

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 386-389

Chapter 386

Glaring at Ashton, Hudson feigned a pitiful look. "Mr. Fuller, please, I beg you. You can do whatever you want with me. Just please don't hurt my family."

Ashton continued to remain silent. After a while, Joseph came back with a bag filled with pastries and a glass of fruit juice.

He got someone to bring a table over to me and placed the pastries and the fruit juice neatly on the table. "Mrs. Fuller, please help yourself!"

After that, Joseph immediately turned his gaze toward Ashton and reported, "I've already brought them here. They're outside right now."

Hudson thought that his family was brought here and got furious. He glanced at Ashton with his fiery eyes and uttered, "Ashton, you're an abhorrent piece of sh*t. You said that you weren't going to harm my family if I told you what I know. You mendacious scoundrel!"

Joseph ordered two big strong men to hold him down before replying, "Who told you that the people outside are your family?"

At that moment, the sound of high heels clattering could be heard approaching. The person who was walking in was none other than Sally herself.

It was a warm and cozy day in J City. Although it was only January, the temperature had already risen.

She was wearing a dress paired with shiny high heels, which made her seem classy and elegant.

That being said, her classy attire didn't quite fit into the setting. It made her look out of place.

Following beside her were two men in black suits. She was probably forcefully brought to this place.

After taking a scan around the place, Sally's face turned pale when she saw Ashton. "Ashton, why are you here?"

Ashton stretched his back and gazed at her with his eyebrows raised. "Why can't I be here?"

Seeing how severely hurt Hudson was, Sally suddenly felt queasy and almost fell to the ground.

Ashton pinched his forehead while staring at Hudson. "Repeat what you've just said."

Hudson's facial expression relaxed after he realized it wasn't his family who was being brought here by Joseph. Having calmed down, his train of thoughts became clearer.

"Five days ago, Ms. Fuller gave me a call after taking her annual leave. In the call, she asked me to do a task for her. The award for completing the task was three hundred thousand. Normally, I wouldn't accept a task like this. However, I desperately needed the money to pay off the dowry to my fiancée's parents. If I couldn't pay the dowry, we would have no choice but to abort our baby."

He took a breather before continuing, "My parents are farmers. We struggled to build a house with the meager income they make. Eventually, we ended up borrowing a lot of money. Not to mention, my family obviously wouldn't have three hundred thousand lying around. So, to get three hundred thousand, I promised to do the task."

“What utter nonsense!” Sally was enraged. “I don’t recall ever calling you, much less giving you money. Enough with your false accusations!”

Hudson glared at her. “The money is still in the car. Since you were paranoid of anyone finding the car key, you hid it under the wall surrounding the White residence. Didn’t you tell me all of this yourself? The three hundred thousand were in cash, and you’ve stashed them all inside the Ferrari.”

“The money is still there. You can go and have a look yourself. I’m not lying!”

Ashton stayed silent as he directed his eyes toward Joseph. Joseph then nodded his head before saying, “I’ve checked inside the car. There was indeed three hundred thousand worth of cash inside it. Since the notes weren’t marked, they probably weren’t taken out from the bank. And because of that, I wasn’t able to trace the origin of the money.”

Sally was feeling despondent as he glanced at Ashton. “Ashton, I’m your aunt. There’s no incentive for me to hurt your wife. You know that, right? You can’t just blindly trust what he’s saying.”

Joseph passed his phone over to Ashton and said, “Ms. Fuller here has met Ms. Larson once before in J City.”

After looking at Joseph’s phone, his cold gaze turned toward Sally. “You came to J City in advance?”

Anxious, Sally’s face turned pale white. “I-I came to see my father,” she stuttered.

“Then why did you meet with Rebecca?” Ashton was running out of patience. His eyes were ice-cold.

Sally’s body was shivering as she responded, “She was the one who wanted to meet up. She blackmailed me into tricking Scarlett. If I didn’t comply, she would inform Cameron of the things I did behind her back, which would then lead to a fallout between us.”

“Ha!” Ashton sneered.

