

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1708-1712

Chapter 1708 A Show To Gain Pity

Ashton furrowed his brows exasperatedly and said, "You scared the wits out of me. Don't ever joke like this again."

As he frowned, he looked as if he had aged ten years in an instant.

I stretched out my hand to cup his face before I looked straight into his eyes. Then, I smoothed the fold between his brows with my thumb.

"I'll never joke around again. So, stop frowning."

Ashton smiled wryly and wrapped his arms around me. With a hoarse voice, he said, "Okay."

However, I was not a tame one. I grabbed his collar and warned solemnly, "Next time, this wouldn't be a joke anymore."

Ashton's eyes dimmed instantly. Staring at me, he pulled me closer toward him tightly.

"No," he responded through gritted teeth. It actually sounded more like a threat.

However, his words acted like a stimulant. I became more confident that my existence could calm Ashton down.

If I kept myself rational, his safety would be guaranteed.

The atmosphere suddenly became tense until I felt a pain in my waist. Then, I giggled in Ashton's arms.

Ashton probably was too agitated to warn me not to joke with my life, and I successfully pushed him and pinned him on the couch.

Since the children were not around, I pinched Ashton's nose playfully, stopping him from breathing. "Tell me now. What's Rebecca holding against you?"

Ashton opened his mouth to inhale some air. As he exhaled some warm air, my palm started to itch. "Nothing."

It seemed like he still had not fully understood the situation. Therefore, I covered his mouth as well. "If you don't tell me the truth, I'll suffocate you to death before I take my own life!"

Ashton furrowed his brows as he looked at me innocently while struggling to open his mouth.

I was so mad that I immediately pushed my arm against his chin.

Leaning against his body, I put all my strength on his throat. I widened my eyes while threatening him to tell me the truth.

Ashton's face turned red due to the lack of oxygen, but he did not resist me. He smiled, trying to ease the tense atmosphere, but he was still tight-lipped.

It looks like he's not going to give in.

I knew that I had to use another method now. Retrieving the hand that was pinning Ashton down, I put my hand on his neck and slowly slid through his shirt. While I caressed his muscles, I said, "Hubby, tell me the truth. I'll let you do whatever you want tonight. Okay?"

Ashton's breathing became heavier, but it only took five seconds for his rationality to take over.

He put his hand on my back and pushed himself to sit up on the couch. In the ambiguous posture, he tried to reason with me. "That's another story. We'll talk about it at night. You've seen the truth yourself. Rebecca can't let the past go, so she wants to find someone to vent her anger on. It's nothing. I'd rather take her anger than let her bully you."

He paused for a moment before he pulled my arm and massaged my palm. "Stop doing these things. It's not you."

My face turned cold as I looked at him sarcastically. "People change. I didn't dare to do those things before, but it seems like all these aren't that difficult after all."

Since the show to gain pity worked, I realized that it was a good approach. At least it proved that nothing was more important than my safety to Ashton.

Chapter 1709 Interrupted

Perhaps this was the reason there were so many couples who hated each other. They would act childish and harm themselves just to prove their love. In the end, that love faded away, and they would go separate ways and vow never to see each other again.

Ashton flew into a fit of rage at the words. His veins bulged out from his temples as his expression scrunched up in fury.

I was sitting on his lap, and he was gripping my shoulder as we faced each other. We were so close yet so far from each other.

Right then, John hurried in with a document in his hand. When he saw us in the intimate position, he jolted in fright. "What is this? What are you doing in public? I'm standing right here!"

At once, the tension in the air vanished. I quickly jumped off Ashton's lap and tidied my clothes. "Why are you here instead of keeping Emma company at her home?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Oh, well." John stuck a hand in his pocket and shook his legs. "Are you blaming me for interrupting your intimate session? Should I leave?"

He made to turn and leave. I immediately called out, "All right. Stop joking. Let's talk business."

Raising my chin to gesture at the folder in his hand, I asked, "What is this?"

John raised the folder as told and glanced at it before handing it to me behind the couch. "The thing you wanted earlier. I had no idea that person kept track of everything. It only took me a phone call to get it. Do you still want it?" he asked.

