

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1513-1517

## Chapter 1513

"Good night! Sweet dreams."

With that, I turned and left the study before Ashton could even voice his objection.

The next morning, I was awakened by Audrey.

The little one shook me awake after finding out that her brother was gone when she woke up.

While yawning, I coaxed, "Audrey, go and play with your brother. Let me sleep for a while..." I trailed off and fell back asleep.

Still, Audrey was relentless. "Mommy, I want you to help me get changed. Aunt Emma told me you would teach me how to wear my clothes after you come back. Mommy..."

Yet, my mind was too groggy to even bother with the little girl's request. Feeling sleepy, I pretended to have heard nothing.

In fact, Audrey should blame her father for my sleepiness. My mind ran wild the entire night after the man teased me. In the end, I only managed to fall asleep after much tossing and turning in bed.

Audrey was still trying to wake me up while I grumbled to myself about Ashton. Just then, the man's familiar voice rang out, "You sleepyhead."

Oh, speak of the devil, here he is.

"Daddy!" Audrey was obsessed with her father. The moment she heard Ashton's voice, she threw me at the back of her mind and hopped into the man's arms. After giving Ashton a morning kiss, she explained herself, "I'm not a sleepyhead. I have woken up early today. Mommy is the sleepyhead!" I'm sorry, mommy.

For a while, Ashton remained silent before he spoke up, "Mommy didn't sleep well because the bed is too small. We'll buy a larger bed so I can sleep with you guys. That way, your mommy won't oversleep again."

"Alright, daddy!" Audrey clapped her hands in joy.

As for me, I was still mulling over Ashton's words. A larger bed? It will take me forever to wake up if we get a larger bed. Hmph! This man is shameless lying to a kid.

Just then, a thought suddenly hit me. I pulled the blanket off and sat bolt upright. My eyes widened as I looked at the man standing by the bed. "You must be kidding, right?"

I know what this man is up to. He is getting a larger bed to satisfy his desire!

The thought of it made my face flush. Instantly, I was wide awake.

Narrowing his eyes, the man plastered a skin-deep smile on his face. "Do I look like I'm kidding?"

He cast his eyes downward and smirked. Soon after, he carried Audrey out of the bedroom.

After they left, I looked down and saw the silk camisole that I was wearing. That was when I realized the man was looking downblouse at my breasts just now.

I took a deep breath and pulled the blanket over my head, feeling embarrassed and angry at the same time. Ugh! That outrageous flirt!

The father and daughter's teasing had chased my sleepiness away. I got out of bed and washed up.

Later, I went downstairs to find that they were all seated at the dining table.

Perhaps because I was feeling guilty, I felt that the man was constantly glancing at me.

Occasionally, I stole glances at Ashton while eating my oatmeal to observe his reaction. Is he really going to get a larger bed so that the whole family can sleep together?

This man's self-control is a joke. What if the kids see us kissing and cuddling?

I must think of a way to discourage him.

This man is amenable to coaxing but not coercion. Perhaps I should reward him with what he always wanted to make him drop the idea of getting a larger bed.

At that point, I nodded in affirmation to myself.

I shot a look at Ashton, trying to get his attention. Yet, the man gave his undivided attention to Audrey throughout the meal. I grew anxious when he totally didn't notice my ardent gaze.

#### **Chapter 1514**

Since home delivery was fast and convenient in this day and age, I was worried that the bed would arrive at our doorsteps even before I got to dissuade Ashton.

By that time, I would have no choice but to sleep in the same bed with him.

As my mind wandered off, I didn't notice that John had called me several times.

The latter raised his voice as he called out, "Letty, yoo-hoo! What's in your mind?"

"Huh?" John's voice brought me back to my senses. "What were you saying?"

With his brows knitted, John shot daggers at Ashton, casting blame at him for my absent-mindedness. "You never for once asked about Letty when she went missing for the past six years. Once she came

back, you exhausted her in bed. Can't you take care of her body and take it easy? You should be more considerate to her and control your desire. If anything happens to her, I will make you pay!"

Meanwhile, Ashton had paused eating while listening to John. He remained calm and impassive all the while.

I cast my gaze at him and then at John, realizing that the latter had misunderstood us. With my cheeks burning, I called out, "John! Don't talk nonsense in front of the kids!"

John gave me a sidelong glance without saying a word. Though, the helplessness on his face showed that he was unconvinced and that he was not talking nonsense.

