

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 468-472

Chapter 468

I sighed. Wouldn't that be nice? But John was family to me after all.

"Hannah is a really good woman," I said. "Once John loses her, it'll be forever."

Leaning his head on my shoulder, Ashton said moodily, "What can you do then?"

"If Uncle Louis finds out, perhaps he could let Hannah into the Stovall family." John had always been respectful to Uncle Louis.

He lifted his head to stare at me thoughtfully. "You've investigated Hannah's past?"

I frowned, confused about his question. "Even if her background's inferior, Uncle Louis isn't one to be bothered about it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have acknowledged me publicly and entered me into the Stovall's family register."

He raised his brows and said, "Louis may not care about the girl's family background, but he'll care about her personal experiences. These past thirty years, you've had a clean record being the Moore family's daughter, my wife, and a graduate. These could make Louis accept you, but Hannah doesn't have those."

"Even though she didn't graduate college nor marry into a wealthy family, she's elegant and dignified. That alone will satisfy Uncle Louis."

Holding me, he smiled weakly. "Things aren't always as simple as it seems, Scarlett."

Out of nowhere, Summer ran over and insisted that Ashton play with her. Unable to decline her, they left alongside each other.

I remained seated in the chair, uncertain what sort of past Hannah had that could make Uncle Louis unable to accept her.

In the evening, at the villa's entrance, John stared deeply at me and said, "Since you're back to K City, you should take Summer home. After all, you and Mr. Fuller are divorced. The longer you stay here, the more tongues will wag."

I blanked out slightly. Deep inside, I knew he was unwilling to see me and Ashton living together without clearing up our situation.

Ashton didn't say a word as he sent them off politely.

Having played for an entire day, Summer was exhausted and fell asleep right on the living room floor.

I was then backed into the doorframe and caged in by him. "Four years ago, I didn't sign the divorce agreement. We're still lawfully married. Is it not okay for a married couple to live under the same roof?"

Looking at his willful appearance, I burst out laughing. Tilting my head, I said, "It's fine, that's why I'm staying."

He smiled softly, his eyes reflecting his happiness. Had it not been for Summer waking up groggily in the living room, he probably would've been unable to restrain himself.

Fall in K City was occasionally gloomy and uncertain.

On Tuesday, I had stayed in the villa revising for several consecutive days, bored from having been alone for some time.

After getting a change of clothes, I went to peel some fruits in the kitchen before sending them to Summer at her school. However, I was denied access and had to send them to Ashton at Fuller Corporation instead.

The skies were overcast. Luckily, Ashton had given me a car to drive and the traffic was relatively smooth.

When I arrived at Fuller Corporation, I stopped to allow myself to take it all in. Four years ago, it was merely one of the many inconspicuous companies in the industry. Yet now, it had turned into a multi-story building with its name hanging strikingly on the front.

As soon as I found a parking lot, a bolt of lightning struck and rain began to pour. I initially thought the rain wouldn't be heavy and carried the lunch box with me while I headed toward the Fuller Corporation building. But when I finally made it after a sprint, I had gotten fully drenched.

The dark skies lit up whenever lightning struck. The bad weather didn't seem to be stopping any time soon.

A group of passersby was taking shelter right at the entrance when I squeezed past them to make it into the lobby.

Having learned my lesson, I didn't approach the reception but pulled out my phone to give Ashton a call.

Several missed calls showed on my phone screen, all of which were from Ashton while I had been in the rain. Before I could call him back, the phone rang again. I moved aside in order not to block the path and answered it.

"What happened?" His deep voice sounded hurried as if he had been anxious.

Watching the heavy downpour outside, I said distractedly, "Nothing."

All of a sudden, an ear-splitting clap of thunder rang out, so deafening that the surroundings shook.

Through the phone, Ashton coaxed in a low, soothing voice, “Don’t be afraid, I’ll be right there.”

“Mr. Fuller, this will—” It sounded like it was Joseph beside him.

“Postpone it!”

Standing in the lobby, I froze, momentarily forgetting to move. “Are you in a meeting?”

“Mm,” he hummed in response. When another clap of thunder sounded, he spoke again, “I’ll be home in fifteen minutes.”

It seemed he remembered that I was afraid of thunders. But having lived through R Province’s unpredictable weather for four years, I had long gotten used to it—having spent many nights embracing Summer through them. Although I was still scared, it was no longer a crippling fear.

Hearing his anxious tone, I couldn’t help but assure him in a light voice, “I’m alright, you—”

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Before I could finish my words, he had come out of the president’s personal elevator and zoomed through the crowd hastily. His typically refined and imposing self was sweating in a panic.

