

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 437-441

Chapter 437

I raised my brow. "What is there to explain?"

"Your daughter's identity and your relationship with Mr. Johnson," she stated seriously.

I grinned. "It's up to others however they want to perceive it."

"If you don't clear the air, they will think that their speculations are correct." She started getting anxious.

I asked her, "Do you think that it's true?"

She froze for a while and replied timidly, "It does feel like it's a true story after hearing it umpteen times."

I maintained my composure. "I like the environment here in R Province and brought Summer here to start our new life. I didn't think much about it."

"What about Summer's father?" Abigail was a curious young girl.

The waiter served our food. "It's rather late. Let's eat and go back soon."

She stopped asking me questions.

I buried myself with work when we got back to the office. Although it was a small hotel, my to-do list seemed endless, with me wearing two hats at the same time.

When I focused on my work, I would usually neglect the surroundings, be it a severe cough or a pin drop silence.

About ten minutes later, my shoulders felt tired. I got up and was about to fetch a glass of water.

As I turned, I was startled by the man behind me. "Since when did you get here?"

I regretted the moment those words left my lips because the tone was too casual. It would definitely suggest an unexplainable affair between us, as others had perceived.

"A while ago." Ashton cast a gentle gaze at me. "Go get some water."

When I came back to my place, he had already pulled a chair next to mine and was skimming the documents on my desk. A myriad of expressions showed up on my colleagues' faces, from surprised, perplexed, to curious. Some kept staring at us, whereas the others tried to peek from their seats.

He took the glass from me and drank from the same spot I did. Someone coughed at the sight of it. This feels odd.

I frowned, but did not voice my disapproval. I returned to my desk and attempted to finish my work.

Rather than interfere, Ashton waited quietly beside me until I paused.

“Are you done?” he finally spoke.

Nodding, I kept the files.

“What do you want to have for dinner?” He asked outrightly as if he had not noticed the strange looks on my colleagues’ faces.

I’m pretty sure he did it on purpose. With this, I’m certain that the gossips will only get juicier about how flirtatious I am.

“Anything.” It was about time to get off work.

Colin delivered some documents to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, these files contain all the information about the hotel’s operations in the past two years. Please have a look.”

Ashton acknowledged. He did not read the documents, but passed them to me instead. With an arched brow, he ordered, “Take a look.”

Colin chuckled. “Mr. Fuller and Ms. Stovall seem to have known each other for a very long time.”

Did he say that intentionally?

Ashton gently brushed the stray hairs from my forehead to the back of my ear. “Yes, we’ve been married for seven years.”

No one expected that, including Colin. I could hear many gasped in disbelief. They were probably shocked to the core.

Ashton did not seem to be bothered by their reactions. He smirked when he noticed that I was glaring at him. “What’s wrong? As your husband and the father of Summer, am I so hideous that you have to pretend not to know me?”

He definitely did it on purpose.

My body stiffened. I pursed my lips shut.

Murmurs could be heard from every nook and cranny in the office. "She's Ashton's wife! Oh my goodness..."

It soon sent the entire office into a frenzy. Simultaneously, it also dismissed all sorts of rumors and unfounded claims.

I sighed. I'm pretty sure Colin must have said something, which caused him to make a trip to the office today and performed the surprise act.

"Are you done with work?" Ashton asked while holding my hand.

I nodded as I rose to my feet.

He looked at Colin. "Shall we have dinner together?"

Colin declined, "I'm talking Michael to see my mother tonight. You guys go ahead. We'll meet next time."

Then, we left the hotel and got into the car.

I stared daggers at him. "When did you arrive?"

"Not too long ago."

We chatted casually throughout the journey and everything seemed the same as before.

At the school, Summer was carrying her bag and standing in line when she saw Ashton from a distance. Her face beamed with joy.

She waved at him excitedly. In response, Ashton smiled and waved back at her.

“How’s Dr. Crest?” I brought up a name I’ve not mentioned for a long time.

With a stern look on his face, he held my hand. “He’s gone to W City and might settle down there.”

“Is he married?” It had been four years, and Macy was just like a passerby in his life.

“Probably not.”

“There’s someone he couldn’t forget?” I was eager to know.

Chapter 438

“Mr. Fuller!” Summer interrupted our conversation.

