

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 78

Stunned, I was about to shake my head when Mrs. Erikson winked at me. She continued, "Having cramps suck. You can't exert yourself during the first three months. Otherwise, you might risk having a miscarriage."

Ashton was about to head upstairs to work, but Mrs. Eriksen called out, "Mr. Ashton, it's painful to have cramps. You should give her a massage later. I bought some essential oil earlier. It's in your bedroom."

I must admit Mrs. Eriksen was doing a good job as a wingman.

Ashton put his files down and gazed at me. "Does it hurt?"

I belatedly realized he was asking if the cramps hurt.

Mrs. Eriksen was nodding profusely at me, so I nodded and forced out a smile. "Yes!"

Frowning, Ashton uttered, "Come on!"

As he went straight to the bedroom, I stared at Mrs. Eriksen. "Mrs. Eriksen, I don't have cramps."

I had other symptoms, but having cramps wasn't one of them.

Mrs. Eriksen shot me an exasperated look. "It doesn't matter. You'll have that when you're five or six months along. Hurry, go back to your bedroom now."

My legs felt like lead as I made my way back to the bedroom. Ashton was taking a shower in the bathroom.

Looking around, I noticed a bottle of essential oil on the bedside table. I couldn't believe it. Mrs. Eriksen was indeed full of tricks!

I was gone for a few days but luckily, Ashton wasn't cruel enough to throw my clothes away.

He stepped out of the bathroom soon, his hair dripping wet. The water trailed down his naked chest, reaching his waist wrapped in a towel.

"Take a shower!" he ordered, interrupting my thoughts.

I swiveled my head around and met his gaze wordlessly. Feeling guilty, I looked away and scurried into the bathroom.

The shower was loud, but I could still hear the noise from the bedroom. I thought the ringtone I heard was from Ashton's phone, but he was holding my phone to his ear when I came out of the bathroom.

I went to him. "Who is on the phone?"

He said nothing and gave my phone to me coolly.

Glancing at the screen, I saw Nick's name and frowned.

"Hello, Mr. Harrison," I greeted him politely, walking away from Ashton.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed he was gloomily focusing on his phone.

"I've dealt with the scandal. If needed, I'll hold a press conference," Nick told me in all seriousness.

It was rare to hear him speak so formally. "Okay, thank you!" I replied.

"You're welcome," he said, seemingly distracted. "If I like you, I'll make you Mrs. Harrison in a respectable manner."

What the hell? "Good night!" I responded because Ashton was already glaring at me impatiently.

After hanging up, I placed my phone aside. "It's about the scandal. He..."

Trailing off, it occurred to me that there was no need to explain. I sat on the edge of the bed to dry my hair with the towel.

Suddenly, someone took the towel away from me. I whirled around and saw Ashton standing behind me. Before I could react, he had already started drying my hair.

Silence lingered in the air.

Soon, my hair was almost dry. He flung the towel aside and commanded, "Lie down!"

Huh?

The essential oil was now in Ashton's hand. He was kneeling on the bed, waiting for me. So he was going to give me a massage!

My cheeks heated up. "You don't have to do this. I can..."

I stopped talking as his threatening glare landed on me.

Silently, Ashton poured the essential oil onto his palms and massaged my calves. It was an awkward situation for me. I wanted to say something, but nothing seemed appropriate for this situation.

“Are you still mad at me?” I asked hesitantly.

His hands stopped moving. Meeting my gaze, he uttered, “Does it hurt?”

I was taken aback by his sudden question. Thinking he was referring to my cramps, I shook my head. After all, Mrs. Eriksen made it up to ease our relationship. “Not really,” I told him.

Suddenly, he rose to his feet. I grabbed his arm instinctively and implored, “Ashton, if you’re mad, you can yell at me. Please don’t ignore me!”

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It felt so horrible when he ignored me.

He let out a snort and retorted, “Mad? Do you think you can cool me down?”

I fell silent at his words.

Mustering my courage, I sat up and leaned into his embrace clumsily.

Perhaps I was too heavy for him as he pushed me away. “Is this how you brush me off?”

I replied timidly, “If I am smart, I wouldn’t have allowed Rebecca to remain by your side.”