His good looks never failed to make him stand out in the crowd.

Lowering the phone, I headed toward his direction and fell into his embrace, my arms finding their way around his waist. I leaned against his chest and said, "I'm alright. I don't fear the thunder."

It had been years since. Witnessing him being so worried caused my heart to clench.

Surprised by my unexpected appearance, he pulled me in and gave me a tight hug. But when I returned to my senses, I couldn't help but be embarrassed as I recalled that this was the Fuller Corporation lobby and I had dashed into his embrace in the presence of everyone.

My face flushed when I lifted my head and realized all the pairs of eyes that were staring at us. "I was bored alone at home so I brought you some fruits."

He chuckled, tucking a stray of hair of mine behind my ear as he held me. "Let's go to the office and eat them then."

Under the gaze of others, I entered the elevator with him, sighing on the inside. Gossip was bound to spread within the Fuller Corporation's employees in no time.

Joseph had been teetering anxiously when we reached the office area. At the sight of Ashton's return, his face broke into a wide, relieved grin. "Mr. Fuller, will you speak with the Starlight Group? Mr. Parker is exceptionally difficult. Since they initiated the meeting, they must be planning to collaborate with the Fuller Corporation."

As he was only an assistant, all he could do was make suggestions.

I had already known he was in the middle of a meeting. Seeing as Joseph had asked, I turned toward Ashton and said, "I'll wait for you in the lounge."

He glanced at the weather outside, seeing that the rain had reduced to a drizzle. Turning his head back to me, he lightly tapped me on my nose and said, "All right. I'll be back very soon."

There were two floors dedicated to his office. With the meeting room being on the other, I headed into the visitors' room.

Approximately five minutes later, Joseph came in with some fruits and tidbits. "Mr. Fuller doesn't usually eat these, so there aren't too many of them in the office. Feel free to have whatever you like while you wait."

As it had been years since we last met, I had a distinct feeling that Joseph was no longer as small-minded as he was before.

Smiling, I accepted them with both hands. I was aware Ashton didn't like eating fruits. If it weren't a must for him to eat them, he wouldn't have touched them at all.

Therefore, not having fruits nor tidbits in the office was very normal.

About twenty minutes later, Ashton returned and saw that I had peeled the fruits on the table but hadn't eaten them. He furrowed his brows. "You didn't like it?"

I shook my head, picking up a piece of fruit with a toothpick before holding it by his mouth. "I was waiting for you."

He reached out to cuddle me, looking slightly apologetic. "The meeting later could take a while. Will you be bored alone here?"

I knew he was busy. This trip was meant as a stroll with no intention to disturb his work. With a smile, I said, "Not at all. I'll go fetch Summer from school later."

He nodded, planting a kiss on my forehead. Feeling slightly fatigued, he held me and shut his eyes to take a short rest. No words were needed to be spoken between us. As time passed, our love had integrated into the little details. Mutual understanding, care, and tolerance between each other were the crux to spending a long life with your partner. To rip into each other's throats would only end in tragedy.

When Joseph knocked and entered, Ashton had already been asleep for an hour. He studied Ashton's closed eyes and steady breathing. In a hushed tone, he said, "He's asleep?"

I nodded. "Is it time for the meeting?"

He hummed in response, lifting his wrist to check the time on his watch. "There's another meeting in M Country ten minutes later. Mr. Crest has just arrived," he said with urgency.

Mr. Crest?

"Jared Crest?" I asked instinctively.

He nodded.

Didn't he say he was going to W City for development?

"If you're tired, then rest in the lounge," Ashton said, his voice slightly hoarse. It took me a second to realize he had awoken and was smoothing out his clothes.

With no concern of our presence, Joseph said directly, "The company in M Country has sent all the information to me. Mr. Crest has handed both the hospital and film matters to me. As of now, everything's on stand-by for you for handover."

Ashton stood up after taking care of his clothes. "Everything that's handed over from Jared, pass them to Joe. Let Joe handle them."

"Got it."

Seeing as he was about to leave, I stood up and called out, "Wait!"

He smiled as he watched me walk toward him. "Can't bear for me to leave?"

I shot him a playful glare and chuckled. "Your hair's tousled and your necktie's slanted." I lifted a hand to fix them.

He smiled. "Jared's about to go to W City. The handover work is complicated, so it'll likely take some time. If you need anything, look for Joseph."

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I nodded my head and pushed him forward. "Go!"

Rushing for his meeting, he left without another word. I decided to read for a bit in the office as I was bored.

