

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 748-752

## Chapter 748

Looking at the two people in the kitchen, I chirped, "Hey guys, can I help with anything?"

"No, no, no," Nora replied with a grin. "As I said, you're a patient today. Just have a good rest and don't come in here. The kitchen is greasy as hell. Shoo, shoo!"

Faced with her rejection, I looked to Armond instead. "Mr. Murphy, why don't you go ahead with your work? I can help Nora in the kitchen."

At that, Nora turned to Armond in question. "Are you going to discuss work later?"

Armond's eyes darted to Ashton who was seated at the dining table and he shook his head. "No. Why?"

I was startled to hear his answer. Then, why did Ashton come here? For the free food?

Nora wagged her brows at me and grinned. "Go ahead and rest. Everything in the kitchen is under control and lunch will be ready in a bit."

PlayvolumeAd

I flicked my eyes to Ashton, but still decided to go into the kitchen after some consideration. Padding over to the spot next to Nora, I put on a pitiful expression and whined, "I know you care about me and I'm really grateful for that. So don't chase me away, okay? I want to stay here to help you!"

Of course, a sharp-witted person like Nora could tell my true intentions. She glanced sideways at the person at the dining table, then looked back at me and smirked. "Good excuse you got there. But why are you avoiding him? At least be friends with him. Don't tell me you're going to pretend to be strangers forever?"

I spaced out slightly after hearing her words, realizing that my thought process often varied from those of others. I thought that Ashton and I could only be strangers, but I never thought that we could get along like friends.

Seeing me lost in a daze, Nora added, "Scarlett, have you ever thought that perhaps you're the one who's overcomplicating the problem? Ordinary people like us only wish to live a normal and peaceful life with our partners. Regardless of what happened, life is too long to spend it alone. If humans insisted on separating over minor conflicts, then what would become of everyone in this world?"

"Truth be told, many married couples would more or less have some strife between them, but as time goes by, they'd gradually get past their differences. My grandfather always said that if electrical appliances at home broke down, they should be replaced because those are non-living objects. No matter how hard you try to repair it, it'd be useless. But it's different for people. Think about it, if two people insisted on replacing each other because of some minor dispute, then how many partners would we have to change throughout this long life of ours before we finally grow old? Besides, can we guarantee that the new one we choose will really be better than the first one we were with? I doubt that!"

I pursed my lips, finding some logic in Nora's words. After a brief pause, I drew in a breath and said, "You're right and wrong at the same time. It's not a matter of who's wrong or replacing each other between Ashton and me, but you've helped me realize something. Regardless of what our future holds, I'll stop avoiding him or pretending to be strangers. From now on, I'll treat him like a friend."

Hearing my decision, she smiled in encouragement. "Now that's what I'm talking about. Never run from problems. Facing them is the best way to solve them."

With that, she handed me a plate of food and ordered, "Now go help me serve the food."

I took the plate from her and brought it out of the kitchen. Ashton also entered the kitchen and helped set the table.

What surprised me was that he really seemed to be here for the free food and only used looking for Armond as an excuse.

Nora's cooking was exceptional and Armond seemed to enjoy her food a lot. Both of them didn't look like a couple who had just started dating. Instead, they looked like close friends who had known each other for a long time.

At least that was how Armond seemed like around Nora.

After eating, Ashton and I were on dish duty.

In the kitchen, I realized I really didn't know how to act around Ashton anymore.

Nora said that we should get along as friends, but those years we were together, we either quarreled or gave each other the cold shoulder. Of course, there were the occasional sweet and romantic moments as well.

Come to think of it, I knew nothing about this man and I couldn't seem to get past my first impression of him.

"What's on your mind?" His voice reached my ears and I recollected my thoughts to shake my head.

"Nothing," I replied tersely.

He took the plate from my hand and gazed at me solemnly. "Do you like Armond that much?"

I was stumped by his question, but when I saw Armond and Nora bantering in the living room and recalled the way I had spaced out earlier, realization dawned on me.

Ashton must have misunderstood and thought that I zoned out because of the heart-warming scene in the living room.

