

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1038-1042

Chapter 1038

Listening to him reminisce about the past, I was suddenly transported back to the day I received my ultrasound report and found out I was six weeks pregnant. It was years ago, but I felt like it only happened yesterday.

He continued speaking, "I almost lost it when I found out that you privately aborted the child, but thank God Dr. Ludwick said you were alright and that you actually lied to me." He sighed in fond exasperation before moving on, "You really are a naughty girl, you know that? I didn't call you out on your lie. I thought that as long as we had a child, you wouldn't leave and everything would turn out fine. I thought we could live happily as a family, and that's why I made a decision I'll never be able to forgive myself for. All these years, I've unintentionally hurt you and failed to give you a sense of security. I didn't love you enough and hurt you more times than I can count. Scarlett, I... Even though I'm not exactly a thoughtful or gentle guy, are you still willing to spend the rest of your life with me?"

Staring at the ring he was holding out in front of me, I pursed my lips. "Ashton, you seriously suck at sweet-talking—even your proposal is so sad and pathetic. You're lucky I like you, or I wouldn't be bothered listening to your nonsense."

The crowd erupted with laughter and Hannah's teasing voice sounded. "Yeah. You know he's bad at everything. Yet, he's the only one you want. Ms. Stovall, just quit the act and say yes to your dear Mr. Fuller!"

Following that, everyone else unanimously urged, "Say yes!"

I studied Ashton in front of me, my lips twitching slightly. "You're proposing to me with only a ring? What's worse, this is Hannah and Chandler's wedding. Are you here to give them your blessing or crash their wedding?"

The crowd burst into laughter again. One of the guests' children even brought over the flower basket Chandler's parents weaved, placing it beside Ashton. It was obvious that it was to replace a bouquet of flowers.

Without missing a beat, Ashton took the flower basket. Perhaps he felt that it wasn't fitting that I carried a flower basket in my hands, he stood to his feet and left the venue. Everyone in the hall was momentarily stunned by his abrupt departure.

Fortunately, he returned several minutes later with a large bouquet of bright red roses in hand. As a handsome and captivating man, he painted an arresting sight while holding a large bouquet of flowers.

He walked to my side, got down on one knee, and gazed at me with passion in his eyes. "Scarlett, I'm an idiot, but you're the only one that I want in life. I will love you in my own way and also in yours. We still have decades left to live. Are you still willing to continue this decades-long journey hand in hand with this idiot?"

Stifling my smile, I watched this man, who had always been apathetic and stingy with his words, suddenly saying so much in one go. I bet it wouldn't be too far-fetched to claim that this was probably the most he had said in one breath in his entire life.

"What are you waiting for, Scarlett? Put your hand out for him to slip the ring on!" Hannah impatiently urged beside me. Before I could react, she grabbed my hand and pushed it forward.

The ring, warm from Ashton's grip, was smoothly slipped onto my finger. Our mini-interlude enlivened the already blissful occasion and everyone applauded to offer us their blessings.

The wedding was very lively and joyous.

Only when the sky darkened did the guests disperse. Hannah tugged on my arm as she tried to persuade me to stay in the suburbs for the night. Although Ashton didn't say a word, from the way he kept a tight hold on my hand, I could tell that he wasn't accustomed to living in such conditions.

After politely refusing, Hannah sent me to the door and we chatted briefly. Before leaving, I hesitated slightly and decided to say, "Hannah, John came today. He wanted me to offer you his blessings. He said thank you for taking care of him for so many years and that he was lucky to have known you."

Hannah looked dazed for a moment and her eyes dimmed slightly. After some time, she replied, "I do resent him, but I have to thank him too. If I didn't meet him, I wouldn't be who I am today. I'm grateful to him for allowing me to become who I am now. If he hadn't brought me to K City, perhaps I would've lived on the border all my life just like those war-torn women. I'd either be a corpse left in the wilderness or made into an object for man to violate however they liked. Scarlett, thank him for me. I don't regret meeting him, and I certainly don't regret falling in love with him. I sincerely hope that in the future, someone can build a warm and beautiful home with him."

