

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 447-450

Chapter 447

I looked away and avoided his gaze, but he took me by surprise with an amorous kiss.

It took me a short while to pull myself together. "Summer is still in Glenwood Apartments! I need to return to her!"

Staring at me, he said, "I have gotten in touch with Jackson. He told me he would look after Summer. Since you're back, don't you think you're supposed to live with me?"

My brows furrowed. "But we're already divorced!"

"I have never signed the agreement." He uttered in a hoarse voice.

He then lifted me up and brought me into the villa against my will. It was only then that I noticed we had made our way back to the villa at Peakville Estate.

Apart from the exterior of the villa, nothing much had changed over the past four years.

I felt uncomfortable being carried by him. Hence, I insisted, "I can walk on my own!"

"It's fine. Just close your eyes and take a break."

I found his words absurd because it was only a short distance that would take me a few minutes at most.

The moment we entered the living room, I was caught off guard by the presence of Sally and Nancy.

It had been four years since I last saw Sally. In spite of her pale and haggard face, it didn't impact the noble presence she was blessed with since birth.

The fact that we showed up in such an intimate manner startled the duo who was drinking tea in the living room. They jumped up from the couch.

Sally's displeasure was written all over her scrunched-up face. Staring at Ashton, she asked petulantly, "Why have you brought her back? You—"

Similarly, Ashton replied with a frown, "Aunt Sally, I believe that's none of your business." His tone was flat and emotionless, indicating to her that she should stop poking her nose into his business.

Sally was on the verge of losing her cool. "Ashton, since you guys are divorced, why can't you move on? It has been four years—"

"Aunt Sally, it's getting late. I believe it's time for you to leave!" He made himself clear that he wanted his aunt to get out of his sight at once.

Ashton lowered his gaze and looked at me before uttering in a gentle tone, "If you're sleepy, go ahead and take a nap."

I couldn't help but sigh when I realized I had indirectly offended Sally once again.

He brought me upstairs and asserted, "I have everything you need in the bedroom. Nothing much has changed."

I caught a glimpse of Nancy's dejected look. She seemed to be having a hard time pulling herself together.

As a fellow woman, I knew the emotions associated with that look—I was certain she was head over heels in love with Ashton.

Nonetheless, I couldn't be certain of the sort of relationship she had with Ashton over the past four years.

"Mr. Fuller!" Nancy called out, her voice echoed in the spacious living room.

"What do you need, Ms. Goldstein?" Ashton turned around and queried with a frown. It was evident he was irked by her presence.

Aggrieved, Nancy replied with her lips pursed, "I have something regarding the deal with HiTech to sort out with you."

Ashton knew the proper way to carry himself as a gentleman. Upon a simple glance, he replied in a callous tone, "Ms. Goldstein, it's nine o'clock in the evening. Fuller Corporation only operates from nine in the morning till six in the evening. Since we're three hours beyond work hours, don't you think it's rude to talk about work now? I'm afraid others are going to misperceive our relationship since you brought up such an odd request in the middle of the night."

Halfway through his orated speech, he cast a stern gaze at her and asked, "You're twenty-six-year-old, aren't you, Ms. Goldstein? I'm sure you know the appropriate time to bring work up, don't you? It doesn't feel great to have a stranger in the house. I'm not sure how you manage to gain access to my house, but I don't wish to see you here without my consent in the future. After all, I don't enjoy having others interrupting my quality time with my wife."

In spite of his carefully curated speech that had perfectly disguised his wrath, no ordinary woman could stand being stung by such harsh double innuendos.

It must be tough for her since the gentleman who happened to be her crush uttered such cruel remarks against her without a second thought.

Sally was infuriated when she heard her nephew's words. She reprimanded, "Ashton, that's too much!"

Meanwhile, all the colors had long since drained from Nancy's face. Nonetheless, she did her best to keep her emotions to herself after the awkward confrontation.

Sally consoled the helpless woman, "Nancy, you don't have to take Ashton seriously. He doesn't mean it. I'll get you a cab to send you back."

Nancy shook her head and denoted, "It's fine, Ms. Fuller."

Afraid of having eye contact with Ashton, she lowered her gaze while making her way out of the villa.

Sally went after Nancy to console her. Perhaps Ashton was infuriated because of the things Nancy had told Sally.

Although I couldn't be sure of the sort of relationship Nancy had with Sally over the past four years, judging by the fact she tried to defend Nancy, I knew things were not the same anymore.

Once Ashton brought me into the bedroom, he kissed me on my forehead and assured me earnestly, "You should call it a day."

