

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 478-482

## Chapter 478

“For how long?” I sulked.

“One year!” “Marcus White, I have my life to live too! Don’t push it.” Just my luck to have met him.

“Half a year!”

“Half a year of cooking in exchange for the one month that saved your life. You got a good deal.” He looked towards me confidently.

“Deal!” I was tired and flustered. All I wanted was to end the episode and move on.

He did not stop me as I walked away. He just stood behind me and said, “The best way to handle a bully is to give them an eye for an eye. If you want Sally to disappear, just let me know. I can make her vanish from your sight.”

I was baffled by his words, so I turned around for clarification. “What do you mean?”

He shrugged and nonchalantly declared, “Nothing much. I just felt sometimes you are too indecisive. Some people are plain revolting. Their existence is a mistake in the first place.”

“You are the one behind Nancy’s incident?” I instantly pieced the puzzle together.

He stubbed his cigarette and replied impassively, "She asked for it."

"Marcus White!" I was aghast at the person he has turned into.

"She serves no purpose anymore. She will only get in the way," he spoke without any emotion.

Slap! I hit him so hard my hand hurts.

A man jumped out of the black Bentley and darted in front of me to shield him from any further strikes.

Marcus pulled the man aside and unperturbedly wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth. "You feel for her? Or are you disappointed in me?" he probed.

I took a deep breath and stepped back in despair. "Marcus, don't go overboard."

"So Ashton Fuller will toe the line? Do you think he is really the generous, forgiving gentleman you think he is? Have you seen how he deals with his business competitors?" Marcus accosted me.

He bent towards me and uttered gravely, "I am no match for his ruthlessness, Scarlett. There is more to him than meets the eye."

"That is enough! I gotta go." Disturbed by his words, I hurried away.

I was relieved he did not come after me. How did one become so incorrigible?

Ashton was not home when I got back. What Marcus said gave me the chills. I bundled up in a blanket and stayed in bed.

Ashton called in the afternoon and said he was going out of town for business. He had a hectic schedule. Sometimes, he even brought work home.

His busy schedule did not bother me as I have my hands full as well.

Alas, there was always a curve ball in life.

The following day, I was supposed to go to my class at K University. When I woke up, there was a crowd gathered outside the gate.

Paparazzi! Ashton's villa was in a secluded location. Not many people knew about this place.

Obviously, someone has maliciously spread the news and attracted the paparazzi's attention.

I grabbed my phone to call Ashton.

From the pop-up screen of my phone, I saw a photo of Marcus and me. It looked like it was taken when we met yesterday.

Whoever leaked the photos did it with ill will as all the photos published hinted at an intimate relationship between Marcus and me. The earlier incident with Nancy had barely blown over and now a scandal with the CEO of White Corporation made headlines.

I was sure the affair between Ashton and I would be uncovered too.

Guess I would have to lie low for a couple of days.

Ashton called to comfort me. "Fret not. I have tightened the security at the villa. Those paparazzi would not dare to trespass. You just stay put at home till I come back."

Surprisingly, I was not worried, even though this was the first time I had to deal with such a crowd. "Ok. You get on with your work. I can do my revision at home." I calmly reassured him.

There was sufficient food at home so it would not be an issue to be trapped in the house for a few days.

I grabbed some food and sat down to surf the headlines. The keyboard warriors were indeed impressive. Details of my background and the incidents that happened four years ago all surfaced.

Luckily, my relationship with the Moore family was not exposed. The affairs at the Stovall's were a little complicated and touchy so the paparazzi did not go big on that. They probably would not want to risk getting into legal trouble with the Stovall family.

So the focus was on my love affairs with Marcus and Ashton.

I was expecting the paparazzi to hound me for a couple of days. Surprisingly, when I peeked on them in the evening, more than half of the crowd has dispersed.

I could not be sure what happened to the paparazzi. I assumed Ashton was helping with the damage control. Summer was not able to come home to me. John had to bring her to the Stovall residence.

