

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 958-962

Chapter 958

“It’s beautiful, but I agree with you about feeling cold in it.” My gaze once again wandered over to the dress in the display window, and an idea struck me. “Excuse me, could you let her try on that dress?” I asked the manager.

Hannah followed my gaze and gasped when she saw the dress. “Oh, that looks amazing. But I’m sure someone has reserved it. It wouldn’t be right to try it on.”

“It’s fine! The owner of the dress has given their permission to let anyone interested try it on,” the manager said reassuringly.

Hannah’s face lit up immediately, and she agreed to give the dress a try.

After hearing what the manager said about the customer, I became even more perplexed. The dress was one-of-a-kind, and if I were the customer, I wouldn’t want to let anyone else go near it. Why would the customer not collect the dress and still allow others to try it on?

Chandler had just entered the shop after having parked his car. When he didn’t see Hannah anywhere, he turned to me. “Is she trying on the dresses?”

I nodded at him and tried to hold in my laughter when I saw how red his nose had gotten from the cold. “Do you want to try on the formal wear for yourself? See what suits you?”

“Not now. I’m going to wait till Hannah has picked her dress before I find something to match hers.”

I was impressed at how Chandler had considered every detail and merely smiled back at him.

The manager had run off to entertain other customers, so Chandler and I continued chatting with each other. I finally understood why Hannah had chosen him in the end.

Even though Chandler looked young and naive, he was nothing like that. He was sensitive and thoughtful. And he catered to all of Hannah's likes and dislikes.

I never understood why so many women would go for men younger than them, but now that I had seen Chandler, I was starting to see the appeal.

Their youth brought about a kind of vibrance and energy that could change lives for the better. After being with John for so long, Hannah's vibrance had been dulled and chipped away. Chandler could give her what John had failed to do so.

"Scarlett, what are you doing here?" I was lost in my thoughts when a voice suddenly brought me back. Upon turning around, I came face to face with John and Yvonne.

"I'm here with... a friend to try on wedding dresses. What about you?" I asked, my brows furrowed.

"We're here to try on dresses too! Ms. Stovall, which one of your friends is getting married? I hope our dates don't clash. Otherwise, it'd be hard on you," Yvonne said as she held onto John's wrist.

Even though she had a full face of make-up on, it still couldn't hide the fatigue on it. From the looks of it, John had not been treating her well.

I pursed my lips and looked at John. "Have you decided to marry her?"

John's gaze landed on Chandler, and there was a flash of recognition in his eyes.

He looked back at me and nodded. "Yes. I'm not young anymore, and Uncle Louis has been nagging at me to settle down."

"Okay. Remember to let me know the date in advance," I replied plainly.

The manager hurriedly made her way toward John and apologized profusely. "Mr. Stovall, I'm sorry! I didn't know you'd be coming, so I've let Ms. Anne try on the dress you ordered. Please wait while I get everything sorted!"

That dress was custom ordered by John? Is it for Yvonne?

Before I could ask John, Hannah came out in the wedding dress. The dress was beautiful on its own, but when donned on someone like Hannah, it became even more breathtaking.

Hannah was tugging at the dress and mumbling away, "Scarlett, is Chandler here? Can you help me see why this dress..." Her voice trailed off when she finally looked up.

Seeing John and Hannah instantly wiped the smile off of her face. But once she noticed Chandler in the room, a faint smile reappeared as she asked, "How does it look?"

Chandler couldn't hide his excitement and admiration for his fiancée as he nodded in earnest approval. "You look so, so beautiful. Just like a goddess."

He looked so silly that Hannah grinned back at him. "Why haven't you tried on your clothes?"

"I was waiting for you to find your dress so I could get something to match with you," Chandler muttered, still smitten by Hannah's beauty.

John had been scowling at Hannah the whole time when he finally asked, "Are you really going to marry him?"

Hannah nodded without any hesitation and looked at him in all seriousness. "I had planned on finding the right time to tell you, but since you're here, we'll give you your invitation first."

"Dear, can you see if the wedding invitation card for Mr. Stovall is in my bag? We might as well give it to him now," Hannah said to Chandler.

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Chandler got the invitation card out and handed it to John politely. "Mr. Stovall, I hope you can attend our wedding and give us your blessings."

