

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 423-426

## Chapter 423

I coldly stared at her while suppressing my rage.

“Scarlett, if you kneel and beg for my forgiveness, I might consider letting you off for hurting me and let you continue working in the hotel. Else...”

“Else what?” I asked.

She scoffed, “Else, your daughter would be the one to suffer.”

I frowned. Being youthful was supposed to be a beautiful thing, but she just made it really annoying.

My gaze fell on the man behind her. “You can try.”

Her temper sparked from my remark and said, “Alec, David, did you hear what she just said? Show her what you’re capable of. I want to see if she’s still haughty then?”

Status was everything in this tiny city. There weren’t many wealthy people here. Even if there were, they wouldn’t even concern themselves with these folks.

Joyce’s arrogance was partly attributed to her father’s position. He had maintained his position for so many years that he was considered the local tyrant.

Seeing the two men approached me, my brows snapped together, and I scoffed, "Joyce, didn't you investigate one's background first before you offend the person?"

Joyce sneered, "Investigate? What is there to investigate about you? You're just a nobody."

I pulled out my phone and called Louis while keeping my gaze on her. "I've warned you before. Because of you, your father would lose his position, and you deserve it."

Her face darkened at my warning, then she ordered angrily, "I want her dead!"

Once the call connected, Louis asked, "Scarlett, did something happen?"

I pressed my lips together and answered, "Uncle Louis, the R Province's county mayor Stanley oppresses and exploits its residents. He pocketed the funds used to alleviate poverty. Please send someone here to investigate!"

Louis grunted in acknowledgment and reconfirmed, "Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine. They wouldn't dare to do anything to me!"

He continued, "I'll drop by later tonight, so be sure to take care of yourself. Leave the rest to me."

I nodded and ended the call.

Joyce paused briefly, then scoffed, "Scarlett, didn't you only have a mother who's in dire straits. Why are you acting like some rich man's daughter?"

She demanded, "Alec, David, take her to a desolate area and torture her. Don't worry if she dies in the process. I'll bear the responsibility."

Alec and David still had their wits about them. They stared at me with hesitation and asked, "What's your family name?"

I arched a brow. "Stovall. Didn't Joyce tell you my name?"

The two men were dumbfounded and exchanged glances. "We know there's a Louis Stovall among the higher-ups. We even met him the other day when Uncle Stanley went to the city for a meeting. I heard that he was going to be promoted again."

Joyce mocked, "Oh please! She has been in R Province for four years. If she really does have connections with some powerful figure, she wouldn't have stayed here all these while with no visitors."

"It looks like you won't believe it until you see it."

The voice came from Joseph, who was leaving the hotel, followed by Ashton. The latter's eyes were cold.

Joyce was taken aback by their appearance. "Mr. Fuller and Mr. Campbell!"

Ashton didn't spare a glance at her and instead focused his gaze on me. "Are you feeling better now?"

I only nodded in reply.

Joseph glanced at the two brawny men by my side. "It would be best for the both of you to quickly apologize and return home to discuss a way out of this mess."

Both men were not dumb. They noticed Ashton had an elegance, similar to those born in upper-class families.

They hung their heads and swiftly apologized. “Ms. Stovall, sorry for the trouble. We hope that you could forgive us and let it be water under the bridge.”

“Leave!” said Joseph as he waved his hand dismissively.

Before they left, both men persuaded, “Joyce, don’t do anything rash. You better hurry home as well!”

Joyce’s face turned red with rage. “Scarlett, aren’t you just good at seducing men? Maybe...”

I wasn’t in the mood to fight with her, so I ignored her and entered the hotel, but she held on to me, not letting me leave. “Why are you running? Didn’t you say you know someone powerful? Well, where is he? Aren’t you going to investigate my father? I’m waiting!”

My brows drew together, and I fixed my gaze at her. “Ms. Newton, I was curious from the start as to why a county mayor’s daughter was working the front desk in a hotel. But now I understand. Your father is smart enough to know you’re dumb. So, instead of letting you hold any important position, he asked you to work here. Else, his future would’ve been shot.”

## **Chapter 424**

“You...” I pushed her away then headed straight for my office in the hotel.

Finally, it was afternoon.