“Of course, I do!” I took the folder from him hastily. If my guess was right, the folder contained all the information about Rebecca’s rape back then.

Now that I had stopped bothering Ashton, he relaxed and poured himself a drink. Sweeping a nonchalant glance over the folder in my hands, he inquired, “What is it?”

John explained before I could. “The information about Rebecca’s unplanned pregnancy.”

I happened to be pulling the document out. Hearing his words, Ashton immediately discarded his glass on the table and grabbed the folder away from me.

Instinctively, I gripped the folder tightly. As both of us were tugging at it, the document, including the folder, ripped into two parts.

Suddenly, it dawned on me that the truth was near. To prevent Ashton from destroying the evidence, I got up and hid behind John while reading the remaining half of the document swiftly.

“Scar,” Ashton growled. There was a hint of warning in his voice.

However, John was on my side and blocked his advance. “Hey, hey! Can’t you calm down and talk? Why are you so excited about a document? If Scar asks for something that you think is overboard, will you even hit her?”

Ashton ignored his words and tried to get past him to get the document from me.

John initially thought his words could scare Ashton away. Seeing how agitated Ashton was, he took offense, and they got involved in a fight. Their eyes blazed with anger as they grappled with each other.

I managed to catch a glimpse of the most important detail in the document.

Case carried out at the behest of Roger Melton.

Clearly, Roger Melton and Mr. Melton were the same person.

The last thing I wanted to acknowledge had been verified. I stared at the document, froze to the spot. I didn't know how to react to the piece of information.

Yes, Rebecca was my scapegoat.

Back then, Roger held a grudge against Ashton, who took over his family's business. He then hired a gang of thugs to rape me as a form of revenge.

Our marriage was on the rocks, and we rarely appeared together in public. Not a lot of people knew Ashton's wife was a mere project director in the company.

As Rebecca kept pestering Ashton and appeared with him frequently, the thugs thought she was me and assaulted her sexually. They took off right after the deed and left a naked Rebecca alone on the streets.

Chapter 1710 The Truth

The document didn't explain how Rebecca was saved. She was the victim but ended up being cursed and labeled as a shameless whore. If I were in her shoes, I would've taken my life on the spot.

What should I do? The person I despised the most took a bullet for me. No wonder Rebecca said I stole everything I owned.

If it were me who suffered in the hands of the thugs, I might've gone crazy or go to a place where no one knew me and spent the rest of my life alone until my meeting with Grim Reaper. No matter what, I wouldn't be Ashton's wife, and I wouldn't have given birth to our children and led a happy life like now.

Realizing my state, both John and Ashton stopped grappling instantly.

John strode over to me and wrapped an arm over my shoulder before giving me a pat. "Are you all right?"

Ashton's tensed voice sounded from behind. "No one is all right."

Comprehension dawned, and I turned at my shoulder to look at Ashton. The anguish in his eyes confirmed my guess.

It seemed that Ashton knew everything from the very beginning.

He knew the thugs' target was me, and that they mistook Rebecca for me.

The worst possibility popped up in my mind.

Ashton was a smart man. It was normal for his enemies to take revenge on him, so he must've expected this matter.

Or rather, he said nothing and allowed the matter to happen.

Young Ashton was arrogant and confident, and he had offended a lot of people. Knowing that losers wouldn't give up easily and that Rebecca would land in trouble by sticking to him at all times, he didn't

bother stopping the matter or rejecting her. Instead, he allowed everyone to think that Rebecca was his loved one.

He had succeeded. When the sore loser began taking revenge, Rebecca became his target and suffered on behalf of me. Besides losing her virginity, she also got pregnant with one of the thugs' child. That wasn't only it...

Perhaps the truth was much crueler than I could imagine.

At once, I began to understand why he acted capriciously for the first two years of our marriage. Ashton despised me. He hated himself for not being able to love me, and how he sacrificed his deceased best friend's sister.

Ashton had always been a man with principles, but he became someone whom he despised the most in order to protect me.

