

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 563-567

Chapter 563

Glaring at him, I huffed, "It hurts the ones who raise her."

The smile slid off his face when he realized that I was angry, and he pecked on my cheek to appease me. With his hands around my waist, he gently said, "The company will be holding our annual meeting soon. Once it's over, why don't we go to Remdik together?"

I nodded repeatedly. Of course, I would pounce on the chance to go out immediately.

As the New Year was right around the corner, Ashton had a lot to do at the company. Therefore, he headed to the office not long after.

My initial plan was to stay at home to read, but Emery called to say that she was back from her honeymoon and suggested meeting with everyone.

"Everyone?" I could not help but blurt.

She helplessly whined, "Hannah, me and you. Who else do you think I was referring to?"

That's true. I only have that few friends around me.

Naturally, I agreed to it.

We planned to meet by the golf course in the suburbs. However, we were not going there to play golf, but as girls, we were merely there for the scenery and food.

Besides, Emery bought a villa near the golf course recently, and she found many cafes nearby. Although she was interested in visiting those places, she did not have the chance to thus far. Since they were meeting, she wanted to use the opportunity to try them.

At first, I wanted to drive, but Ashton had arranged for a bodyguard cum driver to send me there.

There was no use in protesting. After all, with someone to send me there, it would save me a lot of effort.

Upon reaching the cafe, I was about to call Emery when I heard her shout my name.

We had not seen each other for a few days, and she did seem plumper than before. Perhaps it was because she was pregnant.

In a carefree fashion, she walked to me and hooked her arm around mine. "How rare it is to see you show up this early? We can head in first since Hannah is still on her way."

I obliged and entered the cafe with Emery.

Although it was labelled as a cafe, it seemed more like a high tea restaurant. Well-decorated and pleasant, it was a good place for gatherings.

Once we stepped in, a waiter welcomed us and politely greeted us, "Hello. May I know if you have made a reservation?"

“Yes, we made a reservation for the pavilion,” Emery promptly replied and passed her reservation confirmation slip to the waiter.

The waiter scanned it before bowing slightly, gesturing for the two ladies to follow him. “Please follow me this way.”

He escorted us to the pavilion and passed us the menu in the form of bamboo slips. “Here is the menu. You can take your time to decide on what to order while I prepare some sweet treats to start both of you off with your meal first.”

Without any delay, Emery scanned through the menu and circled a few. Then, she looked up to ask, “Do you have any cravings?”

“Haha, I’m not picky. You can take your pick.”

After selecting a few more dishes, the waiter came over and served us an exquisite-looking dessert each.

It looked like juice, but it was not juice.

Emery passed our orders to the waiter and instructed, “Please serve our dishes a little later as we are still waiting for another friend to arrive.”

The waiter acknowledged before leaving us to enjoy our dessert.

Curiously looking at the glass placed in front of me, I mumbled, “This looks like jelly, but it isn’t jelly.”

Emery laughed in response. “It is made from a fruit found in Southeast Asia. After squeezing the pulp, they freeze it. I only learned about it on my trip there. Have a taste. It is pretty good.”

I took a sip of it. “It tastes sweet. The texture is smooth, and there is no trace of ice.”

Like an expert, Emery scooped a spoonful of ice water served by the waiter onto the dessert. White smoke appeared from the bowl, and there was a slightly sweet fragrance, which increased their appetite.

My mouth widened as I gasped, "You sure know how to eat."

"Of course! When I went to college, I tried all the food around it, whether from street vendors or high-end restaurants. I haven't been to the restaurants around here much, not because it is expensive. Instead, it's because the wealthy housewives staying around here are their most frequent visitors. Those ladies come here for high tea all the time, and it's annoying when they start gossiping and boasting. What a turnoff!"

I chuckled. "Well, it's true that the living expenses in this estate are high. Since the stay-home wives have nothing better to do at home, they want to seek out companions to boast about their husbands and children, and even their branded buys."

We continued to chat for some time when we heard a commotion outside. I heard a familiar voice, and I turned to Emery in shock. "Why do I hear Hannah's voice?"

She was taken aback too. Jumping to our feet, we hurried out.

Our suspicions were confirmed. There was a heated argument among several women, and they were blocking Hannah's way.

I examined the women arguing with Hannah and realized that one of them looked familiar. Isn't that Yvonne.

Going nearer, I verified my guess.

It was Yvonne. I had not seen her in a while, and she had changed a lot.

