

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 505-509

## Chapter 505

Louis was smart enough to understand what I was trying to say.

He sighed. "I've thought about it, but Hannah comes from a complicated family. Her parents were drug dealers, and she's also an ex-convict. If she marries into our family, we'll have to announce her identity to the public. I'll lose my job and the Stovall family's reputation will be affected too."

Previously, Hannah told me a bit of her past, but she didn't go into the details. Indeed, compared to the Stovall family's future and Louis' career, it was best if Hannah didn't marry into the Stovall family.

John knew everything all along. Why did he sleep with her in the first place?

Louis was getting old, so after staying up the entire night, he felt exhausted.

He arranged for someone to wait outside the ER and went back home.

Ashton had to work, but he insisted on staying here with me. Hence, I had to leave for him to leave too.

Luckily, John showed up half an hour later with Yvonne behind him.

Even a fool could see they were acting oddly.

“How is she?” John came to me and asked. As his forehead gleamed with a thin layer of perspiration, it was evident he had rushed here the minute he received the news.

I tamped down my irritation and the urge to slap him, but I refused to talk to him. Hence, I just glared at him before leaving with Ashton.

Outside the hospital, I was still simmering in fury. Ashton offered, “Why don’t you hit me to vent out your anger?”

I met his gaze as my anger faded away gradually. Reaching out, I smoothed his creased sleeve, which I was tugging on earlier.

“I’m alright now.”

He chuckled lightly and brought me to his car. When he was buckling me up, he pressed a kiss on my forehead. “You were adorable back there.”

Adorable?

I gaped, but nothing came out of my mouth. Is that correct?

As I had stayed up the whole night, I fell asleep on the way home.

The next day, I woke up in my bed.

Ashton was having breakfast in the dining room. Joseph was there with him. When the latter saw me coming down the stairs, he flashed me a smile and inclined his head as a greeting.

As Summer was nowhere to be seen, I froze in my tracks. “Is Summer still in bed?” She has to go to school soon! Don’t tell me she’s still sleeping?

“The driver sent her to school earlier,” replied Joseph.

As I wondered why she left home this early, Ashton gave me a bowl of soup. “Follow me to work today.”

I looked up in confusion. “I was planning to visit Hannah.”

Even though Louis had arranged for someone to take care of her and John also showed up last night, I had to go visit her.

He placed the papers down and spoke softly, “You might not be able to go.”

Puzzled, I met his calm gaze.

Joseph explained, “The hospital is crowded, so you might get hurt. You should stay with Mr. Fuller for the time being.”

I frowned. “What happened?”

“It’s nothing much.”

As I was staring at him persistently, Ashton placed the papers down and returned my stare. “The weather forecast says it’s going to snow in K City soon. Put on more clothes before heading out later.”

I nodded. As he wasn’t about to allay my doubts, I didn’t press on.

I only found out what was happening when we arrived at the entrance of Fuller Corporation. The reporters had barricaded the entrance.

Joseph alighted from the vehicle to make way for us while Ashton took my hand. "Don't be afraid. I'll handle their questions, alright?" he spoke gently.

Although I wasn't entirely sure, I could guess what was going on. I nodded obediently.

After getting off the car, the reporters soon surrounded us. Luckily, the bodyguards were around to protect us.

They started hurling questions at Ashton, but the latter kept his mouth shut.

He pulled me into the company and headed to the conference room.

I was clueless at first, but the reporters' questions enlightened me.

The news of Fuller Corporation's president's ex-wife having an extra-marital affair was trending on social media. The blurry photos taken at the hotel were posted everywhere, too.

Even Nancy's name was mentioned.

Making use of a few blurry photos of me, the media compared me to Nancy's photoshopped photos. They also analyzed the conflict between Ashton and Marcus.

The public was interested in gossip. As a result, I became their target. Calling me a loose woman was no longer enough. They pinned Nancy's death on me and pitied both men. To them, I was toying with Ashton and Marcus' feelings.

The netizens expressed their heartfelt condolences to the deceased and showed their sympathy to both the men.