He carried her into the car. “What would you like to eat?”

“Ice-cream and a family bucket!” the munchkin blurted at once.

Ashton took a peek at me and said under his breath, “You might want to check with your mommy first.”

Knowing what my answer would be, the sulky smart girl tried her luck by rephrasing her request, "Mommy, what do you want to eat?"

Dining out in a heatwave wasn't an appealing choice. I pondered slightly and said, "Let's eat at home."

Feeling let down, Summer replied unwillingly, "Okay."

Ashton changed his route and drove us all home.

I made a few simple dishes since nobody had a voracious appetite in this hot weather. After having only a few bites, Summer went to pluck a watermelon again.

She came back with a large one. "Mr. Fuller, let's eat this together. I wanted to have it with my uncle the last time but he left early."

Ashton turned to look at me. "Uncle?"

"It's John." I had no intention to hide it from him.

He nodded, took the watermelon from Summer, and broke it in half. The ones we planted in our yard were not big, but very sweet.

The man held a big piece and the child, a small one. It was so cute to see them both sharing a fruit.

"Your father tried to match make him, so he came here to look for you and visit Summer?"

He continued looking at me, waiting for an answer.

I was taken aback. “He didn’t escape that because of me. I could tell that he’s fallen for someone but he hasn’t realized it. So, he came to me.”

Speaking of which, I wonder who’s that girl.

Ashton did not ask further. He scooped a spoonful of watermelon from the center of the fruit and sent it to my mouth.

I was forced to have a bite. “I don’t like to eat watermelon.” That’s why Summer always serves our guests that. She loves having a company while eating watermelon.

When night fell, Joseph came by. Ashton stood up and hugged Summer. “It’s getting late. You’d better go get some rest.”

“Aren’t you...” Staying over? I was baffled, but decided not to finish my sentence.

I’ll welcome him if he stays; I won’t keep him if he plans to leave.

Perplexed, Summer asked, “You’re not staying in our house, Mr. Fuller?”

He leaned over and explained, “I have something that I need to attend to. I’ll come visit you next time.”

Summer was dismayed.

“Go to bed early,” he reminded me.

I remained quiet when we sent both Joseph and Ashton off. The heat in August was unbearable.

Looking at the calendar, Summer would be turning five soon.

The next day, which was a weekend, Joseph came by.

I was not surprised to see him but was quite astonished to see the loads of goods he brought over.

There were a lot of organic vegetables, just like the types I had in my yard. It's redundant for Ashton to make Joseph send these over, especially when he knows that I don't lack any.

"Mrs. Fuller." Joseph looked exhausted with two obvious dark circles and a croaky voice. He probably did not sleep well last night.

"What's wrong?" I prompted him to enter the house, but he stood on the spot and handed over those items to me. "Mr. Fuller has been attending quite a number of business events in K City these few days. He had a bit too much to drink and had a stomach ulcer. Last night, he didn't want you to be worried so he put up a night at the hotel."

I waited for him to finish.

"He doesn't allow me to tell you and isn't willing to go for a checkup. If this drags on, I'm afraid his condition will get worse. Can you persuade him to go to the hospital?"

Feeling like a cat on hot bricks, I tried to suppress my anxiety with a faint smile. "How long has he been like this?"

"Since you left four years ago. From the outside, he looks like he's devoted all of his time and energy to his work. In actual fact, he's driving himself to a point of no return. Sometimes, he would drink throughout the night and resulted in several hospital visits due to a stomach ulcer. The doctor has advised against alcohol but he never listens. Mrs. Fuller, you know how significant you are in his life, better than anyone else."

I accepted the vegetables he brought. "I'll head over in a bit. Please give me his room card. You should go get some rest and take care of yourself."

His face instantly brightened up like a child as soon as I agreed to see Ashton. "Please go see him as soon as you can."

I spaced out when he walked away. After all these years, some people are treating their wounds, whereas some are still struggling in hell.

From a woman's perspective, a man is said to be very much in love with a woman if he's lost without her.

Yet, it's different with Ashton. He seems to have turned over a new leaf by putting an end to his reckless years. What emerged after four years of transformation was sophistication and maturity.

Chapter 439

Having met again after several years, he did not overwhelm me with his eagerness to reconcile, but carefully invading into my space and slowly entangled his life with mine.

