

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1668-1672

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1668

Happiness is easy to attain. Happiness is when you still have your loved ones around and are surrounded by your children.

After a moment, I noticed that I had slipped into a trance while staring at the lantern. But I still hoped that my wish could be granted by this first lantern of winter.

Audrey ran back into the house excitedly. While running, she imagined the mind-blowing scene where the lanterns lit up the entire villa. "Mommy, run faster! I want to finish making all the lanterns and hang them up! It will be so, so beautiful!"

I smiled at her exclamation and followed behind. Based on her speed in making the lanterns, I was pretty sure that she could only see such an astonishing scene in her dreams today.

However, when we returned to the living room, a handful of lanterns were ready to be hung. Even Summer had finished making one.

I shifted my gaze toward the boys and noticed the same chill expression on their faces as if they were trying to show that they did not make those lanterns.

"These two..." They wanted to satisfy Audrey's desire to win, but at the same time, they weren't willing to lose.

Audrey paid no attention to the lanterns. With a frown, she immediately dove into the sea of lantern parts and began to make a new one.

"Honey, it's time for dinner," Ashton called out to me right then.

"Okay!" I then turned to the kids. "Come on, let's wash your hands and have dinner. We'll continue after that."

"Wait, Mommy! I'm not hungry yet. I'll eat after I'm done with this!" Audrey said. Her attention was fixed on the lantern.

As for Shaun and Gregory, they had put down the lantern parts and were ready to go.

"No, Audrey. You have to behave. Daddy and your brothers are hungry. Are you going to let them starve as they wait for you?" I put on an angry face and tried to trick her into having dinner. "If you're not hungry, I'll ask Daddy to give your dessert to your brothers."

Hearing that, Audrey thought for a moment and quickly darted toward the washroom. "I'll go wash my hands! I'm the fastest!"

Her shameless act amused us all.

Suddenly, Ashton came to my side and pulled me toward the dining table. He opened the lid of the bowl in front of me once I was seated and instantly, a wave of heat hit my face.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Dessert. Haven't you guessed it?" said Ashton with a smile.

"It's a lie to persuade Audrey to have dinner. I didn't know that you made one." I took a glance at the bowl and pursed my lips. A moment later, I placed the lid back in its place. I really didn't have the appetite to eat it now. "Why don't you give it to Audrey? I had high tea with Emery just now, and I'm still full. I think I'll have some salad for dinner."

Ashton raised his eyebrows but said nothing.

He had a small appetite, and the kids' attention was on the lanterns, so dinner ended in less than thirty minutes.

After that, the kids continued with the project in the living room with Ashton helping them. As for me and Summer, we went upstairs for a shower after accompanying them for a short while. Both of us were worn out.

As I got out of the bathroom, I sensed a weak, sweet smell in the air. I followed the scent into the bedroom and saw a familiar bowl on the dressing table.

Ashton, in his pajamas, walked toward the dressing table from the wardrobe and sat on the chair. He then spread his legs and patted his right leg as a gesture for me to go over to him. "Come."

What is he up to?

I smiled. I raised my hand to my head to support the towel wrapped around my hair and went up to him. "What is it? Are you going to help me with a mask?" I asked after sitting down on his lap.

Ashton merely smiled. He reached out to the bowl and lifted the lid. He then scooped a spoonful of the dessert and tasted it. After making sure the dessert was no longer hot, he turned the spoon to me and said gently, "It's not hot. Open your mouth."

I glanced at him and ate it. Instantly, I felt a surge of warmth in my stomach. "Mmm... It's good!"

Ashton was a successful businessman and a good cook. His dishes were all nicely done and so was the dessert. It wasn't too sweet, and it had a nice aroma.

Ashton smiled with satisfaction upon seeing my reaction. He pulled my hand to the bowl and said, "Drink it yourself."

### **Chapter 1669 Do Not Take It Personally**

Ashton caught the towel as it was falling and dried my hair with it. I then picked up the spoon and fed myself the rest of the soup, gulping it down eagerly although I was not hungry at all.