Meanwhile, I became the filthy and unfaithful b\*tch who cheated on my husband.

When I saw how they labeled me as a b\*tch, I couldn't stand it anymore and immediately closed the webpage. Pursing my lips, a hint of mirth flashed across my gaze.

## **Chapter 506**

Ashton didn't want me to face the shareholders' wrath, so he told me to stay in his office.

I wasn't afraid of that. After all, I had to face it someday.

Concerned about my mental health, Ashton arranged for Joseph to stay with me.

I read everything on the headlines and left my phone aside. Looking down from the French windows, I could still see the reporters milling around the entrance of Fuller Corporation.

"Mrs. Fuller, there are plenty of books in the lounge. You can pick one to read if you like," suggested Joseph. To him, the easiest way to offer his comfort was to change the topic suddenly.

I let out a faint chuckle and turned at my shoulder slightly. "There are many influential men in K City. Isn't it a waste of resources to gather at Fuller Corporation's entrance?"

Joseph pressed his lips together, but he said nothing.

Shortly after, Ashton came back with a scowl on his face.

Upon spotting me, his expression relaxed. He beckoned me over, and I trotted to him obediently. Pulling me into his lap, he declared, "It's nothing. Don't worry!"

I nodded silently. Deep down, I knew something huge must've happened to make him frown. The rumors hadn't just affected us, it had also brought a negative impact on the company.

A listed company would be in trouble if its president's name was dragged through the mud.

Ashton always had a positive public image. His intimidating presence and decisiveness gave the shareholders a sense of security.

I knew he brought me to his office so I wouldn't lose control after reading the news. After all, there was no one to take care of me there.

"Mm!" I grunted in acknowledgement.

Joseph handed a file to him. It was a report of how Fuller Corporation's share prices dropped drastically over the past few hours.

I knew nothing about the stock market, but the red line on the chart was obvious even to a clueless person like me.

Ashton patted my hand and gestured for me to take a nap before returning to his desk.

Joseph seemed fidgety as his employer said nothing.

Thud! Suddenly, he slapped the file on the table. The loud sound resounded in the silent office.

Sensing my gaze on him, a warm smile flitted across his lips. "I'm fine."

His voice was reassuring.

I inclined my head. It doesn't seem to be a trivial matter.

I didn't want to disturb him at work, so I stood up and told him I was tired before entering his lounge.

He shot me a comforting smile. "Okay. Take a nap. Don't you worry."

I entered the lounge and lay on the bed, but I just couldn't fall asleep.

For the first time in my life, I browsed the finance website. As I had expected, the experts were already analyzing the after-effects of Fuller Corporation's current crisis.

Fuller Corporation had three crises this year, so one expert claimed Fuller Corporation would be destroyed if Ashton couldn't solve this crisis soon enough.

Another expert explained this crisis could be a turning point for Fuller Corporation. After four years, Fuller Corporation had reached its peak. Thus, it would be hard for it to achieve more.

However, the outcome would depend on how Ashton dealt with the matter.

After a long hesitation, I finally decided to call Marcus. Years ago, he gave me his number after I lost my child that horrible night. As long as I called this number, he'd pick up for sure.

Marcus was a man of his words. He answered the call after a few rings.

Without waiting for me to speak, he asked, "I didn't leak those photos. Do you trust me?" His voice was low, and it sounded like he was busy at work.

"Of course!" I replied.

After a brief silence, his voice turned hoarse. "I'll make sure you won't get hurt this time."

At this stage, my feelings were exhausted. I had nothing but gratitude for him.

I replied calmly, "I don't care how you deal with the matter. This call is to let you know that I no longer owe you anything."

He fell silent at the other end of the line. As almost a billion was transferred into his account, White Corporation could survive the ordeal.

He spoke slowly, "Does Ashton know about the money you transferred to me?"

"No," I answered. Under Ashton's management, HiTech racked up billions in profits every year.

George didn't want me to be stripped of everything if Ashton divorced me one day, so he registered my name as the recipient of HiTech's company earnings.

## **Chapter 507**

I've never touched a cent all over the years.

