‘Scarlett Stovell’, was long dead. That was why you regarded me as an insignificant outsider. In fact, you’re just the same as your family—no longer hoping for her to come back.”

Too many things had happened in the past six years, and I needed to find the answers one by one.

For example, why the first person I saw after waking up was Marcus, who had been missing for a long time? And why did I become his fiancée?

Besides, why did the Stovall family and the Moore family leave while the Fuller family became the one who dominated the business in the city?

And how did the obituary that could only be published by close family members be made without Ashton’s knowledge?

Clutching at the hem of my dress, I willed myself to stay calm and looked at the man beside me with a steady gaze.

After six years of being surrounded by the “familial warmth” of the Hall family, I was no longer sure if Ashton, the man who was once the light of my life, was still the man who loved me with all his heart and soul.

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Seeing that I had seen through his act, Ashton looked away in embarrassment and snapped, "That's none of your business."

He then placed his other hand on the steering wheel and took another drag of his cigarette. "Bear in mind that you're just Scarlett's substitute."

Under a veil of the cigarette smoke, he drew a rather lonesome figure as if he had worn himself to a frazzle, trying to bear all the lies and deceptions in his life.

As he refused to say anything else, I had no choice but to stop pressing him for more information.

As the saying goes, you can't wake a person who is pretending to be asleep. Moreover, with his personality, no one on earth could make him say something he refused to say.

An hour later, after he finished half a pack of his cigarettes, he finally started the car again and returned home.

Halfway through the journey, Gregory called and said he wanted a cake from the bakery we went to previously, so I asked Ashton to stop the car when we were passing by the mall.

When I was unfastening my seat belt, he said with a hint of contempt in his voice, "Why bother to get the cake by yourself? You can always get someone else to deliver it straight to the house."

I paused in my movement and rolled my eyes at him. "It's more thoughtful to get it myself. Nah, I can't blame you for not knowing this. How could Ashton, the genius in the business realm, understand the

importance of sincerity? Don't worry, you don't need to come with me. I'll go by myself while you wait for me here."

With that, I got out of the car and headed to the mall. Two minutes later, a well-built figure appeared and walked alongside me to the mall.

Curious, I glanced up and saw Ashton's chin. "Didn't you think that this is a waste of time?"

He did not even glance at me. "My son is worth the time."

I chuckled inwardly. This guy is so full of himself.

Ignoring him, I whipped around and deliberately walked faster, leaving him behind.

As we entered the bakery at the basement level, the cake that Gregory liked happened to have just one left. Overjoyed, I pointed at the cake and said, "I'd like to take away this cake."

The store manager seemed to be in a hurry to close his business. He gave me a perfunctory smile, put the cake into a take-out box, and handed me the box without giving me a carryout bag.

Worried that Ashton might get impatient, I did not care much and took out my wallet. "How much is it?"

"It's on the house. Please leave as soon as possible." The manager hurriedly put away all the leftover desserts and pressed on his Bluetooth earpiece. "We're going to close soon. Sorry for that. You can come again next time."

It's for free?

They close at seven? Isn't it too early?

Holy crap, is he a filthy rich guy who opens a small bakery to experience a commoner's life? I had no other choice but to leave him a fifty on the counter before taking away the cake.

As we walked towards the exit, I kept thinking about the strange behavior of the store manager.

He looked young, and when he tapped on his earpiece, he had his other hand in his pocket.

Besides, I noticed that there were no other customers in the mall since Ashton and I entered here.

In an instant, I started to feel a trace of panic rising in me. However, when I saw that Ashton was still as calm as ever, I took a deep breath and calmed myself down, consoling myself that I was probably overthinking matters.

As soon as we stepped out of the bakery, an elevator nearby dinged and opened, revealing a man in a cap and a camo inside. He came out and strode in our direction.

Without much thought, I immediately tugged on Ashton's sleeve and pulled him to the escalator at the other side. This floor was absolutely empty, so the man in a camo spotted us instantly and rushed towards the escalator next to us.

Seeing him getting closer to us, my heart started to race, and my breathing turned rapid.

The shops in the mall were all open, but it was all quiet, and no one was loitering around. I suddenly thought of the bakery shop manager who seemed to be warning me to leave immediately.

And the cautious, serious look was more like a plainclothes police officer!

As I glanced sideways surreptitiously, I immediately locked eyes with the eyes of the suspicious man. He had taken off his cap and was leaning against the handrail. When he saw me looking at him, he grinned.

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That was a maniacal, terrifying smile.

My heart sank. I quickly tugged at Ashton's jacket and whispered, "Something is wrong with the guy behind us."

As soon as I said that, someone made an announcement through the PA system in the mall. "Brian Romero, you can't run away this time. Now turn yourself in, and we promise we'll give you a chance to start over."

By the time we reached the first floor, a group of police had been waiting at the landing of the escalators.

The man in camo shouted back, "I don't want to listen to your bulls*it. Even if I choose to die, no one can stop me."

While he was speaking, Ashton's arm wrapped around my waist and before I could react, he held me up with one hand and dashed forward.

When the guy saw us running away, he removed his jacket and revealed the explosives that were strapped to his body. "You thought clearing the mall would cause no casualty? Luckily, I have two fools to die with me. Hahaha!"

Then, he raised the remote in his hand and pushed the button.

Boom! The bomb exploded, and Ashton used his body to shield me from the explosion as the forceful impact send us flying several yards away.

There was a buzzing sound ringing in my ears and all my muscles stiffened. My mind went blank.

After shaking my head vigorously, my vision started to clear.

Ashton was lying face down on the floor, unconscious. As I stretched out my hand to help him up, my hands were met with a warm, sticky liquid.

