

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1663-1667

## Chapter 1663

Emery didn't react to it. "Thank you. If you ever visit The Jade in the future, do tell them that you know me. You will get a discount." Then she nodded with grace and left with her purse in her hand.

"How much is the discount?" Emery's words had caught Lucas' attention, and he started to speak in his poor Chanaean. "Are you Stovall's friend, pretty lady?"

Emery stopped in her track. She glared at him and responded with a hint of irritation in her tone, "No, I'm her elder."

Lucas raised his brows and teased, "But you don't look so old."

"Technically, I'm Letty's aunt. Do you know what an aunt means? Did anyone ever tell you that you have to respect an elder?"

"Oh, really?" Lucas replied without batting an eye. Instead, he took a step forward and stared at Emery in a bold and suggestive manner. "I'd like to learn that from you someday..."

"Get away from her!"

All of a sudden, a figure appeared and pushed him away with great force.

Lucas, who was unaware of that man, didn't manage to avoid it in time. The impact made him fall and hit the dining table next to him. A series of loud clanging followed as the tables and chairs knocked into each other. Fortunately, Lucas' underlings managed to break his fall before his Herculean body could cause any further major damage.

I followed the gaze of his angry underlings and had a glimpse of the man who had pushed Lucas.

To my surprise, that man was Alexander.

However, what caught my attention first was his outfit. He was wearing a white tuxedo and a red bow tie, and it seemed that he had put on makeup as his lips were red, and his face was glowing. He looked just like a prince from a fairytale.

Most importantly, I also noticed the flower on his chest pocket that signified him as the groom.

What is this? Is he getting married now?

"Shit! Who the hell are you? How dare you push me?" Lucas' chest was heaving with anger, and his eyes were wide with wrath.

The underlings next to him were eager to leap at Alexander too. They were shouting and cursing about seeking revenge for their boss, and none of them cared that their actions were inappropriate in such a venue.

Upon seeing such commotion, the waiter immediately ran away to notify the restaurant manager.

Alexander had no clue about Lucas' identity. He said arrogantly, "Hey, you! You are in Chanaea now, so watch your manner. I'm warning you to stay away from Chanaean women. If not, you will have to pay for your action."

"Excuse me? Are you kidding me?" Lucas laughed as if he had heard a great joke. He pointed at himself and said, "You pushed me, and yet you asked me to get lost? That's so funny. Hahaha—"

Lucas stopped laughing abruptly. The next moment, he directed his punch at Alexander.

Alexander was not a man who would kindly endure a beating. His face darkened, and he was ready to fight back.

"No! No! No!"

Right then, the restaurant manager and a few security guards had arrived at the scene. They pulled the two men apart in an attempt to prevent any further conflict.

"Please calm down, Sir," the manager first comforted Lucas, the static sound of the walkie-talkie in his hand coming out of the speaker. "Sir, if you continue to cause trouble, we'll have to remove you from this premise."

The fact that the manager insisted on chasing Lucas out without investigating the cause of the commotion showed that he was blatantly taking Alexander's side.

Alexander shook off the guards' grip, dusted his clothes, and stuck his hands into his pants pockets. He then turned to face Lucas with an arrogant and taunting expression.

As he saw Alexander's expression, Lucas could no longer contain his wrath. He grabbed the manager's collar and lifted the man into the air. He then, in Ustranasion, yelled at the manager, "He hit me, but you're chasing me out? Are you kidding me?"

Lucas was so livid that the flesh on his face trembled violently when he spoke.

"Please calm down, Sir. If you continue to act this way... we will have to call the police." The manager's voice quavered, but his order was clear. After all, the man had dealt with all sorts of situations.

#### **Chapter 1664**

"Well, I dare you! I'll smash your head before you can call the police!" Lucas pressed his face against the manager's. The manager was so scared that he shut his eyes tight.

Despite the stressful atmosphere, I was reminded of the scene in Tom and Jerry where Spike, the bulldog, bullied Tom, the cat. It was hilarious. I guessed I had spent too much time with the children.

While my mind was elsewhere, Lucas slapped the manager in the face.

The sound shook me and pulled me back to reality. Only then did I realize that something was wrong. I quickly got up and stopped Lucas. "Lucas, that's enough!"

"Stay out of this, Stovall. This is a private matter!"

After brushing me off, Lucas turned to finish off the manager. His men were fighting with the security guards too.

Noticing that the attention of the entire restaurant was on us, I blurted out, "Are you planning to bring the cops here, Lucas? We are in the city center right now. There are patrols everywhere. They can get here within ten minutes! You'd better consider your next step carefully!"

