

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 873-877

Chapter 873

I looked at him and waited for an answer.

He smiled and said, "Mr. Taylor has already passed both the Kingston area and foreign trade area of Moranta over to me. Abe has no way of staying in Venria anymore since the country has become too strict, so all he can do is escape into Moranta. Logically speaking, his father was friends with Mr. Taylor. Since he wanted to help his old friend, he sent me to deal with Abe but still ended up choosing me in the end."

That was why Holden had seemed so unsure in the private room just now. He wasn't completely sure whether he was on Ashton's side yet. Instead, he was checking out Ashton's abilities. If he hadn't used my father as a trump card, Holden might not have ended up helping Ashton.

Before the contract was signed, what Holden said to Archie had been the deciding factor. Archie choosing Ashton over Abe was probably because Holden knew that the person who could help him the most after Archie's death was his true ally.

Ashton alone wouldn't have seemed so useful to Holden. However, if the Moore family was included, it was an automatic win. My father no longer joined in a lot of events, but he definitely still played a prestigious role in our society.

Ashton looked at me calmly. "Aren't you mad that I used your father's name in my case?"

I shook my head with a smile. "I'm happy as long as I can help. It's one of the ways I can come to terms with having someone as talented as you."

He smiled back and kissed me on the cheek. "Silly girl. You're more talented than any woman could ever become. I'd choose you over anything and anyone."

The man was simply flirting, but all of his words found their way into my heart.

Everyone should avoid saving their compliments toward the ones they love. After all, if it makes them happy, it will be worth it in the end.

It wasn't exactly cold in Moranta, but due to the high population, the sky was almost always grey and cloudy.

Ashton had to leave the hotel rather early. After Holden took over the Taylor family, he was working together with Ashton since he needed his help quite often.

I was rather bored since I was simply lying on the bed. After a while, I got up and left the hotel. Since I was in Moranta, I naturally had to visit the attractions.

The streets were flooded with people hurrying here and there. On the contrary, my languid, relaxed stride seemed out of place.

Some people would occasionally look my way, clearly confused.

Nonetheless, I pressed my lips together and simply ignored their stares.

Suddenly, a beggar on the roadside caught my attention. It wasn't as if I had never seen a beggar before, but that one beggar looked a bit familiar to me.

The beggar returned my stare with a slightly furrowed brow. His stare was originally careless, but once he met my eyes, he jolted slightly in shock before smiling at me.

That smile immediately reminded me of where I had seen him before. Ashton and I saw him at the casino that day, and he was surrounded by a bunch of burly-looking men.

What happened to him? I wondered. Why did he end up as a beggar?

I couldn't help but frown. Yet, I couldn't manage to feel any sympathy from those who dug themselves into such a hole. After simply glancing at him, I turned and started walking away.

I continued my stroll but started to feel someone following me. With a frown, I looked back only to see the same beggar from before. My frown deepened, and I pulled out some cash I had on me and placed it on the ground. "I don't have that much cash on me now. Just take this and leave me alone, please."

Despite that, he kept staring at me with the same foolish smile on his face.

I didn't know what he wanted, so I asked, "Is that not enough?"

He shook his head and kept smiling at me until I started to grow visibly annoyed. Finally, he opened his mouth. "Ms. Stovall, don't you know who I am?"

Of course, I knew who he was. I looked at him with a frown still on my face. "This money is enough for you to eat some proper meals. Stop gambling and get a proper job."

Despite knowing my words would simply bounce off of someone like him, I still felt like I had to say it.

Nonetheless, He was still smiling like a fool. "I don't want your money. My mom told me to thank you because you're a good person."

I frowned again. "Your mom? Who is she?"

He tilted his head in thought before answering, "Well, she's my mom. Who else would my mom be?"

I felt like he was just teasing me at this point and couldn't help but say, "What I meant to ask is, how does your mom know me?"

He chuckled, and for some reason, it started sounding creepy to me. "My sister's name is Sasha Brooks."

That name had left a significant impression on my brain at this point. I instinctively froze in shock for quite a few seconds.

Finally, I asked, "You're Sasha's brother?" How can her brother be someone as reckless and addicted to gambling as this man?

