

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1733-1737

## Chapter 1733 A Call From His Wife

Eunice, the manager, immediately ran into the elevator. "Here I come..."

After Eunice entered the elevator, the door slowly closed. The red numbers on display began to flash as the elevator descended steadily.

I understood if Ashton was forced to accept Rebecca's request out of his guilt. But what about now? Has he lost himself entirely for this woman?

There were two voices in my head. One of them told me that not everything was as it seemed, and I should wait and observe with patience. Yet, my emotional side of me kept making me fall into a black hole of insecurity.

"Isn't that interesting?" Nathaniel's voice drew me back to reality. "How much worse do you think Ashton can get?"

In his eyes, it was all just a game.

"I'm not interested in playing games with you!" I stomped my way into another elevator.

Before the elevator door closed, Joseph came in after me.

Walking out of the company, neither of us said anything, deliberately trying to avoid the awkwardness from the episode earlier.

The chauffeur had been waiting at the entrance for me. Just when he was about to approach to welcome me, I signaled him not to come.

Luckily, he was quick-witted to comprehend my meaning. With that, he went back into the car secretly.

Joseph asked me to wait while he went to get his car.

"Mrs. Fuller, are you heading home directly?" Joseph asked as soon as I got into his car.

"Let's take a ride around the city."

A human's mental defense would decrease tremendously after experiencing humiliation. I intended to break into his heart during this opportune moment. Indeed, I would not want to miss the chance to be alone with him.

Around ten minutes later, our car got stuck at a crossroad in the business district. Joseph, who was usually calm, suddenly turned impatient as he kept knocking his fingers against the steering wheel.

I knew my timing had come as I cast a question. "How are you getting along with your wife all these years?"

Joseph was stunned momentarily before he responded calmly, "Not bad. I'm contented to have a son and a daughter."

I nodded as emotions boiled within my heart. "Indeed. We should be grateful for what we have."

Joseph sensed the disappointment in my tone and comforted me. "Mr. Ashton always has his plan. Mrs. Fuller, you don't have to worry."

There was, in fact, no need for him to comfort me out of courtesy. Hence, his gesture proved he still respected me like before.

Somehow, I felt Ashton was the same too. If he did not care for me, he would not have asked Joseph to send me home.

I feigned a bitter smile and pretended to be disappointed. "Based on your professional knowledge, don't tell me that you don't know that kind of business is a one-way ticket to hell."

"I have confidence in Mr. Ashton," Joseph replied.

"So you're willing to see him fall deeper and deeper into this mistake."

"Mr. Ashton won't make a mistake." Joseph was stubborn as a stone.

I knew I would not be able to change his mind. I lowered my head and murmured, "You are very loyal to him."

Just then, Joseph's phone rang suddenly.

It was a call from his wife.

He unhesitatingly answered the call with a happy tone. "Hello, Honey?"

Pure sweetness and happiness filled the air as his lips curled into a contented smile.

However, the voice from the other end killed the atmosphere instantly.

"Hubby, please come back now. There are many black men in the house..."

The car fell into a dead silence.

### **Chapter 1734 I Am The Jinx**

It was plain as day from Savannah's voice that she was feigning calmness. However, it was uncertain whether it was to reassure Joseph or to mislead the men waiting to pounce at their house at that very moment.

"Don't be afraid." Joseph's hand tightened around his phone, his angular profile reflected through the rear-view mirror. "I'll rush home right away."

Hanging up the phone, he promptly floored the gas pedal with his entire focus on the figure at the red light. Some time later, he remembered that I was still sitting in the back seat and glanced over his shoulder. His face was devoid of expression as he asserted, "I'm sorry, but I can only drive you thus far, Mrs. Fuller. Please alight from the car."

Despite hearing him, I couldn't possibly turn a blind eye to his predicament, so I offered, "All this is because of me and my husband, so I'll go with you."

Joseph's brows creased deeply. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller. Don't take this the wrong way, but I personally feel that things will be much simpler without you making an appearance."

A feeling of being mistrusted permeated my entire being. For an instant, I was at a loss for words, not quite knowing what I should say to express my sincerity.

In that mere two seconds of stalemate, Joseph made the choice for me. Climbing out of the car, he opened the car door nearest to me without the slightest hesitation and stated firmly, "Here you go, Mrs. Fuller."

I didn't want to be the kind of person who left others to their own troubles, so I remained motionless and stared right back at him without getting out of the car.

By then, the traffic light had already turned green. The cars at the back were honking incessantly, signaling us to make way for them, causing the bustling urban area to grow all the more chaotic.

After a lengthy impasse, a hint of urgency manifested on Joseph's calm and unruffled countenance that was all too similar to Ashton's poised face. "Have you forgotten the three slaps earlier, Mrs. Fuller? For old times' sake, please buy some time for my wife and kids. I beg you."