## **Chapter 479**

I was just about to call Ashton for updates when the phone rang. It was Emery on the line.

"How did it go? Have you decided how you are going to thank me?" She was never someone who beat around the bush.

I have not the faintest idea what she meant until I glanced at the small crowd of paparazzi still waiting outside. "You are the one who got rid of paparazzi?"

“Oh my! Don’t you read the news? Such major news and you are still oblivious?” she exclaimed.

Indeed. I went back to the sofa and turned on my tablet. Professor Marrying Up! The Moore Heiress Engaged To A College Professor! That was headlines all over the town.

“You are behind that news?” It was an extremely demeaning headline. Hunter may not have come from a rich and influential family, but he worked his way up and became a professor at a renowned college. His personal accomplishments and capabilities were widely recognized.

“Hunter was the one who told me to do so,” Emery revealed. “You know I hated the idea of being under public scrutiny, so we have never planned to go public with our wedding plans. However, your scandal with Marcus was obviously orchestrated. Not only were juicy details leaked, but the spotlight was also shone on the incident that happened four years ago. It would have been easy to deal with if those were blatant lies. Unfortunately, most of the information exposed was somewhat true. Both the Moore family and Ashton wanted to protect you from this unwanted attention. We could not think of a better way to divert the public’s attention other than releasing news of my wedding.”

That made sense. K City had just a few paparazzi and they had been hounding the same few big shots and celebrities. They likely ran out of gossip subjects.

Emery was in her thirties but her family never pressured her to wed.

However, in the public’s eye, she was the “It girl” who had it all—looks, wealth, capability. The city was awash in speculation that she would marry into another influential family. After all, it was common for moneyed families to use marriage as a means to strengthen the clan.

Once news of Emery’s wedding was out, it became the talk of the town. No wonder the paparazzi left me alone.

“What do you and Hunter plan to do now?” Once the news went out, it meant they would not be able to have a low-profile wedding anymore.

Emery seemed to take it in her strides. "All we need to do is to make public our wedding details. Poor Prof. Zane will have to get used to his newfound fame."

"I am sorry... Yesterday's meetup with Marcus was unplanned. I did not expect someone to be stalking and prying into our relationship."

"It's no big deal. It will blow over." She went on to remind me, "but don't forget our dinner date. You have to make time for it."

"Of course! I will not miss that," I cheerfully replied.

Night fell.

I was fast asleep and did not notice when Ashton got home. I woke up to the sound of running water from the bathroom.

I lay in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, still groggy from sleep. Ashton came into the bedroom, wrapped in a towel. He did not switch on the lights for fear of waking me.

I leaned over to switch on the bedside light and turned around to find him looking at me. He was wet, fresh out of the shower.

"Did I wake you?" His handsome face had a smile on it.

I shook my head. I had always been a light sleeper and would have woken up anyway.

By the time he came to me, he had already wiped his body dry. His hair was dripping wet though. I sat up, took the towel from him, and started drying his hair.

"Are there any more paparazzi outside?" I asked. Although most of them had shifted their attention to the Moores, there were still a few hanging around.

He grabbed me and sat me on his lap, his chest still cold from the shower.

“They have all left.” He sounded tired and rested his chin on my collarbone.

“No! That is ticklish!”

“Where is your itch?” he murmured.

I pursed my lips bashfully.

“Have you taken your dinner?” His voice was mellow and subdued.

“Yes,” I replied with a nod.

He bent and suck hard on my neck. “Little liar! The food in the fridge was untouched.”

I did not expect him to be so attentive and observant.

“I was not hungry. I snacked.” It was the truth. I seemed to have put on some weight since I came back to K City.

“How can you consider snacks as a meal?” he grumbled.

“Of course, we can!” It’s true, especially for ladies.

He would have none of that. After I dried his hair, he carried me and made his way downstairs.

It was dark. I clung to his neck for fear of falling. "Ashton, where are you bringing me to? It is late. Aren't you tired?"

