

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 803-807

Chapter 803

I nodded and smiled bleakly. After another thirty minutes of conversation, the voice on the other end of the line got softer and softer. She was probably getting sleepier by the minute.

A while later, I heard Ashton's deep, low voice over the phone. "She has fallen asleep. I'll send her back to her room first—wait for me to come back!"

I nodded. "Alright."

I couldn't help but yawn too—it had been a very long day. Five minutes later, I heard Ashton's voice again. "Are you very tired today?"

I nodded and replied miserably, "Just a little!" I had been working from morning till night, and my entire body was wracked with fatigue.

"Have you washed up yet?"

I shut my eyes and nodded my head hastily. "Of course, I have."

An odd thought floated into my head that very moment, and I found myself thinking about Armond and Nora. Rather hesitatingly, I ventured, "Ashton, what happens when you men can't...you know..."

I heard him suck in a deep breath on the other end of the line. After a short pause, he asked, “Can’t what?”

Hearing his suggestive tone, I knew he was thinking all sorts of rubbish again. I opened my mouth and said, “It’s like this. Armond and Nora are in a relationship now, aren’t they? But Armond seems to have some sort of trauma regarding intimacy. I think it stems from something that happened to him in the past. What do you think he should do?”

After all, who could understand a man better than another man?

Ashton laughed lightly. “That’s their own business, I suppose. Why are you poking your nose into it? Stop thinking so much and go to sleep!”

I pouted and replied in a dissatisfied voice, “Gosh, you’re no fun!”

Ashton laughed again. “I’ll be coming over to A City tomorrow. What do you want to eat?”

Almost immediately, I replied, “Korean barbeque and Japanese cuisine! I’m absolutely craving them right now,”

I only had Nora to thank for that—she kept talking about them last night, and now I wanted to eat them too.

Ashton chuckled softly and said, “Alright then, sleep earlier. Make sure to shut the door and windows properly—double-check the locks, do you hear me?”

Getting tired of his nagging, I said consolingly, “Alright, alright, I got it! You should get some sleep too. See you tomorrow!”

After hanging up the call, I flipped myself out of bed and went to lock the door, after which I headed into the bathroom to wash up. Perhaps it was because work had tired me out too much, but I fell asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow.

I woke up early the next morning. September in A City meant lots and lots of sunlight—the dews on green leaves on the trees glistened in the morning sun like precious gems on a string of pearls.

I had slept very well indeed, so I felt very relaxed when I woke up.

We finalized matters regarding the details on the second floor of the base that morning. Since there was nothing going on that afternoon, everyone returned to the hotel for a short debrief.

The collaboration between the Fuller and Murphy Corporations was coming to an end in the next few days, and we would be turning our attentions to other projects. The completion of the base construction marked the end of the project.

As we left the hotel, Rachel let me on the details about the next project. Although both of us were like fire and ice in some aspects, she was flawless when it came to her job, and I thoroughly enjoyed working with her.

Suddenly, she stopped speaking, and a smile broke out on her face. It wasn't a polite smile—rather, she looked as though she had just seen something she liked. It was a genuine smile, and one that came straight from the heart.

I felt a little surprised. Following her gaze, I saw a man emerge from a black Bentley at the door of the hotel. He was in pressed western suit, and every inch of him screamed nobility and finesse.

I got it at once!

As the man walked towards me, I couldn't help but laugh. I ran over to him at once and jumped into his arms. "Didn't you say you were only going to arrive tonight? When did you get here?"

He nudged my nose with his knuckle and said, smiling, "Are you really going to have both Korean barbeque and Japanese food for dinner? We might as well split it into two meals."

I shook my head. "Of course not."

A coquettish voice sounded from within the Bentley. "Ash, can you help carry this for me?"

I turned to look curiously at the car and saw a familiar face. It was Rebecca. Judging by the trench coat that was wrapped tightly around her, she had probably just gotten off the plane. Because it was too hot under the sun, she removed her trench coat the moment she stepped out of the car, revealing her alluring figure.

Ashton shot a glance at her. He turned back to me and said, "Wait for me. We'll be going to the Korean barbeque place in a minute!"

I pursed my lips and tried to hide the growing annoyance in me. "Alright, then."

Although I had no idea what Rebecca was doing here, I couldn't help but raise my eyebrows at the two suitcases she was holding. Is she moving house, by any chance?