However, when Fuller Corporation and White Corporation encountered the same problem, I transferred the money to Marcus to return his favor.

He sneered over the phone. "Scarlett, you're really ruthless."



Ruthless?

I beg to differ. It had been over four years, so I felt uneasy whenever I thought about how I could repay his favor. Back then, he had everything he wanted.

Right now, both companies were in trouble. Ashton had to face some difficulties to resolve the crisis, but it was very likely that he would pull through.

However, White Corporation's problem was a different matter altogether. It had been a family business all along. Benjamin showed no intention of expanding his business back then.

Now, Marcus was in charge of the company. He had to be of the same influence and height if he were to be Ashton's rival.

Hence, Marcus spent two years before White Corporation successfully became a listed company. But still, it was nothing compared to Fuller Corporation, which had been doing well all along.

Even though Marcus got a taste of profit from Fuller Corporation a couple of times, after this incident, they were almost on the verge of bankruptcy.

The money was just what Marcus needed to make sure White Corporation stayed afloat in times of trouble.

After hanging up, I felt much more relieved.

There was no way I could fall asleep in broad daylight. But besides sleeping in this bed, there seemed to be nothing else to do.

I wrapped myself up in a blanket and sat up. Right then, a text from Camelia came in.

The content was simple and direct. She wanted to meet up with me.

I could guess what she wanted from me. That trip to M Country was a mistake. If we hadn't met and talked amiably, I wouldn't feel as awkward to meet up now.

Alas, we were quite close back then. One could imagine how awkward things would be if we were to meet up now.

I left my phone aside and didn't reply to her text.

When Ashton came in, I was lying on the edge of the bed as my mind buzzed with various thoughts.

I didn't hear his footsteps.

It wasn't until he picked me up that I snapped back to reality. Looking back, I gazed right into his pitch dark eyes.

My voice was hoarse as I croaked out, "What's wrong?"

He flashed a faint smile and kissed my forehead lightly. "What are you thinking about?"

I shook my head and sat up. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I grinned and answered, "You!"

His gaze darkened with desire. As his lips inched nearer to my ear, he drawled, "What about me?"

"You're my beloved!" I crinkled my eyes up in a smile.

He let out a low chuckle and tightened his arms around me. "Joseph has just delivered our lunch. Are you hungry?"

“A little.” I leaned into his embrace lazily. “You’re done with the meeting?”

He picked me up and bounced me slightly. “You’re too skinny.”

I kept my mouth shut as he walked into his office. Joseph took one look at us and exited silently.

Ashton sat down and placed me in his laps. He asked, “What do you want to eat?”

I salivated at the food because they looked particularly appetizing. Immediately, my eyes lit up in delight.

I tried struggling out of his embrace, but the man pressed me down. “Won’t you reward me?”

Bursting into laughter, I leaned on his shoulder and returned, “What reward do you want?”

He raised a brow. “At least try to please me.”

I arched up and planted a kiss at the corner of his lips. “Will this do?”

He smiled in satisfaction and replied, “That’s sweet.”

“What’s sweet?” I asked, glancing at the delicious spread of the table. I was obviously distracted and starving.

“Your lips!” he answered before covering my mouth in a devouring kiss.

Time flew by quickly when we were with each other.

After lunch, I started nodding off. Perhaps it was because of the recent dreary weather in K City.

Soon, I fell asleep accompanied by the sound of splattering rain.

When I woke up, Ashton was lying by my side. He was undeniably an irresistible man. As he was sound asleep, every feature of his face was relaxed.

Macy had once said Ashton was akin to opium. One could either admire its beauty from afar or become addicted to it forever.

Both outcomes weren't desirable.

I had spent the whole day at Fuller Corporation, so I knew nothing about Hannah's current condition. I reached out for my phone and woke Ashton up in the process.

He opened his eyes and rasped out sexily, "You're awake?"

I nodded. My phone was in my hand as I sent a text to John to ask about Hannah's condition.