A while later, he gazed at me and noticed that I hadn't yet touched the fruit juice and pastries in front of me. "Are they not to your liking?" he queried while frowning.

"No!" I shook my head.

"Are you tired?" He reached out his hand to grab my arm.

I nodded in response. I don't know if we should continue to dig deeper or not. Would doing so further complicate the situation? If the culprit behind all this really was Sally, what would Ashton do?

Not to mention, Rebecca is also now involved in all of this. Since he has such close ties with both Rebecca and Sally, I don't think he could bring himself to hurt them.

Exhausted, I uttered, "Ashton, send me back home."

He took a glance at the two people on the ground before looking at Joseph. "Call the police. We'll leave these two to them."

Having heard his statement, Sally panicked. "Ashton, you don't have any concrete evidence. You can't do this to me."

Ashton glared at her intently. "Don't worry. After the police are done with their investigations, we'll use other alternatives to solve the problem."

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Another method?

In a flash, Cameron went limp, and she collapsed onto the ground helplessly.

After leaving the factory, I got into the car. Then I leaned back against the seat and closed my eyes. Instantly, weariness held me captive.

Out of the blue, a sense of warmth traveled up my palm. I opened my eyes and saw that it was Ashton. Holding my hand, he started the car and comforted me in a cool voice, "Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

However, I merely pursed my lips and said nothing. Who could it be?

Upon returning to the villa, I was a tad drowsy, so Ashton escorted me back to the bedroom. Then, he left some instructions for the confinement nanny before leaving.

After he left, I lay on the bed, feeling extremely sleepy. Yet I just couldn't fall asleep.

Thus, I took out my phone and gave Stacey a call. A few rings later, she picked up the phone.

"Ms. Stovall, are you... okay?" she asked tentatively.

Grunting in affirmation, I then asked, "Have you seen the news?"

"Yeah." Pausing briefly, she then continued, "I've asked a friend to investigate this matter as I can't find anything on my side. The hotel's surveillance footage has been destroyed, so there's no way to investigate further."

Nodding, I inhaled before replying, "There's no need to investigate this further. Rather, find someone to keep an eye on Kristina. If possible, find out whether she has been in contact with Rebecca and Sally lately."

A touch puzzled, she hesitated for a moment before questioning, "Kristina? Why are you investigating her?"

"It's just a hunch that hasn't been verified, so check her out first. I'll tell you the specifics later."

On the other hand, Ashton and John were far swifter than her in investigating all else that was pertinent, for they'd investigated basically everything crucial.

After a long time had passed, she nodded. "Alright, got it!"

After hanging up the phone, I remained on the bed, but still, I couldn't sleep with the myriad of worries assailing me.

I was finally dozing off groggily after having lain there for what seemed an eternity, only to hear a commotion downstairs.

Irritated by the racket, I got out of bed and left the bedroom.

"Have Scarlett Stovall come out at once!" Rebecca roared as though having lost her mind in the living room.

The confinement nanny and the housekeeper tried their best to hold her back, pulling her outside. Even the bodyguards in the villa came rushing over and carried her out.

As I descended the stairs, I drawled, "Is something the matter, Ms. Larson?"

At this, the bodyguards stopped in their tracks though they still restrained Rebecca, who was struggling wildly.

"How could you shove the blame of your accident on me, Scarlett Stovall? You were only set up because someone detests you, so why are you making me the scapegoat?"

She struggled mightily. If it weren't for the fact that the bodyguards had a tight grip on her, she would probably have charged forward and ripped me to shreds.

Upon hearing this, I pursed my lips. "When did I make you the scapegoat?"

"Who else could it be besides you? Ashton wants to send me away, and even my parents don't want me. They all blame me, thinking that it was me who did that to you when I did nothing at all. If it were truly me, I would've ensured that you're dead, no doubt about that!" she sneered.

As she said that, she wanted to rush forward to hit me, but to no avail, since the two burly bodyguards kept her securely restrained.

Just then, a few people tore into the villa. I looked up and saw that it was Cameron and Zachary.

