

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 923-927

## Chapter 923

Never would I have expected that that would be the last time I saw her.

When we got in the car, Ashton took my hand in his, his warm hand soothed me. I glanced sideways at him and said weakly, "That kid, I..."

"You did your best!" He patted me and said comfortingly, "Don't blame yourself. You did what you could, so just leave the rest in the hand of fate. The child came and left this world as a pure person, and this is probably the best way out for her. That she left. It's the people who are left behind that suffer the most."

Yeah, those left behind without seeing any hope in life are the people who suffer the most.

Sasha's parents were already waiting when we arrived at the airport. Their hair had turned white, and their faces were now covered with wrinkles and vicissitudes of life since I last saw them. Looking at the two of them made me heartbroken. They had gone through so much suffering and even had to deal with the passing of their own child and even their grandchild. Most people could never imagine the number of distressing events they had gone through in their lives.

When they saw us, Sasha's mother, who probably had cried her tears dry, looked at me with a dry smile. "Mrs. Fuller, we've troubled you too much. We can never repay your kindness in this lifetime."

I shook my head slightly and looked at her. "Mrs. Brooks, don't overthink this. Come, get in the car!"

Sasha's father was not a man of many words. Thus, he remained silent throughout the ride as he hugged Renee's urn tightly. The sight caused tears to well up in my eyes.

As we headed toward Woodhills Cemetery, I noticed that the couple's faces were both filled with exhaustion, most likely because they had not rested well in a long time.

I had originally wanted to take them to eat something first, but judging by their expressions, they probably could not stomach anything. I sighed softly and gave up that thought.

Woodhills Cemetery was the largest cemetery in K City, in which a small area of land already cost tens of thousands. When we arrived, the elderly couple got off the car and walked over to a burial plot that they had bought.

Ashton and I merely followed behind them as they walked. Shane's gambling addiction had caused the family to lose most of their relatives, and since Renee was also ill, the two elderlies were the only people present to send Renee off.

The lonely, empty funeral neither had a stream of people coming to see Renee off nor any flowers. Only the two empty-handed elderly were there.

Unable to stand it any longer, I looked at Ashton and said, "Can you get the funeral home to send over some funeral items for children? It's Renee's last journey, so we should let her go happily."

Although I did not know if ghosts or gods truly existed in the world, I knew that Sasha's parents had spent all their money just to treat the child's illness. They wanted to give her the best, but reality forced them to bid their farewells in such a miserable way.

Ashton nodded in reply and walked off to make a call.

The staff at the cemetery registered Renee's burial site, he noticed that there were only two elderly people and got slightly shocked but did not probe any further. Perhaps he had gotten used to such a

sight since he was working in a place full of sorrowful parting. He had seen too many families having to part and was used to the ways of the world.

Soon, the staff at the funeral home had arrived and proceeded with the burial processes and customs. Reluctant to let Renee go, Sasha's mother looked at me with her eyes full of hesitation instead.

I gave her a slight smile as I comforted her, saying that everything would be fine as long as the child left peacefully and comfortably.

Even though the burial was only for a child, the sky had already darkened by the time the funeral ended. Sasha's father squatted in front of the small grave, his face full of pain and desolation.

Sasha's mother then raised her hand to wipe away the tears in her eyes and said, "My dear, let's go home. Renee will keep Sasha company now. They won't be lonely!"

Not good with words, the old man simply wiped away his own tears before he replied, "That's good. At least the mother and the daughter can be together without us being a burden to them. They'll be able to live well."

When we left, the elderlies were too embarrassed to take our car back and insisted that they would wait for a taxi. However, as the cemetery was far from the city and the sky was already dark, Ashton and I did not want to let them wait alone.

Seeing that we were still keeping them company while they waited, the elderly couple sheepishly got into the car, thanking us the whole way back.

When we arrived at the urban village, Sasha's mother said, "Thank you for sending us back. The village roads are narrow, so it's not easy to drive in. Thanks so much for today. You can drop us off here, and we'll walk in ourselves."

Ashton had originally wanted to drive in, but the car could not squeeze through the road indeed. Thus, we could only stop the car and let the couple walk in by themselves.

As he watched the two white-haired elderly walk down the narrow dirt road, Ashton asked, "Have they always lived here?"

