

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 838-842

## Chapter 838

Layla was a chatterbox to begin with. Seeing as no one was willing to speak, she took the liberty of starting a conversation. "Women nowadays are so skinny that they don't produce enough milk unlike women from back then. In fact, we women from the previous generation produce so much that I often woke up to drenched clothes and a damp bed. It really couldn't be helped. I had to milk myself at night just to get some relief. Unfortunately, we didn't have refrigerators at that time so I had nowhere to store them. They would go bad after a few days and I always thought to myself, all of my hard-earned milk, gone just like that. What a waste!"

Camelia ate the last bite of her food and smiled bitterly as she glanced at her baby. "Yeah. Hard-earned milk, it is."

After eating, she cleaned up the table and took out the trash before taking over her son from Layla's arms to breastfeed him. Perhaps the baby boy was really starving because he immediately latched onto her breast and kept sucking.

Camelia had only just finished her meal. Hence, she didn't have much breast milk to offer him. When her son didn't get his fill, he bit down harder, causing Camelia's features to contort with pain. Still, she endured it.

Layla went upstairs to check on Marcus while I sat across from Camelia. I knew she had something to say to me and vice versa.

But it seemed like no one wanted to go first.

Suddenly, her lips curved into a wry smile and she muttered, "You must be surprised to see me like this, huh?"

I pursed my lips and fumbled for words. In the end, I decided to avoid answering her question. "The White family is quite well-off. You don't have to force yourself to be like this. You could consider hiring a caregiver to take care of the baby. That way, you can still live your own life."

Indeed, Marcus had the funds to support a woman and a child.

In fact, their lives would be at least a hundred times more dignified than ordinary families. The lowborn led miserable lives mostly because they barely scraped by, let alone had the luxury to care about their dignities. However, Camelia was different. Marcus' assets allowed her to lead a more dignified and glamorous life than ordinary women.

She met my gaze with a calm expression. "I understand what you're getting at, but if I do that, he might never fall in love with me and instead, pursue you with a clear conscience for the rest of his life."

Huffing out a bitter laugh, she continued, "I haven't touched a single cent of the money he gave me over the years. I didn't even ask my parents for money. I'm just like a daughter from an ordinary family, working my a\*s off for myself and my child. I keep thinking that the longer I keep this up, the more likely I'll be able to earn his love."

I knew where she was coming from. A man with a successful career and good looks had no shortage of women flocking to him, regardless of whether they were after his money or his love.

Camelia understood this better than I. She was fully aware that Marcus' heart did not belong to her. But unlike other women, she didn't reap the benefits of his wealth. Instead, she took a gamble; except for his love, she didn't want anything else from him.

This way, even if Marcus wanted to use money to compensate her, the fact that he couldn't bring himself to love her would render that effort invalid. As the defaulter in their marriage, he wouldn't be able to use money to make up for the lack of love toward her as well as the child.

I nodded in understanding, but my heart clenched in my chest when I witnessed the tough life she chose.

After a momentary silence, I steered the topic away. "I booked a flight back to K City tonight. I might have to stay there for some time. If you need anything, you can look for my friend. I've sent her contact information to your phone. And if you find it inconvenient staying at the hospital with your son, you can go live in my house. Rest assured, no one will disturb you there."

She studied me for a while before expressing her gratitude. "Thank you." After a brief hesitation, she said, "We could've been really good friends."

Her statement was like a heavy blow to my chest and I didn't know how to react for a while. At last, I flashed her a small smile and said, "This isn't too bad either."

Life was full of ups and downs. No one could determine or predict what would happen next.

We chatted for a bit and when I returned to the ward, Marcus was already asleep with Layla watching over him. She greeted me curtly upon seeing me. Apart from giving her some instructions, we didn't talk about anything else.

After packing my stuff, I told Layla to pass the things I brought over to Camelia. With that done, I dragged my suitcase and hailed a taxi by the hospital entrance, leaving straight for the airport.

I was already in the taxi when Nora called, and she sounded peeved. "Didn't I tell you that everyone is to gather for a meal on the eve of Harvest Festival? How could you leave without even saying goodbye?"