Although he was not aggressive, it was hard to reject or refuse him.

I made some soup for him. When I arrived at the hotel, he was resting on the bed with one hand placed on his forehead.

I got quite emotional when I saw his pale face. I put the soup aside and sat next to him.

If we've made the right decision from the beginning, perhaps we wouldn't have landed ourselves in this situation. We're looking forward to the future, yet we act with caution when around each other.

I held his hand gently in order not to wake him up.

My effort was in vain. The light sleeper was alerted a few seconds later. When he opened his eyes and saw that it was me, a smile appeared on his face.

“Isn’t it the weekend? Why did you come over on your off day?” He sounded hoarse and tired.

“You’re sick, that’s why I came.” I withdrew my hand and wanted to reach for the bowl of soup, but he got hold of me.

“Joseph told you?”

I nodded. He propped himself up and frowned. He seemed to be in pain.

“Have you had your medication?” I scanned the room but did not find any medicines.

He smiled. “It’s just a small matter. I’ll be okay once I’m rested.”

I was slightly upset by what he said. “If it can be cured without taking any medicine, you should have fully recovered a long time ago.”

I pulled my hand away from his, but lost my balance and fell into his embrace.

His body was so warm, exuding a strong masculine scent.

“I’ll drink the soup later. Lie down with me,” he whispered.

No, I shouldn't let him be. He's sick, and he needs to get well.

Knitting my brows, I cast him a look. "Drink the soup and take your medication before you continue sleeping, okay?"

He burst out laughing and then stoked the tip of my nose affectionately. "Since when did you become so domineering?"

"Health comes first." He probably won't want to take any injection. We shall see how things go after taking some meds. I got up and called Joseph to send the medication over.

After hanging up, I scooped a bowl of soup for him. "Drink it while it's hot."

"Would you get mad at me if I want you to feed me?" He tested the waters.

I was briefly surprised at his request, but did it anyway.

He did not expect my response when I fed him. He removed his gaze from me and drank the soup.

I sighed as he continued to finish the soup.

"How's the taste?"

"It's very sweet," he answered instantly.

"I put a dash of salt, not sugar." He's obviously distracted. Otherwise, how can he not know how does soup taste like?

He smirked and then uttered in a low voice, "It's just sweet."

Joseph came with the medication and heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed that Ashton finished the soup. "Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

I did not say much.

Joseph left. Ashton took his medicine and refused to let me go. I sighed. "It's time for you to take a good rest."

He shook his head. "Lie down with me." Worried that I would reject him, he bargained, "I'll sleep better when you're beside me."

I leaned next to him. The air-conditioning made the room nice and cool, a complete opposite to the scorching heat outdoor.

I wanted to leave the hotel room once he fell asleep, but ended up dozing off myself.

By the time I woke up, it was already three in the afternoon. Luckily, it was not a working day.

Ashton was not in the room. The wrinkled sheets were the only traces he left behind.

Some noises were heard coming from the living room. It sounded like someone was having a conference.

I rose to my feet and walked out to have a look.

"We shall fight the White Corporation till the end." Ashton was resolute and unswerving in his decision.

Had I not witnessed this scene with my own eyes, I might have forgotten his true colours.

In the last four years, I heard a lot about how brutal he was in K City.

Hearing my movements, he lifted his eyes. In a flash, his sharp and cold gaze turned into a warm and gentle one. "You're awake?"

I nodded while taking a peek at his laptop screen. He was having a video conference. I stood still and told him to carry on with his work.

He shut his laptop and strode across the room to hold me in his arms. "Why don't you sleep for a while more?"

I looked at the view outside of the hotel windows. What was originally acres of land overrun with weeds had been cultivated into fertile loess.

"Are you feeling better?" I focused on him and used the back of my hand to feel his forehead. The temperature felt normal, indicating he was not down with a fever.

Chapter 440

"I've recovered the moment I saw you." I could hear him chuckling.

He buried his head against my neck. "Scarlett, love shouldn't be a burden. In the last four years, I've imagined myself pampering you countless times. I was overjoyed when fate brought us together again in R Province. I'm dying to hold you dearly and never let go, but I know this is too much.

