

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 553-557

## Chapter 553

He reached out and gave me a light pinch on the nose while letting out a helpless sigh. "There you go changing the topic again."

We bumped into Joseph and Rachel on our way out of the office.

Joseph was quick to greet us politely upon seeing us, while Rachel frowned slightly as she glanced at Ashton before flashing a smile at me.

After I returned the smile, I entered the elevator with Ashton.

The two of us decided to take my car to the supermarket instead of his Maybach, which would draw too much attention.

I noticed how plain my wrists looked as I fumbled for the car keys. Should I get myself some accessories like Rachel as well?

Noticing that I was spacing out, Ashton took the keys from me and started the car. "What's on your mind?"

"Oh, I was just thinking that I should send this car for maintenance soon," I lied after a brief pause.

"We'll sell this car off. There are a few brand new ones in the garage, so you could give them a test drive and see if you like them," he said with a nod while driving out of the parking lot.

After a few rounds at the supermarket, we ended up buying a whole lot of stuff as Zachary said they would be coming over tomorrow, and I wasn't sure what we would need.

By the time we got home, Summer had already gone to bed. Flora took the day off after preparing dinner as something urgent had come up in her family.

It was already midnight when I finally finished unpacking the groceries. I saw Ashton marking down some dates on the calendar when I came out of the shower.

I wonder what he's planning...

"When will your company go on holiday?" I asked while combing my hair at the dressing table.

"Soon. We'll be on break for over ten days or so after we conclude the year-end meeting." He placed the calendar down and came over to help blow-dry my hair as he continued, "Jared called earlier. He was asking if he could bring Summer over to W City for a few days during her winter break."

Furrowing my brows, I was about to object when I remembered my promise to let Jared spend time with Summer.

"How many days exactly is a few days?" I asked.

"About two weeks or so."

I wasn't too happy when I heard that. Her winter break doesn't even last a month, and Jared's going to take her away for about half of it?

Ashton put the hairdryer aside and began combing through my hair when he heard no response from me. “Remember how I kept telling you I’d take you to Remdik but was always too busy to do so? Well, I’ll have more free time during this holiday, so we could make that trip happen.”

I turned around to look at him. “So you’ve already agreed to Jared’s request?”

He shook his head and smiled. “No, I didn’t say anything.”

After giving it some thought, I nodded and agreed to his suggestion anyway. “All right... Remdik is probably too cold for Summer anyway.”

I looked down when I felt something being slipped onto my wrist and saw a beautiful bracelet around it.

“Why are you giving me this all of a sudden?” I asked in confusion.

We actually had a ton of jewelry at home, but I usually looked shabby as I rarely wore them when I went out.

“Why not?” he said with a smile.

“Uncle Louis gave me a ton of bracelets, but I’ve only worn them once because they look too expensive. Where did you get this one from?” I asked while taking a closer look at the bracelet.

“Joseph bought it from a roadside stall during his business trip in Venria. Don’t worry. It isn’t expensive,” Ashton replied while continuing to comb my hair.

I might not know much about jewelry, but I knew there was definitely more to this bracelet than he was letting on. It looked too beautiful to be sold at a roadside stall!

...

I was woken up by the faint ringing of the doorbell the next morning.

It took me a while before I recalled that it was New Year's Eve and that Aunt Sally would be coming over with the Moores.

Seeing as Ashton had already left the bedroom, I bolted out of bed and hurriedly went through my morning routine in the shower.

I saw Ashton and Zachary sipping on tea out in the yard when I got downstairs.

Meanwhile, Summer was sitting next to Zachary with Snowfluff in one hand and a bunch of new toys in the other.

In the kitchen, Cameron and Sally were chatting away happily while cooking.

It was a truly heartwarming sight to behold.

"You're finally awake?" Ashton asked when he saw me.

I nodded shyly as I walked up to him.

Sally came out of the kitchen with a bowl of soup and said, "We've already had our breakfast earlier. Here, have some of this. We're going to have our lunch a little later in the afternoon."

I nodded as I took the bowl from her, and she went back into the kitchen again.

"Come here!" Ashton waved at me when he saw me spacing out.

I sat down beside him and turned toward Zachary. "Has it been long since you guys got here?"