Suddenly, I could hear the noises of an argument outside. Curious, I got up to see what the commotion was about.

It turned out to be Nancy whom I hadn't seen in a long time. She looks different today. Her hair is a mess and she looks haggard. Although she's dressed in branded clothes, they always look cheap on her for some reason.

Two secretaries were barring her from entering the huge office area. "Ms. Goldstein, we can't let you in if you don't have an appointment with Mr. Fuller."

Despite her image was utterly ruined, Nancy showed no signs of giving up against the secretaries who blocked her path. She screamed hoarsely, "Tell Ashton I want to see him right now."

A commotion like this wouldn't solve anything. After all, this was a huge company, and the secretaries had other work to do.

I shouldn't meddle in this though. Joseph just left and I'm unaware of the proper protocol.

So after some thought, I turned and prepared to head back to the office to kill time.

"Scarlett, stop right there!" I'd only taken a few steps when my name was called.

Turning back, I caught Nancy's gaze on me. She was still fuming as she spat out, "Aren't you so pleased with yourself right now? You think you're better than the rest of us just because you married into money."

I furrowed my brows in displeasure.

My gaze fell on her disheveled clothes. It's going to be exhausting if I talk to her from here. Since she's already seen me, I guess I should just confront her.

I walked forward and stared at her calmly. "Ms. Goldstein, try not to lose some sense of elegance even if you've fallen on hard times. Don't you think you're degrading yourself like this?"

She actually has decent qualities—she's young and pretty with a great educational background. Even if her path to stardom has become hopeless, she'll still have many opportunities. She wouldn't find herself in dire straits.

She laughed coldly, a hollow gaze in her eyes. "Degrading myself? Are you talking to me from a winner's perspective right now?"

I shrugged. "Think what you please."

She sneered, "Ashton treated me like a substitute. How well do you think he'll treat you, huh? No one will ever match up to that crush of his."

She's just degrading herself by being caught up in this whole idea of who shoppingmode among us is the substitute. What's the point in bringing up this issue now? She's just doing this because she can't accept defeat.

As I stared at her, I couldn't help but say, "Although I have no clue how you appeared in his circles or caught his attention, it's meaningless now for you to be fixated on this idea of which one of us is the substitute. I would've helped you if your words were kinder, Nancy. But if you can't at least be civil, then I'll have to return an eye for an eye. The baseless rumors you spread about me last time gave me a lot of trouble. As the victim, it's only right that I take steps to defend my name."

Nancy's expression darkened. "Who can you blame but yourself for your promiscuity? Everything I said was true."

I nodded, though I wasn't yet enraged at her words. "My marriage to Ashton seven years ago was a valid union. I don't know who tipped you off about that incident four years ago, but it only takes a bit of common sense to understand what really happened. Just because I didn't make a fuss about it doesn't mean I'm weak. I merely thought it wasn't worth my time and effort to deal with such matters."

The two secretaries who'd heard my every word couldn't help but exchange loaded glances. They seemed shocked, likely by the news of Ashton and my marriage.

I looked at Nancy and continued, "One must always think of the repercussions before taking action. If I were you, Nancy, I'd pack my bags immediately and bring my mother to a safe place where we could live quietly for some time. Maybe spend some time planning my future and stop pestering the Fuller Corporation. Ashton's patience is limited. Once he's concluded his business, no one can guarantee how brutal he can be when it comes to tying up loose ends."

Nancy's face paled. "What do you mean?"

“She has explained it so well! Ashton only killed your dreams of stardom instead of forcing you into a dead end. If you continue creating a fuss like this, he might get annoyed and ruin your entire future.” A woman’s voice cut in.

I was startled for a moment and turned around. I didn’t know when Emery had shown up. Dressed in a stylish black suit, she stood next to the lift with her arms crossed.

Cheekily, she watched my reaction to her arrival with a barely discernible smile on her face. Her lips curved upwards as she laughed out loud. “I haven’t seen you in four years and you seem fatter now.”

I-Isn’t she being too straightforward? Who starts a conversation like that!

I couldn’t help but laugh as I replied, “The environment in R Province is great.”

She shrugged and walked towards me. “I guess that’s true. Your complexion does look amazing.”

She paused for a moment and looked at Nancy, who hadn’t recovered her composure. “Hey Miss, you’re twenty-six this year, right? Think you’re such a hotshot after being a celebrity for a couple of years? Oh right, weren’t you in the news a couple of days ago for climbing to the top of that building? But nothing happened? I guess you were just making a scene!”

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She still speaks as recklessly as she did four years ago.