John merely glared at Chandler, and Yvonne accepted the card on his behalf. "Who knew Ms. Anne's wedding would be so soon. John and I are also getting married next month. I wonder if the dates will clash!"

She opened the wedding invitation and smiled when she saw the date. "Thankfully, our wedding is on the tenth, so we'll be able to make it to your wedding. Don't worry, Ms. Anne. John and I will be there."

Hannah didn't entertain her any further as she continued to check herself out in the mirror. John's eyes lingered on her, and I could see the hurt in them. It was then I knew that John had really fallen for her.

Then, why is he still marrying Yvonne? He knew very well the kind of woman Yvonne was. Why would he still make such an irrational decision?

Yvonne was mad after getting snubbed by Hannah, so she decided to throw a fit at the manager. "Why did you let someone else try on my custom-made wedding dress? What kind of customer service does your shop provide? I want to make a complaint!"

The poor manager got all flustered as she started apologizing. "Ms. Wilde, I'm very sorry! But when Mr. Stovall had the dress made, he did say it would be fine to let others try it on... "

Yvonne drew a sharp breath when she heard that. "John, how could you? You had the dress custom-made for me. How can you let others try it on?"

After realizing what she had done, Hannah immediately spoke up, "Sorry, I didn't know this was for you! I'll go take it off right now." As she hurriedly dragged herself back to the dressing room, Chandler followed closely behind to make sure she didn't trip.

John stared longingly at her as his face drained of color. "No need. This dress looks good on you. Take it as a gift from me."

"No, thank you!" Hannah shouted as she got into the changing room with Chandler.

Yvonne could see that John was in a foul mood and decided not to upset him any further. "Forget it. That wedding dress doesn't fit me anyway. Why don't you show me around and find me a suitable one?"

The manager looked relieved as she eagerly nodded and showed Yvonne around.

I saw the disappointment on John's face and tried to find the words to comfort him. "You made that dress for her, didn't you?" It was clear to see how every detail of the dress seemed to complement Hannah so well. I wouldn't believe him even if he tried to deny it.

"I had this dress made for her right after she gave birth to Kiki. I wanted to wait till she had recuperated before planning for our wedding. But it's too late for that now," he said with a tone of resignation.

I didn't want to ask how he and Hannah got to be in their current state, so I changed the subject. "Why Yvonne then?"

John looked a little annoyed when my question came out so bluntly. "I'm getting on with age, and it's time to get married. Since it doesn't matter who I marry, I might as well choose someone whom I can easily control."

“John, have you gone mad? Don’t you know what kind of woman Yvonne is? Do you want to bring chaos to the Stovall family by marrying her? I don’t know why you had to let the perfect wife go and settle for someone like her. I can tell you now that Uncle Louis and I won’t agree to this marriage. Even if you must marry, there are many other socialites you can pick from in K City. Any one of them would be better than Yvonne.”

His expression darkened as he looked at me. “When have you become this snobbish? Why do you care about one’s social status now?”

“You’re my brother, and I only want the best for you. You know very well the kind of woman Yvonne is. Other people can’t wait to get away from her, yet you’re marrying her? I don’t care about social status, but I do care about character and morals. If you were marrying a kind-hearted woman who knew when to give and take, I wouldn’t oppose. But Yvonne is nothing like that.”

“So what? You said I’m a terrible person, and even if I found a good woman, I’d only be holding her back. If that’s the case, why not just find myself another terrible person to be with?” he retorted, his voice full of self-hatred and despair.

Seeing him so disheartened made me wonder if I should comfort or scold him. After much hesitation, I let out a big sigh. “What are you doing? Where were you at the start? Hannah waited for you for so many years, yet you constantly let her down. Why did you have to wait till she found someone she deserves before you start to cherish her? Why do you have to degrade yourself like this?”

He laughed bitterly and gave a nonchalant shrug. “That’s right. I’m degrading myself. So what? I deserve it!”

I had given up on him at this point. I knew nothing I said would knock any sense back into him, so I remained silent. Just then, Hannah came out of the changing room in a Chinese-style wedding dress, complete with a phoenix coronet. I was stunned at how drastic the change was that I couldn’t help but ask, “Didn’t you want to stick to a Western-style wedding? Why the sudden change?”

Hannah smiled. "That was my plan. But Chandler's mother suggested jazzing it up a bit by adding some Chinese elements. I thought it sounded like a good idea."

