

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1618-1622

Chapter 1618

"Remember this. Even though Marcus had done a lot for Letty, the man also tried to hurt our family, so I would say that we're even now. We don't owe him anything. Come anywhere near us again, and I'll make sure you pay for it."

Ding!

When the elevator door opened, Ashton almost lifted me off my feet to carry me inside.

Only after the elevator started going down did the man loosen his grip. Angry at Ashton for what he did to me, I distanced myself as far away as the space allowed me to.

Ashton had his reasons for being so jealous, and I could understand what he was going through. After all, Marcus had made a move on me on more than one occasion.

However, I knew I could not live with myself if I pretended like I had no idea that Marcus was dying.

With both my hands on the elevator handrail, I suddenly thought of an idea to get the best of both worlds. With it, not only would I be able to sneak behind Ashton's back, but I could also reignite Marcus' will to live.

"Don't even think about it." Suddenly, Ashton's harsh words severed my train of thoughts.

Embarrassed by how easily the man managed to see through me, I bit my lower lips defiantly before defending myself. "I don't know what you're referring to because I wasn't thinking about anything."

The man then narrowed his eyes at me and made a strange suggestion. "Why don't you turn around?"

Baffled, I hesitantly did as Ashton said, only to find absolutely nothing behind me. All I could see was my own reflection on the metallic elevator wall.

"I don't get it."

"Take a good look at yourself," demanded Ashton as he walked over to stand beside me. "You think that I'm incapable of being rational when it comes to anything related to Marcus, but what about you? Think about it. When have you ever not given in to your sympathy for the man?"

Every single word from Ashton was delivered so objectively that it immediately cleared things up for me. He's right. I've been so wrong all this time, and I never realized it. Marcus and Rebecca are practically the same kinds of people. If I could treat Marcus the way Ashton treated Rebecca, Ashton wouldn't even have to worry about me that much. I just couldn't help myself. I kept thinking about how Marcus saved me when I lost my first child. Even though I always complained how Ashton was partial to Rebecca, I somehow failed to remain objective whenever it came to Marcus. How could I have been so blind?

"Have you calmed down yet?" asked Ashton with a much softer tone. "I understand that you can't act like nothing had happened, and I'm not trying to force you to, but I won't allow anything bad to happen to you."

Seeing how serious the man was, I was well aware that there was nothing I could do to change his mind.

Even though my subconscious wanted me to fight back, I was restrained from doing so by reason. Ever since I married Ashton, I seemed to have become softer toward the man.

"Marcus still has some time left, so you can wait till I confirm his condition. If the man really is dying, I won't stop you from going to him. Heck, I'll even take care of him with you if you want."

After hearing that, I widened my eyes in shock at Ashton, but he had already turned to face the elevator door. The man's deadpan expression made it difficult for me to tell what was going through his head. Did I hear that right? Did Ashton just offer to take care of Marcus?

Ding!

After the door opened, Ashton naturally turned around to take my hand before walking out of the elevator.

When we drove out of the hospital parking lot, Ashton turned in the opposite direction instead of heading home.

"Where are we going?" I inquired, still struggling to come back to my senses.

"Audrey just called and said that she wants dessert tonight," answered Ashton with a half-smile while his eyes remained on the road.

I then thought about everything the man said to me back in the hospital. Although Marcus had been in many life-and-death situations, he somehow always managed to come through. Besides, it's not like my sympathy will change the man's fate. There's nothing wrong with sympathizing with others, but that doesn't mean I should neglect those who love me. I'm so fortunate to have such lovely children and a loving husband.

Therefore, I tried my best to forget about Marcus for the moment and played along with Ashton. "Are you trying to fatten her up with late-night desserts? Not to mention how all that sugar is going to ruin her teeth. You really shouldn't spoil her like that."

Chapter 1619

I believed that it was important for anyone, regardless of age, to look out for their own health.

"Desserts soothe the soul. If you don't want Audrey to have them, maybe you should have them yourself. After all, my wife deserves the best."

To that, I gave the man a look to show him that I could see right through him. "You think I don't know what you're up to? Don't try to pacify me, Ashton. I know you're only doing this for Audrey."