## **Chapter 508**

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Novel

Ashton pulled me into his arms and revealed in a husky voice. "For the past four years, I've always jolted awake at night alone. Once, I dreamt that you stopped breathing right by my side. After waking up in shock, I drove to J City and circled the city for the night before returning to K City the next day."

I stiffened in shock. Looking at his features, I felt my heart twisting in pain.

A smile flitted across his lips. "When I ran into you in R Province, I was prepared to spend my entire life there. Remember the first night I spent at your house? I woke up at midnight and sneaked into your bedroom. To confirm you're still alive, I checked for your breath before leaving."

Never in my wildest dreams had I expected that Ashton would reveal his deepest and darkest secrets to me one day.

My heart clenched painfully as I struggled to breathe.

After a period of silence, I finally found my voice and uttered softly, "I'm sorry!"

The past four years had salvaged me, but it was a nightmare for him.

I would be lying if I said I've never missed him. There were instances where I woke up late at night as his figure and my child's bloody flesh plagued my dreams. The memories and anguish were too much for me, so I kept everything buried deep down.

Those who suffered from depression wouldn't have a full recovery, but as long as my mind was clear, I'd protect my loved ones without hesitation.

The scandal remained. After all, the reporters wouldn't back down as it involved two influential companies. Both Ashton and Marcus were well aware of that fact.

That afternoon, the sun appeared all of a sudden. It seemed that it was about to snow in K City soon.

I sat in the lounge trying to read a book. However, I was worried about Hannah as John hadn't replied to my text.

Putting the book down, I glanced at Ashton who was buried in work. I went to him and leaned on his broad shoulders.

Sensing his delight, I stated, "Ashton, I'd like to visit Hannah at the hospital."

He came to a stop and offered, "Let's do that tomorrow."

He was clearly worried about my safety.

However, I refused to stay here and do nothing. "I insist on going today!" With that, I rose to my feet stubbornly.

He flashed a warm smile. "It's cold outside—"

"You know how unreliable John is. Hannah had just given birth to his baby, so I'm the baby's aunt. You're the baby's uncle. I'm free now. As long as I wear a mask and put on sunglasses, no one will notice me. I'll be fine." I told him honestly. Indeed, I didn't know how John would treat Hannah now.

I couldn't imagine how Hannah would feel if he wasn't with her right now.

Ashton said nothing, so I thought he would refuse. I was about to convince him when he agreed.

"The bodyguards will go with you. Don't go anywhere else, and I'll pick you up later."

Delighted, I nodded profusely. "Okay!"

I exited Fuller Corporation through the back door and got into my car, surrounded by the bodyguards. It was too ostentatious, but I knew Ashton wouldn't allow me to leave his side if I refused to bring the bodyguards along.

At the hospital, I ran into Kristina.

Half of her face was covered by the sunglasses, but I recognized her immediately from her outfit.

We weren't exactly friends, so we could've crossed paths without greeting each other.

Nevertheless, when she walked past me, her lips parted to utter a crude comment. "B\*tch!"

How annoying.

I came to a stop and turned to look at her. "Ms. Ludwick."

She swiveled around and met my gaze. I couldn't see her expression under the sunglasses.

"Ms. Ludwick, do you know why Ashton won't take another look at you even though you've become Jared's girlfriend?"

People used to say if we got bitten by a dog, we couldn't bite it back. The only thing we could do was to stay away from it to prevent from another misfortune.

But why couldn't we kill the dog? After all, the dog would continue to snarl and bite every person who came to it. Hence, it would be best to deal with it once and for all.

As I had struck a sore spot, Kristina blew up. "That's none of your business!"

"Why is it none of my business? You've in love with my husband." I wasn't that petty, but she had vented her anger on me. I couldn't sit by and let her have her way. Gazing at her coolly, I remarked, "Ms. Ludwick, you should go home and reflect on yourself. Some things belong to you, and some don't. You can be ambitious, but please don't cross the line. You'll end up ruining your own reputation."

I knew she had harbored feelings for Ashton since that dinner four years ago. She schemed her way up and successfully became Ashton's secretary.

