

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1483-1487

Chapter 1483

"It is a husband's job to fulfill his wife's wish if they are reasonable," uttered Ashton, seemingly pleased with himself.

He was, indeed, acting like a desirable husband.

Yet, I found it annoying.

I put down my fork and stalked out.

Ashton called out, "Where are you going?"

I pretended not to hear him and strode away.

Sensing my intention, his voice grew louder. "A husband has the right to know his wife's whereabouts."

Ha! Duty? Right? One will think he's a lawyer!

I didn't want him to come after me, so I dismissed him with a wave and said, "I'm going to get you a doctor. It's part of my duty, so just stay at home!"

Millie stopped the car in front of Tiffany's house. I got down and went in, but a bodyguard stopped me from going further. "Who are you?"

"Scarlett Stovall, your employer's sister-in-law," I replied politely.

The bodyguard studied me for a while before replying doubtfully, "Wait here. I shall inform her on your arrival."

Shortly after he went in, Tiffany appeared in my sight.

She was wearing ruby red silk pajamas; her face drained of color. It seemed like she was gravely ill. She waved the bodyguards away.

When we were left alone, she uttered icily, "Why are you here? Do you seriously think you are Scarlett? My brother is siding with you because of your face. You won't gloat for long. If you're here to laugh at me, I think you should take a look at yourself!"

Before I could speak, Tiffany started attacking me verbally. I felt my head throbbing from her swift speech.

Frowning slightly, I retorted, "I'm not interested in your matter. I'm here for one reason. Tell me who hypnotized Ashton back then."

It should be a well-known fact, but something triggered Tiffany as she yelled at me, "Get out of my sight now!"

"Get out of my house right now!"

Her face was contorted in anger as she shrieked with all her might.

I wasn't close to Tiffany, but I remembered her being a haughty socialite. She would never lose her composure in public.

Right now, Tiffany seemed like a madwoman instead of a socialite brought up in a well-to-do family.

I pursed my lips and asked, "Tiffany Hall, are you alright?"

Upon hearing her name, her eyes lit up as she returned to her senses.

She calmed down and immediately changed the topic. "When Ashton remembers everything, he'll dump you as you're just a substitute. Why are you wasting your efforts on him?"

She was acting strangely, but I couldn't be bothered to interfere in her business and answered, "You don't have to remind me about that. Just tell me who hypnotized Ashton back then. Where is he? Do you have his contact?"

"Why don't you just give up? I don't know anything. Even if I do, I won't say anything." Tiffany got ahold of herself and announced haughtily, "Don't say I didn't warn you. It's a bad idea to try

to conquer Ashton. You're not the woman he loves. He's a rock that won't respond to your feelings."

Clearly, she was trying to sow discord between me and Ashton.

I thought about it before replying icily, "Ashton's life had nothing to do with the Hall family. What about you? You used him to reach your goals. Have you ever thought of him as your brother? If he's a rock, what are you then?"

Hearing my exclamation, Tiffany studied me nonchalantly before scoffing, "Carlette, you need my help, right? Why are you acting this way, then?"

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"You're wrong. I'm not asking for your help." I was unfazed. "Ashton is in this state because of the Hall family. He's the only one keeping your family afloat. If you want to lead a wealthy lifestyle, you should pray for his safety. Otherwise, you won't remain a socialite for long even without me in the picture."

"Carlette! Know your place. How dare you talk to me that way? Do you seriously think you will be Mrs. Fuller forever? I will drag you down from that position one day! I'll let you pay the price for being arrogant!"

Tiffany seemed to recall something and let out an odd chuckle. "Ashton forgot he used to love Scarlett, so you got to be Mrs. Fuller. Since his wife just needs to look like Scarlett, do you think our family will choose someone as arrogant as you or create a perfect substitute ourselves?"

The Halls were smart, but they had used it in the wrong way.

I couldn't bring myself to comment on their crazy idea.

However, Tiffany thought she had something on me as the grin on her face widened. "I know what you're planning. You want to help Ashton reverse his hypnosis, so he will be indebted to you. That way, you can get the Halls' and Fullers' fortune, right? Dream on! The expert who hypnotized Ashton is a world-class hypnotist. He won't be able to break free from our control!"

She paused before leaning closer to me. "Guess how long will it take before the next substitute takes over your position?"

Suddenly, she looked up and cackled crazily. "He won't revert back to the man he was! He will be nothing but an emotionless machine for the rest of his life, incapable of love or reciprocating your love!"

I clenched my fists as my body tensed up. Gritting my teeth, I retorted, "You're wrong. Ashton isn't a machine. At least he knows how to retaliate. What about you? You depend on the Hall family to survive. You knew Ashton went through a lot just to avenge you lot, but you abetted the devil and destroyed his hard found happiness. People like you are puppets controlled by others. You're so cold-blooded. What right do you have to criticize him?"

"Shut up!" Tiffany reacted angrily. "That's nonsense!"

I stuck my chin up and scoffed, "You know perfectly well whether I was talking nonsense or not."

