

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1673-1677

## Chapter 1673 Dropping By At The Club

We were caught in a traffic jam when we were just a street away from the club due to the evening peak hours.

I watched glumly as the numbers on the countdown indicator of the traffic light ticked down at a snail's pace. Feeling restless, I decided to roll down the windows and gazed at the moving traffic on the opposite street instead.

Suddenly, I spotted Lucas' face through the window of a black BMW whizzing along in the traffic. I instinctively followed the car with my gaze until it reached the end of the road and disappeared around the corner.

I was not sure if it was an illusion, but I somehow felt as if I had seen the woman who was in the car with him before.

"What's wrong?" asked Ashton, sensing that something was up with me.

"I think I just spotted Lucas." I pointed to the left. "He just went that way. I think he's just been to the club."

"I see," Ashton responded shortly. With a slight glance toward the back seat, he asked, "Is everything okay at the club?"

Nodding, Summer gazed back at him innocently. Then, as if struck by a thought, she hurriedly took out her phone and checked through her messages to make sure she had not missed anything. Only then did she answer, "Yes, there were only a few trivial matters, all of which I'd dealt with before boarding the plane."

Ashton merely responded with a nod and asked no further questions. Just then, the lights turned green, and the car started moving again, going at a significantly faster speed than before.

I snuck a glance at him. His expression remained indifferent, but I could sense a hint of nervous energy radiating off him.

We arrived at the club in no time at all. Stopping the car at the entrance, Ashton did not even bother removing the car keys from the ignition but hopped off the car at once and entered the club with us.

Seeing that Summer was back, her assistant came out to greet her at once. "Welcome back, Ms. Summer."

Ashton moved past him and went straight in, his expression cold as ice.

It was his first visit to the place, but the assistant recognized who he was in an instant and froze unwittingly as he strode past, stunned by the powerful aura he exuded.

"Did those black men find trouble here just now?" Summer interrupted his train of thoughts.

"No, they didn't even come today." The assistant came back to his senses and flashed her a grin. "Only Lucas and a few of his guys dropped by earlier. Otherwise, there hasn't been a single black guy in this area today."

Most of Lucas' men came from the mafia and carried fierce vibes. Their mere presence was terrifying, and the employees were always nervous around them. Naturally, they were happy and relieved that none of them had appeared today.

However, Summer caught the most crucial point of the assistant's statement. She halted her footsteps, asking sternly, "What was he doing here?"

"He came to deliver our wine. Did the manager not report this to you?" The assistant was visibly surprised. He swiveled backward and yelled for the manager, "Ms. York? Are you there?" He turned back, puzzled. "That's strange. She was just here a moment ago. I wonder where she's gone."

Seeing this, we all sensed that something was amiss.

Summer's face darkened instantly, and she sounded exceedingly displeased when she spoke again. "What just happened here?"

As someone who was usually pleasant and agreeable, Summer rarely ever showed others this powerful and authoritative side of herself. Shocked, the assistant immediately minded his behavior and relayed the entire incident seriously.

"Lucas came here with Mrs. Fuller to deliver the wine just now. He said you had agreed with it. We were initially reluctant to accept it, but Mrs. Fuller said that we were all disrespecting her and was going to fire all of us. So Ms. York made the call and accepted the stock."

Mrs. Fuller?

I knew for sure that I had said none of those things.

Besides, I had been busy helping out in the club for the past few days. How could anyone have mistaken another person for me?

Slightly angry, I snapped at him, "Think carefully. Are you sure it was I who made you accept those wines?"

Hearing that, the assistant smiled flatteringly. "Oh, it wasn't anything like that, Mrs. Fuller. You're always in a good temper and obviously wouldn't have put us in such a spot. I was actually talking about the other Mrs. Fuller."

"Does she look a lot like me?"

I suspected it was Nora running about scamming others and being up to no good under the guise of being me. Since we both shared the same look, other than people who were close to us, no one else could possibly tell us apart.

