

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 578-582

Chapter 578

She looked fixedly at Ashton and let her tears rolled down her cheeks.

Indifferent to her tears, he put his wallet in his pocket, held my hand, and walked away.

As I trailed after him, a heart-wrenching wail came from behind. I glanced back and saw several people gathered around Rachel.

Even in an upscale nightclub, there would be all sorts of people hanging around, including shady characters.

With Rachel's good looks and her revealing clothes, I was afraid that she might be in danger.

When we reached the exit, I stopped in my tracks.

Puzzled, Ashton turned around and looked at me. He did not look angry anymore. "What's the matter?" he asked.

I pondered for a while before voicing out my concern. "Ashton, she needs someone to send her home."

He frowned at my words. "Scarlett, she doesn't deserve your sympathy."

I could understand why he was angry with Rachel. It was because her harsh words had crossed the line and struck his nerve.

And I was where his threshold lay; he was enraged with her because of her disrespect for me.

Seeing that he was about to leave, I stopped him and said, "I don't sympathize with her predicament, but Ashton, she's a staff of the Fuller Corporation whom you had complimented during the annual general meeting. If anything happens to her, it might affect the company as well. We can find someone to bring her back just to make sure she is safe."

Do I pity her? Maybe.

I did not know much about Rachel at first. If I had not heard what Isabelle had told me before, I probably would not care about her safety tonight.

But now that I had known what happened to her, I could not help but pity her. Besides, it was normal for her to be attracted to Ashton since he was such an outstanding person.

Life is still long; there would be more women who are going to be attracted to him. Besides, I'm sure that Ashton knows better than me in handling the women who fancy him.

After a long moment of silence, he let out a sigh and eventually complied. He called a bell boy over and gave out some instructions. Then, he turned to me and asked, "Are you happy now?"

I nodded with a smile and held his hand. "Yes. Let's go home."

When we were both seated in the car, Ashton did not start the car first. Instead, he turned towards me and locked his eyes on mine. "Scarlett, it seems as if you bear no animosity towards her."

"Huh, who?" I asked, perplexed.

“Rachel.”

I paused for a while and replied, “Hmm, actually, there is animosity between Rachel and me. It’s just that I know that you love me, and you care about me. So, I don’t really mind other women admiring you because I know that you will come back to me eventually.”

He looked at me meaningfully. “You really trust me so much?”

I nodded, holding his gaze. “Ashton, we are in our thirties now. That’s about one-third of our lives. We’ve gone through many things, and we have certainly learned our life lessons. For me, I have learned to take notice of what’s more important in life.”

He went silent for a long time before starting the car and drove home. We did not speak for the rest of the ride.

There was nothing wrong with what I said in the car, but he seemed to be too quiet after that.

It was always winter whenever I was in K City. Maybe because I did not get to spend much time here. The first time I was here, I lost my child and almost drove myself crazy.

Four years later, I came back to this city again. No one had changed, except me; my state of mind was no longer the same.

It was already late at night by the time we were back at the villa. After I switched off my phone and left it charging, I went straight to the shower and went to bed after that.

Meanwhile, Ashton was buried in work. It seemed as if he did not want to go easy on the White Corporation as he was still pressing ahead with his plan to sabotage it. Since the company had lost plenty of its properties by now, Marcus was probably even busier than Ashton.

By the time I woke up the next day, Ashton had already left. I reckoned it was almost the end of the year.

Ashton had been busy all year round. I initially thought that Ashton might have less work to do after his company's annual general meeting.

But it seemed like it would be hard for him to have a good rest now.

It had been sunny in K City for a few days recently, but it started to snow heavily today. After Flora had finished cooking the breakfast, she did not proceed to do other household chores as usual.

Instead, she stayed in the kitchen, wiping the countertop that had been wiped countless times.

I was not in the mood for food, so I turned to her and asked, "What's the matter?"

Taken aback by my sudden question, she paused for a moment before replying, "Madam, it's almost the festive season. Do you have any plan yet?"

Oh, she wants to ask about her schedule during the festive season. Normally, it would be Ashton who arranged her schedule, but recently, he was so busy that he forgot to do so.

I thought for a second and asked, "Flora, do you normally go back to your hometown during the holidays?"