Emery analysed, "Her clothes are the latest designs from Versace, and they are specially customized for VIP customers. I think it costs around a hundred thousand. Besides, her Prada bag costs at least fifty

thousand. Her shoes seem custom made, so we can't even put a price on them. Although her bracelet is quite common in the market, it is still at least fifty thousand. I'm guessing that she's rich."

Chapter 564

"This lady is quite something. She came in with the other rich wives from K City," Emery whispered beside my ear.

Annoyed that they were cornering Hannah, I rashly pushed several of them aside.

With a scowl, I growled, "Are all of you dogs? Regardless of what happened, you don't have to be so rude to her."

Hannah was stunned to see Emery and me. "I was walking too quickly earlier and accidentally knocked Yvonne's watch onto the ground. It seems broken," she softly explained.

I looked down at Yvonne's watch. It looked like it was from Hermes and was probably quite expensive. Those costs at least a million. Wow, she can probably afford a house by selling the clothes and accessories she wore today.

"How can you say that? It's her fault for knocking into us. Instead of apologizing, why are you scolding us? What's wrong? Do you think someone as poor as you would be more logical than us?"

The one who spoke was a rich woman standing right beside Yvonne. At first sight, she seemed like a nouveau riche.

Unlike her, the rest kept quiet, and one even jabbed her to ask her to shut up.

In the circle of rich housewives, at least a few would recognize her.

Yvonne was younger than thirty, yet she was dressed in branded goods from head to toe, and it seemed mismatched on her.

Sensing that I was staring at her, the lady quickly smiled and greeted me. "Ms. Stovall, I did not expect to see you here."

Rather than answer her, I stretched my hand towards her. It took her a moment to process before she stuttered, "Ms. Stovall, this is a watch that Mr. Stovall gave me a few days ago. It is precious to me, but she broke it. As such, I was upset, but I was not trying to make things difficult for her."

One could tell that she was sly with the way she changed her stance so quickly.

I nodded emotionlessly. "Can I take a look at your watch?"

Although she was reluctant to, she still passed it to me. I took a closer look at it, although I was not familiar with branded goods.

Beside me, Emery expressed, "John is quite something. He actually gave her a watch that costs millions. It looks like it's a limited edition too!"

Hurt, Hannah lowered her head and clenched her fist while trying to hide the pain in her eyes.

Instead of commenting, I pulled out my phone and called John.

Within seconds, he answered. "Hello, Letty. What's the matter?"

I grinned when I saw how nervous Yvonne seemed. “Previously, you told me that you wanted to give me a customized watch for my birthday. Is it still with you?”

“Yes. I left it at home, but I’ll send it over to you another day,” he answered.

“Forget it. I don’t want to use things others have touched. You really should take better care of the things you buy next time.”

Confused, he questioned, “The watch is at home, and no one has used it. What are you talking about, Letty?”

I shrugged. “Do you remember taking a picture of it and showing it to me? Today, at the villa by the golf course, I saw Ms. Wilde wearing it. John, please don’t give me second-hand goods next time. I don’t like the idea of it.”

There was silence on the other end of the line. In the meantime, Yvonne’s face turned pale, and everyone understood the gist of the situation from the conversation between John and me.

The rich ladies that were standing beside her suddenly changed the way they looked at her.

At that time, John finally replied in an annoyed tone. “Throw away that dirty thing. I promise that such things will never happen again in the future.”

With that, we ended the call, and I looked at Yvonne with a triumphant smile. I passed the watch back to her and mocked, “Ms. Wilde, first of all, he already has a wife. Even if he doesn’t, you can never join the family with a character like yours. In the past, my brother and I only felt sorry for you. Also, although John may be easy-going, he hates it when women take his things without permission.”

Leaving her at a loss, I dragged Hannah away from the crowd and smarmily announced, “Please excuse us.”

With Emery, we headed into the private room without sparing Yvonne a glance.

Once we were alone, Emery gasped, “You go, girl! I can’t believe you stood up for yourself, and here I thought you were just a gentle housewife.”

I pouted. “Should I stand back and watch you get bullied in the future then?”

“Of course not. You are a massive force!” She urged.

Next, she looked at Hannah and chided, “Don’t keep everything in all the time. In the future, you may meet more people like Yvonne, but you should not stand back and let them bully you. Do you understand?”

However, Hannah reasoned, “With John’s backing, she was at ease. There wasn’t much I could say to turn the situation around earlier.”

“John must be blind. How can he even care about a woman like that?” Emery frowned.

“John is obsessed with cleanliness and does not carelessly bring women to his villa. Yet, he allows Yvonne to visit him. That must count for something,” Hannah trailed on. Her gaze dimmed while she forced a smile on her face. It made my heart ache to see her like that.