If that was her decision, who was I to say no to my friend? And besides, Hannah looked good in anything. "This looks amazing on you, especially with the phoenix coronet," I commented. After a brief pause, I leaned into her and whispered, "Actually, I think I prefer this look to the previous one."

Hannah laughed out loud before turning to Chandler. "Let's mix the theme of our wedding then! We've still got time to make changes, so let's make it fun!"

"If we're going to mix it up, can you go home with me tomorrow?" Chandler asked a little awkwardly.

"Are we going back to let your parents know of the changes?"

Chandler nodded shyly before continuing, "Actually, my mother had already made a Chinese-style wedding dress for you, but she doesn't have your measurements. If we go back tomorrow, she can note down your measurements and make the necessary adjustments!"

Seeing Chandler so shy and innocent instantly melted Hannah's heart. She couldn't help but hug him tight. "Silly you! If I had known about this, I wouldn't have come here to shop for wedding dresses. We can't let your mother's efforts go to waste!"

"My mother said to go with what you like. The dress can be her wedding gift to us."

Hannah's eyes were welling up with tears as she lightly hit Chandler's chest. "If I had found out about this later, I'd have been so upset! I can't let your mother down, especially when she's put in so much effort to make a beautiful dress just for me."

Looking at the happy couple, I knew they no longer needed my help. When I turned around and saw John staring in our direction, I let out a sigh again. I could only imagine how he felt at that moment, knowing that he was to blame for throwing away the best thing he ever had.

“Okay, you two lovebirds, carry on with what you’re doing. I’m going to wait outside,” I said to Hannah and Chandler, who merely exchanged glances with a smile.

Yvonne had just come out in a wedding dress and was firing questions at John. John looked bored with his hands in his pockets, replying with hardly any enthusiasm.

“Ms. Stovall, can you see if this dress suits me?” Yvonne asked when she saw me walking toward them. “I’ve tried two dresses, and John didn’t like them both. I don’t even know what I should wear now.”

“That looks pretty good!” I said, after having looked her up and down.

She thanked me even though she was a little stunned at how patronizing I sounded.

John seemed to have lost his patience when he frowned at her. “You can continue trying the dresses, but I’m leaving first. I’ve still got work to do.” After that, he turned to me and asked, “Want me to send you back?”

I shook my head, feeling appalled at how dumb he acted. He had only just told Yvonne he was busy, yet he still asked if I wanted a lift home. Could he have made it any more obvious about how impatient he was with her?

John swiftly fished his car keys out and made a beeline for the exit. Yvonne tried to stop him, but the dress was so long and heavy that she couldn’t keep up.

I decided there and then that it would be better to make things clear with Yvonne. “You don’t have to subject yourself to such embarrassment. I know you like money, so why don’t you name your price? As long as it’s reasonable, my family will give it to you. Please just stay away from John.”

I was in the same situation with Cameron many years back. She had wanted to pay me to leave Ashton so Rachel could be with him. It was ironic how I had become the person I hated the most.

Yvonne's lips curled into a smirk, tears welling up in her eyes. "Is that what people like you think of me? That I'm only with John because of money?"

If she was trying to look for sympathy, I had none for her. After having seen Hannah at her lowest point and knowing that John had no love for Yvonne, I couldn't bring myself to sympathize with her at all. "It doesn't matter whether you're with John for money or not. What matters is that you leave him. You know very well that he doesn't love you and that he's only using you. Marrying you was never his intention. As his sister, I shouldn't be interfering in his affairs. But, I'm a Stovall after all, and I know that my family would never accept someone like you. We're offering you money so you can leave with your dignity intact. You wouldn't want this to turn ugly when the media gets wind of it."

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She suddenly laughed. However, the next moment, tears started streaming down her face as she said, "So what? It has been so many years. I've already let go of my dignity in order to be with him. It doesn't matter whether he has any feelings for me, as long as I love him. Since he had already promised to marry me, he will not go back on his words. How can you blame me for what went wrong between John and Hannah? Sometimes, fate just works in funny ways. Regardless of whether they still love each other, the time has already come for them to part ways. Some people are just meant to be passerby in our lives. I'll be the one who will be walking this journey with John from now onward."

