

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 968-972

Chapter 968

The woman let out a friendly chuckle and turned to Armond. "You should have informed me earlier that we're expecting a guest so I can be more prepared. After all, this is the first time you brought a female friend over here."

The woman then walked toward me and asked kindly, "You must be hungry now. What would you like for dinner?"

I hesitated for a brief moment and shot Armond a quick glance. He was now looking at me with his darkened expression, causing me to respond accordingly, "Thanks, Mrs. Murphy. I'm easy."

The woman continued to exchange more pleasantries with me before she headed out to get dinner ready.

The second the woman left our sights, a glint of malevolent reappeared in Armond's eyes. "Cooperate with me, and I'll tell you what you need to know."

I pursed my lips and asked, "She's your mother?"

"Hmm." He nodded. "For years, she has been hoping that I'll get married and settle down with a family. When she comes back, just go with whatever she says and don't you try to get at her."

I replied flatly, "Don't worry. It's you that I despise. Unlike you, I won't lay a finger on a sick person. I'm not a monster."

"How did you know she's not well?" he asked with his brow lifted.

"I'm not blind. Her complexion is too pale for a normal, healthy person."

"Well then, make sure you're on your best behavior," he snarked.

I looked at the certifiably treacherous man before me and lost in thoughts for a brief moment. I remember having read somewhere that stipulates that the more wickedly evil the person is, the easier it is to search for his soft spot. No one can be categorically judged as good or bad, as they are merely driven by their respective motives. People can be motivated by money, their loved ones, or even the people of their country. Whatever actions that follow are only means to an end.

"So how am I supposed to address her?"

The man raised an eyebrow and curled his lips while watching me. "Well, you can call her...Mom, just like I do."

Furrowing my brows, I decided to ignore him.

Not long after, Armond's mother came knocking on our door again. With an apron still wrapped around her waist, she happily announced, "Dinner is ready!"

Armond smiled and nodded. "We'll be there in just a second."

After his mother left, he once again turned to me and narrowed his eyes slightly as he reminded, "Again, know your place, and keep your lips tight on things that shouldn't be said."

Rolling my eyes, I stood up and left the room.

Walking into the main dining area of the bistro, I was amazed by the sophisticated and tasteful internal design. Even though this was not the most spacious cafe bistro in town, every little corner of this place gave off the sense of more money being spent on the furnishings here than in a bigger restaurant.

I saw a bouquet of sunflowers on our table from afar and thought it to be a plastic flower bouquet. But as I came closer to it I was surprised to see that they were real flowers. Sunflowers are definitely not in season right now. How on earth is he able to secure some fresh sunflowers around this time of the year?

Armond's mother continued beaming at me while she sat down beside me. "Armond should have told me earlier that you're visiting today. Please forgive me for the simple dishes tonight. I'll prepare something more to your liking next time you come over."

I shook my head and smiled in return. "You're too kind, Mrs. Murphy. The dishes all look delicious."

The man was rather quiet throughout dinner, save for when his mother asked him some questions, to which he provided very short answers. As such, his mother had kept busy by talking to me.

I wanted to stop her from stacking more food on my plate, but refrained from doing so, thinking that she only meant well. Since I was pregnant, I figured I should probably increase my intake of food anyway.

Nevertheless, my stomach seemed to disagree with me when it started to churn uncomfortably just after a few bites. I darted into the washroom feeling extremely nauseated but didn't retch up anything.

Armond's mother came into the washroom to check up on me. "Is everything okay? Are you feeling sick? Should I get Armond to send you to the hospital?"

Realizing this was my first morning sickness since the pregnancy, I shook my head and smiled faintly, "I'm alright, just feeling a little nauseated that's all. I'll be okay."

Being a mother herself, the woman was suddenly delighted as a broad grin flashed across her face. "Are you expecting? How far are you along? Have you done a check-up at the hospital?"

I was momentarily stunned by the questions she just rattled off and finally decided to tell her the truth, "It's been two months now. I haven't experienced much morning sickness, but otherwise I'm doing okay."

