

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 522-528

Chapter 522

Ashton chuckled as he saw the changes in my expression. "This kind of flower cluster is used by Ustrana's aristocratic families. It's not that valuable, but what makes it precious is that it's decorated with peacock feathers which symbolize happiness and peace."

"I don't think it's Emery's idea, though," I said.

"The Moore family got this for her."

As soon as we entered the hotel, Emery welcomed us with open arms. She was wearing a white, off-shoulder wedding dress. Her dress was long and the hem was dragged on the floor like long, white waves.

"Wow, Babe. You look stunning! I was right to make you my bridesmaid." Emery grabbed my arm and pulled me away from Ashton.

I smiled at her. Looking at the hem of her dress, I was confused. "Why aren't you wearing a phoenix coronet? I saw the decorations of the venue. I thought the wedding is held in Chinese style."

Emery shrugged. "Yes, it is. Hunter's parents admire Chinese culture very much, so they prefer to follow Chinese wedding traditions. What do you think about my wedding dress?"

"You look very beautiful!" I wasn't lying. She was absolutely gorgeous in that dress.

Emery lamented, "Actually, I prefer to have a Western wedding, but Hunter's parents insisted on doing it their way. Therefore, they have the venue decorated in Chinese style. Before the ceremony, I have to get changed into a red gown adorned with embroidered flowers. I have to put on the phoenix coronet too."

She paused for a few seconds before she continued. "Later, you have to get changed too. I can only wear my favorite wedding dress for an afternoon." Emery let out a deep sigh as she looked at her dress.

Hunter came over with a cheerful smile on his face. He looked elegant and gentle in the white suit that fitted his tall and slender figure.

"You must be hungry. You should eat something first. After the guests arrive, you won't have time to eat."

"Right! We have to serve the guests in a while. Let's have some good food." Emery pulled my arm as she said.

Before we walked away, Emery turned to Ashton who was standing next to me. "Mr. Fuller, your wife belongs to me today. Mr. Quinn and Mr. Crest are in the lounge. There are some other facilities in the hotel too. Please help yourself!"

Ashton stared at me with his eyebrows slightly furrowed. Right now, the elegant, suave man whom I know was like a displeased child who just had his toy taken away.

I couldn't help but chuckle. "Wait a moment, Emery."

I walked toward Ashton and looked at him. "You take a walk first. I'll come to you after I'm done."

After saying that, I tiptoed and planted a light kiss on his cheek. He held my arm before I could walk away.

“Just like that?” Ashton wasn’t satisfied.

Looking at his flickering eyes, I took the hint immediately. I tiptoed to give him a kiss on his lips. “Are you satisfied now?” I asked with a smile.

He nodded and finally smiled. “We’ll continue tonight.”

“Oh my! Just cut the crap. Save it for your raunchy night later!” Emery said with slight frustration.

My face flushed upon hearing that.

Emery was open-minded indeed.

After bidding goodbye with Ashton, I went to the bridal suite with Emery.

The food was ready.

We chatted while eating the food. “Have you and Ashton ever thought about holding a grand wedding in front of everyone?” asked Emery.

I didn’t see that coming. After thinking for a few seconds, I shook my head. “If we hold a ceremony publicly, Summer’s identity will be disclosed. So I think we’ll just skip that. We’re fine anyway.”

Emery frowned. “But people have been gossiping about you. If you don’t make it clear, the situation will be worsened.”

“I’m living my own life. I can just ignore them.”

She pouted, “You’re so generous.”

Someone knocked on the door. "Ms. Moore, here's your gown."

Six neatly dressed attendants came in and stood in a row while holding a vintage sandalwood box in their hands.

I was stunned by the view. "Wow, you're going through all these wedding traditions just as how an aristocratic lady did in the ancient times."

Emery chuckled. "Should I be dramatic and run away in my red robe? The female leads in the Chinese folk tales always did that, didn't they?"

Everyone in the room burst into laughter upon hearing her words. Emery took a look at the accessories and the apparel.