Seeing how Tiffany's expression contorted in anger and shame before falling silent, I relaxed and stalked away happily.

Since six years ago, I knew Tiffany and Ashton were different though they were related by blood.

Tiffany was selfish and would remain quiet if it concerned her own benefits.

Meanwhile, Ashton might seem indifferent, but he cared for his loved ones. No matter how badly he was hurt, he would still carry his burden and move ahead.

Tiffany stretched her arms wide and yelled, "Carlette, don't you leave! You better explain yourself!"

Ignoring her annoying shrieks, I entered my car and buckled my seatbelt.

When my car drove away, I smirked for I had an answer now.

The person who hypnotized Ashton was none other than Nicolas.

Those with vested interests would not remain silent for the interests of others.

I was about to search for world-class hypnotists when I received a text from Ashton.

Ashton: John is here.

He was asking me to return home now.

I had texted John to ask him to bring Audrey home so she could get to try Ashton's cooking. John wanted to see Ashton make a fool of himself, so he agreed readily.

I forget to remind him that Ashton was no fool.

As that thought occurred to me, I reminded Millie to speed up lest both men ended up in a physical fight at home.

When I arrived home, I rushed in to a surprisingly harmonious sight.

Gregory and Audrey were playing in the living room merrily.

In the kitchen, Ashton was wearing an apron in front of the kitchen island, while John leaned on the wall and crossed his arms arrogantly like a commander.

I couldn't help but stare at Ashton's househusband outfit.

It was a heartwarming sight.

Gregory spotted me first and called out, "Mommy!"

He scurried toward me. Audrey flung her toy aside and hopped after her brother.

They both hugged my legs, so I couldn't move.

"Mommy!"

My lips curved up into a smile as I ruffled their hair affectionately. "Hello, darlings."

John turned upon hearing my voice. "You're back."

"Mm." I gave him a nod while furrowing my brows.

John waved his hand and came to sit on the sofa. "Ashton is getting worse at cooking. He couldn't even cut the vegetables properly. Any random chef out there would do a better job than him. He can't take care of you."

I was amused by his snarky comment.

Previously, I told John that Ashton had lost his memory, so I arranged for him to be a househusband.

Alas, John didn't know Ashton had seen through the ruse.

After hearing John's mocking words, Ashton must have planning his revenge.

Still, I remained suspicious. This morning, Ashton insisted he wouldn't cook, but now, he was acting like an obedient househusband. What makes him changed his mind?

Shortly after, I realized what was going on.

I was having fun with the kids in the living room when a figure appeared beside us.

Turning at my shoulder, I saw Ashton standing in between the couch with a tray in his hands.

Before I could react, he bent down and placed the tray on the table. I saw panda, rabbit, and cherry-shaped sushi on the tray. It was an adorable sight.

Audrey immediately hopped down from my embrace and took the rabbit-shaped sushi to eat.

It was tiny enough for her to finish it in two bites. After she finished the rabbit-shaped sushi, she took one from the remaining sushi and gave it to Gregory. "Here, Greg. It's yummy."

Gregory took the sushi from her and bit into it. They giggled at each other happily.

Their laughter infected me as my eyes crinkled up. Looking aside, I was surprised to see a usually aloof Ashton smiling. He turned as his smile widened.

Suddenly, it occurred to me why this wealthy man was willing to stoop so low as he wanted to please Audrey, who was a little glutton.

Ashton belatedly realized the teasing look in my gaze and immediately returned to his usual indifferent self. He shot me a look that seemed to scream—stay out of me and my daughter's business.

Feeling both exasperated and funny, I averted my gaze and asked, "Audrey, is the sushi Daddy prepared yummy?"

"Nah," replied Audrey with her cheeks puffed up. "It isn't as yummy as the one I had in Uncle John's house, but Greg says I should eat more to make Daddy happy."

Ashton was speechless.

Gregory Hall, you are indeed my son.

Gregory knew his father's temper well. Seeing Ashton's scowl, he placed his sushi down and pouted pitifully, waiting for his father to reprimand him.

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Yet, Ashton said nothing and merely shot him a glare before striding back into the kitchen. It was a warming sight.

The moment he walked away, Gregory and Audrey immediately resumed their chatter. They took the tray and returned to their toys.

The villa used to be deathly quiet, but it was lively because of the children chattering and clinking noises from the kitchen.

I chuckled. All my life, I wanted to lead a peaceful life just like this.

If nothing had happened six years ago, the twins wouldn't be separated for such a long time. As parents, we had let them down.

I suddenly recalled something. "Where is Summer? Is she alright now?" I asked.

If I wasn't mistaken, the time I gave Jared was up. Summer must've grown up to be a cheerful teen by now.

“Don’t worry. I need to tell you something, Letty.” John crossed his legs and leaned back into the sofa, his expression stern.

I couldn’t get used to how rigid he was. “We’re siblings, so just say it. There’s no need to hesitate.”

John inclined his head. He stared at the ground before meeting my gaze. “Emma and I have a three-year-old child.”