My throat started tingling as though ants were crawling up. Before I could say anything, Ashton stalked out swiftly and left John and me behind. His retreating figure seemed desolate and unfathomable.

"Is he crazy?" John declared, staring at his back in confusion.

I collapsed onto the couch, realizing I had destroyed the pride Ashton had been carefully preserving all over the years and forced him to show his bad side to the public. "I'm the crazy one."

A general who had achieved plenty of military achievements was about to gain success when an insolent witness jumped out and pointed at his military badges while yelling, "He's a deserter!" Everyone lost trust in him, and the general ended up dying full of regrets.

Just like the general, Ashton was born into an affluent family. He was proud and noble.

Suddenly, I was afraid that the flaw would act as a domino effect and destroyed Ashton thoroughly.

That very night, Ashton's phone was switched off.

As though she could sense the adults' changes, Audrey stuck to me when he didn't come back, afraid that I would leave.

To make sure my feelings did not affect the children, I had to put on a calm front and pretended nothing happened. Privately, I used my connections to find out where he was.

Before dawn broke, it began drizzling. I felt stuffy inside the house, so I got up and went to the balcony to look at the rain.

Actually, after spending the entire night in a daze, I didn't even know if I was looking at the rain or hoping to see Ashton's familiar figure coming back home.

Chapter 1711 Nathaniel Shows Up

Finally, it was time to send Gregory and Audrey to school. After that, I changed my clothes and prepare to head out to the company, bar, and the spot where we ran into each other again, among others. I'd rather cling to a slim hope than wait at home aimlessly.

I had just stepped out when a black Lincoln limousine rolled to a stop before me, effectively blocking my path.

The car window rolled down slowly to reveal Nathaniel's hypocritical expression. His eyes were crinkled up in a smile, as usual, hiding all the secrets deep within his heart.

I glanced at him briefly before deciding to ignore him. However, Nathaniel called out, "Scarlett, don't you want to know what Ashton is doing now?"

Without warning, I felt the urge to grab his collar harshly so he could reveal his real colors. Alas, I had to hold back my anger.

Realizing I had made up my mind, Nathaniel ordered the chauffeur to open the door on the other side.

I stalked over and got into the car without hesitation.

Nathaniel brought me to the highest building opposite Fuller Corporation. We entered the elevator and went to the top floor.

Once the doors slid open, there was a path leading to a huge space. The decoration was simple—a glass table beside the table and a simple chandelier above it.

There were some elegant decoration items, exquisite Ustranasian cuisine, and red wine placed on the table. The bright and striking colors seemed like a utopia in the middle of a desert.

After dismissing his men, Nathaniel strode over to the table and took his seat. Lifting the wineglass, he swirled it gently while taking in its scent. He then took a sip of the wine and studied the sight of the busy city underneath him.

Ashton often did the same thing. However, he'd stand in front of the window and think of his plans silently without all the fancy stuff.

“It’s not time yet. Have a seat and drink some wine,” he ordered. Clearly, he assumed I’d obey his instruction to find out Ashton’s whereabouts.

Nevertheless, my patience was at its limit. Refusing to play along, I stood still and announced, “Don’t blame me for being rude before I see Ashton.”

Nathaniel paid no heed to my threat. He placed his wineglass on the table before pointing at the chair opposite him, gesturing for me to sit down.

His gaze was so confident that it came as a provocation to me.

Fine. Let’s see what he’s up to.

I went over and told and plonked down in the seat. My expression was grim as I demanded, “Okay, can you spill the truth now?”

Nathaniel’s lips curved into a strange grin. He propped his arms on the table and pointed at me in an authoritative manner. “I promise that’s the best viewing spot, Scarlett. You won’t regret it,” he said.

I wanted to tell him I had already regretted my decision. So to a strangely confident man like him, keeping me hanging and guessing gives him a sense of achievement?

I couldn’t help but adore Ashton more after learning that.

Folding my arms, I glared at him viciously. If someone else were here, it would seem like an interrogation where I was the interrogator.

However, we were the only ones here. As though he wanted to torment me slowly, Nathaniel started eating his steak slowly.