Feeling apologetic, I replied, "I booked the flight last minute and didn't have time to tell you. We'll do it next time, okay? It's not like I won't be coming to A City anymore. Let's get together again during Independence Day!"

From the silence over the phone, I surmised that she must have been rendered speechless by me. After a while, she sighed in defeat and exclaimed, "You guys are really something, you know? It's just a simple meal. It's not like it'd take ages to end! What's the frickin rush?"

I froze as my mind registered her words. “What do you mean by ‘you guys’?”

I could already imagine her rolling her eyes before clarifying, “I’m talking about you and Tessa, of course. You guys said you’d be there, but then ended up leaving so abruptly.”

## **Chapter 839**

I hummed a response but didn’t probe further. Instead, my mind drifted to Danny and I said, “Nora, since I won’t be in A City for several days, I trust you to take care of that matter I mentioned to you before. By the way, there’s also Danny. I met him in an alley a while ago. He looked like a pitiful mess, so I told him to come to me if he needs anything. I may need your help on that since I won’t be around for the time being.”

Even through the phone, I could feel her pouting as she answered, “Alright, alright. I got it. Honestly, you’re too kind for your own good. People like Danny are already beyond saving. Why are you getting yourself involved with him? You’ll only bring unnecessary trouble to yourself.”

I chuckled softly and merely said, “Thanks for your help, anyway. I’ll make it up to you!”

She sighed again. “I know.”

After we ended the call, the taxi coincidentally arrived at the airport. I got off and took my suitcase before heading toward the boarding gates. When I was collecting my ticket, I inadvertently spotted a friend.

Well, maybe not a friend... she’s more like an acquaintance.

After collecting her ticket, Tessa scanned her surroundings, as if hiding from someone. Then, she walked toward the international boarding gate.

She's going abroad? Where?

I wasn't close with her to begin with, so I didn't intend to approach her and pry for information. As the distance between us increased, I headed to the terminal to wait for my flight.

At some point in time, I had unwittingly developed a habit of reading a book before boarding a plane and all the way to my destination. But I was happy about it since it was a good habit.

The flight lasted for four hours. By the time I arrived in K City, it was already quite late. I fished out my phone and checked my WhatsApp. Even though I didn't receive any messages from Ashton, I didn't feel that sad about it.

It was eight o'clock in the evening and I wondered if Summer was still awake. After giving it some thought, I dismissed the idea of calling her and took a cab to a hotel, planning to see Summer the next morning instead.

When I reached the hotel, I approached the front desk to settle the check-in procedures. To my dismay, the lady working the desk was quite slow at her job. She spoke on the phone while handling my check-in information, and would occasionally throw apologetic glances at me.

I wasn't exactly in a hurry, so I would smile in response without rushing her.

After she put down the phone, she sent me another apologetic look and stated, "I'm sorry, Miss. Our hotel is fully booked. We can't check you in anymore."

I was dumbfounded. "But it's only eight."

She smiled and patiently explained, "Well, Independence Day is coming soon, so our hotel is mostly receiving tourists groups lately. Individual guests usually have to arrive earlier to book a room, so I'm really sorry!"

It hit me just then. There would be an Independence Day Parade. Not to mention, K City had a large population. Adding on the momentous occasion that was just around the corner, most hotels would basically be overcrowded.

Thinking that most of the hotels were in the same situation, I hesitated for a while before calling Emery. Fortunately, she answered after the first ring. "You finally called me! For a moment there, I thought you'd disappeared!"

I chuckled and went straight to the point. "I have a situation right now and might need your help."

"Tell me. What is it? I'll do everything in my power to help you!" she responded earnestly.

A laugh escaped my lips at her flair for drama and I elaborated, "I'm in K City now. All the hotels are fully booked, so I might have to stay at your house for a few days."

"What the f\*ck?" she cursed without restraint. "Scarlett, I treat you as one of my own, but here you are, treating me like a d\*mn outsider! You really are something, huh? Anyway, where are you now? I'll come and pick you up. We have so many rooms at the Moore Residence, you could've come straight here and picked one. But you just had to go to a hotel. Seriously?"