“Scarlett!” he roared.

“Yes!” I yelled. Why did he have to speak so loud? It wasn’t as if I was deaf.

“Ha!” he scoffed. “I’ve never seen an apology this indignant.”

After our intimacy, he pulled me into his arms and rasped out sexily, “Come here.”

I said nothing. I didn’t tell anyone about that incident and never saw my kidnapper again.

It felt like a dream to me.

He carried me out of the bathroom. I lay in his arms lazily after the vigorous session.

Before I fell asleep, I said, "Ashton, don't be mad at me. Nick and I are innocent. I'm pregnant, and he's younger than me. There's no way we'd end up together."

He rolled over and pulled me into his arms. "What about other men?" he inquired.

He was obviously picking on me. I pursed my lips and glared at him. "You don't trust me!"

A smirk played on his lips. I could sense his satisfaction as he planted a light kiss on my forehead. "Sleep tight!"

I was already sleepy by now, so I soon fell asleep.

The next day, I woke up feeling refreshed.

After the tiring business trip, I finally got to sleep in.

I lay in bed for a while before getting up. Immediately, I spotted a few missed calls from Stacey on my phone.

My phone was on the silent mode the whole time. I immediately returned Stacey's call and when the call got through, I heard her anxious voice. "Ms. Stovall, we're in trouble. Last night, Mr. Harrison posted a statement and invited the media to attend a press conference, claiming he'll announce your relationship. Right now, the reporters and the public are gathered at the entrance of Fuller Corporation, awaiting your arrival."

What the heck? Had he gone nuts?

I got to my feet and pulled the curtains open to reveal the beautiful scenery outside. The bright rays flooded the room immediately.

Holding back my displeasure, I answered, "Don't worry. I won't be going to work today. Nick is an adult. I believe he knows what he should do!"

She replied in affirmation before asking cautiously, "Are you doing okay with Mr. Fuller?"

"Yes, we are doing well."

After hanging up, I headed downstairs. Mrs. Eriksen was in the kitchen. Ashton was nowhere to be seen. I went to her and asked, "Has Ashton left?"

Mrs. Eriksen was so engrossed in her task that she jolted in fright at my voice. Turning around, she smiled when she saw me. "Mr. Ashton left early in the morning. He told me he has something urgent to do. Oh, I prepared some nutritious food for you and your baby!"

I nodded and patted my bulging belly. I think I've gained weight for the past few days.

When Macy's call arrived, I was still eating. "What's wrong?" I picked up and asked. "Did something happen?"

"I read the headline. It spells trouble. What if John sees it?" Macy was terrified of John and so was I.

My heart clenched anxiously at the mention of his name.

"I'll deal with it. Don't worry. Rest at home and don't go anywhere for a few days."

I didn't know whether John would travel to J City. But before he did, I had to seek Ashton's protection.

I ate a simple breakfast and left. Outside, I ran into Cameron. To be exact, she came here for me.

Not many people knew about this villa. Only those who were close to us knew we were living here.

Cameron was dressed in an elegant icy blue frock with a designer bag slung across her shoulder.

I hesitated for a few seconds before going out to welcome her warmly. "Ms. Anderson, I'm sorry. I didn't know you'd be here."

She smiled faintly and replied, "I didn't inform you about my arrival. Ms. Stovall, please don't blame yourself."

The villa was separated into the rear house and main house. Ashton and I spent most of our time at the rear house, while the main house was where we'd serve our guests. The tea room and garden were in the main house, too.

I brought Cameron to the tea room. After asking Mrs. Eriksen to prepare some fruits and light snacks. I started boiling some water on the stove. "Ms. Anderson, are you here to talk to Ashton?"

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She shook her head as her gaze fell upon my hands. In a soft voice, she complimented, "I'm here to see you, Ms. Stovall. By the way, Ms. Stovall, I must say, you have a pair of really lovely hands."

After a polite greeting, I chuckled lightly and said, “You must be joking, Ms. Anderson. Your hands are even fairer and softer than mine.” Such was the conversation between two women – pretentious, polite, and full of insinuations.