I didn’t know it was about his child. It took me a while to process the news before I flashed a warm smile. “That’s great. Is it a boy or girl?”

“A boy,” replied John shyly. “His name is Drew.”

“Drew.” I repeated the name happily. “It’s a great name. I hope he will be wise as his name.”

John flashed a sorrowful smile. “I thought you’d blame me.”

He paused at that. Taking a deep breath, he went ahead and said, “You were missing, but I got married and even had a son. I don’t deserve to be your brother.”

It seemed like he was mocking the past six years of his life, but I knew that wasn’t it.

John was no longer the frivolous and vicious young man he used to be. He had matured and was able to support his family and run a business empire.

The past six years had been wasted, but it wasn’t anyone’s fault. He shouldn’t blame himself for it.

Besides, he took great care of Audrey.

I stood up and went to him before sitting down. Patting his shoulder, I told him, "John, you'll always be my brother. You have an additional responsibility now, but that doesn't mean anything has changed between us. Thank you for what you've done for the past six years."

John had suffered a lot when I was lying in coma, doing nothing.

In a foreign country, he had to search for my whereabouts while taking care of his parents. He also had to run a business. His responsibilities must've taken too much of his life, so he could only sleep for a few hours every night.

Hearing my words, tears welled up in John's eyes. His gaze softened. Though he had a dominating presence, the sight of him forcing back tears was a little melodramatic.

I didn't want to continue being sentimental and hurriedly changed the topic. "Tell me. How did you successfully court Emma?"

Before I left the country, I remembered Emma was focused on her career. She no longer wanted to be with John. Once a woman focused on her career, she wouldn't want to get involved with a man anymore.

Thora was a great example.

John scratched his head as though he was still the handsome and innocent young man. "Err, I didn't really court her. After you went missing, I traveled around the world to find you. I exhausted all means available and refused to stop. In the end, I collapsed from exhaustion and remained unconscious for three whole days. Back then, Emma took over the whole Stovall family. Sometimes, she doesn't really act like a woman."

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His last sentence was clearly mocking Emma, but the blissful smile on his lips was unmistakable.

“After a while, I searched all the islands in Cranur before realizing it was basically impossible to find you. I returned home in a daze to see Emma playing with Audrey in the living room. The scene blew my mind. Immediately, I wanted to marry her and live a normal life with her. We shall form a family together.”

As John explained everything, the grin on his face widened. Clearly, he had a blissful life.

My lips curved up upon imagining that sight. “So you confessed your feelings to her right then?” I teased.

Confessing one’s feelings, acceptance, and falling in love with each other might be a cheesy route, but as long as the ending was good, one should still look forward to it.

Hearing my question, John flashed an evil smirk and said nothing.

Huh. How strange.

“Did you bully Emma?” I pressed on.

“Bully her? Of course not. I won’t do that.” John dismissed my question with a wave, the smile on his lips unwavering. “Well, I used an unusual solution. Uncle Louis taught us that special circumstances require special measures, right?”

Speaking of Louis, he seemed energetic when we talked through a video call back in the hotel. "I thought Uncle Louis is going to battle against Ezra and the rest? Why did he go to M Country, too?"

The Stovall family treated me as their own, but Louis was a righteous man. He knew Ezra and his gang were behaving tyrannically, so he wouldn't retire and spend the rest of his life overseas.

"Ezra Grant is history."

John leaned back into the couch and tapped on the handle nonchalantly.

"A successful person is likely to be targeted. To get to a higher position, Ezra resorted to dirty tricks. He tried to increase his influence and attack his rival. Yes, he did succeed, but he also attracted the attention of internal affairs. A new broom sweeps clean, so there is bound to be someone new who dares to challenge the authority. After being summoned for an investigation, Ezra never came back." He was a person of authority, yet he disappeared without a trace. It proved that the situation was too widespread. The only solution was to erase every trace.

Ezra's disappearance signified the end of an era.

That was a satisfying ending.

John wasn't interested in irrelevant people. He glanced at the kitchen and narrowed his voice. "How long are you going to stay in K City? My men are ready to kidnap him anytime."

I couldn't believe he took my words seriously.

Immediately, I burst out laughing, causing John to crinkle his nose up in disgust. We both glanced at the kitchen at the same time and saw Ashton shooting us surreptitious glances.

I calmed down and patted John's shoulder. "Tell them to be on standby."

Standing up, I headed to the stairs. "I'll go take a shower. Holler me when dinner's ready."

When I went for a follow-up checkup, the doctor said I've recovered. However, I was sweating profusely after spending two hours outdoors. It was terribly uncomfortable.

Thinking it was the medicine's side effects, I ignored it and filled the tub with hot water. When it was full, I entered it and closed my eyes.

I finally found myself after regaining consciousness. It was a difficult but needed journey.

Back then, when I opened my eyes, I saw Marcus who had gone missing for a long time. Everyone else thought we were a couple engaged to be married.

I knew how obsessed Marcus was with me. He wouldn't hurt me, but he could harm a newborn baby just to separate me and Ashton. Hence, I couldn't reveal everything to him honestly.