

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 573-577

Chapter 573

Cameron held Zachary's hands and walked toward me. She grinned and asked, "Had your dinner?"

I nodded and hesitated for a moment before asking, "Should I ask the waiter to clear the table for you?"

Cameron and Zachary were horrible people. But come to think of it, they were not as bad as Isabelle's parents. At least they would treat their own family members with kindness.

Cameron was surprised that I did not give her the cold shoulder. She pulled Zachary closer to her and babbled incoherently, "Okay, anything is fine."

Zachary gently patted her hand to calm her down. He then called a waiter to clear the table.

Cameron, who was probably in a good mood, looked at me and smiled. "Scarlett, what do you like to eat? I remember I enjoyed dishes that are sweet and sour and also desserts when I was carrying you. Do you like them?"

She got that right. To this day, I still enjoyed desserts and sweet and sour food. Oh, well. I was indeed her daughter, after all.

She looked at me and waited eagerly for my answer. I nodded and replied, "Yes."

Cameron's lips curled into a wider smile. She looked at me and said, "I heard Summer has left for W City in the last couple of days, and Ashton has also been quite busy lately. Why don't you come back to the Moore Residence and stay with us?"

"Emery is back home now, and I've tidied your room. Why don't you come over and keep her company since you're quite close with her?"

Once again, she looked at me and waited for a positive answer. But when I looked at her, I could only think of Rachel.

I never liked Rachel because she was not afraid to show the world how ambitious she was, but after listening to her story from Isabelle, I felt bad for her. If Rachel were to tell me her story personally, I think I would feel sorrier for her.

After Zachary had ordered some dishes, he also turned his attention to me and waited for my answer.

I hesitated for a while and said, "I'll just stay with Ashton. He has been busy in the last few days but should have more free time soon. We plan to travel after this."

I did not turn down her offer, but I made it clear that I had no intention of staying with them.

When Cameron was about to say something, she suddenly saw someone coming in her direction, and her expression turned grim.

Out of curiosity, I turned around and saw Rebecca.

People I hate to see would always appear before my eyes. Always. What an irony.

A line formed between Zachary's brows when he saw Rebecca as he was not pleased to see her here.

Disgust was written all over Cameron's face. She did not even bother to hide her feelings.

Their reactions surprised me. I thought Cameron would treat Rebecca nicely since they used to be family members.

When Rebecca approached the table, Cameron's expression changed.

"Mom... I mean, Ms. Anderson!" Rebecca greeted her with a smile. "Having dinner here?"

Without hesitation, Cameron gave her a sullen glare and said, "Ms. Larson, could you please leave us alone? We're trying to have our family dinner here."

Wow. That's harsh.

Rebecca froze for a moment. "I just stopped by to say hello, Ms. Anderson. I don't have any other intention."

Cameron kept mum and ignored her. Zachary stepped in and looked up at Rebecca with a scowl. "Please leave!"

Upon seeing their reactions, Rebecca instantly became disheartened. It seemed that the couple had been treating her quite coldly for some time.

Since the Moore family had severed ties with her, and Ashton had no longer paid for her expenses, how did she manage to sustain her luxurious lifestyle? I could not quite put my finger on it.

Despite knowing she was not welcomed; Rebecca still plastered a smile on her face and bade them goodbye. She behaved as if she was still their daughter.

After she had left, Cameron heaved a sigh of relief and said in a cold voice, "She must have approached us with an ulterior motive."

Zachary knitted his brows but kept mum.

I looked at them and sneer, "She didn't ask to be adopted, did she? You were the one who adopted her and gave her everything. But after you realized it was a mistake, you took everything away from her. Has she done you any wrong, though?"

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What I said had rendered Cameron speechless. Zachary frowned and looked at me, displeased, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"I admire your relationship and am impressed by how to protect your family members, but I hope you can put yourself in people's shoes and think of others," I said, "Had you been more magnanimous and gracious to others, you wouldn't have pushed your own daughter away and suffocated your grandchild."

I was afraid I might flip out if I continued to dig up the past. Instead of paying attention to their pallid faces, I grabbed my bag and walked away.

No one human was perfect, but that was what made us so unique. Likewise, we were all neither saints nor sinners.

Whenever we viewed the world from our own perspective, we would also think what we did was right. Yet, it might be the opposite had we adopted a different point of view.

If we had the absolute freedom to destroy someone we hated, then the world would be in a state of anarchy.

Meanwhile, Ashton had arrived and parked his car by the entrance. He stood beside his car and waved at me the moment he saw me.

I walked to him, wrapped my hands around him, and leaned against his chest.

He embraced me and asked in his usual deep and soothing voice. "What's wrong?"

I placed my head to his chest and refused to move. "I don't want to be a good person, but I don't want to hurt people too."

He grinned and wondered why I said that. "Did something happen?"