Seeing that she was here personally, I was sure that she did not come for just a mere chat. I went to retrieve some Black Ivory coffee beans that were bought by Ashton and smiled, “I usually don’t drink coffee much. Ashton, however, loves them. Let me serve you some of Ashton’s prized coffee beans today. I hope that you’ll find them suitable to your taste.”

She laughed politely. Spotting the coffee beans in my hand, she smiled, “This is one of the world’s most expensive coffee. Even those with money can’t possibly buy this easily in the market! To be able to taste such rare coffee is indeed an honor for me. I have to thank you for that, Ms. Stovall!”

I chuckled along with her. Meanwhile, I was still wondering what was the reason for Cameron’s visit. Taking a few sips of coffee, I could not hold my curiosity in any longer and uttered, “After chatting for such a long time, I still can’t figure out why you’re here for me today. Is there anything I can help you with, Ms. Anderson?”

She took a sip of coffee, looked straight at me with her beautiful eyes, and said in a soft tone, “It’s nothing much. It’s just that the last time I saw you at Pear Garden, I couldn’t help but think that you look familiar to me. After that party, I can’t stop thinking about it. Hence, I came here to meet you.”

Hearing her words, I was stunned. I had thought that the reason she came looking for me was to discuss about Nick. Never have I expected that she was here because she found me familiar.

As I refilled her coffee, I smiled, “Mr. Harrison has said the very same thing in the past about how familiar I look. For me, I think it’s quite normal. After all, there are many in this world who resemble one another. Even Ms. Larson, who we are both acquainted with, shares some similarities with me in looks.”

Previously I had seen her together with Rebecca at a cafe, therefore I did not hide that fact.

Taken aback for a moment, she regained her composure and smiled as she agreed, “Ah, I guess that makes sense. So, Ms. Stovall, are your parents still around?”

I shook my head as suspicion crept into my heart, “No. My parents left me when I was still very young. I was raised by my Grandma, as such, I don’t have much impression of them.”

“Is your grandmother still around then?” Her follow-up question was getting a little too personal for my liking. Sensing that she might have overstepped her bounds, she

quickly changed her tone. Looking at me earnestly, she confessed, "Ms. Stovall, please don't cast any doubts on my intention. I have this bad habit of being too curious and more often than not, I tend to ask too much. Pardon me."

Having said that, she took out an exquisite-looking envelope from her bag and handed it to me. "I'm having a small party over at Pear Garden tonight. If it's alright with you, you're more than welcome to attend with Mr. Fuller."

I stretched out my hand and received the exquisite envelope. After breaking open the wax seal, I saw a birthday invitation inside. The piece of paper reminded me that Nick had actually mentioned to me before that his mother was having her birthday tonight.

Putting the invitation card back carefully, I looked at Cameron and replied, "Thank you, Ms. Anderson. It is an honor to be invited by you."

She laughed politely before lowering her head to take a sip of her coffee. After a momentary pause, she looked intently at me and said, "Ms. Stovall, I heard you've been married to Mr. Fuller for two years. I could tell that the two of you have a lovely relationship after seeing you and Mr. Fuller together at Pear Garden last time."

I simply smiled in response. After all, Cameron was just an acquaintance to me, hence I did not feel like talking about my personal life. After sipping her coffee silently for a while longer, Cameron excused herself and left.

Mrs. Eriksen saw her leave and looked at me questioningly, "Letty, isn't she the richest woman in the world?"

I was caught in a surprise. Looking at Mrs. Eriksen, I asked, "You know her?"

Nodding her head, she recounted, "When Mr. Fuller was still around, she paid a visit to the Fullers before. I've seen her around." After a brief pause, Mrs. Eriksen muttered softly, "She has been looking for her child for so many years, but I'm afraid her search would be for naught."

With my curiosity piqued, I could not help but asked, "Mrs. Eriksen, you know that she is looking for her child?"

"The reason she paid a visit to the Fullers last time was because she wanted to ask Mr. Fuller about the matter from twenty years ago. It just so happened that I was there serving tea when I overheard their conversation. Mr. Fuller had been keeping an eye out over the years but to no avail. After all, the child has been lost for more than twenty years! With no particular eye-catching details or distinctive features, it'll be like searching for a needle in a haystack."