"Oh, that's great!" Her eyes almost narrowed into two thin lines from smiling. She led me out of the washroom and helped me to the table while rambling, "These dishes are not suitable for someone who's pregnant. You wait here and I'll whip up something else for you."

The woman was about to head back to the kitchen when I tried to grab firmly onto her arm. "Mrs. Murphy, there really is no need to trouble you. I'm completely fine with these dishes."

She gently pried open my hand while still smiling merrily. "It's ok, darling. I'm just so happy I want to cook something else for you and baby. You just wait here."

Chapter 969

Armond wasn't dumb. He heard his mother's grumbling, so he waited till she went into the kitchen then turned to stare at me.

I lowered my head to look at my phone, ignoring his cold stare. Ashton was asking about my whereabouts. Worried that he would overanalyze, I merely replied that I was outside.

Armond snatched my phone right after I replied, then stared at me with a scowl. "Play your role well while you're here. Are you pregnant?"

My mouth was set in a hard line, and I glared at him as if he was a maniac. "Don't you have a girlfriend? Why didn't you bring Nora? Right! I almost forgot people like you don't deserve her. Good thing you didn't bring her here and give her some useless hope."

He was unperturbed by my sarcasm. "Does Ashton know you're pregnant?"

I truly thought this man was mad. If it weren't for his mother, I would've torn him up into pieces. "Of course, the baby is his. If he doesn't, who else should?"

He smiled creepily and was giving me a spine-chilling stare. I couldn't sit there any further, just as I was about to stand up and leave.

His mother came in with a lovely smile carrying a bowl of soup. "Scarlett, please have more of this soup. It's good for you. I loved it so much when I was pregnant with Armond. Try it!"

I stared at the bowl of soup placed in front of me. The fight I had with Armond had made me lose my appetite, but I could feel her attentive gaze boring into me. I couldn't think of an excuse to reject her, so I took a small sip.

After a few more sips, I thanked her, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Murphy! It's delicious."

She smiled. "It's no big deal. I can make it for you every day and ask Armond to send it to you. Please come and visit me often. Armond was busy all year round, so I didn't have anyone to talk to. When you have your baby, my place would be all the merrier."

"Oh! Have you started planning for your wedding? Don't forget about it."

She then said to Armond solemnly, "You need to pay more attention to the wedding. Every parent raises their girls precious, so you have to treat them right. Ask her directly if you're unsure about any of the details. We have to treat her as best as we could."

Armond nodded with a smile. "Mom, I'm not a child anymore. You don't have to exhort me on every little thing. I'm an adult and I know these things."

"Armond!"

Their exchange was heartwarming. Armond's usual dark character was nowhere to be seen. It could be their chat was taking too long, so Mrs. Murphy started to feel tired. Noticing her fatigue, Armond dragged me and said a few words to her before we left.

Not long after we got in the car, I said, "Stop here. I can get my own taxi back."

The car showed no intention to stop. His dark eyes were focused on the road ahead, and so I repeated, "Mr. Murphy, please stop the car. I can get back myself!"

He narrowed his cold eyes at me. "It looked like you forgot the reason you're here today."

Anger poured through me. "Armond, do you know how disgusting you're acting right now? You called me here and threatened me to follow your instruction if I wanted to know the way to save my daughter. I did exactly as you asked, and now you're not stopping the car when I'm asking you nicely. You don't know how every moment I spent with you was torture to me. If you didn't intend to tell me about the information from the start, just say so! You don't have to act in such a roundabout way."

He just stared at me. I knew my words were cruel and hurtful, but I really couldn't deal with him for a day longer.

Silence lingered in the air. The cool air had turned chilly. I thought he would get angry and chased me out of his car or punch me in the face.

However, I didn't think that he would just look at me calmly and said, "The person who could save your daughter is in A City. Take this and go find the person according to the address on it."

On his outstretched palm laid a business card. I took the card without much thought. "Stop the car. I want to get off here!"

