

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1073-1077

Chapter 1073

She's getting married?

That was something that surprised me.

Holding onto the wedding invitation, I froze before saying, "Aren't you too quick? You're marrying so soon."

She gave me a faint smile. "It's not really. I'm almost thirty, and it's about time for me to get married. Moreover, I'm lucky to meet someone who loves and adores me. So it's not too soon. The time is just right."

Looking at the blissful smile on her face, I could not help but smile at her too. "Then, let me congratulate you on your wedding. We'll be there on time."

The smile was still on her face when she handed the wedding invitations to the other coworkers. After Holden and I left, he muttered under his breath, "F\*ck, I can't believe a beautiful woman like her is getting married soon. This is ridiculous. Right as I found a woman whom I'm interested too. What a pity."

After we got in the car, I rolled my eyes at him. "Can't you have a semblance of normalcy? You're treating love as a game. Aren't you afraid of karma being right around the corner? One day, if you meet a woman you truly love, you might suffer if you keep this up."

He leaned back on the chair before answering coldly, "That kind of woman you speak of will be someone I'll never meet. I'm born free, and I live freely. No woman will affect me in this life."

I kept quiet when I saw his confident look. No one in this world could predict the future, and all we could do was take one step at a time.

I remained quiet as I drove. After all, there was nothing to talk about. When we reached the factory, Holden schooled his features and entered the building with me. Fuller Corporation did not have many factories, and most were focusing on technological devices. Most of the staff they hired were technicians. Furthermore, in the past two years, most of the work in the factory was done by machinery. Thus, there were few people in the factory.

The one who was in charge of the factory was a middle-aged man in his forties. As we had told him about our visit beforehand, he came to greet us when we reached the doorway. After a brief exchange of greetings, he then brought us to the processing room.

“So far, the batch of products seems fine. I’m here to take a look at them for myself, then I’ll tell the rest back at the Taylors that everything’s fine. We can sign the contract right away, but I have a request—I want to bring some of the samples back. That way, I’ll be able to convince at the board of directors meeting.”

Looking at me, Holden then asked, “Is that all right?”

I nodded. “Sure.”

Ashton had told me about this before that day, and it was a request that was fine with me. After showing him around the factory and answering his questions, the two of us then left the factory.

By the time we left, it was already afternoon. Holden asked, “Aren’t you planning to show me around in K City? Why don’t you bring me to try some specialties in K City?”

Glancing at him, I replied, “In a bit. I’ve arranged a hotel room for you. If there’s anything you need, feel free to call me. I’ll send someone to resolve any issues you have as soon as possible.”

He nodded but then queried, "Can I not live in the hotel?"

"Of course." As I gripped onto the steering wheel, I continued, "Although the hotel room is reserved for you, you have the freedom to choose whether you live in it or not. There are many nightclubs around the city center. Pretty women, models, and unpopular celebrities often roam the area. Of course, it's fine if you're interested in popular celebrities instead. However, that might be a challenge, and it'll depend on how capable you are."

He pouted. "Am I that terrible of a person to you? What do you mean by unpopular celebrities and models? Do I look like that kind of person to you? I don't want to live in the hotel because I want to live in your house. I've asked others to send my luggage there. Honestly, is Ashton that stingy? Why isn't he hiring a housekeeper for such a large house? It's so big and empty!"

Hearing him, I pursed my lips. "If you're not used to living in hotels, you can live in our house. I'll hire a housekeeper."

Almost immediately, he grinned. "That sounds about right."

When he saw me driving toward the metropolitan area, he wondered, "Where are you heading to?"

"Didn't you say you want to try K City's specialties? I'm bringing you there now. It's time for lunch. Aren't you hungry?" When I peeked at him from the corner of my eyes, I realized he was staring at me.

"Let's skip the specialties. Bring me back to the villa and just make me some simple food. I bear no high hopes for K City's specialties," he responded nonchalantly as he leaned back on the chair again.

The corner of my lips twitched in annoyance. Unable to hold myself back, I huffed, "You don't have some ulterior motives, do you? You're so eager to go to my house."