After cleaning and storing the coffee mugs away, my phone suddenly rang. Taking a glance at the caller ID, I could feel my body tensing up. Without informing Mrs. Eriksen, I quickly got up and rushed to my bedroom.

Back in my own room, I accepted the incoming call. As I held the phone, gearing myself up for the arduous conversation ahead, my body started trembling uncontrollably. "What do you want?" I managed to utter sternly.

There was a peal of leisurely, low-toned laughter on the other end of the phone. "My, my, Letty. What are you so nervous about? As your elder brother, can't I ring up my own sister anytime?"

I had always hated John's dark laughter. Biting my lips to control my anger, I told him off sharply, "John, both of us are no longer children like five years ago. We all have our own lives now. So please, I'm begging you, just let us off. Leave us alone!"

I did not want to go through the hellish experience that he put me through ever again.

"Letty, come on. We're siblings. How could I bear to let you leave just like that? Without you around, such a lonely life is not worth living. I need you!" Such words would have been heartwarming if they were coming from a normal person, but since it was from him, it sounded vile.

I could feel myself on the verge of collapsing as the feeling of despair gnawed on my heart. Still holding onto the phone, I inquired hoarsely, "John what the hell do you want?"

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Like a devil, his mere presence instilled terror in others. Such was the description that fitted John Stovall.

"You!" He hung up after spitting out the word sinisterly.

Just when a myriad of emotions was rushing through me, a message soon arrived from him. It read: Lucksville Lane 221, four o'clock. Letty, be there or be square.

As I held onto my phone, looking at his message time and again, I forced myself to calm down. I tried to convince myself that it was impossible for a person to fall into the same trap over and over again.

Since I could not avoid John, I might as well brainstorm a way to make him stay away from me on his own accord.

Bzzzzzzttt! My phone vibrated suddenly, indicating an incoming call.

It was Ashton. The moment I picked up the call, a frosty voice filled with indifference came from the other end of the line, "Get ready. You'll be accompanying me to a party later."

Still feeling troubled because of the matter regarding John, I tried to come up with an excuse after a pause, "Is it necessary for me to attend? I'm feeling a little unwell today. I want to stay home and have a good rest."

There was silence on the other end of the line before it was broken by his deep voice. "Is it very serious?"

Shaking my head, I assured him, "It's not that serious, but I don't want to go out."

After a pause, I asked tentatively, "Is the party important?"

"It's fine. Go ahead and have a good rest then." His voice was low and almost devoid of any emotions.

After hanging up the call, I sent a message to Macy. After that, I spent some time preparing before getting in my car and drove directly to the address sent by John.

It was four o'clock in the evening.

The sun was blazing and people were coming and going on the streets. The address John sent me pointed to a high-end private dress shop.

Keeping my guards up, I did not step in immediately. Taking out my phone from my pocket, I called John, yet I could not get through to him. Just then, a young lady in a green dress ambled out from the shop.

With a smile on her face, she looked at me and asked, "Are you Ms. Scarlett Stovall?"

Surprised, I nodded.

Still smiling, she said, "Please come in, Ms. Stovall. Don't worry. Mr. Stovall has given us his instructions. Please leave everything to us."

I followed her up to the VIP room on the second floor. After giving some orders to a few people, she brought me to pick a gown.

I could tell what they were going to do since I wasn't a fool. That being said, I had no idea what was John actually up to. It wasn't before long before my phone was confiscated.

After that, I was escorted to the dressing table, the girl in green dress smiled at me and said, "Ms. Stovall, don't be nervous. Since Mr. Stovall has already prepared everything, all you need to do is cooperate with us."

Within ten minutes or so, the whole process was done. Looking at my almost unrecognizable self in the mirror, I frowned and felt displeased.

John himself did not show up but instead arranged for a black, sleek Bentley to wait for me outside the store. As I glanced at the car, I noticed that the chauffeur looked really young.

Feeling reluctant to get into the car, I stared at the man with my arms crossed and questioned, "What's the address? Since I have a car, I'll drive myself there."

