

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1738-1742

Chapter 1738 Are They Really The Same Person

Ah, no. I can't do that. Joseph isn't in his right mind, and it's dangerous for him to be alone out there. Despite my resentment, I could only grit my teeth and retract my hand, watching as Ashton strutted away.

His back was no different from before, broad and solid. Yet, I couldn't help the grief welling up within me.

What exactly are you thinking about, Ashton? You should've kept those villains in line if you wanted to save Joseph. But then, why did you rush over if otherwise? I've got no choice but to admit that I really have no way of discerning the truth when he truly wants to hide his emotions.

After all, someone who naively thought that love would never change could only remain passively in a checkmate forever.

"Hmm? Why did he suddenly become so wily? Who did he learn it from?" Emery had no inkling of the changes in Ashton, so she assumed that they were having a fight.

When she received no response from me, she stepped forward and nudged me gently. Then she threw me a wink in feigned frivolity. "Cheer up. There are plenty of fishes in the sea, and you're a modern woman, so how could you be so crestfallen because of a man? I'll go about your business with you first, okay?"

Lowering my head, I chuckled bitterly before riposting her teasing despite my pain, "Tons of women would be ruined if you were a man since you're such an expert in mollifying others!"

"That's great!" Emery took my arm with another step forward. As she walked out, she smugly declared, "I'll start with you, then!"

Millie's driving was fast and steady. Adding to the fact that we missed the evening rush hour, the trip that would usually take half an hour was shortened to just twenty minutes.

I waited anxiously after ringing the doorbell, but no one answered the door.

Don't tell me they didn't even show a woman and kids any mercy?

Unwilling to give up, I held my finger on the doorbell. The noise was so great that all the lights along the entire corridor lit up. Only then did a woman's soft voice drift out from within, asking, "Who's there?"

The rock that had been weighing on my chest finally lifted. Breathing a sigh of relief, I promptly inched closer and replied, "Are you Savannah Sullivan? I'm Scarlett Stovall. I suppose I can be considered Joseph's superior. Do you mind opening the door?"

No sooner had my words fallen than the door opened from within, revealing a woman's delicate face.

Savannah was wearing loose pajamas, and her hair was pulled back loosely in a ponytail with an elastic band, leaving long bangs falling down her forehead. She was tall yet slim, and her

features were exquisite. On the whole, she was the type of person one would take a liking to at first sight. But perhaps because it was night, she looked rather pale.

Nonetheless, she still had a resemblance with Joseph that identified them as husband and wife at a single glance.

It seemed as though she wasn't at all surprised by my appearance. She politely inclined her head with a smile in greeting. "Joseph often speaks of you, saying that you're very nice to him, Mrs. Fuller."

If I were really all that nice to him, it would be the two of them standing at the door, greeting me right now.

Flashing her an awkward smile, I pretended as though I knew nothing about the incident that happened that afternoon. I cast my gaze beyond her and peered into the living room, inquiring, "Are the children asleep?"

Savannah wore a smile on her face. "Yes. They're tired from playing today, so they went to bed very early."

At that point, she belatedly opened the door all the way and stepped aside, warmly inviting us in. "Look at my bad manners. I should've invited you all into the house first. Please come in and have a seat, Mrs. Fuller."

Since my purpose was to make sure that they were safe in the first place, I didn't want to keep them up late at night now that I had checked on them. Thus, I simply made up an excuse. "No, it's okay. I just happened to be in the vicinity and remembered that Mr. Campbell has done a lot for the Fuller family, so I dropped by to see whether there's anything I can help with."

Savannah was a little more awake right then, and her smile turned even gentler. "You're too kind, Mrs. Fuller. The high pay Mr. Fuller gives Joseph is enough for us to resolve all troubles and live a good life. We're very thankful, so how would we dare trouble you further?"

Her voice, gaze, and even gestures were sincere, giving others a refreshing feeling. My mind couldn't help drifting back to the woman's panicked yet restrained voice in Joseph's phone that afternoon. Are they really the same person? Putting it another way, can a housewife who has just experienced having men with malicious intentions barging into her house truly act as though nothing has happened in such a short time?