She nodded and smiled. "Yeah, I would normally go back to my hometown for a few days."

"Have you bought the ticket?"

She shook her head. "I haven't got my schedule yet, so my son and my daughter-in-law are still waiting for it before buying the ticket for me."

After a moment of consideration, I replied, "Flora, you can go back anytime you want. It's only me and Ashton in the house, so it shouldn't be too much of a problem."

With a smile on her face, she nodded. "Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Fuller."

As I glanced around the kitchen, I realized that I had forgotten to take my phone from the bedroom, so I looked towards Flora and said, "Please help me to get my phone upstairs."

I had left it charging for the whole night. It should be fully charged by now.

After she brought it down to me, I switched it on and browsed through the trending topics on social media. As expected, it was mostly about the holidays and many people were looking forward to it.

Besides, there were many sales happenings on online shopping platforms. Looking outside the window, it was still snowing currently. I figured it would be inconvenient to go out today.

Hence, I decided to stay at home and do some reading instead.

I was about to fall asleep when I received a call from Jackson at noon.

I answered the call, and before I could say anything, he had cut me off. "Scarlett, where are you?" He sounded anxious.

"In the villa," I replied. But, again, before I could continue, his voice had come from the other side. "Summer has gone missing in W City. Has Ashton told you about it?"

Immediately, my mind went blank, and my ears started to ring.

Jackson called my name several times on the other side of the line, but I did not hear him.

Flora came to check on me when she heard the sound of my cup smashing to the floor.

“Mrs. Fuller? Mrs. Fuller?” Flora called me a few more times before I finally snapped out of my trance.

Looking around aimlessly, I still could not digest what he had said.

She looked at me worriedly. “Mrs. Fuller, are you okay?”

I shook my head, unable to respond. Jackson’s words earlier echoed in my ears. He said that Summer is missing.

I wanted to get up, but before I could get to my feet, my knees buckled, and I fell back into my chair.

“Mrs. Fuller, are you okay?” Flora asked.

I shook my head again. I remembered that I had not hung up the call, so I reached for my phone.

Putting it to my ear, I parted my lips, trying to speak, but my mouth went dry, and my words died my lips.

“Scarlett, are you alright?” Jackson’s worried voice rang from the other side.

I tried to speak again, but I was so choked up that I could not do it at the moment. Seeing my condition, Flora was so worried that her hands started to shake.

She then went to bring me a glass of water. “Mrs. Fuller, have a sip of water first. Don’t panic.”

I nodded and drank the water. Even the water was difficult to be swallowed.

After a long while, I finally found my voice back. I picked up the phone and asked, "Jackson, what did you say just now?"

My voice was still a bit hoarse.

Jackson said, "Scarlett, don't panic. I'm not sure what happened exactly there. But perhaps you can travel to W City to investigate."

"Okay."

The first person I wanted to call was Jared.

After I hung up the call, I immediately dialed his number. But no one picked up the call.

I continued to call several times but to no avail. So, I called Emery.

Fortunately, she answered the call quickly. "Hi, Scarlett. What's up?"

"Do you know anyone from W City? Can you help me to check on the Crest family there?"

She was taken aback by the agitation in my voice for a moment. "Okay. I'll do it immediately."

After a pause, she asked tentatively, "Scarlett, anything happened?"

"I have no idea as well. Jackson told me that Summer is lost," I confessed.

She gasped. “What? When did it happen? I did not hear anything from my side. Doesn’t Summer have a video call with you every night?”

“Yes. But for the last two nights, I did not call her because Ashton and I came home late. So, I figured I should call her today instead. But when I called Jared just now, no one picked up the phone,” I replied, eyes brimming with tears.

As I spoke, I began to choke up once again.

Emery sighed on the other side of the line. “Scarlett, don’t panic. We haven’t known anything yet at the moment. Let me call and ask first. I have friends in W City. I’ll find someone to get more information for you.”

I nodded and hung up the call. I could not wait for a minute longer to book the flight ticket to W City. It had been more than ten days since Jared brought Summer to W City.

It’s about time for me to bring her back now.

I drove out of the villa and headed straight to the airport. Ashton called me again and again. I saw his calls, but I had no intention of answering any of them.