Glancing at me, he chuckled. "What ulterior motives can I possibly have? Even if you gifted me those things in your house, I won't even want it. What motives can I honestly have? I just want to eat the food you make. Is there something wrong with that? Since the contract is signed, and we've done everything that's necessary, are you planning to let me go back now?"

## Chapter 1074

My brows furrowed. “No. I was just wondering why you suddenly have the craving for the food I make. By the way, how is your mother?” I casually asked.

To my surprise, his expression darkened. “Are we going back to your place or not? If we’re not, let me get down from the car. I’m going back to the hotel.”

What’s wrong with him? He’s just unreasonably angry right now.

I fell silent and drove straight to the villa instead. Right as he got down from the car, he made a call. Soon, someone brought his luggage over. When he saw me looking at him, he lifted a brow and questioned, “I’m starving. Why aren’t you making anything yet?”

For a moment, I was speechless.

I entered the villa and began preparing some food for him.

Dragging the suitcase behind him, he glanced around the house before asking, “Where will I be staying in?”

“There are bedrooms on the first and second floor. Have a look at them yourself. You can live in whichever room you prefer.” Cleaners were often hired to clean the house, and I rarely stayed here whenever Ashton was not around. Therefore, the interior of the house seemed silent and dead. Now that I think about it, Holden’s right. I should hire a housekeeper for this house. Summer is recovering well. If I bring her here, the house will be livelier.

After Holden looked around the house, he commented, "This house is worth tens of millions, but look at the state of it. How busy Mr. Fuller must be."

Then, he queried, "Your bedroom is on the second floor?"

I nodded. "Yes."

When I saw him carrying his suitcase upstairs, I voiced, "Mr. Taylor, I'll be going back to the Moore Residence at night, and I won't be coming back here. Is there anything you need? If so, do tell me, and I'll get the things you need later."

Standing in the middle of the stairs, he turned around to stare at me with widened eyes. "What do you mean by you're going to Moore Residence and not coming back? Are you going to make me stay in this house all by myself while you enjoy a sweet home somewhere else? Scarlett, do you have a heart? How can you just leave me here by myself?"

His words were giving me nothing but a headache. "Mr. Taylor, I'm supposed to go back to the Moore Residence anyway. Ashton isn't home, and I rarely sleep here. You'll be fine living here. There's a car in the garage, and you can drive yourself anywhere you wish to go. If you really don't want to go out of the house at night, I'll prepare something for you to eat later. In a while, I'll get a housekeeper to come here and prepare your meals. Don't worry."

He scoffed. "What do you mean by don't worry? I'm very worried. What's the difference between living here and living in a hotel? No. You have to stay here tonight, or else I won't sign the contract. I won't listen to anything else from you."

At that point, I have no words for him. Why is he so childish?

"Mr. Taylor, let's put aside how inappropriate it is for us to live under the same roof and talk about how I'm also a married woman. Do you really think it's appropriate for us to live together?"

“What’s wrong with that? I’m not asking you to share a bed with me. I don’t care. You have to stay here tonight, and it won’t matter even if you call Ashton. Also, I don’t want to eat anything else but the pasta you make. It’ll be the same at night; you have to cook for me. Otherwise, I won’t sign the contract. You can mull over this yourself.” With that said, he stormed off to the bedroom.

Speechless at his words, I fell silent. It was not that it was inconvenient for him to live in the villa—the villa was big enough for another person to live in, not to mention the fact that I had once lived under the same roof as him—but that I was worried about Armond.

Ashton had told me Armond would come to me for that box. However, with the current situation, it would be impossible for Armond to ask for the box from me directly. Instead, he would be trying to get the box secretly.

This villa was our primary residence. He would not be able to do anything if no one was around at night. However, if someone was, I was worried that he would use me to threaten Ashton to hand over the box to him.

After placing his things in the bedroom, Holden went downstairs. When he noticed that the pasta was almost done, he took a bowl to put it beside me. Staring at the pasta, he asked, “Do you know how to make anything else?”

I shook my head. “No. I only know how to make this.”

He frowned. “I knew it. How can a woman like you know how to make anything else but pasta? I’ve really overestimated you.”