I took in a deep breath and nodded with a smile. "I'll definitely pass on your blessing to him. You have to live happily too, alright?"

After bidding her farewell, I got into the car and noticed that Joseph was at the wheel. Glancing to my side to look at Ashton, I suddenly felt the palpable changes in our lives.

Without realizing it, we no longer spoke of dreams or hobbies. Instead, it was home, stability, and an ordinary life that we sought.

I wondered if this was what happened when people reached a certain stage in life.

Chapter 1039

"Penny for your thoughts?" Ashton took my hand in his, breaking me out of my daze. His palm was pleasantly warm and I couldn't help but look up at him with a content smile. "I was wondering whether my hubby is getting old."

In between words, I lifted my free hand to the corner of one of his eyes and gently touched the smile lines there.

“Call me that again, hmm?” He raised the front seat barrier before cupping my face with both hands. His obsidian eyes flickered alluringly as he spoke in a deep and sultry voice.

I was stunned for a moment before asking in confusion, “Call you what?”

He pressed his lips against the corner of my mouth and said in a husky voice, “Don’t you know how you should call me, honey?”

My cheeks flushed a crimson red due to the way he addressed me. It was clearly a very common form of address between married couples, but somehow, it sounded so seductive coming from him. My thoughts were scrambled and I felt a tingle run down my spine, forming goosebumps all over my skin.

Being pressed against his body, I could smell the faint fragrance of his shower gel. Realizing that he was about to smash his lips against mine, my eyes widened and I quickly evaded him.

Laying in his arms, I chastised, “Stop it, Ashton. Joseph is driving.”

He hugged me close and rested his chin on my shoulder. “Mm. Then, call me again,” he demanded in a deep voice.

I blinked in bewilderment and called out, “Hubby.”

He didn’t release me but tightened his arms around me instead. “Mm, again.”

I was speechless but gave in to his request anyway. To my chagrin, he kept this childish act up.

After calling him over and over again throughout the ride, I leaned against his shoulder, slightly tired. “Ashton, why did you propose to me all of a sudden? And why did you buy such a big ring? It’s so flashy.”

He reached out to touch my ring and smiled. “Joe said that girls like rings—the bigger the better. I asked him to get pink diamonds from Smealand. I didn’t know what you liked but wanted to give you a surprise, so I left it to the design team. Don’t you like it?”

I studied the diamond on my finger and smiled. “It’s very flashy. I’d look like the daughter-in-law of a crazy rich woman whenever I wear it out.”

The corners of his lips arched upward. “As long as you like it, it doesn’t matter what others think.”

The car pulled to a stop in front of our villa. After a whole day of activity, I was quite exhausted. Sprawled in Ashton’s embrace, I was reluctant to get up. Hence, he carried me down the car and into the villa after giving Joseph some instructions pertaining to Moranta.

As soon as we entered the foyer, he pressed me against him and started kissing my neck. Caught off guard, I only started pushing him away after several seconds. “Ashton, stop...”

His breathing came in short and heavy pants. “When was the last time we had sex, mm?” Why does he sound like he’s complaining?

For a moment, I couldn’t find the words to refute him. He took advantage of my surprise to seal my lips with his, backing me from the foyer toward the living room. Suddenly, a faint scent of alcohol invaded my senses, which got me suspicious. “Ashton, did you drink today?”

Deeply absorbed in our kissing session, he uttered in a slurred voice, “No. I was with you the whole time. You kept telling me not to drink, right? I’m a good boy. If you don’t allow me to drink, then I won’t.”

With that, he started to behave like a beast out of its cage, kissing me all over. Although I was shrouded in a haze of passion, my mind still registered the smell of alcohol in the room.

Sensing something amiss, I spoke up once again. “Ashton, do you smell alcohol? It’s really strong. Is there something wrong with the wine cellar at home?”

It was obvious that Ashton was losing control of himself as he groped me and whispered hoarsely, "Not likely."

