

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 442-446

Chapter 442

My mind went completely blank. I gave it a thought and said, "We'll be back every now and then. Perhaps we'll make a trip back during the next festive season."

Michael smiled when he heard that. "Then, Daddy and I will be waiting for you and Summer to come back to R Province to celebrate the festive seasons!"

For a moment, I was flustered because I almost forgot there was another joyous occasion around the corner. Seconds later, I nodded and said, "Summer and I will be back soon."

The children were equally thrilled when they heard my words of assurance.

On the other hand, Colin, who had been quiet all this while, broke the silence and queried, "Are you going to K City?"

Shaking my head, I stated, "Not for the time being."

I never had the chance to bring Summer back to J City when she was an infant. Now that she was slightly older, I wanted to bring her back to visit Macy. I felt quite lost because I never mentioned Macy over the years.

Summer snuggled in my arms after we bade farewell over the meal and made our way home. She was melancholic because we would be leaving soon.

After I tucked her in, I called Ashton.

The moment he picked up the call, his hoarse and seductive voice could be heard. "I was about to call you, yet you got ahead of me. It's almost like our thoughts are connected."

I responded with a smile and looked out the window. Staring at the bright moon, I said, "I just resigned."

"Well, it was inevitable since staying at that hotel would be a waste of your talent," he replied nonchalantly as though he had been anticipating my departure.

I smiled, wondering whether his words counted as a compliment.

Once again, he broke the silence and asked in a gentle tone, "Where are you planning to go?"

"I haven't made up my mind." R Province might have much to offer. However, when I took Summer's future into consideration, I thought she deserved better things in life.

"No matter where you're going, I'll always have your back. Don't forget I consider Summer as my daughter," he asserted in a calm and collected manner.

I was dazed for a moment before I nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

Compared to the way we interacted with one another in the past, I enjoyed our current relationship more. Now, he wouldn't make the call on my behalf and instead, he would simply provide his opinion and guidance.

After I hung up the call, I purchased the air tickets to J City. It took me an hour to reach the central business district to purchase the tickets because there wasn't any airport in R Province.

In September, I brought Summer to J City with me. It was her first visit there. The moment she walked out of the airport, she swept her gaze around and shared her joy with me. "Mommy, this is such a huge airport!"

I responded with a smile and brought her to Glenwood Apartments. When I left the city, I bought myself an apartment and kept one of Macy's apartments for Summer.

Since there were photos of Summer and me in the apartment, she returned with a photo after roaming around the house. She asked, "Mommy, who's the woman beside you in the photo?"

Seeing how Summer had directed her question at me in such a sincere manner, I suddenly felt a heart-wrenching sensation.

I took over the photo and noticed the photo was taken in the year we graduated. Back then, Macy already started working in the bar.

After she got her wages, she insisted on having me join her for a photoshoot in a studio. She said we needed a photo as a keepsake of our best time in life. Otherwise, age would catch up to us soon and we would forget what we looked like in our prime.

I was grateful she insisted because the photo was something that could remind me of the most carefree period of my life.

"Mommy, why are you crying?" Summer asked in a mellifluous tone. I crouched in front of her and cradled her in my arms, shedding tears of grief.

"Summer, let's pay this aunt a visit tomorrow, okay?" It had been four years since my last trip back. I couldn't help but wonder if things were fine on her end.

Summer nodded and stared at Macy in the photo. Shortly after, she wiped my tears off my face and said, "Okay!"

Holding the little girl in my arms, I suppressed my emotion and announced, “Summer, she’s an important friend of mine and an important figure in your life. Can you promise me that you’ll address her as your mom instead of your aunt in the future?”

Confused, the little girl asked, “Why? Michael said an ordinary family consisted of only one father and one mother. If I’m addressing her as my mother, how am I supposed to address you?”

“Summer, we’re all special in our own ways. In short, you’re different from Michael as well. He’s a boy, but you’re a girl. He only has a mother, but you have two mothers. Macy is someone that’s important to me. Can you promise me that you’ll keep that in mind?”