Ashton called the bellboys over, and they helped Rebecca move her suitcases into the hotel. Afterward, he helped her book a room, and after passing her the card and giving her a few instructions, he left her to her own devices.

Presently, Ashton returned to my side. Taking me by the hand, he asked, "What do you want to eat first?"

"Why did you have to bring her here, too?" I asked, my eyes furrowing in displeasure.

Ashton smiled gently. "Joe was the one who brought her along. He had something on, so he told me to bring her over first."

I nodded, feeling my appetite vanish suddenly. "Since you just got off a long-haul flight, you must be pretty tired now. Why don't we rest in our room for a while before having a meal later?"

He raised his brows. "Alright, then. We can eat in the afternoon. Where's the room card?"

We were still standing at the entrance of the hotel. If I refused to give it to him, he would probably kick up a huge, embarrassing fuss. I had no choice but to hand it over to him. Gritting my teeth slightly, I said, "Go and have some rest first. I'll come back and wake you up once I'm done with my work!"

Chapter 804

He nodded, blinking his eyes, which were ringed with dark circles. He probably hadn't been sleeping well lately.

As I watched him leave, Rachel, who had been standing silently next to me the whole time, snorted loudly. "Scarlett, my dear, you sure are a generous one. He had the audacity to bring the other woman here, and your expression hasn't changed a bit. It looks like you are used to it."

I frowned, too tired to listen to her scathing words. Blandly, I said, "They're just friends. If I can't even accept his female friends, do you think that I am fit to be his wife?"

Rachel spluttered with laughter. "Gosh, you have really surprised me. Every day, the tabloids in K City are full of rumors about Mr. Fuller and Ms. Larson. One of them is the chairperson of Fuller Corporation, while the other one is a young lady of the Moore family. The two of them were practically born to be together. Scarlett, my dear, don't you feel ashamed about coming between them?"

I looked at her and tried to hold back my temper. "Ms. Zimmer, if you want to gossip about them with me, why don't we go to a coffeeshop and do it over a cup of coffee?"

She looked rather exasperated that her words didn't manage to irk me. Mockingly, she replied, "You sound so satisfied with yourself. Honestly speaking, you can't hold a candle to Rebecca. Who do you think you are?"

"What about you?" I retorted. "What do you think you are? A blood-sucking mosquito or a grain of rice that keeps sticking?"

Rachel's face turned red as she struggled to make a comeback. "Ms. Zimmer," I continued, "everyone needs a little bit of self-awareness. There's nothing wrong with having a crush on someone, but when that person already has a wife and kids, you should keep your hands off him no matter how wonderful he is."

There was no way we could continue talking about work in this awkward atmosphere. Rachel was so angry that her neck was completely red. I wondered if she was going to strangle me to death on the spot.

I shrugged and headed back into the lobby. I got the spare room card from the front desk and went upstairs.

Ashton had already showered, and he was preparing to go to sleep. When he saw me, he raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you done with your work?"

I rolled my eyes at him and said crossly, "Thanks to you, she stomped off before we had a chance to talk about work!"

He looked rather stunned. Shoving a towel into my hands, he asked, "Can you help me to dry my hair?"

I refused to take it from him. Still glaring at him, I snapped, "Do it yourself. Don't you have hands for a reason?"

Ashton laughed, looking rather amused. “You’re mad, aren’t you? Are you angry that Rebecca came along with me this time?”

I shook my head vehemently. “No!”

He snorted loudly. “Well, then, what is it?”

Pouting, I replied, “The stupid minxes you’ve been flirting with.”

Immediately, I heard a loud, exaggerated bark of laughter next to my ear. It sounded carefree and extremely happy.

He pulled me against his chest and grinned widely. “Joe told me to bring her over first while he settled some matters. There’s nothing going on between the two of us, so don’t take it to heart, alright?”

I rolled my eyes at him again and grumbled, “Who said I was angry because of her?” Although that was what I said, I grabbed the towel from his hands and forced him into a chair, whereupon I began to dry his hair with the towel.

I could still hear his amused laughter ringing in my ears.

He had spent a long time on the road today and had just gotten off the plane a few hours before. After I finished drying his hair, he let go of me and collapsed onto the bed. Because I wasn’t particularly tired, I leaned against his chest for a while, willing myself to nod off.

That didn’t work. Instead, I stared up at the ceiling and zoned out. Eventually, I noticed that something wasn’t quite right. I turned my head around and looked at Ashton—his eyes were shut, and he seemed to be sleeping very soundly.