"I don't want to scare you away. How many four years do we have in life that we can afford to live recklessly? I had to play hard to get. I didn't expect much when Joseph went to look for you. I thought to myself, if you came, it means that you still love me. Scarlett, I don't want to go through another four years repeating the same mistake."

I let him hug me. My heart wrenched as I listened to him. I know I'm standing on quicksand. I buried everything safely in my heart for the past four years, thinking this too shall pass as long as I don't ever revisit the old memories.

I've thought about our meeting again and he would treat me like how he used to.

Never have I expected the changes in him. He's become very sensitive and thoughtful. He now cares for my feelings and the way he shows affection is very different.

He didn't join me as I fall apart. On the contrary, he remains objective and gently pulls me out of this pit I'm in. He does it step by step so that I won't get hurt.

"Your life might be complete if you've never met me." He was supposed to marry Rebecca seven years ago. If he did, he's probably enjoying a blissful marriage, a successful career, and building a happy family now.

He held my hands. "If I hadn't met you, I'd probably not know what love is, let alone feeling happy."

Joseph told me that the skies in R Province stay very calm. Even the clouds move at an extremely slow pace. Love and affection take its own sweet time to develop, but they are genuine and real.

"Why did Rebecca and I swap in the first place?" I've always wanted to ask this question since the day I discovered I was Cameron's daughter. I was a coward four years ago and didn't have the courage to find out his answer, so I chose not to know.

Now, I believe I'm strong enough to bear the consequence. As long as I know I have a place in his heart, the answer doesn't matter anymore.

He tightened his embrace. "If you went back to the Moore family back then, would you have divorced me without hesitation?"

I was ready to separate with him, even in the absence of the Moore family.

Moments later, I spoke, "It's got nothing to do with the Moores. Without them, I'd still go ahead with the divorce."

He jeered at me, "Divorcing me isn't easy without the backing of the Moore family."

That's true, moreover, I was pregnant then.

He sighed and smiled wryly. "All of this happened because I was as stubborn as a mule."

"How did John get involved?" I know John cares for me, but why didn't he want me to return to the Moores?

He paused. "The Moores are too unpredictable. If nothing happens, good, but when something goes wrong, the entire family perishes. They have offended too many people over the years. Without their protection, how do you think you can survive?"

That's why John made use of Marcus to help me get connected to Louis, in the hope that I could gain support from the Stovalls or Ashton if the Moores lost their power one day?

As I connected all the dots, I realized they were all trying to protect me. However, unfortunate circumstances occurred along the way by mistake. The death of Macy and my poor child couldn't be avoided.

I sighed as I stared at the big blue sky. There's a serious void in my heart. How long has it been? I almost forgot who I used to be.

Four years can heal a wound, but can it really reunite two hearts? It's not as easy as it seems.

“Come home to K City with me. We’ll have our very own wedding. I’ve been preparing for it for four years. I’m just waiting for you to come back,” he persuaded me.

I did not agree right away. Taking a glance at my watch, I realized it was getting late. I got out of his embrace and said, “It’s almost time to pick Summer up. I’d better get going.”

Biting his lips, his gaze darkened. “Let me go with you.”

I shook my head and pointed at his laptop. “You’re still in a meeting.”

He left in the middle of the meeting, and that must have disrupted the plans of the top management of Fuller Corporation.

He was not bothered by it. “Let Joseph send you back.”

I was adamant about declining his offer, but figured he would surely insist. So, I decided to go along with it.

On the way home, Joseph seemed to have something to say.

I looked out of the window. He’s most likely trying to convince me to get back with Ashton.

I took a deep breath. “Fuller Corporation is at its prime time now. Do you have any kids?”

I recalled that he’s married.

He faltered before answering, “Yes, my child is two years old now.”

“That’s great!” Everyone is moving on with their lives.

Holding onto the steering wheel, he looked at me and hesitated. "K City has undergone vast development over the years. Would you like to pay a visit?"

Chapter 441

Should I go back? Is it too early?

Seeing that I had fallen silent, Joseph took that as a sign that I refused to return. Sighing, he said, "Mrs. Fuller, who's going to feel the pain if Summer falls down?"

Startled, I glanced at the man who was driving seriously and said, "Although we're not biologically related, we have spent the last four years together. She's a significant part of my life. It hurts me to see her suffering in pain."