I released him and looked at him. "Ashton, if you fall in love with someone else in the future, you have to tell me. I'll leave honorably."

He knitted his brows and cupped my face with his hand. "You're the only woman I'd ever love."

My lips curled into a smile, and once again, I leaned against his chest. Though I find comfort in his words, I also know it's impossible to stop a person from changing his or her heart.

I'm grateful that he has come into my life and loved me unconditionally, but if he finds someone else in the future and decides to move, I'd still be happy for him.

He realized I was a little emotional. Instead of talking, he stood there and hugged me for a while before leading me to my seat in the car.

Joseph drove my car while I got into Ashton's. I stared at the road and went deep in thought.

After keeping quiet for some time, I looked at Ashton and asked, "What makes a good person?"

He took a glance at me while he continued driving. "That's a meaningless question, Scarlett. You should live your life and let your conscience be your guide."

I gave him a faint smile before looking out of the window. I supposed he's right.

It had been an emotional day for me. When we got back to the villa, I fell asleep right away.

Ashton came out of the bathroom and stood beside me for quite some time. He then lay beside me and embraced me.

His tall and muscular physique made me feel even more petite than I already was.

Upon noticing how close he was, I said in a daze, "I'm on my period. Tired."

He let out a low grunt. "Got it. Sleep well." He then gently patted my back.

The Fuller Corporation had made headlines recently, so he had to get back to work early. By the time I woke up, Ashton had already left the villa.

Flora, who was preparing breakfast in the kitchen, looked at me and smiled. "Good morning. Mr. Ashton left early today, but he wants me to remind you to enjoy your breakfast."

I pressed my lips and smiled. I turned around and saw a bouquet of roses on the table in the living hall.

Seeing the fresh flowers on the table made my day. "Did you bring the roses?"

Initially, Flora did not know what I was talking about, but when she took a glance at the table, she smiled and explained that it was Ashton who bought the bouquet to cheer me up.

I could not help but grin upon knowing his ridiculous logic.

While I was sitting by the dining table and having a bowl of mushroom soup, I swiped my phone and came across Fuller Corporation's action on Rachel's incident.

Since the video clearly showed what Isabelle had done to Rachel, the board of directors had decided to transfer her back to J City but retained her Finance Department director position.

I supposed this was a win-win situation for everyone.

After spending two days in the hospital, Rachel finally got discharged from the hospital. The drama had finally come to an end.

Time passed by very quickly, and New Year's eve was around the corner.

Isabelle called, but I did not answer her. Instead, I texted: Good luck!

Once we got to know some people well enough, we would see not only their angelic side but also the devil in them. Hence, it was best for me to keep a distance from her.

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At noon, Ashton called, "Have you taken your lunch?"

It seemed he had placed a lot of attention on the mundane details of my life now. It was quite unusual of him to behave like this.

I lay on the couch and nodded, "Yeah. I'm a little bored because I'm alone at home."

He chuckled, "Do you want to come and pick me up from work then?"

I froze for a moment and instantly took up his offer, "Okay!"

I could imagine the smile on his face upon knowing how spirited I was.

After a short pause, he said in a serious voice, "Are you not going to ask me if I've taken my lunch?"

I was a little tongue-tied at first. "So... have you eaten?"

"Yes. Grilled eggplant. I'll make this for you tonight."

Grandma once said, teenagers are often abashed when they're in love, while those in their mid-twenties would be more romantic and crazier in love. As for people aged thirty and above, love is basically dead.

But I beg to differ. Love after the age of thirty might not be intense or passionate but will subtly reside in our hearts.

The older we get, the more we appreciate such subtlety. And the love we have for our partners would evolve to become an integral part of our lives.

At this point in life, what matters most is that we enjoy each other's companionship, and, God willing, we get to spend the rest of our lives together.

I ended the call after having a chat with Ashton. Since I had nothing to do at the Fuller Corporation, I thought I might take my own sweet time going to his office later in the afternoon.

After lazing around the villa and taking a nap in the afternoon, I noticed the sky had turned dark.

I took a glance at the watch and realized it was already 8 p.m. I immediately bounced out of bed, checked my phone, and saw a few missed calls Ashton made around 5 p.m.

When I was about to leave the villa, I saw a note on the table and froze for a bit.

Apparently, Ashton had already come home on his own. Something urgent cropped up, so he went out again to meet Joe.

In the note, he reminded me to eat my dinner. Upon seeing the blanket on the couch, I could not help but slap my forehead with my palm. What is wrong with me? Why did I sleep so much?

I walked back to the couch and gave him a call.

“Taken your dinner?” the man asked in a deep voice.

I paused for a bit, took a glance at the dishes on the table, and replied frankly, “I’m still not hungry. Where are you?”