I cut to the chase and simply sent her my location.

Luckily, traffic wasn't heavy and she reached not long after.

Her red Lexus sportscar pulled to a stop in front of the hotel entrance, garnering a lot of attention. She rolled down her window and peered at me. "Get in, hot stuff!"

Tickled pink by her rowdy behavior, I giggled before motioning at my suitcase. "Will it fit into your car?"

She pursed her lips and swore loudly, “Well, f\*ck! Why is your suitcase so big? Are you moving a corpse?”

After a short pause, she suggested, “I’ll get Hunter to come over to pick it up later. Let’s go home first.” Then, she politely gave the hotel doorman some instructions and even thanked him with a large tip.

In the car, she scrutinized me with a frown on her face. “Where have you been? Why did you leave without saying a word? Do you and Ashton both have the habit of doing this?”

I rolled my eyes at her and changed the subject. “Everyone’s been doing fine, I presume?”

“My brother and sister-in-law seemed to have aged a whole decade. If it wasn’t for Summer, I think they would’ve agreed to die together to atone for their sins. Cut them some slack, hmm? Life is like that, so let bygones be bygones. How long are you going to keep this up? Are you really going to push everyone away and live in solitude for the rest of your life?”

I pressed my lips together and kept silent.

When the car rolled to a stop at the entrance of the Moore Residence, I was stunned for a split second but got down from the car without thinking too much. Before I could get my bearings, Summer threw herself into my arms.

## **Chapter 840**

She hugged me and peppered me with kisses, all the while telling me how much she missed me.

Hugging her small frame, all of the day’s fatigue seemed to have melted away. Cameron and Zachary walked over right then, along with another man who looked to be over fifty. After not seeing each other for a few months, they seemed to have aged significantly beyond their years.

I looked at them but didn't know what to say, so I settled for a smile.

Cameron smiled with motherly affection and piped up, "It's so good to finally see you. Come, let's go home!"

Having said that, she tugged me toward the villa. Emery had probably notified them in advance, so they ordered the housemaids to prepare a new table of food.

Summer was brimming with excitement. It was well past her bedtime, but she remained in my arms without any trace of sleepiness. Cameron had to gently remind her several times before she finally dragged her feet back to her room.

After a short while, however, she padded out of her room again to climb on my lap, asking softly, "Mommy, can I sleep with you tonight? I wanna hug you to sleep. It's been so long since we slept together, Mommy. I miss you!"

Any mother who had been away from her child for too long wouldn't be able to refuse her child's requests, and I was no exception.

Hence, I nodded with a helpless smile.

After having something to eat, Hunter came home with my suitcase and brought it upstairs before carrying his baby boy over. Because he was in a hurry earlier, he didn't get to see his son before leaving.

Before I knew it, I was reaching out to take the four-month-old baby from Emery's arms. He was so tiny and chubby that merely looking at him seemed to fill my heart with joy. All women probably had a soft spot for children and would inevitably develop a sense of adoration for them.



Summer leaned against me to peer at the baby and said innocently, “Mommy, you should give me a little brother like Xavier too. Granny said that when I get older, I can help you take care of him. That way, you won’t be too tired.”

Surprised by her words, I glanced at her with a smile. “Summer, I’m happy with just you.”

Emery eyed me and queried, “Are you and Ashton really not going to have a child?”

I nodded wordlessly, signifying the end of this topic.

We sat together as the night deepened. Summer had fallen asleep against me. Emery and Hunter carried their child upstairs to sleep, while Zachary went to his study, saying he had some matters to handle.

Cameron noticed the exhaustion lining my features and advised, “It’s getting late. Staying up late isn’t good for women, especially at your age. Go back to your room and have a good rest. Summer misses you a lot after not seeing you for so long. You should take her with you and sleep with her tonight.”