There was no more trouble from Joyce since the morning. It could be that she had left work early due to being in a bad mood.

Deep in thought, I didn't notice Joseph standing at the entrance to my office until I heard the excited screams from my female colleagues.

"Ms. Stovall, may we speak in private?" inquired Joseph.

I felt the prying glances from all around me, so I nodded uneasily. "Sure!"

We left my office and came to a quiet area. "Mr. Campbell, is there anything I can help you with?"

He pressed his lips into a thin line. "Mr. Fuller wishes to see you."

I instinctively wanted to reject but nodded after some hesitation. "Where is he?"

"The hotel's parking lot!"

I nodded. "Okay!"

When he saw me walking back towards my office, he continued, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller is already waiting for you downstairs."

I turned to look at him silently before saying, "I know. I need to get my purse."

Baffled by my answer, he acknowledged, "Then I will wait for you here."

"Fine by me."

These two had worked together for many years, so their behaviors were getting more and more similar.

Once I had my purse with me and exited my office. He let out a relieved sigh. He acted as if I would turn around and leave right away.

Moments later, we arrived at the parking lot.

When Joseph noticed the door to the black Mercedes-Benz was left open, he immediately turned and left with a feeble excuse.

I got in the car and saw Ashton was reading a document intently and elegantly.

“It’s two o’clock. I still have to work later,” I reminded.

He paused briefly, snapped the document closed, and focused his gaze on me. “After lunch, I’ll send you back here.”

R Province was small, so there weren’t many good-quality restaurants around. However, Ashton managed to find one and a Chinese one at that.

Since it was pre-booked, once Ashton and I were seated, the dishes were served promptly.

I glanced disinterestedly at the view outside through the window. Time passed by so fast, and it was already July. Soon, summer would end in a blink of an eye.

He kept silent and placed some food on my plate. He halted once my plate was full.

He glanced at me and said, “Try it. These are all your favorite.”

I lowered my gaze, looking at the table. Indeed as he said, all of them used to be my favorite dishes.

However, as time passed and people changed, my taste changed after I had left J City. So I sat still, staring at him, and said, "Spicy food is bad for health, so I've adapted to a light diet."

Since young, Summer wasn't able to eat spicy food, so I stopped eating too. I would even skip garlic and ginger in my cooking because they would be spicy.

He gulped to keep his emotions in check. After a while, he nodded and said gently, "I'll change the food!"

He waved down a waiter and asked for all the dishes to be changed to light food.

I wanted to stop him but felt that it wasn't necessary, so I stared indifferently at him and let out a sigh.

The waiter served new dishes and changed the plates. He continued to place food on my plate. "Eat more. You seemed thinner."

My mouth set in a hard line. I stared at the mountain of food on my plate without any appetite.

Four years had passed, and I became more taciturn. In the past, I would have taken the initiative to ask him for my purpose here.

But now, I didn't want to talk much, so I ate in silence.

He placed a glass of water in front of me. "Eat slowly. There's no rush."

I lowered my gaze in silence.

Half an hour had passed when lunch ended. He didn't touch any of the food, only stared as I ate.

When I put down my cutlery, he questioned, "Finished?"

I nodded and wiped my mouth.

I noticed the time was already half past one. "Thank you for the meal. It's late now, so I have to return to work."

I excused myself from the table and left the restaurant.

I wasn't acting cold towards him, nor was I pushing him away. I only wanted to leave the past, in the past.

He followed me out. "Let me send you back."

I nodded because flagging down a taxi in R Province was difficult.

The whole car trip back was silent.

He noticed that I had no intention to speak, so he spoke up. "Let me handle Joyce. You only need to focus on your job."

My brows knitted into a frown. "There's no need!" I already got Uncle Louis to help, so I didn't need to involve Ashton.

Moreover, Louis was investigating corruption cases all over the country, so I was only helping him.

Ashton lowered his gaze and didn't reply further.

Once we reached the hotel, I said, "Thanks for the ride!"



He nodded, being the gentlemen he was, and kept his good manner and elegance.

Louis arrived shortly at the hotel at five in the evening. An hour later, the county mayor and mayors of neighboring cities arrived one after another as well.

## **Chapter 425**

They were joined by a few local wealthy businessmen.