Chapter 1739 A Weight Lifted Off

I had no answer to that. While my brows uncontrollably knitted together, I knew deep within that it was a good thing Joseph's wife was even more resilient than I expected, no matter the reason.

Flashing her a gratified gaze in return, I stepped forward and hugged her. "Men are always so ambitious that they leave us waiting. How selfish of them! But everything will be fine. After this busy period, I'll give Joseph a long holiday so that he can spend more time with you and the children."

I patted her on her delicate back though I myself was uncertain whether I was consoling her or myself.

Savannah probably never expected someone she was meeting for the first time to act so intimately, for she reflexively stiffened. When she had ascertained that I had no malicious intentions, she again relaxed.

A hug was undoubtedly an incredible thing, for I felt much more at peace after smelling the faint scent of shampoo wafting off her.

Just when I was about to drop my hands, she hugged me back in return, reaching out to pat me on the back stiffly. “Well, there’s no end to doing business. I appreciate your kindness, but there’s no choice sometimes, Mrs. Fuller. His sense of responsibility is also his charm. I love him, so I naturally love everything about him. Don’t worry. I won’t drag him down, Mrs. Fuller. He said that he’d make it up to me. Thus, I’ll continue to trust in him and wait. I’ll take good care of this family and myself on his behalf.”

After she had finished speaking, they dropped their hands from each other in unison.

With my eyes narrowed a fraction, I questioned tentatively, “Are you not worried?”

Hearing that, Savannah burst into laughter as though I had cracked a hilarious joke. “Why should I be worried?” she asked me in return.

Pausing for a moment, she continued, “I know the kind of person Joseph is, and I believe in him. Most importantly, I believe in my judgment. I wouldn’t have chosen the wrong person.”

She’s right. What is there to be worried about? And what uncertainties are there? Ashton is a man I chose myself, so how could someone else know him better than I do?

“I should have come and visited you earlier.” Enlightenment swept across me, banishing the uncertainties and doubts I had toward Ashton.

Ten years of loving each other are more than enough to defy human’s innate apprehension. Ashton and Joseph are at the same hurdle in life. Maybe he needs a longer time to resolve the problem, but I must let him know that I’ll be there no matter when he comes back.

“Not at all. It’s neither early nor late. Everything is destined, so it’s just the right time.” Savannah wore a tender expression as though every problem would be resolved.

Pursing my lips, I nodded. After exchanging a few more pleasantries with her, I whirled around and entered the elevator with Emery.

Savannah saw me off from her door, her countenance only disappearing from my line of sight when the elevator doors closed.

As the elevator descended, I felt as though a weight was lifted off me as something within me received an attestation.

It was already one o'clock in the morning when I returned home. In order to stop dwelling upon things too much, I decided to sleep the moment my head hit the pillow. But when I walked past the corridor, I noticed that the light in the study was lit.

Could it be that Ashton came back?

I entered the study with questions lingering in my mind. Pushing open the door and sweeping a gaze around, I spotted Shaun in the room.

He was sitting in front of Ashton's computer, and I almost didn't see his petite body because of the angle.

When he heard the door opening, he immediately got down from the chair. Standing at the side, he greeted deferentially, "Mrs. Fuller."

Joseph previously found out that Nora had contact with him. Now that we're in a weak position, it's indeed the best time to steal information so as to curry favor with her. Everyone makes their own choices, so it doesn't really matter. A child who has been drifting about merely wants someone he can depend on for eternity.

“Why are you still not in bed at this hour?” I didn’t ask about his motive directly. As I spoke, I walked over to the desk and picked up the open document on it, scanning it casually.

It was Fuller Corporation’s list of projects in recent years. It was publicly available, so it was no big secret.

“I’m not sleepy yet. The faster I learn to do business, the sooner I can help Mr. Fuller out. Then Summer won’t be sad that she can’t see him every day.”