Zachary smiled and shook his head. "No, we've only just arrived a while ago."

He then eyed me from head to toe and continued, "My goodness, you've gotten skinnier! You should eat more!"

I forced a smile at him in response as I didn't know what to say.

Right then, Sally came out of the kitchen and motioned at Ashton as she said, "Ashton, come help me with the tacos!"

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Ashton nodded and went into the kitchen, leaving me alone with Zachary.

Despite us being father and daughter, we didn't really have much to talk about.

"This bracelet looks great on you," he said after a brief pause when he noticed the bracelet on my hand.

"Thanks. Ashton's assistant bought it during his business trip in Venria," I replied.

He simply nodded and kept quiet after that.

Summer looked up at us and asked, "What day is today?"

“It’s New Year’s Eve, the last day of the year,” Zachary replied with a gentle look in his eyes.

“Does that mean we have to celebrate it with the whole family?”

Zachary nodded.

Turning toward me, Summer asked, “Why aren’t Grandpa and Uncle John here, Mommy?”

“They’re a little busy. Aunt Hannah just had a baby recently and has to stay home for quite a while, so they’ll celebrate it at home instead,” I said with a faint smile after a short pause.

“When will we be able to go see the baby?”

Summer was a curious child and asked a lot of questions, but Zachary answered them all patiently anyway. I decided to go help out with the tacos and joined the others in the kitchen.

“Do you know how to make tacos?” Ashton asked when he saw me come in.

I nodded at him and washed my hands before helping him out. “My grandma taught me how to do it when I was little.”

“Didn’t you grow up in the South? Not many people from the South know how to make tacos, even in the older generations. My mom didn’t know how to make them either,” Sally said when she heard that.

“Maybe it’s because my grandma has been to a lot of places. She’d make tons of them every year because she prefers Northern cuisine.”

Sally chuckled. “Haha, I get this feeling that she’s a Northerner born in the body of a Southerner!”

"I don't think she's ever told me about her past, though. So all my memories of her are from our life in R Province."

Cameron walked up to me and asked, "Have you ever wondered how your grandma got to know Old Mr. Fuller and why she trusted him enough to entrust him with you? Has he ever told you how they got to know each other?"

I shook my head. "No."

I had never really thought about that before. Grandma didn't have any friends or family in R Province, and she rarely even talked to our neighbors there. Macy's mom once mentioned that Grandma was in her fifties when she moved to R Province.

Then she bought herself a little house there and found me some time after that. Thereafter, she raised me all by herself, and no one really bothered to ask her where she came from as time went by.

"Do you know your grandma's name?" Sally asked curiously.

"Winona Stovall. I took on her last name."

This reminds me... Why did John's father entrust Grandma with him? There are plenty of other families in R Province that are much wealthier, so why choose Grandma?

"Your grandma left you a topaz gemstone in the sandalwood box she gave you. Have you ever taken a look inside?" Cameron asked.

I shook my head in disbelief. "No, I couldn't get it to open."

"We'll open it tonight!" Ashton said.

I nodded in response, feeling a little curious myself.

After lunch, Cameron and Sally suggested that we have a barbecue in the yard as we had lots of ingredients lying around from our grocery shopping yesterday.

I was helping with assembling the grill when Sally pulled me aside and said, "We've got two men here to do that, so just leave it and join me for a walk instead! We've got some catching up to do!"

After snapping out of my daze, I did as told and followed her to the rear house.

Flora had recently loosened up the soil and planted some seeds there, so there wasn't much to see at the moment.

"Are you and Ashton planning on having another wedding?" Sally asked as she sat down on the swing in the yard.

I shook my head. "Nope!"

She pursed her lips and paused for a moment before continuing, "Then... Have you two been practicing proper birth control lately?"

I felt my face burning up a little. "No!"

"That's good. Summer is turning five soon, so it's about time you two have a second child. I can help look after your kids. That would help improve your relationship with the Moore family too," she said with a nod.

I kept quiet upon hearing that.

Sally continued, "By the way, you should advise Ashton to go easy on Marcus. I was married to Benjamin for ten years, so you could say I'm quite close to the White family. Ashton's actions are a little overboard, so I need you to try to talk some sense into him."