When Cameron saw Rebecca kicking up such a fuss, her control snapped. Striding forward, she swung her hand at her without bothering to ascertain whether she was steady on her feet.

All at once, Rebecca fell to the ground from the blow. She then covered her face and lifted her eyes.

The moment she caught a glimpse of Cameron, her eyes abruptly went red. "Mom, you've never treated me in such a manner! What gives? How could you slap me because of this woman? I'm your daughter!" she exclaimed incredulously.

Nonetheless, Cameron stared at her indifferently. "How did I treat you in the past? You know full well how I treated you, yes? Just look at yourself right now. Look at what you're doing at this moment! Why won't you repent, Rebecca Larson?"

Rebecca abruptly broke down at that. "I didn't do anything wrong, so why should I repent? The whole lot of you are at fault, yet you're all blaming me. Why? I didn't do anything wrong!"

Livid, Cameron wanted to hit her again, but Zachary held her back. "That's enough. Things are already a mess, so don't add to the chaos."

He turned around to take a look at the bodyguard and then ordered, "Help her up and send her back."

The bodyguard went to pull Rebecca up, but she slapped his hand away and bellowed, "Stay away from me! Don't touch me! I didn't do anything to her, so why are you all framing me?"

She pointed her finger at me with stark grievance written all over her face.

Meanwhile, Cameron gazed at her with abhorrence and repulsion in her eyes, her compassionate expression a thing of the past. "Who else could it be if not you? Did you think I'm unaware of the many times you rendezvoused with Sally furtively and the matter you both discussed?"

"Mom!" Tears streamed down Rebecca's face. "Why won't you believe me? My meeting with Sally has nothing to do with Scarlett. If I truly made a move against her, I would've ensured that she's dead. I wouldn't have allowed her a chance to live!"

Slap! Cameron landed a solid slap across her face.

Rebecca gaped at her, her face a mask of incredulity. "Do you remember how many times you've slapped me because of her?"

"Shut up!" Cameron snapped, still as enraged as ever. "If it weren't for you, would she have been hurt time and again? Yet, you're crying here? If I'd known about this, I wouldn't have allowed you to join the Moore family!"

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"That's enough!" Zachary thundered, his gaze ebony. "The result of the investigation is clear as day, and we're also partly responsible for Rebecca's actions. Let's just send her away."

Hearing that, Rebecca stared at him in disbelief. “Dad, I’m your daughter. Where do you want to send me? Don’t you want me anymore?” she wailed at the top of her lungs.

“Listen to me, Rebecca. Neither I nor Cam can protect you when you’ve done such a grievous thing. Besides, Ashton won’t let you off the hook so easily. Sally is his aunt, so he can’t do anything to her, but it’s different with you. Despite his promise to your brother, no one can guarantee that he’ll spare you. The Moore family can’t take any more hits. Hence, if you don’t leave, neither we nor the Moore family will be able to withstand this disaster. Louis Stovall will do everything in his power to attack the Moore family, so everyone will be destroyed at that time!”

Rebecca shook her head as tears poured down her cheeks. “No, it wasn’t me. I don’t have the ability to do that, and how could I possibly be so stupid? I would’ve just killed her off.”

As she was dragged out of the villa by the two bodyguards, I suddenly blurted, “Don’t give her hell anymore. Perhaps it truly wasn’t her doing.”

Both Cameron and Zachary were momentarily taken aback. Staring at me, they started, “Ms. Stovall, you don’t need to...”

“I’m not trying to help her,” I asserted. “Ashton, Louis, and even the Moore family couldn’t find anything about the man in the hotel room. Do you think Ms. Larson has the ability to do as much?”

I know better than anyone that Rebecca Larson hates me and wants me dead, but there are too many uncertainties in this matter. Hudson claimed that it was Sally who phoned and paid him, but he never had direct contact with her, nor had he ever heard her say all that personally.

Everything hinges on the phone, but a person’s voice can be changed, and the phone could’ve been borrowed or lost. If someone had done something here, there’s no way to ascertain it. Furthermore, the man in the room had also told Hudson that he’s very mysterious.