I shot him a sideways glance and noticed his dark eyes fixated on me. Mischief filled me and I nodded. "Yeah. What would it take for a woman to be able to meet such a handsome man like Armond? I think I'm pretty lucky to have met him."

The temperature around me seemed to plummet a few degrees, so I stopped talking and bowed my head to wash the dishes as though my life depended on it.

At first, I thought he would make a dig at me, but unexpectedly, he chose to stay silent.

## **Chapter 749**

When he didn't speak, I peeked at him in surprise, but his eyes were hooded and I couldn't discern any emotion in them.

Unable to help myself, I blurted, "Didn't you come here to look for Armond? Aren't you going to talk to him?"

Without sparing a glance at me, his slender fingers moved across the porcelain bowls as he expertly washed the dishes.

"There's no rush." He only gave me three simple words in return.

The atmosphere became quiet all of a sudden and I felt slightly at a loss.

Suddenly, a ringtone broke through the uncomfortable silence. It was coming from his phone.

He didn't answer it, but turned his emotionless eyes to me for some reason.

I stiffened and asked confusedly, "What is it?"

"My hands are wet. I'll have to trouble you," he replied.

At first, I couldn't grasp his meaning. Later on, I realized that his phone was in his trouser pocket and both his hands were covered with soap.

Coincidentally, I had just wiped my hands dry, so technically, it was convenient for me to take his phone. But...

The corners of my eyes twitched as I fell into a dilemma. "Mr. Fuller, I think that's rather inappropriate."

He cocked a brow at me. "And why exactly would that be inappropriate?"

A woman such as myself reaching into his trouser pocket to grab his phone? How isn't that inappropriate?

He looked at me with a serious yet clear eyes. If I made a big deal out of it, it would seem like I was the one having dirty thoughts instead.

The beautiful piano melody kept playing, as though the caller was anxious.

Ashton was still frozen in the same posture as he waited for me to answer his phone for him.

I exhaled sharply and shoved my hand into his trouser pocket. After taking his phone out, I handed it to him with slightly flushed cheeks. "Here!"

He raised his brows at me and motioned at his soap-covered hands with his eyes. His meaning couldn't be any clearer—he couldn't pick up the call in his state and I had to do it for him.

Clenching my jaw, I turned the phone screen to face me and swiped to answer the call, catching sight of the caller ID in the process—it was Rachel.

"Put it on speaker," Ashton instructed while staring at me with a particularly intense gaze.

I did as I was told, tapping on the speaker icon before bringing the phone to his ear. Due to the height difference, I had to stand on my tippy toes and get closer.

He lowered his eyes to look at me, but didn't comment. Soon, Rachel's gentle voice drifted over the other end of the line. "Mr. Fuller, are you home?"

"Yes. What is it?" This man was stingy with his words as always.

Rachel seemed to have grown accustomed to this habit of his because she didn't seem to mind as she chirped gleefully, "I brought all the previous project files over today for you to take a look. By the way, you haven't eaten yet, have you? I made you lunch. Give it a try later."

I twitched my lips. How lucky of him to have a beautiful woman at his beck and call!

When his reply didn't come after a long time, I vaguely sensed his gaze on me. Puzzled, I returned his gaze, wondering what was running through his mind.

Just when I thought he wasn't going to answer, he responded curtly, "Mm."

Rachel's unconcealed joy was palpable even over the phone when she quipped, "Then, can you come out and open the gate for me, Mr. Fuller? I'm already outside your villa."

“Sure,” Ashton replied. Then, he shot me a glance, signaling for me to hang up the call.

After ending the call, I hesitated for a second before suggesting, “You should go now. I’ll handle it from here.”

With that, I reached out to take the bowl in his hand, but he held it in a vice-like grip. Bewildered, I widened my eyes at him, trying to figure out what he was playing at.

However, he behaved as though nothing was wrong and declared, “We’ll go together once we’re done here. Rachel is here because of the Lavelian Village project. Since you’re the person-in-charge, you’re required to participate.”

I pressed my lips together tightly in response to his tyrannical behavior. Rachel’s obviously not here to discuss the project with him. Is he stupid or what?

