

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 693-697

## Chapter 693

“That’s too kind of you, Mr. Watson. I’m just a common staff member here. What would you like to know?”

He sat back on the chair and smiled at me, indicating for me to do the same.

Then, I sat down in front of him and made sure to keep my manners in check.

“How much will you profit from this project?” He asked without beating around the bush.

I smiled and placed my drink down. “Are you perhaps concerned about my wellbeing, Mr. Watson?”

He chuckled casually and replied, “You’re quite the jokester, Ms. Stovall.”

I maintained my smile, staying silent.

After a while, he stopped chuckling and said, “If things go well, what do you think about becoming business partners for life?”

“Why don’t you let me know why you’re concerned about my share of the earnings first, Mr. Watson? That would make our discussion go much more smoothly.”

He pressed his lips together tightly. His smile was starting to become so deep it was almost fake. "I like your style, Ms. Stovall."

As he spoke, he pushed a bank card toward me with a smile glinting in his eyes. "There's two hundred thousand in here. Of course, this must seem like a small sum to you. This two hundred thousand is just to treat you to tea, but if you're willing to sweet talk Mr. Fuller into working together with me, I'll top up another five hundred thousand. Of course, you're welcome to name your own price."

I was taken aback as my gaze fell upon the card on the table. With narrowed eyes, I leaned my elbow on the tabletop and cupped my chin in one hand. "So, Mr. Watson, you want me to give up on this bid and also put in a good word for you with Mr. Fuller?" Was I hearing things correctly?

"That's right. How I enjoy working with smart people such as yourself. Mr. Fuller has good taste." Derek's grin widened in pride.

His chubby face stretched wide with his sleazy smile as he continued pushing the card toward me, clearly wanting me to keep it.

But of course, I wasn't blinded by the money. On the contrary, I simply glanced at the card and said lightly, "Two hundred thousand. That's quite a sum. I could put a down payment on a place in A City if I include the other five hundred thousand."

For some reason, it felt like I had to return his smile, so I did. "That's not exactly how things work around here, though. You probably don't understand how the Murphy Corporation settles profits. I'd say they're especially generous as the project manager will always receive twenty percent of all earnings made. Ashton invested about ten million into this project, and twenty percent of that will already be far more than just a down payment. Dare I say – it would be enough for me to buy a whole house."

His sleazy grin froze on his face, and he narrowed his eyes. "Asking for two million right off the bat? Do you know what happens to greedy women, Mr. Stovall?" he asked in a cold voice.

I chuckled lightly. "How could you say that Mr. Watson? I wouldn't call myself greedy at all. Based on my relationship with Ashton, I would say that I'll do well with any projects given. Not only will I do well at the Murphy Corporation, but I will also get to earn more money. If I do take your two hundred

thousand, I would be giving myself the short end of the stick. If word gets out that I betrayed my own company for a couple hundred thousand, how am I going to continue working in this field?"

With that, I pushed the card back with the same smile on my face. "Next time you try and bribe someone, please do your research. This is rather embarrassing on your part."

It was getting late, so I stood up and walked into the bidding room without another glance at Derek.

Armond's lean figure stood out among the other people in the room. I walked toward him and asked mildly, "How confident are you in this project?"

He raised an eyebrow and looked at me. "Shouldn't I be asking you that?"

I pressed my lips together before replying, "You've probably been preparing this project for about two weeks or so. Before this, Linda was put in charge. You're just trying to use me, aren't you? Why else would you only tell me today?"

He glanced at me and indicated for me to sit down next to him. After a short silence, he said, "That's going to be difficult to say."

"I agree." After all, I had just chased Ashton away with venomous words that afternoon. I couldn't start chasing after him again after that.

The room started filling up. Five minutes before the auction began, the room was already completely full, and everyone settled into silence as they waited for the announcer to show up.

I looked around but failed to see Linda. Curiously, I approached Armond and asked quietly, "Are you really planning on using my proposal?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Can't I?"

I nodded and kept quiet.

Five minutes later, Joseph got on stage and started briefly explaining the Fuller Corporation's public tender. After going through their goals and the general plan, he started calling each bidder up to present their proposals.

## **Chapter 694**

There were nineteen companies in total. There were even some companies that had gotten eliminated near the beginning. All the remaining companies were quite prevalent in A City.

Upon closer inspection, I realized that most of the proposals were rather similar to one another.

I was nodding off when Armond suddenly said, "Take a look at this. When you go on later, do what you usually do."

