

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 83

I could hear Rebecca's voice coming faintly from behind, "Ash, I'm surprised that Scarlett is acquainted with Mr. Stovall from Animus. No wonder Cameron told me that the guests tonight are all big names and prominent people."

Animus Corporation?

Rather than a birthday banquet, it would be better to describe the party as a gathering of the societal elites. That night, Cameron was garbed in a black velvet gown that had golden flowers embroidered onto it and a pair of exquisite aquamarine-adorned high heels.

The woman was almost fifty years old, yet she looked young for her age, and seemingly free from the ravages of time. For others, beauty and youth would pass with time, but for her, time seemed to have added a certain charm to her, and she was still in her prime.

She caught sight of John from afar. Excusing herself from the few guests she was entertaining, she sauntered over to John with a glass of champagne.

"Mr. Stovall, thank you so much for coming!" Smiling and holding her champagne, her eyes then fell onto me. Cocking her head at John, she asked, "And who might this be?"

Without waiting for John, I spoke first, "Ms. Anderson, you are looking absolutely gorgeous today!"

She froze for a moment before she regained her composure and smiled, "Ah, it's Ms. Stovall! You're so dazzling tonight that I failed to recognize you at first. Do forgive me!"

Grinning politely, I said, "Ms. Anderson flatters me too much. I'm just a bit sloppy usually. It's only natural that some simple tidying and touching up would make me look different. It's not Ms. Anderson's fault for not recognizing me in the first place."

She looked at me intently for a while before noticing that John was holding my hand. Taken aback for just a slight moment, she mumbled faintly, "Do the two of you know one another?" before looking at John with doubts in her eyes.

John smiled, "Of course! We've known each other for more than a decade!"

Cameron obviously had more questions to ask. However, she suddenly fell silent upon noticing that many guests had directed their gazes outside the hall.

Instinctively, I turned my head to look as well. What greeted my sight was a middle-aged man dressed in a lavish coat with a suave temperament striding in from outside the hall, escorted by four men in black.

The appearance of the middle-aged man drew the attention of many people who rushed over to greet him. Right then, his gaze fell straight upon Cameron and he approached her promptly.

“Ah, it’s the great Mr. Zachary Moore of D City. Be it in J City or D City, the moment he makes his entrance, the nobles and the rich alike would tremble in fear,” John whispered with a straight face.

I observed both Cameron and Zachary discreetly and noticed that the level of intimacy exuded from both of them was different from that of ordinary people, and the curious side of me could not help but wonder.

“What’s up with them?”

John raised his eyebrows and looked at me mysteriously, “They’re a pair of lovebirds who are destined to be apart.”

I could not quite catch the meaning of his words. “Didn’t Ms. Anderson got married once before this? I heard it was to some ordinary guy. After that, she got remarried to Nick’s father and gave birth to Nick. So…”

So where did this Zachary guy fit in the picture? Seems like they have quite a messy relationship.

John sneered and whispered, “I guess the stories she cooked up for the outside world are too realistic.”

Just then, I saw Ashton leading Rebecca to greet both Cameron and Zachary, I also noticed that Cameron had whispered something in Zachary’s ear.

As Zachary examined Rebecca, his facial expression seemed to change a little. His initially determined look had a flash of surprise which he managed to recover from. Meanwhile, Rebecca’s gaze was that of pure adoration.

I could not figure out what had transpired between them. John, who was observing me the whole time, was amused and whispered to me, “Rebecca is the daughter that Cameron been searching for the past twenty-plus years. By the way, she’s also Zachary’s daughter. Do you get it now?”

I gawped at him in shock at the sensational revelation. Rebecca is their daughter?

How in the world is there no rumor about this at all?

After Cameron and Zachary finished their conversation, they stole a glance at John and me. The moment Zachary saw me, he cocked his brows in surprise.

Cameron seemed to know what he was thinking, so she whispered a few words back in his ear that made Zachary regained his composure.

John released my hand and stepped forward to greet Zachary.

Now that I had regained my freedom, my eyes darted around to search for Ashton. The last I saw of him was when he was greeting Zachary. However, he was now nowhere to be found.

After looking around, I heard a familiar voice coming from the corner of the hall. I walked over and found Nick there.

He was surprised to see me but managed to utter his greeting, "Good evening."

Seeing that he was not looking too good, I could not help but ask, "It's your mother's birthday. What's with the haggard look? I just heard someone said that your mother has found her long-lost daughter. Why don't you go over and check it out?"