They even had the shoes prepared. I was amazed as I stared at the exquisite hairpin in the box. "This hairpin is so delicate. The designer studded it with saga seeds."

Emery nodded. "It's made by Hunter. He told me saga seeds symbolize eternal love and happiness in the Chinese culture."

It's such a meaningful wedding.

After lunch, Emery took me to the hotel lobby to welcome the guests.

The guests invited by the Moore family were mostly from prominent families in K City.

Although the wedding was made public, only one or two well-known media companies were invited.

They were all experienced reporters who knew what to, and what not to publish.

Chapter 523

The media industry adhered to a set of rules. Only those who followed etiquette and played by the rules were able to gain a foothold in the high society.

Cameron and Zachary were making arrangements at the lounge.

Actually, there was nothing much for me to do, so I just helped Emery to get some things.

However, Emery was worried about me, so she asked the attendant to get the things she needed instead.

Therefore, I could only follow Emery around while wearing a smile on my face.

“Mr. Murphy will arrive soon. He’s the leading figure of the firearm and ammunition industry in K City. I guess Louis will be coming with him.” Emery put an almond into her mouth as she spoke.

Noticing her unusually good appetite, I intuitively gazed at her belly. Why does she keep eating all the time?

Sensing my gaze, she shrugged. “It’s two months but I don’t get any symptoms though. I just feel like eating.”

I was shocked. “Are you really pregnant?”

Emery nodded. “Yes. I’m already thirty-one. It’s the most ideal age for pregnancy. Of course, I won’t miss that.”

She paused mid-sentence, then looked at me before she continued, "You're already thirty as well. Don't you and Ashton plan to have a baby of your own?"

"It's still too early for us." I gave a perfunctory answer. Right then, a group of people were walking toward the lobby.

I changed the topic. "I think the Murphys are here."

Emery turned around and saw a group of people escorting an old man with a head of white hair.

The latter looked like he was in his nineties.

"Mr. Murphy!" Emery greeted Robert with a smile as soon as the latter entered the lobby.

Robert smiled at her. Despite his age, his gleaming eyes radiated a majestic aura. "I can't believe how time flies, Emery. You've grown up in just a blink of an eye and now you're getting married."

"Mr. Murphy, don't get emotional. You'll live a long life with a healthy body."

Robert was pleased by Emery's words. He held her hand and headed to the lounge.

Emery pulled me close. "Mr. Murphy, this is Scarlett Stovall, my brother's daughter."

Robert froze and scrutinized me for a few seconds. "Are you saying she is the one whom your brother was searching for?"

Emery nodded. "Yes, we finally found her after all these years."

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Murphy,” I greeted.

Robert held my hand with a puzzled face. “Four years ago, I was told that the girl’s surname is Larson. Why is it changed to Stovall? Why don’t you go by the surname of the Moore family?”

I knew he was referring to Rebecca. I only replied with a smile.

Emery explained, “No, Mr. Murphy. There isn’t anything about the Larsons. You’ve been staying overseas, so you haven’t met her in person. You must take a closer look this time. The woman standing in front of you is the daughter of the Moore family.”

Robert nodded and smiled. “Alright. I’ve always remembered all the pretty daughters of the Moore family.”

The guests who just arrived at the lobby escorted Robert to the lounge.

Emery dragged me along and said, “Let’s go get changed now.”

We had to redo the makeup to match the gowns and accessories.

The bridesmaid outfit that Emery prepared for me was a hanfu—the type that we only see in Chinese historical drama. I was rather surprised when I saw the outfit. “Isn’t it too luxurious?”

Emery shook her head. “Not at all. It has to be like that. I purposely customize this outfit for you.”

I didn’t understand her words, so I just smiled in response.

After we got changed, it was already six in the evening. It was time for the traditional ritual.

By the time we arrived at the venue, all the guests had been seated.

Hunter looked amazing in his wedding outfit. He looked dashing in both Chinese and Western-style costumes.