## **Chapter 480**

"To grab some food," he uttered.

For me? "I am really not hungry. I swear." I was not a little kid anymore. I could have fixed myself a meal if I was hungry. Alas, he ignored me and continued making his way down. I had to plead again, "It is late. I would get poor digestion and suffer badly tomorrow."

With this, he stopped and fixed his gaze at me. "Are you sure you are not hungry?"

"Yes, I am not," I replied affirmatively.

I breathed a sigh of relief when he finally put me back in bed. Late night meals would really be bad for health.

He lay on top of me, with no intention of leaving. His deep-set eyes gazed into me, his eyes betraying nothing.

"Yes?" I was perplexed.

"I'm hungry." His Adam's apple moved sensuously as he murmured.

I fell silent, then said, "Why don't you go downstairs and grab some food?"



“No need. Here is good.” He leaned closer to me, breathing heavily.

I was feeling uneasy being pinned down. “Please let go,” I pleaded.

Our eyes locked. I blinked awkwardly and he kissed me, catching me off-guard.

I was so shocked I forgot to breathe. He let go of me briefly only when my eyes popped from holding my breath. “You plan to keep me monk-like forever?” He seemed amused by my expression.

“I’m sorry, Ashton.”

Abstaining from sex for four years may be unthinkable for some people. To me, it was liberating and empowering instead.

I managed to get over the sorrow and painful memories and got myself back on my feet in these four years. However, I had yet to recover from the trauma my body endured.

Ashton was still asleep next to me when I woke up. He would usually be up and gone.

I propped myself up and studied his face. Memories of the past seven years flashed by.

It seemed the time of tribulation was coming to an end. I hoped what followed would be some peace and serenity.

However, I was afraid of getting my hopes up somewhere deep in me.

I was lost in thoughts and did not notice Ashton was awake. I only snapped out of it when he spoke. "Are you hungry?" I turned to meet his eyes. His smiley face was gorgeous.

"No." I shook my head.

He pulled me into his arms and said, "You've lost weight. You gotta eat more." His voice was manly.

"You know I had put on weight instead!" I smiled. I felt secure in his embrace.

Joseph brought us quiche for breakfast. It was simple but tasty. However, I had no appetite and so only took a few bites.

My stomach was churning. I bore with it until Ashton left. As soon as he left, I went to the bathroom and threw up whatever I ate.

Maybe I never really wanted to eat in the first place.

There was a small handful of paparazzi still waiting outside the gate. More details about my affairs with Ashton and Marcus were uncovered. As I had expected, I was portrayed as a slut.

I had to quit reading too much into what was being written as it would have been too draining. With so much negative publicity around, I had to do self-study at home since I could no longer attend classes at K University anymore.

Unable to catch hold of anyone after a few days of futile wait, the paparazzi finally gave up and left. It had just blown over so I would not be heading out anytime soon. I was a little traumatized after being hounded for the past few days.

We were no divine beings and thus, could not remain unaffected by the gossips.

Summer came back after staying with the Slovals for the past few days. She immediately threw herself in my arms and asked, "Mommy, is it true you do not want me anymore? Why did you leave me at Grandpa's place?"

I was stumped. "Mommy had to attend to some matters, and I could not pick you up. What is wrong, my sweetheart?"

"I was told you do not want me anymore and I am not your real daughter, so you will send me away once I grow up." An innocent kid would not lie.

There were not many people at the Stovall residence. The most likely person to have spoken such nonsense to Summer would be the nanny.

"Grandpa was very busy and he worked late every day. Uncle John too, although he would tell me bedtime stories when he got home. Mrs. Dune cooks for all of us! She was the only one I can play with." Summer's words confirmed my speculation. Only Mrs. Dune would have spoken those nasty words to her.

"Summer, sweetheart, Mommy would never leave you or send you away. You are mommy's dearest daughter. In the future, if anyone says otherwise, you just ignore them, ok?" I gave Summer a big hug and comforted her.