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“Aunt Sally, I’m not exactly in a position to talk to Ashton about this. In fact, things could get a lot worse if I do...” I replied.

“Damn it... It’s all my fault!” she exclaimed with a sigh.

I knew I should try and talk Ashton out of it, especially since I owed Marcus a favor, but things just wouldn’t be the same anymore if I did. The two of them had been rivals for many years, but it was nothing like this. Besides, I didn’t know what Marcus told him the other day that made him hell-bent on finishing him off.

The barbecue had begun by the time we got back to the main house. “Here, try some of this!” Ashton said as he handed me a plate of grilled chicken and vegetables.

“You grilled these yourself?” I asked with a smile.

He nodded. “Go on. Try it!”

I sat down by the side and gave it a try. It tasted really great and reminded me of the soup from earlier. “I wonder if Hannah is with John right now... Aunt Sally made quite a lot of food, so maybe we should bring them some...”

Cameron was a great cook, and having Sally around to help out made the soup even better.

Ashton nodded. “I’ll have Joseph deliver it tonight!”

“You aren’t the only one who is celebrating New Year’s Eve tonight, you know? Shouldn’t you let Joseph spend time with his wife and kids instead?”

“Hmm... Are you suggesting that I deliver it myself?”

“Yes, please!”

He leaned closer toward me and whispered, “Do I get a reward?”

I gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Will this do?”

Ashton’s face lit up with joy. “Yes, it will! You know, I thought you’d want me to bring it to Emery instead as you two seem really close.”

“Do you believe in there being another version of yourself in this world?” I asked.

He raised an eyebrow at me and waited for me to continue.

“Emery and Macy are really alike. I can see traces of Macy’s innocence, cheerfulness, passion, and honesty in Emery. In fact, when I look at her, I can almost feel like Macy’s still here with me. Hannah, on the other hand, is humble and stubborn like me. We’re practically like two peas in a pod, and I can understand exactly what she’s going through right now. That’s probably why I feel the urge to look after her.”

To be precise, Hannah resembles my old self. I know how much it hurts to wait and to keep hanging in there despite being hurt badly by the ones we love so much...

I looked up at Ashton when I heard no response from him and saw him staring at me.

“Ashton, I...”

He reached out and pulled me into his arms before I could finish. "I'm sorry! I won't let it happen again!"

It took me quite a while to realize that he was blaming himself for what happened to me.

"Don't overthink it, Ashton. I wasn't talking about you when I said all that."

"Okay..." he mumbled softly.

I guess memories of the past exist as a means of reminding us to appreciate the present... I let out a sigh at the thought of that.

Sally broke into a grin when she saw us hugging.

She then motioned at Cameron and Zachary who were chatting nearby, and the three of them looked in our direction.

Feeling embarrassed, I quickly pushed Ashton away and whispered into his ear, "Hey, there are people watching!"

"We're a married couple, so what's the problem?" he whispered back.

I quickly made my way back into the house to avoid their gazes.

After taking a look around the kitchen, I realized I didn't really know what Hannah liked to eat as we didn't hang out that often.

I then whipped out my phone and gave her a call.

The call got through after a few seconds, and I heard her somewhat hoarse voice on the other line. "Hey, Scarlett! Happy New Year!"

“We’ve still got quite a few hours before midnight, Hannah. Anyway, what do you like to eat?”

Hannah was both surprised and confused. “Huh? Why’re you asking me this all of a sudden?”

“We bought a lot of stuff to celebrate New Year’s Eve, so I was thinking of making you something nutritious since you’re breastfeeding now. I’ll have Ashton bring them over in a bit,” I said while glancing at the ingredients in the kitchen.

Her line went mute for a brief moment before she continued, “Thank you, Scarlett. You’re the first person to call me out of concern so far!”

“Is John with you today? How’s your baby’s fever? Has it gone down?” I asked.

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She avoided the most important question. “Yeah, it went down! Uncle Louis gave me a ton of supplements when he dropped by earlier. I’ll have Ashton bring some home with him later.”

“That won’t be necessary. We’ve got lots of supplements here too, so you can keep those for yourself! Oh, by the way, you haven’t told me what you like to eat. I want to make you something!” I said with a chuckle.