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He looked at me, still chuckling slightly. "Yes. I know my sister jumped from the roof of Fuller Corporation. You seemed to think her life was only worth two hundred thousand. She may have been young and easy to cheat, but I'm not that innocent."

As I looked at him, I started to feel terrified. "What exactly do you want from me?"

He looked around before saying, "Ashton seems to be very concerned about you. If I kidnapped you, he'll probably be willing to pay a huge ransom."

I was not the slightest bit curious at the words he said. On the contrary, I was rather surprised.

After I calmed down, I looked at his dreadful appearance and said, "Your sister killed herself. It had nothing to do with the Fuller Corporation. If it wasn't because of her kid getting in trouble, then she may not have even gotten the two hundred thousand. If you dare lay a finger on me, you'll only end up in jail."

His chuckle was beginning to grate on my eardrums. "Don't try to scare me. Do you think I have no idea about all those crimes you guys have done? You rich people think it's enough to chase us off with money, but all your money was taken from people like us. You're all just scammers."

His spiel was not in the least bit logical. I frowned, knowing that he was probably already too far gone. The logical part of me was warning me not to mess with a crazy person.

Since I had been strolling without much thought, I hadn't realized that there weren't many people around me now. Outside of K City and A City, Ashton hadn't organized any bodyguards for me. All I could do was try to get away on my own.

"I don't care if you believe me or not. Your sister committed suicide. I'm sure you know much better than me because you and your parents had already ruined her life. She could no longer live her life like a regular young lady anymore. The three of you are the real reason behind her suicide."

His once foolish chuckle descended rapidly into a dark frown. Then, he glared at me and yelled, "I'll kill you!"

As he spoke, he suddenly pulled a knife out from between the thick folds of his coat and rushed toward me. With widened eyes, I could only stare helplessly as he approached me, completely unprepared for what was about to happen.

I felt like I had been plunged into the depths of despair and had no way of escaping.

His knife was getting closer and closer to me. My limbs felt like they were made of paper; amidst my fear, I was simply a puppet without strings, unable to escape even as my mind screamed at me to run.

"Go to hell!" he yelled.

“How dare you, Shane?” A sudden shout shook me out of my stupor, and I remained stationary in my shock. After a few seconds, I suddenly heard a man’s scream.

After I finally calmed down enough to look in his direction again, I was in yet another state of shock. The man who had been waving a knife in my direction was currently pinned to the ground, being beaten up by two men.

Holden stood next to me, looking at me like I was an idiot. His handsome features were laced with his usual reckless cynicism.

“Did this really scare you that much?” He chuckled coldly. “And here I was thinking that Zachary’s daughter would know better. I guess I was wrong.”

His words were clearly meant to mock me, but I didn’t take it to heart at all. Now that I was finally safe, I sighed in relief.

I raised a hand to wipe away the sweat that had beaded out of my fear. Then I looked at him and said, “Thank you.”

He seemed like he didn’t even want to talk to me as he looked at me with disdain in his eyes.

I knew he was looking down on me for my cowardice. Nonetheless, I didn’t feel like getting on his good side either, so I chose to fall silent.

Meanwhile, Shane was already practically beaten to a pulp on the ground. He was curled up in the fetal position and begging, “I’m sorry, Mr. Holden! I’ll never do it again! Please spare me!”

Holden glanced at the two men and indicated for them to stop punching Shane.

They stopped and stood to one side.

Holden narrowed his eyes and walked toward Shane. He then kneeled down and looked at him in disgust. "This is my first and last time warning you – leave her alone, or I'll chop off your hands. You like gambling, don't you? I wonder what you'll do without your hands. Will you be gambling with that rotten mouth of yours?"

Shane was just as much of a coward. At Holden's threat, he nodded frantically and said in fear, "I won't lay a finger on her again! I'm so sorry for messing with you, Mr. Holden! Please let me go!"

The disgust on Holden's face deepened, and he stood up while wiping his hands with his handkerchief. After that, he kicked Shane in disdain before saying, "Get the hell out of here and never show your face in front of me ever again."

Shane scrambled up as soon as he heard that and ran off with his tail between his legs.

I sighed in relief and looked around. It seemed like I had to hail a taxi back to the hotel. Walking was simply too dangerous.