However, I knew that something was up. I opened my mouth and asked in a low voice, “Ashton, are you really asleep?”

He didn’t reply to me, but his fluttering eyelashes told me all I needed to know. He wasn’t fast asleep yet—in fact, he probably wasn’t asleep at all.

Seeing this, I narrowed my eyes and kicked him lightly in the shin. He opened his eyes and looked at me, the black orbs flashing dangerously in the dark.

He took a deep, shuddering breath. Parting his lips slightly, he asked, “You don’t want to sleep?”

I was a grown-up woman, so I understood the salacious intentions behind those words. Pursing my lips, I hissed, “Stop fooling around and go to sleep!”

He laughed hoarsely. A naughty hand found its way to my nether regions as he raised his eyebrow and said, “It’s been three days since I last touched myself.”

My face turned red almost immediately. Glaring at him in embarrassment, I hissed, “Ashton, you’re completely shameless.”

He pulled me into his arms as he wriggled his eyebrows again. “If I wasn’t, how would I be able to get my fill?”

With that, he rolled on top of me and pressed a kiss to my lips. Instantly, my senses were gripped by the strong smell of tobacco smoke and shower gel.

After a long, passionate session of lovemaking, I finally ran out of energy and fell asleep in his arms.

Falling asleep in the middle of the day always messed with my sense of time. I didn’t know how long I slept for, but when I finally opened my eyes, the sky was already dark outside.

Ashton was already awake, and he was making a call on the balcony. From the sound of it, he was in the middle of a work discussion. I turned around in bed and stared at him on the balcony. His tall, slender silhouette was a feast for the eyes.

He probably felt my eyes on him. Turning around abruptly, he caught me staring at him from the bed and smiled. He spoke into the phone, "Alright, then. If anything happens, just contact Joseph directly!"

He hung up the phone immediately and walked towards me. There was only a towel wrapped around his hips, and he was naked from the waist up. This made him look even more alluring than if he was completely naked.

Watching me laugh foolishly, he narrowed his eyes at me in suspicion. Raising his eyebrows, he asked, "What sort of nonsense are you thinking about now?"

Chapter 805

As he spoke, he pulled me against his chest and pressed another kiss to my lips.

I pushed him away and said, giggling, "You know, if you ever have to stop working, you could always become a model to support Summer and me. After all, you certainly have the looks for it!"

His lips curled into a smile that looked a little sinister. "Was that supposed to be a compliment?"

I shrugged, nonplussed. "You can think of it as one?"

He wriggled closer to me, his voice sounding even deeper now. "Well, since you think that way, I think you can find out how this male model performs for yourself. What do you think, hmm?"

I froze for a second. Before I could react, he had already pinned me under him again...

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I finally woke up at seven in the evening. Dusk had already fallen outside. I took a shower and came back outside, and Ashton helped me to dry my hair. After that, he handed me a particularly thick piece of clothing and told me to put it on.

Seeing the reluctance on my face, he said, "It's autumn. It gets very cold at night around here, and you might catch a cold if you don't dress warmly. Put this on!"

I grunted in reply, too lazy to continue arguing with him.

The moment we stepped out of the room, I found Rebecca standing at the door in a thin, figure-hugging dress. She looked at Ashton with a rather pitiful expression and said, smiling awkwardly, "Ash, you're finally done resting!"

Ashton nodded and looked at her. "What's up?"

Rebecca bowed her head and said in a pretentious voice, "I didn't eat anything before I arrived this morning, so I'm feeling a little peckish. I didn't want to bother you, but it's my first time here, and I'm not familiar with the area. Joe told me not to run around by myself, so I thought maybe we could go for dinner together?"

Her voice was soft and gentle, and she sounded as though she genuinely didn't want to create trouble for him.

Still, she said it in a way that made Ashton feel very guilty for not taking good care of her. As she had hoped, Ashton frowned slightly and replied, "Next time, just give me a call immediately. That will be alright with me. Also, you're wearing too few clothes for an autumn evening—go back and put on a coat. It's very cold outside!"

Rebecca smiled slightly and said, still in that aggravatingly gentle tone, “It’s alright. I’m not that cold!” Even as she said that she wrapped an arm around herself, making herself look small and vulnerable.

One of Ashton’s weaknesses was that he was too compassionate. Seeing this, he knitted his brows together and said again, “It’s even colder outside than in here! You’re going to get sick if you don’t put on a coat. Go and put it on right now!”