I raised my hands to push him away and emphasized, "I really do smell alcohol. Let's go check the wine cellar—"

Before I could finish my sentence, a voice sounded in the dark living room. "There's no need for that. I'm the one who's drinking. You both go ahead and don't mind me."

I shrieked in fright as my heart almost leaped out of my chest.

Luckily, Ashton reacted quickly and switched on the lights. In the spacious living room, a red-faced John was holding a bottle of half-drunk whiskey in his hand while sprawled on the edge of the sofa. From his unfocused eyes, it was apparent that he was completely wasted.

"John!" I snapped back to my senses and felt my racing heartbeat gradually returning to normal. Restraining my anger, I said through gritted teeth, "Why are you here? Are you crazy? What the hell are you doing here so late at night?"

Ashton was also slightly baffled at the sight of this inebriated intruder. Glancing at the man on the ground, he asked, "What's wrong? Why did you drink so much?"

I pursed my lips and grumbled, "Why else? He feels miserable because Hannah got married today." Peering at him, I didn't bother suppressing my temper as I yelled, "But seriously, if you feel miserable and need to drown in your sorrows, couldn't you have done it somewhere else? Why the hell did you come here?"

Perhaps he was triggered by my words, John raised his gaze to me and croaked out in an aggrieved tone, "Letty, are you scolding me too? Do you think I deserve this too? I think I do, but the pain in my heart is so unbearable I can hardly breathe. I never want it to end this way. I just... I just didn't know how to make her stay!"

Chapter 1040

This man, who was over thirty and stood at five-feet-nine, started crying as he spoke, looking so aggrieved and pitiful. "You think I don't know I should've cherished her well? But since I was a kid, no one taught me how to love. I thought that giving her the best living environment and materialistic life was enough. She knew that I didn't approach any of those women and they were the ones who threw themselves at me. I..."

I watched as his tears and snot dirtied the sofa and the floor. Sighing helplessly, I softened my tone and said, "Alright, I know how much you're hurting now and I also know that you never wanted things to turn out this way, but this is all in the past. She's found her home now and gets to live the life she's always wanted.

No one is blaming you, John. But since there's no way to change any of this, stop torturing yourself. When you meet another woman whom you love again, just make sure you tell her and give her a sense of security. Don't be caring one moment and distant the next."

"There won't be another woman!" He lay limp on the floor and bawled like a child. In a choked voice, he said, "There won't be another woman who'd spend a decade with me for nothing just like she did! I brought this upon myself, Scarlett! I deserve this!"

For a while, I couldn't think of the right words to comfort him. He was crying so hard that his body shook from it. After some hesitation, I decided to relay Hannah's words to him. "John, the stupidest thing a person can do is realizing someone's worth after they're gone because it is completely meaningless. Regardless of how sad and regretful you are, you should know that you don't always get second chances. Hannah is now married to someone who loves her dearly. You should do the same; start your own life and live how you want to. You shouldn't destroy your future by dwelling on the past "

I had said everything that I could. Despite not knowing if these words could get through to him, but it was really time that he moved on.

His unexpected appearance left Ashton and me in a bind. He was so drunk that he could barely walk, so allowing him to go back at this hour was out of the question. Hence, we could only let him rest here for the night.

Ashton supported him to the guest room while I poured a glass of warm water for him. After making sure he drank a few sips, I finally breathed out a sigh of relief. Noticing that his phone kept ringing, I inadvertently glanced at the caller ID—it was Yvonne.

This woman was really persistent. Pursing my lips, I picked up the phone and swiped to answer. A gentle and saccharine voice immediately drifted over the phone. “Mr. Stovall, where are you? Why didn’t you answer my call earlier? I’m really worried about you. I went to your house and rang the doorbell a few times, but you didn’t answer. Is something wrong? Are you okay?”

If it weren’t for the unusual sound of breathing on the other end of the line, I would have actually believed that this woman genuinely cared about John. I spoke into the phone in a flat voice, “Yvonne, you’ve leeches off quite a lot from my brother, but enough is enough. He’ll never marry you. The Stovall family will also never accept you. Greed is the downfall of men.”