Just then, Ashton gave his words in a low voice, "I will try."

Did he say he will try? I drew a sharp breath and turned to look at Ashton. I was right! This man is still thinking of sleeping with me!

Since Ashton had always antagonized John, it was rare for him to give promise, in which it successfully placated the latter. Soon, the two of them stopped talking and focus on their meals.

Feeling guilty, I lowered my head and decided to let the matter go.

After breakfast, we sent Gregory to school before heading to Nathaniel's art gallery, bringing Audrey along with us.

When we reached a crossroad, Tiffany's car cut us off and blocked our way.

A group of men in black suits got out of the extended SUV after Tiffany and surrounded our car.

Tiffany's attitude did a one-eighty when compared to yesterday.

She must be up to something, or she wouldn't show up in front of us again when it was only one day since she took over the company.

She made her way to our car and knocked on the rear car window.

It seemed like she had gotten familiar with Ashton's habit during the past six years, for she knew exactly where Ashton was sitting.

After a while, Ashton rolled down the car window. "What's the matter?" he asked impassively.

Tiffany peered into the car but said nothing when she saw Audrey and me. The next moment, she cut to the chase by saying, "Ashton, you haven't told the assistant of the password of the company's safe."

"The password?" Ashton thought for a while. Then, he looked up at Tiffany with an innocent expression. "I don't remember it."

Hearing that, Tiffany was dazed. "You don't remember?"

Without missing a beat, Ashton replied, "Didn't the assistant tell you? I got into an accident a few days ago, and I don't remember anything when I woke up."

Unconvinced, Tiffany said jokingly, "Ashton, I won't force you if you're unwilling to tell me the password. After all, the company will be yours eventually. I'm only taking up your position for the time being, and I wish to do my best while I'm in office. Just say it frankly if you have any concerns. You don't need to come up with this kind of joke to brush me off."

Hearing that, Ashton's gaze turned icy. "You think I'm lying to you?" The anger in his voice was evident.

Sitting next to him, I could easily sense the man's overbearing aura.

Tiffany grew impatient with Ashton since she had almost died at the latter's hands before. She retreated a few steps before suggesting, "Ashton, you've misunderstood me. Actually, I knew a doctor who is experienced with patients who suffer memory loss. Why don't I make an appointment for you?"

## **Chapter 1515**

So, Tiffany wants to help Ashton recover his memory? I find it hard to believe that the Halls would be so kind to Ashton.

Ashton was not interested at all in accepting Tiffany's "kindness". He retrieved his gaze and said perfunctorily, "We'll see."

After a short pause, he raised his voice as he warned, "What, are you not going to let me go if I don't agree?"

Anyone who knew Ashton could tell from his serious tone that he was annoyed, and things could get really bad if he got mad.

Although Tiffany was unwilling to give in, she couldn't tell if Ashton was telling the truth about his memory loss. As reluctant as she was, she ordered her bodyguards harshly, "What are you still looking at? Move the car!"

"Yes, Ms. Hall."

In no time, her bodyguards moved the car aside and made way for our car.

Joseph stomped on the accelerator and drove past them.

When Tiffany and her bodyguards were no longer in sight, John gave rare praise to Ashton, "Ashton, you have dealt with the matter well."

Ashton didn't say anything, and his expression was impenetrable.

Indeed, Ashton had brushed Tiffany off. However, that didn't mean it would deter the Hall family. For the benefit of their business, the Halls might come up with other plans to force him into receiving treatment for his memory recovery.

We'd better get rid of them as soon as possible so they would no longer pose a threat. After all, it was easy to dodge a spear thrust in the open, but it was hard to guard against an arrow shot in the hiding.

With that in mind, I patted consolingly on Ashton's hand.

Upon my touch, the man turned to face me. I flashed him a reassuring smile, conveying that the whole family would be there for him.

Ashton's expression softened as he nodded and held my hand in his.

John didn't fail to notice our holding hands from the rearview mirror. With a hint of jealousy in his voice, he teased, "Audrey, did you sense a funny smell?"

Hearing that, Audrey started sniffing in the car, yet she smelled nothing. With her brows knotted, he asked curiously, "No. Uncle John, I smell nothing."

"How could you not have sensed it?" John looked at Audrey through the rearview mirror while saying sarcastically, "Smell your daddy and mommy. They are giving out the distinct odor of love."