"Does this mean that Ms. Stovall doesn't trust me?" the chauffeur asked with a smile on his face.

I nodded and replied curtly, "Yes."

Perhaps he did not expect me to be so brusquely direct, he was slightly taken aback. It didn't take long for him to recompose himself though as he tried to convince me with a smile on his face, "Ms. Stovall, don't worry. Mr. Stovall just wants to bring you to a party where he hopes to introduce you to everyone."

"Cut the crap and just tell me the address." I wasn't going to let my guard down since I had no idea what John was up to.

In response, the chauffeur got out of the car and opened the door for me. With the smile still plastered on his face, he said firmly, "Ms. Stovall, please don't make things difficult for me. By the way, Mr. Stovall knows that you've given Ms. Markle a call. In fact, he has already sent someone to pick her up too. Surely you don't want to trample on his kindness, right?"

Is this a threat?

Is he using Macy to threaten me?

After mulling over it for a long while, I gave a bitter laugh and got into the car in an elegant fashion. I guess John really understood me, huh.

The chauffeur drove me to a resort located somewhere in the southern part which was more than an hour's drive away. At first, I had no idea where I was being taken to.

However, after seeing the car driving into the golf course, which was located in the southern suburbs, I instantly knew where I was. After all, J City was a famous ancient capital for three successive empires back in the past. Despite the rapid infrastructure

development and modernization in this present day, it still managed to retain its cultural heritage of the old city.

Although the place was not a military nor political capital, many great talents had been produced here in the past century. As a result, many senior citizens who used to hold high positions in the capital preferred to own a piece of real estate here in J City, seeking a stable investment for the next hundred years for their offspring's generation.

As such, these precious lands in the southern area of J City had become a melting pot for those with power, prestige, and possessions. The saying that all were created equal was simply not true. For the ordinary everyday folks, this luxurious land in the southern suburbs of J City was way beyond their means even if they had strived and toiled hard for a hundred years.

Despite so, there were still many people who racked their heads daily to try to enter here. In their minds, they thought that anyone they met here had the potential to be their life's benefactors and would help them paved their way to success.

Upon entering the compound of the golf course, the car stopped. Someone came and ushered me out to get into another privately contracted black Bentley which was waiting by the side.

The moment I boarded the car, I saw John inside with his usual smug, masculine aura and a gentle expression. A pair of clear, foxlike eyes were fixed on me as he greeted, "Scarlett! It's been a while!"

Unable to react in time, I propped my long skirt and wanted to get out of the car. However, it was too late as he wrapped his arms around me and pinned me to the seat. In a low voice, he whispered, "Be a good girl now, won't you? For our first encounter, I have hoped that we can be a tad more romantic."

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No matter how enchanting his words were, anything that came out of his mouth sounded malicious. Forcefully suppressing my fear deep inside, I put on a tough front and asked, "What have you done with Macy?"

Raising his hand, he edged closer and peered at me before saying casually, "She's fine." Lifting up my chin, he remarked helplessly, "Letty, you've grown thinner, but you still look stunning still!"

I lowered my gaze, refusing to talk to him.

"J City's Harrison Family is a prominent centuries-old clan. They have produced many top military leaders and politicians throughout the years. In the business world, they are second to none. You'd better stay close to me later." he said with a strict tone.

Hearing that made me frown. It's been five years since we last met, I wonder what he has been doing for all these years/ How did he transform himself from a hacker into someone who could reach the pinnacle in both business and politics?

Just as I was lost in my thoughts, my ride came to a stop outside a European-styled luxurious villa. John alighted first from the car before opening my side of the door and ushered me out in a gentlemanly manner. He then whispered in my ear, "Make sure you hold my arms at all times."

I hated and feared his hypocrisy. His smiling façade was simply revolting. He had always been the type of person who would stab someone in the back without even blinking an eye. Everything nice he ever did was always the precursor to his evil intent.

Yet I had no choice but to listen to him. Holding onto his arms, I got off the car.

The villa was architecturally elegant outside while tinged with culturally inspired design on the inside. The entrance led not into a hall as per a normal villa, but rather a cobblestone path that meandered through a small garden before arriving at the actual hall.