"Oh no!" I stared at the blood on my hand and shouted, "Help! Help! Somebody help my husband!"

Before I lost my consciousness, the last thing I saw was his lifeless face.

Gregory Hall, have you always considered your father a man with bad taste?

If not, did you seriously think that you would get to approach him?

If you want to be the wife of the richest man, just come and pursue me.

Scarlett Stovall doesn't exist.

Bear in mind that you're just a substitute.

"Ashton!" The moment I opened my eyes, I found myself to be staring at the ceiling of a familiar bedroom.

Why am I in Ashton's bedroom?

The image of Ashton lying unconscious in the mall flashed through my mind. Not even bothered to get anything to cover myself, I scrambled out of bed and rushed out of the room.

As soon as I opened the door, I almost crashed head-on into Joseph.

"Ms. Stovall, you're awake," Joseph greeted politely.

"Where is your boss? Why am I here?" I asked anxiously, scowling.

"He's in the guest room. The wound on his head has been treated, so don't worry, he will be awake soon."

Just then, sounds of objects being hurled onto the ground came from the room next door, and all the maids were chased out of the room.

"Come here," Joseph called one of the maids. "What's the matter?"

She looked aggrieved. "Mr. Fuller said that he was hungry. But when we brought in the food we prepared, he complained that it didn't taste good and threw all the food onto the floor."

Why does he have to be so angry?

Has he become his old, hot-tempered self?

Since he could still throw a fit, it meant that he was in good shape.

“It’s okay. All of you can go back to your chores. I’ll tend to him myself.” I heaved a sigh of relief and went to his room.

I arrived in front of the door and could still hear him throwing the furniture. When I entered, food was strewn across the floor, and the chairs were flipped over. Ashton stood in the middle of the mess with his robe drooping from his shoulder, unlike his usual demeanor. Despite that, he still looked great in this disheveled look.

When he heard me coming in, Ashton glanced up at me and frowned. After staring at me for a while, he arched his brow and spoke in a condescending tone, “Who are you? Why are you here?”

Did he lose his memory again?

I crossed my arms in front of me and walked towards him. “You really don’t remember me?”

He narrowed his eyes and sized me up. “Who allowed you to come in here?”

Well, I can see that he’s forgotten everything but not his arrogance.

Chapter 1482

I flashed him a smile as an idea popped into my head.

I uncrossed my arm and yelled, "Ashton! I see you've finally shown your true colors after being married to me for a few years!"

He looked disgusted by the idea of him being my husband. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"Nonsense? You can ask anyone here if we're husband and wife!" I pointed angrily at Joseph and the maids who were now gathered at the door.

Ashton immediately looked over and saw Joseph nodding. Doubt finally appeared on his face, and he pondered for a while. "Did I really marry you?"

"Of course. We even have two kids." I pulled over one of the chairs that were not kicked by him and sat down. Then, I crossed my legs and pretended to be nice. "Even though the Fuller family is far less wealthy than my family, I still accepted you because I was touched by your sincerity when you were pursuing me. You've even promised me that you would treat me well and listen to my every word. Are you going to go back on your word?"

I paused for a while and continued in a serious tone, "These two years, my family has helped you to become successful. I guess we've spoiled you, and now you have another woman. Don't you?"

The gentleman side of him immediately surfaced. He turned his face away angrily and snapped, "Only animals can't control what's below the belt. And I'm not an animal!"

He was rather serious as if he would die if he really had a mistress, reminding me of a chaste woman from the old generation.

Suppressing my smile, I cleared my throat and regained my composure. "If that's so, Hubby, I want to eat pasta now. Previously, you'll always cook for me every day. Go and make me some now. I'm hungry."

Ashton seemed doubtful and stared at me for a few seconds before nodding and walked out of the room.

Watching Ashton walk past him and go downstairs, Joseph was stunned. When I saw that he wanted to say something to Ashton, I cleared my throat loudly to remind him not to tell Ashton the truth.

While I was waiting for him to prepare the pasta, I freshened up, changed my clothes, and went to the kitchen. He happened to be bringing a plate of pasta to the dining room when I went down.

The plate and cutlery were then placed on the table.

Ashton's eyes were fixed on me as I headed towards the dining room.

I glanced at the pasta and raised my brows in surprise. It looked as appetizing as the ones in advertisements.

Craving for a taste of the mouth-watering pasta, I pulled out the chair and sat down immediately. It was indeed as delicious as it looked. As I savored the food, I said, "We have a few guests coming for dinner tonight. I'll leave it in your hands."

Although the food at the hotel was not too bad, home-cooked meals were incomparable. Therefore, I planned to ask John to bring Audrey to come and live with us. If we could live together, I could get to them easily and spend more time with Audrey.

I initially thought that Ashton would agree to it, but as soon as I finished speaking, he said, "No."

I stopped in my movement and glanced up at him. "What's the matter, Hubby? Don't you like having guests here? You used to love to have friends over and would always be the one who prepared the meals."

He did not show any expression on his face, but his gaze was lowered. "I have amnesia, not dementia. Since your family is so rich and powerful, the husband you choose surely would not be a good-for-nothing. Besides, just now you said that I've become a successful person, so that means that I must have been someone competent. Even though I might not be a genius in the business field, I'm sure I'm definitely not a husband who only knows how to cook and serve guests."

I nodded in agreement.

Even when he had lost memory, he still had such a strong reasoning ability. No wonder Nicolas changed his mind and selected Ashton to take over his assets.

However, no matter how outstanding he was, Ashton was just a ruthless, merciless person to me. He was someone who had traded his soul for his family's misdeeds for the past six years.

The smile on my face disappeared and my appetite was gone. I put down the cutlery and asked, "If that's the case, why did you cook this for me?"