Holden cleaned off his slender fingers and turned to look at me. "Do you need me to send you back?" He was clearly hinting at me to quickly get out of here.

I shook my head. "No, but thank you!"

After that, I turned to walk away in the direction that I had come from. For some reason, Holden started to follow me. I turned back in surprise and asked, "Mr. Holden, is something wrong?"

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He glared at me and replied, "What, do you own this road?"

I shook my head. "Of course not."

“There you go,” he said with a shrug.

I sighed. This man really is weird, I thought to myself. After walking for a bit, I heard my phone start to ring. Strangely, it wasn't with me.

I looked around before realizing that my phone was with Holden's two men.

Those two men read Holden's expression and caught on quickly, taking my phone out of my bag and passing it to Holden.

I widened my eyes and looked at him. He answered the phone expressionlessly. “Hello, Mr. Fuller. This is Holden.”

Ashton!

“Holden, what are you doing?” I said in slight anger. What's with this guy? How can he just answer someone else's call like that?

I reached out in an attempt to snatch my phone away, but Holden raised the phone out of my reach. Ashton said something, and Holden abruptly ended the call. He looked down at me. “Can't reach it?”

I tried to suppress my anger. “Holden, that's my phone. Did your mom never teach you proper manners? Don't you know you shouldn't take things without the owner's permission?”

His expression suddenly darkened. Suddenly a little frightened, I looked away.

Smack! My phone got smashed on the ground mercilessly. He threw it so fiercely that my phone got shattered almost instantly. I started to feel kind of bad for all my phones. It seemed like none of them ever had a peaceful death.

I was shocked silent by his sudden rage and looked at him in fear and confusion.

He narrowed his eyes, clearly suppressing his own anger. "Yeah, my mom never taught me manners. Are you going to try and teach me or something?"

Upon that, he approached me dangerously. I stumbled back as he stared at me in disdain. "Only someone as cheap as Ashton could ever fall for a woman like you. You just got lucky."

I was enraged by his sudden insult. "What's wrong with you? Why can't you just talk things out like a normal person?"

Then, I knelt to pick my broken phone up. However, that man nudged me with his foot, and I lost my balance. After that, he simply stalked away angrily with his two men.

I was more confused than scared now. That guy is just plain crazy, I thought to myself.

Now that my phone was shattered, I clearly couldn't use it anymore. Besides, I had given all my cash to Shane, which meant that I could no longer hail a cab back.

Since Holden hadn't walked too far off, I called out, "Mr. Holden, please wait!"

He stopped walking and turned to look at me with the same cold stare. "What?"

"Since you broke my phone, I can't hail a cab anymore. Could you please get someone to send me back?" While Holden wasn't really the nicest person ever, I believed he was still a gentleman. Since I had the guts to ask, he shouldn't turn me down. Right?

Wrong. He looked at me coldly and said, "What the hell does that have to do with me?" Then he walked away with his henchmen, leaving me alone.

I almost choked in frustration. How could someone be so heartless?

I was forced to walk back to the hotel. Luckily, it wasn't too far away. In the meantime, Ashton was already sitting on the sofa when I got back with a rather displeased expression on his face.

I glanced at him and said, "I just bumped into Holden. He snatched my phone away like some lunatic and even threw it on the ground. Now it's broken."

He was reading, and I couldn't really see his expression clearly enough to determine what mood he was in. I walked toward him since he hadn't replied me and sat down right next to him. "What about you? Since you went out so early, you must have had a lot of work to do."

All of a sudden, he flung his book down and walked into the bathroom. I sat there in disbelief that he was ignoring me. Why is he so angry?

As I remained on the sofa, he finally emerged from his shower. Patiently, I asked, "Ashton, what's wrong? I met Shane just now. I nearly got stabbed, but Holden showed up in time. He may be an a**hole, but luckily he's not completely ruthless."

Ashton continued to look at me with a deep frown on his face. He seemed to be holding his anger back. I was still completely confused as to why he wasn't answering. Is he angry or upset about something?

After a while, he went back to reading his book, and I decided to just go to bed after taking a shower.

After walking around all day, I had to admit I was pretty exhausted.

The moment I stepped out of the shower, I spotted Ashton on a phone call. He passed the phone to me the second I walked out and picked up his book as if nothing happened.