Walking arm-in-arm with John, I strutted on smoothly in my high heels.

Outside the hall, I caught sight of Ashton standing not far in front. He was clad in a black suit and a white shirt underneath. With crisp-white collars, short-cropped hair, and groomed-sharp features, he looked handsomely stunning.

His mere presence exuded a strong, manly aura that even among the crowd, he could still be easily spotted with a mere glance.

Realization finally dawned on me that this elegant party was Cameron Anderson's aforementioned birthday banquet. Ashton, together with many from the J City's business and political circles were invited. My eyes widened as I realized that I knew quite a few of them.

I was Ashton's wife, yet here I was, holding onto another man's hand. By showing up like this, I knew that it was akin to a slap on Ashton's face.

I descended into a state of fear and worry and abruptly withdrew my hand.

However, John was never the type of person to miss out on opportunities to torment others. Grabbing my hand forcefully, he growled, "Letty, behave!"

I could only bit my lips as sweat started to break out from my palms.

Raising my eyes to look in the direction of Ashton, I realized to my horror that he had his sights on me too. His deep, dark eyes narrowed as his gaze fell on the black, drop-shoulder gown on my body.

Shortly after, he turned his attention to John and greeted, "Mr. Stovall, it's been a long while since I last saw you."

What? Ashton and John know each other?

John pulled me closer as he smiled, "Indeed, Mr. Fuller. It has been a while since our last meeting."

The exchange between the two seemed ordinary enough that I could not sense anything wrong.

Ashton shifted his gaze onto me and queried, "And who's this lovely lady beside you, Mr. Stovall?"

"My fiancée!" John's false admission clearly shocked Ashton. The latter's expression became grim as his gaze turned frosty.

Still, he maintained his smile as he remarked, "Words on the street is that Mr. Stovall has no interest in women. But I guess that's not true, seeing that you have such a stunning fiancée by your side."

John held my hand as he smiled, "It's not that I don't have interest in women. It's just that I've been waiting for the right one to appear."

Hearing those words, Ashton narrowed his eyes dangerously as his lips repeated softly, "The right one to appear..."

At this point, I was already in full-blown panic mode. I had never mentioned John to Ashton. Even though I might be able to do so in the future, but for now, the matter itself had been exacerbated to a critical point. All I wished at that moment was for a hole to open up and swallow me whole.

However, I could not get away as my hand was held firmly by John. I dared not open my mouth either to deny the nonsense he spouted.

My heart was in a mess.

Ashton's dark gaze fell upon me for a moment before he suddenly smiled and asked sarcastically, "How shall I address you now? Mrs. Fuller? Or Mrs. Stovall?"

My heart sank. Forcefully yanking away from John's iron grasp, I stepped forward and grabbed Ashton as I stuttered, "A-Ashton, I..."

“Ashton!” Just then, a gentle and sweet voice of a woman called out from the side. Turning my head toward the source, I saw Rebecca coming over. She was wearing a nude-colored, mermaid-bareback gown that fully accented her gorgeous figure. Lifting her gown skirt in one hand, she sashayed gracefully to Ashton’s side and hooked her arms into his.

Standing together, they looked like a match made in heaven.

Rebecca was not surprised when she noticed me. Her expression betrayed a certain dislike as she greeted, “I see that Ms. Stovall is here as well.”

As her eyes rested upon John who was beside me, she smiled faintly and remarked, “Ms. Stovall, is he your... friend?”

She purposely emphasized the word “friend” in an ambiguous manner.

I looked down and averted her gaze. I was prudent enough to suppress the retort I had in mind because no matter how I put it, in the current situation, I would be merely making a fool out of myself.

“Letty, let’s go in.” John simply glanced at Rebecca with indifference as a look of disdain flashed across his face. Holding onto my arm, he pulled me toward the hall.

Truthfully speaking, it wasn’t that John had no interest in women, it was that he was disgusted by women. He had been repulsed by women since the age of eight. If it were not for the fact that I grew up with him, he would have also hated me.

His special condition was like a sentence to hell for me, as it made it that much harder for me to escape from his evil clutches.