I looked down to see another proposal in my hands. Taken aback, I noticed that it was a bidding document. I glanced sideways at Armond and asked in surprise, "Did you do this beforehand?"

He nodded. "Take a closer look. Don't embarrass me."

I felt a little lost for words. "That was dangerous, Mr. Murphy. If you already had a proposal ready, then why did you ask me to make my own? I'm about to go on stage, but now I have to memorize a different proposal. You must have more confidence in my skills than I do because I don't think I can memorize everything in just a few minutes."

"If you never try, you'll never know," he said lightly.

What the hell?

I glared at him and decided that I didn't want to speak to him anymore. After that, I continued reading the proposal and was rather surprised.

Looking at him in shock, I asked, "Did you make this, or did Linda write it?"

He glanced at me and evaded my question. "You're next."

I pressed my lips together in a tight line before continuing to read the proposal closely. Ultimately, I had to grab the chance to memorize as much as I could.

"Next, we have the Murphy Corporation. Please get ready," the announcer called out.

I started to panic. Despite the shiny new proposal, I was still nervous since I was preparing everything so last-minute.

Cold sweat started running down my back, and my hands started to shake.

Suddenly, a large hand wrapped around my own, and I looked up only to see Armond's dark gaze staring at me.

His brow was relaxed, and his tone was light and breezy as he assured me, "Don't worry. Even if this bidding doesn't work out, you can still stay in Murphy Corporation."

I glared at him and removed my hand from his. "Don't act all kind and smiley with me. Next time, can you please at least let me know in advance?"

"Of course I will." His smile became more of a slight smirk.

If it wasn't for our situation, I would have loved to punch that smug look off his face.

All of a sudden, I felt a cold gaze on me, so I turned my head in that direction.

A man dressed in all black, who I had failed to notice, was standing not too far away. His cold gaze was practically piercing through Armond and me.

He had clearly mistaken Armond's previous action as a sign of our flirting.

"Looks like he's seen everything," Armond said in a particularly smug voice. "Do you think he would kick the Murphy Corporation out just for that?"

I sighed and tried to control my anger. "Don't worry. Ashton isn't as petty as you."

It seemed like Armond had purposely held my hand just now so that Ashton would see us.

After the person onstage finished presenting, a round of applause sounded up as usual.

It's my turn now.

I got up and walked onstage. Meanwhile, Ashton was standing right next to the table set up beside the stage, staring at me with his coal-black eyes.

He must be incredibly furious right now. I sighed and passed the presentation that Armond made to the workers.

Next, I started presenting. "Greetings. I'm the project manager for Murphy Corporation, Scarlett Stovall. I would like to thank Mr. Fuller for giving us this opportunity to present the Murphy Corporation's ideals as well as our proposal."

I didn't want to drag on my introduction for too long. After a brief introduction, I went through the proposal that Armond had given me. Thankfully, I managed to remember most of it.

After the proposal, I let out a sigh of relief. I was prepared to end it when Ashton suddenly cut me off. “Ms. Stovall, was it? That was quite the interesting proposal you just presented. It’s quite unique, so I would like to ask you about some details if that’s alright.”

Just looking at his handsome face wasn’t enough for me to guess what he was about to say next. I just nodded and smiled lightly. “Please, be my guest.”

He narrowed his eyes slightly and asked, “As everyone knows, the Murphy Corporation has been leading in the petrol and jade business. This public tender is based on AI technology. Your proposal is very well-planned, but that doesn’t mean it’s useable. Do you think we could work together well despite your company’s lack of experience in the AI field?”

Thankfully, I had already thought about that question beforehand. After a pause, I answered, “We’ve already thought about that question just like you have, Mr. Fuller. We already have a proposal ready to answer that question. Please take a look.”

He didn’t reach out to take it. Instead, he glanced at Joseph, who reached out for it instead. After that, he looked at me as if he wanted to say something.

## **Chapter 695**

I thought he would have been done after that question, but he piped up again soon after. “Ms. Stovall, if I remember correctly, you used to be the project director for the Fuller Corporation. Do you remember why you left?”

I was surprised as I hadn’t guessed that he would suddenly ask about that. Without waiting for my answer, he looked at Armond and smiled. “Mr. Murphy, do you know about Ms. Stovall’s past?”

How could he?

Back then, I left Fuller Corporation because I had gotten framed. Despite that, Ashton had destroyed all the evidence and did not let even the slightest bit of news get leaked about it. There were barely any people who actually knew about the incident.