"What's there to see?" he said with a lonely look in his eyes, "Her mind and heart had always been filled with nothing but her daughter. As for me, I'm merely an accidental offspring."

Hearing the sorrow in his words, I grabbed a plate of cheese and tried to offer him some, "Every child is a treasure in the hearts of their parents. Besides, she lost her for more than twenty years. Now that she has found her, let her savor her joy to make up for the lost time. After this, I'm sure everything will be back to normal."

He sneered bitterly as his eyes fell upon the cheese I was offering him. In a thoughtless manner, he quipped, "I have hoped that the daughter they've found is you instead of Rebecca. That girl is too much of a schemer, and will only cause trouble if she is to stay in Pear Garden in the future."

Confused by his outburst, I could not help but smiled, "You sounded as if it is so easy to become a daughter of your family."

He peered at me with a condescending look as if he were looking at an idiot, "Really? You seriously think that my mother is so free that she would purposely look for you just to have a casual chat?"

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What does he mean by that? Is he referring to the matter the other day?

Having no idea what he was implying, I asked, "What do you mean by that?" It was true that Cameron had asked me some strange questions that day and although I was puzzled, I did not think those questions would amount to anything.

Now that Nick had brought it up, doubt started to grow within me.

“Hmph!” With a tinge of derision in his voice, he prodded, “You are lucky to be able to marry Ashton with that little IQ of yours. I reminded you before that you possess similar features to my mother, just as Rebecca. Are you so naive to the point where you’ll believe that people would actually resemble one another for no apparent reason in this world?”

I furrowed my eyebrows deeper and demanded, “What do you mean?”

Rolling his eye at me, he revealed, “It simply means that my mother has already taken your DNA as well as Rebecca’s DNA for a paternity test.”

Having said that, he seemed a little confused as he continued, “I thought you were the one at first. I never expected Rebecca to be the one confirmed by the paternity test.”

My mind was filled with a thousand unanswered questions by then. Surveying the hall, I decided that it was unwise to interrogate Nick here, hence I dragged him into the lounge next to the corridor.

Glaring at him, I questioned in a serious tone, “So the lot of you stole my DNA for a paternity test just because I bear some teeny resemblance to Ms. Anderson?”

He pursed his lips and replied, “Of course not. My mother has been searching for more than twenty years. She would not persist for so long without a clue to lead her on. Since many of your experiences are consistently similar to Rebecca’s, my mother wasn’t sure who was the genuine daughter. She plotted with Ashton to meet you and Rebecca separately. Only after that she went and did the paternity test for both of you.”

I was not interested to know what similarities I shared with Rebecca. Rather, I was more interested to know whether my initial meeting with Cameron was the result of Ashton wanting to save Macy, or him merely returning Cameron a favor.

I couldn’t believe that I was kept in the dark and completely clueless about everything the whole time.

“Does Rebecca know about these things at first?” I asked, feeling uneasy.

He nodded, “I think that Ashton must have told her in advance. That’s why she has kept herself close to my mother after that. It surely doesn’t look to me like she doesn’t know anything.”

I felt like laughing out loud. Throughout the whole thing, I was the only ignoramus all along.

“Hah!” I wanted to chuckle, but my chortle was stuck halfway in my throat. I had been made a complete moron and an oblivious fool to such a degree that I would not have realized even if I were to be sold off.

Seeing that I was upset, Nick paused. Perhaps he had realized his tactlessness, he tamped down his sarcasm and started talking to me in an emphatic manner. “Don’t think too much about this. No one told you about this matter because they were worried that you might get the wrong idea about the whole thing. Since no one was sure of the outcome, so…”

“So, you decided for yourself that I should be kept in the dark, like a fool?” I burst out, baring the discontent that had filled my heart.

Frowning, he defended himself, “Scarlett, you know full well I don’t mean that.”

“I don’t know! I never knew!” I rushed out of the lounge. I had naively thought that as long as I was kind and trusting toward others, I would not suffer too much hurt. However, it seemed that I was too gullible, and life always had a way to even out everyone’s share of sufferings.

In the main hall, droves of people had arrived. All of them were high-ranking officials. In the midst of the crowd, Rebecca was the center of attention. As Cameron and Zachary greeted the guests, they also introduced her to everyone. Such a beautiful and heartwarming scene.

It’s true, some people have been blessed with good luck since birth.

Getting my emotions under control, I proceeded to circle around the food area. No matter how pitiful my life is, I can’t neglect myself. I need to get some food in me. After all, The little one in my tummy still needed to grow up.