Audrey cast her eyes at both Ashton and me. Still, she couldn't seem to sense the funny smell that her uncle was talking about. The poor little girl scratched her head in confusion.

I caressed her head while explaining, "Your uncle John was kidding with you. There's no funny smell."

"Uncle John is a liar!" Frustrated, Audrey kicked her legs. She then pointed at the passenger seat while saying accusingly, "You're bad. I'm going to tell Aunt Emma that you bullied me."

Instantly, John panicked. He turned around to coax the little girl, "If you tell your Aunt Emma, then I can no longer squirrel away money to buy you princess dress. Audrey, are you sure you want to sell me out?"

"Um..." Audrey pouted as she gave her uncle's words some thought. Being as clever as always, she started bargaining with John, "Alright. I won't tell Aunt Emma about it, but you need to buy me and Greg new clothes."

"Deal!" John readily agreed. Then, the two made a pinky promise.

With heartfelt smiles on our faces, Ashton and I watched as the uncle and niece played together.

Nathaniel's art gallery was being set up in the Golden Villa in the suburbs. He was waiting for us at the entrance by the time we arrived.

As soon as the car came to a halt, he came up to greet us, "Welcome!"

Seeing Ashton, he greeted, "Ashton, you're here too!"

Ashton simply uttered a response.

Soon after, I spoke up, "Nathaniel, Audrey and her Uncle John felt bored at home, so I brought them along. I hope it won't cause you any inconvenience."

"Of course not." With a pleasant smile, he said, "I'm glad to have them here. Please come in."

With that, he led us into the villa.

Apart from our car, there were about a dozen luxury cars parked some distance away. It seemed like we were not the only guests today.

## **Chapter 1516**

As expected, the art gallery was packed with guests. We seemed to be a little out of place, being the only ones who showed up with the whole family.

Nathaniel was busy entertaining his other guests, so we decided to look around the gallery ourselves.

The gallery adopted the Epea architectural style from the last century. Its lobby with vaulted ceiling introduced a historic charm to the place. Under such an atmosphere, the oil paintings on the wall seemed to be veiled by a sense of mystery.

Standing in the middle of the lobby, John fixed his eyes on the Mona Lisa's smile and gauged its authenticity. "Do you guys think it's authentic or fake?"

"I suppose it's authentic," I blurted out. "Those who show up today are all prominent figures. Besides, Nathaniel is rich. I don't think he would display a reproduction in his gallery."

"What do you think?" John asked Ashton.

"Well, it can be authentic, and it can be fake. Actually, the oil paintings themselves have no value. They only gain popularity and rise in value because they are much sought after. To some extent, it is an excellent marketing tactic by attaching the artists' feelings and life experiences to the artworks."

"I'm not asking you about business. I'm asking you if the painting is authentic." John grew serious as he put his hands in his pockets.

Ashton curled his lips into a cold smile. He stooped down to pick Audrey up and then replied nonchalantly, "Well, that depends on how many people believe in its authenticity."

With that, he left with Audrey to look at the other paintings, leaving John and me behind.

Both of us shared a look and unanimously shrugged in resignation.

Ashton's words indeed made sense. The art industry was not as simple as it seemed. It was a high-risk investment, just like stone gambling and stock investment, which could make a person go bankrupt and become debt-ridden.

Since Nathaniel could set up such a grand art gallery, he must be one of the few who got to lay down the rules in the industry. Hence, it was not surprising that he could make huge profits.

After a few minutes, the excitement when we first stepped foot in the gallery faded away. After all, we were not art enthusiasts.

In the end, Ashton brought the energetic Audrey outside the villa as the latter might prefer being out in the nature.

Initially, John was keeping me company. Later, he went outside to answer a call from M Country to avoid disturbing the others in the gallery.

Soon, I grew tired after standing for a while. As I decided to find a place to rest, Nathaniel's voice rang out, "Scarlett, do you think this painting is portraying the ebb or flood?"

I straightened up upon hearing his voice. Soon, I realized he was talking about the picture in front of me.

It was a beautiful piece of art featuring the sun and breaking waves, a distant view from the seaside. At first glance, one couldn't really tell if they were ebb or flood tide since it resembled both.

After thinking for a while, I answered, "I think it's flood tide. This is a painting of the sea when the sea level rises during sunset. Although the sun still looks reddish, it is sinking below the horizon."

