

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 483-487

Chapter 483

The issue with the reporters had just passed and I was busy dealing with Jared. I still had to think of ideas to ensure that Summer would stay with me. I had no time to go cook for him.

Back then, I only agreed to his request so that he would stop pestering me. I never expected him to take me so seriously.

“Marcus, I’m really busy. Please just let me off.” I felt as though I was being forced into a dead end with no other way out.

There was silence on the other end of the line. Then, he scoffed, “Let you off?” Since when did I even force you?”

My head started to hurt, so I stopped the car by the roadside and hung up, then turned off the phone.

Finally, I felt better after some rest. What’s wrong with me? I’m either suddenly nauseous or I feel helpless and get depressed by every little thing.

Perhaps it was due to everything that had happened recently. I got off the car and went for a walk to relax my mind.

Unexpectedly, I met Kristina. She was wearing a long tan trench coat and came over. “What a coincidence. Shall we have a chat?”

I shook my head and turned to leave. "I know you don't want that kid to return to the Crest family. I don't either. Can we talk?"

I hesitated, but eventually agreed.

We then went to a nearby café. Kristina looked pale, but her makeup brought some color to her face.

She got straight to the point. "Believe it or not, I've nothing to do with Macy's death. Her hemorrhage was really just an accident. I know you don't believe me. I wouldn't either. All of you think that I said something to provoke her, causing her death."

I pursed my lips and kept quiet. Then, she continued, "Since you won't believe me, I won't waste my breath anymore. That child has been with you for four years. I know you won't let her be taken away. I also want a stable status in the Crest family, so I need to give birth to my own baby. Hence, I don't want her back in the Crest family either."

"Just tell me what you want," I said impatiently.

She paused, taken aback by my bluntness, then replied, "The two of you have been together for four years. You're basically her mother now. Jared and Ashton's friendship should still be fine after this matter is settled. Since you're legally married to Ashton, you can make it public that both of you are infertile. This way, you can then adopt that child. But the two of you just can't have your own children in the future."

Kristina continued, "You should know the law better than me. Based on your background, it should be easy for both of you to adopt her. It just depends on whether or not you're willing to give up your reputation and the possibility of having your own child in the future."

I calmed myself down before looking at her and breaking out in a smile. "Kristina, do you really think that Ashton would be afraid of Jared in an argument?"

She shrugged. "Of course not. Judging by his social status, Mr. Fuller won't be scared of Jared. But what about public opinion?"

I... Ashton indeed didn't need to be afraid when it came to background and power. He has the ability to keep Summer by his side. But once the Crest family blows things up, what would happen to Summer? It'd be fine if both her parents were dead, but I wouldn't have the right to adopt her since her dad is still alive.

I was getting frustrated. Instead of actually discussing proper matters, Kristina was just trying to agitate me.

I stood up abruptly and looked at her with a straight face. "If this is all we're going to talk about, I think I'm done with this conversation."

She spoke as I turned to leave. "Think about what I just said."

"Get lost!" I could not help but say. Soon after I left the café, I felt sick in the stomach.

I bent over and threw up, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

I was becoming more lethargic each day. When I got back to the villa, I simply sat on the balcony and enjoyed the breeze for the rest of the day.

Ashton's return was what pulled me out of my thoughts.

He carried me back to the bed and covered me up with a blanket. Ashton was furious. "Are you still a kid? Don't you know how to take care of yourself?"

I looked at him in a daze, then remembered that it was already late autumn in K City so the weather was getting colder.

Feeling upset, I hugged his waist and leaned into him, then said in a quiet voice, "Ashton, please sit with me."

His gaze turned warm and he asked, "What's wrong?"

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I sighed even as a throbbing headache assailed me. "It's okay. Just sit with me for a while."

Initially, I thought everything would take a turn for the better after returning to K City from R Province, but I'd forgotten about Marcus and Jared.