Emery handed me a sandalwood box. "Later, you stand behind me and hand this to me upon receiving my signal." I took a look at the box. Inside, it was a pair of jade bracelets inlaid with gold. One of them was carved into a phoenix, while the other had a dragon engraving. The jade was crystal-clear, while the gold inlays looked extremely exquisite.

I nodded, then I turned to Zachary who was dressed in a black suit. He was in his fifties, yet there wasn't a trace of a gray in his hair. There was nothing that could cover up his outstanding demeanor.

"Later, my brother's walking me down the aisle. In the future, he'll walk you down the aisle and hand you over to Ashton. Your life will be perfect then," Emery whispered in my ear.

I held a different opinion on the definition of a perfect life. The day when I was married to Ashton, I walked to him alone since my grandmother had already died.

Zachary overheard Emery's words. His gaze seemed slightly apologetic.

As the music was played, I couldn't hear anything else.

Both sides of the red carpet were covered with short-stemmed red roses. The whole place was adorned by white balloons, exuding an air of romance and serenity.

Hunter gazed at his beautiful bride as Zachary walked Emery down. Placing Emery's hand into Hunter's, Zachary said earnestly, "I now entrust my sister to you, Hunter."

Hunter nodded. A gentle smile lit up his face as he stared at Emery.

They just looked at each other and it felt as if they could stay that way forever.

Unwittingly, I glanced around and spotted my man standing among the crowd.

Chapter 524

It was amazing how I could recognize Ashton at a glance although the wedding was full of people.

The wedding was held according to Chinese wedding traditions which included walking over a fire pit, and serving tea to parents before they gave the wedding couple red envelopes and jewelry.

After the wedding couple bowed to each other, they exchanged jade bracelets instead of rings.

The couple served tea to Zachary and Cameron as they are the closest elders to Emery.

After the ritual ended, Emery tugged me away. "Come with me. Someone has gotten you a gift."

"What?" I was startled.

"Just follow me." She took me to the garden behind the hotel.

I was taken aback when the garden full of balloon flowers came into my vision. "From where you got all these balloon flowers?"

It was nearly impossible to get these summer blooms in winter.

Emery winked at me. "That's because someone has planned this for a few months. He had these flowers planted in the greenhouse just to show them to you today. Do you know the symbol of balloon flowers?"

I pondered for a while before I answered, "Balloon flowers symbolize unchanging love. Jared once brought these flowers to Macy's cemetery."

Emery pouted, "Can't you see these are white balloon flowers?"

I nodded. "Yes. What about it?"

She explained, "White balloon flowers symbolize the one and only love."

I squinted my eyes as I stared at her. "Is this a confession? You're married, though."

Emery held her forehead. "Scarlett Stovall, you're such a fool!"

I was rendered speechless.

"Where are you going?" I took hold of her as she was about to leave.

"I have to get something. You wait for me here." She sped away after dropping her words.

Looking at the white blossoms, I was absorbed with the spectacular scenery.

As the snow flew past, I gazed up at the sky where powdery snow was falling.

The balloon flowers were ornamented with the snow. It was a very beautiful sight to behold.

“I remember what you said to me in front of the library seven years ago. You told me that one can only witness such scenery at the Kunlun Mountains when the snow complements the snow lotuses. So I was thinking perhaps I can bring it to you if I do my best.”

Ashton’s voice rang out from behind. I turned around and saw him holding a bouquet of white balloon flowers in his hand.

I came to a sudden realization that he was the one who had prepared all this. There was no other way to explain these white blooms at this red-themed wedding.

I gave him a sweet smile as I received the bouquet. “Well, I didn’t know you are such a romantic person. What a pleasant surprise from you. I’m flattered.”

Ashton chuckled. “I’ll spoil you more often then.”

We took cover under the eave as the snow was getting heavier. “Why are you doing this for me all of a sudden?” I asked.

He gazed up at the sky full of snow. “Do you like it?”

“Yes, I do. It’s beautiful!” It felt good to have a special place in his heart.

Suddenly, a bouquet of red roses appeared before my eyes. Before I could think for another second, Ashton had stood in front of me and gotten down on one knee.