Then he switched on the hairdryer and started blow-drying my hair, holding my hair with one hand while carefully maneuvering the hairdryer with the other. His reflection in the mirror seemed to show that he was completely immersed in the activity and thoroughly enjoying himself.

I continued drinking the soup till I simply could not take another spoonful. As I lowered the flask, I peered at his reflection again, only to see that he was now smiling stupidly to himself, the way people do when they were secretly pleased about something.

Looking at him, I could not help but feel that God was indeed unfair when he created this man. Somehow, that smile did not make him look goofy or silly in the least. Instead, it only made him seem more attractive and irresistible than ever.

A faint hint of jealousy rose unwittingly to the surface of my heart. Slamming the flask onto the desk, I glared at his reflection with narrowed eyes, asking in a dark tone, "What are you smiling about?"

Ever since the wedding incident, I felt as if I had gained a fuller understanding of Ashton's character.

At the moment, things like women, power, or expanding his business domain hardly mattered to him; the only thing he cared about was making sure his wife and children were happy.

Today, he could be secretly prepping for a wedding, but tomorrow, he would be taking up the role of the competent househusband instead. There was simply no way to tell what crazy idea he would try to pull off next.

Glancing at the mirror, Ashton furrowed his brow slightly, but his lips remained curled upward. "Was I smiling?"

"Look at yourself!" I pointed at the corners of his lips in the mirror exasperatedly. "You can't even suppress it anymore! Come on, just spill it. What are you hiding from me?"

He chuckled in response, spreading out his hands helplessly. "I swear, I really wasn't."

Then he turned off the hairdryer and put it aside. Combing my half-dried hair with his fingers, he went on, "I didn't even realize I was smiling. I was just happy to see you. Maybe this is simply such a peaceful moment that the thought of masking my emotions didn't even cross my mind."

"Really?" I cocked an eyebrow, testing him. "You're not just saying that, are you? Haven't you heard of the seven-year itch before? People say the love between couples dies as time goes by. We've been together for so many years. Are you sure you aren't sick of me yet?"

Without answering, Ashton merely turned on the hairdryer again but to a lower temperature this time. Shivering as the cool wind blasted into my collar, I immediately turned around to glare at him. "Hey, you weren't supposed to take that personally!"

At that, his movements halted as he gazed at me, frowning. "Mrs. Fuller, everything we've been doing this whole time was personal, whether it's me drying your hair or just us chitchatting. How else am I supposed to take this if not personally?"

That seemed to make sense to a certain extent, but I was still not satisfied.

I lifted my chin indignantly, retorting, "I don't care! You're just finding an excuse to bully me!"

As soon as my words left my mouth, the frown on his forehead deepened. The next thing I knew, he was forcefully grabbing my chin and planting a kiss on my lips, taking me completely by surprise.

"Mmm! What are you doing?"

"Didn't you just say I was bullying you?" The frown on his face dissolved as a calm expression took over. "Far from it, I'm a man who cares only to satisfy my wife's wishes faithfully and at all times. Is there anything else you'd like me to do for you?"

"Y-You—"

Ring! Ring! Ring!

The sound of my phone ringing cut me off just as I was about to settle the score with him.

It was a call from Emery, which I picked up at once.

“What’s up, Emery?”

While I was on the phone, Ashton suddenly became rather restless as he buried his face in the crook of my neck, sending tingling sensations down my spine with his hot breath.

“Is this Ms. Stovall on the line? Your friend’s drunk. I called you because I saw that you’re the most recent contact in her call history. Do you mind coming over to get her?”

“Huh?” Stunned, I froze for a moment before nodding and leaping onto my feet. “I see. Sure, just send me your location, and I’ll be there soon. Thanks.”

After hanging up, I made straight for the wardrobe, explaining, “Emery’s gotten drunk at a bar. I have to go and get her.”

## **Chapter 1670 Love Is Unstoppable**

Ashton did not answer. Instead, he tugged at my hand forcefully, causing me to lose my balance and topple over into his arms.

“Stop fooling around now. Emery’s waiting for me at the bar!” I struggled to free myself from his grasp.