After raising Summer for four years, I'd naturally regarded her as my own child from the bottom of my heart, and her existence almost had me forgetting about how my own child died. However, after returning to K City, it was as though everyone was reminding me of my bitter and agonizing past with Ashton.

He seemed to be able to understand my feelings, hugging me tightly in his embrace as he echoed my silence and stillness.

In the passing of time, we were often drained of courage by memories as we embarked on the road that led to shoppingmode doom, step by step.

Jared often came to visit Summer, and every time he did so, the distance between them reduced.

I was too afraid of Summer, so I tacitly acquiesced to Jared's visits in the beginning. But as the frequency grew, I then made to leave with her.

As November came, the weather in K City grew increasingly chilly. In the evening of a particular weekend, Summer played with the dog in the yard after Jared had left.

At that moment, I gazed at Summer, my emotions indescribable as I sat beside her and watched the interaction between her and the dog.

When she noticed that I'd been sitting there for a while, she glanced over her shoulder at me, her eyes bright. "Mommy, come and play with Snowfluff together, okay?"

I shook my head while looking at her, my gaze radiating a faint sense of tiredness. "I'll just look on as you play with it."

Upon seeing my dispirited demeanor, she was no longer all that eager to play with the dog. Rather, she got up and stared at me while leaning her tiny body against me, her entire person soft and pliable. Resting her head against me, she queried, "Are you sick, Mommy?"

I shook my head as I hugged her, with relief slithering into my veins. "No. I'm just exhausted," I replied.

At this, she nodded before exhaling on a soft sigh and remarked, "You seem to be quite tired recently, Mommy. Are you exhausted because exams are coming soon?"

Flashing her a faint smile, I murmured, "I suppose so."

When the little girl heard this, she seemed to be racking her brains for a solution. After some time, she fixed her gaze on me and ordered, "Wait a moment, Mommy!"

Then, she ran into the villa. I remained sitting there, watching Snowfluff roll about on the grass. All of a sudden, a wave of pain assailed me. If my child had lived back then and Macy hadn't died either, would we now be sitting here together, chatting as we watched over our children?

At the thought of this, my mood soured.

Clang! A loud crash rang out in the villa. I was stunned for a moment before I promptly rushed in, only to be greeted by the sight of shattered glass all over the kitchen floor. Meanwhile, Ashton, who sprinted over from the main house, had yanked Summer away, his swift movement appearing a touch rough.

Summer was still in a trance, and it was only about two seconds later did she abruptly burst into tears from fright.

Racing over, I scooped her into my arms. At the same time, Ashton turned off the stove in the kitchen.

When he'd ascertained that everything was secure, he walked over. Staring at me, he couldn't help asking, "Why did Summer come into the kitchen?"

I shook my head as I hugged her. It was only after I'd mollified her for a long time did I manage to calm her down, and I breathed a sigh of relief after confirming that she wasn't hurt.

When she'd quietened down, I inquired, "What happened? Why did you suddenly come into the kitchen?"

Judging from the situation in the kitchen, she probably placed the glass bowl over the stove, triggering an explosion.

While Summer was no longer crying, her tiny body was still trembling, making it glaringly obvious that she had suffered quite a fright. "I wanted to cook some eggs for you, Mommy. My classmate claimed that eating eggs keeps the doctor away."

When I took a closer look, I finally noticed two eggs beside the stove. All at once, my emotions turned turbulently indescribable, complicating the only word left in my mind.

As I cuddled Summer, my heart clenched tightly. She only thought that I'm sick because I've often been distracted from Jared's visits these few days.

“I’m sorry, Summer. I...” I trailed off without finishing my utterance. Right at that moment, anguish had engulfed me, making my eyes sting.

Ashton looked at us as flashes of complex emotions manifesting on his alluring face. Walking over, he reached out and embraced us both, his voice low and steady. “Alright, everything’s fine now. Next time, make sure to prioritize safety over all else in everything.”

I pursed my lips as my stomach roiled at this precise moment. I suppressed the nausea several times, but in the end, I still had to make a mad dash to the washroom.