I couldn’t bring myself to tell Summer she wasn’t my biological daughter, yet I was afraid of completely detaching her from Macy. She may not have any memory of Macy in the four years of her life, but from now on, I wanted her to know about Macy.

Summer was perplexed, but she nodded when she saw how serious I looked. “I’ll listen to you and address her as mommy Macy in the future.”

I nodded.

After we had settled down, I hailed a cab and brought Summer to the cemetery with me on the next day.

Compared to my last visit, the cemetery seemed to be relatively spacious. It must have expanded again.

Judging by the number of tombstones that were erected over the past four years, I couldn’t help but wonder how many people had lost their loved ones.

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When the middle-aged florist in charge of the store not far from the cemetery saw us, she asked, "Do you need a bouquet of white chrysanthemum?"

Smiling, I shook my head and brought Summer into the store. "Is it fine for us to pick the flowers?"

The florist was stupefied for a short while before she nodded in return and asserted, "Of course!"

Macy once told me she was never a fan of chrysanthemums. She would get irked by the melancholic and monochromatic colors. Instead, she was thrilled whenever she received sunflowers.

After I got a few stalks of sunflowers, I asked Summer to hold on to it because I needed to get Old Mr. Fuller a bouquet as well. In the end, I got the reliable man a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

Grandma had always appreciated the bunch of celosia by the edge of the yard in R Province. The ornamental amaranth was no match for other species in terms of look, but it could brace itself through harsh weather and flourish in harsh conditions.

As a result of the cemetery's expansion, there were a lot of stairs. Walking through the steps amid the heavy morning fog, I was grateful there were signs everywhere. Otherwise, I would have lost my way.

There were a lot of people there to visit their deceased loved ones on that particular day. After dropping by the two seniors' graves, I brought Summer to visit Macy's grave.

Another tall man with a callous look could be seen in front of her grave. After four years, he was no longer the gentleman I used to know.

People would mature at different ages, but most people would turn into gentle adults as they got older. However, there were also some cases where certain adults might develop the other way and fall into the vicious cycle of despair due to their awful memories.

I wasn't sure if Jared was the former or the latter category. After all, after four years, I still had no idea the sort of relationship he had with Macy.

Staring at the bouquet of balloon flowers in front of the tombstone, I was dumbfounded for a short while.

Balloon flower had two kinds of meaning—eternal love and eternal despair.

At the end of the day, we would be overwhelmed by the things we owned in life if we failed to practice moderation in life. It would be better to appreciate things than constantly asking for more.

“Mommy!” Seeing how I was standing rooted to my spot for a while, Summer broke the silence. When she saw the photo on the tombstone, she asked, “Is mommy Macy dead?”

Her mellifluous voice caught Jared's attention. He turned around and gave me a wide-eyed stare when he saw me.

When he noticed I wasn't the one talking, he turned his gaze to Summer.

The man and the little girl exchanged glances. He pursed his lips with his brows furrowed. Perhaps they were meant to cross paths in life to sort out the complications behind their relationship.

A few seconds later, he looked at me and asked, “Is she—”

Before he could finish his question, I cut him off and instructed Summer, “Summer, can you please place the bouquet in front of mommy Macy's grave?”

Macy would never want Summer to spend her time by Jared's side. I happened to share a similar vision and would never allow that to happen.

Summer nodded; the little girl had no idea the emotions an adult had toward the deceased ones. After she placed the bouquet in front of the tombstone, she gazed at the photo.

She was about the height of the tombstone. When she caught a glimpse of her biological mother, torrents of grief streamed down her face.

"Mommy said you're an important figure in her life. If that's the case, I'll always keep you in mind."

Although the little girl's words seemed to make little to no sense, others would feel wistful when they heard her mellifluous voice.

Jared wasn't a fool. He was aware of my miscarriage back then. Therefore, he could easily rule out the possibility that Summer was my daughter.

Judging by his look and response, I knew he had figured out Summer's identity.

I had never once told him that Macy had passed on. Since he was here now, I reckoned it must be others who shared the news with him.

He asked, "What's her name?"

It was evident he was talking about the little girl. "Summer Stovall." I looked at the photo on the tombstone while replying.

