

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 403-406

## Chapter 403

He replied, "The signing ceremony. What is it?"

Worried that I was disturbing, I murmured, "Nothing, just calling for no particular reason. I'll call you back later."

Before I ended the call, he added, "It's no problem at all. Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Can you get me a new set of clothes? I'm going out to meet a friend."

"Sure," he answered before hesitating a moment. "Who are you going out with?"

"Someone I met on the plane. You don't know her but don't worry. I will be careful."

After a brief silence, he replied, "Alright, remember to drop me a message when you go out. Also, send me the address so that I can pick you up."

I grunted in acknowledgment and ended the call.

Not long after, someone knocked on the room door. It was Joseph.

His expression was as icy as usual. When he saw me open the door, he explained, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller had me bring these clothes for you."

I nodded and received them. "Thank you!"

He left after acknowledging my thanks.

Back in the room, I got myself changed.

Soon, Camelia gave me a call, informing me that she was in the hotel lobby.

Once I was ready, I headed downstairs where I was stunned to see a black Bentley parked at the hotel entrance.

As the window went down, I saw Marcus coldly looking in my direction.

Feeling familiar and distant at the same time, I wondered if he was the same Marcus that I knew.

"Scarlett!" Camelia who was sitting at the front passenger seat called out. "Quick, get in!"

After regaining my senses, I got into the car.

"What were you spacing out for? You didn't respond to my repeated calls." Camelia turned to the man beside her and introduced, "This is my fiancé, Marcus White. On my way to see you, he coincidentally finished work. I hope you don't mind him joining us?"

Still gaping from the shock just now, I shook my head. "No... Not at all."

The moment I saw Marcus, I suppressed the burning questions I had as Camelia was present.

At the restaurant.

Camelia seemed to be in a good mood. She held Marcus' hand and suggested, "Marcus, why don't you order? I always enjoy whatever you choose."

Marcus plainly grunted and raised his eyebrow at me. "Ms. Stovall, what would you like to have?"

"I'm fine with anything," I replied. Faced with someone I thought was dead and watching him act as if nothing happened, I couldn't even begin to describe what I was feeling.

Throughout the dinner, Camelia had a lot to say. However, Marcus' responses always lacked enthusiasm. As I didn't have much of an appetite, I hardly touched the food.

"Don't you like the food, Ms. Stovall?" Marcus asked in a distant tone.

Surprised, I shook my head at him. "Oh no, I just had dinner at the hotel before I came, that's all."

Raising his eyebrows, Marcus pointed out the elephant in the room. "Ms. Stovall, you seem to be afraid of me."

Stunned, I exchanged glances with him before I shook my head. "No, Mr. White..."

"That's right. I noticed it too, Scarlett. When you saw Marcus, your face lost all color. What's wrong?" Camelia asked inquisitively.

Won't you also be afraid to see someone rise from the dead in front of you?

Suppressing my emotions, I shook my head. "It's not that. I'm just feeling under the weather. Why don't both of you go ahead? I'll take my leave first."

Just as I spoke, I stood up and prepared to go.

However, Marcus blocked my way. He was a whole head taller than me. As his gaze deepened, he gave Camelia a sullen look. “Camelia, go and get the bill. I’ll escort Ms. Stovall out.”

Slightly stunned, Camelia nodded and complied.

Pursing my lips, I sidestepped him and headed for the exit. He followed me from behind without saying a word.

Outside the restaurant, I raised my hand to hail a cab while he stood beside me in silence.

Suddenly, my phone rang. When I answered, I realized it was Ashton. “Where are you? Are you coming back? I’ll come to pick you up.”

“I-I will be back in a short while. You don’t have to come.” I wasn’t sure how Ashton would react if he saw Marcus, hence I chose to lie to him.

The voice over the line fell silent. “Alright, I’ll wait for you at the hotel.”

After ending the call, I stared at the oncoming cars with only a single thought in mind—return to the hotel as soon as possible.

“It’s not easy to get a cab here. Why don’t I give you a lift?” Marcus finally spoke after a long silence.

“No, thank you.”

“Huh,” Marcus sneered. “Scarlett, this isn’t like you—to ask no questions.”

I pursed my lips. "Mr. White, lying is the worst of all sins between men."

"Lying?" He scoffed, "Since when did I lie to you?"

I didn't reply. When the cab arrived, I got in and gave the driver my hotel's address.

## **Chapter 404**

By the time Camelia came out, the cab was already long gone. All she saw was Marcus frowning in frustration.