All the contents in my stomach were emptied in just a blink of an eye. When I’d finally stopped hurling, Summer and Ashton were both staring at me at the door, their gazes brimming with worry.

“Mr. Fuller, is Mommy sick?” Summer asked as her big eyes turned red.

Ashton merely pursed his lips, the expression on his striking face making it known that he was stifling his emotions. After a long time, he shifted his gaze to her and told her to go and play with Snowfluff in the yard.

After wiping my hands dry, I exited the washroom. When I noticed that he was still standing by the door, I instinctively hesitated and parted my lips to explain, but he spoke before I could do so.

“Let’s head to the hospital!” After saying that, he strode out while dragging me along.

Frowning, I pushed him away since I was in a bad mood. “I’m fine. Perhaps my stomach isn’t so great lately, so I get nauseous easily.”

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Ashton’s eyebrows scrunched together, and his eyes were blazing scarlet. “How long has it been?”

How long? At this, I hesitated. Mulling it over, I realized that it'd been quite some time. Ever since I encountered Marcus, I've been seemingly nauseous out of the blue. Every time my mood takes a nosedive, the urge to vomit grips me.

"It's been a while." Perhaps I'm truly sick. Jared's recent visits to see Summer, in particular, has such an occurrence transpiring all the more frequently.

Upon hearing this, his brows furrowed. Although he concealed his emotions well and kept them from showing on his face, I could sense that he was in a foul mood.

"Let's make a trip to the hospital and have you checked out," he suggested in a deep and aloof voice. His emotions were indiscernible unless one listened closely.

Irritated, I shoved him away since I wasn't in the mood to bicker about this. My voice was a few decibels higher when I snapped, "I said I'm fine! I'm perfectly fine! Why can't you get that into your head?"

At this, he froze, and I likewise reacted similarly. After all, this was the first time I'd ever spoken to him in such a manner after returning to K City, and my voice was even threaded with a hint of abhorrence.

All at once, I didn't know what to do, so I opened my mouth to say something to salvage things. "I..."

However, I couldn't utter a single word after an eternity had passed. Worse still, my stomach was suddenly churning all the more.

At this exact moment, Joseph arrived. When he came in, he was greeted by the sight of me and Ashton in a stalemate. Ashton subsequently looked at him and ordered, "Call and ask the deputy director of Medwin Hospital whether he's free to attend to a patient now."

Joseph nodded. As he clocked the odd atmosphere between me and Ashton, he fished out his phone to make the call.

The reins on my emotions snapped right then. I didn't want to go to the hospital, so I snatched the phone from his hand at once.

Then, I roared uncontrollably, "I said I don't want to go to the hospital! What are you two doing?"

In the next moment, I swung my gaze at Ashton and howled at the top of my lungs, "Ashton Fuller, just tell me directly if you want to send Summer away! I'll leave with her, going to a faraway place instead of staying and being an eyesore to you! Why must you allow Jared to visit her every day? She's my daughter! It is I, who raised her from young to this very day, watching as she babbled when learning to speak and toddling when learning to walk. Why should I give her away? I'll never hand her to him even if it means my death!"

I was overly emotional, even a tad manic, but I didn't realize all this.

Watching as the look in Ashton's eyes turned painful from the initial surprise, followed by distress, my brows creased as understanding eluded me.

I then shifted my gaze to Joseph, but the look in his eyes was also different; it was stained with a hint of sympathy and anguish.

What's wrong with me?

I couldn't calm down at all as my emotions held me captive, giving me no way out. The only consciousness I had was to curl up on the floor and clutch my head tightly while yanking at my hair.

I'm not sick! I'm really not sick!

It was an hour later when I was again in possession of my mental faculties, and Ashton was keeping watch beside me. My eyes darted around as I searched for Summer, but I saw no sign of her.

Thus, I tugged at him and demanded, "Has Summer been taken by Jared?"