"Huh? How is that possible? No, that Mrs. Fuller wasn't half as attractive as you. She looked like a cheap internet influencer at most—" Suddenly realizing that he had misspoken, he hurriedly changed his words. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to criticize Mr. Fuller's taste."

**Chapter 1674**

I came to realize that listening to the assistant's verbal report was more frustrating than I had expected, as his speech somehow never seemed to be going anywhere. It was no wonder that he had never been promoted to a higher position despite working with us ever since Wenville.

Fortunately, Summer was skillful in grasping the main point. "Where's the wine now?"

"It's in the wine cellar," the assistant answered calmly as he stepped aside, allowing us to pass through to the basement.

Before Summer could even take a step, however, police sirens suddenly blared from outside.

In a moment, police cars flashing red and blue lights stopped at the club's entrance, and a few uniformed police officers came out of them, making straight for us.

The police officer in lead flashed his badge and search warrant in front of us. His ID showed that his name was Horace Wicke. "This club is suspected of illegal trading and smuggling. We'll need to do a full search of the place. Who's the person in charge here?"

I immediately stepped forward, blocking Summer. "I am."

In that instant, Macy's disheartened voice suddenly echoed in my mind. It was hard to believe that after so many years, the same situation was repeating but on Summer this time.

I knew there was only one possible culprit behind such a dirty act.

After all these years, even after Summer had grown up so much, that woman still had not changed a bit and had no other tricks up her sleeves other than planting illegal goods on others.

The wine used in the club was expensive and worth an astronomical amount, considering the large bulk in store. They far surpassed the cost of the drugs planted on Macy back then. If the police caught us with those illegal wines, Summer, as the legal owner of the club, was bound to be taken away and detained.

Horace gave me a once-over and went on coolly, "Please cooperate and come with us as we search the place."

Just then, the sound of cars screeching to a halt pierced through the air as several cars stopped at the roadside outside the club. The next thing we knew, reporters were swarming toward us with microphones held out.

Concerned with maintaining order, the police immediately blocked them from entering, and a huge crowd of reporters immediately formed at the club's entrance.

"Mrs. Fuller, what comments do you have regarding your daughter's smuggling?"

"What a young age to break a federal law! Is it because she was raised abroad that she turned out so bold and uncouth?"

"Ms. Summer, did you choose to start your business in the entertainment industry because the pleasure-seeking nature of the industry appeals to you?"

"Can the police disclose the duration of the sentence Mr. Fuller's daughter is expected to face once this case is substantiated?"

The questions were endless.

Men and women, both young and old, waved their microphones and cameras at us madly, condemning Summer in the name of justice without knowing that they were, in fact, the greatest evil present at the scene.

“That’s enough!” I shouted, losing control. “What do you even know about my daughter? Who are you guys to comment on her?”

The rowdy crowd immediately fell silent. Most of them were terrified after my outburst, but there were still a few who fearlessly directed their cameras at me.

I knew they could not wait for me to break down and lose my temper. I could already guess the headline they were hoping to publish— “The Unknown Dark Side Of Mrs. Fuller.”

Unfortunately, I was dead serious at that moment. Not only was I not the least bit afraid of being caught on camera, but I looked straight at the largest camera among them and raised my voice.

“I don’t care which news company you come from, but I’m only going to say this once. Whether or not anyone in my family has committed a crime will naturally be determined by the police. If anything concerning my family leaks out or appears on any news channel, I promise I will sue your company to bankruptcy.”

By the time I ended my speech, all the reporters had meekly shut their camera lenses except for one that was still aiming right at me.

I gazed into the camera lens, smirking derisively. The female reporter hiding behind it poked out her head and met my gaze.

Seeing that, I went on in an even more domineering tone, “I fully support that reporters should have freedom of speech, but anyone who dares to harm my daughter in any way will be up against the entire Fuller Corporation.”

With that said, I pursed my lips, smiling at the camera with my eyes slightly narrowed.

After staring at me for another five seconds, the female reporter finally gave in as she slowly turned off the equipment she was holding.