I took the phone and heard Cameron on the other side. She was saying frantically, “Scarlett, Summer’s having another fever. I don’t know why, but she has been having fevers throughout this whole month. She’s fine after taking some medicine, but then she starts burning up again after a few days. It’s really starting to worry me.”

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I wasn’t really sure what to do. Since I had to stay in Moranta for the next few days, I couldn’t very well go all the way back and send her to the hospital. “Mom, can you ask one of the maids to take Summer to the hospital? She may just be going through a bad case of seasonal flu. Maybe she’ll get better after a while,” I told Cameron.

“Alright. I’ll arrange for someone to take her to the hospital tomorrow. Your dad and I have been so busy nowadays we can barely catch our breath. Come back after finishing your business at Moranta, okay? Don’t go to A City anymore. Come back to K City and learn how to manage the companies. Your dad and I are getting old, so you and Emery will be taking over soon. Since you’re both so young, it’ll be much easier for you two to take the reins. I’m sure the companies will do much better with you two in charge.”

It surprised me to hear that they were planning to pass both the Moore Corporation and the Anderson Corporation over to me. Almost instinctively, I replied, “Mom, you know I don’t like all that business stuff. Nick and Emery are both skilled enough to take over. I still have stuff I want to do in the future. You can slowly give up the company bit by bit, but there’s no rush.”

Luckily, Cameron seemed to respect my decision. She sighed and replied, “You know, you will have to take over sooner or later. You’re from the Moore family, after all. There are some things you can’t just push to others.”

I knew she was just reminding me out of kindness. Hence, I replied with a short hum, reluctant to say much more.

However, my mood got much worse after the phone call. I had never even thought of those things. In the midst of all this new information, I couldn't help but feel slightly rattled. I turned around to see Ashton still reading.

I felt like I had to coddle him a bit. After all, I had run out by myself and got my phone broken by Holden. I even got back pretty late, so it was inevitable that he would worry.

Because of what Cameron said, however, I was already in a rather unhappy mood. I decided to just crawl into bed. Maybe it was because I was worried, or maybe it was because I was already tired from walking around all day, but I fell asleep rather quickly.

After some time, I woke up to some loud noises. I soon realized that Ashton was making those noises on purpose. He was practically slamming his books down and even made a racket when he was filling a glass of water. His typing was usually pretty quiet, but today he was stabbing each key as if he had a personal vendetta against his keyboard.

I wasn't planning on saying anything at first since I knew he was doing it on purpose. Sometimes, men could really be more immature than I could imagine. He was just trying his best to get my attention.

How could I have not realized? At the sight of my indifference, he somehow dug out a calculator and started repeatedly pressing one of the buttons. The mechanical beeps kept coming as he continued pressing.

I finally sat up and looked at him. "Ashton, can you stop being so childish?" He was almost forty, so I couldn't believe that he was still so immature.

He glared at me. "How am I being childish?"

I nearly choked on my spit. "So you think you're being an adult right now?" In order to wake me up, he had already banged, beeped, and tapped everything that could make a noise in the hotel room.

He looked at me and suddenly lowered his head, chuckling so hard his shoulders started to shake.

Ever since I'd met him, we never showed our weaker or childish side to each other. Despite having been married for many years, I sometimes felt as though we'd just started dating. We had been all caught up in misunderstandings and jealousy until now when we could finally start interacting more comfortably.

I watched him as he finally stopped laughing. "What did you go out alone for?" he asked me.

I thought about it for a while before answering, "I've never been to Moranta, so I thought it would be fun to take a quick walk. I was getting bored staying in the hotel room after all. I didn't know I would get into trouble, much less bump into Holden."

He leaned next to me and sighed, looking a little pitiful. "Next time, please let me know your whereabouts no matter what. Worrying so much about someone hurts more than you'd think."

I couldn't help but feel a little sorry for him and nodded. "I'll always let you know where I am from now on, okay?"

A relationship always ended up boiling down to two people missing each other all the time. The simplest definition of love was probably having someone apart from your parents love and care for you.

I suddenly felt his hand on me and looked at him with wide eyes. "Ashton, what are you doing?"

He had already pushed my nightdress up to my thigh. With a gentle gaze, he asked, "Aren't you going to pay me back for what I've gone through?"

