

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1688-1692

Chapter 1688 Riled Up

Rebecca was looking at me strangely. It was a mixture of condescension and glee and something else I could not pinpoint. What I did know, however, was that it was making me uncomfortable.

A loud bang suddenly echoed in the room. Ashton had stood up so abruptly that the chair had tipped over and crashed to the floor.

He went to Roger in large strides. Before I could react, he was already pulling the other man up by the collars. In one swift motion, he slammed the latter against the wall.

"Ashton!" I exclaimed, hurriedly pulling the children to my side while covering Audrey's eyes. "The children are watching!"

He might have mellowed over time, but ever since the incident at the club, where he had smashed all of the alcohol on purpose, I knew that no amount of mellowing would change who he was at the core—brisk and authoritative. He would always be a man of action and, regrettably, impatience.

It was why I knew that he would most definitely punch Roger if I did not say anything to stop him.

Ashton paused briefly. When he moved next, it was to fling Roger by his collars in the direction of the doorway.

The latter stumbled and fell, wincing at the pain but not daring to say a word.

"Get lost," Ashton said with a tone of finality.

Roger scrambled.

"Wow, I've never seen you so riled up before, Ashton," Rebecca said airily. "I wonder why is that? Oh, could it be that you're afraid of us knowing that your precious wife turns out to be damaged goods, just like me?"

As soon as those words fell, a pair of large hands wrapped themselves around her neck and squeezed.

Rebecca choked and struggled, clawing at Ashton's arm in a feeble attempt to make him let go, only to have those fingers tighten around her throat even further.

From the way her face was slowly turning purple, I guessed that she would last another ten seconds before she ran out of air.

Instead of begging for release, however, Rebecca remained staunchly defiant. There was even a hint of a smirk on her face as she gasped for breath like a dying fish. "Sore, aren't we?" she croaked out each word with difficulty. "You didn't want me but still ended up marrying damaged goo—ah!"

There was a murderous glint in Ashton's eyes as he squeezed just a little harder.

I could not care less about Rebecca's life, but I was not about to have my husband commit murder. While what Roger had said did seem to imply that I had been assaulted, I knew for a fact that it did not happen.

"You're wrong," I told Rebecca tonelessly. "Ashton was and still is the only man I've ever been with."

She widened her eyes incredulously at my words and tried to swivel her head to look at me. The action only caused her greater pain and discomfort, however, and she started struggling anew.

Ashton did not let go. His grip was firm all the way until Rebecca's eyes began rolling up the back of her head.

He's really going to end her. I immediately grabbed his arm. "Ashton! Let go! You're going to jail if you do this! Do you want to leave me behind to raise the children on my own?"

The effect was instantaneous. It was as if I had slapped him awake. Ashton's grip loosened, and Rebecca collapsed to the floor, gasping and coughing.

"No... You're l-lying!" Her voice was completely hoarse. "You can't be... that lucky!"

I was abruptly reminded of what John had told me. He said Rebecca had a baby as a result of sexual assault. She must have felt that this marked the beginning of her downhill relationship with Ashton and her fall from grace.

Chapter 1689 Tell Me The Truth

After she knew how I had experienced the same disgusting treatment, she thought she could finally drag me into hell with her. The hatred in her heart could only disappear when I became an abandoned pawn everyone looked down on.

However, she seemed to have forgotten that God would not turn a blind eye to her evil deeds, and today was no different.

After pushing Ashton's hand away, I stared down at Rebecca. Without wasting my time on her, I ordered the maid, "Bring her out."

Turning around, I scanned the messy dining table and added, "Mrs. Eriksen, take the children upstairs to sleep. You can wake them up to watch the fireworks at midnight."

"Yes, Mrs. Fuller."

Although the children seemed unwilling to head to bed, they sensed the weird atmosphere and headed upstairs obediently.

The reunion dinner on New Year's Eve was ruined just like that.

At that moment, Nathaniel took off his napkin and shot me a look. Then, he pulled the chair out for Nora and walked toward the door.

Nathaniel tried to pat Ashton's shoulder when they passed by but was avoided.