He stopped the car by the roadside. I tried to open the door but realized he didn't unlock it. He said when I glared at him, "Initially, I wanted you to have a miscarriage because the baby came at such a bad time, but it seemed that my mother really loves the baby. She had started knitting clothes for the baby, so now you can have the baby. My mother would take good care of it."

Chapter 970

“You are crazy!” I shouted. I didn’t want to listen to anything he said because he was too loathsome. Every word out of his mouth was like a thorn pricking me. “I want to get off right now, and this baby has nothing to do with you!”

He smiled faintly with warmth in his gaze. “Tell Ashton that I will take care of both you and the baby for him.”

“You are a psycho!” This man was really out of his mind.

He finally unlocked the door. I swiftly got off the car, not wanting to stay there for even a second longer.

I walked in the opposite direction and called Ashton. Ashton had picked up the call immediately after it was connected. “Ashton!”

He said, “I’m behind you.”

I reflexively turned my head and saw a black Bentley following me. I then realized that it was Ashton’s car.

He continued coldly, “It’s cold outside. Let’s talk after you get in.”

Based on my years of experience with Ashton, I knew he was in a bad mood. I hung up the phone and got in the car. The interior of the car was warm, but the atmosphere was chilly.

After I buckled in, I let out a breath and said to Ashton, “When did you get here?”

He glanced at me with rage burning in his eyes. "Why didn't you tell me?"

I was taken aback by his question. "What?" I didn't understand what he meant. As soon as the word was out of my mouth, his anger spiked.

He interrogated with a dark look, "Are you going to keep pretending? Don't you know the kind of person Armond is? How could you not know the reason he's looking for you? Scarlett, I thought we are completely honest with each other. Why didn't you tell me about Armond?"

It seemed that he saw me get off Armond's car, but wasn't it too coincidental for him to appear right as I was getting off Armond's car in a city so big? Unless...

I frowned. "When did you get here?"

His eyes glinted with disappointment as he stared at me. "And all you're concerned about is when I got here?"

I shook my head. "No. Ashton, I know we're husband and wife, and there shouldn't be any secrets between us, but we're also individuals. In short, I have my plans and thought that may be different from yours. Even though I know Armond is not a good person and is unreliable, this doesn't mean anything now. I have my reason for meeting him, so please believe me."

His brows knitted into a frown at my explanation.

Shortly after, he kept his frustration in check and replied, "Alright, I respect you. Tell me when you're ready."

He started the car and focused on driving. He didn't glance at me even once. He was acting like a child.

His expression remained dark even after we arrived at the company. He entered the company in silence and didn't spare a glance in my direction.

I followed him, slightly embarrassed. There were many people around, and they looked surprised when they saw me walking behind Ashton.

Arriving at the VIP elevator, the door closed right after he went in. It wasn't that I didn't want to enter, but I couldn't catch up to him.

I was bewildered as the elevator doors closed right in front of me. I was thoroughly embarrassed as I felt the stares and heard the whispers from those around me.

"Did Mr. Fuller fought with Mrs. Fuller? He just left her there. I have second-hand embarrassment from watching her."

"I thought Mr. Fuller was only cold towards the employees, but he was even cold towards his wife. It looks like it wasn't easy being a rich man's wife."

"What did you expect then? Those rich men could pick any girls they want. If they wanted to marry, wouldn't they want to marry a beautiful maid willing to coax, flatter, and take care of them? There's no love among the rich. All they want is a comfortable life and someone to please them."

"You're right. It was just like those series that occurred in the Georgian era in which the queen didn't have any say in front of the king. We have finally reached an era of gender equality, but it doesn't mean anything in the eyes of the rich."

I stood there waiting for them to finish. We shouldn't underestimate gossip between women. They could even refer to soap operas that took place in the Georgian era. Even I felt miserable for myself, listening to their comparison. It looked like I was merely Ashton's trophy wife in their eyes.

The VIP elevator was operated by facial recognition technology, without Ashton, I could only take the normal elevator. As the women reached my side, they finally stopped gossiping.

“Mrs. Fuller!” Suddenly someone stood beside me, giving me a scare. I smiled as I noticed it was Stella.