## **Chapter 1675 A Sea Of Red**

Horace scoffed at my firm statement and said sarcastically, “Mrs. Fuller, that’s rather bold of you to threaten someone in front of the police. Did you forget about the oaths you took when you became a lawyer?”

Threaten someone? I guess he’s right.

I had no qualms about “threatening” people if it meant protecting Summer.

With a smile that did not quite reach my eyes, I replied stiffly, “Whatever you say, sir. I’m sure it would be difficult for any mother to stay calm when her daughter is in trouble. So sue me.”

I paused and turned toward the reporters. “Though, if memory serves me right, you can’t open a case without the victim’s agreement. Would any of you like to pursue this matter?”

The silence that greeted me was deafening.

Realizing that he had lost this round, Horace waved his hand in a dismissive gesture and said impatiently, “Forget it. I’m not going to waste time on useless chitchat. Rich people like you always think that you’re better than everyone else, but I believe everyone is equal before the law. You better start praying that your walls don’t crumble under our investigation. All I need is a little piece of evidence to send you to prison for the rest of your life!”



With that, he roared, "Raid this place!"

A horde of officers swarmed the wine cellar at his orders.

There was no way I could stop their advance. Oh well. At worst, I'll drop by the police station with Summer. Our innocence will prevail. The police doesn't have hard evidence on Summer's direct involvement in smuggling luxury wines. They can only detain her in the station for two days at max.

I vowed to myself that I would do everything in my power to prevent Summer from shouldering the blame in Quince's plan.

I owed it to Macy to support Summer as best as I could. My failure to be there for Macy in the past hung heavy over my mind.

At the door to the cellar, I patted Summer's hand comfortingly, silently telling her to stay calm. No matter what happened, I would be there with her every step of the way.

"Open it." Unsurprisingly, Horace had pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

The staff holding the key to the cellar glanced at Summer and me. Upon our nods, he inserted the key into the keyhole.

The minute he turned the key, we heard an ear-splitting crash from within the cellar. It sounded like glass shattering.

The door between us and the cellar could not diminish the impact of the crash.

The police officers whipped out the guns from their holsters almost simultaneously, training their barrels on the cellar door in preparation for combat. Horace pulled our staff aside and exchanged glances with his officers before kicking the door open.

Slam! The door slammed heavily into the wall, revealing a cellar that reeked of alcohol.

The cellar was flooded with wine, threatening to flow over the doorstep at any moment. Meanwhile, crates that used to hold the wine bottles lay scattered around the room in disarray. Glass shards glinted faintly from beneath the inches of wine submerging the floor.

Ashton stood in the middle of it all, his trousers half-soaked in wine. His blazer was missing, leaving him in a white shirt and a loosened tie hanging crookedly around his neck. I thought I spied red wine stains on him.

He only whirled around to face the door upon hearing the commotion of the police officers. As he did so, he revealed a half-empty bottle of whiskey in his hands. Ashton swigged a gulp of liquor nonchalantly in front of his audience.

He then threw the bottle at the wall, just as Horace roared, "Stop!" to no avail. Alas, time did not freeze simply at his orders, and the whiskey bottle shattered loudly, its carcass joining the rest of the broken bottles on the floor as it left behind a large alcohol stain on the wall.

Horace had gone green around the gills, and I could see him clenching his jaw in silent fury.

Ashton, however, was the perfect picture of innocence as he wiped his mouth and drawled, "What's wrong? Why did we trouble so many police officers to visit our cellar today?"

I did not know whether to laugh or cry at his pretentious behavior.

Hurriedly, I swallowed my laughter and offered, "Someone reported us for alleged smuggling, and they even got themselves a warrant to inspect our cellar."

"I see," Ashton replied lightly. "How unfortunate. There's been a slight mishap, and all the wine is gone."

With that, he paused and turned his attention to Horace. Pointing at the mess on the floor, Ashton added, "Help yourselves if you don't mind."

### **Chapter 1676 A Risky Bet**

With the wine bottles destroyed and their contents spilled across the floor, any evidence of the alleged smuggling activities was gone. Entering the flooded cellar at this point was a lost cause and frankly disgusting.