He was clearly asking Armond so he could use this chance to humiliate me.

Armond looked at me and said calmly, "Everyone has their own past. I don't know what she used to be like, but now I know that she's a very talented person. After all, don't you have your own history too, Mr. Fuller?"

Armond was clearly avoiding the question.

Ashton smiled. "How open-minded of you, Mr. Murphy. Still, we can't deny the fact that someone's past will certainly affect their future. While the Fuller Corporation does in fact consider our partner's capabilities, we also take into account their values."

His words clearly had a double meaning to them. The audience had probably already started doubting the reason behind Fuller Corporation's decision to fire me all those years ago.

I heard some members of the audience start to mumble amongst themselves. Some of them had even started whispering about Ashton's attitude. I could hear them speculating that Ashton, Armond, and I had a relationship beyond just former and current colleagues.

No one enjoyed the feeling of being gossiped about by their audience, much less in a situation like this.

I glanced at Ashton and said, "If you so heavily doubt my loyalty and values, then I'm more than happy to pass on my role as director to another staff member from the Murphy Corporation for this project."

He frowned, clearly ruffled. His cold gaze landed on me once again. "That's alright. I think you'd be a good fit for this project after all."



After that, he simply glanced at Joseph before leaving.

I returned to my seat and Armond spoke, "Lover's spat?"

I pressed my lips together and threw the documents back to him. "You should really think before you speak."

He raised an eyebrow. "Why are you so angry? You're the one who keeps running away, and you're the one who keeps pushing him away too. He's already given up his dignity as a man for you. What do you have to be angry about?"

I stood up, reluctant to speak to him for any longer. "Since the proposal is done, I'll get going. I'm still busy."

I knew it was my fault, but it wasn't like that would stop me from continuing. After all, Ashton was much better off without me.

However, I still felt suffocated despite having left the hall and decided to find a place to sit down and take a breather.

"Ms. Stovall!" Someone called out; it was Joseph.

I looked at him and nodded with a smile. "Mr. Campbell."

"Ms. Stovall, Summer is back at the villa with Mr. Fuller. She's fine, but she keeps asking where you are," he told me. His tone was light as if we were simply conversing about the weather.

I thought he would bring Ashton up, but he started talking about Summer instead.

I was taken aback for a while before sighing. With that, I couldn't help but ask, "Is she doing alright?"

He nodded and basically repeated himself. “She just keeps asking Mr. Fuller where you went.”

I pressed my lips together, feeling a little bitter. After a pause, I said, “Thank you, Mr. Campbell.”

He then shook his head and said, “I don’t understand. You and Mr. Fuller clearly still love each other. If that’s the case, why do you keep pushing him away?”

“He deserves someone better,” I retorted.

“Who would that be? When it comes to love, feelings are the most important. Since when this became some matching game?” The man frowned at me.

I looked at Joseph and sighed. “Mr. Campbell, plenty of people think that a couple should end up together as long as they love each other. No one ever thinks about how they should deal with their own individual problems.

“After I heard that he was the one who pitted my parents against each other and caused my mother and me to become enemies, I brought Summer away. I knew that if I stayed by his side, I’d be swallowed up by both love and hate. Hence, I used four years of my time to try and get over it, but that turned out to be useless.

“I thought I could get over it once I came to K City so I could have a good life with Ashton from then onward. I wanted to have a normal mother-daughter relationship with Cameron, but she was always so careful around me, and Ashton always seemed to be letting me do whatever I wanted. It hurt even more because I’d already seen how much they loved Rebecca. With her, it was unconditional, but when it came to me, all they did was tiptoe around me. I don’t blame them. I blame life.”

I looked at Joseph and smiled bitterly. “If I stayed with Ashton, that just means I’ll be stuck in a hellhole of my own stubborn making. I’m a coward after all. I’d rather be afraid than breaking the peace.”

He seemed slightly disappointed and sighed, "Mr. Fuller is doing his best."

"I know. He's always been doing his best, which is why I feel safe handing Summer over to him." I nodded with a smile.

"Are you planning to let Summer stay with Mr. Fuller permanently, Ms. Stovall?"

I shook my head. "I'll come and get her as soon as possible. I don't want to trouble him for too long. Besides, he isn't obligated to take care of Summer."

"Then who is?" A sudden voice piped up and surprised me.