“I’m at the Imperial Hotel. You want to come?” I could feel the vibration from the phone. It must be him sending me the address.

I thought about it and answered, “Wait for me.”

Since Summer was not home, I thought I might as well take this opportunity to go out.

After changing into new clothes, I drove straight to the Imperial Hotel.

The hotel was supposed to be thirty minutes from the villa, but it took me twice as long to reach the destination during rush hour.

Since Emery and I had been there several times, the hotel manager knew who I was. He then brought me to Ashton's suite.

There were two men in the suite. One was Ashton, and the other one was Joe, who was completely drunk.

I had not seen Joe for a very long time. He now had an overgrown beard and looked utterly frazzled.

I was glad that Ashton did not drink. He sat still on the couch and listened to Joe complaining.

Upon seeing me standing by the door, Ashton waved at me and asked me to come over. Though the background music was loud, I could hear him clearly, "Come over!"

I walked to his side and took another closer look at Joe. It was hard for me to believe that a harsh and vicious man like him could look so dishevelled. "Do you know how much I've done for her in the last ten years? How could she ignore me just like that?"

I see. It's all because of love.

After ordering a fruit juice for me, Ashton looked at me and asked, "Do you want to pick a song?"

I shook my head and whispered in his ear, "He got dumped?"

He looked at the television screen in the suite and replied, "Someone rejected his love!"

Wow. What a surprise.

Joe soon calmed down and slouched on the couch. I initially thought he got so drunk that he passed out, but when I leaned forward to check on him, I noticed his eyes were still wide open.

I almost got the shock of my life after seeing how he stared motionlessly at the ceiling.

“Who’s the woman?” I could not help but ask upon seeing how dejected he had become.

Ashton raised his brows and kept mum. Obviously, he did not want to answer my question.

I thought about it and asked, “Rebecca?” I could not think of anyone else other than that woman.

Joe must have heard me mentioning that name. He instantly straightened his back, shot daggers at me, and exploded with rage. “Who do you think you are, Rebecca? Why do you even like Ashton? Yeah, he’s rich and handsome. So what? I can give you money too if you want!”

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I lifted my head and looked at Ashton. He did not seem to be bothered by Joe’s reaction.

I thought of consoling the drunk man but was afraid that I might burst into laughter.

Ashton grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. “Let him be. He’ll be fine when he’s sobered up.”

I whispered, “Does he always get drunk?”

Ashton tapped his slender fingers on a glass of water and placed the glass by his sensuous lips.

“Sometimes,” he said. He then looked at me and realized I was staring at his lips. He put down the glass, smirked, and let out a deep grunt.

That had instantly snapped me out of my daze. I cleared my throat and tried to hide my awkwardness. “Oh.”

My heart was still racing like mad even though I had looked away. What is he? God of lust and seduction? Argh!

Joe had soon quietened down. He collapsed on the couch and fell asleep.

Ashton looked at him for a while before saying, “Come. Let’s go home.”

I nodded. But before leaving, I asked, “Should we send him home?”

Ashton shook his head. “Let’s just bring him down to his chauffeur.”

He stood up, placed his arm around Joe’s neck, and held that drunk man’s wrist. “Let’s go.”

At the entrance of the Imperial Hotel, his chauffeur came up and carried Joe by his arm. He then left after thanking Ashton for his help.

Ashton left his car in the car park, so he looked at me and said, “Wait for me. I’ll go and get the car.”

“I’ll go with you.” The car park in the hotel was large, and it would take him some time to get to his car. I just wanted to accompany him.

But he stopped me. “It’s cold outside. You wait for me in the lobby. I’ll be here soon.”

He then called one of the front desk staff members to bring me in.

At his insistence, I returned to the lobby and waited.

Suddenly, Jackson appeared with a woman in his arm, and I was surprised.

A line formed between my brows. I had never seen him with a girl before. After seeing how close he was with Nick, I assumed he had no interest in women. I was utterly dumbfounded by what I saw right now.

The hotel might be enormous, but it was not difficult for me to spot a familiar face from afar.

He was stunned for a moment after seeing me in the lobby. He let go of the woman, walked in my direction, and smirked. "Don't tell me you came here alone."

"I'm here with Ashton." I could not help but turn my attention to the woman beside her. "She is..."

He grinned, "A friend who helps me release my tension. I heard you let Summer and Jared go to W City. I told you Macy doesn't want Summer to be a part of the Crest family. Do you still remember?"

I nodded. "I know, but some things are beyond our control. Besides, Jared only brought her to W City to have some fun. That's all."

"And you think the Crests would not take this opportunity to approach Summer?" Jackson sneered, "Jared might be a gentleman, but you can't assume people around him are just as nice."

Somehow, I felt he knew something that I was not aware of. "What do you mean?"