I froze on my spot.

“Wow!” A voice rang out. I turned around and saw the wedding couple standing not far from us.

The guests of the wedding slowly gathered around. Ashton took out the ring box and opened it.

I was shocked. Is he proposing to me?

“Scarlett, I owed you a proposal seven years ago. Can you give me a chance to make it up to you?”

His proposal caught me off guard, but my heart had never experienced such warmth before. After a few seconds, I asked, “Aren’t we already married?”

Emery interrupted, “It doesn’t matter. A romantic act like this is worth doing more than once. Besides, a romantic proposal is every girl’s dream.”

She then looked at Ashton and raised her voice. “Ashton Fuller, our great president, you haven’t said the most important words to her. Aren’t you going to say the three words now?”

Right now, the perfect-looking man was staring at me with affection. I could feel my face burning as our eyes met. I reached out to take the ring.

He held my hand instead and put the ring on me. “Scarlett Stovall, I’ll stay with you till the end of time.”

He didn’t say “I love you,” but what he said was an apt description of loving someone with all his heart.

Smiling, I reached out to pull him up.

Emery thought the proposal was rather dull. She couldn’t help but whine, “You two are just like an old married couple. You should be more passionate, or at least say something sweet.”

“Passion isn’t the key to long-lasting love. No matter how passionate it is at first, it’ll eventually dwindle. Love is embedded in every detail of life,” I replied.

Witnessing the proposal, Cameron’s eyes reddened as she looked at me. She was standing next to Zachary.

Stunned, I recalled what she said to me on the phone the other day. "Scarlett, I am Mom."

I felt estranged from the word "Mom." I almost forgot that everyone had a mother.

"What's wrong?" Ashton hugged me in his arms as he noticed I spaced out.

Chapter 525

"Nothing."

It was getting dark. The banquet took place in the hotel after the ceremony.

It seemed that Emery was the one who gathered the crowd to witness Ashton's proposal. Actually, I preferred a simple love to a passionate one.

The wedding was very grand and the guests were all prominent figures of the city. All of them were greeting and toasting each other.

After witnessing the proposal, the others were curious about my identity. Previously, Ashton tried his best to protect my privacy when the scandals broke out.

It was hard not to attract the other guests' attention when the Moore family and Ashton Fuller kept focusing on me.

The spotlights shone brightly, pointing toward Ashton and me. I unwittingly lowered my head.

Ashton whispered in my ear. "Are you nervous?"

"There're a lot of people watching us." I pretended to be collected, but my emotions were rioting inside.

"The banquets held by the Moore family are always grand. Don't worry. We have to face it anyway."

I nodded in response. He held my hand all the time when some guests approached us. I was rather awkward when they addressed me as "Ms. Stovall."

I smiled in response. After a while, my face became stiffened.

We were seated at a table full of exquisite dishes.

It was a table for sixteen. Emery was busy serving the guests, along with Cameron and Zachary.

Robert took a seat beside me, followed by Louis. Upon seeing us, Louis waved his hand and beckoned me over.

"Scarlett, come here."

I was not good at socializing. I instinctively looked at Ashton. The latter patted on my hand and said, "Don't worry. You'll be fine."

I walked toward Louis and he gestured for me to sit down. "Mr. Fuller, meet my daughter, Scarlett."

Robert nodded with a smile on his face. "I've met her. Emery said she's the daughter of the Moore family. How come she's your daughter now?" Robert was confused.

Louis gave a laugh. "It's fate. I like this girl, so I took her in."

Robert nodded and smiled. "I see. She's so blessed!"

Everyone burst out laughing. I curled my lips upward but didn't find it amusing at all.

Based on my understanding, being blessed meant having a peaceful, happy life. I don't think so, though. I merely have good tolerance.

Emery approached me and whispered, "Scarlett, come with me. I'm going to the hotel room to get changed. I'm not comfortable in this outfit."

It seemed that she had toasted all the guests, so she wanted to get changed. I nodded in agreement as I wasn't comfortable in my outfit too.