He returned downstairs after he tucked me in.

I was sure Sally only nagged him because she cared about him as his senior. After all, after everything that happened, it was natural for Sally to reject the idea of us patching things up.

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If our roles were reversed, I would never allow it to happen as well. After all, we used to hurt one another. It would be close to impossible for us to patch things up, behaving as though nothing had occurred.

He switched off the light in the room because he wanted me to sleep, but I couldn't bring myself to sleep in the pitch-black room since I was afraid of the dark.

I sat upright on the bed and switched on the lamp on the nightstand. Since Summer wasn't around, I would need the aid of incense to bring myself to sleep.

When I walked out of the bedroom, I heard a commotion coming from the living room.

Ashton and Sally were in a heated discussion. Needless to say, I was the center of their discussion.

Sally reprimanded Ashton, "Why can't you move on from her? You're well aware of her background, don't you? There's no way things will work out between both of you! Why can't you give Nancy a chance?"

She got increasingly worked up and asked, "In terms of look, Nancy resembles Scarlett, yet she's way younger and better than Scarlett! Why don't you start a family with her? Since she's far more sensible than Scarlett, I'm sure you can focus on your career after getting married! Why can't you stop torturing yourself?"

To be honest, her words made a lot of sense because it would be better for us to move on and start a new life with a better half.

I thought Ashton would ignore his aunt, but he actually rebutted her. "She was merely twenty-two years old when I first encountered her in the library of J University. Holding on to Romeo and Juliet while making her way out of the library, Scarlett was engaged in a conversation with Macy. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, but she said she would rather live a life like Juliet's, staying true to herself, forsaking her life for the sake of love."

He paused before adding, “Perhaps she had the best time of her life back when I first saw her. I knew she was an ambitious girl, yet Grandpa forced her to join the Fullers and insisted on having us married. I knew it was never her intention to get married to me. Therefore, I made the decision to call off our wedding. Unfortunately, Grandpa insisted and forced us to carry on with the wedding ceremony. On the day of the ceremony, I was determined to set her free if she truly desired to leave me. Over the two years, I stayed away from her and spent my time honoring Parker’s final wish. However, my lust took over my rationality. When I got drunk, I accidentally forced her into submission and got her pregnant.

“Perhaps that was part of our destinies. Therefore, I changed my mind and started taking care of her with everything I had. I promised her a grand wedding ceremony and swore upon my name to take good care of her and our child. I was the only one she could rely on, and yet, I was the one who brought upon her misfortune. Over the past four years, I had been thinking over and over again. If it weren’t because of me, could she have lived a completely different life?”

He looked at his aunt with a deprecating smile. “Aunt Sally, she’s not the one who can live without me—I’m the one who can’t go by a day without her. I ended up hurting her because I didn’t learn to love her. After our encounter, she had become my one and only. No matter what lies in the future, I want to keep her by my side and let bygones be bygones. The future is the one that matters the most, isn’t it?”

My heart ached when I saw the ring on Ashton’s finger—he had never once removed our wedding ring.

On the other hand, Sally didn’t expect Ashton would share his most inner thoughts with her. She stared at him openmouthed because she was at a loss for words.

When she raised her head and saw me, she shook her head before spinning on her heels and left.

I returned to the bedroom and noticed I had never looked at things from his perspective. Although I was conscious of the affection he had for me, it turned out to be more than I thought.

Lying on the bed, I couldn’t fall asleep. When Ashton entered the bedroom, I was still wide awake.

I closed my eyes when I noticed he was about to enter the room, but he caught me red-handed and asked, "What's wrong? Having trouble falling asleep?"

After hesitating for a short while, I said, "Perhaps it was because of the unfamiliar environment." The moment I enunciated my reply, I regretted my words because it used to be my room four years ago.

Frowning, he took a seat by my side and cradled me in his arms with a bright grin. "Are you sure it's not because I'm not around?"

I was startled by his words.

It was early September. The weather wasn't as frigid, but it was a chilly night. I couldn't stand the cold anymore and I snuggled in between his arms to keep myself warm.

When he cradled me in his arms, I was overwhelmed by the uncertainties that were in store for us. In the end, I decided to appreciate the limited times we have.

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I was roused from my sleep when the shaft of sunlight illuminated the entire bedroom.

In my groggy state, I saw Ashton by the edge of our bed, sorting out the documents he had.

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"Ashton!" I called out because I thought I was in a dream, but when he turned around and looked at me with his glistening pair of eyes, I knew then he was real.