I merely looked at her and didn't know what to make of that. As such, I shrugged and replied, "I've already said my piece. It's up to you whatever you want to do!"

Just as I was about to go outside and wait for Hannah, Yvonne stopped me and said, "I just don't understand. Why is it that you can accept Hannah but not me? We're both tainted, but why is it that I'm the one despised by everyone instead?"

I wasn't going to say anything, but since she had asked, I had no choice but to tell her. After a moment of silence, I spoke, "Please don't compare yourself to Hannah. Honestly, you are not even on the same level. We don't just assess someone based on looks or status, character also comes into play. You should know very well that Hannah is way prettier than you but talking about looks is too superficial. So let's examine your characters instead. Hannah knows her boundaries. She would never get involved with a married man with kids. She's also not a hypocritical woman who would shamelessly covet something that belongs to someone else and achieve her aims through despicable means. Yvonne, if you are an honorable person, you would not have schemed to sleep with John. You would also not have threatened Hannah multiple times. That is the difference between the both of you."

Yvonne's face turned purple as I spoke. She must be trying really hard to suppress her rage. After a while, she looked at me and asked, "Did you hear all of those from Hannah?"

I let out a faint smile and shook my head, before replying, "You're thinking too much. I'm just too familiar with such unscrupulous methods as they have been used countless times by women who tried to seduce Ashton."

Just then, Hannah and Chandler came out. Hannah had changed back into her own clothes. When she saw the pale look on Yvonne's face, she was stunned for a moment before looking at me and said, "It's quite late already. Are you hungry? Let's go get something to eat!"

I nodded and left the bridal shop with Hannah and Chandler. After Chandler went to get the car, Hannah tugged at my arm and asked, "Did you agitate her just now?"

I shrugged and replied, "Not really. I merely stated facts. Anyway, I'm not against John getting married. I'm just thinking that if he wants to settle down seriously, he should find someone who is decent and would make a good partner to him. He can be really irritating sometimes, but he's still my brother after all. I know that he's insecure and fears loneliness. Perhaps he desires to have a stable family of his own more than anyone else. I had thought that you would be the one for him but he did not cherish you. Yvonne is definitely not the woman for him, neither will she make a good addition to the Stovall family. As such, I played the role of a bad guy."

Hannah tilted her head up slightly and took a deep breath. With a smile, she replied, "Maybe compatibility is never the most important factor when it comes to relationships. If John truly loves Yvonne, even if everyone else is against her, he will still feel blissful to be with her. Scarlett, I know you

want the best for your brother, but sometimes, only the two people involved in a relationship know it best.”

I was stunned by her reply as I had expected her to agree with me. I looked at her with a slightly shocked expression on my face and paused for a moment before asking, “So, Hannah, are you really over John?”

Letting out a bitter smile, she looked at me and replied, “It’s not that easy to get over a man I loved for so many years. Rather than that, maybe I’ve just become more rational. After meeting Chandler, I finally know what I want. I’ve been too stubborn all along. Even though all the signs were there, I was still not willing to let go. John and I have argued and fought multiple times. We’ve also driven each other to the brink of insanity, but after much thinking, I feel like I can finally let go now. There’s still a long journey ahead of me and I wouldn’t be fair to myself if I continue to trap myself in darkness. Life’s too short to ill-treat ourselves. We should live every moment to the fullest.”

She paused and looked at me before continuing with a faint smile, “Actually, I really envy you and Ashton. After going through trials and tribulations, the two of you still ended up together. Moving forward, the both of you will have each other to depend on and will be building a future together. That’s so wonderful. Everyone’s experiences are not the same and some have better luck than the rest. You and Ashton are really fortunate to have each other and it’s something you should cherish.”

Just then, Chandler drove over and Hannah and I got into the car. However, I was still thinking about what she just said. Many of us could spend our whole lives figuring out what we really wanted and what was most important to us, but still unable to get an answer.

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Suddenly, my palms felt warm. To my surprise, Hannah had shoved a hand warmer into my hand without me realizing it. She chuckled and said, “Chandler was worried that we would be cold, so he got these for us. It’s cold outside so it’s better to keep warm!”

I nodded and looked at Chandler, who was at the driver’s seat. “Thank you!” I said to him.

Chandler smiled candidly and replied, "You're welcome. Hannah has cold hands and feet all the time. You girls seem to have colder body temperatures than men, so it's better to pay more attention to keeping warm."