I didn't want to know what happened to Marcus after the accident. Since we were leading our own separate lives, I felt it better to keep it that way.

What I was angriest about was how he treated everyone else like fools. Perhaps he saw himself as the audience who was watching the drama unfold.

Back at the hotel, I saw Ashton waiting for me in the lobby. He was dressed in a sharp black suit and polished black shoes. With a hand in his pocket, he was standing upright in the hotel lobby.

Standing there, my heart was filled with a myriad of emotions. Should tell him about Marcus?

He, too, saw me and took a stride in my direction. As I watch him approach, I was suddenly reminded of the Sun.

Before I could even say a word, he pulled me into his embrace.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and buried my cheeks in his chest. Taking in the scent of his cologne, I managed to calm myself down. With my eyes closed, I called out softly, "Hubby!"

Jolted, he tightened his arms around me. "What happened?"

I shook my head. "Nothing."

As there were many passersby in the hotel, they would stare at us. Hence, Ashton led me back into the hotel room.

Back in the room, I saw the dining table filled with food from back home. Taking off my jacket, I couldn't help but look at him. "Have you not had dinner?"

He smiled faintly. "I was waiting for you to have it together."

I was stunned. "You know that I would have eaten while I was out."

Grunting in acknowledgment, he settled me into my seat and served me food. He explained in a gentle voice, "I know you don't like the food here. So, you must be hungry when you return."

Camelia did take me out for local food, but I looked at him, stunned. "How did you know I went out for local food?"

The food on the table felt like it had just arrived as it was still warm. After serving me, he took a bite himself and replied plainly, "There's a bodyguard watching out for you."

Because of what happened last time, he had arranged for bodyguards to be by my side. I was aware of it but had gradually forgotten about that fact.

After a brief silence, I looked at him. "Did you see him?"

Ashton raised his eyebrows with an indifferent gaze. "Who?"

"Marcus!"

He grunted in acknowledgment as if it didn't matter. "Let's eat. Or else the food will get cold."

With that, I buried myself in the food and didn't discuss the matter further.

After dinner, it was already late. Ashton looked busy as his phone rang incessantly.

When the hotel staff came to collect the food, I was lazing on the sofa watching TV. However, I couldn't focus at all.

After he ended his call, he took a seat beside me and pulled me into his embrace. He asked in a gentle tone, "Do you want to go for a walk?"

I shook my head. "What's wrong?"

He smiled plainly. "I was worried you might get indigestion. Or perhaps we can try some other form of exercise."

"Let's go!" Getting up, he tried to pull me toward the bed.

"No, I want to watch TV!" I protested while keeping my eyes on the TV.

Bringing his lips close to my ear, he whispered, "We are going back to J City tomorrow. Don't you want to go out for a walk?"

"No, I don't."

I didn't feel like going out as I had just returned and it was cold outside. Although I know he meant well, I really didn't feel like it.

Given how lazy I was, he decided to let me be and returned to his work. I laid myself in bed to finish my book as my aching back was still killing me.

Perhaps I had exposed myself to the cold for too long, my back felt exceptionally sore. I tried to massage it with my hands from behind, but it felt awkward to do so.

Ashton got up and came to my side. "Where does it hurt?"

"My back. It's really sore!" He massaged the part underneath my scapula and asked, "Is it here?"

"Closer to the center."

Probably because he had not done this for a lady before, he didn't mind his strength when he massaged me.

Hence, his force aggravated the pain, causing me to flinch. Chucking my book away, I glared at him. "Do you think you're kneading dough?"

He couldn't help but laugh. "Did I hurt you?"

I pursed my lips. "What do you think?"

Reaching out, he pulled me back into his embrace and grunted, "Why don't we try again?"



Why does he make it sound so provocative?

I tried to push him away but to no avail. His hug was too tight to break away from.

Noticing the physiological change in him, I couldn't help but glare at him. "Ashton, you..."

"I can't help it."

How brazen can he be?

Pursing my lips, I kept a lid on my anger and snapped, "Dr. Crest said that if you don't discipline yourself, you will inadvertently destroy it."

He protested with a faint smile, "But it's not within my control!"

## **Chapter 405**

I tried to push him away and told him sternly, "Be good and turn in early. We still have a long journey back to J City tomorrow."

He did not budge and continued to keep me inside of his embrace.

"No funny business, Ashton!"

The man held on, but stopped misbehaving.

We stayed that way for a while more before he made his way into the washroom. He looked more like himself after he reemerged.