“Ms. Stovall?” On the other end of the line, there was shock in Yvonne’s voice. “Are you with Mr. Stovall? I don’t understand what you just said. Is Mr. Stovall okay?”

“Let’s get on with it. How much money do you want?” I didn’t have much patience for a woman like her and it was apparent from the bite in my voice.

The line was silent for a while before Yvonne feigned confusion. “Ms. Stovall, do all rich people like using money to insult a person’s dignity?”

I chuckled humorlessly. “Of course I’d never use money to insult a person with dignity. The question is, do you possess dignity, Yvonne? You’ve been hounding my brother these days and I bet you’ve spent quite a lot of his money. He doesn’t really care much about money and has always been generous to women.

I think you’ve benefited quite a lot from him. Since that’s the case, you should be smart enough to know that it’s time to pack up and get lost. Stop hanging around him. You should know, I’m not a very nice

person. If you insist on waiting until I step in, then the consequences might be worse than you could imagine.”

It was clear that Yvonne was displeased on the other end of the line. “Ms. Stovall, what’s the meaning of this? Mr. Stovall and I sincerely love each other. All of you look down on me, but none of you can interfere in Mr. Stovall’s marriage. It’s his own business and he’s the one who gets to make the decision. To put it bluntly, you’re just a b*stard child. Who are you to make decisions for Mr. Stovall?”

“What is the reaction of the man lying next to you after hearing you say all this?” I taunted. Glancing at the passed-out John on the bed, I couldn’t help but feel upset for him. “Yvonne, I’m a woman myself. I know exactly what you want. I could also tell at first glance what kind of person you are. As long as I want to, I can dig out every single detail of that messy private life of yours.

The only reason I didn’t lay a finger on you is that you were there for John recently, but that’s where my gratitude stops. It’s important to know your limits. If you don’t give up your greedy ambitions and force me to show my hand, then please prepare yourself for what’s to come.

I won’t just force you to leave John without getting a single cent from him, I’ll also make you return everything he’s given you since day one. So Ms. Wilde, you better watch your back.”

Chapter 1041

“Scarlett, how dare you threaten me? Who do you think you are? What right do you have to boss me around and meddle in my life...” Countless life experiences taught me not to waste my breath on quarreling with b*tches as I would only be degrading myself by doing that.

After hanging up the call, I turned off John’s phone and turned around to go back to the bedroom. That was when I saw Ashton leaning against the door frame, looking at me. His arms were folded across his chest and there was a smile playing on his lips. “It seems like you really went easy on Rebecca back then.”

I rolled my eyes at him and said indignantly, "Were you eavesdropping on me? Mr. Fuller, since when have you stooped so low?"

He cracked a grin at me and walked to my side. Draping a muscled arm over my shoulders, he led me out of the guest room and into our bedroom. Then, he pressed me on the bed and stared at me fervently. "Shall we continue where we left off?"

I looked at the clock on the wall and reminded him, "It's already well past midnight, Mr. Fuller. Don't forget how much work you have to do tomorrow!"

He raised his brows and leaned forward. His warm breath tickled my ear as he continued seducing me. "But if I don't settle things now, I'm afraid I won't be able to concentrate on anything tomorrow."

This man!

I found myself unable to resist his temptation and relented, "I need to shower first. I'm all sticky with sweat after going out the whole day."

He didn't object, but after pulling me up from the bed, he looked at me with a devilish glint in his eyes. "Let's shower together, hmm?"

I was rendered speechless, but knowing his temperament, there was no way he would allow me to refuse.

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When I woke up the next day, Ashton wasn't in the villa anymore.

There were too many matters he had to settle at Fuller Corporation, so it was expected that he would leave early.

However, what I never expected was seeing John—a wealthy and influential man—making breakfast in the kitchen with an apron wrapped around his waist so early in the morning.

It took me quite some time to snap out of my daze and formulate a sentence. “Mr. Stovall, it seems like you’ve been dealt quite a heavy blow, huh?”