Chapter 1740 The World Of A Child

Shaun’s answer wasn’t what I expected. I shifted my gaze to him, but his face was solemn, and he didn’t look as though he was lying.

A wealth of warmth suffused me, and a smile blossomed on my face out of the blue. I was happy on Summer’s behalf that she had such a thoughtful and considerate brother.

Good things really do come at a turning point in time. Does this also mean that everything about Ashton will also soon usher in a change?

“That’s a matter for the adults. You’re still young, so you merely need to study hard and grow up healthily. Audrey has feelings of sorrow, and you can have your own feelings as well. You don’t need to live for any of us. Do you understand me?”

I then patted him on the shoulder in gratification. Although I was moved, I still had to guide him on the right path.

Shaun pursed his lips tightly without saying anything in response, so I wasn't sure whether I got through to him.

Ah, it doesn't matter. There's still plenty of time, so there'll certainly be time to teach him slowly in the future. He's a boy, so I'll wait for Ashton to come back and call the shots. "Anyway, just do whatever you want to do in the future. You don't need to deliberately please anyone. Most importantly, make sure that you're happy. Got it?"

"But I want to do this. I want to make Summer happy. Can I not do that, Mrs. Fuller?" Shaun gazed at me stubbornly.

Faced with such an innocent question, I couldn't help but feel ashamed.

Perhaps I'm really too sensitive. He's just a child who knows how to be grateful, so I truly shouldn't use the yardstick of the adult world to evaluate his every action. A child's world is pure and without ulterior motives. They don't know what it means to pander to someone. They only know who is good to them, repaying the person in the same manner. He only wants the girl who gave him a family to be happy. There's nothing wrong with that.

"Of course you can." Smiling, I shook my head and put the document in my hand back on the desk. Then I ruffled his hair. "You can continue reading if you want to do so, but promise me that you'll go to bed right away if you feel sleepy. Also, you can't stay up later than three o'clock in the morning. Can you do that?"

In a rare moment, a trace of delight crept onto his features. He nodded firmly. "Yes."

After saying that, he sat back down and continued reading the documents. His serious mien rendered him very much like an adult.

I silently walked over to the door. Glancing back over my shoulder, I sighed helplessly.

He's still a kid at the end of the day. Not only are the few documents inadequate in explaining the intricacies of business, but it's even uncertain whether he can make sense of all the figures at such a young age. It's futile that he wants to delve into the adult world.

Clucking his enthusiasm, I couldn't bear to rain on his parade.

I only hope that he'll learn his limits and back down later. It's too tiring for someone of his age to study all that. Not everyone is as talented as Gregory and finds it effortless.

That night, I finally had a good night's sleep and only woke up at half-past eight in the morning. After preparing breakfast in a hurry, I rushed over to the hospital.

It was already ten o'clock when I arrived at the ward. John was so hungry that he wailed as soon as he caught sight of me, "Ah, I'm dying! Letty, you actually want to starve me to death, don't you?"

Good Lord! He's really blasé that he's still in the mood to tease me when his right hand is already in such a condition. Oh well, what can I do? No matter what, he has all the power since he's the patient here. Hence, I had no choice but to mollify him, saying, "Sorry, my bad! I overslept. Here, I brought your favorite chicken soup. Besides, there are tacos, pancakes, and also super delicious casserole. Hurry up and eat!"

Narrowing his eyes, John swept his gaze over the spread. He then arched an eyebrow and regarded me shrewdly. "You cooked all this?"

I bit my lower lip and nodded guiltily. "Yup. You're picky about food, so you would've long since gone on a hunger strike if I were to cook the same thing every day."

For some inexplicable reason, John snickered. Then he picked up the fork and took a forkful of casserole, bringing it up close and scrutinizing it. "This dish needs to bake for a long time. Considering its golden color, it must have baked for at least twenty minutes, no?"

Without even thinking about it, I nodded in agreement. “Yup! I baked it for almost half an hour.”