He brought the car to a halt when the traffic light turned red. Staring at me in the eyes, he asked, "Then, can you imagine the sort of pain he has to go through over the past four years? Mr. Fuller was afraid you would be irked by his presence. In order to oppress his affection for you, he spent most of his time working and getting himself drunk."

Halfway through his orated speech, Joseph paused. "On the first winter you left, he passed out on the streets in the middle of the night. As a result, he caught a high fever. However, he said he had the best time of his life because you showed up with a bright grin in his dream.

"He was the person in charge of Fuller Corporation by day, yet he would turn into a drunkard when night falls. His intestine started bleeding internally as a result. If he couldn't get himself drunk, he would approach me and ask me if he should approach you just to keep an eye on you. As soon as he sobered up the next day, he would become the indifferent man again.

“Undeniably, he did a great job keeping his emotions to himself, but at the end of the day, he’s but a human. He suffers from mental breakdowns as well. Mrs. Fuller, you should move on from the past and appreciate your future with him. Since you have a thing for him, why don’t you stop torturing yourself and Mr. Fuller?”

PlayvolumeAd

I was in a state of bewilderment when the traffic light turned green. It was a surprise since an outsider had brought up everything about Ashton in front of me.

Perhaps Joseph’s right. The past is in the past.

After picking up Summer, I brought her back to the yard.

Prior to his departure, Joseph peered into my eyes with his lips pursed. “Mr. Fuller will be heading back to K City tonight.”

With that, he departed immediately.

I decided to send Ashton a simple message, wishing him a safe flight.

Seconds after I dropped him the text message, he called and asked in a gentle tone, “Have you had dinner?”

He seemed to be boarding the plane soon. Nodding, I looked up and gazed at the pitch-black sky. “Yes.”

“I’ll be back soon. Take good care of yourself when I’m away. And don’t forget to have your meal on time,” he replied in a hushed voice.

Through the phone, I heard the announcement urging him to board the plane. Immediately, I said, "I'll talk to you soon! See you!"

"Okay!"

After hanging up the call, I lost myself in another train of thoughts because I was overwhelmed by Joseph's words.

It's true that the ones we love hurt us the most.

I used to think I was head over heels in love with Ashton, but I slowly figured out it was nothing much. The moment that I figured out that I was pregnant, I started planning my escape. When I lost my child, I knew he was in great pain as well, yet I still resented him.

The moment he tried to explain the reason why he swapped the DNA samples, I left without allowing him to explain himself. Perhaps my selfishness was the reason why the two of us had ended up like this.

A week after Ashton's departure, I quit the job at the hotel.

When Colin received my resignation letter, he asked with a straight face, "Have you informed Mr. Fuller?"

"I'll get in touch with him soon."

He fell silent. A few seconds later, he nodded and acknowledged my resignation.

"What are you going to do from now onwards?" he asked, looking slightly sullen.

"Well, nothing for the time being." Since John and Ashton had shown up one after another, I was pretty sure others would start talking behind my back again.

He nodded. "Keep in touch with me, okay?"

Smiling, I said, "I still need someone to look after the plants in the yard." I had no intention to sell my place in P Province. Should Summer further her study at the university and start a family, I might make my way back in the future and spend the rest of my life there.

He nodded and replied with a grin, "Let's catch up over a meal soon. Michael has no idea you guys are leaving. I believe we should allow the children to bid farewell to each other."

After we wrapped up the conversation, I returned to the yard. It was already the last week of August. Therefore, most of the crops were ready for harvest.

Usually, I would cultivate a new batch of crops, but I stopped because we would be leaving soon.

I only packed a few sets of clothes for Summer and myself.

Colin and I had agreed to meet up for a meal over the weekend. I told Summer beforehand that we would be leaving soon so that she could prepare herself. Nonetheless, she couldn't help feeling sentimental when the time of our departure neared.

The usually mischievous little girl started behaving herself and shared the things she liked with Michael. She said, "Mommy said we wouldn't be able to bring this away with us. Can you keep this on my behalf? I'll retrieve it once I'm back."

Michael, who had always been a little boy of few words, looked at me in the eyes and asked, "Ms. Stovall, when are you coming back with Summer?"