After we excused ourselves, we went upstairs. My mind wandered off while taking the elevator.

"Hey, what are you thinking about?" Emery's voice broke my train of thought.

"It's nothing." I shook my head.

After we changed our clothes, Emery sprawled on the bed. "I swear I'll only get married once in my life. It's too exhausting," she whined.

I pursed my lips and kept staring at my phone. I wasn't listening to her.

Emery called me a couple of times before I snapped back to my senses. "What's wrong?" I was a little lost.

She frowned. "No. What's wrong with you? You've been spacing out since we walked into the elevator. What's on your mind?"

"Can you do me a favor?" I asked.

"What is it?"

"My grandmother had left me a sandalwood box. Grandpa kept it for me. He then passed the box to me before he died, but I didn't keep it safe. Ashton lost it. However, I think he didn't lose it and he gave it to Cameron Anderson instead. She probably misunderstood because of the box. Can you help me look for the box? I think it may be kept in the Moore Residence. Or can you ask Cameron about its whereabouts?"

Emery hesitated. "Why do you suddenly think of the box?" she asked.

"It just popped up in my mind." I couldn't tell her everything yet.

Emery knew I was hiding something, but she didn't probe me further. "Alright. I'll try to find it."

"Thank you!" I took a look at the time. It was getting late at night.

Summer was still in the villa. I had to go home now.

When I went downstairs, Ashton was not there. I took a seat while waiting for him. Once he was back, then we could go home.

He came back after a short while. His tall figure stood out among the crowd.

I waved at him, then walked toward him. Before I could say something, he asked, "Have you taken your meal?"

I actually forgot about it. I followed Emery upstairs with an empty stomach.

“I’m not hungry.” He pulled me back to the dining table before I could tell him my intention of going home.

He filled my plate with different dishes.

Someone came over to greet us with a toast. I was worried that he might need to drive later. “I don’t think you should drink. Aren’t you going to drive later?”

He downed it in one gulp before he answered, “We have a driver.”

After that, some of them wanted to drink with him and he welcomed them all.

I ate my food in silence, but I had lost my appetite.

Chapter 526

He caught me staring blankly at the dishes and asked, “Are you not hungry?”

I nodded and pondered for a moment before responding, “Emery brought some candies over and asked me to pass the candies to Summer.”

He nodded and said, “Mm. It’s not good for kids to eat too much of it.”

“Is Aunt Sally okay?” Sally seemed to have calmed down and come to terms with what had happened.

“She’s fine.” Someone came over and toasted to him. He acknowledged with a faint smile and drank to the toast.

He saw me watching him and smiled in return. Then, he took the glass of water in front of him and handed it to me. “Here, drink some water.”

I was taken aback for a moment. Quickly, I raised my hand to take the glass from him. But before I could take it, he said, “Forget it. Don’t force yourself if you don’t want to drink.”

I could see that he wasn’t in a good mood. He had been like that ever since I went down.

“It’s been a long day, and you must be tired. Let’s go home.” I knew that he had been busy for the past few days in the office. Actually, he didn’t have to attend today’s wedding. But he came because of me.

I reached out and held his hand. His fingers were long and slender, slightly cold to the touch.

He was taken aback by my hand on his, but he smiled and said, “It’s okay.”

It was obvious that he drank a little too much because his breath smelled of alcohol.

Once I pulled him out of the hotel, the driver drove the car over, and we got into it. As we sat in the car, he leaned his head on my shoulder. His breathing was shallow.

It was unusual for him to be quiet.

On the way back, he suddenly said, “Stop the car.”

The driver was a little confused but pulled the car over at the side of the road. Ashton got out of the car and threw up.

I got out of the car to buy some water. When I returned, I saw him leaning against the car, and his eyes were closed.

“Here, rinse your mouth with this,” I said as I handed him a cup of water.

He opened his eyes slightly and rinsed his mouth.

As we resumed the journey, he leaned back on his seat, and his eyes were closed.