I paused for a moment, then shook my head slightly. "I'm not very sure. I think Joseph mentioned to me that Shane had gambled away their house. After that, Sasha rented another house somewhere. I think it is probably the one here."

## **Chapter 924**

The houses in the urban village were old, and the structures and facilities were all inconvenient and there were a lot of safety hazards. However, they could survive here at the very least as it was cheap.

As Ashton continued to watch the elderly couple walking further away, he hesitated, then said, "How long has it been since Sasha left?"

"Almost three or four months."

He frowned slightly. "Most of the houses here have their leases renewed every three months!"

At first, I did not understand what he meant. Then, as soon as I got it, I hurriedly got out of the car and chased after the couple. Houses in the urban village had a short rental period. Previously, when Renee was still hospitalized, Sasha's parents had basically lived there with her. Afterward, they had brought her out for such a long period of time, so it was likely that their house lease was already up.

The dirty path was filled with muddy puddles, so it was not easy to walk in. Ashton grabbed me and glanced at the path in front of us, then frowned. "This place is very uncared for."

I looked around the area and could not help but feel a little cold and lost. The roads and streetlights were mostly faulty, so some parts of the road had no light. As a result, we had to use the flashlights on our phones to light the way. Indeed, this place truly reflected the stark contrast between the poor and depressing living conditions of the bottom rank of the social classes to the luxury lifestyle of the rich people in this city.

After Ashton and I walked for a while, we realized that the couple seemed to have already walked far off. I was about to give Sasha's mother a call before we heard some noises.

The sound came from behind an old building. Using his phone's light, Ashton managed to find a small trail. However, it was very narrow, and only one person could cross at a time. He turned to me and said, "Follow me. Be careful!"

I nodded and followed after him. A while later, a small yard of about ten square meters appeared. It was littered with a mess of items.

Although it was dark, one could clearly see that the items included some daily necessities, old pots and pans, clothes, and many other random items.

"You stupid old fools. These things have been stored in my house for free for a few months. You should be glad that I didn't collect any storage fees from you. Instead, you dare to come to take them from me? Don't you feel embarrassed? Why would I want all these things? They're such a mess. Just take them away and don't get in my way!" The one speaking was a middle-aged woman who looked a little rough. I could vaguely make out her features in the dim light. She was wearing a poor-quality mink coat and a pair of overly dramatic gold earrings. Her lipstick shade looked strikingly scary. As she scolded them, she continued to throw the items outside.

With reddened eyes, Sasha's mother said, "Mary, I didn't mean it like that. We're just here to take some clothes since winter is almost here. As for the rent we owe you, it's acceptable that you take all this as payment. But our clothes aren't worth any money and you have no use for them anyway. If you just let us take them, we'll be able to survive this winter."

The woman snorted coldly. "Take them then. Don't cry to me about how miserable you are. I've seen too many of such people in my lifetime. Who isn't struggling to survive? If you want your clothes, just

take them. But if you can't afford to pay the rent, don't even think about living here anymore. There are many other people who want to rent this place!"

Sasha's mother nodded as she searched for their clothes in the small yard. On the other hand, Sasha's father squatted, staring at something. Although the light was dim, it seemed like he was looking at a photograph.

"Mrs. Brooks!" I said as I walked into the yard.

When she heard the sound, Sasha's mother looked toward us and froze for a moment before she asked, "Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, why are you here?"

As she spoke, she intertwined her fingers in embarrassment. I smiled and replied, "Ashton and I were worried, so we came to check on you."

"I'm sorry you have to see this," replied Sasha's mother, embarrassed.

I understood how she was feeling as this was a showcase of their poverty and embarrassment. Sadly, there was nothing she could do to hide them.

Without dragging it on any longer, I looked at the landlord and said, "They are old. Do you still have any houses on the first floor?"

When the woman recovered from her dazed state, she looked at me and replied, "Of course. Do you want to rent it?"

I nodded. "Help them bring all these back in first. I'll pay you accordingly!"

She looked at me, then at Ashton, and soon put on a smile as she nodded. Then, she started to move things back.

Sasha's mother looked at me blankly. "Mrs. Fuller, you've helped us enough. This..."

"Mrs. Brooks, live here with peace of mind and don't worry about anything else. Just take some time to recover. Everything will get better in the future." I did not know how else to comfort her.