As I watched Summer's attempt to wipe the photo clean, I could feel my heart breaking into a million pieces.

Jared nodded and replied with a quivering voice, "That's a great name."

I pursed my lips and felt a prickling sensation behind my eyes.

Occasionally, she would show up in my dream with a little boy waving at me. She would say, "Scarlett, I'll take good care of him on your behalf."

I started weeping because I wasn't given the chance to spend time with the little boy. Sometimes, I would imagine how our son would turn out since Ashton was such an exceptional man.

On several occasions, I would get overwhelmed by a plethora of emotions. Fortunately, Summer was by my side to keep me company. I was able to move on from the mortifying past because of her.

As we were no longer in the same realm, the only thing we could do was to take care of each other's loved ones on the other party's behalf.

Once the fog subsided, a woman's voice could be heard from behind. "Jared, shall we go home?"

I found the woman's voice familiar. When I turned around, I was stupefied for a few seconds because the woman turned out to be Kristina.

After four years, she had turned into a gorgeous and mature woman as compared to the childish young woman a few years ago.

She was equally surprised when she saw me. When she caught a glimpse of Summer, her eyes flickered in confusion.

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A few seconds later, she approached and greeted me, "Hello, Ms. Stovall."

“Hello,” I replied flatly. To be honest, I hadn’t moved on from the past, but I was no longer haunted by the things that had occurred ages ago.

It only took me a few seconds to figure out she had conceived Jared’s child when I saw her baby bump.

As a surge of anger welled up within me, I scoffed and glared at him. “Jared, you shouldn’t have brought her here…”

What the heck is this? Is she trying to assert dominance over Macy?

Kristina rebutted, “Ms. Stovall, please don’t blame Jared for this. I was the one who insisted on tagging along.”

I found the duo hilarious and fell silent. Staring at her baby bump, I asked rhetorically in a sarcastic manner, “How dare you show up in front of her? Aren’t you afraid of her paying you a visit in the middle of the night to get her revenge?”

Kristina was one of the main reasons Macy had passed on back then. Since she had the audacity to show up in front of Macy’s grave, she must be having a great time over the years.

With a frightened look, she cast her gaze on Jared. She seemed to be afraid of Jared instead of Macy.

What a joke! It seems that Jared was never made aware of the truth behind Macy’s death.

“Ms. Stovall, I know you’re a close friend of Macy’s, but we can’t possibly bring the dead back to life. Do you really want us to spend the rest of our life in sorrow?”

I couldn't believe she had the guts to pick on me in such a righteous manner.

If I wasn't conscious of her past doings, I would definitely think of her as a noblewoman with a positive mindset.

"We can't bring the dead back, but we can always ensure justice is served!" I looked at Jared with a scowl and asked, "Have you never wondered the reason behind Macy's death?"

"Ms. Stovall!" She yelled to stop me in the nick of time because she didn't expect me to be so frank about it. "Macy died because she couldn't handle the news of your incident! Why are you bringing this up again?"

Why?

As I looked at her baby bump, I changed my mind about saying the truth. After all, the child had nothing to do with the feud.

Seeing that I fell silent, Jared probed further, "What are you talking about?"

"It's nothing. Why don't you send someone to get to the bottom of this if you're curious? You need to stop behaving like a fool. Otherwise, others won't stop taking advantage of you."

At the end of the day, there were a lot of parties involved in Macy's death. Although Kristina was one of them, if I brought the truth up when she was the most vulnerable, it would simply make me another vicious woman like her.

"Summer, it's time to go home." As we departed early in the morning to reach the cemetery on the outskirts, the little girl started spacing out as she stood in front of the grave.

Summer nodded and paused. Looking at Jared, she bade him goodbye. "Goodbye, Uncle!"

Her words took me by surprise. Similarly, Jared's body stiffened because he too was taken aback by her response. He replied with his voice quivering, "G-Goodbye!"

I carried Summer on my back and made our way down the stairs because it would take me a lot of time to walk her down.

Halfway through the seemingly endless stairs, I asked, "Summer, do you like that uncle?"