Nancy’s face was pale as she pursed her lips. “What does that have to do with you anyway? And who are you? Why are you sticking your nose into other people’s business?”

“Pfft!” Emery sighed, “Looks like the Moore family has been a bit too under-the-radar these few years.” She turned her gaze towards the two secretaries standing to the side, raising her eyebrows in a taunt. “You two would know who I am, would you?”

Both secretaries shook their heads and replied hurriedly, “Ms. Moore, surely you jest.”

Emery nodded and looked back at Nancy. “I guess I should’ve expected your ignorance. After all, actresses aren’t really invited to important events to socialize with businessmen or politicians, much less the ones like you. “

“Y-You—” Nancy stuttered furiously at her mockery.

Emery sneered, “Looking at your current state, I’d say you haven’t seen much during those years you were hanging around Ashton, yes? Do you think Scarlett isn’t a worthy match for Ashton? I’ll bring you up to speed then, so you don’t harbor any regrets when you meet your maker.”

“You b*tch!” Nancy yelled. “You just own a few small companies and you really think of yourself as some bigshot.”

I used to think Nancy was pretty cute and innocent sometimes. Knowing that Vanessa was her mother, and after observing her this whole time, I realized that they really were pretty alike. She takes after her mother after all!

Emery scoffed coldly, bored at her antics. But since she’s already taken the shot, it would be more fun to take her down a notch or two.

She planted herself on the secretary’s chair and propped her chin up to stare at Nancy. “You’ve never heard of the Moore family of K City, but what about the Stovall family? Ms. Goldstein, do you really think Ashton would just marry a nobody?”

Stunned, Nancy asked, “What do you mean?”

“What I’m trying to say is that you’re not only inferior to Scarlett in terms of looks and talents but also your background. Look at your mother’s character. Now, compare that to Scarlett’s father. Don’t you have any idea at all of the difference in your standings? If I’d been the one dealing with your slander towards Scarlett, I’d have hired someone to teach you a lesson. But Scarlett was the bigger person and chose to let it go. I did hear, however, that her godfather Louis can be very protective towards his own despite his strict beliefs in the law. I also know that your mother is a convicted felon. All he needs to do is find a small transgression to send both you and your mother back into prison. You’d be lucky to get out after that!”

Emery was obviously intimidating Nancy, and the latter appeared to hang on her every word. Pale-faced, she asked, “Did you say that Scarlett is Louis Stovall’s daughter?”

Emery shrugged. “Have you never watched the news in the past? I’ll give you a tip—you just need to search for news dating back to about four years ago, and you may be able to learn something useful.”

“Impossible!” Nancy looked flustered. “Sally said Scarlett is an orphan. Wasn’t she only married to Ashton because old Mr. Fuller liked her? How can she be Louis’ daughter?”

“Aha!” Emery looked at me and raised her brows. Laughingly, she asked, “I’ll say, why does she know so many things about you? Did you offend Sally? How did you do it this time? Aren’t you away for four years? How’d you suddenly gain an enemy once you came back?”

I shrugged. “It’s hard to explain. All I can say is it’s ancient history now.”

She scoffed and looked at Nancy disdainfully. “Sorry to disappoint, but her parents are alive and well. You should use your brain cells more often or you won’t even know when you’re being duped.”

She looked at the two secretaries and frowned. “Are you two planning to stand here and watch this little show for the rest of the day? Are all the employees at Fuller Corporation this incompetent? You couldn’t stop a person from barging into the president’s office, yet you failed to call security for help. Is this your way of telling Mr. Fuller that he should be replacing his secretaries?”

The two secretaries were technically the receptionists to the president's office. At Emery's words, they quickly apologized and called for security immediately.

Perhaps Nancy had really taken Emery's words to heart as she left absent-mindedly with the security escort.

Only Emery and I were left. She hugged me while frowning. "You left without a word and now you're back the same way you left! Some friend you are!"

I was surprised at her words. "I left in a hurry and didn't think too much of it. I've also just returned to K City, so--"

"Fine!" she pouted. "I've heard bits and pieces of that incident. I don't think anyone else would've reacted differently. But what's going on between you and Ashton? Didn't you get divorced? What's going on right now? What are you thinking?"

How should I put this? I don't really know how to answer her either.

Met with my silence, she sighed and stopped asking questions. She followed me to the visitors' room and took a seat. She asked, "The Moore family knows you're back. What is your plan? Are you just going to pretend that nothing happened between you and the Moore family?"

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"There isn't any relationship between the Moore family and me, to begin with. I came back to K City to give my daughter a better future. I haven't thought about anything else beyond that, and I really don't plan to!" If it wasn't for Summer's future, I would've stayed in R Province forever.