With that, he took his time with the dishes, seemingly unbothered about the fact that Rachel was currently waiting outside. After he was done, he scanned me from head to toe at a disturbingly languid pace before asking, “Do you need to have a change of clothes before heading over?”

Caught off guard, I glanced down at my clothes, realizing that they were rather casual. I had randomly thrown on some clothes after waking up in the morning, not to mention my hair was pulled into a messy ponytail and my face was completely bare.

But I was only going next door and not some faraway place, so I gave him an adamant shake of my head. “No.”

It’s clear that I’m going there to be a third wheel, so why should I dress up?

His brows scrunched together, but he didn’t insist. “Let’s go then.”

Nora and Armond were talking in the yard. People who were in love seemed to like spending every second of their day together.

After informing them where we were going, Ashton and I left the yard. The moment we stepped past the gate, we saw Rachel standing outside the villa next door.

There was a red Cadillac was parked beside her. Dressed in a white dress with exquisite makeup on her face, her long hair cascaded down her back in an alluring manner, making her look every bit the muse that incited a man's wildest desires.

Rachel spotted us the same time we did her. Surprise flashed across her face, but it vanished as soon as it came and she regained her composure.

Directing her gaze at Ashton, she plastered a tender smile on her face and greeted, "Mr. Fuller!"

Ashton nodded, then looked at me and jerked his chin. "Open the gate."

Mystified, my brows knitted into a deep frown. "But I don't know your password." How the hell would I know the password to his house?

"It's your birthday," he replied calmly.

Sensing the withering stare Rachel was aiming at me, I couldn't help but feel that Ashton was purposely making my life difficult.

Exasperated, I raised my hand to enter my birth date. When the gate beeped open, Ashton shot Rachel a fleeting glance and said flatly, "Go on in."

## **Chapter 750**

The yard in the villa was equipped with a pavilion. It was a perfect place for having a conversation when the weather was nice.

Ashton was leading us to the pavilion. Then, he ordered me, "There are some fruits in the fridge. Prepare some fruits and brew us tea."

With my brows knitted, I pointed at myself while asking in disbelief, "Me?"

The man raised his brow. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Of course, I have a problem with that! Aren't I here to discuss the project? What, now I'm your errand girl?

Just then, Rachel put the lunch box down and said smilingly, "Mr. Fuller, let me do it so Ms. Stovall can get some rest. You should eat first; see if the food I brought you suits your liking."

"It's fine. Let her do it. She knows the place better." Ashton cast his gaze at me as he spoke.

Hearing that, my eyes widened. What is he talking about? I know the place better? I have never come to his house since he moved here!

Meanwhile, Rachel's smile stiffened.

I thought Ashton must have said that on purpose so that he could order me around. Reluctant to waste my breath on him, I made my way to the house.

Standing in front of the door, I turned to look at the man sitting in the pavilion and waited for him to tell me the password.

Having developed a good rapport over the years, Ashton raised his brow and answered my unasked question, "Our daughter's birthday."

Hearing that, my heart was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

The door unlocked as I keyed in Summer's birthday.

The villa was relatively moderate in size, which was about 3200 square feet. Yet, it was definitely a large house in the eyes of the common folks.

Still, the villa was way smaller than all those previous properties that Ashton bought.

Nevertheless, this was the villa that had the homiest and cosiest atmosphere amongst the rest. Instead of having a black-and-white interior decoration style, the villa was painted in light yellow.

The usual leather furniture was replaced by warm-color fabric furniture. Summer and my pictures were everywhere in the living room, many of which I had no idea when Ashton took them.

Some were pictures of Summer and her father, which were probably taken after I left K City. Apart from that, there were also pictures featuring the three of us.

Many of them were pictures of Ashton and me sending Summer to school, taken by someone else.

The sight of those pictures brought a bittersweet feeling to my heart.

My eyes prickled with tears as I retrieved my gaze. Soon, I wiped off the tears that escaped my eyes without me realizing it.