Hearing my voice, he looked over his shoulder at me. Perhaps it was because he had slept his hair the previous night, a section of it was curled up at a funny angle on the back of his head. Compared to his usual cold temperament, he looked a lot softer around the edges right then.

“Go wash up first, then come and eat breakfast,” he instructed with a spatula in one hand, seemingly in the middle of frying some eggs.

I was initially going to say something, but seeing the look he was giving me, I glanced down and realized that I was still in my nightdress. Hence, I quietly turned around to go upstairs and change my clothes.

By the time I came downstairs again, he was already done making a breakfast consisting of toast, bacon, and eggs. I had to admit that he did quite a good job.

“Try some and see if it matches your taste,” he urged, adding another egg to my plate.

I bowed my head and took a bite, seriously savoring the taste. Then, I looked at him and sincerely expressed my appreciation. “Wow. It’s really delicious. Do you make eggs often?”

He shook his head and I noticed the hint of sorrow in his eyes. “I learned it just recently. When Hannah was pregnant, she always said that she wanted me to try my fried eggs, but I didn’t know how to fry eggs. Later on, I managed to learn it, but I didn’t get the chance to cook for her. So I thought I might as well cook for you today. Anyway, eat up.”

I sighed and looked at him. “She said she doesn’t hate you but is very grateful to you. You were the one who gave her a different life and she doesn’t regret meeting you.”

He nodded. "I know."

Seeing his lonely and sad figure, I pressed my lips together and added as an afterthought, "Yvonne called you last night. I answered it for you. You're not actually planning to marry her, are you?"

He nodded indifferently and responded, "Mm."

Faced with his lukewarm response, I couldn't help from prodding further. "You're not really going to marry her, right?"

He grunted nonchalantly again, as though he didn't care about this matter whatsoever.

Bang! I slammed down my cutlery and pinned him a stern stare. "John, I don't care why you want to marry Yvonne. I will never agree to it. You obviously know how scheming and manipulative she is. If you let her marry into the Stovall family, how are you going to face Kiki in the future? Marriage isn't something to take lightly. I'm not against you marrying another woman. You should consider properly what kind of woman you want to build a family with. Not to mention, you have a son—a son whom you share with Hannah. If you marry a woman just for the sake of marrying, have you ever thought about how it'd impact Kiki's life?"

Taken aback by my abrupt outburst, he met my gaze. "It doesn't matter who I marry. It makes no difference!"

"Yes, it makes no difference, but if you bring back a conniving woman like her into the Stovall family, when Uncle Louis gets older in his years, can you really feel at ease placing Kiki in Yvonne's care? Can you guarantee that she won't find ways to get herself knocked up and do something malicious to Kiki? Even if you want to get married, at least think about what kind of woman you need in your life. Don't just settle with whatever is convenient. All I can say is that you cannot marry Yvonne. I won't allow it and if you insist, then this is the end of our sibling relationship."

Seeing me getting all worked up, he released a chuckle and sighed helplessly. "Fine, I won't marry her. Don't worry about it. It's so rare to see you this concerned about my personal life. From now on, Kiki will be under your care and guidance. I'll just stay unmarried."

Chapter 1042

Now he's just taking it too far. I was left speechless by his statement and wanted to advise him against that. However, after some deliberation, I decided to just let it be. Hence, silence stretched between us for a while. "Don't contact Yvonne again from now on. We don't even know how many men she's slept with. It'd be troublesome if you get down with something because of her."

When I picked up the call the previous night, I could clearly make out the sound of a man's breathing on the other end of the line. I wasn't an ignorant child or a brainless fool. Of course, I knew what was going on.

I can't believe she had the audacity to call John when there was another man right beside her. Does she take John as a fool? Or does she think she's some kind of hot stuff everybody wants a piece of even after being used over and over again?

Noticing the fury on my face, John sighed again and said, "Alright, alright. I'll listen to everything you say from now on, okay? You can stop worrying now. I'll make sure that woman stays far, far away from me."