Feeling amused, Hannah said, "Chandler, how many girlfriends have you had in order for you to come to such a conclusion? Am I supposed to be thankful to all your ex-girlfriends?"

Upon hearing that, Chandler immediately parked his car at the roadside and turned around to look at Hannah. With a serious expression on his face, he said, "Hannah, I swear that you're my first girlfriend. I know that you're afraid of the cold because it was April when we met. Even though the weather was already getting warmer, you always carried a hand warmer with you. You would also keep a blanket and mittens in your car. I know that you are capable of taking care of yourself, but I still hope that I can take care of you in my own ways. I want you to know that you can always rely on me. I pay attention to every detail of your life because I'm constantly learning to be a better partner to you. I didn't acquire all these knowledges because of other women!"

What a way to confess. Hannah was momentarily stunned by the man's speech. A moment later, she burst out laughing while hugging her hand warmer. Fixing her gaze on Chandler, she replied, "Chandler, what was that all about? Can't you see that my friend is here too? You should have controlled yourself and told me in private."

Feeling embarrassed, Chandler scratched his head. With his face flushed red, he said, "I just didn't want you to misunderstand so I was in a rush to clarify!"

Controlling her urge to laugh, Hannah looked at him and replied, "Just drive. We're so hungry!"

Observing the lovey-dovey interaction between those two, I suddenly realized that it was true that to care about someone meant giving her enough affection and reassurance such that she would have a sense of security, just like how Chandler treated Hannah. If a man loved a woman, he would do anything for her and protect her from any harm. No excuses.

After we arrived at a restaurant in town, Hannah looked at me and said, "It's almost time for Ashton to knock off. Do you want to give him a call to ask if he wants to join us for dinner?"

I had almost forgotten that my phone was kept in my bag and in silent mode all these whiles. When I took it out, I saw a few messages from Hailey. But first, I rang Ashton.

The call went through after a few rings, but it was Stella who picked up. In a polite tone, she said, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller is in a meeting right now. It will be ending soon. I'll let him know that you called. Or would you prefer me to pass on a message for you?"

"It's OK. Just ask him to call me back!" I said simply and hung up.

Hannah looked at me with a quizzical look and asked, "Is he still occupied with work?"

With a faint smile, I nodded and replied, "He's still in a meeting."

I only opened the messages from Hailey after we found a seat and sat down in the restaurant.

I'm busy handling the company's matters!

After this busy period, let's find a time to catch up.

A while after she sent those two messages, she texted me again.

Is your daughter still looking for a suitable kidney?

How old is your daughter?

Are you guys intending to seek Armond's help?

After I finished reading all her messages, I replied: Do you know something about Armond?

Hannah passed me the menu and said cheerfully, "Just order anything you like! It's Chandler's treat. You don't have to feel bad for him!"

I smiled and put down my phone. I wasn't very familiar with Koandria cuisine. As such, I just chose a random dish. When I was passing the menu back to Hannah, I noticed that she was staring at the direction of the entrance. "Scarlett, isn't that Ashton's aunt, Sally?" She asked.

I followed the direction of her gaze and froze for a moment. It was Sally indeed. Perhaps it had been such a long time since I last saw her that she seemed to have changed so much. She was dressed in a pink coat and had tied her hair into a ponytail, looking extremely youthful.

Hannah looked at me and asked curiously, "Do you know the man she's with?"

I shook my head. That man looked around fifty years old and was donned in branded clothing. He was tall and skinny. That, together with the black-framed glasses he was wearing, he looked like someone who dabbled in the arts.

"I think I know who he is!" Chandler, who was looking at the menu a moment ago, suddenly spoke. "He's Jim, a professor from K University. He's also an author and had written several books. He was even nominated for the Nobel Prize when I was in school. However, he was also known for being a nerd and not interested in romance. He was never married and the word was it that he's quite rich. If I'm not wrong, gardening is his only hobby."

I was actually quite surprised. I remembered Cameron telling me that she had previously bumped into Sally at the hospital and saw her with a man. I thought she had seen wrongly at that time. But judging by the way the both of them were behaving, they did seem quite intimate.

When they entered the restaurant, Hannah asked, "Did they just get into a relationship at this age?"