Indeed, in a way, Rebecca couldn't have found an opportunity to humiliate Joseph thus if it weren't for me.

Both Joseph's eyes and the tip of his nose turned red from his emotional state. As I gazed at his face, the scene of John getting beaten up flashed across my mind out of the blue.

In that split second, I realized that I couldn't bear having anyone else getting hurt even worse because of me. I immediately took my things and slipped out of the car. My movement was so sudden that Joseph was taken aback.

His features froze for a second before he nodded at me solemnly. "Thank you."

After saying that, he slammed the car door shut with a bang. Getting back into the car, he swiftly started the engine and disappeared into the traffic in a flash.

He has been with Ashton far longer than me, so Ashton definitely won't allow anything to happen to him. At least, I hope so!

As I stood by the side of the road, I inwardly prayed for Joseph and his family.

Before I knew it, my thoughts drifted away. My mind was filled with Ashton's different expressions in the past few days—aloof, vicious, arrogant, and the like. Verily, I disliked them all, but I just couldn't muster up any hatred for some inexplicable reason.

One meets, dates, and gets together because of fate and destiny. Since I've been married to Ashton and shared a bed with him for so many years, could there be telepathy between us? If so, those selfish and reckless sentiments of his could be all be explained perfectly!

On my way home in a taxi, the unease within me intensified. Judging from Nathaniel's actions, this matter is far from being over. If even Joseph has been dragged into this circle of revenge, what about those who are even closer to Ashton and me?

That thought was like a bucket of cold water pouring over me, jolting me back to my senses. I instantly phoned Cameron and Louis. Only after ascertaining that they were both safe and sound did I breathe a sigh of relief.

When the sky was growing dark, worry about Joseph continued to linger within me, so I bit the bullet and gave him a call.

To my surprise, Joseph answered right away. His voice, however, sounded a tad strange. "Is something the matter, Mrs. Fuller?"

Sensing a subdued atmosphere, I lowered my voice and queried, "Are Savannah and the kids okay?"

"They're fine," Joseph replied. Seemingly afraid that I would continue hounding him, he hastily made up an excuse to elude me. "My kids are calling for me, so I'll talk to you next time."

"Jo—" Before I had even finished speaking, the disconnect tone drifted into my ears.

Staring at the screen of my phone that had returned to the main interface, I abruptly gave a self-deprecating bark of laughter. It seems that I'm the jinx compared to Nathaniel and the others that everyone is eagerly avoiding me!

## **Chapter 1735 Always Stay By My Side**

But on second thought, it makes much sense. Indeed, it's safer the further away they stay from me during this time.

After putting down the phone, I realized that Gregory and Audrey had come home at some time. The two children were standing at the side of the living room, holding hands while gazing at me from afar without saying a single word.

At once, I schooled my expression and opened my arms to them. "Quick, come over here, my darlings!"

Audrey's eyes flicked down to my arms before she dropped Gregory's hand and sprinted toward me. She lunged at me so forcefully that I was thrown back. Still, she giggled happily and kissed me fervently while hugging me around the neck. "Mommy! I missed you so much, Mommy! I love you loads!"

Undeniably, the warmth brought by one's flesh and blood could easily banish one's gloom. Grinning, I righted her and placed her on my lap. Patiently brushing off the strands of hair before her forehead, I inquired about her day at school as usual. "Tell me what you learned today, Audrey."

At that, Audrey immediately scrambled off me and trotted over to Gregory. Snatching the drawing paper he was holding in his hand, she joyously ran back over to me and spread it open.

"Look, Mommy! I drew this! My teacher praised me in front of everyone in my class. She said that my drawing was the best!"

It was a crayon drawing with a few simple colors, but one could make out the basic outline of several people. Two adults and four children were holding hands as they enjoyed themselves in the grassy meadow under the bright sunlight. Truly, it depicted a blissful and peaceful life.

Audrey didn't even forget Shaun, making it apparent that she loved every single person in the family.

I spaced out as I looked at it, forgetting to give her an appropriate response. In turn, it resulted in her feeling a sense of uncertainty and uneasiness. "Do you not like my drawing, Mommy?"



“Of course, I do!” It wasn’t until then that I snapped back to reality. I hurriedly planted a kiss on her forehead as a reward. Then I took out my phone and tapped on the camera before taking a picture of the drawing to flaunt it off. “Here, let me take a picture of this beautiful drawing. I’ll post it on Instagram so that everyone can see how smart and incredible my daughter is!”

Such jubilation inundated Audrey that delight danced in her eyes. Lifting her head, she stared at me blankly, like a chubby porcelain doll. “Mommy, if I continue being good, you’ll always stay by my side, right?”