When the woman was done moving the things back in, she looked at us with a bright smile and asked, "I've taken care of whatever's here. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

## **Chapter 925**

I smiled slightly before taking out some money from my wallet and stuffing it into her hands. "This is enough for them to stay here for some time. The extra cash is for you to help me take good care of them. You'll get more next time."

As soon as the woman received the money, her smile was so wide that her entire face scrunched up, as she continuously nodded and said some nice, reassuring words.

Since I had taken out all the cash I had on me, I looked at Ashton. He smiled back at me helplessly as he retrieved his wallet from his blazer and passed it to me.

I smiled at him before opening his wallet to take out all his cash, then handed it to Sasha's mother. "Mrs. Brooks, take this money first. We'll be back to visit you sometime later. Just give me a call if you need anything else."

She repeatedly declined, "I can't take this money. You've already been kind by paying the rent for us, so we can't take any more money from you. Please take it back, Mrs. Fuller."

I shook my head and replied, "Just take it. The two of you can use it to live well here. I'll only feel better if you accept the money. Otherwise, I won't feel at ease. Just take it and live a better life with Mr. Brooks. Don't worry; things will definitely get better in the future."

Looking at the tears on her face constantly flowing down, I did not know what else to say. I merely said some kind words to her before I left with Ashton.

When we were back in the car, I could not help but let out a sigh.

Ashton looked at his watch, then to me. "What do you want to eat?"

If he had not reminded me, I had almost forgotten that we had not eaten anything since morning. Thinking about it, I could not help but look back into the dark path.

Ashton seemed to know what I was thinking, for he said, "Don't worry, I've already gotten someone to send over some food. Just put everything aside for now and think about what you want to eat."

After some time, I replied, "Let's go get and have stew. It's already quite late, so let's eat somewhere nearby."

His smile carried a hint of helplessness as he squeezed my cheeks. "After busying around the whole day, do you even remember what you originally intended to do today?"

I nodded. "Let's go to the hospital when we have time. There's no need to rush these few days."

He gave me a light kiss on the cheek and replied in a helpless, pampering tone, "Let's grab a bite then!"

Ashton was busy for most of the following days. As it was November, Fuller Corporation had to prepare a quarterly business report and plan for next year's developments. Resultantly, he left early for work and returned home late almost every day.



Although I no longer worked at Murphy Corporation, the resignation procedure still had to be handled accordingly. I had originally wanted to have dinner with Nora, but when I was finally done with my work and gave her a call, she said that she had already gone to A City.

I could tell that Nora had something she wanted to say, but she did not want to talk about it over the phone. As for Louis, since nothing was found, they had let him go.

As Louis was getting old, he liked to be in lively atmospheres. Thus, after he came out, he kept calling us over for a meal.

Soon, it was Friday afternoon.

John and I had agreed to go to Stovall Residence for a meal. I had originally wanted to ask him about the situation with Hannah, but since he seemed reluctant to talk about it, I did not probe any further.

I got myself ready and changed into some warm clothes at home. I then headed over to Fuller Corporation, planning to go to Stovall Residence with Ashton.

After I parked in the underground parking lot, I gave Ashton a call. However, even after a few calls, he still did not answer any of them. Since he was probably busy, I stopped calling after that and flipped through my phone while waiting in the car.

Just then, my phone vibrated and a notification popped up about a new message on WhatsApp. I was stunned as I looked at the message. It was from Hailey.

For a moment, I could not remember who she was. Then, when I eventually remembered her, I clicked open the message. It read: Hi Scar, I'm Hailey.

Scar? I was taken aback. No one had ever called me that before, so I was not used to it.

I texted back: Hello, nice to meet you.

She seemed to be just as bad at socializing as I was because she immediately got to the point and replied: When will you come over to A City? I want to have a chat with you.

I hesitated for a while as I pondered. I had no time to go to A City recently. I replied: I don't know yet. What's up? Did something happen?

She only gave a one-word reply before she stopped responding to me. She texted: No!

Although Hailey and I had only met once, fate was a difficult thing to predict. The impression she had given me back then was that of a gloomy, cold person. However, it was weird because I was neither scared of her nor did I dislike her. To some extent, at least she was quite a truthful person.

Bam! As soon as I heard the sound of a car door closing, I put away my phone and looked out the car. Ashton was helping a young girl out of his car.

They both looked injured. The girl seemed to have passed out, and her condition looked quite serious. Meanwhile, Ashton was covered with dust, and there was a scratch on one side of his face.