Ashton chuckled in response. "So, does that mean you don't want any?"

“Of course I do!” There was only one thing I could not turn down at that moment, and it was dessert.

After parking the car, Ashton took me by the hand again and led me to a bakery named Black Angle.

Inside were all sorts of desserts displayed in glass boxes, and each box had its own lighting and thermostat to regulate temperature. Under the lights, the pastries shimmered like art pieces in a gallery.

As expected, whenever Ashton paid for something, he usually wanted more than just the quality of the products because he also valued the overall experience in making the purchase.

I stopped in front of a newly released Napoleon Cake and thought it was the perfect dessert for Audrey and me, so Ashton had the storekeeper approach us.

“Hello, sir. What can I help you with?” Not only did the storekeeper have the body of a supermodel, but she also had the voice of a radio host.

“I’m so sorry, sir, but this one is all sold out at the moment. Our White Swan series desserts are also quite popular. Would you like to try those?”

“It’s sold out already? But it’s not even noon yet.” Even though I was disappointed, I could understand why the new product was snatched up so quickly. Since I did not make a pre-order, I never really had a chance at getting one.

Sighing, I looked around while the storekeeper continued to shower us with recommendations.

“Mr. Hall, welcome,” greeted the storekeeper suddenly as she looked to someone behind us, so Ashton and I curiously turned around and realized that she was talking to Nathaniel.

Unexpectedly, standing next to the man was my doppelganger, who happened to dress very similarly to me. Even the storekeepers turned their heads back and forth to make sure their eyes were not playing tricks on them.

Nathaniel, who did not seem surprised to see us at all, held the woman's hand and quickly walked over. "I see that you two like the desserts in this place too, huh?"

With a friendly tone like that, anyone else would have easily mistaken the situation as a pleasant coincidence. Nothing more than two twin sisters bumping into each other with their boyfriends.

Ashton and I did not respond to Nathaniel but simply shifted our attention to my doppelganger.

When the man noticed how odd we were acting, he chuckled and placed his hand on the woman's shoulder. "What? Don't you recognize her anymore? You're old pals!"

The woman kept a straight face the whole time until Nathaniel mentioned her. Then, as if she had finally received the permission to talk, the woman looked at Ashton and asked with a wry smile, "Do you remember me, Mr. Fuller?"

For some reason, her voice sounded strange. It was as if there was something stuck in her throat, and despite our similar appearance, anyone could easily tell us apart just by listening to that voice.

Why would that woman say something like that to Ashton? Do they know each other?

As much as I wanted answers, I knew it was not the right time to question Ashton. What mattered more then was to show the other party that Ashton and I got each other's back. I'll be damned if I let anyone besmirch my husband's honor like that!

I then intentionally got closer to Ashton and wrapped my arm around his. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, miss, but all my husband ever thinks about is me, so I'm afraid he doesn't recall who you are."

In response, the woman glanced at me before sneering, "My, my. You've changed, haven't you, Scarlett?"

Chapter 1620

The woman's rhetorical question left me completely stunned. Who the heck is this woman? Not only did she seem to know Ashton, but she also sounded like she knew me well. Besides the face, there's nothing about her that looked familiar to me. No matter how hard I try, I just can't figure out who she is.

"Who the heck are you?" There was no way I could keep my cool any longer at that moment, so Ashton patted me on the shoulder to assure me that he had got the situation under control before chiming in, "You'll have to excuse my wife; Letty has always been a hothead. Please forgive her straightforwardness."

"You saw how rude she was, so how can you simply ask me to forgive her? Does that sound reasonable to you?" Obviously, the woman got a little upset because of what we said, but Nathaniel quickly pinched her back to remind her to watch her manners.

"I'm going to have to ask you to do the same for Nora's bluntness. She's been abroad for quite a while, so I guess that's where she picked up the character. She doesn't mean to offend you, of course. Actually, I planned to introduce her to you the next time I visit, so imagine my surprise when I bumped into you here," explained Nathaniel disingenuously.

There was only one person that I knew named Nora, and that was Nora Oberick. I thought she was killed in the explosion, wasn't she?

Even though I was looking straight at the woman's face, I could not confirm if she was the Nora I knew.

