

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1693-1697

Chapter 1693 Being Targeted

"I'm your wife. I love you. No matter what happens, I'll always be by your side. Understand?"

Something flashed through Ashton's black orbs as he laughed. "Understood." He grinned mischievously.

I've been so patient in comforting him, yet he's still unwilling to reveal the truth. How much longer do I need to wait?

I was starting to get frustrated over it. Meanwhile, Ashton slowly rolled up the bottom of my pants and massaged my leg.

This makes me think of the famous saying that a married man only tries to butter up with his wife when he makes a mistake or plans to.

While thinking that, I wanted to grab Ashton's hand when he suddenly spoke. "Nathaniel met up with me today. He wanted to start a business with me in producing fake bills."

My hand, which was in mid-air, was immediately lowered. Thankfully, he said it right on time. Otherwise, it was going to be a different story.

"How could he have the guts to do that when our country has strict rules regulating it?" I asked.

While massaging my leg, he explained it nonchalantly, "He's planning to produce it here and export it overseas, so that it's difficult to trace. He's smart to base it in Chanaea. Since he has no criminal record, there's a high chance he wouldn't be extradited if the business was exposed. He was also the one who provoked Quince and Lucas. They aim to make the police suspicious about Fuller Corporation so that all of my actions will be monitored. Now that the police are keeping a close eye on money laundering, everyone feels threatened and wants a scapegoat for it to be over quickly. Thus, they're just waiting for me to get arrested."

It was the same situation everywhere. Nobody would remember the things good about you but would start pointing fingers when you made a single mistake.

Sometimes, it would take a great deal of restraint for one to be nice in this world.

If I were Ashton, I would feel disappointed as well. After all, he is getting such treatment from two foreigners with a bad reputation, despite paying years of taxes and providing jobs to many.

"There's nothing to be afraid of if we're innocent. I believe in you, and so do everyone else in this household, and that's enough," I said earnestly while lowering my head. "Don't forget that you would never get defeated by people that you don't even care about."

Narrowing his eyes, the man stood up and planted a kiss on my forehead. "Don't worry about it. I'll go get a shower first."

After saying that, he turned to the bathroom, and the sound of running water came soon after.

My heart finally calmed down after talking with him for long.

However, I was suddenly reminded of the incident regarding Rebecca and Roger seconds away from sleep. Ashton had explained about Nathaniel but not about them.

When I thought about that, I quickly snapped awake and looked up. However, there was nothing I could do as Ashton was sound asleep.

Therefore, I could only hug him tightly while gritting my teeth in anger. I can't believe I just realized how tricky he was! He only chose to explain some of the problems. What a jerk!

I was awakened by Mrs. Eriksen's knock on the door. Glancing at the clock, I noticed it was barely seven o'clock in the morning.

"Is something the matter, Mrs. Eriksen?" I asked sleepily, barely opening my eyes.

"An officer from the military wants to meet with Mr. Fuller. He has been waiting for quite some time," Mrs. Eriksen answered loudly.

The sun is barely up, and yet they're here to disturb us. After grumbling in my heart, I finally started to think logically. "Okay. Go on and tend to him first. We'll come down in a minute."

Letting out a deep sigh, I managed to open my eyes and looked toward Ashton. However, I realized he was still asleep despite the huge racket from just now.

When my vision got clearer, I noticed that he seemed to be having some nightmares. His eyebrows were furrowed as the nightmare terrorized him in his sleep.

Chapter 1694 Officer Zimmerman

When I wanted to push him awake, Ashton suddenly opened his eyes. Stunned by his actions, I almost screamed as I clutched my chest.

After a few seconds, he turned around and asked me puzzledly, "Why are you up so early?"

"A guest is waiting for us downstairs," I answered. "What did you dream about?"

Drooping his eyelids, he quickly concealed his emotions and got up from the bed. "It's nothing. Isn't there a guest waiting for us? You should quickly get ready and head downstairs. Don't make them wait for too long."

Ashton thought he had hidden it well, but he did not know I had seen through him when he was asleep.

Many dilemmas had long been solved. Therefore, I was curious about the issue that troubled him so badly.

Seeing that he already had his jacket on, I quickly got ready to meet the guests.

As we rounded the staircase, I caught a glimpse of the man from the military. The officer was wearing a sharp suit, and a regal aura exuded off him. Although I could only see his back, his aura was hard to hide.

The two soldiers guarding beside the door seemed to be his guards. It looked like the man was someone influential.

After arriving at the last step of the staircase, Ashton greeted, "Sorry for the long wait."

Upon hearing that, the officer stood up and shook hands with Ashton. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Fuller."

After saying that, he nodded in my direction as a greeting.

The both of them sat down, and Ashton immediately cut to the chase. "May I know why you are here today?"

The man skipped the pleasantries and took a black wallet out from his pocket. "This is my identification document. I'm an officer at the 4th Brigade of District 8, mainly in charge of the anti-narcotics team near the border."

Ashton took the documents in his hand and scanned through them with me. Then, he passed it back to him calmly. "Officer Zimmerman, may I know what we can do for you?"