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I stared at him in surprise before shaking my head, feeling a blush creeping up on my cheeks. "No, I..."

Plenty of times, however, that sort of stuff always ended up happening in between all the pushing and pulling...

Archie's funeral was on Saturday.

I had roughly guessed Ashton's schedule for our short trip to Moranta. First, he had to come over and visit Archie. Apart from that, he also wanted to break into the Moranta market. There were many things that couldn't be done back home, but Moranta was considered a self-governed territory. Add that to the agreement he had with the Taylor family, and it was much easier to do things here than back in the country.

Early on Saturday morning, Ashton and I dressed in formal black outfits in order to attend Archie's funeral. By the time we reached the Taylor residence, the whole front yard was already full of people.

There were plenty of people who had come to pay their respects. The atmosphere was heavy with pitiful sighs.

After saying our prayers, Holden called for the attendees to line up in two lines in front of the casket.

I didn't recognize most of the other Taylor family members, but Ashton had told me about their situation before. Archie had four wives. His first wife had passed away a decade or so ago due to an illness and was also from a well-off family. After that, Archie took over the Taylor family thanks to this first wife's help.

That first wife gave birth to two daughters, much to Archie's chagrin. These daughters both turned out to be rather outstanding. One of them married into a rich family, and the other owned her own business overseas. With the Taylor family name behind her, she had made quite a name for herself.

That meant that Archie's first two children were no longer part of the Taylor family.

Archie's second wife was a famous celebrity from the nineties. She had never been taken seriously by the other Taylor family members because of her background but managed to improve her reputation after giving birth to a son and a daughter. The Taylor family was one step closer to having an heir, but this heir got into a car accident a few years ago and became wheelchair-bound.

Such was the fickle fate of rich families.

As for Archie's third wife, apparently, she had been a reporter when she was younger and got married to Archie when he was already well into his fifties. Not many people were willing to believe that such a young woman married such an old man simply out of love. One wanted money, while the other wanted youth and beauty. Since they were both already adults, no one could really say anything despite the age gap.

That reporter gave birth to two sons and one daughter. The sons were both Holden's age, but they were both quite the black sheep of the family and didn't have a very good reputation among their community. That was why Archie sent both of them overseas. He put in quite a lot of effort to try and set them straight, but it seemed as if that didn't really happen in the end. Hence, Archie ended up making Holden, who was from his fourth marriage, the heir of the Taylor family.

His daughter from the third marriage was Kate, who Ashton and I had seen before. She was almost forty and quite spoiled due to the Taylor family's upbringing. As a result, she was arrogant and had never fallen for any sons from other rich families. She had always stayed in the Taylor residence, and it was starting to seem like she always would be since she had no plans to get married.

If that wasn't the case, she wouldn't have been so shaken up after hearing about Holden becoming the Taylor family heir.

Archie's fourth wife wasn't even his wife. After all, she never even married Archie. She was simply a woman whom Archie had had a one-night stand with. Not every woman who he slept with had a chance to actually marry into the Taylor family.

Ashton didn't tell me too much about Holden's mother. All he told me was that she was a woman he had spotted accompanying Archie at Gastronomica once. She was probably a prostitute who accidentally got pregnant.

After Ashton and I finished paying our respects, Holden glanced at me. It was a glance full of disdain, but since he had never exactly shown respect to me, I was already used to it.

Holden then looked at Ashton and said, "Mr. Fuller, could we have a word?"

It seemed like they were about to discuss some business.

Ashton glanced at me and said, "Wait for me in the yard, okay? I'll come and find you in a bit."

I nodded.

The Taylor residence was quite extravagantly furnished. There was an elegant pavilion as well as a large koi pond and even a fake mountain display. The yard was practically designed to look like all nature had to offer was gathered in one place.

I could, sort of, understand why all of Archie's wives could bear spending their time together so peacefully. As long as they didn't actually love him, they could have the time of their lives living in an extravagant mansion with the money to buy whatever they wanted. Ultimately, they had all the freedom they needed.

There were so many shows that centered around a bunch of women fighting over some old guy. Now I kind of knew why. Rather than fight over his love, they were probably fighting for his money and power. To be honest, I simply couldn't wrap my head around any other possibility.