## **Chapter 926**

I hurriedly alighted and ran over to his car. "What happened?" I asked.

Ashton turned around upon hearing my voice. "I have encountered a trouble maker. Why are you here?" He was surprised to see me.

“Uncle Louis is back, so John invited us over for dinner.” I had a better look at the girl he was supporting. She was Stella, the receptionist at Fuller Corporation. Ashton helped her into the car and remarked, “Okay, but we have to send her to the hospital first.”

I nodded in agreement. From a distance, a man came running. It was the guy who proposed to Stella in the lobby.

“Let me go with you, Mr. Fuller,” he requested. His worried gaze never left Stella, who was lying unconscious in the backseat.

Ashton nodded and signaled him to get into the car.

I noticed Ashton was injured, so I stopped him from getting into the driver’s seat. He looked at me, baffled.

“You are injured. Let me drive.” I got into the driver’s seat and started the car, not giving him any chance to object.

Ashton sat in the passenger seat and kept silent throughout the journey. I had many questions in mind but kept quiet as well since he was not ready to talk about it. Much to the distress of her friend, Stella remained unconscious.

At the hospital, Stella’s friend went off to make payment after checking her in. Ashton and I were standing in the corridor, watching the sky as it darkened. He was engrossed in thought.

I approached a nurse and arranged for him to get his wounds cleaned up. Next, I went to a nearby mall to get him a new jacket. Ashton was only wearing a black sweater as he had removed his jacket to keep Stella warm.

On my way back, Stella’s friend called out to me in the lobby of the hospital. “Mrs. Fuller, thank you for sending Stella here.”

He must have been extremely anxious over Stella's injury, as he looked disheveled and his face beaded with sweat. "Don't mention it. It was no big deal," I assured him

I paused, then queried, "Can you tell me what happened earlier today?"

He was momentarily taken aback by my question. "It was Sasha's brother. He wanted to attack Mr. Fuller, but Stella blocked him. He behaved like a crazy man. Mr. Fuller was worried Sasha's brother would get more agitated upon seeing him, so he left the building via the underground garage. The lobby at Fuller Corporation must still be in chaos now," he reported.

He did not go into many details, but I could imagine the scene. What puzzled me was that Shane had always been based in Moranta. Why did he come back?

"We should thank you and Stella instead," I nodded and thanked him.

After we ended our conversation, I went up to the ward, shopping bag in hand. Ashton's wounds were dressed. The doctor had attended to Stella and found she had suffered head trauma. There were various abrasion wounds on her body too. "Why is she still unconscious, doctor?" I queried.

"She was injured on the head, and was also traumatized, so it may take a few hours before she regains consciousness." The doctor advised as he gave instructions for her to be warded.

"Will she suffer from any long-term side effects?" Her friend was concerned.

"We can't tell for now. With head injuries, we cannot rule out a concussion. We will find out when she wakes up."

I handed the newly bought jacket to Ashton. He looked sullen. "Can we still make it to meet Uncle Louis tonight? If not, I will give him a call so they won't expect us." I asked.

Ashton's expression softened as he turned his gaze on me. He took the jacket from me and put it on. "It's alright. We can head over in a while," he responded.

Thereafter, he turned to Stella's friend and asked, "You are Justin, right?"

"Yes, I am, Mr. Fuller," Justin replied.

"You stay and take care of Stella. Should anything happen, call the number on this name card. You can contact me anytime if you need anything, be it money or other things." Ashton handed a name card to Justin.

I grimaced. Ashton had an unusual way of dealing with people and situations.

"Thank you." Justin's expression changed, but he still took the name card.

Ashton was about to lead me away when I stopped and took a bank card from my bag. I handed over the card to Justin and said, "Please help us take good care of Stella. Use this card to pay for her medical fees and any other expenses. Feel free to contact us if you need other assistance. When Stella wakes up, kindly let her know that she should rest well and not worry about anything else. We will handle the other matters."

Justin hesitated for a moment before accepting the bank card and nodded in appreciation.

After that, Ashton and I left the hospital.

He made a few calls while I was driving to Stovall residence. He called to remind Joseph, who was in Moranta, to be careful. A few calls were made to give instructions to look into the incident that happened earlier in the day. He heard that Shane was taken away by the police.

I drove in silence while he was busy, not wanting to interrupt him.