He put his documents aside and leaned over to kiss me. "Do you want to join me on a trip somewhere?"

“Does it have something to do with your work?”

“It does, but it’s not just work. Since today is such a great day, let’s go for a walk.”

I nodded.

HiTech’s promotional clip was one of the reasons Ashton had returned to J City.

An outdoor studio was leased for the shoot. Ashton wouldn’t have to be there, but he brought me over because he thought I would enjoy a walk.

The staff in the spacious studio were dealing with their respective tasks. Before entering the studio, Ashton received a call that required his attention to sort out a certain emergency.

“Does that mean the things needed aren’t prepared beforehand?” He raised his volume because he was infuriated.

The person on the other end of the call was on pins and needles. “It’s one of White Corporation’s many projects. Mr. White insisted on dealing with you in person.”

Ashton was frustrated, yet he did a great job suppressing his emotions. Nodding, he asserted, “Fine!”

Once he hung up the call, he turned around and looked at me. I got ahead of him and announced with a smile, “Why don’t you tend to the emergency? If you’re here, I’m afraid others are going to talk about us behind our back again.”

Literally, everyone from Fuller Corporation was familiar with Ashton. Therefore, if others saw another woman by his side, the gossipmongers would start spreading rumors again.

He nodded and beckoned Joseph over to show me the way around the studio prior to his departure.

Joseph followed me everywhere I went. After a few steps, I turned around because I couldn't stand the awkwardness anymore. "I can take care of myself. Why don't you tend to the things you have on your plate?"

He shook his head and insisted, "I can be your guide!"

I rolled my eyes and chuckled helplessly. Actually, it wouldn't be much of a difference to have him or Ashton by my side.

When I saw the person at the entrance, I felt a sense of relief. After making sure that she was the person I had in mind, I approached her with a smile. "Stacey!"

After four years, she seemed to have been promoted to a higher position.

She was equally surprised when she saw me. Before I could grasp the situation, she had rushed over, firmly holding me in her arms. "What on earth happened? Where have you been over the years? It has been such a long time since I last heard from you!"

"I'm back!" I replied with a smile. When I left, I got everything changed, including my contact number.

In other words, it would be tough for others to reach me.

Stacey took a breather and stared at me with her eyes widened when she saw Joseph behind me. "Are you here with Mr. Fuller?"

I nodded and explained, "I'm just here for a walk. Why don't you show me around?" Glancing at Joseph, I asked, "Mr. Campbell, is that fine with you?"

Since I had made myself clear, Joseph couldn't possibly turn me down. He nodded and said, "I'll leave you guys alone then. Please contact me if there's anything you need."

After he departed, I told Stacey, "I am so grateful you're here! Otherwise, your colleagues are going to talk about me behind my back again."

She nodded and added, "Although Mr. Campbell is merely Mr. Fuller's assistant, his presence is still going to attract other's attention. Allow me to show you around instead."

After we took a few steps, she turned around and teased, "You don't have to worry about attracting others' attention because I'm merely a manager in the Planning Department."

As Stacey showed me the way to the studio, she introduced Fuller Media to me and asked me to tell her the things that had occurred over the years.

It was a pleasant moment to be around Stacey.

"Ms. Holmes, those from the Publicity Department said Nancy wouldn't be able to join the shoot because she had fallen ill. What should we do? We have everything ready, but our lead actress isn't here." A lady showed up and asked anxiously.

Surprised, Stacey frowned and asked, "What happened? How could she be so irresponsible and call it off at the last minute? It took us an entire week to get the required setup ready! Not to mention, the weather today is perfect for the shoot!"

Just then, a few other people in charge of the production gathered around. They were equally flustered. "We need the teaser for the promotional clip tomorrow because we have gotten in touch with the media way beforehand. If we can't keep our words, I'm afraid Fuller Corporation's image is at stake."

“That’s right! We can’t afford to delay the production any further! The production fee is nothing serious, but Fuller Corporation’s share price will take a heavy blow!”

“I think Nancy is deliberately playing hard to get! Does she really think she’s a bigshot in the showbiz just because she was Mr. Fuller’s partner for a few official events?”

“Let’s forget about the things she has done in the past, but how could she be so irresponsible when she’s involved in such an important project?”

The anxious bunch couldn’t do anything else apart from complaining about the things they had been keeping to themselves.

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I was dumbfounded when I saw Stacey staring at me with an odd grin. “What’s up?”

“Don’t you think you look like Nancy?” she asked, pursing her lips.