Horace glared at Ashton sullenly before reholstering his gun. He turned around to leave.

He had barely taken two steps before he whipped around suddenly and said cynically, "I must say, Mr. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, the two of you make such a lovely pair. Your teamwork is admirable, and I'd be hard-pressed to find another pair who were more in sync with one another!"

He did not fool me with his thinly veiled attempt at accusing us of being criminal accomplices.

How good can he be if he's so intent on painting our family as villains over some baseless accusations?

I played dumb and replied sweetly, "What a lovely compliment. I'm sure the two of us will enjoy a long life together over your blessings!"

“Hmph!” Horace scoffed and said, “Let’s see if you’ll still be smiling like this during our next encounter!”

He left in a huff with the other officers in tow.

Horace’s behavior made it seem like we were his mortal enemies, and I could not help but wonder if everyone else harbored this feeling of prejudice toward all businessmen. He was so ready to pin the blame on us even before obtaining any evidence, almost as if he’s confident that none of our profits come from legal means.

Ashton waited for the officers to leave the vicinity of the cellar before coming out. The sound of rhythmic crunching greeted our ears as he walked over the glass shards littering the floor.

The wine cellar had no heating, and the chill sent me scrunching my neck into my collar. Hastily, I added, “You’re going to fall sick if you stay in those wet clothes. You should clean up in the restroom.”

“I’ll be fine,” Ashton replied. He looked at Summer grimly and added, “Get someone to move the rest of the wine away. Keep it in a discreet location; we might have some use for it in the future.”

Summer and I turned to look at the half-open crates in the cellar, paling in unison.

It turned out that Ashton had not destroyed all of the wines. It was all an act, and most of the smuggled wines were lying intact in their original crates. Had the police officers been more determined to venture into the cellar for a better look, they would have the evidence they needed to make a case.

Ashton’s risky gamble thankfully paid off.

Worried that the officers could return at any minute, I urged Summer, “Quick, follow your dad’s instructions.”

Summer nodded somberly and summoned the staff who had unlocked the cellar door earlier. She ordered, "Get all the staff in here right now, except the security guards at the door or the cleaners in the hall. Be discreet; we don't want to alert any of the reporters outside."

"Right away, Miss." The staff immediately set out to carry out her orders.

She turned to me next and apologized, "Mommy, I'm sorry for troubling you all today. You should head to the manager's office with Daddy and get some rest. I'll have someone send a set of clean clothes up in a bit. Once I've settled everything here, I'll head up to brief you all on the situation."

Instead of answering her, Ashton left quietly, and I shot a look of reassurance at Summer before following him.

We passed by staff heading toward the cellar on our way up.

As we waited for the elevators, I saw Ashton casually glancing toward the main entrance. I supposed he was checking to see if the police cars had left.

Ashton had just come in after a shower when Summer showed up. She wore a remorseful expression on her face as she approached the two of us on the couch. Summer launched into her apology immediately, "I'm sorry, Daddy. I was negligent in my hiring practices, and I almost ruined the project. I take full responsibility for all the consequences."

She sounded as logical and distant as before, and I found myself in awe of her iron-clad control over her emotions.

I was struck with an epiphany then — all my efforts in the past were for naught. Summer's calmness and indifference were bone-deep, and she was not one to wear her heart on her sleeve.

Alas, she inherited a part of Jared, after all.

On the contrary, Ashton seemed unbothered by her distant behavior. He was only concerned about the matter at hand as he questioned her, "How do you plan on solving this?"

Summer mulled over his question for a while before answering, "I'll fire the manager involved and blacklist him from any future hiring. There will be background checks on all current staff to make sure nothing like this happens again. Next, I'll upgrade our surveillance systems so we're better prepared for emergencies like this in the future."

### **Chapter 1677 Confrontation**

I nodded silently. Indeed, it certainly isn't an easy task to consider the issue from three perspectives in such a short time.