I turned back and saw Ashton standing behind me. His expression was dark and his gaze cold. "Armond? Or perhaps you've found another guy who's obligated to take care of her?"

His sudden appearance took me by surprise. Joseph had silently walked away after Ashton showed up.

At that moment, only Ashton and I were left at the scene, and I didn't know what to say.

After a pause, I finally piped up. "Thanks for taking care of Summer, Ashton."

He chuckled coldly. "No need to thank me. Don't forget that she's legally my daughter after all. The moment we actually get a divorce, I am completely fine with paying my alimony, but don't even think about getting Summer back."

“Is that a threat?”

“You could say so.”

I smiled, not too ruffled by his words. “That might be better for all of us. After all, she’ll be much better off with you than she can ever be with me. You have money and power. Besides that, you can give her a much better environment than I can. Maybe I’ll be better on my own, or maybe remarrying will be a good option as well.”

With an unblinking stare, he looked at me. His gaze was full of dark contempt, and he wasn’t trying to disguise the rage on his face. “What an outstanding plan,” he chuckled coldly.

I chuckled as well. “Thanks for the compliment, Mr. Fuller.”

Then I noticed his tightly clenched fists. If I were a man, he’d probably be beating me up right now. Thank God I’m a woman.

“I’d love to see whether Armond will actually allow you to marry into the Murphy family,” he hissed. He was probably holding back his anger. If not, he might have started getting violent by now.

When he walked away and left, I let out a huge sigh of relief. I really hoped we wouldn’t see each other anymore after this. Our relationship was already messier than tangled yarn.

The bidding carried on until midnight. Armond wasn’t used to burning the midnight oil, so the moment we got into the car, he told me, “You take the wheel. I need to take a nap.”

I nodded, thinking that he probably didn’t sleep well since he was hungover yesterday.

Once we reached the villa, I woke Armond up and went into my room. Once I turned my phone on, I saw the pictures that Emery had sent me of her kid.

Her kid was already four months old and was adorably pink-cheeked and plump. I wanted to respond, but since it was so late, I figured it might wake her up.

Thus, I decided to turn off my phone and head to bed.

To my surprise, the results of the Fuller Corporation's public tender were released the very next day. After all, I assumed they would need at least five or six days at most.

What really took me aback was that the Murphy Corporation got chosen. Armond handed everything over to me and said, "You'll be in charge of this project for now, and Linda will help. You can either go to her or me if you have any problems."

I hadn't gotten the chance to be that involved in this particular project. After all, only two days had passed from the moment I learned about it until now.

At that time, I didn't reach out for the files, but instead, I stared at him and said, "You know I barely know anything about this project. I didn't even write the proposal myself. It's not fair to the actual writer of the proposal, and I'm also not confident that I can do a good job."

Seeing that I remained unmoved, he then placed the files on the desk instead and replied, "I wrote the proposal. Besides, there's still some time before the start-up date of this project. You can familiarize yourself with the project in the meantime, and Fuller Corporation will be sending someone over to keep up with you on this. You can discuss things with them before starting the work and talk to Linda about any resources you need from the Murphy Corporation."

At that moment, it seemed like he was dead set on me taking charge of this project. I knew that turning him down wouldn't take me anywhere. After some thought, I asked, "When is this going to start?"

"The Fuller Corporation will let you know," he said. "Apart from us, they also chose the Cruise Corporation. So try your best to communicate with them as much as you can so this can be a win-win situation."

I nodded and sighed before gathering the documents. I had to meet Nora in the afternoon.

Before he left, I said, "I'm going to meet Nora around noon. It might take a while."

He raised an eyebrow. "What happened?"

"She got into a fight with someone. I think she got hurt," I explained briefly.

He smirked and looked a bit happy. "A fight? Did her true colors finally show?"

I pressed my lips together and looked at him. "Do you want to visit her with me?"

"Why should I?"

"Because of a man." Since Ashton was involved, that wasn't too far off.

He raised an eyebrow again. "Bring some chrysanthemums to her for me. Hope she gets well soon."

Chrysanthemums?

I chuckled.

That man really was full of ideas.

I ignored him and started organizing my files. After that, I hailed a cab to the address that Nora had given me.

## **Chapter 697**

It was quite far away, in a neighborhood near the north. Once I got off the car, I called Nora.

The phone rang for quite a while before she picked up. “Babe! Are you here?”

“I’m right downstairs.”

“Okay, give me a second.”