Although I wanted to comfort her, I could not find the right words to say.

Chapter 565

The only thing I could do was to change the topic. I pushed the dessert we had towards her and offered, “Here, have some of this. It’s delicious.”

Emery could only rub her temples in response to my attempt. I awkwardly touched my nose, unsure of how else to comfort the other lady at that time.

Fortunately, Hannah did not dwell on the earlier event. She took a few bites and commented, "It is good. I have been learning how to make desserts recently and have been eating a lot of them. Sadly, I think I'm gaining weight because of that."

This topic piqued Emery's interest. Looking at us, she grumbled, "Have you not seen how fat I am now? It must be nice that both of you have already given birth. Your children are already growing up too. Meanwhile, I am not even four months pregnant, and who knows how much bigger I'm going to get in six months."

Tickled, Hannah assured her, "Don't exaggerate it. Babies typically weigh around six kilograms anyway. You don't have to be concerned about how much you're eating now. Instead, focus on nourishing yourself. After you give birth, you can slowly adjust your eating habits again, and surely you will lose weight."

With a common topic, the two chatted for some time. Meanwhile, I propped my chin on my hand and watched them, realizing how blissful I felt at that moment.

"Scarlett, are you preparing to have a second child with Ashton? Yesterday, I heard that Summer is going to W City with Jared. Aren't you worried?" Emery shifted the conversation to me.

Shaken from my quiet moment, I replied, "I'm confident that Jared will take good care of her."

Then, Hannah turned serious, and she stared at me. "Don't you want to have another child? Summer is already five this year. If you are worried about what she thinks, you can always ask her for her opinion on the topic. Who knows, maybe she wants a playmate too?"

Grinning, I confessed, "Ashton and I plan to discuss it after the year ends. He is too busy now and is under too much pressure. It isn't the right time to consider it yet."

The two other women exchanged gleeful looks.

As though she suddenly recalled Cameron, Emery brought her up. "Oh, I almost forgot. When I came back, I realized that Cameron was admitted to the hospital for appendicitis. I should visit her soon."

"I think she is almost fully recovered after staying in the ward for the past few days," Hannah said before turning to me.

"After removing the stitches, she can probably discharge, right?"

I responded with a smile. At that moment, my phone rang, and it was Summer who called from Jared's phone.

She was about to board the plane and called to give me an update.

Soon, the weekend came, and it was Fuller Corporation's annual meeting. Although Summer had already left K City for a few days, she would call me at night to chat with me.

Despite so, I could not touch nor hug her. After raising her for the past four years, I could not help but miss her after she left.

In the afternoon, Ashton noticed that I seemed absentminded. He reminded me, "It's the annual meeting this evening. Will you go with me?"

I paused and was about to shake my head when he cut in, "Come on. You will be bored staying at home."

"You know that I don't like crowded places," I chuckled.

"Should I stay at home to accompany you?"

Ah, I should go to the meeting with him.

The annual meeting was at a hotel's open-air swimming pool. With red wine, yummy food, a grand lobby, and a swimming pool, everyone looked like they were having the time of their lives.

The venue screamed money and elegance.

As I did not have many interests, I did not have much to do besides eating.

Holding onto a plate of pastries, I looked for a quiet place to eat them.

Moments later, Isabelle approached me, but I did not see her coming. If she did not speak, I would not even realize that she was there.

"Ms. Stovall, you sure enjoy having peace."

I averted my gaze to her. Like me, she had a plate of pastries in her hand, looking for a place to eat them.

"Some say that aging is delayed for women who enjoy sweet treats," I pointed out.

She laughed in response and shoved a tart into her mouth. Enjoying it, she mumbled, "How should we define aging?"

I was stumped by her question.

Chuckling, she continued, "To me, aging means to lose the meaning of living. If you have lost interest in the future at twenty, you have aged. Aging may not refer to the physical abilities of a person but the soul. Some people are past eighty, yet they still have a positive outlook on life. Do you think they should be considered old?"

I could only smile as I found it hard to answer her question. "Nope!" I finally uttered.

Afterward, we spent our time chatting on other topics. Since Ashton had to present Fuller Corporation's performance for the past year, commend the stellar employees and present some surprises, Isabelle had to go.

In the meantime, I finished my food and strolled around the hotel.

Unconsciously, I followed Ashton's voice and walked to the hotel's ballroom.

Fuller Corporation had many employees, and the room was packed. They even invited some prominent business figures from K City to join their annual meeting.

He announced that he would be giving some of Fuller Corporation's AI technology as a token of appreciation. In addition, he also gave Rachel some credit for her contribution.