He said this very kindly, and I could even detect a hint of adoration in his tone. It wasn’t something he could help—he tried to sound stern and firm in his words, but his heart was still weak for this girl.

Rebecca gazed up at him with her puppy-dog eyes, looking a little pathetic. After a short pause, she replied, “I only brought along a windbreaker when I came. Joe said the climate here is very nice, and that I wouldn’t have to bring any thick clothing. I accidentally dirtied that windbreaker just now, so I washed it and put it out to dry. It’s still a little wet, and I don’t think I can put it on now.”

Ashton frowned again. This time, he turned to me and signaled with his eyes that I should go fetch her a coat. I sighed and returned to a room, emerging with a random coat in my hand. Shoving it into Ashton’s hands, I said coldly, “Here, take it!”

I wasn’t exactly angry, but I couldn’t help but be a little exasperated at Rebecca. She was milking this for all it was worth, and worse still, Ashton was falling for her pretentious tricks completely.

I knew I should be more generous to her, but my heart burned with a fit of secret jealousy as I looked at both of them.

Rebecca turned to me and put on an obsequious expression. “Thank you, Ms. Stovall!”

I pursed my lips. That was definitely a calculated move on her part. She kept calling Ashton by that infuriating nickname, ‘Ash’, but when it was my turn to be addressed, she insisted on calling me by my maiden’s name!

Trying to dispel the unhappiness in me, I snapped, “It’s alright. Let’s go!”

With that, I ignored them and walked straight into the lift.

When we got to the lobby, Nora and Armond were already there. When she spotted us, Nora flew over and took my hand immediately. “I knew all of you were still in the hotel, so I suggested to Armond that we come here and wait for you guys.”

I felt a little perplexed. “Is something the matter? You could have just given me a call, you know.”

Nora snorted loudly. “It’s nothing important, to be honest. Besides, didn’t Mr. Fuller just get off a long-haul flight just a few hours ago? We had to let him rest first before bothering him again.”

“Well, is there something going on?”

Nora nodded and replied, “Yes, there is something going on, in fact. However, it isn’t a private matter—it has to do with company affairs. I’ll be tagging along for dinner tonight!”

At that moment, Linda walked in carrying a huge bag of items. Seeing that everyone was here, she smiled and said, “Since everyone has arrived, let’s make our way to the restaurant now!”

Armond turned to Ashton and said, “Mr. Fuller, we’re done with the preliminary plans for the base project. It’s a little sudden, but why don’t we all go out for a meal today? It’s my treat. It’ll be a good opportunity to relax—care to join us?”

Ashton smiled. “I’m afraid you might have to ask my wife first. I’ve already agreed to bring her for Korean barbeque tonight.”

Nora and Linda ‘oohed’ and ‘aahed’, cooing over how sweet this was.

Armond turned and looked at me. “Mrs. Fuller, Korean barbeque will be served at tonight’s gathering too. Why don’t you join us?”

Nora clung onto me and tried to act cute. “Babe, come on! It’ll be more fun with more people around.”

I nodded and replied, "Alright, then. The more the merrier!"

Chapter 806

If Ashton and I went out to eat by ourselves, Rebecca would find a way for him to bring her along somehow. Inevitably, it would become a three-person dinner, and I would be left awkward and embarrassed at the end of it all.

I might as well go along with Nora and join in the fun.

Because there were so many of us, Linda decided to book a private room. She placed the bag she had been holding onto the table and started handing out the items inside with Nora.

"I had this when I was shopping the other day. It tasted pretty good, so I brought a few cups for you guys too!" As she spoke, Nora handed each of us a cup of milk tea.

When she got to the last cup, she realized that she was just short of one. Linda looked a little awkward. "Sorry, I didn't know Mr. Fuller's friend was coming along with us, so I didn't get one for her."

"It's alright, it's alright! I don't particularly like drinking milk tea either. Don't bother your head about me," Rebecca said, her face flushed with embarrassment.

Before anyone could say anything, Ashton pushed his cup of milk tea towards her. "Here, have a try."

His actions had been too abrupt, and evidently a little too intimate. Nora and Linda looked rather stunned, and they stole quick glances at me as if to enquire silently what was the relationship between Ashton and Rebecca was.

I smiled blandly and didn't say anything. Instead, I bent my head and took a sip of the milk tea—for some reason, it tasted sickeningly sweet.

Rebecca took a sip as well and turned to look at Ashton in surprise. "My gosh, it's so sweet! Ash, do you want a sip too? It's really good!" She even pushed her cup of milk tea towards him.