Pulling me to him, he shook his head, his gaze tender. "Nope. She's asleep in the bedroom." Then, he hugged me tightly, his voice deep and enticing. "Jared won't take her away. She's forever our daughter, and she'll always keep us company by our side. Don't worry, for she'll never leave."

With that promise, I calmed down and listened to his heartbeat while nestling in his embrace. At the same time, a long silence ensued.

Meanwhile, he patted my back as though in consolation. "I'm sorry. I've been too busy lately that I neglected you. This is all on me for having failed to take good care of you."

At this, I shook my head even as I pursed my lips, saying nary a word.

He then heaved a sigh before speaking in a soft voice as though discussing the matter with me. "Scarlett, let's make a trip to the hospital tomorrow, okay?"

I instantly stiffened in a seemingly instinctual reaction, but he sensed it and simultaneously hugged me all the tighter.

"Don't be afraid. We'll just go and see what the doctor says," he assured, his voice threaded with a hint of comfort.

I pursed my lips and remained silent. After a long while, I finally nodded in acquiescence.

Going to the hospital might make it clear that I'm sick. I thought I've shaken it off within the past four years and had let the past go, rendering myself fully cured. Yet, never had I imagined that the truth was the polar opposite.

That night, I didn't lose any sleep nor get irritable. Ashton, on the other hand, didn't go to the office and stayed by my side.

The next day, Joseph came early in the morning and took Summer away. I watched her leave, only snapping back to reality after a long time had passed.

Snagging his keys, Ashton took my hand and gripped it tightly. Then, he murmured, "Summer will be back at night, so don't worry."

I nodded and followed him into the car. As I sat in the car, I became restless and even felt inexplicably irritable.

Earlier, I thought that he would bring me to a public hospital, but unexpectedly, he brought me to a private one instead.

As soon as we arrived, we didn't choose a department or specify my illness. Rather, he pulled me all the way to an office before asking me to take a seat and wait.

He stayed and kept me company, but no one came. Looking at him, I inquired, "Why are we here?"

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Ashton patted my hand in consolation. "To consult a doctor. Just chat with the doctor later and try not to overthink things. Just answer whatever the doctor asks, okay?"

I nodded, but a feeling of suffocation assailed me in this cramped space.

About ten minutes later, an elderly man in a white coat walked in. He looked like he was in his sixties.

Glancing at Ashton, the elderly man flashed him a faint smile and inclined his head a fraction in greeting. Subsequently, his gaze alighted on me.

Shortly after, a few seconds at most, he turned his gaze on Ashton. He said nothing pertinent, merely questioning mildly, "Are you staying, Ashton?"

Ashton nodded.

At this, the doctor pursed his lips and cocked an eyebrow though he didn't comment further on this matter.

He glanced at the document in his hand before focusing his gaze on me. "How's your sleep recently?" he asked.

"Not bad," I answered. Inwardly, however, I was already feeling a tad irritable – for I hated such a cramped space and chatting as though I was being interrogated.

As my stomach roiled, I abruptly bolted to my feet and rushed to the washroom without waiting for his next question.

There was nothing else for me to puke, so I vomited blood in the end.

The moment I glimpsed the flash of red, I myself was stunned. Why is there blood?

After a while, we didn't continue with the subsequent questions. As the doctor looked at me, his gaze radiated worry, and he asked me to stroll for a bit in the corridor or downstairs.

Taking my hand, Ashton urged me time and again, “Don’t wander around. Wait for me downstairs or in the corridor, but don’t go too far.”

I nodded before flashing him a forced smile.

At this, his grip on my hand tightened considerably. Shifting his gaze to the doctor, he suggested, “How about this? I’ll come over another day when I’m free, and we’ll talk in detail. For now, let’s call it a day.”

The doctor cast a glance at me. Then, he nodded and sighed softly without saying anything.

Ashton then led me down the stairs. When we had gotten into the car, I stared at his slightly pale face. “Is my condition very severe?”