She nodded and went out to the yard to play. She did not take that gossip to heart.

I wanted to call John but decided otherwise after some deliberation.

Ashton called in the evening. "Have you taken your dinner?" He sounded husky. He must have had a long day.

## **Chapter 481**

If not for Summer's return, I would never have cooked dinner. I looked into the kitchen, saw that dinner was not yet ready, and said, "Not yet!"

“Let’s go downtown to eat tonight. I’ll go over to pick you and Summer up later. Remember to dress warmly.” There were sounds of Ashton sorting out documents, which meant that he was still at work.

Having not gone out in a long while, I was worried, and asked, “Will going out suddenly attract unwanted attention?” After all, a storm had just passed.

“Don’t worry, I’ve booked a private room in the restaurant. It’ll be fine.” He paused for a while, then continued, “Jared’s back from W City. He wants to see Summer.”

I frowned at the thought of Summer interacting with Jared.

Ashton must have sensed something amiss in my silence. He suggested gently, “If you don’t want Jared to meet Summer, we can still go out. Just the three of us.”

“It’s fine!” No matter what, Summer was still Jared’s daughter.

Half an hour later, Ashton pulled up at the gates. Summer and I got into the back of the car.

Ashton frowned slightly as he turned around. He asked, “What’s the matter?”

Shaking my head, I then untied my scarf. The car was hot and getting quite stuffy.

Summer talked throughout most of the car ride, leaving me to my emotions. I remained quiet, feeling a little gloomy.

Jared was already inside the restaurant's private room when we arrived. He was alone.

A smile appeared on his face when he saw Summer and he started to ask her various questions.

Ashton grabbed my hand as I moved to take a seat. He whispered, "In a bad mood?"

Pressing my lips together, I shook my head and whispered back, "I'm fine."

A waiter soon arrived with the food. As Summer and Ashton chatted, Jared continuously glanced at her.

After a while, I turned to Jared. "Kristina should be giving birth soon. You..."

"She aborted the child," Jared replied coldly. His face was expressionless as he kept his eyes on Summer.

Did I hear that wrong? I could not help but ask, "What?"

He turned to me with a serious gaze. "The fetus was in an unstable condition. Even if she gave birth, the child would not live for very long."

Ashton paused and looked over. He frowned as he asked, "What's going on?"

Jared straightened his posture, then replied, "She didn't tell me that she got pregnant and lost her child before. She also had to go to the hospital quite a few times due to her unstable emotions. She eventually had to abort it."

He spoke in an indifferent tone. It was as if this matter was insignificant.

I composed myself, then asked, "So what are you going to do now?"

Instead of directly answering my question, Jared suddenly narrowed his eyes at me and asked coldly, "Does Kristina have anything to do with Macy's death?"

The fork fell from my hands.

Stunned, I looked at Jared's cold expression. "I'm not sure."

I'd always thought Macy's death was because of me. Cameron purposely got Macy to come to K City just to lure me out of the villa. If I hadn't left the villa that night, maybe things would have been different.

The entire series of events afterward had all occurred because of that one incident.

I was unsure of how much Kristina's words had affected Macy. Although Jackson was with Macy then, he did not fully hear their conversation either.

Jared sneered and turned to look at Summer. "I won't marry Kristina. Summer's a daughter of the Crest family. One day, she'll have to return."

I was taken aback. Never would I have expected him to speak so straightforwardly.

I looked at him helplessly, but could no longer suppress my emotions. "Jared, Summer won't return to the Crest family. This is both Macy's and my decision. I've grown to love her as my own these past four years. I'll fight to the end if you want to take her away from me."

Ashton was displeased as well. He said in a cold voice, "Summer will never go back to the Crest family. You agreed for her to live with us back then."

Jared scoffed and looked at Ashton. "You'd also promised to take good care of Mia. Look what happened in the end."

Mia? Who's that?

Ashton grew serious. "You know exactly why things turned out like that back then. Do you really think that Macy's and Mia's deaths are both just accidents?"