Feeling distracted, I accidentally walked into someone. The cake that I had just put onto my plate rolled a few times before it splattered onto someone’s suit.

“I’m so…” Panicked, I looked up only to see Joe’s stern and sneering face.

I immediately regained my composure. I even retracted my apology. I knew that in this situation, an apology would not make an ounce of difference. Instead, it would only lead to more unnecessary arguments.

I wanted to avoid any confrontation. But apparently, Joe had decided not to let me off that easily. Glaring at me, he sneered, “Scarlett, tell me, are you feeling bitter now? Are you jealous? With Rebecca being Cameron’s daughter, her whole life is going to go through a drastic change for the better. Meanwhile, a woman who grew up in the slums like you will never be worthy of someone as noble as Ashton no matter how hard you work.”

I put down my plateful of food and directed my scowl at him, "Since I am not worthy of him, do you consider yourself worthy then?"

"You..." His anger shot up his face as he prepared for a retort.

Before he could do that, I interrupted, "I have married Ashton. We even have a child together. Seeing how much you loved to mock me, can I surmise that this is due to you not feeling qualified enough to be with Rebecca? Is your inferiority complex bubbling inside you so much that you're coming to me to vent it all out?"

"Nonsense!" Flushed with anger, he took off his stained suit and threw it at me before he demanded, "Get it cleaned."

There were times when I thought that Joe could be quite endearing. Every time he tried to annoy me or get in my way, he would always be the one who ended up getting flustered, just like right now.

Even though he had never beaten me once, he still kept trying. And that in itself made him adorable.

Glancing at his suit in my hand, I remarked coolly to Joe, "I would advise you not to let me handle your suit. Who knows, you might end up wearing a wet suit in this grand party here and that would definitely not score you any appearance points in Rebecca's book."

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"I don't care! Figure out yourself how you're going to clean my suit!" Not wanting to say more, Joe took the food in his hand and walked to Rebecca's side before handing it to her. The birthday banquet officially began, and Cameron went up the stage to speak.

Rebecca noticed how Joe was looking distracted, hence she scanned around. When she spotted me, her delicate face produced a provocative yet disdainful smile.

I returned her look before realizing that the suit in my hand needed my attention more. As I racked my brain, trying to figure out what to do with it, Ashton walked up to me with a small gift box in hand.

With a cold look, he said curtly, "This is Ms. Anderson's birthday gift."

With that, he passed me the box in his hand. When he saw the suit in my hand, he frowned and asked, "Whose suit is that?"

"Joe's. I accidentally bumped into him and spilled some food onto it just now," I explained while examining the box he passed to me. Did he prepare it?

He glanced at the suit with impatience and suggested, "Just throw it away!"

At this moment, the banquet had become lively as Rebecca was ushered onstage by Cameron. Squinting and trying to get a better view, I poked sarcastically, "Isn't my dear Mr. Fuller supposed to be escorting the lovely Rebecca?"

His face soured as he ignored my jibe, "Scarlett, shouldn't you explain to me how you and John got acquainted?"

If it were half an hour ago, I would definitely have explained it to him. At this juncture, however, I did not feel like explaining at all.

Walking to a nearby trash can, I threw Joe's suit in as I coldly answered, "There is nothing to explain. It is exactly as what Mr. Fuller sees."

Meanwhile onstage, Rebecca and Cameron were hugging each other, staging a mother-daughter bonding scene. To show her maternal love, Cameron announced that she would put fifty percent of her properties under Rebecca's control. Also, the latter would gradually be integrated into Cameron's company to learn management skills.

At the same time, Rebecca would also move in with Cameron at Pear Garden. After all, she was the long-lost daughter that was finally found after two decades. With Zachary onstage as well to show his support, the signs were clear. The stars had aligned in such a way that Rebecca now had the powerful backings from two of the most prominent persons in both D City and J City.

Turning to look at him, I could tell that Ashton was really in a bad mood. Luckily, we were at a party, or else he would have initiated a quarrel. He restrained himself and said sternly, "You will be my dance partner later."

In response, I scoffed and said, "Is Mr. Fuller not afraid that Ms. Larson may... Ah, no. I mean she should be Ms. Moore now. Shouldn't Mr. Fuller be Ms. Moore's dance partner instead? Don't worry, I won't participate so as not to disturb you two."

"Scarlett!" he gritted his teeth as he pulled my wrist. His sudden force made me felt a jolt of pain. Seething with suppressed anger, Ashton threatened, "Stop being so stubborn."

Me? Stubborn?