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop outside of the villa. The driver threw Ashton’s arm over his shoulder and helped him up to the bedroom. I went into the house and headed to the kitchen to make him a glass of honey water.

But before I could step into the kitchen, I heard a loud retch from upstairs. I rushed upstairs and saw that Ashton had thrown up again before he could enter the bedroom.

The driver patted Ashton’s back. I looked at Ashton, and for a moment, I did not know what to say.

I helped him to the bedroom and put him to bed. Seeing that it was getting late, I asked the driver to head home.

After cleaning up the mess, I went back to the bedroom and saw Ashton lying still on the bed.

I called out, “Ashton!”

He responded with a “mm”.

“Go wash up before you go to sleep.” As I said that, I walked to him and undid the button on his coat. His clothes were pressed neatly earlier on, but now they were a little crumpled.

Fortunately, he was cooperative even though he was drunk. I took off his coat and said, "Go take a shower."

With a nod, he stood up and staggered into the bathroom. I went to retrieve his pajamas and towel before heading to the bathroom.

Without even taking off his clothes, he turned on the shower and started to wash up.

I put down the clothes in my hand and turned off the shower. I reached out to unbutton his shirt and said, "Ashton, you have to remove your clothes first before taking a shower."

He nodded and his eyes appeared glassy. "Okay."

Obediently, he took off his shirt.

When he put aside his shirt, I was a little stunned by his lean and fit body.

It's not that I had never seen his body before, but in this situation, I was a little shy and reluctant to remove his pants for him.

Instinctively, I said, "Ashton, take off your pants. I'll be waiting for you outside."

He nodded.

I turned around and walked out of the bathroom, shutting the door behind me.

After sitting in the bedroom for quite a while, I could finally hear the sound of running water from the bathroom.

I folded the clothes that he took off and placed them outside of the bathroom.

The sound of water stopped. After a long while, he still did not step out of the bathroom. I couldn't help but feel a little worried.

Once I pushed open the door and entered, I saw Ashton's strong and muscular back. I turned around instinctively and said, "Ashton, you have to put on your pajamas."

When there was no reply, I frowned and reiterated, "Ashton..."

Suddenly, he hugged me from behind, and I could feel the damp air surrounding me. I stiffened for a while and said breathlessly, "Ashton, you..."

"Call me Hubby," he said as he rested his chin on my shoulder. It felt a little strange to feel his hot breath on my neck.

"You... put on your pajamas." It was not like we never slept together before. But with my self-control, I was able to refrain myself and hardly went to bed with him.

He didn't make any movement but hugged me tighter. I had changed into a comfortable nightgown ever since we got back from the wedding.

Through the nightgown's thin fabric, I could feel his manhood stirring.

After all, he was a man in the prime of life.

I lifted my hand and placed it over his as I muttered, "Ashton, it's getting late."

He grunted in reply. Still intoxicated, he turned me around, and our eyes met.

Without any surprise, he pressed his lips firmly to mine. It was an eager yet restrained kiss.

Suffocating from his kiss, I raised my hand to stop him. But he grabbed my hand in return and said, "Scarlett, have you been touched by him?"

Chapter 527

I was momentarily dumbstruck. Who was he referring to?

"What?"

Without saying anymore, he lowered his head and kissed me deeply. It was as though he wanted to swallow me alive.

He was being moody.

I noticed it when we were at the hotel. But, why?

I thought he was tired from work. But now, he didn't seem to be tired at all.

In the bathroom's permeating heat, his raging desire was full-on.

"Ashton!" I said, but he had already lifted me up in his arms.

He stopped his movements altogether. He stared at me with his dark eyes, and he was breathing heavily.

I was obviously bewildered.

“Are you angry?” I asked cautiously.

He looked at me with narrow eyes, but his gaze was soft and gentle as always.

“You don’t want to do it?” he asked hoarsely. His voice sounded restrained.

I shook my head. “I want it. But let’s not do it here, okay?”

He wrapped his arms around me. With a low voice, he said, “Okay.”

With me in his arms, he headed straight to the bedroom and gently put me on the bed.