I knew Summer better than others—she wouldn't greet a stranger unless instructed to do so. To my surprise, she took the initiative and greeted Jared who was a complete stranger.

"Not really. It just feels like he's different from the other uncles."

I chuckled lightly as I wondered if it had something to do with the fact they were biologically related.

"Mommy, do you hate him?" Seemingly exhausted, the little girl placed her head on my shoulder.

After some consideration, I shook my head and shared my feelings. "I don't really hate him, but I don't like him either. He's heavily indebted to an important person in my life."

She yawned, "O-Oh..."

By the time we walked out of the cemetery, Summer had fallen asleep on my back.

I ended up standing by the road for some time because it wasn't easy to hail a cab.

Just then, a black Jaguar pulled up in front of me. As soon as the window was wound down, Jared's gorgeous face could be seen.

"I'll give you a ride home."

I shook my head and turned his offer down. "Thanks, but no thanks. I prefer hailing a cab and making our way back on our own."

Kristina leaned over and added with a courteous smile, "Ms. Stovall, it's not easy to hail a cab around here. Why don't you get in the car and allow us to give you a ride home?"

Pursing my lips, I said flatly, "There's no need." I had no intention of continuing the conversation with her.

Staring at Summer behind my back, Jared instructed, "Do you want the child to sleep behind your back until you get a ride home? Just get in the car already!"

I furrowed my brows because the duo was slowly getting on my nerves.

Thankfully, a cab showed up from afar just then. I waved at the driver and cast an indifferent glance at the duo. "Thanks for the offer, but my ride is here."

Summer continued sleeping soundly after we boarded the cab. I tucked her in when we reached Glenwood Apartments. After packing my stuff, I reached for my phone to order something to eat.

I noticed I had a few missed calls from Ashton and Jackson. I was supposed to tell Ashton that I had arrived safe and sound, but I completely forgot about it since we touched down late in the night.

Seeing that it was a weekday, I knew Jackson should be in the middle of work. Hence, I dropped him a text and told him I had reached my destination.

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The moment I gave Aston a call, it was picked up almost instantly. The man on the other end of the line asked, "Are you busy?"

I stuffed the clothes we had changed out of into the washing machine. After all, the cemetery was built on a hill and there were muddy stains on our clothes.

"I brought Summer out for a walk with me." Halfway through the call, I heard noises coming from the bedroom.

Thus, I walked over to check on Summer because she seemed to have roused from her sleep.

"Do you have anything on your schedule in the afternoon?" Ashton asked.

"Perhaps I'll take a stroll around." Summer was indeed awake. She sat on the bed, playing with the lamp on the nightstand.

When she saw me, she called out, "Mommy, I'm hungry!"

I nodded and told Ashton, "I need to make Summer something to eat. I'll talk to you later."

"Sure," he replied in a gentle tone.

After hanging up the call, someone rang the doorbell. I thought it was the food I had ordered, but I saw Jackson the moment I opened the door.

He showed up with a bunch of different things. As it took me some time to answer the door, he asked, "Were you sleeping?"

“No. Why are you here when you’re supposed to be working?”

He brought the things he had into the kitchen and heaved a long sigh. “How am I supposed to work when I know there’s nothing in your refrigerator? I can’t possibly allow you and the child to starve, can I?”

He was spot on because Summer had wrapped her arms around his leg, stating she was hungry.

He showed her the desert he bought her and offered, “Why don’t you finish this while I make you something to eat?”

Once he dealt with Summer, he looked at me in the eyes and queried, “Where have you been?”

As I helped him put the things he bought into the refrigerator, I told him, “I dropped by the cemetery. Ironically, I ran into Jared and Kristina.”

I hesitated for a short while but decided to tell him the truth after much consideration. “Kristina seems to be pregnant.”

Jackson paused before turning around and asked with a frown, “She’s pregnant with Jared’s child?”

“Maybe?” I shrugged and replied with a rhetorical question because I wasn’t sure either.

He looked at Summer and said in a hushed voice, “I want you to keep Summer’s existence a secret.”