After all, one could not deny that she was an excellent researcher who deserved to be valued.

Chapter 566

After a series of talks and procedures, Ashton finally wrapped up things and approached me after he got off the stage.

Without a care about the stares around him, he pulled me close and asked, "How were the desserts?"

"It was delicious!"

It was the highest praise I gave.

“If you want to eat them again, I’ll invite the chef over to personally prepare it for you,” he offered, looking very pleased with himself.

I mirrored his smile.

We talked briefly, and it was inevitable to seem more intimate as a married couple.

At first, Ashton and I wanted to look for a place to sit. However, we unexpectedly heard a loud plop.

Turning back, we saw a group of people gathered by the pool. One person yelled, “Someone fell into the water! We need to rescue her!”

Those who knew how to swim, jumped into the pool.

As Fuller Corporation’s chairperson, Ashton pulled me along to the scene.

He made me stand a distance from the pool and asked one of his employees, “What’s going on?”

“Mr. Fuller, Ms. Zimmer fell into the pool...I think someone pushed her.”

When Ashton turned his attention to the pool, someone already rescued Rachel. In winter, the pool temperature was dangerously low. Lying on the ground in thin clothing, Rachel was shivering from the cold. She looked pitiful.

Thankfully, a gentleman took off his outerwear and draped it over her legs while another gave her CPR.

Moments later, she regained her consciousness but looked rather weak.

Ashton squatted beside her and ordered for someone to get her a glass of water. There was another person who brought a blanket for her too. He asked, "Are you okay?"

Still in shock, Rachel trembled and stared at Ashton for a while before she threw herself into his arms. She bawled.

At that moment, a few people gasped while sneaking looks at me. They were even whispering among the crowd.

"Ms. Zimmer always seems like a powerhouse, like a female warrior. Now, she seems so vulnerable." This was a common line among the crowd.

"How can she not be shaken? Given her weak demeanor, Mr. Fuller's heart will likely waver too," One person claimed.

However, his friend scolded, "Don't spout nonsense. Mr. Fuller is already married. Although he did not announce it, he already brought Mrs. Fuller to the company a few times. That should count as an official statement."

"What do you know? Men would never be satisfied with one woman. In particular, for a man like Mr. Fuller, who has the looks and brains, it is no surprise for him to fool around outside. Besides, Ms. Zimmer is a good catch. She is beautiful and talented. I think they are a match made in heaven."

The discussion continued. I looked at Rachel in Ashton's arms and thought they did look compatible.

Some say that a marriage between equal parties could last longer. Thinking about it carefully, the gap between Ashton and me did seem quite large.

While I was observing the scene, I suddenly spotted Cameron going over to Ashton. She pulled him away from Rachel and jabbed, "There are 120 people here and a paramedic from the hotel to send this lady to the hospital."

Cameron was not one to poke her nose into other's businesses. Her sudden actions were obviously to warn them of their behavior.

Luckily, the hotel staff was quick to carry Rachel out.

Soon, the annual meeting went on like nothing happened after they reassigned the staff's duties.

In the meantime, Cameron swept Ashton away to talk to him.

Left alone, I looked for a place to sit and munch on more food, and I was slowly feeling quite sleepy.

Right on time, Ashton returned.

He spotted me yawning, and he chuckled. "Are you sleepy?"

I nodded. Looking around at how crowded the area still seemed, I asked, "Do we have to stay here for long?"

"We can head home soon," he chuckled while pulling me aside to get me a glass of milk.

"Come with me. I'll introduce you to a few people."

They turned out to be some of the partners of Fuller Corporation, who were also prominent figures in K City.

Ashton was a man of few words, but he brought me to several people, repeatedly introducing me as his wife.

After meeting a few of them, Ashton was prepared to head home with me when we met Isabelle among the crowd.

Although there were countless Fuller Corporation's employees present, I felt like Isabelle was the only person I had spoken to throughout the evening.

Other than talking to her, I was either drinking or eating.

When she caught sight of me, she smiled.

I took a few steps to the exit but stopped in my tracks and turned to her. "Are you leaving soon?"

"Yes, soon," she casually replied.

"Do you want to leave with us? Where do you stay? Let us send you back because it's hard to get a cab here." It's close to impossible to get a cab here.

She was surprised to hear my offer, and she hesitantly looked at Ashton.

I nudged the man beside me who nodded and agreed, "Let's go!"

When we climbed into the car, Ashton and I sat at the back while Isabelle took the seat beside the chauffeur.

We did not speak much. After she told us her address, the chauffeur drove to her house.

Beaming, she thanked us when we reached her place.

Chapter 567

I nodded and did not think much about it.