I was bitterly amused. Locking my eyes on him, I nodded and said, "Ashton Fuller, you really are something else, you know that?"

Glancing around and seeing John approaching, I shook myself loose of Ashton's grip and headed toward John. Sometimes the devil can be much better than the angel.

John's eyes narrowed and studied me as I approached. With a smirk, he remarked, "Letty, this is the first time you've voluntarily come to me."

Ignoring the gloom in his eyes, I asked, "When can I leave?"

"For you, anytime!" he shrugged as he raised his eyebrows questioningly, "Where do you want to go?"

Since he had stated earlier that he wanted me to accompany him to this party, and he did not mention anything else, I took it to mean that as long as I had shown my presence, I was free to leave at any time.

With that thought in mind, I glanced at the gift box in my hand before turning to look at Cameron who had already finished her speech.

Carrying the box, I walked toward her. When she saw me, she beamed at me and greeted, "Ms. Stovall, I do apologize should you feel any misgivings about my lack of reception, it seems that I've underestimated the number of guests."

I smiled faintly. Her politeness had seemingly added more distance between us. "Ms. Anderson is too polite. Here's the birthday gift I prepared for you. I wish you a happy birthday and may you stay youthful at all times!"

It was obvious that she was in high spirit that night. Laughing good-naturedly, she took the gift and replied, "Ms. Stovall is too kind. I'll gladly accept your blessings and wishes then."

Zachary, who had brought Rebecca to mingle with the other guests, saw me chatting with Cameron. After whispering a few words in Rebecca's ear, he proceeded to walk toward us.

Rebecca peeked at me with a darkened glare before she walked away.

Zachary was tall and imposing. Even with his age, his noble temperament and awe-inspiring aura were still present. Peering down at me, his dark eyes had a hint of affection in them when he asked, "Are you Scarlett?"

I nodded, and simply greeted him in a way that I usually do to other people. "Hello, Mr. Moore."

"Hahaha!" he guffawed good-naturedly as he nudged Cameron who was beside him, "This girl looks like you when you're younger. Not only the looks but also the attitude and resolve."

Cameron nodded in agreement as her eyes softened. She smiled and said, "When I first saw her, I had the same thought too. If I hadn't read the DNA test results, I would have thought that this child is my daughter."

"Letty," Zachary called as his gaze fell upon me again. "May I call you with that name?"

I nodded. Something in my memory seemed to be triggered. However, perhaps it was a memory from long ago, all I could see was a fleeting scene that flashed past my mind in a blur. All I got from that memory was the vague sense that his voice sounded really familiar.

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"Your parents..." "Dad, mom!" Just then, Rebecca interrupted what Zachary was about to say. With a flute of champagne in her hand, she sauntered gracefully over on her high heels. Looking at Cameron and Zachary intently, she said, "Mr. Smith has something to discuss with the two of you. He's waiting on the second floor."

Taken aback by the suddenness, both Cameron and Zachary looked at one another before glancing at me, "Ms. Stovall, please excuse us, for something has come up. If there's anything you need, feel free to tell them to Rebecca."

With that, they went up the second floor, leaving me behind with Rebecca.

"Ms. Stovall, shall we have a chat?" Rebecca initiated with a look of arrogance.

There were a lot of guests coming and going in the villa. Some I knew while the rest I did not. It was true that I was having a bad mood, and it was also true that I feel like ignoring her.

Releasing a long sigh, I replied, "I would appreciate it if Ms. Larson would keep her distance from me. We have nothing to talk about."

She scoffed and spat sarcastically, "You do realize this is my mother's place, right? Where would you want me to go?"

I chuckled, "Ah yes, I forgot. You're no longer Rebecca Larson, but Rebecca Moore."

After a short pause, I continued, "Since this is your place, then I shall be the one to keep my distance from you then. Sounds better, right?"

As I turned to leave, she blocked my way and said, "Scarlett, what will it take for you to leave Ashton? He is an outstanding man, destined for greatness. Only those who are standing on the pinnacle of success are qualified to stand alongside him. Scarlett, I'm sure you know very well that you're not worthy!"

“So you are worthy then?” I could not help but rebutted. Witnessing her sudden boost of self-confidence made me snicker sardonically, “For the last two years, I have been worthy of him. So why would I be unworthy now? Is it because you’re no longer the helpless orphan, but instead the daughter of the richest woman that you’re now denying my worth in such a high-and-mighty manner?”

“Scarlett, he doesn’t even love you. Why would you cling on to him? Is it worthwhile?”