He flashed me a faint smile even as his profound gaze alighted on my face. As he caressed my face with his long and slender fingers, he answered in a gentle voice, “No. Don’t think so much. Perhaps your stomach just isn’t feeling great, so we’ll have Joseph come over later and prescribe you some medicine.”

It was clear as day that he was merely placating me with such a remark. As my gaze remained locked on him, I went silent.

In reality, both of us knew full well what was happening here, but neither was willing to spell it out.

When we returned to the villa, he hugged me tightly as though reluctant to step away for even a single second.

I was feeling exceedingly drowsy, yet my sleep remained shallow.

Nonetheless, I felt very safe, knowing that he’d be keeping watch beside me. When I woke up after dozing off for a bit, I seemingly saw him talking on the phone on the balcony.

Although his voice wasn’t loud, I could still hear him.

“She isn’t sick. She’s just too tired lately.” His voice was rife with barely restrained emotions as he countered whatever the person on the other end of the phone said.

His profile emanated a faint sense of isolation and obstinacy. “No, thanks. I’ll take good care of her.”

The person on the other end seemed to be persuading him, for he went silent for a while.

When he spoke again, his voice was low as he tried his best to sound unaffected. “I won’t have her undergoing psychotherapy. She won’t be able to reveal her pain before someone else, nor will I subject her to that. I’ve waited and wasted four years. When I saw her at R Province, she’d buried all the trauma and distress deep within her. Summer is the only thing keeping her alive, and I know her concern. As long as I can keep her happy, I’m willing to do anything at all.”

Getting up, I walked over to the balcony. I could hear the voice from the other end of the phone, and it seemed to be Jackson’s voice.

Jackson’s voice was colored with a trace of anxiety. “Indeed, you’re willing to do anything at all, Ashton Fuller, but have you ever considered those who love her and want to keep her safe? You know full well that one never fully recovers from depression. In the four years she’d been in R Province, she’d focused all her attention on Summer, so much so that her condition has deteriorated this badly at just a hint of news that she’d be leaving. Have you ever thought about what you’re going to do when Summer grows up and leaves in the future? Are you going to just look on as she goes completely insane?”

Silence hung so thickly in the air that a sense of suffocation pressed in. At that point, Ashton’s back was quivering ever so slightly. Seemingly an eternity later, he spoke sorrowfully. “I’ll always stay by her side.”

Exasperated that he couldn’t get through to him somehow, Jackson snarled, “Ashton Fuller, you’re not protecting her but consigning her to doom!”

“I’m hanging up,” Ashton blurted, his voice terse.

As I stared at his broad back while standing behind him, my heart constricted painfully. I thought I'd let go of the past and recovered in the past four years, but never had I realized that I'd merely buried my pain.

Sensing a presence behind him, Ashton turned around, his striking face stained with angst and anguish.

In the blink of an eye, however, his expression was again as tender as ever. Gazing at me, he smiled faintly. "You're awake. Are you hungry?"

I shook my head as I slowly walked over to him and burrowed into his embrace in search of a sense of safety. "I'm fine, Ashton." I'm truly fine. I merely can't control my emotions occasionally.

As he hugged me, he patted my back gently as though mollifying a child. "Yeah, I know. You'll be fine after you have a good rest. Everything will be fine."

Chapter 487

The row between Ashton and Sally was something I'd never expected.

Ashton didn't go to the office for several days, so he handled all his work over to Joe.

When Sally came, I wasn't in the living room.

Initially, they merely chatted, but out of the blue, they started arguing for some inexplicable reason.

I actually didn't want to poke my nose into it, but I couldn't resist leaving the bedroom to see what had happened upon hearing the commotion.

"She'll ruin you! All the ladies from wealthy and noble families in K City are outstanding, so why her? You've been at odds with Marcus for years when the two of you could've prospered together as allies to attain greater success. Why must you be at loggerheads with him because of a woman?" Sally bellowed.

"I love her!" This remark came from Ashton. His back was ramrod straight, and I couldn't discern his emotions or expression since he had his back to me.