Despite getting ignored, Nathaniel did not get angry but changed the subject. "Ashton, do you still remember your real self?" Without waiting for an answer, he turned around and grinned. "You should be able to recall now. Haha!"

After saying that, he left swiftly hand-in-hand with Nora.

It was annoying how no one could blame him despite causing all the drama and leaving right afterward.

Turning around, I realized that Ashton's expression was dark, seemingly on the verge of losing control of his emotions.

Is it worth getting so emotional over Rebecca's words? People would probably think that he still has feelings for her.

Taking a deep breath, I lowered my eyes and swept a glance at the two figures. How can they be so ignorant not to leave in this situation?

Since the children were out of their reach, I dragged Ashton upstairs and ignored them.

After sitting him down on the sofa, I sat on the coffee table and sent an interrogative gaze at him.

Initially, Ashton was still able to meet with my gaze. However, as time went by, he drooped his eyelids unnaturally.

Okay. I can confirm that he has something regarding Rebecca hiding from me.

"Talk." After experiencing many difficulties in life, I was no longer scared to face reality.

Ashton feigned ignorance. "What are you talking about?"

"The secret you're hiding." With a half-smile, I poked a finger at his chest and tried to ease the atmosphere by cracking a joke. "I already noticed that something is off. You, Rebecca, and Mr. Melton must have something going on that I don't know. If you tell me the truth, I'll let you off easy. Otherwise, who knows what'll happen."

However, Ashton tried to prove his innocence and stared at me. "You already heard what happened. It's like what you said. Mr. Melton tried to force himself on you but failed. I only got angry because Rebecca slandered you right in front of the kids."

He's quite good of finding excuses, isn't he?

"Really? You're not lying to me?"

"That's all," he confirmed.

Standing up, I circled him. "Why can't I seem to believe it?"

After all, Rebecca's attitude was the same as before, so there was no need for him to get infuriated over it. Plus, his reaction was definitely not only because of anger.

To be precise, he seemed to be a bit embarrassed over it.

However, what was the reason over it?

Staring at his figure, I got lost in my train of thought. In the end, I could only sigh that I had gotten myself the most secretive man in the world. Thus, I could only solve it my own way.

Chapter 1690 Tracking Him Down

“All right, then. I believe you.” By saying that, I could let his guard down. This way, there would be more chances for me to find out the truth.

As it turned out, I was right.

After the fireworks performance around midnight, I accompanied the children to set up more fireworks. Ashton, however, was secretly phoning someone.

He thought he had fooled me, but he did not know that Mrs. Eriksen supported my plan of preventing an affair. Since she was well-acquainted with everyone in the household, Ashton’s every single action would not be overlooked by me.

Confirming that Ashton was hiding something from me, I purposely made an excuse that I would set things right with Summer. In reality, I hailed a taxi and waited for Ashton near our house.

The chauffeur was a middle-aged man that seemed honest and good at his job. Unexpectedly, he was quite a chatterbox.

“Miss, are you waiting for someone? How about you call and remind them? Since you’re being so anxious, perhaps your husband is having an affair?”

Finding it funny, I decided to laugh and admit to it. "That's right. We had a pair of twins, but he got sick of me after they grew up. Now, he's out to look for another woman..." While talking, I pretended to bury my face in sorrow. However, I did not avert my gaze from the same spot as before, fearing I would miss my target.

"What a pity! However, you shouldn't be too sad about it. Men are all the same. You still need to endure it for your kids' sake..." Halfway through his sentence, he passed me a tissue box. "Here. Wipe your tears away. You do have it rough."

Right at that moment, Ashton's car suddenly passed by us at lightning speed.

"That's him. Quickly follow him!"

The chauffeur was taken aback and dropped the tissue box on the floor. "Are you kidding me? That's a race car you're talking about!"

Well, I did seem to be pushing it. "Don't worry. Just try your best. I won't blame you if you can't manage to catch up with him."

"Okay. Sit tight!" The chauffeur immediately turned around and switched gears, and the car speeded off.