I nodded and carried Summer upstairs. The Moore Residence was an enormous three-story villa with an extravagant interior design. Not just any wealthy family had the luxury of living in this five-hundred-square-meter residence located in the city center.

“This room was prepared by your father ever since he found out about your existence. Rebecca stayed here before. He was worried you would mind, so he got people to change everything, but he was afraid his tastes wouldn’t suit yours, so he insisted on asking Ashton about your preferences. Some time ago, he brought Summer to R Province and looked for John. Then, he visited the place you lived in when you were young to see what kind of design you liked.”

Cameron led me into a large bedroom that had at least a hundred square meters and was comparable to an ordinary family’s entire house. The interior design was mainly elegant and simple. Indeed, it was my favorite style.

After I placed Summer on the bed, Cameron explained, “Some of the clothes in the wardrobe were chosen by your father, and some by me. I noticed that you usually dress plainly, so I picked the clothes

based on your style. I'm not sure whether you'll like them, but that's okay. If you don't, we can switch them out for something you prefer. The bags and jewelry were brought back by your father in recent years. They're all boutique items from famous fashion shows. I know Ashton treats you very well and you've seen your fair share of luxury items, so you may not be impressed by these things, but as your parents, it's the least we can do. We just want to give you the best. We've made many unforgivable mistakes these past few years and we wish to make it up to you. I know you resent us for what happened to your child, so we won't force you to accept us. We'd be happy as long as you're willing to come home and visit us."

As Cameron spoke, tears rolled down her cheeks. Hearing her voice that was thick with emotion, I placed my hands on her shoulders and reassured her. "Everything will be better in the future."

I didn't know what the future held, but the hardest thing to understand in the world was kinship. Concurrently, kinship was what helped us find our way home when we were lost. Although I didn't share a familial bond with them, we were still related by blood. In the decades to come, perhaps I would learn to understand the concept of family.

She gazed at me and smiled in relief. Certain things didn't need to be said out loud to be understood. Sometimes, a look or a gesture could convey what a thousand words couldn't.

In fact, I had already thought things through when I was in the morgue. Nothing came for free in this world. We had to work hard for whatever we wanted, otherwise, regret would be the only thing remaining at our moment of death.

## **Chapter 841**

Since I was still alive and kicking, I had to cherish everything I had.

"It's getting late. You should rest early. What do you want to eat tomorrow? I'll make it for you. Since Summer doesn't have school tomorrow, we can all get together." Cameron couldn't conceal the delight on her face.

I smiled faintly and replied, "I'm not a picky eater. Anything's fine for me." I was being honest. Although I wasn't a big eater, I was never picky with my food. I basically ate everything that could be eaten.

She nodded. "Alright, then. I'll make all my signature dishes!" After making sure I had everything I needed, she left so that I could rest earlier.

Feeling a little sleepy, I nodded in response.

She walked to the door, but before she could leave, she abruptly looked back at me with a serious expression as though a thought struck her. "Did you and Ashton quarrel?"

Her question was like a bolt from the blue and I froze for a second before smiling. "No. I just missed Summer too much, so I called Emery as soon as I got off the plane and haven't had the chance to tell Ashton about my return."

At a time like this, Ashton would usually accompany me, but since I came here alone, it would inevitably evoke their suspicion.

She nodded subtly in response to my explanation but didn't ask anything else.

After a busy day, I was tired down to the bones. Once Cameron left the villa, I washed up and climbed into bed. Sensing my presence, Summer groggily nestled herself into my arms, offering me the warmth I didn't realize I had been craving for.

Children possessed healing powers that specifically worked on their mothers. This statement held true. As long as Summer was beside me, all of the despair from before, no matter how overwhelming, would dissolve into nothing.

I seemed to be able to understand the meticulous care and tentative love Cameron had for me. If it wasn't for our complicated history, would we have turned out as a loving family instead?

The next day, the gloomy weather in K City was no more.

The sun's rays finally broke through the clouds and filtered into the bedroom, making the morning especially warm.

Having some difficulty breathing, I woke up to the sight of Summer sprawled on my chest like a baby. I watched as her mouth opened and closed in tandem with her breathing, finding it incredibly cute. Thanks to her, there was a damp patch of drool on my shirt.