I raised my brow before uttering, “Yes!” I then let loose a small chuckle. “No matter how far he goes, no matter who he actually loves, as long as I am his wife, he will come back to me eventually. He will come back to his family, and to his child who will address him as father.”

“Scarlett!” her face soured terribly as she shot back, “Is this really the kind of marriage that you want? I will grant you whatever you wish for as long as you leave Ashton. How’s that sound?”

I could tell that she was really desperate. Normally, I would think that this meant she loved Ashton very much. Yet now, I felt nothing but pity for her. The feeling she had for Ashton was not of love, but rather of regret for losing him to someone else.

A heart filled with regret would transform into an obsession over a period of time. By then, it would no longer have anything to do with love.

I could not stop myself from chuckling as I narrowed my eyes at her. “Rebecca, I’m really curious. Are you really in love with Ashton, or are you just bitter about losing him? Your so-called ‘mutual feeling’ is nothing more than a one-sided, unrequited love.”

In the end, Rebecca was a proud person who cared very much about her image. Trying to keep her anger under control, she whispered vehemently, “Who are you to question our relationship? You are obviously the third wheel in this relationship.”

I could not help but taunt her further, “Have you ever seen a third wheel who’s also the legally recognized wife such as I?” Pausing to regain my breath, I continued, “By the way, do you know why Ashton’s been avoiding your touch now?”

I purposefully leaned closer and whispered in her ear, “It’s because I told him that I hate it when he touches anybody else. I even gave him an ultimatum, if he dares to touch others, he’s better off staying away from me.”

“Bulls**t!”

I sneered, “Bulls**t? Why do you think he would rather have me satisfy his needs by giving him h*ndjobs rather than hooking up with you lately?”

Seeing her in utter disbelief made me feel better. In fact, it was quite fun for me to toy with a pretentious pr*ck like her.

“If that’s the case, why don’t we try it out then? Let’s see if he cares for me or not?”

With that, Rebecca smiled as she approached me. It was the sort of sick, scheming kind of smile. Before I could react, she grabbed me tightly. Shocked by her sudden action, I tried shaking off her grip. However, before I could loosen her grip, she threw herself into the tower of wine glasses behind us.

In that instant, the exquisite and elegantly arranged wine glass tower came crashing down. Glasses fell and shattered all over the place. The sound was maddening. Plenty of nearby guests suffered from the incident as well.

Some of them screamed while some stepped back trying to avoid the disaster. There were also some others who were still blissfully unaware of what happened.

“Rebecca!” Cameron’s screamed with worry, as chaos erupted in the scene.

A figure brushed past me and swiftly picked Rebecca up from the midst of shattered wine glasses.

The glass bits on her body were cleaned before she was placed on the sofa. Several family doctors rushed in and began to examine her.

Someone had contacted the ambulance, while some were busy comforting Cameron.

Just then, Rebecca opened her eyes slightly and searched around for Ashton. When she saw him standing in front of her, she called out to him in a pitiful voice, “Ashton!”

“I’m here,” he replied, his furrowed brows loosened as his worry and tension dissipated.

“It hurts!” she whimpered, her soft and delicate hand holding on to the corner of Ashton’s suit.

Someone had driven the car over. Picking Rebecca up, Ashton consoled, “Since it hurts, Stop talking and just take a rest.”

She leaned on him, quiet and content.

As Ashton held her, his pair of dark eyes glared at me ominously for a brief moment. Carrying Rebecca in his arms, he left.

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With the star of the night gone, what followed next was the repercussion.

All eyes seemed to be on me as they started discussing the incident.

“This Mrs. Fuller has always been at odds with Ms. Larson. Since the latter has officially joined the family, Mrs. Fuller probably pushed her due to jealousy.”

“I don’t think so. I have dealt with Mrs. Fuller before on several projects. She is a woman of swift actions and resolute decisions. She knows what she is doing and does them well. She’s not the type to hurt someone on such an occasion.”

“In the end, it’s still a relationship issue between a man and a woman. Didn’t you see Mr. Fuller’s expression just now? He was clearly worried for Ms. Larson. If you were the wife, how would you feel if your husband worries about another woman?”

“True, I guess. Since Ms. Larson has rejoined her family, as a person with power, she might just force Mrs. Fuller to divorce Mr. Fuller in the future.”

“Seems like Mrs. Fuller’s going to have hard life ahead of her.”

I simply stood there and listened to their discussions quietly.