Nathaniel cast his eyes downward while curling his lips into a faint smile. "Well, I think it's ebb tide. During sunrise, the seagulls fly, and the tides recede and move away from the oceanfront. One can imagine how magnificent such a scene is. When we take a step back and make a concession in life, we can get a wider field of view of the peaceful scenery."

It was not surprising that Nathaniel could make an innuendo with a random oil painting. After all, he was a guileful one who had been hatching a plot for all these years.

So, does he mean he wanted to make peace with us?

Just as Nathaniel finished saying that, John was back. The two nodded at each other.

With a troubled expression, John brought me a piece of news, "Uncle Louis is back in the country with Zachary and Cameron."

Feeling confused, I asked, "Why did they suddenly come back? They're not young anymore. How could they stand the tedious journey? Why didn't you dissuade them from flying?"

## **Chapter 1517**

With that, I observed Nathaniel's reaction from the corner of my eye and as expected, he took the bait.

Nathaniel joined in the conversation with a smile. "You mean my in-laws will be returning to the country? That's great. I haven't seen them in years. When will they arrive? I'll arrange for both families to have a feast together."

"That's not necessary," John refused flatly, making no effort to conceal his animosity. "After Ashton and Gregory follow us back to M Country, there is no reason for both families to keep in touch, so drop the act."

Although I had expected this, I still inhaled sharply when those words left John's lips.

John was always hostile toward anyone who wasn't family. After such a strong refusal, the atmosphere abruptly turned tense. Even the guests around started casting curious glances at us, probably concerned about Nathaniel since he was the host of this art exhibition.

On the contrary, Nathaniel was much calmer than the onlookers.

Despite being publicly humiliated by John, he smiled broadly and replied, "My apologies. That was rude of me. Indeed, you're straightforward in a refreshing way and I admire you for that, John. But as the younger generation, it's necessary for me to play host as a show of respect, so I'm afraid I'll have to insist. When the elders have settled down, I'll personally visit to extend my invitation."

Without waiting for a response, he looked past John and nodded in greeting to someone behind. "Sorry, a few friends of mine have arrived. Please excuse me."

Subsequently, he strode toward the guests by the entrance and smoothly started a cordial conversation with them.

John stuffed both hands into his trouser pockets and stared after him. After a while, he said frostily, "Just look at him. He's the perfect definition of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Who could've guessed that he's a scumbag who'd resort to underhanded means all to achieve his goal?"

I didn't answer but steered the topic away instead. "Is everything in place?"

John was momentarily stunned, then snapped back to his senses and glanced at me. When a waiter passed by, he reached out to grab a glass of champagne. After taking a sip, he replied languidly, "Don't worry. If that guy found out, he wouldn't be behaving like this right now."

"Good." I nodded. Although it was a foolproof plan, it involved the safety of our elders, so I still felt uneasy about it.

I felt a pang in my heart. They should be living their retired lives in peace, but instead, they had to travel across the sea for us.

But for the sake of the bigger picture and everyone's safety in the long run, we had no choice but to take this risk.

About ten minutes later, Ashton came back with Audrey and asked as soon as he came to a stop beside me, "Did any of the works capture your interest?"

"Huh?" I was bewildered. Aren't we only here as a formality? Do we have to spend?

Ashton ignored my confusion and turned to look at the painting of a sunset by the beach next to him. "Let's take this one."

Before I could respond, he turned back to me and said matter-of-factly, "I like it. Buy it for me, Honey."

Not accustomed to this, I blinked dumbly as a shiver ran down my spine.

John immediately gave an exaggerated shudder and snickered. "You're giving me goosebumps all over. Please be mindful of your behavior in public."

Ashton shot him a flat stare, then held his palm out to me. "I need money, Honey."

This form of address was really getting to me. Afraid that we would draw unwanted attention to ourselves, I swiftly took out a credit card from my bag and handed it to him.

This card was given to me by John back at the hotel and was said to be without credit limits. However, I had never used it, so I wasn't sure if it could be paying for such a famous and priceless piece of art.

Ashton didn't seem to care. After taking the card, he walked toward the staff a short distance away who was in charge of recording the sales and purchases of the works, signaling that he wanted to buy the sunset by the sea painting.

The process was rather smooth. The transaction was complete after he signed the sales contract and swiped the card. Later on, the painting would be sent to the house.