Lucas froze after hearing my advice. He smacked his lips unhappily and threw the manager on the floor.

"You!" He raised his middle finger and index finger and pointed at his own eyes, then at the manager. "Your face is engraved in my mind now!"

He then grabbed one of the underlings, who was on top of a guard, and shouted, "Are you all waiting for the police to arrest you? We're leaving now!"

With that, the group of men left the restaurant together.

The customers started gossiping after all of their figures disappeared at the entrance. "Where do those people come from? They are so rude."

The guards helped the manager to his feet, and blood was spotted in the corner of his mouth. He appeared lifeless. After all, not everyone could take Lucas' slap with ease.

Since we were at the heart of the incident, I couldn't sit back and do nothing. I took out all the cash I had from my purse and handed them to the manager. "Take these and lie low for a while. Don't come back to K City for the time being."

The manager pushed my hand away, as he had no clue how terrifying Lucas could be. "You don't have to give us the cash, Madam. It's our responsibility, after all."

I simply spread the manager's palm and stuffed the cash into his hand. "Listen to my advice if you want to live."

"I..." The manager took a glance at me and turned to Alexander. When he saw Alexander nod, he accepted the cash. "Well, thank you, then."

"Don't mention it. You need to go to the hospital to check on your injuries. The impact was on the head, so it could be serious."

"I understand. I'll get going now."

The manager gave the guards, who were helping him, a look and stumbled out of the dining area. As soon as he entered the kitchen, his figure disappeared.

The moment those men left, Alexander's attitude changed entirely. He started behaving like a puppy, sniffing for any injury on Emery. "Are you okay?"

While asking, he reached out to grab Emery's hand, but she avoided it.

"Please watch yourself, Mr. Groom."

Emery emphasized the word "groom." It seemed that she was not completely indifferent to Alexander as she noticed the flower pinned on his chest pocket.

Hearing that, Alexander subconsciously took a glance at the flower and ripped it off from his pocket. "Oh, you mean this? It's part of my outfit for the movie I'm shooting. It's a wedding scene today. I spotted you guys right after I finished shooting the scene."

Alexander then paused for a moment and turned to face Emery. "I've been texting you. Why didn't you reply to me?" A hint of nervousness could be heard in his voice.

"What should I reply?" Emery shot back without looking at him.

"Anything." Alexander's eyes were ablaze with sincerity. "Those messages were just about my daily life. You can tell me those things too. I want to know what you are doing."

"Well, now that you have seen me, you can go now." Emery's voice was colder than before.

Awkwardness slowly filled the air. Alexander, however, seemed to have gotten used to Emery's cold attitude. He smiled at her and asked, "Are you angry at me because I've been too busy to look for you? Shall we go for a holiday overseas after the shooting ends?"

## **Chapter 1665**

"Anything." Emery sounded frustrated. Before Alexander could say anything, Emery turned and headed toward the entrance. "Letty, let's go."

"Why are you leaving? Emery! Hey..." Alexander shouted, but Emery ignored him and picked up her pace.

Helplessness drowned Alexander as he watched the distance between them grow. However, as he looked away, he shrugged as if he was unfazed. "I'm fine. You guys go ahead and accompany Emery. Have fun!"

I nodded and walked in Emery's direction with Summer. "See you."

When I got to the entrance, I glanced back and saw Alexander sitting on a chair lifelessly.

Honk! Honk!

I tore my attention away from Alexander upon hearing Emery honk twice. I quickly walked toward the car and got into the back seat with Summer.

As soon as I seated myself, Emery hit the gas and drove away.

Silence filled the air as the car hit the road. When I recalled the incident at the restaurant, my gaze would stop at the rearview mirror from time to time as I tried to get a glimpse of Emery's expression.

Emery noticed my gaze soon. When our gaze met for the third time, she couldn't take it anymore.

"Fine. Just ask me whatever you want to ask. I can't concentrate on my driving if you keep staring at me from behind," said Emery.

I chuckled out loud. "If you say so. But keep in mind that I have no interest in meddling with your private life. What happened between you and Alexander? He's been courting you for so many years, and that proved his sincerity. If I were you, I would give him and myself a chance. Don't you agree with me, Summer?"

"That mister is courting Aunt Emery?" Summer shot me a question instead.

"Yes." I nodded in reply and joked, "What do you think?"

"I think he's okay," Summer replied rather briefly. I couldn't help but wonder if she was mimicking Ashton's attitude as a man of few words. Her reaction to the relationship between a man and a woman was way too calm.



However, before I could further explain Emery's past with Alexander, she continued, "I think that mister can't handle Aunt Emery. After all, every couple must have equal footing for the relationship to be long lasting."