Suddenly, the storekeeper brought a well-designed box over to Nathaniel. "Here's your order, Mr. Hall."

Instead of taking the box, Nathaniel turned to smile at us. "You should take the cake. My treat."

Because of the man's offer, the storekeeper, too, turned to us with the box. "Here's your cake, sir."

"You don't have to do that. I did nothing to deserve this." With that, Ashton unceremoniously turned down Nathaniel's generosity.

Still stuck with the box, the storekeeper found herself in an awkward position.

"You worry too much. It's just a cake," reminded Nathaniel nonchalantly.

Ashton remained silent for what felt like forever before finally breaking the ice. "This is just the way I am. You don't know Letty, just like you don't know me."

The man then turned to me and put his arm around me. "Now that I think about it, the desserts made in a bakery have way too much sugar in them anyway. Come on, let's go home. I'll make some for you and Audrey myself."

Since we drove all the way there only to end up not buying anything, I suspected that the cakes in the bakery were never the reason why Ashton wanted to be there. With a look, the man gestured for me to leave empty-handed with him.

However, as if he could not understand what Ashton was insinuating, Nathaniel continued to pretend that he was a close friend. "I know how much you love your kids, so I'm not going to take up more of your time. Since Audrey likes desserts so much, I'll be sure to remember to bring some over when I visit."

Ashton only gave the man a half-smile in response before walking out of the bakery with me.

“You knew Nathaniel was going to be there, didn’t you? Is that why you brought me there?” I questioned Ashton as soon as we stepped into the car.

“Not exactly,” replied Ashton as he fired up the car with one hand and placed the other on the steering wheel. “I knew he was going to be there today but not the exact time. We just got lucky.”

“We should’ve tried to find out who that woman is. We left too soon,” I stated while fiddling with my fingers anxiously.

Even though bumping into my doppelganger saved me a lot of trouble, it also meant that I would face plenty more in the future, so I had to be vigilant.

“You already know who she is. She’s exactly who you think she is,” informed Ashton confidently.

Shocked, I stared at Ashton for a few seconds before finally breaking the silence. “Nora Oberick? Could it really be her?”

“You’d rather she be someone else?” asked Ashton rhetorically.

“No, of course not. But you and I both know that she was at the center of the explosion that day. There was no way she could’ve survived.”

Nora and I used to be close, so naturally, I was glad to know that she was still alive. However, because of her relationship with Nathaniel, I was unsure how to feel about her then.

The man was like a walking disease because he had infected the minds of many around Ashton and me.

Even Marcus told me that he would never have made a deal with Nathaniel if it were not for me, for he knew that nothing good ever came from dealing with that devil.

I did not mind Nora blaming us for not saving her, but I worried for her well-being if she continued to stay with Nathaniel.

“But she’s a mother. Armond thought he could control everyone, but like everyone else, he fled in the face of death. If Nora had been left behind, there’s a chance that she could’ve survived. I believe she was only able to look like you because she could not escape in time,” suggested Ashton calmly.

“You mean she got disfigured and had plastic surgery?”

With Ashton’s help, I finally figured out what happened back then.

Nora had a chance at survival because Armond left her behind before the explosion. Forced to choose between living on for her child and dying with the man she loved, Nora hesitated when she should be running.

In the end, she decided to choose her child but barely survived the explosion because of her hesitation. Then, Nathaniel somehow managed to save her and turn her into my doppelganger to serve him.

Still, that did not explain why Nora was so hostile toward Ashton and me.

I remembered how surprised I was to see her on the island and how strong she was then. Even though Armond was no longer around, she was ready to raise their child all on her own.

“How did you convince Nora to go to the island anyway?” From the way the woman talked to Ashton, I could tell she was more upset with my husband than me. Ashton is a businessman, so if I had to guess, I would say that he promised Nora something in exchange for her to go to the island. She probably got upset because Ashton didn’t live up to his promise.

Ashton then chuckled at my question. “You’re definitely on to something here. How did you get so clever? At this rate, I don’t think I’ll be able to keep anything from you anymore.”