Louis arranged for someone to run a check on the county mayor and dismissed the rest.

He glanced at me and sighed, "Scarlett, you've gotten thinner."

I smiled faintly. "Are you hungry? Why don't you come over for dinner? You can visit Summer as well."

He chuckled, "I thought you would never ask! I'll be more than willing to join you."

I gave a vague smile. "I hope the food would be to your liking!"

He frowned. "Scarlett, what are you talking about? You are registered under the Stovall family register, so you're my daughter. Since when did our relationship distance to this extent?"

And so I brought him to my house.

Earlier, I had asked Colin to help pick Summer up. When Louis and I arrived, Colin and Summer were already home.

Summer lifted her head and stared at Louis. "Uncle, I've seen you on Mommy's phone before."

Louis and I were bewildered by her remark. "Do you recognize me then?"

Summer nodded. "Yes, you catch bad guys."

I quickly realized that she probably saw Louis in the news because, at times, I would pay special attention to K City's happenings when I watched the evening news, so naturally, Louis would appear then.

Summer had an excellent memory, so it wasn't unusual for her to remember him.

Holding on to Summer, I said, "Summer, let's be polite and call grandpa."

Summer lifted her head again to look at Louis. "Grandpa, could you help me catch bad guys?"

Louis bent down slightly and said, "Who is the bad guy you need me to catch?"

Summer thought about it for a while and answered, "The bad guy in Mr. Johnson's hotel always scolds my mommy. She also calls me a bastard."

Children were pure in nature. I had brought Summer to the hotel for housekeeping before because I was worried about leaving her alone at home. We would occasionally bump into Joyce, and she would even curse at children.

I thought that Summer wouldn't remember such a minor detail, so I wasn't expecting her to expose Joyce under such circumstances.

I smiled as I held on to Summer. "Summer, grandpa is here for dinner today, not for work. So catching bad guys would have to wait. I'm going to give you a small task. Why don't you and Michael bring grandpa to the back and see what he likes and bring those back?"

Summer nodded. "Sure, mommy!"

She paused briefly as if she remembered something and tugged Louis. "Grandpa, let's go. The grapes Mommy grew around the fence are ripe now. Let's pluck them."

Summer had forgotten all about catching bad guys and was already tugging Louis to the back.

Colin noticed my unusual mood. "You're Louis Stovall's daughter?"

How should I explain this?

"Four years ago, he acknowledged me as his daughter by fate. So yeah, I'm his daughter."

He went silent and didn't pursue further.

The optimal relationship between people was by maintaining a polite distance and not probe for one's secrets.

Mid-way through dinner, the doorbell rang.

Being the active little girl Summer was, she ran to get the door once she heard the bell rang. I got up and followed her.

Summer's words reached me before I could understand the situation. "Mommy, there is a bad guy outside our door!"

I jumped in shock and rushed towards Summer. I saw Joyce barging in with red, puffy eyes and a haggard look.

Before I could react, Joyce dashed towards me. She held on to me and knelt.

She sobbed. "Scarlett, it is all my fault. My father is innocent, so do whatever you want to me, but please let me father go."

Hearing her words, I was able to guess what happened. Louis was efficient in his work, and there weren't many who would doubt his decisions.

I thought the investigation would take place the next morning since Louis had just arrived at R Province.

Just a few hours had passed, and Joyce was on her knees begging in front of me.

I pursed my lips while I removed her hand and took a few steps back to keep my distance from her. "Ms. Newton, I think you're mistaken. Why are you on your knees begging me for help here? This is not a church or temple."

Hearing the commotion, Louis and Colin came to see.

They were baffled at Joyce's appearance, then frowned at her behavior.

Joyce surprisingly recognized Louis despite not watching the news often. She came up to him and sobbed. "Mr. Stovall, please let me father go. He was just an average person. He has always been an honest man and followed the law strictly. It was me who caused trouble. I shouldn't have behaved arrogantly."

“Please, it is all my fault. If you’re taking revenge on me by abusing your power, please don’t involve my father. Mr. Stovall, you’re a person with high status. I know you’re not afraid of anyone, but we’re different. All these years, my father had abided by the law. He had never done anything bad. He was only a petty official. Every step forward was difficult for him. He couldn’t win against you.”