Nora shot a look at Linda before replying, "Oh, my bad. I should've bought green tea instead. Milk tea is always too sweet. Green tea is just right!" Her expression didn't look very friendly.

Linda pursed her lips and snickered slightly. "Yes, it's so sweet that my teeth are practically aching!" The two of them spoke in very soft voices, so Rebecca could only smile placidly in response.

I bowed my head and tried to make sense of my jumbled emotions. I knew about Ashton and Rebecca's past relationship, and I knew that Ashton cared for Rebecca like a brother did. There was nothing suspicious about their relationship.

However, there was nothing I could do about the fact that I felt annoyed by their closeness anyway.

Suddenly, I heard a deep voice in my ear. "What are you thinking about?" It was Ashton. As he spoke, he took the cup of milk tea from me and took a sip from the same straw I just drank from.

Truthfully, this was normal behavior between a couple, and it was nothing worth making a fuss about. However, we were in public right now, and Rebecca was sitting right next to Ashton. To everyone else, his actions probably seemed rather calculated.

"Gosh, the two of you need to stop it with the public displays of affection. It's making me sick! Can you be more considerate of everyone else's feelings?" Nora joked, her eyes disappearing from laughter.

Linda glanced at her wryly and asked, "Is this the first time you've seen them behaving like this?"

The two of them exchanged another glance and burst into laughter.

However, the smile on Rebecca's face faded away quickly. As her fingers tightened around the cup of milk tea, I held back my laughter and tore my gaze away from her.

The one who got away would always be a source of regret for one. For Rebecca, perhaps, Ashton was destined to be the biggest regret in her life.

Ashton put down in the cup of milk tea in his hand. Turning to me, he commented, "This tastes pretty good, but it's too sweet for my liking. It's bad for your teeth. Don't drink it too often!"

I pouted. "I don't drink it that often! I just happened to have it once today, and you managed to steal half of it from me anyway!"

Ashton burst into laughter. "Are you mad at me over one sip of milk tea? Is our relationship so weak that it can't withstand that?"

His voice was very low, for he had said it with his lips practically pressed to my ear. To everyone else, it looked as though we were having a private quarrel.

For the sake of having a good dinner, I changed seats with Armond and sat down next to Nora.

Nora shot a puzzled glance at me and frowned. "Why did you change your seat? That's your man, you know. Are you trying to avoid him?"

"I wasn't trying to avoid him. Armond asked us out for dinner because he had something to talk about with Ashton. I might as well take the initiative and move out of their way. Do you want your boyfriend's efforts in initiating this dinner to go to waste?"

Nora froze for a second before chuckling. She looked at me and said, "Babe, you really think of everything, don't you? Thanks for the heads up!"

I was pretty hungry, to begin with. For the rest of dinner, I kept my head down and stuffed myself to the brim.

After a while, I finally felt somewhat full. Armond and Ashton were chatting with each other, and I was left to my own devices. Feeling rather bored, I swiveled around in my seat to observe both of them. More accurately, however, I had my eyes fixed on Ashton. It had been a few days since we last saw each other, but he hadn't changed at all. Perhaps it was because he was too busy with work, but he looked a little tired. Still, anyone could tell that he was a very handsome man.

He must've felt my stare burning through the back of his head. Ashton looked up and glanced in my direction, his black eyes flashing dangerously.

I could sense that he wasn't very happy, and I felt a little confused. Have I done something wrong? I looked down at myself and realized the problem immediately. Because it was rather hot in the restaurant, I had removed my coat when I stepped into the room. I was wearing a dress inside, and its neckline hung dangerously low on my chest. I hugged myself and lay my head on the desk, praying that my cleavage couldn't be seen anymore.

Chapter 807

Ashton drummed his fingers on the table, and he gave a slight cough, warning me to sit up properly.

I blinked rather foolishly and sat up, rearranging my clothes hastily so they looked appropriate for the occasion.

Nora placed a slice of meat onto my plate. Leaning closer to me, she grinned and whispered, "The two of you sure understand each other very well!"

I snorted a little and took a bite of the meat. If we understood each other as perfectly as she thought, Ashton would never have brought Rebecca along in the first place.

My silence made Nora feel rather perturbed. Feeling rather chatty, she turned to Rebecca and said, “Ms. Larson, you’re really quiet! You’re so pretty, so I’m sure lots of men are queuing up to marry you. Do you have a boyfriend yet?”