Upon hearing this, both Cameron and Zachary went silent. Pausing for a moment, they looked at me and murmured, "Ms. Stovall, you..."

"Just go back first. After all, a decision can't be made before the matter is cleared up."

"Stop feigning kindness, Scarlett Stovall. Don't think I'm unaware that you were fooling around out there because you were feeling lonely. Yet, you're now shifting the blame on me to cover up your misdeed. How shameless!" Rebecca lambasted me harshly.

At this, Zachary motioned to the bodyguards to take her away with slight distaste. Then, he cast a glance at me, but in the end, he left without saying a single word.

As Cameron looked at me, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "Rest well and don't worry. The cops will investigate this matter."

However, I didn't respond to that. My drowsiness was all but gone, so I wearily sat in the living room after seeing them off.

"Madam, Mr. Ashton called and asked what you would like to eat tonight. He said he'll bring it back for you later," the confinement nanny remarked while walking towards me.

Frowning, I shook my head. "It's okay. I'll be going out in a while."

The confinement nanny was just about to counter, but she then swallowed her words when she saw my grim expression.

After sitting in the living room for some time, I gave John a call and asked him to accompany me to the police station.

John drove over and waited for me outside the villa. To my surprise, he drove a very low-key Mercedes-Benz.

Hence, after climbing into the car, I couldn't help but ask, "Why are you so low-profile all of a sudden?"

Starting the car, he answered, "If I'm too ostentatious, it'll bring Uncle Louis trouble."

At this, I shrugged without commenting further. I threw him a glance and then queried, "Can you find out the grudge between Ashton and Jared?"

Upon hearing this, he frowned. "A grudge? Aren't they good friends? What grudge do they have?"

"Just investigate it for a bit. I don't know the specifics either." I can't think of any valid reason for Rebecca or Sally to deal me such a lethal blow, so they may have been unwittingly dragged into this as scapegoats when the real target is Ashton.

He nodded with his brows furrowed. "Alright, I'll check it out."

Meanwhile, at the police station...

Stacey, who was waiting at the entrance, was slightly stunned upon seeing John with me. Stepping forward, she tugged at me and whispered, "Ms. Stovall!"

She seemed a tad apprehensive, and her nervousness was for no reason other than the fact that she needed to talk to Felix later.

Patting her hand, I comforted her while murmuring, "It's fine. Just talk to him for a bit and treat it as bidding him farewell."

When the police had escorted her into the visiting room, John looked at me and demanded, "You asked me here just to be your driver?"

"Is there a problem?"

At this, he pursed his lips, having rendered speechless. “Nope!” After a brief pause, he noted, “There’s basically nothing to be gained from Felix, so don’t waste your energy on him. Rather, you might get something from Sally.”

I frowned as a mild headache assailed me. “Still, I’ve got to try.” Then, I questioned in a slightly irritable voice, “Is the DNA result out?”

He was startled for a moment before replying, “Yes, but procedures dictate that the result will be collected by Ashton.”

“Can’t I collect it myself when I’m the victim here?” I stared at him with my brows creased.

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Pursing his lips, John narrowed his eyes slightly. “You want to investigate the matter by yourself?”

“I just want to know the result. Or are you saying that I can’t even know who hurt me?” I retorted mildly.

He stared at me intently. After a long time, he sighed and ordered, “Wait for me. I’ll go check it out.”

He’d just left when Stacey came out. She looked at me and was just about to speak when I interrupted her.

“It’s rather late now, so let’s eat together another day.”

She was momentarily taken aback before noticing that John was making his way back. Looking at me, she nodded and answered, “Sure. Thank you for getting me in today.” As she said this, she looked over her shoulder at John and murmured, “Thank you, Mr. Stovall.”

John shrugged. "Why are you thanking me? It's no big deal. It's quite late now, so let's go and have dinner together."

"No, it's okay. I still have to rush back to the countryside, so you two go ahead. Please excuse me." After saying that, Stacey left.