A corner of his lips quirked up. He once again wrapped his arm around the woman's neck. "Well... I don't know. My instinct tells me something's going to happen. You know what, Scarlett? I feel we're slowly drifting apart."

"I don't understand what you're trying to say, Jackson." Why do I feel like I don't know this man anymore?

He grinned but kept mum. He raised his hand and pointed, "You better go and check on your man. A bitch is trying to tackle him right there."

I knitted my brows and turned around. Ashton had arrived, and he parked his car right at the entrance of the hotel.

A woman approached him as if she was trying to flirt with him.

I paused for a moment before turning my attention to Jackson. "Let's have dinner when you're free."

He raised his brows, grabbed the cigarette from the woman's hand, and puffed at it. "Sure. You make the arrangement then."

His unruly behavior rendered me speechless.

I turned around, walked out of the building, and overheard Ashton's conversation with that woman.

The woman clung tightly onto him and said in a shivering voice, "I've been with you for two years, Ashton. You should know I'm so much better than Scarlett!"

It was Rachel's voice. I could recognize it from afar. She seemed to be drunk as she kept leaning against Ashton.

Ashton had always been a gentleman. Otherwise, he would have flung her away without hesitation.

Ashton controlled his anger and raised his voice. "Get off!"

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Rachel refused to give in. She continued to inch closer. “Look at me, Ashton. I’m so capable in so many different aspects, and I can definitely bring your career to greater heights.

“I’m the one for you, and we’d be a power couple!”

The constant pulling and dragging had caused the strap of her skimpy dress to fall off her shoulder, exposing her back in public.

It was not difficult to imagine what Ashton could see from the front.

Most of the guests came here for entertainment, and they for sure were drawn to the drama. While some praised Rachel’s beauty and body, some were obviously having dirty thoughts on their mind.

Ashton gave her a disdainful look and gritted his teeth. “Please watch your behavior!”

He had enough of her drama and just wished to get out of here. He looked around and tried to see where I was.

As soon as he saw me standing in the lobby, he heaved a sigh of relief and shoved Rachael aside.

He walked toward me and said in a deep voice, “Why didn’t you wait for me at the entrance?”

“I met an old friend and had a chat with him earlier.” I did not tell him it was Jackson.

Ashton raised his brows. He grabbed my hand and walked me out of the hotel.

Of course, Rachel would not let us off so easily. She gave us a sullen glare and sneered, "Ashton, take a good look at me? Am I not as pretty as her? How about my body? I have everything she has, and I can do everything that she can't!"

She became so agitated that she instantly pulled her dress down, baring it all for Ashton. She pulled his hand and it on her breast. "Touch me, Ashton. I can do a better job than her on bed!"

Her move had instantly caught everyone's attention.

Ashton's expression turned even more grim. He swung his hand so hard that Rachel fell onto the ground.

Rachel staggered and knocked her head against the corner of a table.

Perhaps that was a wake-up call for her. She raised her head and looked at Ashton before taking a glance at the people around her.

The moment she realized she was half-naked, she instantly pulled up her dress and covered herself.

Despite regaining her consciousness for just a short while, she was still quite drunk. All of a sudden, she started laughing.

Tears welled up in her eyes, but she continued laughing while gazing into Ashton's eyes.

She pointed her finger at me and accused, "What have you done to seduce this man, Scarlett Stovall?"

Rachel then stared at Ashton. "And you. Why are you so obsessed with her? Don't you know there's something between her and Marcus?" she scoffed, "We might not come across her scandals in the news, but you should know what kind of woman she is! You're okay with that? Don't you care how filthy she is?"

Before I could react, Ashton was already standing in front of Rachel and strangling her.

Rachel's face instantly turned red as she could hardly breathe.

Ashton's eyes darkened. "It looks like you're tired of living."

Ashton exerted more pressure on her neck.

The crowd was struck dumb by what they saw. Some of them gasped, and some mumbled behind their back.

Rachel had definitely stroke Ashton the wrong way, and he was ready to get rid of her.

Upon seeing people taking pictures with their phones, I ran toward him and brushed his hand off Rachel. "Calm down, Ashton. Let's go home."

It would be disastrous for him if this incident made headlines.

No matter how capable a man was, his reputation would shatter in no time if the world knew he acted violently toward a woman.

For years, Ashton had survived all sorts of conspiracies in the corporate world. It was not worth tarnishing his reputation just because of a woman.

He retracted his hand, took out a few banknotes, and stuffed them into her busty chest. He smirked and said, "Here are some tips for you. Thanks for your offer, but I don't simply lay my hands on women like you. The tips I gave should be enough for you to call yourself a cab."

The way Ashton humiliated her must have hurt her more deeply than the physical pain he caused earlier.

The color drained out of Rachel's face instantly.

By openly equating her to prostitutes, Ashton had completely trampled her ego and pride.