“Someone else will get her.” He shifted his position and stood up, carrying me to the bed in his arms.

“I was the one who just received the phone call. Who else would be going if not me? Come on, Ashton, just let me go. It’s getting late now, and it’s dangerous for Emery to be alone.”

Completely ignoring my words, he placed me down on the bed and pressed his body on top of mine, his brow tightening into a frown. “You’re hardly an inexperienced woman, so how could you not understand this?”

“What do you mean?” My friend was drunk and needed someone to pick her up. What else was there to understand?

Heaving a deep sigh, he leaned sideways and fell onto the bed beside me. “The bar doesn’t close so early. Just call back in another twenty minutes and go if there’s still no one there. It’s only twenty minutes anyway. It shouldn’t make much difference.”

I still had no idea what he meant by all that. However, since I failed to win that argument, I could only compromise and go with his suggestion.

I waited in agony till twenty minutes finally passed before calling Emery back. The line got through quickly, and a familiar male voice instantly came on the line.

“You must be Scarlett. This is Alexander. Don’t worry, Emery is with me now. Have an early rest and good night!”

“Good... night.”



It took me a few seconds after I hung up to come back to my senses. Then I turned toward Ashton and propped my head up with a hand. "How did you know Alexander was also at that bar?"

"I didn't." A smug smile crept onto his lips. He lay there with his eyes shut, looking calm and confident as if he had everything in the palm of his hands.

"You didn't?" I found that hard to believe. "Then how did you know someone else would surely be there to pick Emery up?"

Only then did Ashton open his eyes. He turned over, gazing at me with his deep, dark eyes. "Because I understand the feeling of missing another person without being able to meet them."

"Tell me more about it." His words had just piqued my interest, and I could not wait for him to elaborate on the subject.

However, Ashton shut his eyes lazily, refusing to cooperate. "I don't think I want to. My mouth's a bit dry, to be honest..."

He looked a striking resemblance to John with that sly and impish look on his face, but I guessed his motives in an instant.

What to do? I've got to hear the rest of this story, don't I?

Thus, for the sake of satisfying my curiosity and despite being unwilling to do so, I leaned toward him and pecked him on the cheek.

"There! Now, will you tell me?"

Immediately, another smug look flitted across his face. Although it lasted for only the briefest moment, I still had no trouble spotting it and instantly regretted my actions.

Damn it, Scarlett! Why were you in such a rush to please him? You should have stood your ground firmly, and he would eventually tell you the rest anyway.

Fortunately, Ashton was a man of his word and did not attempt to trick me into giving him more.

Wriggling slightly, he shifted to a more comfortable position and extended his hand through the space between my neck and my pillow, hugging me toward him. With just a little force, he had me pressing against his chest while his hands aimlessly wandered across my body.

Huh! Men!

Just as I was about to lose my temper, Ashton finally spoke. "What do you imagine I'd do when you're not by my side and there's no way I could reach you?"

"No idea. What would you do?"

"I would go to a hidden spot, turn off the flight mode on my phone, and dial your number repeatedly."

"Are you talking about the time you were in R Province?" A certain calmness washed over me as I recalled the past, but I did not want to dive into the subject so as not to evoke unpleasant emotions. "I understand there are lots about the past that you find difficult to talk about, but those times are long gone now, aren't they? Nothing matters more than the present."

"Yeah." Sensing my intentions, he did not go further into the subject either. "What I mean is, love is an unstoppable force akin to a great deluge or a savage beast. Even I couldn't stop myself from secretly and compulsively calling you when my heart called out for you, let alone a man like Alexander."

I nodded thoughtfully, feeling as if I was beginning to understand. However, another thought struck me suddenly, and I blurted out, “B-But Emery said she was going to limit her loss. She must have blocked all manners of communication with Alexander since the beginning. Then how did he manage to reach...”

## **Chapter 1671 Off To Q City**

“Oh, wait. Does that mean...” I trailed off, realization dawning on me.

Despite everything she said, she still couldn’t bring herself to cut connections with Alexander!