Perhaps it was his presence, that enabled me to sleep soundly. I awoke the next morning, greeted by an M Country shrouded by thick layers of snow.

I had half-expected that the flight would be delayed, but my concerns proved to be unfounded.

Joe did not seem happy to see me at the airport with my hand in Ashton's. "You both are together twenty-four seven and could not even be apart for just a few days' work-trip. You're practically joined at the hips. Anyone would have mistaken you for Ashton's mistress had they not known any better."

My lips were pursed in embarrassment.

Ashton shot him a look. "If you have so much energy to expend, might as well use it to find yourself a wife."

Joe pulled a long face before he turned to collect the air tickets.

Ashton led me straight to the boarding gate. The timing of our arrival was perfect as we did not need to wait long.

Once inside, we made our way to the spacious seats in first-class. He then asked the flight attendant for a blanket. Concerned that I might be bored, he had also the screen for in-flight entertainment lowered.

The man wrapped his arms around me while his body laid next to mine. "The flight would take ten over hours. Is there anything you would like to see?"

I was not much into show binging, but one particular series did come to mind. It was one that Macy would stay up all night to watch during our college days.

“Shall we watch some Koandrian drama? How about this one?”

His brows perked up. “Well, sure!”

We located the title on the menu and started from the first episode. It was a rarity that he would watch it with me, so I was not bored at all.

Joe looked a little miffed when he entered. “Go home and get a room, you two. Mind you, this is a public space!”

Gianna Jun had just encountered Professor Do in the elevator when I redirected my attention onto Joe. “We’re watching a Koandrian drama. Would you like to join us?”

Joe’s gaze fell upon Ashton as he twitched his lips. “You are done for, Ashton.”

Ashton lifted his eyes into a glare. “Stop bothering us if you aren’t going to watch!”

Joe offered no retort.

The man must have gotten bored himself after we took to the air, as he too turned on his own screen. He looked sideways at me and asked, “What are you watching?”

“My Love From The Star,” went Ashton’s quick reply.

That made Joe pause.

“A human falling for an alien? No way this is going to end well.” His cynicism did not prevent him from searching for it.

Perhaps the ability to keep ourselves entertained made it easier to pass the time over the ten-over-hour journey. Soon, we were almost reaching J City.

It was timely too, as the scene where Professor Do was preparing to depart had me choking up.

Ashton passed along a piece of tissue. "Don't worry. They'll be together in the end."

I looked up at him with eyes reddened. "How do you know that?"

He raised an eyebrow. "That's how these stories always end."

That had me positively flabbergasted.

At the J City airport.

It was into the wee hours when we stepped outside the terminal. As my eyes were glued to the screen throughout the flight, I found myself overwhelmed by fatigue.

Ashton had already arranged transport beforehand. I could barely keep my eyes open when we got in, so he held me close and motioned for me to rest.

I had no idea how we got to Peakville Estate.

When I came to the next morning, he was not beside me, and it became chilly under the sheets.

I got out of bed and freshened up.

Downstairs, Mrs. Eriksen was busying herself as usual. The sun would usually rise around seven or eight in J City, and with it, came the moderation of the temperature.

“Oh, you’re up, Letty. Come help yourself to some breakfast while it’s still hot.” Mrs. Eriksen hummed a little tune while she cleaned the table.

Settling myself down to sample the food, I found them quite appetizing.

Most of the major companies had begun to wrap up for the year. Richard sent quite a few messages to ask when I would be returning to K City.

With the upcoming product launch just around the corner, I suppose I ought to head back within the next two days.

“At what time did Ashton leave the house this morning, Mrs. Eriksen?” I asked as I had another spoonful of soup.

“As soon as dawn broke. He left in quite a hurry too.” She paused briefly while she looked at me. “I’ve learned just a few days ago that it would seem that we are mistaken. Rebecca isn’t actually from the Moore family.”

I was stunned. Is this the reason why Ashton went out?

I did not probe further. My initial plan was to return to K City together with Summer, but I had to leave her in Jackson’s care as I had not been feeling well.

At Glenwood residential area.

Nick was in the kitchen when I arrived. Jackson approached me with Summer in his arms. “I thought you’ve gone and bailed on me. Some mother you are.”

That left me a little apologetic. “I’ve just returned from M Country last night. How has Summer been these few days? Has she been a good girl?”

He nodded and passed her along when he saw the girl extend her arms toward me. "This little imp would not drink from a bottle after she had a taste of breast milk."

Summer indeed felt lighter in my arms. I settled down on the couch and watched as Nick focused on his task.