“I’m not a picky eater, so I’m fine with anything you make. Don’t make too much of it, though. I won’t be able to finish it all if you do.”

“All right. I’ll keep that in mind!”

After getting off the phone, I began looking for a lunch box to store the food for Hannah and called out to Ashton, "Hey, Ashton! Could you come over here for a second?"

I heard footsteps behind me moments later, but I was so focused on looking for a lunch box that I didn't bother turning around. "Ashton, do we have any lunch boxes here? I need one to store the food that you'll be bringing over to Hannah later."

I frowned when I heard no response from him and turned around, only to see that it was actually Cameron standing behind me.

She fumbled through the kitchen cabinet and let out a cry of surprise when she found one. "Ah! There's one right here!"

She let out an awkward chuckle when she saw the look of confusion on my face and said, "Ashton has gone for a walk with your dad."

"Oh, I see... Thanks."

I took the lunch box over and began putting a meal together.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" Cameron asked from the side.

I shook my head and said coldly, "Nope, I'm good here. Thanks again."

She went quiet after noticing the coldness in my tone.

After packing the food, I turned around and was surprised to see her still standing there.

I decided to ignore her and walk straight out of the kitchen, but she grabbed me by the wrist as I passed her by.

“Yes?” I asked with a frown.

“Scarlett... Can we have a talk, please?” Cameron was starting to tear up. Even at her age, she still looked stunningly beautiful.

For some weird reason, I felt my heart ache when I saw her like that.

That’s weird... Why am I feeling this?

“I think it’s best if we don’t,” I muttered coldly when I finally found my voice.

It felt terrible opening up old wounds and thinking about how you got them, and I didn’t want to experience that pain ever again.

“I knew it... You do hate me, don’t you?” Cameron said while sobbing.

I looked down at the scar on my hand that I got many years ago for being a mischievous child. It wasn’t really noticeable unless one looked closely enough, but I knew it was there all the time.

I then shifted my gaze toward the door and took a deep breath as I said, “I have a very bad memory, so I don’t really remember what happened when I was ten, but... there are certain things that I do remember very clearly, like the school I attended when I was seven. There weren’t any kindergartens in R Province at the time, and the teacher at the preschool said I was too old for it, so I went straight into first grade instead.

“Grandma told me I would be able to see my parents when I grow up if I studied hard and got into a decent university. As such, I told myself I had to work as hard as I could to make that happen. That way, the kids in R Province would stop calling me an orphan...”

Those memories were incredibly painful ones, and it took me all the willpower I had in me to keep my tears from falling as I continued, "It wasn't like Grandma didn't love me enough, though. I just didn't like being called an orphan, that's all. One night, Macy and I were discussing which university we should apply to in the yard when Grandma suggested that I apply to one in J City as I would be able to find my parents there."

Seeing her tears dropping to the ground like a broken string of pearls, I averted my gaze before continuing, "Maybe going to J City was a mistake all along. Maybe I shouldn't have gone there. That way, I wouldn't have met Ashton, let alone Rebecca and you guys."

"Scarlett..." Cameron was sobbing uncontrollably at that point and had to steady herself by holding on to the kitchen cabinet.

I let out a sigh and shot her a cold stare as I said, "Maybe my life would've been a lot easier if I didn't meet you guys and fall in love with Ashton. I don't know if it was the right thing to do, but my love for him was the reason I could tell myself to forgive everything and everyone. Discovering that you two are my biological parents made me realize how twisted a person's fate can be, but I can't bring myself to hate the two of you because you're my parents. They say love makes everything pardonable, but that isn't the case for me. I can't bring myself to do it."

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While looking at her, I laughed bitterly. "I've told you that I hate you. However, when I found out the truth four years ago, I chose to distance myself from everyone. All of the clues point to the fact that I can never hate you because you are my mother, whose blood runs in mine."

Perhaps, my words were all too much for her to bear. She fell silent, and her face turned pale. Squatting down, her tears rolled off her cheeks and fell onto the ground. Although they made a faint dripping sound, it was thunderous to my ears.

I could not bear to stay there any longer, so I turned to leave the kitchen. My heart ached, but it was still bearable.

Life is a long journey. As we trudge on and get hurt along the way, our wounds will eventually heal, and we can start anew again.