Arriving at the airport, I checked in and boarded the plane. Before departure, the air stewardess reminded us to switch off our electrical gadgets.

I took a look at the message sent by Ashton: Scarlett, before you do anything else, answer my call first. I’ve sent someone to find Summer.

I shut down my phone regardless. As the plane took off, I felt my heart shattered into a million pieces.

There were wounds that will never heal. And Summer was my lifeline. After years of being with her, I had treated her like my own child. I’ve lost my child before; I can’t bear to lose another one.

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Four hours later, the plane landed. This was my first time here in W City. As one of the most vibrant cities in the nation, W City was as bustling as the capital city, but they were distinctively different from one another.

K City was notable and sophisticated while W City was glitz and glamor.

Besides, the weather in W City was different, too. Unlike K City, it would snow two times per year, at most three.

After getting off the plane, I dared not waste a second longer and hailed a cab to the Crest Residence. It was not snowing in W City, but most of the trees at the side of the road had withered. The scenery outside was underwhelming.

The Crest family had been one of the most prominent families in W City for a long time. Moreover, owning a huge mansion in an upscale location undoubtedly attracted the attention of the public.

When I told the driver to drop me off at the Crest Residence, he could not believe his ears. Staring at me, he asked once again, "Miss, are you sure your destination is the Crest Residence? Are you a friend of the Crest family?"

I pursed my lips and looked outside the window. "No."

Taken aback by my answer, he proceeded to remind me kindly. "The upper class like the Crest family normally has a high standard in choosing their daughters-in-law. It's rather inappropriate for you to go to their house uninvited."

Hearing his words, I realized that he had regarded me as a frivolous woman who wanted to marry the rich.

Pursing my lips, I refused to explain myself to him.

When the car came to a stop in front of the Crest residence, the driver turned to me and apologized, "I'm sorry, Miss. I can only send you here. Outsiders are forbidden from going inside. If you wish to enter, the entrance is right over there, and you should inform the security guard before going in. The Crest Residence is really big, so you need someone to drive you inside."

I nodded and paid him before getting off the taxi.

As mentioned by the taxi driver just now, this mansion was spacious. Visitors should get permission from the Crest family first before they sent a car to fetch the visitors in.

After I told the security guard the reason I was visiting, he looked at me, unsure. "Miss, I think you should give them a call first to pick you up."

I fished out my phone and saw that I had more missed calls and messages from Ashton.

But I did not call him back. Instead, I dialled Jared's number again. Luckily, he answered my call this time.

"Scarlett," he greeted.

Staring at the gate, I said, "I'm outside the Crest Residence now. Bring Summer to me. I'm here to bring her back to K City."

A long silence followed. The quieter he was, the more fearful I became.

I knew that I was still in denial. I came here, hoping that Jackson was wrong. Since K City was quite far away from W City, maybe Jackson did not know what exactly happened.

Maybe Summer was just out to play. Maybe it was just Jackson who heard the information wrongly and misunderstood the situation.

Jared's silence almost gave me a mental breakdown. I could no longer stand the long silence and yelled, "Jared Crest! I said I wanted to meet Summer and bring her back. Do you hear me?"

He responded with a low voice, "I'm right behind you."

I blinked, bewildered. As I turned around and looked at him, he was standing there with his phone clutched against his ear, looking haggard.

Then, he put down his phone and glanced at me guiltily.

There was no sight of Summer beside him. I tried my best to suppress the panic rising in my heart. "Jared, where is Summer?"

He took a deep breath to compose himself and walked towards me. "Let's go in first."

A black Bentley was parked near the gate. He looked at me with a calm expression and motioned for me to go into the car. "Let's talk inside."

I pressed my lips together and went into the car with him.

I knew that the Crest family was very rich, but I did not expect them to be this rich.

It took a ten-minute ride from the gate outside to the house. Along the way, it was a large park with ponds, sculptures, fountains, and different kinds of flora. Since it was currently winter, the maple trees on the roadside were withered, scattering the ground with their leaves.

As I continued to look at the bleak view outside the car, Jared's phone rang, and he answered the call. From his tone of voice, it was probably Ashton who called.

After he talked with Ashton for a few minutes, he handed me his phone. "It's Ashton."