Just then, Joe appeared out of nowhere to cash in on my misery. He had been observing the whole fiasco and was now giddy with excitement. He leaned in and jeered mockingly, “Hey, Scarlett, are you blatantly showing off your jealousy now? But I guess it can’t be helped. After all, Rebecca is far above you in terms of beauty, status, and lineage. She is now definitely worthy of Ashton, as for you...”

He purposely left his sentence unfinished. However, his contempt and disdain toward me were not lost on me, he was clearly implying the whole time that I was not suited to be Ashton’s wife.

Raising my eyes to meet his, I shrugged and smiled, “Yes, it may be outrightly obvious, but compared to your sneaky scheming, I am proud that I had nothing to hide!”

“You...”

Once again, he was beaten at his own game. Overcome by frustration and at a loss of words, Joe could only snort before he walked away.

The guests started to disperse for the night. Having seen the exciting spectacle and dealt with the gossips and talks, I left the hall with my head held high.

John was leisurely sitting on a swing in the courtyard. Upon spotting me approaching from the distance, he smiled at me.

Seeing his face, I blurted out, “I’ve never thought that you actually like real-life dramas.” With that, I walked away.

Everyone was bound to change in their lifetime. Five years ago, John was the type of person who liked to torture his victims directly. Now, it seems that he preferred to indirectly involve his victims in compromising situations.

But when I thought about it, he had always loved to drag out his torture session, so that he could squeeze out every single last wail and scream from his victims.

Stepping outside the villa, I realized that the southern suburbs were far away from the city. As it was a wealthy residential area, there were no taxis available.

In addition, unless given permission, no one could enter here by car. As such, for me to be able to hail a taxi, I would have to walk all the way out of this golf course area.

And that was going to be a long journey by foot.

I took off my high heels and hiked along the asphalt road by the golf course. After a while, a car appeared behind and deliberately followed me at a slow speed.

Without having to guess, I already knew who it was. Instead of stopping, I increased my pace.

After walking for a while and seeing that the car was still trailing after me, I decided to stop and sat down on the lawn of the golf course.

A minute later, someone sat down right beside me.

The man let out a long sigh before he spoke with a hint of sorrow in his voice, "Letty, don't you believe that a bad person may turn over a new leaf?"

I answered his question with another instead, "What is your motive for returning this time around?"

In my memory, John had always been a gentle soul. However, since then he had caused the death of Macy's parents, forced Grandma to her early grave, and tried to drown both Macy and me. Five years were too short of a time to forget John's wrongdoings from my memory.

As he laid down, he rested his head on his hands and stared into the deep, dark sky. "I got lonely, so I thought that I would come back and live a good life with you."

If these words were uttered by a long-lost family member during a reunion, I would definitely be moved. However, there was no warmth between us, only frosty estrangement.

"Do I have to die to be free from you?" I mused as I gazed at the street lights. My heart was feeling gloomy.

Chuckling grimly, he replied, "I won't let you die. You still got a long future ahead. Without you, I can't go on."

I decided to stop talking.

After all, life needed to go on. There was no room for fear.

"Leave Ashton. We'll live a good life together. We can still be as happy as when we were young. He is not worthy of you."

I bowed my head, feeling the urge to laugh aloud. Others had thought that I was unworthy of Ashton, and yet, he of all people thought that Ashton was unworthy of me.

"We can never go back to how it was. Grandma is gone and the old mulberry tree at the front door has been cut down. John, please, don't come to me anymore. Stop ruining my life, okay?" Even though I knew that my words would achieve nothing, I still decided to utter them anyway.

His gaze remained glued to the night sky, his eyes seemed distant and dark. After a long time, he blurted out, "I've tried to. But it's useless."

I sighed inwardly, feeling exhausted all of a sudden. To hell with this!

Seeing that there was no point in continuing our conversation, I got up and asked him to send me back.

At this point, I figured that if he had wanted to harm me, he would not have spent so much time and effort to get me here. I knew that he just wanted to witness my fear and helpless look to satisfy his selfish desire. After all, he was a hunter, and without a prey to entertain him, he would feel uncomfortable.

With that reasoning in mind, I was sure he would not do anything to me – at least for the time being.

He obediently sent me back to Peakville Estate. However, before I could get off the car, he suddenly locked the door and gazed at me with his dark eyes, "Don't you have a goodnight kiss for me?"

Damn!

Looking at him expressionlessly, I muttered, "Just open the door."

The evil side in him seemed to emerge once more as he cocked his brows, leaned against his car seat, and looked at me condescendingly, "What do you think Ashton would feel if he saw you in a car with another man for such a long time?"