Coincidentally, Ashton and Zachary had just returned from their walk and were in the yard.

As soon as Ashton noticed the strange expression on my face, he came over to me and placed his hands on my arms. He softly probed, "What happened? Are you feeling unwell?"

I shook my head and forced a smile. Yet, there were tears in my eyes. What is the point of feeling hurt after losing my baby? I can always have another one anyway.

His face darkened when he spotted my tears. Wrapping his arms around me, he pulled me into a hug and whispered, "What's wrong?"

I shook my head again. It was too painful for me to speak.

Meanwhile, Zachary grew worried since Cameron was nowhere in sight, so he headed to the living room to look for her.

After ten minutes, he helped Cameron out. Her face had been drained of color, and there were beads of perspiration on her forehead.

Sally blurted, "Are you okay? You look ghostly, and you are breaking out in a sweat. I think you should go to the hospital."



However, Cameron waved her hand and refused, "I'm fine. I have gastric pain, but it will be alright after a while."

"I think we should still get it checked at the hospital," Zachary worriedly remarked.

"I'm alright!" Cameron hissed in pain. "The pain will go away soon. Besides, we have to spend New Year's Eve together."

Frowning, Zachary looked at her with concern.

I studied her condition, and after some time, I finally declared, "Let's get you to the hospital. If it is appendicitis, things may escalate if we drag it out."

Agreeing with what I had said, Zachary immediately scooped Cameron into his arms and left the villa.

Sally followed behind them.

Unconsciously, I clenched my fists as I watched them hurry out the door.

At that moment, a pair of arms hugged me, and I looked up to see Ashton. His gaze deepened, and he whispered, "Don't worry. The hospital isn't far from here."

Although I nodded in acknowledgment, there was still an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

In the end, I tagged along with them.

At the hospital, the doctor diagnosed Cameron with appendicitis and advised that she would need surgery. To allow everyone else to remain at the hospital, Sally decided to head back to the villa to look after Summer.

While we waited in the corridors, I felt bad for the woman in the operating room.

My eyes started to sting after staring into space for a long time. Therefore, I took a deep breath and looked away. It breaks my heart to look at the closed doors of the operating room.

“It’ll be alright,” Ashton assured me in a gentle tone.

“Yes,” I uttered before leaning against his chest as he tried to rub my arms to warm my icy cold body.

Thud!

The doors flew open, and the head surgeon stepped out while removing his surgical gloves.

Jumping to his feet, Zachary rushed forward and questioned, “Doctor, how is my wife doing?”

“It was a successful surgery, and she will make a full recovery after a few days of observation here. You don’t have to worry,” he explained before heading to another surgery.

Hearing the news, I heaved a sigh of relief and could finally relax.

A few nurses wheeled Cameron out of the room and to her ward moments later.

Zachary scurried after them, but I stood rooted to the ground. After some time, I announced, “Let’s leave.”

Seeing that I was heading to the elevator, Ashton said puzzledly, “Aren’t you going to see how she is?”

“No. Summer is still at home.”

Taking the hint, Ashton did not continue.

Silence ensued as we drove home. Watching the flashing lights along the road, I realized that the sky had already turned dark.

Initially, I planned to make dinner for Hannah. But looking at the time now, she probably would have already eaten by the time I got home.

I fished out my phone from my pocket and did not expect to see that it was switched off. Nonetheless, I turned it on and dialed Hannah's number. It took only a few seconds for her to answer. She anxiously asked, "Scarlett, how is Ms. Anderson doing? Is she alright?"

I froze for a split second. "How did you..."

"After we ended our call, I called you back, but the call could not go through. Since I was worried that something had happened to you, I called your landline. Summer answered it and told me that an older lady had fallen ill. I'm guessing it was Ms. Anderson, am I right?"

I confirmed her suspicions and apologetically replied, "My original plan was to send something over for you to eat, but it slipped my mind. Have you eaten?"

"Yes, I have. In any case, don't fret! I have a housekeeper at home with me anyway. I'm doing okay."

That is true.

Out of the blue, I thought of John. "Is John around?"

As though it was a sensitive question, Hannah paused momentarily before she muttered, "No. He is probably busy with work."