I managed to squeeze myself in when the elevator doors opened. Maybe everyone knew my identity, so no one mentioned the rumors between Ashton and me. They were chatting to Stella instead.

From their conversation, I could deduce that Stella was well-liked by the other employees. Well, pretty and bubbly girls were always well-liked by others.

I got out when the elevator reached Ashton’s office. However, I was thunderstruck because I would need Ashton’s fingerprint to enter his office.

I decided to call him. Just as I whipped out my phone, the door opened, and out came Stella again.

Her gaze flickered between me and the door. “Mrs. Fuller, were you busy recently? I don’t see you visit Mr. Fuller much these days.”

I gave her a once-over and saw she was holding documents that require Ashton’s approval. “Yes. I’ve been busy with something.”

She smiled faintly in response then entered Ashton’s office. As I followed her, I stared at her back. It gave me a sense that it was all thanks to her that I was able to enter.

In the office, Ashton was sitting behind his desk reviewing documents while Stella stood silently by his side waiting for his signature. As Ashton lifted his arm, Stella passed him a pen. Their whole interaction displayed their excellent teamwork from working closely.

I stood rooted at the entrance, staring sightlessly at the scene, thinking they were a perfect team.

A few minutes later, Ashton lifted his gaze from his work, focusing his attention on me. "Aren't you tired standing there?"

I smiled. "Isn't Ms. Collins standing as well? It's not appropriate if I sit while she stands."

His brows drew together as he understood my insinuation. He ordered Stella, "You may leave first. I will send these documents to you later once I'm done."

Stella nodded, "Sure!"

She smiled as she said goodbye to me.

The room fell into a dead silence after Stella left.

Finally, Ashton said, "Standing too long is not good for you now."

I arched my brow and leaned against the door. "It's fine. Mr. Fuller, please finish your work first. My feet can stand for a few more minutes. I shouldn't bother you, seeing as you're busier than a bee."

He raised a brow and stood. "Scarlett, do you have to talk to me like that?"

I laughed, "Like how? It looked like Mr. Fuller didn't even want to speak to me anymore. That's fine. Mr. Fuller, please continue with your work. I won't disturb you further."

I turned and left.

However, Ashton wasn't the kind of person who let problems fester into the night. He blocked my exit. "You know that is not what I mean."

I chuckled, "It's fine. Finish your work first."

He grabbed my wrist. "Let's settle this. The person who should be mad is me. You know the kind of person Armond is, yet you still meet him privately. I'm angry because I'm worried about you. Why can't you understand that?"

I raised my head and stared at him. He looked more mature as if he had experienced the vicissitudes of life. It made me panic for a second. I kept my panic in check and smiled. "So in your opinion, I'm a useless person who didn't know how to take care of myself? I'm just a clueless idiot, is that it?"

His forehead creased. "You know that is not what I mean."

I chuckled, "But that's what your words are implying."

"Whatever. You don't have to explain anymore. Go and finish your work. Don't bring emotion into your work. It's not professional."

I left his office and entered the elevator.

I left with a smile as I looked at Ashton's frowning face. I knew that it was my fault regarding Armond because I didn't explain it clearly to him, but there were times when things were more complicated than it seems. An explanation could've saved all this trouble, yet we persisted with the solution that made us all unhappy.

I saw Stella again after I exited the elevator. She seemed to be waiting for me. "Mrs. Fuller, are you heading back now?"

I nodded with a smile, "Yes."

She looked at me hesitantly, so I stopped and asked, "You seemed to be focused on your work recently. Are you dating now? Your parents must be urging you to get married at your age."

She was surprised by my remark. “Not really. My parents were quite open-minded. I haven’t met anyone compatible, and they respected my decision.”

Chapter 972

I chuckled, “I see Justin treating you well. Are you guys together?”

Her face turned dark at the mention of Justin. She was keeping her anger in check, but I was still able to discern it. She answered after a short pause, “We’re just friends. He has someone he likes, and it’s not me. So please don’t misunderstand. I am dating anyone at the moment as I want to focus on my career.”