Emery knitted her brows and appeared displeased. "But you're the Moore family's daughter. No one can change that."

“So what?” I looked at her, feeling somewhat agitated. “I never plan to acknowledge them as my biological parents. Since they’ve already adopted Rebecca formally, then Rebecca can just carry on being the official daughter of the Moore family.”

She sighed as she commented, “You’re still not over it then.” She paused for a moment before staring at me. “By the way, I’m getting married in October. Make sure to be there!”

I was stunned. “Who are you marrying?”

“A man! You’ll know who he is if you attend the wedding.”

I-

Ashton’s meeting had just ended. Seeing as it was late, and he still had things to discuss with Emery, I decided to fetch Summer from school alone.

As I exited Fuller Corporation, it was just my luck to bump into Jared.

I wanted to avoid him but he already spotted me. Waving at me enthusiastically, he asked, “Where are you going? I’ll give you a lift!”

“No need!” After the incident with Macy, my impression of his character had fallen significantly. I had no interest in hearing his side of the story. All I knew was that he shared half the blame for Macy’s incident.

His brows furrowed as he followed me. “It’s raining right now. I’m free and I can drive you.”

I stopped and turned around to look at him. “Do you want something?”

He frowned before nodding. "I want to have a meal with her."

He was referring to Summer.

I pursed my lips. Summer is his kid after all...

After a moment of silence, I replied, "Fine, but just this once."

He was surprised that I agreed to his request. His smile was bright as he stared at me, seeming somewhat in a daze. "That's great!"

"Let's go then, I'm picking her up in a while. We can go together," I said before getting into my own car.

He quickly entered my car. It was drizzling just like he'd said. Traffic jams were a common sight in K City, and they became worse during rainy weather.

The car inched slowly along the jammed roads. I kept my mouth shut, unwilling to initiate a conversation. So he decided to start one himself. "I didn't know she was pregnant. If I had known, I'd never have let her leave."

I frowned, choosing not to comment on his relationship with Macy.

"What's her favorite food?" he asked, sighing lightly.

Evidently, his interest would be in knowing her favorite food.

"She's not picky—anything is fine!" Summer had never been a picky eater. If I had to pinpoint a specific food, her favorite food would probably be sweets like most kids.

Finally, realizing that I had no intention to carry on a conversation with him, he remained silent for the remainder of the car ride.

We reached the school gates half an hour later after the classes ended for the day.

Just as I parked the car, I saw Summer walking behind a teacher as she looked around for me.

Once she saw me, she tugged on her teacher's clothes and said goodbye to her teacher before running towards me.

"Mommy, is Mr. Fuller busy today? Why didn't he come to fetch me?"

These days, Ashton and Summer were behaving more and more like a father and daughter. Summer had grown to depend on him.

I took her school bag from her and said, "He has a lot of meetings to attend to, so he couldn't come today."

Summer pouted but accepted my answer without making a fuss. She lifted her head and stared at Jared, who was standing beside me.

After some thought, she asked, "Aren't you the man standing in front of mommy Macy's tombstone that day?"

I was shocked at Summer's memory. She actually remembers him after seeing him only once.

Jared nodded as a small smile grew on his face. He stared at her intently.

After getting into the car, Jared suddenly appeared nervous and at a loss for words. He just continued staring at Summer.

I quickly asked Summer, "What would you like to eat?"

Summer thought for a while before replying seriously, "This morning, Mr. Fuller said he would bring me to eat steak. Mummy, are we going to meet Mr. Fuller later?"

I was momentarily stunned. I totally forgot that Ashton had mentioned his intentions to bring Summer out for a meal this morning.

Jared let out a cough before saying, "I'll give Ashton a call. We can eat together later."

I nodded but didn't say anything else.

Ever since Macy had entrusted Summer to my care, I had never planned to reunite Summer with Jared. Though this had indeed been Macy's last wish, I also had my own selfish reasons.

Ashton was late to the restaurant because of his meeting. We waited at the restaurant for half an hour before he finally arrived.

After we ordered, Summer climbed into Ashton's lap and jabbered incessantly to him. It was obvious that she was clingy towards him.

Jared made a few attempts to engage Summer in a conversation, but she always replied politely before turning her focus back to Ashton again.

I could empathize with Jared's feelings at that moment. To prevent the situation from getting more awkward, I asked, "I heard that you're planning to move to W City."

Jared nodded. "That's right. W City is where the Crest family first laid its roots. It's past time for me to return anyway."