It was just three words, yet it was more than sufficient to stun me for a long while. After all, I had never heard him saying "I love you" throughout the past seven years.

This was the very first time...

Ashton's voice was low and determined as he spoke to Sally. "In this relationship, it's not her clinging to me, but it's me who can't lose her. Even if she truly becomes a lunatic who has no sanity left, I will still stay faithful to her. As long as she stays by my side, I'll take care of her no matter what."

Upon hearing this, Sally shook her head in disbelief.

Ashton, however, continued in a low voice, "You have no idea how bright and vivid she was when I met her at J University, nor do you know how sweet her smile was when she married me. In the past seven years, it was me who turned her into her current shell from a young and dazzling girl. Anyone else can abandon her, but not me."

"You're simply hopeless!" Sally was infuriated. "Have you ever considered your children in the future when you keep such a person by your side? Her condition is already severe, that with her inability to control her own emotions. Have you ever considered what she'd do to a child once her condition flares? Putting it bluntly, she might actually kill the child and commit suicide herself!"

Despite that, Ashton wasn't at all bothered. "We won't be having another child. I'm registered as Summer's legal guardian, so she's my daughter in the eyes of the law."

"But she's not of your blood!"

"What does that matter?" Ashton pursed his lips. "I'm not having any other children; Summer alone is enough."

The moment Sally heard this, she almost burst a blood vessel. Staring at him incredulously, she blurted, "Have you gone mad, Ashton? You're the only heir of the Fullers! How could you do this to your grandfather who's in heaven?"

Ashton didn't say anything to this, for he'd glimpsed me standing at the landing when he stood up.

His initially grim expression gradually turned tender. As our gazes locked, the corners of his mouth lifted, and he beckoned to me gently, his voice amicable. "Come down."

As I looked at him, my heart clenched slightly.

Meanwhile, Sally wore a forbidding expression that appeared to conceal much hatred. When she saw Ashton holding my hand, she snapped with barely restrained fury, "Scarlett Stovall, must you keep pestering him so that you can ruin him? You have your choice of the Moore family or the Stovall family, so why do you insist on clinging to him? Do you know how badly the initially fine and dandy Fuller Corporation had been hit time and again from the rumors and scandals revolving around you ever since your appearance? Do you know why Ashton has been so busy?"

"That's enough!" Ashton wanted to stop her tirade, but I held him back. Staring at her, I murmured in a placid voice, "Go on."

"White Corporation has snatched away several contracts that Fuller Corporation had already signed, and in just a month, the shares of Fuller Corporation had plummeted to rock bottom. He's willing to withstand anything for your sake, but why must you be so selfish and pester him time and again? Plus, Summer belongs to the Crest family. Never mind if you don't want to give him any child, but why must

you make him a joke in the eyes of others? The price of him fighting the Crest family for Summer is his friendship with a good friend and the reputation as well as prestige he'd accumulated in K City throughout the years. Do you truly intend to ruin him, Scarlett Stovall?" she sneered in disdain.

I shook my head as I tried my best to rein in my emotions. Never had I thought of ruining him!

Sensing the trembling of my hand in his, Ashton turned to her and demanded caustically, "Get out!"

Momentarily stunned by his sudden wrath, Sally instinctively backed away several steps before she snagged her handbag and left.

All of a sudden, I shivered all over. It was late autumn, yet I couldn't stop perspiring. Ashton hugged me tightly, his voice low and restrained. "Don't listen to her, Scarlett. Nothing will happen to either Fuller Corporation or me because of you. You're my lawfully-wedded wife, so no one can separate us. I'm invincible as long as you remain by my side. Trust me, won't you?"

I nodded, but still, I trembled greatly.

Why did things come to this?

It was a long time before I finally calmed down. Nonetheless, I remained curled up like a ball in his embrace, wishing to keep myself surrounded by his presence so that I would have a sufficient sense of security.

As I rested against his chest, I murmured in a hoarse voice, "Ashton, I may truly forget everything one day, so... it's not worth staying faithful to a lunatic like me."