John looked at me with pursed lips. "Your subordinate has the same temperament as you. So, what would you like to eat?"

"Anything." I slipped into the car after replying him. Then, I turned my gaze on him and asked, "Is the DNA report out?"

At this, he nodded. "It doesn't match Hudson's, so they're currently still investigating the matter."

"I know it's not Hudson's. I just want to know the identity of the man at the hotel, for he might have planned this entire incident. I'm guessing that Rebecca and Sally are likely scapegoats."

At this moment, my phone vibrated with a text message from Stacey, but I merely glanced at it before closing it.

As John drove in the direction of the city center, the sky had already grown dark. "Both Uncle Louis and I will investigate this matter, so don't fixate on it. Take good care of yourself instead. Jackson said your depression has gotten worse. If you truly can't stand staying at Peakville Estate, just move in with me and Uncle Louis. I don't like that b*stard, Ashton, anyway, so you can just remain the pampered daughter of the Stovall family, and I'll support you for the rest of your life."

All at once, I giggled. "I'm only twenty-six years old, yet I can just laze around and do nothing?"

"Of course. With the Stovall family's wealth and my assets, it's not a problem even if you were to fritter a few million a day. After all, there's infinite money for you to splurge."

I chuckled, "Summer is probably the most blessed child in this world. The moment she's born, her grandfather and uncle have made all arrangements for her."

At this, he arched an eyebrow. "That's for sure. After all, look who her uncle is." After a brief pause, he shifted his gaze to me, turning serious. "Are you not planning to have your own child?" he queried.

Taken aback, I instantly clenched my hands tightly, at a loss for words.

After a long silence, I inhaled and muttered, "We shall see." Some heartache is more than enough to have just experienced it once in a lifetime. When my child left, I never thought of having another child, for that terror will plague me for the rest of my life!

"Makes sense. With Summer to keep you company, it doesn't matter whether you have your own child in the future."

I nodded even my heart clenched. Recently, I seem to be getting increasingly irritable, and I can't even control my emotions at times.

The car then came to a stop before a restaurant in the city center, whereupon a parking valet came up to help park the car.

Throwing the car key at him, John took my hand and led me into the restaurant.

Perhaps his looks were too outstanding that countless gazes swung our way the moment we stepped into the restaurant. Even whispers drifted into the air from time to time.

With a grim expression, John dragged me into a private room hastily. After ordering, he looked at me and remarked, "You've lost much weight from breastfeeding Summer recently, so you've got to fatten up."

I flashed him a smile even as a wave of misery flooded me, for I'd heard the whispers when we came in.

It wasn't John they were staring at, but me. I'd almost forgotten that Ashton was a renowned young entrepreneur in J City, and news of his wife messing around with another man in the hotel hadn't been suppressed yet.

Thus, the fact that I'm making an appearance here with John was making imaginations run all the wilder! News of me being a sl*t is most likely making headlines every single day!

"What are you thinking?" John knocked my head even as he drawled in exasperation, "Stop spacing out. The food will be served soon."

I nodded in acquiescence.

Upon noticing my dour expression, his brows furrowed. "Scarlett, someone who's overly concerned by others' perception and opinions can never go far. Look at the celebrities out there. Which of them aren't disparaged and condemned with scathing comments? Besides, we all know the truth of this matter. Listen to me and don't take it to heart, okay?"

"I'm fine. I just feel like eating a lobster. Do they have lobsters here?" I mused as I snagged the menu.

John propped a hand against his forehead in exasperation. After staring at me for a long while, he declared, "Alright, I'll go out and get you some lobster, but you've got to pander to me in the future!"

He then got up and left. In the meantime, I remained sitting in the private room, my mind a chaotic mess. How could I possibly not bother? I'm human, not a robot! No matter how calm and unruffled I pretend to be in some matters, there's simply a thorn stuck in my flesh at the end of the day!

"Tsk-tsk. Your life is rather colorful, Ms. Stovall." Joe's voice sounded out of nowhere – his appearance was quite the surprise.