In the kitchen, I boiled water and found the tea leaves. Then, I took the fruits out of the fridge and prepared a fruit platter in no time.

Many of the ornaments and furnishing in the villa were similar to those in the house in K City.

When I was back at the pavilion with freshly brewed tea, Ashton was reading the document. As for Rachel, she was sitting next to the man, wanting to get his attention.

The lunch box on the table was being opened, yet the food was untouched.

At that point, I noticed that Rachel seemed unhappy.

“Tea is ready! I’m not sure of your preferences, so I only prepared Earl Grey.” With that, I placed the two cups of tea before them.

Placing his document aside, Ashton looked up at me and uttered, “There’s juice and milk in the fridge. I have them prepared for you.”

I was slightly bewildered to hear that. Nevertheless, with a faint smile, I nodded. “Thanks.”

The man then turned to face Rachel. “The project’s design is nice, but there are some problems with the details that you need to fix. I need to discuss the project with the shareholders, and I need you to contact Armond concerning the project in Lavelian Village. After all, this project is related to the Murphy Corporation.”

Rachel nodded and replied, “Alright, I got it.” Then, she advised, “You’ve been working since morning, and it’s already one o’clock now. You should eat something, or it will take a toll on your stomach.”

Ashton nodded perfunctorily. Yet, instead of eating the food, he placed the lunch box before me and said, “Have a taste.”

Instantly, my eyes were fixated on the brown and crispy crocchè. They look good!

I tried my best to tear my eyes away from the delicious food. After all, it was prepared by Rachel for Ashton. It would be awkward if I ate it.

Gazing at Ashton, I rejected, "I've eaten something, and I'm not hungry. You eat it."

With a deadpan expression, the man uttered, "Me too. I'm not hungry."

Rachel's face fell as she watched our exchange.

Thinking that it was inappropriate of us to trample on her effort of preparing the food, I asked politely, "Ms. Zimmer, could I have a taste? The crocchè looks delicious!"

Rachel nodded. "Of course!"

I eagerly took a bite of the crocchè. As expected, it was crispy on the outside and creamy on the inside. One must admit that Rachel was a good cook.

As I had eaten her food, I felt like helping the poor lady out. Rachel had prepared the lunch box for Ashton, yet that man didn't even bother to touch the food.

As I turned to look at Ashton, our eyes met. I persuaded, "Mr. Fuller, have a taste! The crocchè tastes delicious!"

Ashton raised his brow. I thought he would either turn me down or have a taste of the food, yet never had I expected the man to say, "Feed me!"

## **Chapter 751**

Hearing that, I almost choked on my food. That man was deliberately hurting Rachel's feelings!

Eventually, I managed to swallow the lump of food and suppress the urge to cough. Forcing a smile, I asked through gritted teeth, "Mr. Fuller, don't you have hands?"

Ashton curled his lips into a smirk, leaving no trace of his usual sobriety. "Well, my hand is occupied."

As he spoke, he even unabashedly picked up the document that he just put aside, raising his brow at me.

I pursed my lips, rendered speechless. Meanwhile, Rachel could take it no more. She rose to her feet and took leave of Ashton, "Mr. Fuller, I'll leave the document to you. There's something I need to take care of, and I'll be going now."

Although disappointed, the young lady managed to put up a good front as she left the yard.

Gazing at Ashton, I was utterly speechless. This man must have done it on purpose!

Sometimes, I couldn't help feeling impressed by Rachel's high tolerance. Since she stepped foot in the villa, the young lady had been plastering a smile despite receiving such humiliation from Ashton.

I didn't know a woman could put up with such humiliation just because she loved a man.

Having lost my appetite, I put down my fork. Gazing at Ashton, I spoke up, "Mr. Fuller, if you don't like her, you should tell her frankly instead of humiliating her. Can't you show some gentlemanly behavior?"

"Well, I'm not a gentleman anyway." Fixing his eyes at me, he uttered, "Besides, I'm married. As a woman, she should stay away from a married man. I don't need to teach her that, do I?"

I pursed my lips, feeling unsettled under his stare. Still, I reminded him, "We're divorced, and you're single now. It's normal for Rachel to like an eligible bachelor like you. You can't blame her for that."