After she left, Ashton turned to me and questioned, "Since when were you so kind to her?"

"Isn't it on the way?"

He saw through my lie immediately. "Scarlett, is that your excuse?"

I thought about it and finally gave a more conclusive answer. "Hmm, she is someone who I feel bad for."

She was probably in her forties. Typically, a person in her thirties would be building up her finances. In her forties, she should have settled down. Given her age, if she had a family in J City, she would not have moved to K City regardless of how high the salary was. Thinking about it, her family was most likely in financial distress.

Besides, I could tell that she seemed more withdrawn than before.

Ashton acknowledged it but did not ask more. Then, he solemnly looked at me and asked, "Were you jealous of what happened earlier?"

At that instant, I did not understand what he was referring to. However, after staring back at his intense gaze, I realized what he was talking about.

"I can understand it. No matter how strong Rachel may seem, she is a woman after all. After such a horrifying accident, she must be frightened. Besides, you were the first person she saw when she regained her consciousness, and it's not surprising that she was more emotional than usual. She would likely have done the same to anyone else in your place."

Oddly, Ashton did not seem convinced and had an unusual expression on his face. I probed, "What's wrong?"

Immediately, he waved his hand and curtly replied, "Nothing!"

I was startled by his response. Seconds ago, he was speaking to me in a gentle and warm tone. Why did he seem so cold all of a sudden?

Unsure of why he was upset, I did not push him to explain.

Soon, the chauffeur arrived at the villa and pulled up by the entrance. Ashton stormed out of the car without waiting for me.

I tried to match his steps, but he headed straight for the bedroom once he entered the villa.

It was late, and the villa seemed unusually quiet since Summer was away, and Flora did not stay here.

Watching Ashton enter the bedroom, I hurried to follow him in.

"Ash..." Before I could complete my sentence, he threw his jacket on the bed and went into the bathroom.

Bang! He slammed the door shut.

Speechless, I headed to the changing room for my pyjamas. Coincidentally, he emerged from the bathroom at the same time.

There was only a bath towel around his waist. His gaze was fierce and stern.

Before I knew it, he headed to the study with the towel.

I...

Regardless of how old they were, men were childish.

After taking a shower, I noticed that he had not returned, so I got changed and headed to the study to find him.

I did not bother knocking on the door when I entered, and he seemed startled to see me. Instead of reading a book or working on his company's affairs, he was watching a Koandrian drama.

I even heard a line from the drama before he slammed his laptop shut.

Feigning ignorance, I spoke, "Ashton, it's getting late. Let's head to bed."

Silently, he stood up and climbed onto the bed in the study.

Sigh. With no other choice, I took out my phone and spoke into it, "Hannah, are you at home? Can I stay with you tonight?"

I intentionally paused for a moment before I continued, "The house is too big, and I'm not used to it. Let me stay with you for a few days."

Then, I did not spare a glance at Ashton and left the room.

As I entered the bedroom, Ashton hugged me from behind. "Ashton, what are you doing?" I squealed in surprise.

He pushed me onto the bed and snatched my phone from me. Looking at the screen, he snarled, "You lied to me."

Pouting, I whined, "You were angry with me, but you didn't want to talk about it."

He took a sharp breath and snapped, "Angry? Scarlett, don't you know why I'm angry?"

I nodded while looking at him. "I really don't know why you are so upset."

Somewhat speechless, he threw my phone aside and proceeded to tear my clothes apart.

He kissed me passionately. Pressing his lips against mine, he bit on my lips.

I yelped in pain, but he growled, "Do you feel pain?"

Unable to understand where he was coming from, I glared at him then turned my head to look away.

With his hand, he forced me to look at him again. This time, his eyes shimmered, and his voice sounded dangerously low. He groaned helplessly, "Scarlett, you only care about those who don't matter. I am your husband, and a woman just hugged me. Yet, you seem unaffected. What is that supposed to mean? Do you not love me? Otherwise, do you not care about me?"

Taken aback by his words, I stared at him blankly before I let out a peal of laughter. "So, you were angry at me because of that?"

He lowered his head and nibbled on my lips. "What do you think?"

I continued to laugh. "I don't mean to seem like I did not care. As your wife, how can I be unbothered when a woman hugged you? However, in that situation, I can understand why she did that. Even if I do not, I trust you. You scouted her from Ustrana and told me that she was worth it. Ashton, you are the head of a company. Your employee happened to be in a dire situation and clung to you in panic. I think that's a normal human reaction, and it would be childish to argue with you over it. Given your calibre, there will be many more women hovering around you in the future anyway."