It was not the first time for me to sleep with him, but this time it felt different.

That night, I couldn’t fall asleep. My heart ached as I lay next to him.

It was past midnight when I was woken up to the sound of Ashton groaning in pain. I sat up in bed and turned on the bedside lamp.

Ashton was sweating profusely. With a frown on his face, he kept crying out in pain.

He was having a nightmare.

I woke him up. “Ashton...”

When he woke up and saw that it was me, he wrapped his arms tightly around me and said in a low and hoarse voice, “Scarlett, please don’t go.”

I was momentarily startled, then I reached out my hand to comfort him. "I'm not going anywhere."

Lying back in bed, he hugged me as I wiped the sweat from his forehead. I asked, "Did you have a nightmare?"

He nodded. Then, he hugged me and drew in a deep, shaky breath. "There's nothing but darkness. You're all I have, Scarlett."

I later learned that I was not the only one who was drowning in pain. For the past four years, I had Summer, who helped mend my broken heart. But he was suffering in the dark all by himself.

Moving closer to him, I huddled into his arms. "I won't go anywhere as long as you need me. I'll forever be with you."

He was not the only one who was lonely. Ashton and I were like two puppets that had sunk to the bottom of the sea. We needed each other to endure the darkness that engulfed us.

He said, "Look at this empty room. Every time I woke up in the middle of the night, I was always surrounded by bleakness. It was as though you never existed in my life. Sometimes I wondered if I made you up and you were just an imaginary character because I was too lonely. The villa in J City always felt empty whenever I went there. I would then go to the cemetery to visit Grandma and Grandpa's graves. Their tombstones were so real and clear that it made me wonder again if I was in a dream. On the way back, I thought of driving off the cliff to wake myself up from the dream..."

My heart ached as I took his hand in mine, interlocking our fingers together. "I'm sorry."

He continued, "Scarlett, Grandpa taught me how to thrive in the world of business and taught me how to face my enemies. But he never taught me how to love someone. I'm sorry that I have hurt you."

I shook my head as tears fell from my eyes. "I was too stubborn."

Nobody was perfect. For the past seven years, I had accepted my life the way it was. But I never really considered things from his point of view.

I loved him. But I didn't love him the way I should have.

If I had told him what I was in my mind and didn't fake a miscarriage to deceive him and left him, he wouldn't be in his current state of mind.

Then, he wouldn't have to worry that I would leave him after getting the backup of the Moore family. My child would not have to die and Macy would not have been dead because of me. My biological parents would not turn out the way they were then and live in regret now.

That night, we embraced each other and we were open to each other.

Love is a strength, not an emotion. Love is about giving not just taking. Tolerance and support for one another are a few of the most important qualities of love.

Ashton said, "I don't want to live another four long years of loneliness."

Hot tears brimmed in my eyes. "There won't be another such four years. Let's go on like this for the rest of our lives."

He held me in a tight embrace and said in a deep voice, "Tell me that you love me, Scarlett."

I lifted my head and looked at his chiseled face. In an earnest and steadfast voice, I said, "I love you, Ashton."

He smiled brightly and said, "I love you too."

This was the first time we poured our hearts out to each other.

He said, "Thank you."

I froze. "What for?"

Thank you for loving me. And thank you for coming back to me.

It was a long and cold winter in K City. Winter had started last November and persisted till March.

Summer caught a cold. After getting out of bed in the morning, I tried to shake her up, but she continued to sleep on.

Ashton was nowhere in sight, but there was a note on the bedside table. "It's cold. Remember to put on an extra layer of clothing. Drink more warm water."

Chapter 528

I smiled faintly and kept the note.

Feeling a little worried at the sight of Summer's flushed face, I took out my phone and called Jared.

"Hello, Scarlett," the man sounded cold and distant.

But I did not mind. I was silent for a second before saying, "Dr. Crest, can you come over to the villa? Summer is having a fever. I don't want to bring her to the hospital because I'm afraid of cross-infection."

It was an excuse. But there must be a starting point for everything, otherwise, things wouldn't be done.