Benson Zimmerman's well-defined features showed off a rugged and masculine front. He seemed to be a born soldier with his image that gave off a straightforward vibe.

However, I found his eyes to be quite familiar. Perhaps I once passed by him.

As expected, Benson went straight to the topic. "According to the information we have, it seems that Lucas and Quince have frequently been going in and out the Fuller residence."

There was a reason behind the saying that one would take on the color of one's company. After interacting with people like them, we were painted a target by the police.

Lowering his eyes, Ashton did not deny it. "It seems like that's the case."

Benson's face was solemn as he narrowed his eyebrows. "How much do you know about the both of them?"

He remained a somewhat polite attitude, for he did not group us with Ashton and Quince without hearing us out.

As the officer was sincere, Ashton did not avoid the question and answered honestly, "I know them quite well, so you can be more straightforward with your question."

"Okay." With a nod, Benson went straight to the point. "If that's the case, I'm sure you know what I want to ask. Please give me a definite answer, then. Yes or no?"

It was apparent what Benson wanted to ask him — if Ashton was involved with the evil.

Although the question was not difficult to answer, Ashton stayed silent.

Everyone knew what it meant for one to stay silent after being asked a moral question.

The both of them stared at each other, and sparks seemed to be flying among them.

Fearing Benson would misunderstand, I quickly answered the question, "No."

At that moment, Benson turned toward me. The sincere look on his face was gone and replaced by a stern and righteous expression. He seemed ready to prove us guilty anytime soon.

Chapter 1695 Protection

I elaborated, "I'm pretty sure you've been observing the foreigners for quite some time. Thus, you must know that we only started interacting in the past few days. Before this, the Fullers were not associated with Quince, Lucas, or even Skull whatsoever."

Since Quince and Lucas only arrived a short while ago, there was no way they had enough time to do something illegal. Therefore, it was not hard to understand that Benson was here to warn us, not because he had evidence.

Although we were innocent and not scared of being investigated, we would not sit back and get slandered either.

No fool would be able to become an officer in the military. Therefore, Benson's expression was not as stern after hearing my explanation.

He stayed silent for a moment, seemingly pondering the best way to explain the direness of the situation to us.

However, he had underestimated the cautiousness of a businessman. When faced with uncertainties, the latter would consider more aspects as they were afraid to make a loss.

Since Ashton was too hostile, I could only step up and disassociate ourselves. "Although we have a big business, we're ordinary people. No one would put their family in danger just to commit crimes like that, right? Both my husband and I had been in Fuller Corporation since its establishment. If I were the leader in the military, I wouldn't have questioned us right away upon noticing something wrong. Instead, I would think of ways to protect a corporation that pays billions of taxes to the government from those foreigners."

Benson immediately understood my meaning and apologized. "It's our oversight. We're sorry about this." Pausing for a moment, he asked again, "Do you mean that you want us to protect you?"

Finally, we're at the main point. After all, having the military back us up is better than nothing. "Yes. You should understand how dangerous they are. If you consider our contributions to the country, I don't think it's an unacceptable request."

However, Benson seemed not to have the authority to do so. "It's not an outrageous request. However, I still need to appeal for it according to the rules. If the both of you are innocent, I promise that you will be safe in this country."

My impression of soldiers was that they were big on male chauvinism, so Benson's attitude caused me to have a good image of him. "Thank you, Officer Zimmerman."

"Don't mention it." The officer waved his hands and got up. "I still have something to do, so I'll take my leave."

While nobody was looking, I slapped Ashton's thigh and stood up together. "Goodbye."

"There's no need to send me out." After saying that, Benson walked to the front door.

At that moment, Emery happened to rush through the door.

Benson seemed to recognize her and stopped in his tracks. After scanning her, he asked calmly, "Are you Emery?"

Instantly, Emery's face turned expressionless as she answered, "That's me."

Benson's voice was harsher this time. "Please tell Alexander to watch out."

Then he left without looking back, leaving her confused.

Emery only came back to her senses and walked over to us after his footsteps were no longer audible.

Before she sat down, she placed her bag down and said, "What happened to Summer? Why did she suddenly go overseas? She's not answering her phone or WhatsApp either."

Upon hearing that, I was stunned and asked, "When did this happen? She didn't inform us about it."

Chapter 1696 The Relationship Between Alexander and Benson

"You don't know about this?" Emery was taken aback but quickly explained after realizing that there had to be something going on. "I only got to know from the club's employees. It's been three days since she left. She didn't say anything else other than she was going overseas."

Upon hearing that, I could not help but let out a sigh. Perhaps the memories are too hard for her to bear. Thus, she wants to take a break from reality.

However, it was unsafe for a woman to be alone overseas. Therefore, I quickly asked Ashton, "Can you ask Holden to send his men to find Summer?"

Without answering, he stood up and walked to the balcony to make the phone call.

Emery noticed the strange atmosphere and asked, "What happened to him? Is it about Summer?"

It looks like Ashton's ability to conceal his emotions had deteriorated for even Emery to find out.

I shook my head and hoped Emery to give some advice. "Nathaniel brought an old friend from J City two days ago. Since then, Ashton started to behave weirdly. It's as if the old friend has dirt on him. Do you think that's possible?"