From her rosy and chubby cheeks, I realized that she seemed to have put on some weight recently. As I observed her features, I found that she bore a strong resemblance to Jared.

Knock, knock! Someone was knocking on the door, so I shifted Summer onto the bed.

Then, I rolled out of bed and opened the door to see that it was Emery. She was sporting dark circles beneath her eyes as she bemoaned, "Can I crash in your room? Xavier will be the death of me. Why do creatures like children exist in the world, huh? I'm going crazy! I couldn't get a wink of sleep because of him and I'm so tired!"

She ranted pitifully while making her way to the bed before flopping down like a puppet whose strings had been cut. Then, she hugged Summer and started snoring loudly, seemingly really exhausted.

The bed was huge and could easily accommodate three people, but I checked the time and found that it was already eight. I felt well-rested, so I doubted that I could fall asleep again. After washing up in the bathroom, I went to the wardrobe and searched for some clothes to wear.

Just like what Cameron said, the clothes she selected were simple yet elegant. But things that were simple and elegant often came with a hefty price tag because plain didn't necessarily equate to cheap.

As I walked toward the stairs, I heard voices and laughter coming from the living room. It seemed like there were guests present, which came as a surprise to me because it was still very early in the morning.

Upon reaching the top of the spiral staircase, I peered down at the people seated in the living room. Without needing to take a closer look, I could immediately recognize the person who had his back to me. After a mental calculation, I realized that we hadn't seen each other for quite some time.

After the argument we had, I thought that perhaps it would be a long time before we meet again. After all, with the number of hurtful things I said, his anger probably wouldn't subside so soon.

Suddenly, a voice sounded in my mind. Scarlett, you clearly knew that he'd come back to get you no matter what you did, that's why you brazenly said all those hurtful words to him. You blatantly hurt his feelings because you knew that he would never leave you, isn't that right? Have you ever thought that you could be the one at fault?

While I was lost in my thoughts, these words pierced through my consciousness. Stunned by that revelation, I suddenly realized that whenever Ashton and I argued, I never seemed to have reflected on myself. In fact, I would hurt him even deeper the next time.

The chatter stopped abruptly, snapping me back to my senses. Everyone in the living room had turned their attention to me. Right then, Cameron brought out some fruits from the kitchen and saw me. "You're awake. Mr. Fuller has been here for quite some time already. Come down quick and have your breakfast. I heard that the aquarium in the North District has opened for business. Summer has been wanting to go there for a long time. Both of you should take her there later. That little girl has been going on and on about it."

I descended the stairs but didn't look at Ashton once. After giving an indifferent response, I went to the kitchen. A scrumptious breakfast prepared by the housekeeper was spread out on the table. Because everyone had varying daily routines, whoever woke up first would get to eat. Emery mentioned this to me once, but besides Cameron and Zachary, the rest of us couldn't seem to wake up early. Hence, it didn't really matter.

## **Chapter 842**

Cameron brought some breakfast to the living room, then came back to the dining table and glanced at me. "The Stovalls called this morning and invited us for dinner. Everyone knows that you're back and they're all asking for a gathering."

I stuffed a pastry into my mouth and spoke in a garbled voice, "Mm, I need to pay Uncle Louis a visit anyway."

When she saw the way I was wolfing down the food, she placed a glass of milk in front of me and said in fond exasperation, "Slow down. What's the rush? No one's going to take your food. Now, be honest with me. What's going on between you and Ashton?"

I took a sip of milk and feigned cluelessness. "What do you mean what's going on?"

She clucked her tongue and chided, "Do you take us for blind fools? If there's nothing wrong, why did you ignore him completely and come in here on your own? You two weren't like this before!"

I pursed my lips and countered, "Oh? How were we before?"

She sighed. "It's normal for couples to quarrel, but Mr. Fuller treats you well in every way possible and we can all see that. Don't do anything foolish. Live a peaceful life with him and stop kicking up a fuss!"