The man sneered, "If I'm eligible, then why did you divorce me?"

Knowing that I couldn't argue with him, I stood up and then gave him a put-off, "Well, you're eligible, but that doesn't mean we're suitable together."

The man, too, rose to his feet. "What do you mean by that? Then who's suitable for you?" he asked, looking at me indifferently.

I thought he was only trying to mess with me, so I decided to end the conversation. "Since Ms. Zimmer has left, I suppose there's nothing much to discuss today. I'm leaving now."

Just then, he grabbed hold of my wrist and stopped me from leaving. I pursed my lips, feeling on edge. Still, I put on a brave front, asking calmly, "Mr. Fuller, what are you trying to do?"

Ashton raised his brow. "I'm the one who took care of you in the hospital after you fell into the pit in Lavelian Village."

As he spoke, he leaned closer to me. "Even if I'm a stranger, don't you think you owe me a thank you for saving you and taking care of you?"

I tensed up at his overbearing aura and said meekly, "Thank you."

The man let out a chuckle. "I saved your life! And you're going to repay my kindness with just a simple thank you?"

"Then how do you want me to thank you?" I knew he was up to no good, yet I couldn't possibly be an ungrateful person. After all, I really owed him big time.

The next moment, I had my back against the wall as the man loomed over me. "If you really want to thank me, move here and take care of my daily meals starting from tomorrow onwards," he said in a deep voice.

With my brows knotted, I rejected without a second thought, "Ashton Fuller, I take care of Armond's daily meal because that's my job. He pays me a salary for that."

Hearing that, he raised his brow. "I can pay you as well."

"That won't do!" Every part of the villa would remind me of the past with him. I was afraid that I might lose my heart to him again.

The man sneered, "I've saved you! Aren't you grateful at all? You said you wanted to thank me, but you can't even agree to my small request?"

Pursing my lips, I avoided his eyes. Soon, I came up with an excuse, "Well, I've already agreed to Armond's request. Besides, I'm now the Murphy Corporation's employee..."

Just then, Ashton interrupted me. "You should go now."

He then let go of my hand, his eyes dimmed with disappointment. "Go. I can't force you if you don't want to. I won't degrade myself to that extent."

Upon noticing the disappointment in his eyes, my heart dropped. At that moment, I was stumped.

After some time, I relented, "I'm not free in the afternoon and night, but I'll come in the morning."

With that, I left the yard and then headed back to Armond's villa.

Since there was no one in the yard, I supposed the two were back in the house.

As soon as I entered the living room, I called out, "Nora, you..."

I trailed off upon seeing Nora and Armond kissing passionately on the couch.

If I didn't barge in, the two would've already hit the second base.

Hearing my voice, Nora instantly pushed Armond off her, her face turned as red as an apple. As for Armond, the man stroked the bridge of his nose while excusing himself, "I'll head to the office now. I'll leave you guys alone."

I could sense awkwardness in the air. Soon, Armond left the villa. Feeling embarrassed, Nora dared not to look at me as she cleared her throat and explained, "Sorry about that. We should find another place."

## **Chapter 752**

I took a seat next to her and teased, "Well, I understand. When the two of you are madly in love, it's hard to suppress the impulse."

With her face flushed, she gauchely changed the topic, "Where were you and Ashton just now?"

"Next door."

Nora nodded. As the conversation went along, the awkwardness slowly dispersed. "I heard you calling me just now. Is there anything else?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No."

Nora muttered a response. Once again, an awkward silence ensued.

I supposed the shy Nora needed some time alone, so I stood up and excused myself, "Um... I'll go upstairs and go through the documents."

In the room, I read the documents for a while, absent-minded. I couldn't seem to focus with my mind constantly wandering off.

Frustrated, I tossed the documents aside and walked to the balcony to take a break.

The balcony next door was only a wall's distance away. Ashton was reading on the balcony while enjoying his leisure time.

Upon seeing him, in an instinct, I wanted to get back into my room. Yet, before I could do anything, the man suddenly looked up at me. He then put his book aside while casually gazing at me.