I pursed my lips. “There’s a possibility that he has already figured out her identity. After all, Summer sort of resembles him in terms of look.”

“So what? As long as you keep him in the dark and deny it, he won’t be able to bring her away!” Jackson was getting slightly worked up. “If it wasn’t because of Kristina, Macy wouldn’t have passed on due to hemorrhage!”

Summer was munching away at the food Jackson bought her in silence because she was famished.

Since Jackson was there, there wasn’t anything much for me to do in the kitchen. After a moment, I received a text from Ashton. Ashton: It’s raining in K City. Is it raining on your end? Remember to bring an umbrella with you if you’re heading out.

I found him adorable and couldn’t help but smiled. Scarlett: Alright, I’ll keep that in mind.

Ashton: Remember to put on a few jackets when you’re out. I’ll drop by and visit you once I’m done with my business.

Scarlett: Okay!

Ashton: Do you miss me?

Scarlett: I do.

Ashton: Me too.

By the time I wrapped up our conversation, Jackson had our meal ready. I put my phone aside and brought Summer to the kitchen to join him.

In the afternoon, Jackson said he wanted to bring Summer out for some fun with him.

I was slightly worn out. Thus, I decided to take a break and told them to go ahead without me.

After the duo departed, I noticed I had a hard time falling asleep. By the time I woke up, my body ached due to the awful sleep.

I got slightly depressed when I caught a glimpse of the gloomy weather. Perhaps it wasn't a great idea to stay back on my own.

After washing up, I brought an umbrella with me and made my way out.

J City was shrouded in rain and mist. When I passed by Fuller Corporation, I noticed a lot had changed after four years.

The entire building was renovated. There were all sorts of skyscrapers, including malls and offices around the building. I reckoned that particular area would be the brand new city center in the future.

As I stood in front of the majestic building, I lost myself in a train of thoughts. It's been four years, huh... I noticed I was not the same person anymore.

It was still early. As I sat in the middle of the square staring at the passerby, I could see couples with bright grins on their faces as well as elderlies who were just taking a stroll.

Time seemed to pass by in the blink of an eye. When Ashton showed up and took a seat by my side, I was startled for a moment. "Aren't you in K City?"

Smiling, he asked in return, "Aren't you supposed to be in R Province? Since when have you made your way back to J City? Why haven't you mentioned anything about it?"

I leaned over and placed my head on his shoulders. "I was about to tell you, but I changed my mind when I thought you were still in K City. My initial plan was to get in touch with you the moment I reach K City."

He nodded and wrapped his arm around me. "No matter where you are, you have to let me know. I need to know that you're safe."

I responded with a nod. Staring at the bustling crowd on the streets, I asked, "How did you find me?"

"Why don't you give it a guess?"

I shook my head. As I looked into his eyes, I could see the warmth in them. "Perhaps, this is fate."

"Mmm!" He nodded and kissed me on the forehead.

The sudden kiss took me by surprise because it came out of nowhere in the middle of a bustling street.

The drizzle didn't seem to affect the amorous kiss at all. Gasps could be heard as the surprised passersby stopped and stared at us.

Perhaps some of them recognized who Ashton was. The passersby couldn't move their eyes away from us. They seemed to be shocked and curious at the same time.

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Those who recognized Ashton started taking photos with their phone.

I looked him in the eyes with my face flushed red. "It's your fault that others are staring at us!"

Smiling, he cradled me in his arms. "I'm sorry."

Just then, a black Maybach pulled over by the street. Joseph alighted from the car and approached Ashton after showing me the way to the car.

After Ashton whispered something in Joseph's ear, he joined me in the car. He looked at me and asked, "Do you have any particular cravings?"

By the time I returned to my senses, I noticed we had been there for a few hours.

"Anything will do."

J City had gone through drastic changes within four years.

In the end, we went to a nearby restaurant that he had always frequented.

We were seated on the roof of a skyscraper in the middle of the city overlooking the entire cityscape.

Before we could place our order, we encountered a close acquaintance of ours; to be precise, a close acquaintance of Ashton.