Jared's expression darkened. He turned to look at Ashton with hurtful eyes. "So? Are you trying to blame me for everything now?"

Ashton frowned and pinched between his eyebrows. They needed to have a proper talk. "Scarlett, take Summer out and wait for me downstairs."

## **Chapter 482**

I nodded, already intending to do so. Jared simply stared as we left.

On the ground floor, I rushed out of the restaurant and sat down beside the car, afraid that someone would recognize me.

Although Summer was young, she had still understood the conversation to some extent. She sat down next to me and asked, "Mommy, why does Mr. Crest want to bring me away?"

I was beginning to have a headache and my stomach felt uncomfortable. Pressing on my abdomen, I replied, "Mr. Crest also wants to have a daughter like you."

"But doesn't that lady also have a baby? Mr. Crest will have his own baby too!"

I could not speak from the discomfort. Before I knew it, I had thrown up whatever food I just ate.

Summer was shocked. "Mommy, what's wrong?"

I continued to dry heave for a while before composing myself. I then took Summer into my arms.

Kristina appeared out of nowhere, though I was not surprised. She looked more haggard compared to the last time we had met.

She had probably witnessed me vomiting. "Nausea and vomiting? Are you pregnant?"

She suddenly laughed and continued sarcastically, "Ashton is infertile, but you're pregnant? Is the child Marcus'? And I thought you were supposed to be a good girl!"

I held myself back, not wanting to argue with her in front of Summer. Just then, Ashton arrived.

He walked over and noticed my vomit. He then turned to Kristina and asked coldly, "What did you do?"

He looked frightening. Kristina backed away and replied with a trembling voice. "I didn't do anything. She was feeling unwell."

She then rushed into the restaurant. Ashton turned to me with a concerned look in his eyes. "The food didn't sit well with you?"

I shook my head and replied weakly, "Let's go back."

He agreed, carrying Summer into the backseat, then placing me in the passenger seat.

Devoid of energy, I simply leaned back and stayed silent.



Soon, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was the middle of the night. Ashton was nowhere to be seen, so I went to Summer's room.

She was sleeping soundly in the lovingly decorated room. She looks like an angel.

I stood, watching her silently. Only some time later did I realize that Ashton had been standing behind me.

Looking at my dazed expression, Ashton pulled me into a hug and we then left Summer's room.

Back in the bedroom, I asked, "What did Jared say to you?"

I did not get the chance to ask him on the way home.

He pursed his lips in silence, then replied, "It's about Summer. The Crest family knows about her. They want her to return to their family."

The bedside lamp fell to the ground with a crash. I replied angrily, "I won't allow it."

Ashton sighed and moved to pick up the lamp, then cleaned the glass shards with his bare hands. I simply sat there, annoyed.

When he was done, he looked up at me calmly. "If you don't want Summer to go, I'll try to convince Jared. But we should ask Summer for her opinion too."

"She's so young, what do you want her to say? We've only had each other to rely on for the past four years. She's part of my life now. I won't let Jared take her away. No matter what happens, I'll always put her needs in the first place. How do you know whether or not Jared will take proper care of her? What if the Crest family treats her unfairly? Who does he think he is, simply taking away my child?"

I won't let Jared take Summer away from me. Never.

Ashton sat next to me and took my hand in his. "No one can force you to do anything you don't want to. It's getting late, let's go to bed first."

There was a nagging feeling in my heart that Ashton was keeping something from me. However, I could not put my finger on it.

I had just dropped Summer off when Marcus called. Although reluctant, I picked up.

"Why are you calling?"

Since the previous incident had only just passed, I did not want to have too much contact with him.

He spoke in a low voice, "Don't you keep your promises?"

I thought hard about what he could be referring to but came up with nothing. Frowning, I asked, "What did I say?"

"You are supposed to come to cook for me this month, remember?" he said, slightly angry.

I froze. I had been so busy that I forgot all about it until he mentioned it.