## **Chapter 509**

After I talked to her, she went to Jared instead. She was smart, but one would need to be responsible for one's choice.

She was an arrogant woman, so my reply must've been a sharp blow to her. Luckily, the bodyguards stood in her way when she tried to launch herself at me while hurling harsh curses.

Quickly, I stepped into the elevator and watched her emotional figure disappearing behind closed doors. I pity her for loving someone she could never get.

When I arrived at Hannah's ward, she was lying in bed, pale and exhausted. Upon seeing me, she forced out a faint smile.

My heart ached at the sight. "Do you feel better?" I wasn't good at comforting others.

She nodded and tapped on the chair beside her. "I feel much better now," she croaked out. "The anesthetic shot had worn off, so it hurts."

I took her hand. Before giving birth, the doctor would inject the anesthesia right at the spinal cord. The expecting mother would feel nothing throughout the whole process, but after the anesthesia wears off, the pain would be excruciating.

I knew how that felt.



I rubbed her cold hands, trying to provide some warmth. "Have you eaten something?"

She nodded slowly. Perhaps touched by my action, her eyes turned red. "The doctor told me to drink some soup. I had some earlier."

I struggled internally for some time before asking, "How is your child doing?"

She inclined her head and licked her dry lips carefully. "He's in the incubator. I think he'll be there for a couple of days as he's a premature baby."

I heaved a sigh of relief at her answer. "It's fine. Summer was a premature baby too. She was skinny and frail at birth. Look how healthy she is now."

Her face lit up with delight. "Mm, you're right!"

Seeing her cracked lips, I poured her a glass of water and gave her the straw. "Have some water. By the way, where are the others?"

I've been here for a while, but no one had shown up. John, especially, was nowhere to be seen. Resentment flared up within me.

She inhaled lightly at my question. As her lips received moisture, she replied, "The caregiver went out for her meal. I'm fine being alone."

I didn't ask about John's whereabouts lest she got upset.

"What about your child's name? Is it a boy or girl?" I asked after a pause.

“It’s a boy. Uncle Louis will give him a name.” She was still talking when two nurses came in to help her with her vaginal discharge.

I rose to my feet and stood aside as both nurses folded her legs up before pressing on her bump.

Hannah bit her lip from the agonizing pain. She said nothing, but tears were trickling down from the corners of her eyes.

Two minutes later, the nurses left. She calmed down gradually. I tamped down my feelings and pulled the covers up. Sitting down, I held her hand, stumped for words.

Her lips curled up slightly in a tiny smile. “It’s not that painful as we imagine it to be.”

Clearly, she was trying to comfort me. I lowered my gaze as my heart ached for her.

“I’ve experienced the same pain,” I told her. Back then, I was so focused on my dead child that everything after that didn’t even feel painful to me.

After a brief chat, Joseph’s call came in. I paused for a moment before answering his call.

His haste was evident even through the line. “Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller is in a meeting. The bodyguards informed me about you running into Kristina. Can you leave with them and go elsewhere for now?”

Frowning, I knew what he meant. The reporters were after me, so Kristina might inform them of my whereabouts as she had just bumped into me at the hospital. Besides, we were engaged in a heated conversation earlier.

“Sure!” I replied without hesitation.

I bade goodbye to Hannah and walked out of the ward. The bodyguards were waiting outside. I could sense that they were getting anxious.

Looks like Kristina revealed my whereabouts to the reporters.

After I got into the car, it sped off. We had just entered the expressway when a few other cars caught up to us. Some even took out their cameras and took as many photos as possible of our car.

The bodyguards tried to block the windows, but the reporters wouldn't give up.

One car even sped ahead and took photos through the windshield.

Their actions soon caught the attention of the other people driving on the road.

Traffic jams were common on this expressway, so my driver exited the expressway to prevent any unwanted accidents from happening.

Before we could reach our destination, our vehicle was barricaded by a huge crowd.

The driver was forced to hit the brakes.

Then, the bodyguard immediately called Joseph and put him on speaker.

"No one can leave the car. Protect Mrs. Fuller. I'll be there soon!" Joseph commanded.