I nodded with understanding. “Both career and relationship are equally important. A woman will only get married once in their lifetime, so you have to take your relationship seriously. When Ashton and I were younger, we didn’t get to experience the whole dating scene. We just got married. Now that I think about it, it is quite regretful. I think it is best if people could date more before getting married.”

Her eyes sparkled at my comment. “Did you and Mr. Fuller got married without dating first?”

I nodded and replied, “Ashton and I were an example of love after marriage. Our grandparents were the ones who arranged our marriage. His grandfather and my grandmother were good friends.”

Surprise crossed Stella’s face. “So you and Mr. Fuller didn’t have the freedom to date.”

I nodded in agreement. She couldn’t hide the look of surprise. “I thought that both of you had dated freely, and it turned out that it was actually because of your grandparents’ friendship. But I heard from my colleagues that the Fullers prioritize status above everything else.”

I laughed at her remark because it couldn’t be further from the truth. Not many of the employees knew my background. Rachel had always thought that Ashton was way out of my league all these years. She considered herself to be on par with me and that she could marry Ashton as well.

I laughed at my thought. "Ms. Collins, are you close to Ms. Zimmer from the Technology department?"

She was puzzled at my remark but shook her head in reply. "We're not close. Why do you ask?"

"It's nothing." I shook my head and prepared to leave. "It's getting late, and I have a date with someone, so I'll be taking my leave."

She opened her mouth to say something but snapped her mouth close when she saw that I was leaving. She finally uttered, "Bye!"

After leaving the company, my phone received an apology text from Ashton. I gave it a glimpse, then stuffed the phone in my purse.

It wasn't that I was mad at him. Sometimes, some things didn't need to be clarified too clearly.

Shortly after, I received a call from Nora. "Scarlett, what are you doing right now? Are you busy? I'm so bored that I could watch the paint dry."

I glanced at the time, and it was two in the afternoon. I just realized that it was possible that Ashton hadn't had lunch yet. He went to search for Zachary in the morning, then was busy searching for me. So all his work from the morning must have had compiled to be cleared in the afternoon.

"Scarlet, are you there? Why are you not talking? What's wrong?" Nora's questions from the phone dragged me back from my thoughts. "I'm here. What's up?"

"Do you know the location of the company Armond is working at? I couldn't reach him since I've arrived at K City. He didn't pick up his phone, and I didn't get any replies from him on WhatsApp. Do you know if something had happened to him?" Worry was laced in Nora's tone.

Thinking back to the morning when I just met Armond, I frowned and said, “K City has many places of interest. Take some time out to visit them. It could be that Armond is quite busy with work these days, so he didn’t have time to take care of you.”

She breathed out a long sigh. “I know he’s busy with work, but he couldn’t have been busy the entire day, right? Even if he is busy, don’t tell me he didn’t even have time to glance at his phone. I have never asked him to pick up all my calls, but it has been a few days, so I am sure he must’ve seen the texts on his phone. I mean... he could’ve at least replied to one of my messages!”

My head was starting to ache. “I’m not sure where the headquarters of the Murphy Corporation is in K City, but even if I do know, Armond may not be there.”

She sighed, “I understand. I don’t know what’s wrong with him these days. It felt like he was avoiding me, and I don’t know what I’ve done wrong. Scarlett, could it be that he had met someone he likes?”

“Nora, how much do you like him?” I didn’t know how to advise her because Armond wasn’t sincere in dating her. I had kept quiet initially because I didn’t see his true color. However, I knew it now, and she would fall deeper into the rabbit hole if I continued to remain silent. I was worried that she would hate me for not telling her.

She was silent for a while. “I couldn’t say how much, but I was planning to spend the rest of my life with him. Scarlett, I know it isn’t wise to tie my emotions and everything on a man, but I can’t control it. He was the first person I loved in my entire life. When I couldn’t find him these few days, I wanted to head to the Murphy Residence to look for him. I know I’m not inferior to him, but I just couldn’t control myself.”