All this time, Emery had been secretly watching as he fought to win her love back. His messages were read but ignored, and his phone calls that came through were deliberately missed. Although she had betrayed none of her emotions, she had been struggling to hold herself back from accepting him as well. That was until she finally caved.

Before this, I always thought Emery showed impressive rationality when it came to relationships and was capable of weighing her advantages and disadvantages in each relationship accurately, whether it was in the case of Hunter or Alexander. Even if she might not step back from them completely, she would always keep herself in the most invulnerable position possible.

However, this rationality obviously did not apply to a relationship with a man like Alexander. Judging from her behavior, it was evident that he had turned into an irregular variable in her life.

I leaned against Ashton’s chest, patting him lightly. “How is it that you know so much about Emery? Have you sent someone to spy on her on something?”

“Of course not.” He reached out to hold my hand. “Alexander’s current status could be considered top in the industry right now. There are eyes on him at all times. I hardly need a spy to know what he’s been up to. However, I won’t deny I’ve indeed taken action a few times to help those two suppress news about themselves.”

His words clearly implied that the news was sexual in nature. Eyes widening, I giggled as I playfully probed him to reveal more. “News? What sort of news?”

Suddenly, he turned over and lay pressing down on me. By the time I caught on, he already had my arms locked above my head in a death grip. “Since you’re so interested in the details, why don’t I let you experience them for yourself?”

With that, his other hand slithered beneath the hem of my lingerie and traveled upward, asserting its presence on my body.

Realizing that he was serious about it, I immediately pleaded, “I’m sorry, Hubby! It was a mistake. I promise I won’t ask about it again. Please, let me go!”

Lowering his head toward mine, he rubbed his nose against mine fondly. “How dare you reject me after accepting my gift?”

“Huh?” I froze, utterly stunned. “Y-You mean the s-soup you prepared for me earlier? So this is where you were going with it?”

I should have known he couldn’t possibly have done that without any ulterior motives!

“Of course,” he answered softly. “Now that you’ve drunk it all, don’t you think you need to do something to burn off all that extra energy?”

I merely stared back at him, fully regretting ever drinking that flask of soup.

Nevertheless, I was simply not in the mood to satisfy his wishes that night.

“Ashton,” I went on with a pitiful expression, “I was busy in the office all day, sorting out work matters with Summer, and I even went shopping after work. I’m thoroughly exhausted today. Why don’t we do this... another time?”

I gulped nervously, having absolutely no confidence that my attempt was at all sufficient in convincing the hungry beast before my eyes to back down.

However, Ashton was surprisingly compliant. He slipped off my body and lay back down beside me without another word.

Before I could say anything, he spoke up languidly. “Well, there’s no such thing as secrets in this world, especially not when it comes to a famous person like Alexander. Sooner or later, the news will reach the Zimmermans, and that’s when all hell will break loose.”

I said nothing in response, thinking that the Zimmermans might be a powerful family, but Emery was not one who would easily back down in the face of abuse and insult either. It was far too early to tell who among them was on the losing side just yet.

Thus, I merely lay leaning on him in silence and eventually drifted off to sleep.

Due to the close connection between Luscious Wines and Skull, Summer decided to tackle the root of the problem and proposed to procure the largest wine company in Q City.

Once the project kicked off, Fuller Corporation would be the only supplier of wines in the club. Not only would that be effective in avoiding the risk of selling fake wine, but it would also prevent any suspicious parties from tampering with the stock.

After Emery's information confirmed that Lexis had had a private deal with Quince and Lucas, Summer and I set out for Q City to propose our acquisition formally.

Upon landing at the airport, we headed straight for the Koandrian restaurant where we would meet up with the manager of the wine company.

However, pushing open the door to the private room, we were suddenly reluctant to step in.

Besides the manager, there was another man in the room who was sitting with his back toward us. His short and thin build, as well as his coal-black skin, were such distinctive features that it was difficult and inexcusable for us to not recognize him.