"But—"

"See, even Summer knows what's wrong between us," Emery cut me short.

I merely shrugged in reply.

Emery continued, "Honestly, he can't handle his father and his family too. His relationship with his father hasn't been too good ever since he became an actor and received an Oscar. If he gets involved with a divorced woman, their relationship will worsen. All prominent families are the same. It's a sin for a woman to marry more than one time. I've seen such a situation so many times, and I'm not looking forward to going through that. Plus, I don't need a man or a marriage to live my life."

The entire time, Emery's hand was loosely placed on the steering wheel as if she was talking about someone else's story. However, I detected a hint of regret in her voice.

When we got to a crossroad, Emery hit the brake lightly, and the car stopped in front of the red light.

She continued, "The Zimmerman family has found him a fiancée. She's a gentle and obedient girl from a good family. She's suitable for a family of soldiers. He tried to hide the engagement, and he thought he did a good job. But unfortunately, the walls have ears. Everyone knows about the engagement now. In a movie, he's someone else's groom, and in reality, he's someone else's fiancée. So what's that got to do with me?"

I never knew that Alexander had such a complicated family background. My heart was swarmed with mixed feelings. After a moment of silence, I only managed to say, "Maybe you're too pessimistic. Alexander's young, but he dares to pursue his dream. He might try to persuade his family for you too."

“Treat it as me being selfish, then.” Emery raised her head and met my gaze through the rearview mirror.

From the reflection in the mirror, Emery looked beautiful and independent as always. Although time had flown by, her beauty remained the same. After all, time was kind to those who were willing to spend money on themselves.

“A family of soldiers has a lot of rules and principles. I’m not the kind of woman who would willingly abide by those rules, either at work or at home. Even if he’s willing to help me in dealing and explaining to his family, he will be tired eventually, and I don’t want to see that. For this reason, I should stay away. Plus, by keeping a distance, nothing will happen to the both of us, and we can still be friends in the future.”

## **Chapter 1666**

As she finished her sentence, the light turned green. Emery hit the gas and continued with the journey. “Life is just the same as the traffic lights. When it’s time to go, go, and when it’s time to stop, stop. You cannot hesitate.”

The car sped away as Emery floored the gas. Her breakup with Hunter was rather recent, and accompanied by her constant frown and straight face, most men would stay away. I wondered if Alexander would be one of them.

Arriving at the intersection near our house, I saw John and Emma in the car from afar. It seemed that they were heading in the direction of Coldbridge. They both carried the same sullen expression and didn’t talk to each other.

Emery left right after she dropped us at the front door. She declined my invitation to meet the kids, stating that she was tired.

Tired, or troubled, only she could tell. Given her personality, it would be a futile attempt for me to pry if she refused to speak about it.

Before I could get into the house, I heard Audrey commanding Shaun and Gregory.

“No, Greg! Not like this. You have to put it here! Don’t you agree, Shaun?”

When I heard her energetic voice, my spirit lifted. I walked in and teased, “What are you guys doing? Is Greg not doing as well as Audrey?”

“Mommy! Summer!”

When Audrey heard me, she threw away whatever she was holding in her hands and ran toward me. She then threw herself into my arms and let me pick her up.

“Good girl.” I smiled at her and brushed her nose gently. “What were you doing?”

“We were making lanterns!” Audrey announced proudly in a pitch higher than usual. “Audrey was the fastest to finish it!”

“Really? You’re so amazing! Let Mommy have a look,” I praised while walking toward the living room.

The couch and the coffee table were scattered with parts of the lanterns. There was also an item sitting there that barely looked like a lantern.

“Is this the one you made?” I tried my best to act surprised and carefully examine the lantern. I wanted Audrey to be proud of herself.

“Yes, yes! I did it myself. No one helped me! Praise me, Mommy!”

“Haha... Audrey is the best! You’re smarter than Mommy! Well, since there are so many materials left, why don’t I make one with you all? Can you teach me?”

“Okay.”

I gently patted Audrey’s head with a smile while watching them. However, not seeing Ashton anywhere, I put Audrey down and looked around the house. “Where’s Daddy?”

“He’s cooking.” Audrey had continued with her project. “Daddy said that the person who makes the best-looking lantern will get a cake!”

I couldn’t help but laugh at her words. Audrey loved dessert very much, and she would do anything to get it.

I turned my attention to Shaun and Gregory. The boys weren’t concentrating on making a lantern. Instead, they were just having fun. It seemed that the winner of the day had been determined.