I was hurled back onto the passenger seat by the strong impact. If I did not react quickly enough, I would have lost my balance and fallen.

The chauffeur was definitely not your normal taxi driver!

Thankfully, it was a lucky day for me as we managed to catch up with Ashton's car near a red light.

“Let’s not be too obvious. Can you switch to the lane furthest from his?” As Ashton was a careful man, it was easy to give me away if I was not cautious enough.

“I understand.”

We maintained a distance of two cars for about twenty minutes when Ashton’s car finally stopped in front of a café.

After instructing the chauffeur to stop at the bank, I got off the car and hid behind a streetlight. There, I saw Ashton walking into the café.

I managed to see his figure walking through a row of tables and sitting down through the glass window.

When I recognized the man sitting next to him, I was stunned and did not move.

My initial thought was that he was there to deal with Roger. Instead, he was meeting up with Nathaniel.

The atmosphere between them seemed off. In front of the pretentious Nathaniel, it was rare for Ashton to show signs of anger. His eyebrows were shooting up furiously.

Both of them were intelligent men who knew the easiest way to provoke each other.

As expected, Ashton jumped to his feet and left the café a few minutes later. Both of them parted on an unhappy note.

It seemed that Ashton was on the losing side.

I was not surprised, for Nathaniel was good in giving thinly veiled threats. Ashton was simply not a match for a person that could betray his own parents.

After seeing Ashton getting into his car, I dialed his number.

The call was quickly picked up, and his voice was slightly down. "Is everything going well?"

Chapter 1691 Their Secrets

My heart could not help but throb after seeing how he was still concerned over me despite being in a bad mood. Unconsciously, I nodded. "Everything went quite well. Summer has always been obedient. We're family, so there's nothing that cannot be solved by talking it through, right?" There was a deeper meaning behind my words. I hoped Ashton could remember that solving a problem together was way easier than burdening it on himself.

Although men were the pillar of support for families, there was no need for them to force themselves to take all upon themselves. Their families would always back him up, after all.

Ashton was silent for a moment before answering. "Well, of course. It's great you managed to reconcile with her. I'll be heading home late as I'm a bit busy today, so you should spend some time with her instead."

"All right. You should go back to work."

"Okay. I'm hanging up now."

After saying that, he wanted to end the call when I suddenly called out to him. "Ashton."

"I'm still here. What's the matter?" His tone remained calm.

"I don't really remember the meaning behind the wedding etiquettes. Can you explain it to me again?" I asked.

Ashton laughed softly but did not reply.

"Why are you laughing?" I questioned.

"It's nothing." He seemed to be in a better mood than before. "I think it's time to rush the editing team for the wedding footage. Otherwise, you're never going to stop wondering about the happy memories from that day. Who knows if you'll forget about it one day and stop loving me."

I could only furrow my eyebrows at his joke. "Am I such a heartless person? It's not like you only treat me well during my wedding day." After pondering for a moment, I continued, "Ashton, I'm not a princess from a fairy tale here to live happily ever after with you. Don't forget that we're husband and wife. We're supposed to get through the hardest time together as one."

At that, the man remained silent for a moment. I could tell he had taken my words to heart, just that he was playing dumb.

If he did not want to tell the truth, no one could force it out of him.

Thus, I could only think of another way. "All right. Summer is calling for me, so I won't continue to disturb you. See you at home."

"Bye."

Ashton's car rounded the corner and disappeared a short moment after the call ended.

Just when I planned to leave, I suddenly noticed that a thin figure with tanned skin was currently sitting where Ashton had sat before. It was no other than Quince.

He had shown up there despite getting ignored by Nathaniel in front of everyone last night. He was definitely a tough one.

This time, Nathaniel did not ignore him. After talking for some while, they clinked their glasses as if they had agreed on something.

If there were something more troublesome than having two opponents, it would probably be the opponents teaming up.

They were like humongous spiders that never stopped spinning their web, waiting for Ashton to fall into their trap.

At that moment, I only had one thought in mind, which was not to be a sitting duck.