She was so loud her fellow colleagues could hear her. I was rendered speechless because I was aware of the fact I resembled Nancy.

I looked her in the eyes with a frown. “So what?”

Stacey cast a sincere gaze and begged, “Scarlett! Can you do me a favor?”

I was confused for a few seconds. “What sort of favor do you need?”

She hesitated and had a hard time bringing up the request. Thus, those around her got ahead of her and said, “She does resemble Nancy in terms of look, but the vibe she’s giving off is far more exceptional than Nancy’s!”

All of a sudden, someone looked at Stacey and stuttered, “M-Ms. Holmes, are you going to—”

Stacey nodded and glanced at me. “Scarlett, Nancy could never be a match for you. I need to get the promotional clip produced today. Otherwise, Fuller Corporation will sustain a serious loss. If Mr. Fuller confronts me, I’m afraid I’m going to lose my job for good. Can you please help me with the promotional clip?”

“A promotional clip? Are you sure? I’m a complete rookie with zero exposure to the things you’re talking about.”

Stacey assured, “It’s fine! It’s not a big deal! As soon as you got changed and dolled up, the photographer will take over!”

When I saw the beads of sweat streaming down her forehead, my resolve wavered.

After hesitating for a short while, I nodded and gave in to her request.

Her colleagues heaved a sigh of relief because they managed to resolve the emergency. Stacey dragged me away and said, “Thank you so much!”

She showed me the way to the dressing room, asserting over and over again, “You have no idea how grateful I am, Scarlett! I was afraid you would turn me down because Mr. Fuller might not want you to show up in the limelight. My last option was to get down on my knees to acquire your consent.”

I thought she was exaggerating things and assured her once more, "It's not that big of a deal. There's no need for that."

"You have no idea how impactful this seemingly trivial favor of yours is going to help me!"

After we got into the dressing room, the stylists and makeup artists had everything ready. As soon as Stacey delivered the instructions, she returned to the studio for the setup.

When I took a seat in front of the dressing table, the makeup artist couldn't help but exclaim, "Ms. Stovall, you really do resemble Nancy!"

I responded with a faint smile and brushed her off.

Someone interrupted and said, "Their facial features are the only things that are the same, but Ms. Stovall's ones are way more natural. I can't help but wonder if Nancy is trying to mimic someone."

The makeup artist started dolling me up. They started gossiping in front of me without holding back because they thought I was just another substitute for the role.

"Do you think she's trying to mimic Rebecca? After all, Mr. Fuller has been protecting Rebecca all this while."

"I think you're right! Rumor has it that Ms. Larson was Mr. Fuller's mistress. Over the years, he had been keeping her in his villa, afraid of exposing her to excessive risk."

"Are you serious?"

"Do you remember the time I was dispatched to doll her up for the auction? Oh, God! If you tell me Nancy is Ms. Larson's twin, I won't doubt it at all!"

While the duo was engaged in a hectic discussion, I thought Ashton must have been keeping Rebecca away from the public as part of his duties.

The duo continued gossiping. "I heard Mr. Fuller would get engaged to Ms. Larson soon! Someone told me they had been having a great time together!"

"Really?"

"Of course! Someone uploaded photos of Mr. Fuller and Ms. Larson kissing in the middle of the square and said the woman she saw resembled Nancy! However, only the woman's back could be seen in the photos!"

I was astonished when I heard them talking about photos of Ashton kissing with another woman in the square.

Another person interrupted and said, "I don't think that woman is Ms. Larson nor Nancy because it's impossible for them to show up on the streets when they have garnered the attention of the public. On top of that, Nancy's clothes have always been designer's items, but the woman's clothes are merely from a fast-fashion brand."

Someone wanted to say something, but they were interrupted by a commotion coming from outside the dressing room.

The makeup artist gaped at me in silence after she dolled me up. "Oh, my! Ms. Stovall, you have such flawless facial features and skin!"

All of a sudden, a bunch of people barged into the dressing room under the guidance of a middle-aged woman in her early forties.

She seemed to be frustrated and yelled, "Nancy isn't here yet! Who gave you the permission to proceed with a substitute?"

Isabelle, the person in charge of the Publicity Department, rebuked, “Vanessa, didn’t you say Nancy has fallen ill? Since she’s not coming for the shoot, we need to get someone else to carry on with the production!”

Vanessa scowled at me and announced, “It’s true that Nancy is not feeling well, but since when has anyone mentioned anything about not coming? Do you really think this woman here is able to take over Nancy’s role? She’s nothing close to Nancy!”