## **Chapter 426**

These words imply that we’re abusing our power to oppress others.

Her words angered Louis, who had always been a principled and honest person, and he ignored her.

He looked at me instead. Obviously, he wanted to know her identity.

Biting my lips, I responded, “She’s the only daughter of Stanley Newton.”

Louis’ expression darkened as he fell silent.

I said to the calm and composed Colin, “Carry on eating with the kids and Uncle Louis. I’ll handle this.”

Colin glanced at me but did not say much. After muttering something to Louis, he brought the two kids inside.

As an esteemed official, there were things that Louis could not say openly. He looked at me briefly, then followed suit, leaving behind Joyce and myself.

Not wanting to speak rashly, I remained indifferent while looking for a place to sit.

Joyce's expression was awful. She probably felt frustrated at not being taken seriously despite making a big fuss for a long time.

She pulled herself together and looked at me. "Scarlett, what do you want me to do?"

With a faint smile, I chose my words carefully. "Had it not been for the men standing behind me at this moment, it would have been me begging for your mercy now, right?"

She had it all planned out when she found two sturdy men to give me a hard time. Thankfully, I escaped death and avoided the tragedy of being chucked away as a corpse in a deserted area.

Undeniably, the relationship between humans is extremely important. It can help save a life or get even with another person for a private grudge.

Suppressing her rage, she looked at me. "What are you going to do?"

Smiling, I said, "Nothing." I pursed my lips. "I've done all that I could. The rest is up to your father. If he's innocent, no one can press any charges on him. Otherwise, he'll be in trouble. I've recorded every single word you said to Mr. Stovall. From a legal perspective, the way you've alleged him for misusing his power for personal gains is regarded as defamatory statements. I hope things won't look too embarrassing for you when we meet in court."

"You..." she huffed. "Scarlett, you're despicable!"

Staring at my gorgeous garden in full bloom, I was not in the mood to argue with her because that would affect my quality of life. Hence, I simply replied, "Ms. Newton, you should leave now. Staying here doesn't help and it will put your father in jail."

Even the silliest person on earth would weigh both pros and cons to avoid any disadvantages. She didn't know the people around me back then. Therefore, she couldn't care less about what I did or said to her.

Now that she knows, she'll surely think hard before she acts. After Joyce's departure, I stayed in the yard and sunk into deep thoughts.

I've stolen four years' worth of time. With all of them turning up at the same time, I'm afraid it's hard to seek peace.

Louis was picked up by his assistant after dinner whereas Colin left with Michael.

Without her playmate, Summer went to bed early.

I could not fall asleep easily as I age. The beautiful midsummer night sky was full of stars.

The crescendo of high-pitched buzzing produced by cicadas was the characteristic sound of late summer. It made the night less lonely.

At midnight, there was a loud knock at the door. I got up to answer it. It was Ashton.

Under the dim street lamp, the man's eyes looked even deeper. His slender body stood like a statue at the entrance.

Before I could react, he held me in his arms quietly. A faint smell of alcohol lingered around us.

I assisted him into the yard. "You drank?"

Hugging me, he remained silent as if he had fallen asleep.

It was quite chilly outside so I took him back to the bedroom.

The moment we stepped in, he pinned me against the wall and cupped my face.

I tried to push him away to no avail. "Ashton, let go of me!"

He refused. A rarely seen sorrowful expression appeared on his handsome face. "It's been four years. I thought I could walk out of it, but it only gets rooted deeper over time. In times like these, I could only numb myself with alcohol."

His words were confusing. One could not help but notice the pain in his voice.

"You'll feel better after a good night's rest." I placed him on the bed. Some people acted like a child they were drunk.

He was reluctant to lie down on the bed. Instead, he ran his hands around my waist and lay his head on my lap. Moments later, I could hear his breathing sound.

I sighed and asked calmly, "Are you really drunk?"

Saying nothing, he continued embracing me.

I should know better. If he was truly wasted, he wouldn't be able to get here.

I propped him up and put him on the bed before leaving the bedroom to pour him a glass of water.

When I returned, the good-looking man was still on the bed with his eyes shut.

"I have a child at home. Should you come again next time, do so during the day. Summer is a light sleeper; any slight motion or noise will wake her up easily."