I pursed my lips and glanced at him. Instead of taking the phone over, I chose to ignore it.

Seeing my reaction, he took back the phone and told Ashton, "You should call back later."

Ashton then spoke something, and Jared hummed in response. After he ended the call, the silence in the car ensued.

After some time, the car pulled to a stop in front of a bungalow and several housekeepers came out of the door.

When we got down from the car, one of them stepped forward and greeted Jared.

Jared nodded in response and looked towards me. "Follow me. We'll talk inside."

Then, he turned to the leader of the housekeepers and ordered, "Prepare a room for Ms. Stovall."

The man nodded and left.

Entering the house with Jared, I saw more than ten people sitting in the living room, and they were predominantly middle-aged. There were also two elderly who sat in the middle of the room.

When they saw us coming in, some of them turned to look at us.

Then, a thin middle-aged woman stepped forward and asked, "Jared, have you found the kid?"

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Hearing her words, I tensed up immediately.

I stood still as my body trembled in agitation. So, Summer is really missing?

The ringing in my ears started again. Holding back my emotions, I raised my eyes and stared at Jared as I waited for his answer.

He noticed my reaction and frowned. "I've sent my subordinates to search for her and we've also reported the case to the police. She will be fine."

Clap! I mustered up all my energy and strength to slap him. It was loud and painful.

In an instant, everyone in the living room turned their eyes on me. Some people were glaring, some were frowning, and some were watching us with much excitement.

The first one who came forward to me was a slightly chubby girl in her twenties. "Who are you? How could you hit Jared?"

I shot her a look, but I did not respond. Instead, I continued to stare furiously at Jared. "Jared, you'd better pray that Summer comes back safe and sound, or else I would use the rest of my life to destroy the Crest family."

Thud! The sound of a mug being slammed down onto the coffee table resonated across the room.

"How dare you, young lady!" The old man who sat in the middle spoke with a deep and powerful voice.

He must have been an influential person during his younger days.

Turning my gaze to the dignified old man, he looked about eighty years old but was still full of vigor and vitality.

I put up a faint smile, making myself look composed. "We shall wait and see."

"How insolent!" The old man knocked down the mug on the table.

He was indeed angry.

No one dared to speak a single word as he glared at me. If looks could kill, I would have been dead now.

After a while, he finally averted his gaze and said, "Jared, why did you bring such a rude girl into the house? Get her out now. How dare a little girl talked back to me!"

I scoffed disdainfully. "If it weren't for my daughter, I would not have stepped into this lowly house"

"Shut up!" The old man was enraged.

When he raised the walking stick in his hand to beat me, a man's voice came from the door. "How are you doing, Mr. Crest?"

Furrowing his brow, the elderly looked at me thoughtfully. Meanwhile, Jared turned to the voice and frowned.

As expected, it was Ashton.

Then, he came towards us and stood in front of me. Raising his hand to lower the walking stick in the elderly's hand, Ashton said, "Mr. Crest, every visitor is a guest. Even if you don't welcome my wife, you don't have to hit her."

The old man turned grim and scoffed. "This ill-mannered lady is your wife?"

Ashton nodded with a smile. "My grandpa really liked her and chose her to be my wife. Do you like her, too?"

"Hmph!" He snorted in disdain. "No wonder you have such a wife, your grandpa did not have a good eye for a good daughter-in-law. There's nothing about her that is likable."

Ashton was not upset with his words at all. He then turned to Jared and gave him a sombre look. "Where is my daughter?"

Jared's face fell. "Yesterday, Summer said she wanted to walk Snowfluff outside, so I asked Aunt Betty to go together with her. But it suddenly rained on their way back home. Summer went missing when they were finding a shelter during the rain."

Ashton remained calm and composed. "How's the condition now?"

"I've contacted the police in W City, and they are investigating the case. We've also sent people out to look for Summer in various places in the city."

I took a deep breath to control my anger before looking at Jared. "Is Snowfluff missing?"

He nodded.

Ashton frowned and thought for a while. "A child with a dog supposedly would not get lost easily. Snowfluff is a trained dog, so even if they've lost their way, it would guide Summer back home. It seems like this is not a simple missing case."