Puzzled, I reached out and stroked her head. “Why would you think that? Regardless of whether you’re good, I’ll always love you.”

Pouting, Audrey shook her head. “No, that’s not true. I was too naughty, so Daddy isn’t coming home. He doesn’t want to be picked on by me anymore.”

At that, her eyes went red. She clutched at my arm and shook it. “Mommy, tell Daddy that I’ll be good. Tell him to come back, okay? I miss him...”

Tears trickled down her face as she spoke, every drop hitting me squarely in the chest.

I hugged her tightly. After consoling her and inquiring about the matter, I finally learned that Audrey had been privately questioning Gregory relentlessly about Ashton’s disappearance in the past few days though she made no mention of it before me. Gregory didn’t understand the matter between adults, so he had picked an excuse that sounded relatively reasonable to shut her up. Alas, Audrey took it to heart and thought that she had driven Ashton away.

Seeing his sister weep, Gregory grew distressed. With red-rimmed eyes, he apologized, murmuring, “I’m sorry, Mommy. I just didn’t want her to think too much. I never thought that she’s bad or anything...”

Ah, they’re all sensible children! How am I to keep my defenses up in front of them?

I beckoned Gregory over and hugged them both. Tears promptly escaped my eyes, but I held myself back and kept my sobs silent.

They don't understand anything, but ironically, it's also as though they understand everything.

After I had released the bottled emotions within me and put the children to bed, it was already nine o'clock at night. Just when I was planning to sleep earlier so that I could wake up early tomorrow to make a trip to the hospital, my WhatsApp notification started pinging like crazy.

I saw a brief preview of a video that Emery had sent me. In just the time I spent picking up my phone, several voice messages came in back to back.

After unlocking my phone, I was about to play the voice messages out of habit when my attention was suddenly snagged by the thumbnail image of the video.

### **Chapter 1736 Joseph Had Taken Off**

The man in the video's thumbnail image was none other than Joseph, whom I had parted ways with a short time ago. However, he seemed to be in a bad way with his eyes sunken and dark eye bags below them, a world of difference from the strong man in my memories.

Trembling, I tapped on the first voice message, and the others played sequentially.

"Come over and help me figure out how to deal with this. I found him in the alley behind The Jade. There are no other wounds on him apart from a few prick marks. He has probably been injected with a high dosage of drugs, and the other party is determined to have him addicted at a single go. They're really ruthless."

And so it went.

A buzzing started in my mind. So, Ashton still didn't protect him in the end?

I rushed over to The Jade, only to see Emery waiting anxiously at the door. From the looks of it, she had been waiting for quite some time.

While leading me in, she murmured, "This way. I have someone watching over him."

"Are you sure it's drugs?" I asked softly, harboring a final shred of hope within me. Like Ashton, Joseph was an outstanding man, so he shouldn't be tainted with such a nasty substance.

"In all likelihood, it is." Emery sighed regretfully, saying nothing further.

At the end of the corridor on the first floor, tall and burly bodyguards were keeping guard outside the room door on the right, one on either side. Their indifferent expressions made it so that no one dared to approach the room.

Emery stopped for a moment at the door and questioned one of them, "Did anything happen?"

"Everything has been normal," the bodyguard replied.

In response, Emery nodded. "Okay. Open the door."

"Understood," the bodyguard answered respectfully. Then he took out a key and unfastened the safety lock hanging on the door before pushing the door open.

But when we walked in, the huge room was empty.

Emery and I exchanged a glance, reckoning that Joseph must have hidden away. "Perhaps he's in the bathroom."

As I said that, I pushed open the bathroom door but still saw no one there. However, the exhaust fan on the ceiling had been pried open, and the hole was just the perfect size for a grown man.

It was clear as day that he had already taken off.

At that turn of events, Emery grew morose. "Why did he hightail it out of here when I wasn't going to hurt him?"

I gauged the distance between the exhaust fan and the floor. Although there was a chair to boost him up, it would've certainly taken quite some effort to climb up. Emery said he's already doped up, so he's likely weak and lethargic. Still, he climbed up with sheer willpower alone.

An unspeakable wave of sorrow flooded me as I recalled his restrained voice on the phone earlier. "He didn't want someone he knows to see him in such a condition."

He has always been immaculate before others, so how could he possibly tolerate showing others the most pathetic side of him? Even as a bystander, I feel as though it has never happened when I didn't behold it with my own eyes, what's more Joseph himself.

"No, that's not right." All of a sudden, something occurred to me. If he has been reduced to this, what about his wife and children?

Having thought of that, I quickly phoned the company secretary and asked for Joseph's address. No matter what, I had to go and take a look at things personally before I could rest easy.