Nancy, the renowned celebrity, had put on her best fit and dolled herself up ostentatiously. She became the center of attention the moment she showed up from afar.

When she saw me, her smile froze, seemingly thinking about something.

The odd expression merely lasted for a few seconds, however, and she greeted Ashton courteously, "What a surprise! I thought you were busy with your work, who knew you'd be here meeting with a friend."

“Are you here alone?” Ashton asked flatly.

“I’m here with a friend to talk about HiTech’s promotional clip. I need to find myself a suitable photographer for the job.”

Ashton nodded and said, “If that’s the case, you should get going then.”

Hearing that, Nancy was rendered speechless with an awkward look on her face. She looked at me and asked politely, “Aren’t you going to introduce us to one another?”

“She’s my wife, Scarlett Stovall.” After he introduced me to Nancy, he pointed in her direction while looking at me. “She’s an artiste under the management of Fuller Media.”

I could hear Nancy’s heart breaking into pieces by Ashton’s indifferent introduction. Her emotions were written all over her face with a rigid smile, but as a veteran artist in showbiz, she initiated a handshake.

“Hello, Ms. Stovall. My name is Nancy Goldstein. Please feel free to address me as Nancy.”

I returned the favor and nodded with a smile, introducing myself, “Hello, Nancy. Ashton and I used to be husband and wife.”

Shocked by my remark, she stared at me openmouthed. “Used to be? Does that mean you’re no longer Mr. Fuller’s spouse?”

I nodded and said, “It has been four years since our divorce.”

Nancy seemed to be surprised by the news, but she did a great job at keeping her emotions to herself. “Well then, please enjoy yourselves. I’ll head over and join my friend now.”

Being a man of few words, Ashton simply responded with a nod while I smiled in return.

After Nancy departed, I felt a chill running down my spine because of Ashton's glare. I took the initiative and asked, "You're not going to ruin such a great evening, are you?"

He chuckled out loud at my words. After dicing his serving of steak into bite-size pieces, he swapped it with my plate of steak.

I was never a huge fan of steak because it was a hassle to eat it. On top of that, Macy used to tell me having a steak felt like dissecting a corpse.

She told me that society had gotten used to having their meals with cutleries because raw food was the only source of protein back in the day. Therefore, cutleries were essential to savor the food.

I didn't bother to check whether what she said was real, but I couldn't deny the fact that I was bothered by it.

Nancy was seated a few tables away from us. Thus, she could easily catch a glimpse of our interaction.

"Here, have a glass of juice before your meal." By the time he finished his sentence, he had already passed the glass to me.

I was forced to finish it. I had the urge to laugh because I knew it was a deliberate move on his part to intimidate Nancy.

"I can help myself, okay? Don't you think you're overreacting?" I wasn't playing hard to get, but I couldn't get used to Nancy staring at us throughout our meal.

"Since we're in the middle of a date, don't you think we're supposed to behave intimately?" he asked in a pretentious manner.

I sighed in response. What a petty man.

He continued feeding me another bite of steak. "Hey, I really can help myself, okay?"

Frowning, he insisted, "But I enjoy feeding you."

After we finished our meal and made our way out of the restaurant, I shared a trivial incident with Ashton. "When I was at R Province, a man called Matthew thought I was Nancy and confessed the affection he had for her."

I wasn't particularly interested in Nancy, but I couldn't help but feeling perplexed when others brought up the fact that we resembled one another over and over again.

As such, I kept glancing at Nancy throughout our meal, observing her. Indeed, we resembled one another in terms of look, especially our facial features.

Ashton started the car and replied with a smirk, "There are plenty of people who looked alike in this world. But one thing they can't ever change or mimic is the way they carry themselves. In short, you will never be able to find one person that is the exact replica of another."

I simply smiled in response and fell silent.

After spending a day with him, I was completely worn out. When I woke up from a short nap, I noticed we have pulled over in front of a villa.

Albeit sleepy, I asked, "Where are we?"

"We're home." He leaned over and unfastened the seatbelt for me.

I peered into his eyes and felt slightly confused. A whiff of tobacco could be detected from his heavy breath.