My gaze then shifted to the kitchen. I could see the light and hear some noises from the inside. Ashton had shut the kitchen door as he was worried about the greasy smell filling the living room. That was the reason why I couldn’t see him anywhere.

After putting down my purse, I headed to the kitchen.

My movements in opening the door were purposely slow, as I wanted to observe the person inside through the gap of the door. As the gap widened, Ashton appeared before me.

He was standing by the counter, making a salad. I watched him cut the vegetable, put them into a bowl, and mix them up. His movements were swift.

At the same time, a series of bubbling sounds were coming from a pot of soup behind him. The steam flooded the entire kitchen, making it misty. Now, the kitchen was warm and lively, more so when I noticed Ashton wearing a Disney cartoon apron.

The drawings were rather weird, as the lines were too bold.

I couldn't help but giggle.

Ashton raised his head and noticed me peeking at him. He put down the bowl but didn't stop stirring with the fork. He narrowed his eyes at me and asked with the corners of his mouth lifted, "What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing." I cleared my throat and pushed the door open. A wicked grin was on my face as I walked into the kitchen. "You have a nice apron, Mr. Fuller. Is it custom-made?"

### **Chapter 1667 The Apron On Ashton**

Ashton lowered his head to look at the apron. "It is custom-made, baby daughter's winter edition. It's the only one available in the world. You won't be able to get it elsewhere."

“Really?” I pretended to be confused. “Which brand is it? Do they have so much time to release just one?”

“She does have time.” Ashton placed the fork on the counter and turned to check on the soup. “Today in art class, the teacher asked the students to make something for their parents. Among the other kids, they made pouches, stuffed toys, wallets, and other usual things, but Audrey made this apron for me.”

I could no longer contain my laughter after hearing Ashton’s explanation. Audrey’s love for her father was rather deep and it was proven when she seemed to have convinced Ashton to be their cook.

I really wanted to know where she had learned this. It was too funny. I took in a deep breath and stopped laughing. “It suits you, suits your aura.”

Ashton turned to face me with an evil smile. “Shall I ask Audrey to make another one for you?”

“No, thanks.” I quickly made a big cross with both of my hands. “You don’t understand. Audrey only gave you this apron because the kids love your cooking.”

While distracting him, I walked up to him and slowly studied the apron on him. I then patted his shoulder and advised him half-heartedly as if I was his elder, “This is Audrey’s reward for you. Don’t let the kids down. You will be responsible for the entire family’s meal from today onward.”

Ashton narrowed his eyes and stared at me for almost two seconds. Before I could react, he pulled me closer to him and trapped me in his embrace.

The distance between both of our faces was only a punch away, and the atmosphere around us became a little ambiguous. However, Ashton didn’t stop leaning closer to me. He lowered his voice and said, “Does that mean you’re being considerate of me?”

I chuckled awkwardly and tried my best to push my head away from his. "Of course! I'm your dear wife. I would never lie to you. Mmm—"

Ashton's lips suddenly landed on mine and left swiftly as it came. His gaze was a playful one as he said, "I'm giving you another chance."

"What I said was true..." I unconsciously lowered my voice and looked down. "My cooking is not as good as yours."

"Hmm?"

Unsurprisingly, Ashton pressed his soft lips against mine again.

The kiss was overbearing and forceful as if he was trying to teach me a lesson. Under Ashton's lead, my breathing started to become unsteady.

Upon noticing the physiological change in him, I jerked awake. I immediately pushed him away and covered my mouth. "You assh\*le!"

Ashton curled his lips into a suggestive smile. "I was just doing what a couple would usually do. How am I an assh\*le?"

"You... Hmph! I'm done talking to you."

Since I couldn't trick him, I quickly fled the scene.

My face was boiling from Ashton's kiss. As I walked out of the kitchen, I placed both of my hands on my face to lower the temperature. But before I could go far, Audrey stopped me.

She was carrying a completed lantern and was looking up at me. Blinking her big eyes, she asked curiously, “Mommy, is it hot in the kitchen? Why is your face so red?”

Her question rendered me speechless.

Why don't you ask your daddy about this?

“Yes.” I smiled awkwardly, then tried to change the topic hastily. “Wow, you're done with the lantern in such a short time! It's so pretty. Do you want Mommy to accompany you to find a place to hang this up?”

“Okay!”

Young kids were rather easy to trick.

After going around the main house, Audrey finally decided to hang the lantern on the lamp post at the main door. Though the yellow light of the lantern was unnoticeable in the dark, it was enough to make Audrey jump in happiness.

“It will look nicer than this when we hang up all the lanterns.” New Year was around the corner. Now that I thought about it, I had not spent any New Year with Ashton for the past six or seven years.