## **Chapter 1672 An Empty Handed Return**

Summer's decision to procure the wine company in Q City was a last-minute idea, and not many knew about it. Yet, Quince had somehow managed to figure out her plan and even got here before us. He was obviously not a simple-minded man.

"You must be Ms. Stovall." The manager got up at once and greeted Summer, mistaking me for her secretary. "I've heard that you're young, but you're way younger than I imagined. So young, yet so promising! Come in and have a seat."

Summer shot me a glance, waiting for me to speak.

However, before I could do so, Quince's broken Chanaean sounded. "Isn't there a Chanaean saying that goes, 'keep calm and take things as they come'? Or are you still afraid, Stovall?"

Hearing that, Summer immediately took my hand and led me to our seats with large, confident strides. Maintaining a calm composure, she addressed the room with a smile, revealing not the slightest hint of fear or doubt.

The manager seemed especially excited to collaborate with Fuller Corporation. "It's our honor to collaborate with you, Ms. Stovall, and yet you came over here to meet us in person. You're much too kind and sincere. Besides, Mr. Quince and I hit it off right away as well. With the three of us working together in the future, we're definitely going to create a whole new empire in the wine industry, and Luscious Wines can see themselves out!"

He was obviously already a little inebriated, but his words were still making sense.

From the looks of it, Quince had stood in as a collaborator of Fuller Corporation and reached a verbal agreement with the manager about a future three-way collaboration before we arrived.

Throughout the entire meeting, neither Summer nor I mentioned a word about procuring the wine company represented by the manager. Not only did our intention to settle things quickly not work out, but we ended up also feeling intensely humiliated by the way things had turned out.

The manager drank so much he ended up drunk as a skunk, and someone immediately came to pick him up once the meeting ended. Quince walked us to the door and asked to speak to me privately when we were about to get in the car.

"I hope what happened today will never happen again, Stovall. Talk to Fuller when you get back and have him sign the contract with us as soon as possible. Don't spoil things for us now after we've been so happy working together."

Being shorter than me, he gazed up at me with his eyes rolled up. It was indeed a rather frightening sight.

“There must have been a misunderstanding. We’ve never been collaborators, and I’m hardly one to dictate Ashton’s actions and decisions.”

Quince shook his head as I spoke as if he was running out of patience. “No, this is nonsense. There’s been a bond between us ever since I bought that painting of yours. So don’t even think of ditching us to work alone, understand?”

Shooting a vicious glare at me, he turned to walk away but doubled back only after a few steps. “Don’t mind me giving you a little trouble if you really don’t appreciate what we have between us.”

With that, he turned and strode away.

Watching his rather comical figure leave, I could not help the smirk that crept onto my lips.

That man had no idea about the amount of trouble I had dealt with in my life. His minor threat meant nothing to me.

Nevertheless, Summer and I were indeed feeling quite down to return empty-handed. Spotting Ashton waiting to pick us up at the arrival gates, we could only manage a mere smile through pursed lips.

I told Ashton about our fruitless venture on the way back, feeling somewhat helpless. “We’ll probably have to abort our plan of procuring Q City’s wine company for now. If Quince thought of Q City as well, then we can assume he has informants in most other companies in the country, too. We’d have to think of another solution.”

Ashton was driving, and his expression remained placid as he listened to me. “There’s no rush.”

After a moment’s silence, he asked in the same calm tone, “Would you like to go straight home to rest or grab a bite on the way?”



“Both are fine with me. You decide.” I could not get the thought of how Quince had just played us out of my mind, and it was sending waves of anxiety through my heart.

Before he could answer, however, Summer spoke instead. “Drop me off in front, Daddy. I think I’ll head to the club first before going home.”

Ashton cast a glance at her through the rearview mirror. “You sure you’re not too tired?”

Summer shook her head. “Not really. Q City’s not that far away. Quince’s men have been loitering in the club frequently lately. I’m worried the employees wouldn’t feel too comfortable about that without a boss around.”

Without answering, Ashton made a U-turn at the next bend and drove toward the club instead.

“Thanks, Daddy,” said Summer. Then she gazed out of the window gloomily, saying nothing else for the rest of the journey.