Then, he said to Jared, "Get in contact with the police and check the ones who bear a grudge against the Crest family. And watch out for any suspicious people around the Crest Residence recently."

Jared also realized the severity now. He nodded, took out his phone, and went out.

A hush fell over the room. Ashton glanced at the people around us and smiled politely before turning to the old man and said, "Mr. Crest, sorry for the things my wife had said. She is worried sick about our daughter, so please forgive her. We'll drop by and visit another time. See you next time."

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With that, he held my hand and brought me out of the house. The old man parted his mouth, seemingly wanted to say something, but no words came out.

After we were out of the Crest Residence, silence ensued all the way to the hotel.

When he turned off the engine, Ashton looked towards me and said, "It's getting late. Rest well tonight. The Crest family is finding her. I'm sure Summer will be alright."

I looked at him and felt angry suddenly. I got out of the car and went straight into the hotel.

The receptionist smiled and greeted, "Hi. How may I help you?"

"I'd like a room, please." I put my credit card and my ID card on the counter.

However, she did not take my cards. Instead, she looked at Ashton who was standing behind me.

He came to my side and looked at the receptionist. "There's no need for another room. I've booked a room for us."

Apparently, his words were directed at me.

The receptionist smiled awkwardly and handed my cards back to me. "Miss, here are your cards."

I frowned at her. "Why does a five-star hotel let customers check-in without their ID cards?"

Having heard what I said, she raised her eyebrows and looked towards Ashton, seeking help.

I gave her my cards and insisted, "Please give me a room as soon as possible."

She hesitated for a moment before she finally yielded and proceeded with the registration process.

Ashton let me be and stayed silent at the side.

After taking the room key, I entered the elevator with him, and the silence went on.

Both of us knew that we held some resentment toward one another and that we should talk it out instead of shutting each other down. But still, neither of us was willing to speak now. Humans are bizarre sometimes.

When we reached my room, I entered first and stood at the door, stopping him from coming into my room.

Stuck in between the door, he scowled and looked at me with displeasure. "Scarlett, do you have to be like this?"

I stared back and said stubbornly, "Yes!"

With that, I pushed him out, slammed the door shut, and locked it immediately.

A suite that cost a hundred thousand per night was cosy. It had a living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen. Even though it was not as spacious as the villa in K City, each room was fully equipped.

But I did not have the mood to admire them because all I could think of now was Summer. I called John and it got through quickly.

"Hi, Letty. What's the matter?" John sounded as if he had just woken up from sleep.

I looked at the clock and it was only then did I realize that it was past midnight already.

I did not mean to disturb his sleep, but now that he had picked up the call, I might as well tell him the reason I called.

I went straight to the point. "Can you ask Uncle Louis to help me to contact the local authorities at W City? Summer has been missing for more than seventy-two hours and the Crest family are searching for her, but they haven't found anything yet. I didn't know what to do, so I called you."

Speaking about Summer brought a lump to my throat again.

He fell silent for a moment before answering, "I'll go to W City with Uncle Louis right away and I'm sure we will find Summer. Don't worry." He sounded fully alert now.

A wave of warmth washed over me as tears started to well up in my eyes.

“Thank you so much, John,” I replied with a hoarse voice.

When he heard me weeping, he said concernedly, “Scarlett, we are family. You don’t need to say thank you.”

Feeling touched by his words, tears fell down from my eyes as I bid him goodbye.

I hung up the call and felt better somehow.

Now that my anxiety had reduced, I realized that I was covered in cold sweats.

Therefore, I put down my phone, filled the bathtub with hot water, and took a bath.

After I was done freshening up, I suddenly saw Ashton standing in my bedroom. I was so shocked that I almost yelled out in surprise.

Since I had come here in a rush, I did not bring a change of clothes with me. So, I had put my clothes just now into the washing machine and came out of the bathroom in a towel.

Even though we were husband and wife, I still felt shy in front of him.

“How did you get in?” I asked, puzzled. I had locked the door already, so how could he enter again?

He turned towards me with his eyebrows knitted. “Scarlett, we need to talk.”

“We have nothing to talk about. It’s already late. You should go to bed.” Ignoring him, I sat down on the bed and towel dry my hair.

He then took the towel from my hand and began patting my hair dry impassively.