Shaking his head, John put down the fork. The smile playing on his lips was peculiar, making me feel awkward for some unknown reason.

Chapter 1741 Just Get A Divorce

Only after a long time had passed did I realize that it took half an hour to bake a dish of macaroni and cheese, so it would only take longer for a casserole. Worse still, I said I had overslept just now, so I would definitely make something simple. As such, that dish shouldn't appear.

Argh! He saw right through me, yet he said nothing. Anyway, what else can I say when he's smirking in such a manner? Feeling deflated, I admitted, “All right, stop laughing at me. I'll tell you the truth. It was Mrs. Kingsley who prepared all these dishes. I only made the chicken soup. I was in a rush, but I was worried that it wouldn't be enough for you. Anyway, Mrs. Kingsley made you this hearty spread sincerely. And it makes no difference whoever cooked them...”

A sliver of guilt crept into me as I spoke. Fearful that John would start getting picky again, I shot daggers at him and threatened, “Are you not going to eat, then?”

Timidly shrinking back, John picked up the fork again. “No, no, of course not. If I don't finish this, would I still be able to eat Mrs. Kingsley's and your cooking again in the future? I'm no fool.”

At that, I breathed a sigh of relief. It looks like a patient isn't all that difficult to handle, after all.

I watched him eat for some time before it dawned upon me that I hadn't seen any sign of Emma. While opening another lunchbox, I asked, “Where's Emma? Why hasn't she returned?”

“She went home.” John didn’t even bother lifting his head.

“No, she didn’t. I didn’t see her.” I thought he was referring to the Fuller residence.

“I’m speaking of her parents’ house.” John swallowed the taco in his mouth before he explained, “It’s hectic at my father-in-law’s company these days, and she’s their only daughter. It’ll seem unreasonable if she doesn’t go back and help out.”

“So, that’s what the two of you did back when you both went out together every so often?”

“Yeah.” When John spoke of that, his gaze dimmed. The spoonful of chicken soup in his hand remained suspended in mid-air as he lamented, “In order to locate you back then, I took their only daughter abroad. Since we’re back now, I naturally have to help out whenever possible.”

For a moment, words eluded me. Love and marriage are never a matter between two people. Instead, everything is closely related.

Receiving no response from me, John instantly changed the subject. “Ashton kicked you out of the company?”

“How did you know that?” I instinctively exclaimed. It wasn’t until after I had said that did I realize my slip of the tongue and hastily changed my tune. “It’s nothing. Anyway, I wasn’t going to interfere in the matters of Fuller Corporation any longer. Furthermore, there’ll only be incessant bickering when two people with differing opinions work together. It’s better to split and go our different paths.”

“Then why don’t you two just get a divorce and go your separate ways?” John suddenly retorted out of nowhere.

I didn't know whether he truly felt that way or was deliberately teasing me, so I took it to mean the latter. Chuckling, I tried to brush it off, countering, "That's not the same at all. Family and career don't necessarily have to be linked together. Isn't it nice to both shine in our respective fields before going home to each other at the end of the day? If everything we've got to say is the same, then only one can speak while the other listens. As time goes by, we'll inevitably lose interest in each other. Ashton has always been more visionary than me, so perhaps this time—"

"I didn't know when you got so good at lying to yourself." John didn't even allow me to finish speaking, his eyes that could effortlessly steal the hearts of many young maidens fixated right on me. "Have you forgotten Uncle Louis' identity? Did you think that I wouldn't know about Ashton trafficking drugs if you don't say anything?"

Then, he continued, "What kind of people are involved in that? They are all heinous and callous people who only have money in their eyes. Once you have a foot in it, you can never get out for the rest of your life. You are well aware of Chanaea's stance toward drugs, right? No matter how smart Ashton is, he will make mistakes. At that time, you'll also become a fugitive with him. Don't be a fool, Letty. Put away your hopes toward someone like him."

I didn't dare look him in the eye. I merely hung my head silently without uttering a single word.