I need to find out about everyone's secrets. Although it would be challenging as they're trying so badly to hide it, there'll still be clues here and there.

As Holden was an expert in digging information, I wanted to text him when I suddenly saw John's contact name.

The memories from the past rolled into my mind.

“She seemed to have been forced...”

“Although you don’t want me, you still married a non-virgin...”

“The Fuller Corporation was still starting up that time...”

Could these be somehow related?

Uneasiness rose within me as I quickly dialed John’s number.

“John, I have something to ask you.”

“Go ahead.”

“Didn’t you find out that Rebecca’s first child was by force? Did you find out who did it?”

“Why are you suddenly asking about this? It happened years ago.” After some thought, he added, “I only knew that some hooligans did it, but I didn’t continue investigating the person who gave the orders. However, it won’t be hard to do so.”

Chapter 1692 Look At Me

“Can you please ask your friend to conduct a more thorough investigation on this? Oh, right. I saw Nathaniel meeting up with Quince today. They seemed to be teaming up against Ashton or Stovall Corporation. You need to be more careful.”

However, John did not seem to be fazed. "It's just a couple of hooligans! If they do cross the line, I'll send some money to M Country and get rid of their headquarters. Let's see if they can still smile after their nest is gone. How dare some foreigners come to cause havoc in Chanaea. Do they really think that we're such an easy target?"

"I hope it'll be easy as you say." Upon hearing that, I still could not put my guard down and continued to remind him, "You forgot about Nathaniel. Don't take him lightly."

"I know that. I'm also a businessman that rose to the top of the pyramid by myself. Don't worry. I'm not that easy to be fooled. Let's talk later. Your sister-in-law is calling for me, and I'm going to get a scolding if I don't show up now. I'll let you know if there are any updates."

After he hung up the call, I waited for hours and gradually fell asleep on the sofa at around eleven o'clock at night.

I did not fall into a deep sleep as I was still waiting for Ashton at the back of my mind. In my sleep, I could vaguely hear the sound of the door closing and soft footsteps.

After opening the door, he tiptoed toward me and draped his jacket over me.

Opening my eyes, I saw Ashton kneeling on the floor, wanting to carry me back to our room. When he saw that I was awake, he caressed my head worriedly. "Didn't I say not to wait for me? Why didn't you head to bed first?"

During dinner, he had phoned to inform me that an urgent international meeting had come up. Thus, he would only be back past midnight.

While grasping the back of the sofa, I answered groggily, "I couldn't sleep well if you're not here."

Ashton grinned at me playfully. "It's going to be worst if I don't work overtime and ensure you and our children's safety."

"If you're safe and sound, we're going to be fine too." I glared at him. "We have more than enough to spend for the rest of our lives. Therefore, you shouldn't work as hard as you did before. Money can't buy health, you know."

With a small smile, he helped me to the bedroom. "Our health and safety are all exchanged by resources, and money is one of them. Buildings don't collapse overnight, after all. We need to always be on guard to ensure our lives go on as usual."

I understood what he was saying. His pressure had gotten greater as his business grew, as he had to be on the lookout for sabotages constantly.

However, I did not plan to discuss his business with him. After my nap, I was even eager for him to confess his secret.

After sitting me on the bed, he squatted down and toyed with my fingers. "Honey, what will you do if you suddenly found out I'm not as perfect as you think?" he asked out of nowhere.

His words puzzled me. "What are you talking about?" Pausing for a moment, I continued, "When we first got married, you didn't treat me nicely, but I still loved you. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here today."

Perhaps after getting married for many years, we would start to discuss weird topics.

At our age, love was probably best expressed through the will to confide. Compared to the couples that get annoyed with each other after being married for years, our lives were somewhat more peaceful.

Ashton's head was still lowered as he laughed. "What I'm trying to say is that if I'm not as good as you think if I am, or perhaps, I'm a selfish person that only cared for my own interests, would you be disappointed in me?"

Indeed, one would become wishy-washy if they had secrets, no matter if it were a man or a woman.

Without a second thought, I lifted Ashton's face so that our gazes were locked. "Ashton, look at me and listen."