Five minutes later, I saw her limping down the stairs. She seemed rather unkempt in just her pyjamas with her hair simply tied in a messy bun.

She opened the door, and her face broke into a wide grin at the sight of the chrysanthemums in my hands. As she reached out to take them, she asked, “How did you know I liked chrysanthemums?”

What?

I had no idea. If it wasn’t for Armond, I wouldn’t even have thought of it.

At the sight of her happy smile, I couldn’t help but admit, “Armond asked me to buy them. I thought they would be a bit of a bad omen at first, but I saw these pretty pink ones at a flower shop on my way here and bought them.”

She chuckled. “I guess Mr. Murphy is still on his toes when it comes to this stuff. I only mentioned it once, and yet, he remembered. Looks like I might be likely to be marrying Mr. Bachelor in the future, huh?”

After that, she invited me in, and I followed her upstairs. Her house was incredibly messy, which left me a bit speechless. “Quick question – how do you live in a mess like this?”

She stuck the flowers into a random vase and gathered large bunches of messy clothes off the sofa and onto the bed. "I can't sleep if it's too tidy."

I was struck speechless once more.

I looked around the house. It wasn't very big – it was maybe eight hundred square feet with two bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchenette.

"Are you living alone?" I asked.

She nodded as she poured me a glass of water. "I used to live with another girl, but she moved in with her boyfriend. Now it's just me."

As she spoke, she scrutinized me with narrowed eyes. "Why don't you move in with me so we can split the rent?"

"Of course!" I said with a nod. "But you need to keep the place much tidier. I might go insane if it's this messy all the time."

She giggled. "If you move here, it won't be this messy all the time. I don't feel like tidying things up when it's just me here. After all, if everything's too perfect, it doesn't feel like home."

"Then why don't you just go home?" It wasn't as if she wasn't doing well financially. She had no reason to live in such conditions.

She chuckled and said, "I need my freedom as an adult, okay? We all need a little privacy."

I couldn't wrap my mind around her logic at all. With a shrug, I asked, "How's your injury?" I couldn't help but look at her leg after noticing her limping all over the place.



She sat next to me and replied, "It's nothing serious. I was wearing heels when I fought with Tessa, so I sprained my ankle. Anyway, what would you like to eat?"

The moment she asked that, the doorbell rang, and she went to open the door.

"Hurry up, think of something so we can grab lunch together," she pestered as she opened the door.

A middle-aged woman stood in the doorway. She seemed completely used to the state of the place and said, "Ms. Oberick, I'm here to help you clean the house."

She nodded and gestured for the woman to do what she had to do. "So, what do you want to eat?" she asked me.

I couldn't think of anything in particular, so I went with something random. "What about fish? I've been craving some fish for a while."

"Sounds great!" She went into her bedroom and bustled around a bit. Luckily, she didn't waste too much time, or we would probably have left the house a lot later.

There was a mall near her place, so we found a restaurant that served fish and chips and ordered what we wanted before sitting down by a window.

She immediately started nosing around the moment we sat down. "Babe, tell me everything about you and Ashton."

I nearly choked on my own spit and looked at her as I coughed. "We were just another arranged marriage. Mr. Bauman was the one behind our relationship, so there's not much to tell."

She held her chin in her hand and looked as if she were actually thinking about it. "Are you two planning to go back to K City soon?"

I was a bit taken aback by her question and couldn't help but reply, "If you want to know about Armond, you can just say so. I'll tell you everything I know."

Nora chuckled awkwardly after being called out by me. "When's he going to K City?"

"Probably after this project is over. I'll probably go back then as well. Why don't you follow along so we can have some fun in K City?"

"Really?" she asked excitedly.

I nodded. "Of course. You're paying for your own ticket, though."

"Obviously!" she replied with a mischievous smile on her face.

The waiter arrived to pour us some drinks, and I couldn't help but ask Nora, "What are you thinking about?"

"Clearly, I'm thinking about how to get Mr. Fuller to fall for me once and for all."

Her innocent girly side was showing. "Have you come up with a plan yet?"

"You're quite close to him, yeah? Have you ever seen any potential love rivals?" she asked as she looked at me with her face still in her hands, looking as innocent as a sixteen-year-old.

I nodded. "Yeah. Yours truly."

She scoffed. "Apart from you, obviously!"

"You, then."

She burst out laughing, which I already expected. Just then, she was starting to look extra cunning and told me, "What are his hobbies? Help me find out what he likes and let me know!"