Having no choice, I forced a smile and greeted, "Hi, Mr. Fuller. What a coincidence!"

The man's gaze darkened. "We live next door. It's not a coincidence."

Ugh! This man is really a conversation killer!

With a perfunctory smile, I said, "Well, I'll leave you then. I'm going back to my room."

"Do you think you can hide from me forever?" he asked in a deep voice.

I pursed my lips, feeling a little awkward. I then turned around to face him and denied, "You're thinking too much. I'm not hiding from you, and I really have something to do."

“We need someone to be in charge of most of the projects of Lavelian Village. Also, the Fuller Corporation’s project will kick off tomorrow. I’m afraid it will be a mess since Linda doesn’t know much about the details of the project.”

I was confused at his words. “But Linda has always been in charge of the projects. I think she does better than me when it comes to paying attention to the details. Mr. Fuller, there is no need to worry.”

With a faint smile, Ashton cast his eyes over at the pots of plants on the balcony. “Well, she might know a lot of the flaws of the Murphy Corporation. Yet, she’s too familiar with the company, and that’s the very reason that she might unconsciously overlook them.”

I mulled over his words. After a while, I reassured him, “I’ll go to the Lavelian Village tomorrow. Mr. Fuller, don’t you worry. Since we have taken over this project, we’ll do our best to make sure everything is perfect.”

The man’s gaze was deep with unfathomable emotion.

I once again reminded myself to stay away from him, or I would lose myself to him again.

The next day, I received a call from Linda. She was gabbling in a panic over the phone, “Scarlett, are you feeling better today? Could you please come to the Lavelian Village?”

I was slightly bewildered, and I had a bad feeling about it. “Sure. But what’s wrong?”

“As you know, we are going to build an AI technology museum in the base. Since the museum is still under construction, we temporarily stored those AI devices and instruments that we got from Fuller Corporation in the Science and Technology Research Base. Mr. Murphy has even instructed the security guards to guard them. Unfortunately, we found out that someone sneaked into the base last night. Some of the AI instruments were stolen. The policemen are still investigating it. Anyway, I’ve contacted Mr. Fuller, and he will send someone to help verify the stolen instruments.”

Linda was on the verge of crying. "I have checked on those AI instruments before I left yesterday, and I even reminded the security guards to keep an eye on them. I never thought something like this could happen."

There was no use crying over spilled milk. Thus, I instructed, "Don't panic, Linda. The base is equipped with surveillance cameras. I need you to get the policemen to check the surveillance cameras. Everything will be fine. We will find those instruments back."

After a short pause, I added, "I'll be there soon. Stay calm and assist the policemen with their investigation. We need to minimize the loss of the company."

As soon as I hung up the phone, I grabbed my purse and rushed out of the villa.

Meanwhile, Joseph came out of the villa next door, carrying some documents, with panic written all over his face. When the young man saw me, he was slightly relieved. "Mrs. Fuller, are you going to the Lavelian Village? Why don't we give you a ride? It's hard to hail a cab here."

Just then, Ashton walked out of the villa in his black suit. He cast me an indifferent glance before getting into the car.

Joseph was right; It would be difficult to hail a cab around the villa neighborhood, let alone a cab that could take me to Lavelian Village. Thus, I'd better go with them. "Alright then. Thank you."

I opened the door of the passenger seat to find that it was occupied with boxes of documents. Joseph said awkwardly, "Mrs. Fuller, you'll need to sit in the back seat. There are too many documents coming in over the past few days, and the boot is packed."

I nodded. Although it would be awkward, I had no choice but to sit in the back seat with Ashton.

Soon the car drove off. Joseph struck up a conversation with me, "Mrs. Fuller, have you heard about what happened in Lavelian Village?"

I nodded and replied, "Yes. Linda called just now. It's Murphy Corporation's mistake and negligence. We're very sorry for what happened."

Since the stolen instruments concerned the Fuller Corporation's artificial intelligence high-tech research, I asked, "Is Ms. Zimmer going to Lavelian Village as well?"