After a while, I broke the silence. "Why did Shane try to attack you? You did not harass his woman, and you have no monetary conflict with him either. Why is a gambler after you?"

## **Chapter 927**

Ashton looked out of the car window, deep in thoughts. It took him a while to answer, "He is after money, but not from me."

I looked at him, puzzled.

He raised his eyebrow and warned, "Look out! Red light!"

I turned back to look ahead and jammed the brakes, startled.

He clapped his hand on his forehead and mocked, "I managed to escape unharmed from Shane, but in the end, I die from my wife's carelessness. That is a little outrageous, don't you think?"

I frowned and chided, "Stop spouting nonsense."

He chuckled and the atmosphere lightened.

The traffic light turned green and I drove on.

Along the way, he filled me in on the details. "It is Armond. He must have faced a lot of pressure from his family when he lost big due to the incident in Moranta. He hired Shane to make a scene, officially declaring war on me. I suspect he planned to pursue a long-neglected matter."

"What long-neglected matter?" I was clueless.

He started telling me a story.

Thirty years ago, the Murphys were not involved in the oil industry. They had some factories and a pharmaceutical company. Their business then was not as diversified nor huge as compared to now. The main player in the oil sector was the Sanders, one of the most prominent families in K City during those days. The oil sector wasn't a major industry at that time, so the Sanders assigned the concession of that business to their adopted daughter, Winona Stovall. When Winona married into the Murphy family, she brought the oil business into that family as well.

I was shell-shocked. "The Winona Stovall you mentioned is my grandma?" I had to clear my doubts.

Ashton nodded.

"Isn't she adopted by the Sanders? Why is her family name Stovall?"

"Mrs. Sanders had difficulty conceiving, so they adopted a daughter, naming her Winona Sanders. However, Mrs. Sanders got pregnant not long after and had her own baby. Due to some personal reasons not privy to us, the Sanders changed your grandma's last name to Stovall, which was Mrs. Sanders' family name."

I nodded and probed, "What happened next?"

He gently swept back some messy strands of hair from my forehead and continued, "After Winona married into the Murphy family, the industrial revolution and development of the electronics sector caused the oil industry to grow by leaps and bounds. As the exploration rights in the country were in

your grandma's hands, the Murphys jumped in and did big-scale exploration and extraction. Instantly, they rose to become one of the richest families in K City. Some of the old-money families tried to cozy up to the Murphys. Others felt threatened by their rise, so they plotted against the Murphys. As your grandma held the key to the rise of the Murphys, she was targeted and suffered much. Your grandma knew the importance of oil to the family and the country, so she planned to control the development to make it sustainable in the long run. The Murphys were blinded by greed and did not heed her advice. Out of desperation, your grandma hid the oil concession document in a secret compartment of a box and left with it."

"The box with the secret compartment is the sandalwood box grandma left for me, isn't it?" I made an intelligent guess.

He nodded. "Yes, that is the one. Armond tried to get close to you because he was eyeing that box."

I recalled when I first met Armond, it was at my grandma's burial ground. He stood in front of my grandma's tombstone for quite a while. I did not really pay attention at that time as I thought he was just a casual passerby. Looking back, I should have suspected otherwise as he had an unusual expression.

"I had already given Armond the box!" To me, that was just an ordinary box. That was why I gave it to Armond without any hesitation when he asked me for it when we were in Venria.

Ashton looked at me and nodded, "I know."

My eyes popped out of my head. "How can you be so calm when you knew?" I could not imagine the consequence, now that the oil concession agreement fell into Armond's hand. Although the oil concession had reverted back to the state, it was previously a private asset. There was no official handover, so the Murphys could bring up the issue and seek legal redress.

He grinned and confessed, "I had the foresight to switch the box."

I was stunned. "If Armond knew about that, he would kill us. The document in that box is worth an obscene amount of money. If the Murphys get hold of that money, they will have some breathing space and can continue their fight with the Fullers."



“From the look of it, he had not opened that box.” Ashton confidently smiled. I was intrigued by his nonchalant manner. “How can you be so sure he had not opened that box?”

“If they had opened the box, knowing how the Murphys are, they would have publicized it to bring attention to themselves. They would also have contacted the Finance Ministry to taken legal recourse to relook into the matter. This would bring in loads of money for the Murphys. It would be difficult not to hear about that,” he quipped.