There was a moment of silence from the other end of the phone. Then, he replied, "Alright."

With that said, he ended the call.

About twenty minutes later, he arrived at the doorstep. I was a little surprised when I opened the door.

"Were you somewhere nearby when I called?" It would take him at least forty minutes to get here from where he lived. For him to be here so soon, it had to mean that he was nearby.

He pursed his lips and ignored my question. He asked, "How's Summer?"

"She's still running a high fever." I stepped out of the way and let him in.

Without removing his shoes, he came in with a doctor's bag in his hand. I watched him come in and thought that Jared was quite caring towards Summer.

Well, blood is thicker than water.

I followed him into Summer's bedroom. He took her temperature before turning to look at me and said, "Do you have some ice cubes at home?"

I nodded and said, "Yes."

"Wrap the ice cubes with a towel and sponge her. Bring me some thick blankets and turn off the heater."

Having said that, he started to rummage through his bag.

I was shocked. "It's cold, and she's running a fever. Will she be alright if I turn off the heater?"

He halted his movements, lifted his head to look at me with narrow eyes. "Who's the doctor now?"

"You..." I stopped myself. Then, I turned around and went into the kitchen to gather some ice cubes. I did as he asked by turning off the heater and brought over some thick blankets.

Once I had everything prepared, he looked at me with a frown and said, "Leave it to me to tend to her. Go and wait in the living room."

I wanted to say something, but it seemed that he didn't want me to be in the room. He also noticed that I didn't put on enough warm clothing.

So I walked out of Summer's bedroom. There was a stove in the bedroom, and Ashton had arranged for the part-time maid to light up the stove every morning. The heat from it could last the entire day, so it wasn't that cold in the room.

About half an hour later, Jared came out of the room. He placed his bag on the table in the living room and went to the kitchen to wash his hands.

He said, "Her fever has subsided. Have her rest at home for the next two days. Fix her something light to eat. No sour, spicy, and fried food."

After a pause, he continued, "The medicine is in the room. She should only take it once a day. Don't give her any more than that. It's not good for children to take too much of it."

I nodded. I was standing beside him, and I could see the dark circles under his eyes. It was obvious that he had not been sleeping well.

After giving it some thought, I said, "It's snowing again. It'll be noon soon. Why don't you stay for lunch?"

I had to admit, but there was a time that I didn't want to see him. I didn't even want him to step into the house.

I even hoped that Ashton would break ties with him. That way, no one else would take Summer away from me.

But I couldn't be so selfish.

He paused for a second before turning off the water. He wiped his hands on a hand towel and looked at me sideways. "Are you cooking?"

I...

I hesitated for a while and nodded. After thinking about it, I said, "I'll be cooking shortly. Please do me a favour and keep an eye on Summer while I cook."

He frowned. Then, he nodded in agreement.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Instead of staying in the living room, he went straight into Summer's bedroom.

After all, he was her father, and she had a special place in his heart.

That was why Ashton and I always wanted a child.

I took out some ingredients from the refrigerator and made some simple and light dishes.

Soon, lunch was ready for the three of us.

When I went to Summer's bedroom to let them know that lunch was ready, Summer was already awake, and she was sitting on the bed playing games with Jared.

Her voice was hoarse, and she was coughing from laughing too hard. With a doting look on his face, Jared patted her back to ease her cough.

"It's time to eat," I said, interrupting the father and daughter's bonding time.

Should I be magnanimous?

I still felt a little uncomfortable when I saw them having a good time. After all, this child was brought up by me.

She's my salvation!

Both of them were jolted back to their senses. The smile on Jared's face faded. He got up and bent over to carry Summer.

Summer stretched out her hands and said with a smile on her face, "Mommy, I was playing riddles with Mr. Crest. I asked him if he were to smash his head with durian and watermelon, which would be more painful? Have a guess. Which one?"

Jared came out of the bedroom with Summer in his arms. I was focused on both the interaction between the father and his daughter.

I answered, "Durian."

Summer burst out laughing and started to cough again.