However, Ashton seemed to be still dissatisfied with her answers as he raised his brows and said in a slightly overbearing manner, "That's it?"

Upon hearing that, dumbfoundedness flashed across Summer's eyes instantly. She furrowed her brows temporarily before relaxing them in the next second. With apparent helplessness in her tone, she replied, "I'm sorry, Daddy, but I still couldn't figure out the others at the moment."

She had asked Ashton's forgiveness twice in less than a minute. The atmosphere grew relatively tenser at that instant. Ashton had always subconsciously put his employees under tremendous pressure, and now, he applied it to Summer as well.

Knowing how hard it was to notice a subconscious habit, I could only interrupt jokingly to ease the tension, "All right, it's all in the past. Why are you so serious in a family conversation? Summer is still young and lacks experience. You're superior in this, so don't keep her in suspense."

As soon as Ashton looked at me with his dark eyes, he understood immediately. He then softened his expression before uttering, "I'm not asking you how to deal with the aftermath. What I'm trying to bring up is that what you plan to do after being schemed?"

Does that mean that he wants Summer to counterattack?

Seemingly, Summer also caught on to the meaning behind his question. However, she seemed to be in a dilemma as she stammered and answered evasively, "Of course, I-I'll not suffer in silence. In my opinion, warning the employees, drawing the line with the men, and inhibiting them from entering the club should be effective enough..."

At that, Ashton took in a deep breath meaningfully and lowered his eyes slowly before asking, "After getting beaten by someone out of no reason, instead of starting a row with the wrongdoer, you restrain yourself and put up with it. Who taught you this? John?"

Yet, it didn't make any sense. According to John's personality, he would give it back to them at least tenfolds if they set him up. For him to swallow his grievances and repay a grudge with favor, dream on!

"No." As if worrying about something, Summer scrunched her face and lowered her eyes, avoiding Ashton's stern gaze.

Nevertheless, her action couldn't escape his sharp eyes. "What are you worrying about?"

After a moment of silence, Summer raised her head but didn't answer his question. Instead, she looked at me worriedly.

Feeling baffled by her gaze, I shifted my posture instinctively and tucked some stray strands of hair behind my ear. "Why are you looking at me like that? Is there anything on my face?"

A gleam flashed across Ashton's intelligent eyes as he noticed that something was off. He then asked blatantly, hitting the nail right on the head, "Is the reason you don't dare to take your revenge is because of Scarlett?"

Only then did Summer nod slowly. She then pulled out a photo from her pocket and handed it to Ashton respectfully.

Expressionlessly, he tossed the photo to me after glancing at it. Next, he crossed his legs and smirked, asking, "What is in your mind? Do you think that I've betrayed your mom and the family?"

It was a photo of Ashton and Rebecca like the one shown by Quince and the others when they visited the Fuller residence previously, but, this time, it was more ambiguous.

Back then, I'd hid the photo the moment Summer showed up, not wanting her to overthink it. Yet, I still failed to keep it from her in the end.

Well, there was no escaping the inevitable. We would need to solve the issue, eventually.

Summer answered tactfully, "I'm a junior, so I've no right to comment about the relationship issue between you and Mommy."

It wasn't uncommon for a man to have good relationships with women outside despite having a wife in a prominent family. Growing up surrounded by rich second-generation children, Summer would naturally hear much about it. Perhaps, in her eyes, both the facts that Ashton and I were affectionate and Ashton had a mistress secretly were true.

To put things plainly, she believed in Quince's sowing discord attempt.



Nonetheless, it was expected. Ashton had always been a disciplined man, with the only exception being Rebecca. Previously, she was the thorn in our relationship. Thus, it wasn't weird for the outsiders to use it to provoke us at all.

As clever as Summer, playing games with her was of no use. Therefore, I could only look at Ashton, purse my lips, and raise my brows. Well, I can do nothing. It's your mess, so you should handle it yourself.

Upon receiving my signal, he tilted his brows and narrowed his eyes, signaling for me to stay calm. Only after doing so did he continue casually, "I can tell you that the photo is real."