“Don’t tell me you’re trying to provoke me this way. When I lose control of my emotions and harm you, a bunch of police will rush upstairs to arrest me and lock me up. Am I right?” Perhaps I was too flustered, for I made a joke in a fit of exasperation.

Nathaniel burst into laughter at my joke. He wiped his lips with the napkin and commented, “You’re funny.”

“Thanks for the compliment.” I slammed on the table, on the verge of losing control. Glowering at him, I gritted my teeth and gave my last warning. “Compared to that, I’d rather find out where Ashton is!”

Leaning back, Nathaniel spread his hands. “As you wish.”

The sound of wheels rolling reverberated in the air. I looked up at the source of the sound and saw a rolled-up screen descending behind Nathaniel before unfolding into a screen.

Chapter 1712 His Trap

Next, a video appeared and began playing on the screen.

It wasn’t clear at first. I could discern that a few men in suits were in the video and guessed that Ashton was one of them.

As the scene changed, Ashton’s face appeared on the screen.

The remaining content was simple. While one hand passed the money, the other passed the painting. They chatted briefly in Ustranasion. Something like “here’s to working together,” I guessed.

It was pretty obvious what Nathaniel wanted to show me—Ashton was now his puppet.

I instinctively found excuses for Ashton’s actions.

He might be rich, but he couldn’t force a proud man to work for him.

Ashton didn’t need others to approve him worth.

However, my steadfast trust in Ashton wasn’t what Nathaniel wanted to see.

One would need to outwit a sly hunter to achieve success. The more Nathaniel didn’t want to admit that Ashton was the chosen one, the more I needed to repeat it before him.

“What does that mean?” I asked. My eyes were calm, betraying none of my emotions. “What can the video prove? That Ashton has new friends who he exchanged gifts with? Everyone knows my husband is an excellent man. So what if he befriended some new friends?”

A hint of surprise flashed across Nathaniel’s eyes. He clasped his fingers together and stared at me in amusement. “So this is what true love looks like. To me, it is a foolish notion.”

I flashed a smirk without bothering to hide the disdain on my face. “Only those who can’t get it will vilify it,” I told him.

“I’m sorry to disappoint you, but lowly feelings like this that can’t affect my rational judgment.” Nathaniel remained calm, staring at me like a predator who had its eyes on its prey. “You claim that love

is noble, but you had used it to pull Ashton down the pedestal. What do you feel about your own action?"

I had to admit that Nathaniel was a great predator, for he managed to hit my Achilles' heel on his first try.

It felt like talking to the wall and barking at the moon. We were from different worlds, so there was no way we'd convince each other. After making that clear, I focused on my agenda. "I don't want to talk about that. Just tell me where Ashton is if you're capable of finding out his whereabouts."

Lowering his gaze, Nathaniel flashed a tiny smile. "Do you think that will work on me?"

After a pause, he looked up and gazed at me. A faint gleam of malice shone in his eyes. "You have to know that I am the boss here. I can reveal the location of the deal anytime. But not to you, of course. You know what I want. Just play along, and we'll get what we both want. Isn't that great?"

The deal was an ongoing one, so he could actually reveal the location to the police. Once Ashton was captured with the goods, he would never get to clear his name.

It was rather irrational for Ashton to fall for Nathaniel's trap.

Before I could confirm his safety, I had no choice but to play along with Nathaniel. After heaving a long breath to calm down, I could face Nathaniel in calmly now.

"Now that you got some dirt on us, there's no need to beat around the bush," I stated.

Nathaniel avoided the topic. "I haven't thought of anything. For now, I want to know something. After seeing Ashton ruining himself by breaking the law and retrieving the dirty money, do you still love him?"

“Did you do everything to prove that our love is cheap enough to be pulled back anytime?”

“That’s right,” Nathaniel admitted to it at once. “You love him for his powerful status, noble character, and genes he gained from his family. To conclude, anyone could be ‘Ashton Fuller’ with enough money. Without that, Ashton is just like me, a man who knows no limits. He could do anything just for his own benefit. Well, he’s a ‘bad guy’ just like you said.”