“Don’t change the subject; I’m being serious now. You had amnesia after the explosion, so do you think that’s the reason why you couldn’t remember what you promised Nora? If that’s the case, that means we’re still in her debt.”

Ashton tightened his grip on the steering wheel and straightened his back before replying, “I promised her that I would keep Armond alive for her.”

“What?” At that moment, I did not know what else to say.

What Ashton meant back then was that he would not harm Armond. However, nobody expected the man to give up on his own life like that.

I don’t think Nora is an unreasonable person. Even though Ashton failed to keep his promise, she should know that he was not to be blamed for what happened. She’s not trying to make Ashton pay for Armond’s demise, is she?

Fortunately, what Ashton said next relieved me of my puzzlement.

“The child. He’s not with Nora or Nathaniel; I’ve checked. Nora must’ve lost him in the explosion.”

With that, Ashton finally cleared things up for me.

Nora only went to the island with her child because she trusted Ashton. What started with the hope of saving Armond eventually ended with Nora tragically losing both her loved ones.

Although nobody was at fault for Armond's demise, Nora had more than enough reasons to blame Ashton for what happened to her face and her child. To her, Ashton was the one who ruined her life.

Chapter 1622

I remembered how emotional and irrational I got when my children were kidnapped. Back then, I would rather the kidnappers took me as their hostage instead despite what Ashton and John said.

With the love of her life dead, her child missing, and her face modeled to look like someone else, it was enough to fill Nora with hate and change her completely.

I knew Ashton would have disarmed the bomb if he could, but that was just not possible. This is probably what Armond wanted. Even in death, the man continues to haunt our lives, and there's nothing we can do about it.

Feeling helpless, I sighed before asking Ashton to take us home. Nothing much we can do for now. What's bound to happen will eventually happen, whether we like it or not.

On the way home, I could not stop thinking about how I could make up for Nora's losses. Her child was still an infant when Armond's men took him away. Maybe he's still alive somewhere. But even Nathaniel couldn't find him; what chance do we have now that it's been six years?

As much as I wanted to help Nora, I could not come up with a practical solution.

Because of how sudden our meeting was, I forgot to confirm with Nathaniel if he had really dealt with Marcus, who personally told me that he gave his life in exchange for mine. If that was true, then I owed Marcus my life.

Even though I met Ashton after the six-year coma, Marcus could have taken me somewhere far away and had me all to himself, but he did not do that. I wonder if Marcus hesitated to keep me to himself because he knew that he was going to die soon. Even the kindest man sins sometimes, so it's not that hard to believe even the vilest man is capable of kindness, and Marcus is definitely not the vilest man I know.

I was so caught up in my own thoughts that I did not even notice that we had reached home.

Leaning in, Ashton unfastened my seatbelt for me before giving me a comforting smile. "We're home. If you continue to frown that, I'm afraid that our daughter will have no choice but to smother you with love."

I could not help but chuckle when I thought of how Audrey would always put her arms around my head to comfort me. "There's no better way to die," I remarked jokingly before getting out of the car.

Then, I waited for Ashton to walk over to grab my hand before we entered the house together.

John had witnessed Ashton's cooking skills when the man pretended to be an amnesiac, so when Ashton promised to make desserts for Audrey, John was ready to see the whole thing flop. Like a pesky fly, John followed Ashton around in the kitchen and made disapproving sounds and faces while the man worked.

Fortunately for John, Ashton was in a good mood, so he decided to ignore any form of disturbance.

Ashton put the cake into the refrigerator when he was finally done but realized that the children were nowhere to be seen.

When I went outside to wait for the children, I saw the chauffeur watering the flowers in the garden as if he had completely forgotten about his other duty.

“Boris.”

“Yes, Mrs. Fuller? Is there anything I can help you with?” Boris put the watering away before turning to me.

“No. I just wanted to remind you to pick up the children. That’s all,” I replied with a polite smile.

Boris was not getting any younger, so I could understand that he would need a reminder from time to time.

“What? I thought you picked them up today. Aren’t they in the house right now?” The chauffeur was utterly puzzled by my reminder.

“Me?” At that moment, I could feel that something had gone wrong.

“What’s going on?” inquired Ashton, who just got out of the shower and was already in his pajamas.