Observing that he wasn't all that concerned about Yvonne, I released a sigh of relief and continued eating my food. He still had work to do at his company, so he left soon after.

I dropped by the hospital to visit Summer. Although the surgery was a success, it was a major surgery after all. Hence, I had to go to the hospital every other day to observe her post-operation recovery.

"She's recovering well. Let's try our best to maintain the progress. If she doesn't have a relapse within the next five years, she can be considered in the clear. Just be mindful to maintain a healthy daily routine, and she'll be fine."

The doctor gave a few simple instructions after examining Summer and left soon after. Cameron and Zachary sighed in relief. These days, everyone had their hearts in their throats, afraid that something undesirable might happen.

Seeing as Summer was out of danger, we gradually felt our nerves loosen.

“Scarlett, Nick is in K City. He wanted to meet up with you both if you have the time. Although the two of you aren’t related by blood, you’re still siblings in name and friends as well. Since you haven’t been in contact for such a long time, you should invite him to your place for a meal and hang out with him more often.” Cameron tugged me toward the door to the ward and spoke in a hushed voice.

I was surprised and asked, “He’s in K City? Is he here for work?” Indeed, we haven’t seen each other in a very long time. So many things had happened in the past few years that we gradually lost contact.

“Okay, mom. I’ll contact him.” There would be a lot of catching up to do. It also got me wondering if Jackson followed him here. After so many years, I had no idea how the two of them were faring.

John called me to invite Ashton and me for lunch later, saying that he wanted to thank us for taking him in the previous night. I immediately refused him, but like a child, he pulled the family card on me.

Helpless, I ended up accepting his invitation. Done with her checkup, Summer went back with Cameron and the others. After seeing them off, I made my way back into the hospital and went to the washroom. When I came out, I accidentally bumped into someone and hurriedly bowed my head to apologize, “Sorry, I didn’t look where I was going. Are you—”

When I looked up to see Kristina, I was visibly stunned and blurted out, “What are you... Are you sick?”

My eyes traveled to the medical report in her hand and I blinked in surprise.

She pursed her lips and shot me an indifferent glance before entering the washroom with a frosty expression, seemingly disinclined to talk to me.

Out of curiosity, I checked the department on this floor and furrowed my brows in perplexity. Internal medicine? What kind of illness does she have? After hesitating briefly, I didn't give the matter any further thought and prepared to leave.

I was so done with John. He offered to buy us lunch but asked Ashton and me to wait for him at his company, saying that his car was hit by someone and he needed to hitch a ride with us.

Well, I didn't believe him, not even for one second. God knows how many cars were in his villa's basement parking and could easily pick one. He's a nutjob.

Fortunately, Fuller Corporation wasn't very far from his company. Ashton and I drove there and waited for him in the driveway. After giving him a call, I recounted the encounter with Kristina at the hospital. Ashton wasn't interested in such things, but he still listened attentively and replied, "I don't find it that odd. Maybe she was down with gastric or something."

I gnawed on my bottom lip and mused, "She looked really pale and vomited pretty badly too. It seemed like she was pregnant, but not really either. If I'm not mistaken, she's Dr. Ludwick's niece and comes from quite an impressive background. Oddly, she looked like she was really short of money."

He frowned slightly and glanced at me. "That's her own business. You don't need to concern yourself over it."

I twisted my lips together and eyed him. "Ashton, are you finding me a nuisance already? So much so you don't even wanna make casual talk with me?"

He squinted at me with an amused smile playing on his lips. "Am I not talking to you now?"

That was how women were. We liked to make casual talk about other people's lives, just for the fun of it. I gave him a sidelong glance and retorted, "Are you really? You're giving me half-assed replies and you're not even trying to hide it."

He stifled his smile and was contemplating what to say next, but my attention was drawn to the scantily-clad woman at the entrance to John's company. Although she was wearing a fox fur sweater, it barely

covered her body. She was so exposed that if one didn't know any better, one might think she was from a brothel.