I put my glass down and nodded. After wiping my mouth, I declared, "I'm done eating."

She released another soft sigh, wanting to persuade me but had no idea how to even begin.

I went to the living room and saw Ashton playing a game of chess with Zachary. Hence, I decided to go upstairs to wake Summer. Before I could, however, I was unexpectedly stopped by Zachary. "Letty, I

heard Mr. Fuller said that you're quite skilled at chess. Come here and help me out. I've already lost several games."

I stood next to them and studied the chessboard. Zachary was White, while Ashton was Black. Zachary's queen had already been taken and he only had one miserable knight left. Even his two bishops were captured. Right then, Ashton's chess pieces were positioned so that Zachary was caught at a crossroads.

It was clear who the winner was, but Zachary's ego wouldn't allow him to admit defeat. Hence, he called me over to diffuse the awkward situation. Seeing as there was no way to turn things around, I shifted my gaze to Ashton but didn't speak.

After a few days of not seeing him, his face was slightly haggard, but he still looked as handsome as ever.

Sensing my gaze on him, he raised his brows at me but didn't speak either. Instead, he looked at Zachary and stated, "It's your turn, Mr. Moore."

Zachary was at a dead-end. Regardless of what move he makes, he was doomed to lose. Thus, he simply stood up and glanced at me. "Letty, help me continue the game. I'm going to go see what your mother's prepared for breakfast."

With that, he turned and left, rendering me speechless. It was obvious that he was asking me to clean up his mess.

I sat down, but instead of moving a chess piece, I propped my chin on a hand and asked, "Why did you come here?"

A small frown appeared between his brows as he answered my question with a question. "Why didn't you tell me that you were coming back to K City?"

I looked down at the chessboard and moved one of his chess pieces away before glancing at him with a helpless expression. "You're an extremely busy man. I didn't want to disturb you."

He pursed his lips, his gaze landing on the chess piece I just moved away. Sighing softly, he compromised and removed another chess piece, clearly retreating voluntarily.

“What happened that night was a misunderstanding. Joe was there too. You can ask him if you don’t believe me.”

Is this his idea of an explanation?

I pressed my lips together and moved my last pawn across the chessboard, saying blandly, “That won’t be necessary. You’re a prominent and powerful man. Having several women at the same time is completely understandable.”

His frown deepened and he took my pawn in one move.

I got up, unwilling to continue. “Enjoy your game, Mr. Fuller. I’ll be excusing myself now.”

His hand shot out to pull me back down. Massaging his nose bridge, he put the white pawn he had captured on the chessboard again and placed his black rook diagonal to it. Then, he trained his eyes on me and asked, “Shall we?”

I cocked a brow at him, but nodded and captured his rook with my pawn. He touched his forehead, slightly exasperated, but there was nothing he could do.

Zachary walked over just then. Glancing at the chessboard, he clucked his tongue and remarked, “It was clearly a dead-end just now. How did it become a draw? My dear, you have some amazing chess skills, huh!”

My mouth tightened because I was well aware that Ashton had deliberately allowed this to happen.

Ashton arched his eyebrows at me in a teasing manner. “Shall we continue?”



I looked at his remaining chess pieces, then at mine. Although I was at a disadvantage, I nodded curtly and agreed, "Sure."

With that, he made his move and lifted a brow at me. "Your turn."

Cameron came over and placed a plate of fruits on the table. Emery, who was sleeping in my room, made her way downstairs right then. When she saw us playing chess, she scuttled over to join in the hype. I greeted her briefly before making my move, seizing the opening he had deliberately given me.

Catching the intentional slip on Ashton's part, Zachary shook his head in exasperation before walking away while grumbling, "What kind of chess game is this? If everyone were to play like this, the chess world would be a disaster."

Emery shoved a piece of fruit into her mouth and curled her lip at him. "What do you know, Zach? Can't you see that this isn't chess, but a married couple settling their differences? And you call yourself a love expert? Hah, I think you're just a—"

Zachary glared daggers at his sister, effectively shutting her up before she could say the last word.