"Who's dirt? Ashton's?" Emery immediately shook her head. "No way. No one in this world can be an opponent to him." She stopped for a moment before tip-toeing to me and whispering, "Perhaps the sex is not going so well for you two?"

I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Let's get back to the topic."

However, Emery simply shrugged and replied placidly, "I don't have a clue, then. Nobody can guess what Ashton is thinking about."

I know that. However, I don't want to give up and admit that I'm useless. Despite my strong will, there's nothing I could do other than pray that Ashton could overcome it himself.

After a pause in the conversation, Emery asked about Benson. "Why was Benson here today?"

"I wanted to ask about this too." I stared deep into her eyes. "How did you know each other?"

Benson and Alexander both had the same surname. Plus, Emery had brought up the fact that the Zimmerman family was a military family. Therefore, both of them might be related.

Emery's reaction confirmed my suspicions.

She pursed her lips and glared at me. "Don't look at me like that. This isn't any secret. Alexander's family background is all over the internet after being investigated by those crazy fans. There's not even a need to ask me about it. Can we change the topic to something more refreshing?"

"So you admit that Benson is Alexander's brother?"

With a sigh, Emery answered impatiently, "That's right. Why are you asking me when you already knew the answer?"

"I'm just curious." I smiled bitterly and drooped my eyelids. It seems like Emery isn't lying. Based on Benson's attitude, it looks like the Zimmerman family disapproves of their relationship.

To satisfy her curiosity, I decided to explain the incident just now. "He's here to ask about the two men that we encountered recently. Besides that, he also agreed to provide us protection."

If Alexander and Emery got married, the Zimmerman family and the Moore family would be related. Therefore, it could be said that Benson had handled the incident without bias.

"Oh." Emery nodded her head, trying to pretend as if she did not care. When in reality, her orbs had given her away.

Soon, Ashton came back inside. "It's confirmed that Summer is currently in M Country. Holden is sending his men over there."

"That's great." As Holden was a responsible person, I did not need to worry much about it.

Suddenly, Emery's phone started to ring. After seeing who was calling, she looked at me curiously. "The club is calling me."

Chapter 1697 The New Owner

After accepting the call, she asked, "What's the matter?" A few moments later, she hung up the call and picked up her bag. "Rebecca is causing trouble at the club and is fighting with the employees. I'd better go and take a look."

Rebecca? Again? Is it that hard for her to stay away for a day?

Since Summer was not there, my job as her mother was to protect her hard work.

Immediately, I stood up and grabbed Emery's arm to stop her from leaving. "Please wait for me. I'll go with you after I change my clothes."

I'm eager to see what else Rebecca has up her sleeves after failing to slander me. If she wants to go against me for the rest of our lives, then be it!

Amid my fury, I failed to notice Ashton's reaction toward it.

I didn't realize that he did not accompany me there like last time until I entered the car.

Rolling down the car window, I felt disappointed after seeing Ashton not sending me off.

However, I quickly pulled myself together. Even without Ashton, I can still teach Rebecca a lesson all the same!

When we arrived there, the place was an absolute mess.

The club's lobby was filled with people. Rebecca was there with Quince's subordinates, and our employees were guarding the door. It looked like the men were preparing an uprising the way they surrounded the club.

It was hard to spot Rebecca's tiny figure as she was standing between big, burly men. However, her sharp voice was enough for me to know where she was standing at.

"Why are you making such a fuss? I'm going to fire every single one of you for treating your boss this way. How dare you point at me! You're not going to leave this place alive, I'm telling you! What? Your boss' words are the proof you want. Summer already announced that I will be taking over this club from today onward. I'll be in charge of every decision here. What right does an employee like you have to doubt me? I'm running out of patience. What are you all doing in a daze? Go on and chase all of them out!"

Upon hearing Rebecca's order, the black men whistled and started to catch the employees like maniacs.

The club employees were not trained in fighting and equipped with proper weapons. While standing closely together, they held onto the mop, chairs, and stools tightly.

The man standing in front was more petite in size. Although his glasses had almost been slapped off, he refused to back down.

It was a touching scene, and I could only sigh that Summer had a good eye for choosing her employees.

"Stop, stop!" Even though Emery and I tried our best to scream, our voices were covered by the commotion.

"F*ck!" Emery cursed and strutted out of the room. A moment later, she returned with a megaphone. "Stop it right now!"

Although my eardrums almost burst by how loud her voice was, it worked.

Everyone in the lobby turned around, and a hush fell over the room.

Emery did not feel embarrassed but continued to talk into the megaphone. "I know that you're acting like- Oh. I forgot that you are a foreigner. Okay. I'll be straightforward and remind you that you're in Chanaea. Do not assume you can do the same thing here as back in your country. I'll give you ten minutes. If you don't run off in ten minutes, I'll make sure every single one of you will have a chance to meet with the border police." In the end, she muttered in a low voice, "F*ck! I didn't manage to teach you a lesson back then too. Thankfully you decided to show up by yourself."

The foreigners exchanged glances, seemingly unaware of the severity of the situation.