After making the call, I contacted Millie next. Learning that she was nearby, I arranged to meet her at the entrance.

Throughout it all, Emery stood at the side and watched silently without offering any opinion. Nevertheless, she appeared hesitant, seemingly having something to say.

Afraid that something had happened to her, yet she was reluctant to bother me, I inquired with feigned nonchalance as I put my phone away, "Is there anything else?"

Emery shook her head, jolting out of her contemplation. She looked me right in the eye. "No. Are you leaving right away?"

"Yeah." I nodded firmly. Again, a rush of guilt assailed me. "It was afternoon when Joseph got the call, so it's already late that I'm going now."

Emery was stunned for a moment before she dipped her head a fraction in acknowledgment. Subsequently, she added, "I mean, Ashton is also coming over in a while. Are you not going to see him first before you leave?"

"Why is he coming?" I queried.

"I notified him. Joseph is his subordinate, so there's no reason for him not to show up," Emery explained.

No sooner had she finished saying that than even footsteps came from the door, followed by the bodyguards greeting, "Mr. Fuller."

## Chapter 1737 Just A Mere Life

Hearing the sounds, I cast my gaze over, only to be greeted by the sight of Ashton walking in expressionlessly.

He wasn't at all surprised to see me. Instead, he calmly swept a gaze over the room. Upon seeing no signs of Joseph, he looked in our direction and asked placidly, "Where is he?"

"He made off." Emery shrugged, indicating that everything was as he could see, and there was no need to search anymore.

After hearing that, Ashton lowered his eyes, seemingly in contemplation. In the next moment, he spun on his heels to leave.

"Wait!" I called him back. "Do you know what they did to him?"

Ashton stopped with his back to me, utterly silent.

Perhaps he didn't know anything, or maybe he didn't want to admit it, but I wanted him to face it and confront everything he once cared about deeply.

"They broke into his house and caged his wife and children in, blackmailing and threatening him. They injected drugs into him. You've seen what an addict looks like. That's exactly Joseph's condition right now. He trusts you greatly, but what about you? How did you treat him? You merely watched as Rebecca humiliated him and walked over him, forcing him to pay the price of his dignity for your personal grievance. And now, he's even tormented by drugs, not even daring to see anyone. This is how you treat a friend who's even closer to you than a brother!"

Walking up to him, I forced him to look me in the eye. The distance between us remained mere inches.

When I noticed that his ebony eyes were staring back at me, my confidence soared. I looked right at him without backing down in the least. "Actually, you're only putting on an act. Otherwise, you wouldn't have come."

Ashton tilted his head slightly, his gaze darkening a shade. "So?"

His sudden question startled me, and my mind went blank as I stared at his familiar face.

I thought that most bystanders in the world were kind, even toward strangers. When they saw someone in a sorry state, compassion would then well within them. But at that very moment, there wasn't a hint of sympathy in Ashton's eyes.

Is he hiding it too well, or am I too sensitive?

"Don't tell me you think Joseph deserves to be treated in such a manner?" My voice seemingly came from the depths of my throat. I cowardly felt that I wouldn't hear an answer I found unacceptable as long as I didn't provoke him.

Alas, reality proved me wrong.

Without even batting an eyelash, Ashton replied in a voice as calm as ever, "No, but I can only say that he's not smart enough."

"What?" I didn't grasp the meaning of that utterance right away.

For once, Ashton finally showed some patience though his words remained dry and unpleasant. "Am I not safe and sound?"

His words had helplessness inundating me. When did he become so egotistical? Those people were obviously sent by Rebecca to take revenge on Joseph. What has that got to do with whether Joseph is as astute as him?

I propped my head against my hand in exasperation. I've got to straighten out my thoughts before I can figure out a way to correct his twisted thinking.

However, Ashton unceremoniously moved to walk past me. Fortunately, I reacted swiftly and took a step to the side, blocking his path.

It's rare that Nathaniel and Rebecca aren't by his side, messing things up, so I can't possibly waste this golden opportunity to interact with him!

Ashton halted in his steps, his brows furrowing slightly. Canting his head with his gaze fixated on me, he warned, "You'd better allow me to leave immediately, and perhaps Joseph would live."

A strong sense of oppression hit me, and I unwittingly froze. I gazed into his ebony eyes, wondering whether to believe that.

After all, he said it himself that I was trouble, and he had plenty of ways to rid himself of me.

As Ashton clocked my expression, a faint smile of triumph bloomed on his face. "You can continue stopping me from leaving if you don't believe me. It's just a mere life. At most, I'll pay more in death gratuity and consider it as repaying our friendship of the past as well."

Money, money, money! The moment he opens his mouth, it's always money and profit! This side of him is truly horrible! If possible, I really want to jump onto him and thump his head where those unruly thoughts originate!