## **Chapter 406**

Turning to Jackson, I asked, "Are you planning to go back to K City?"

"Are you?" he frowned as he countered my question with one of his own.

"The White Corporation has an upcoming product launch that I've been overseeing. It doesn't seem right for me to stay away."

His gaze shifted onto Summer. "Do you plan to take her with you to stay in K City?"

"Yup!"

He fell silent before he looked to Nick. "How about you?"

Nick stilled his hands and turned to regard me. "Both Harrison Credit and my family are in J City. If I'm going to be in K City, it'll only be for work."

PlayvolumeAd

He appeared thoughtful before he continued, "You could resign from White Corporation and come back to J City. The Fuller Corporation is almost completely managed by outsiders currently. Since you are the young lady of the house of Fuller, it should not be controversial for you to take over the reins at the company."

I pursed my lips and wanted to turn him down, but he carried on, "Ashton has a lot of ambition, but J City is both Fuller Corporation's place of origin as well as its base of power. It would be preferable for it to be in the hands of family."

I gave it some more thought before I replied, "The reason why I left Fuller Corporation was because of failure. If I want to make a return now, I'd have to demonstrate that I'm able to deliver outcomes first. The AI development in White Corporation is in my charge. If I were to leave before we see results, how would that be different from my departure from Fuller Corporation in the first place?"

"So, what's your plan then?"

"I would like to wait to see the results of the AI market. That aside, I've met Marcus." I felt a tug at my sleeve and looked down at Summer. She must be hungry.

Nick's brow's knitted. "You mean Benjamin's only son?"

I nodded.

Jackson was confounded. "Didn't he die in a car accident?"

"I saw him in M Country. I'm not sure what's going on as I have no idea what really happened to him back then either."

With that, I carried Summer into the room to feed her.

I spent the rest of my day there without incident.

My intention was to ferry Summer over to Peakville Estate, but Jackson did not feel safe having me alone at the wheel. It was agreed then that I should return with Ashton for her on another day.

The sky was still bright after I left the apartment, so I decided to head over to the cemetery to visit George, Grandma, and Macy.

My car got stuck in traffic en-route. Fortunately, I was not trapped on the freeway.

As it had not cleared up after quite a while, a number of drivers alighted to investigate.

One of those who came back sighed in resignation. "It's pretty bad up ahead. The youngsters these days are so reckless. There was even a heavily pregnant woman in the car. It was a real close call for her."

"The Maybach's driver is in his twenties and doesn't look like some ordinary spoiled brat. I'd say sloppy driving is what it was. It looks like we might be stuck here for a while," another chimed in.

With a quick glance at the time, I reckoned that I would not be able to make it to the cemetery when this was resolved.

With little else to do, I got off the car. In the corner of my eye, I spied the vehicle at the heart of the accident. It was a black Maybach.

The number plate struck me as oddly familiar.

An alarm went off in my head when I realized that it belonged to Ashton. My legs gave way beneath me and left me slumped onto the floor.

"Are you alright, Miss?" An onlooking cab driver reached over and helped me up.



He massaged my temples with his thumb and that offered some relief.

I blinked as I looked at him. "Thank you!"

"You're welcome." He continued to support me. "Do you have low blood sugar? Do you need me to send you to the hospital?"

Shaking my head, I replied, "I think I'm okay now. Thank you."

I steadied myself as I trudged forward.

Because the congestion went on for some distance, the accident area was packed with onlookers, which impeded the ambulance's advancement.

I waded in through the crowd.

Amongst them, I spotted a man in a crisp black suit. He had a solemn look as he stood protectively over the woman next to him. With his cellphone in hand, he appeared to be seeking emergency services.

The ground was saturated with blood from the conceiving woman. There was someone administering aid to her and other medically trained personnel helping to clear out the crowd on site.

My gaze fell upon the heavily pregnant woman's bloated belly. The trail of crimson extended onto her legs. The sight jolted like a bolt of lightning.

I subconsciously held a hand over my own abdomen which was suddenly hit by spasms, and slowly backed away.

Ashton, who was on the phone, appeared to have seen me. His eyes darkened as he approached.

The color fell from Rebecca's face behind him.

"What are you doing here?"

My abdomen hurt so much that I furrowed. "I was just passing through. Are you alright?"

He shook his head and lifted me into a cradle in his arms when he saw how pallid I was. "Where's your car?"

"Back there."

Once inside my car, I managed to recover a little to my own relief.

"Why are you hurting all of a sudden?" he asked.