Rebecca looked rather stunned by the sudden compliment. She replied haltingly, “Ms. Oberick, you’re too kind. I’m no beauty at all. You’re kind and generous, and an excellent match for Mr. Murphy. In fact, the both of you look like a match made in heaven.”

“Haha!” Linda snorted suddenly.

Nora touched her nose and smiled blandly. Since Rebecca had offered her a compliment, she couldn’t exactly scowl back at her. Instead, she plastered a grin on her face and continued to press, “So, Ms. Larson, do you have a boyfriend?”

Rebecca looked a little embarrassed. Shaking her head, she replied very honestly, “No, not yet!”

Nora looked very startled. “You’re so beautiful, and you don’t have a boyfriend? What’s wrong with men these days—are they all blind or something?”

I bit into another slice of meat and muttered quietly, “She has a huge crush on Ashton. He’s the one who’s blind, I suppose!”

Nora started coughing immediately. She looked up and smiled awkwardly, her cheeks bright red in color.

Gesturing at the plates of meat on the table, she spluttered, “Come on, eat up!”

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After dinner, everyone mulled silently over their own private thoughts.

It was rather late at night by the time the meal ended. Nora and Armond were probably going to spend some quality time by themselves—they bid us farewell and left.

Linda hadn't had enough rest for the past few days. She decided to retire early to her room, too.

That left the three of us. Ashton turned to me and asked, "What else do you want to do now?" We had slept through the afternoon, and if we returned to the hotel room now, we wouldn't be able to fall asleep anyway.

I shook my head and shrugged. Truth be told, I was a rather boring person who didn't have many hobbies—an extraordinarily boring person.

On the contrary, Rebecca's eyes lit up. "Ash, didn't you tell me that Lavelian Village has a beautiful night view? Can I come along with both of you?"

Ashton didn't think much of it. He nodded and asked me, "What about you? Do you want to come along?"

Frankly speaking, I had seen all the night views in this city along with Nora, and I wasn't in the mood to go sight-seeing either. Besides, with Rebecca around, some unnecessary tensions were bound to arise.

But I couldn't let her go by herself, could I? The idea of her walking around the streets with Ashton made me even more displeased.

I nodded nonchalantly and said, "Alright, then. Let's go."

It took slightly more than ten minutes to get to the night market from the restaurant—it wasn't very far away. I was never particularly chatty at night, and with Rebecca around, I felt even less inclined to strike up conversation.

Rebecca seemed much more talkative than she had been at dinner. She seemed to have an endless supply of conversation topics with Ashton around.

We started out walking side-by-side, but the road was bound by a green belt on one side and the traffic on the other. It became more difficult to continue walking like this.

Eventually, I decided to trail behind them, my head bowed in annoyance as I listened to Rebecca's conversation with Ashton. They were chatting about interesting things that had happened in K City recently. Since I hadn't been around in K City, I had no idea what they were talking about.

Without anything to add to the conversation, I kept silent throughout the entire journey.

When we finally arrived at the night market, it was noisy with the sound of cheerful crowds. It seemed that most girls enjoyed this sort of environment, too—Rebecca looked excitedly at the various items on sale, looking as though she wanted to buy everything in sight.

Every time she saw something she liked; she would look pitifully towards Ashton. He would freeze for a moment before silently and naturally footing the bill for her.

At that moment, she saw something she wanted again. Shoving the bags of items into Ashton's hands, she exclaimed excitedly, "Ashton, wait for me! I'll be back in a minute!"

She then took off blithely like a girl in a romantic novel. I rarely saw such a bright, cheerful side of her, but I knew enough about Ashton's generosity. It didn't seem very surprising to me at all.

Here, I couldn't help but feel a little upset.

Ashton turned to look at me. Frowning, he asked, "What's wrong?"

I shook my head crossly. Gazing at the bags of items in his arms, I asked sharply, "Aren't those very heavy?"

He merely grinned at me and shot a glance at someone behind me. In a flash, a man in a black suit had appeared out of nowhere and taken the bags from him.

I froze for a second before realizing that the man was his bodyguard. After the previous incident, he had gotten bodyguards to follow me around everywhere. I was always conscious of their existence but had never taken the time to confirm it. This was the first time I had seen one of them in flesh.

After taking the bags from Ashton, the bodyguard disappeared into the crowd again.

Rebecca wasn't back yet. I turned to him and said blandly, "Why don't you go and look for Ms. Larson?"