As an independent person, I naturally had the right to give my all to the man I love. Regardless of how irrational it appeared, it was my own choice.

Chapter 1742 The Last Time

But having lived thus far, I knew my life was no longer just mine. I couldn't simply disregard John's feelings after accepting his infinite care.

In the end, John was afraid that he would upset me, so he eased off before I could even respond to him. “Think about it carefully. I’ve never really stopped you from making your own choices, but it’s different this time. No matter the conflicts between the two of you in the past, Ashton was at least a decent person with good family background. Now, however, he’s cold-blooded and vicious. He keeps getting himself involved in illegal activities, challenging the government. That’s only courting death!”

After saying that, he continued, “You’ve got to understand something, Letty. We do our best to continue living in order to see more of the world and experience the love and beauty in this world, not to plunge into hell and be an emotionless machine with only profit in our eyes. I understand that you’re reluctant to accept the reality because you’re waiting for him to come to that realization like me. However, people are different. Although I was lower than pond scum, I never touched drugs. Your waiting is entirely meaningless.”

For some reason, Ashton’s words of “not smart enough” flashed across my mind when I heard John’s last few words. Now that I thought about it, the reference to that remark was rather vague. Was he referring to Joseph, or was he deliberately giving me a hint with words that carry a double meaning?

When I realized that I had zoned out, I immediately snapped back to reality. Alas, it was already too late. John wore a dark expression on his face, his very being exuding his chagrin at my inattentiveness.

Everyone had their bottom lines, and respecting him meant staying far away from his bottom line.

Of course, I was no saint either, for I had driven him through the roof more than once. Even if our relationship never suffered any ill effects, it still imperceptibly consumed our ardor. If I were to be wilful and selfish forever because of my love for Ashton, I would only end up like Rebecca.

Ashton, this is the last time I’m going to try with you.

Looking at John, I made my greatest resolution to date. “Let me try for the final time. There’s still one thing I’m uncertain about when it comes to him. When I know for sure, I promise to give you a definite answer.”

Exasperated beyond words, John relented. "I hope that answer will be to my satisfaction."

A bitter smile tugged at my lips, and I said nothing to that. If only there were a choice that would satisfy everyone! But in reality, there's nothing such as the best of both worlds. Ultimately, there has to be a resolution between a lover who insists on walking his own path and a family member who stays through thick and thin!

As I slowly walked out of the hospital, my mind remained fixated on the issue with Ashton.

He can never be rid of the accusations Nathaniel made about him, but it may not have necessarily tainted his heart. I would never believe that the man—who was willing to go against his moral code and his good friend's dying wish for my sake, and in doing so, suffer the weight of his conscience for more than ten years—would be so foolish as to insist on walking that path when he knows full well that he'd lose me if he did so. It must be because Nathaniel is too cunning, so he has no choice but to use a different way to deal with him. If that's the case, it means things that seemingly make no sense are actually normal instead. Then everything can be explained. But how can I prove that?

Engrossed in my thoughts, I didn't even notice that the stairs had ended. Stepping a leg hard onto the ground, I felt as though I was stepping on air.

At that scare, I lifted my hand and patted my chest. Phew! Fortunately, it was just a step. If I were on the road, I might have lost my life before I even realized it!

Just as I was exulting in the fact that I missed a brush with death, an extended Lincoln slowly came to a stop at the other side of the road. The car door swung open and Nathaniel alighted from the car. From afar, one couldn't find any flaws in his countenance that bore a close resemblance to that of Ashton. Instead, they would presume that he was sure to be a natural gentleman. No one would suspect that beneath the hypocritical facade lay an open Pandora's box. Anyone who drew close to him would only bring infinite calamity upon themselves. He was nothing more than a plague.

I stared at him coldly, having no plans to maintain my superficial calmness. "What kind of fright have you prepared for me today, Mr. Hall?"

Nathaniel stopped before me and flashed me an innocent smile. “You think I’ve got nothing to do every day and that I’m merely racking my brains to think of ways to make your life difficult?”