He knows nothing else but how to infuriate others. Spinning around to shoot him a glare, I then huffed, “Any more rubbish from you, and I’ll throw you out. I’ll get Ashton to discuss the contract with you. I’m not a shareholder of the Fuller Corporation. You can do whatever you like; it’s none of my business.”

He clicked his tongue. “You ungrateful woman. How can you get angry just because I’m speaking the truth? Look at the other women. They either do makeup or they make sure they present themselves well. Now, look at you. You’re bare-faced all the time, and with the kind of lifestyle you lead, I’d say you’re going to have menopause earlier than the rest.”

## Chapter 1075

“Ah!” Unable to hold back, I stomped his foot, and he yelped. “Scarlett, what in the world is wrong with you? Why did you step on my foot? It hurts like hell!”

“Keep running that mouth of yours, and I’ll do it again. The pasta’s done. Add anything you like, but don’t put too much of it. Otherwise, it’ll taste bad.” He’s just like a kid sometimes. How childish.

After a moment of hesitation, he raised his head to look at me again. “I don’t know what to add. Help me add something. I’ve never done this before.”

Shooting him a look of disdain, I groaned. “Did you just crawl out from under a rock? This is the first time I’ve seen a man who can’t even do something as minor as this. Ashton’s so much better than you. No wonder you haven’t found a good girlfriend even though you’re already at this age.”

Apparently, my words stunned him, for he whined, “What do mean by I haven’t found a good girlfriend even though I’m already at this age? It’s because I’m not looking for one, okay? If I wanted to, I’d have found one already. I have a house, a car, and money. Moreover, I’m handsome. I can have anyone I want. I’ll look for a girlfriend tomorrow.” With that said, he brought the bowl to the dining table and whipped his head to the side. “It’s not like everyone’s the same as your Ashton.”

Despite finding the way he was mumbling under his breath hilarious, I managed to stop myself from laughing. “But truthfully, have you found no one you really like all these years?”

Freezing, he then muttered, “No. I did meet some, but they’re not suitable for marriage. All they do is ask for money from me. So they’re suitable for me to have fun with. I’m looking for a woman who isn’t greedy for my money.”

That’s not what he should be thinking. Thus, I said, “That’s the wrong idea you have. At a certain age, other than loving you, girls have to have monetary desires. Do you really expect her to have no desire for anything?”

He clicked his tongue in frustration. "Can't she just want me?"

"Even if she only wants you, she still needs to live. Do you think by wanting you, she can pay her bills? Asking for money from you is a sign of her reliance on you. I'm sure you've come across women who never asked any money from you, but I'm also sure you never cherished them, did you?"

The corner of his mouth twitched. "How did you know about that?"

I pressed my lips tightly together. "Of course I'll know about it. That's how people like you are. You can't find a sense of accomplishment from girls who want nothing from you, so you'll neglect and chase her away. In the end, you'll be left with those who'll ask for things from you. However, once you spend more time with those girls, you'll start assuming that they're only around for your money. Then, you'll break up with them. Hence, at the end of the day, you're the one who's trapping yourself in this cycle."

Many men were like that. They spent their money on women, not because they loved the woman, but because they could find a sense of accomplishment from them. After all, at a certain point in life, people needed others relying on them to feel like they were succeeding in life.

Holden narrowed his eyes at me and questioned, "What about you? Does Ashton give you money to spend?"

I nodded honestly. "Of course. I'm not working right now, so what can I possibly do if I don't use his money? He's not like you. Our walk-in closet has the latest clothes of the season because he buys them all for me. He also buys me pieces of jewelry and bags. Although he did not love me as much at the start of our marriage, this has always been a habit of his. I only wore some of these clothes, but he still keeps the wardrobe updated every season. Furthermore, his card is with me until now."

He scrunched up his face and muttered, "No one can be as generous as Ashton. A whole wardrobe of a season's clothes is worth millions. I'd rather give hundreds of thousands to those women and let them pick the clothes they like."



I shrugged. "That's why I said you're different from Ashton. His love has always been subtle. I'm blessed to be his woman in this life of mine."

As he dug into his pasta, he mumbled, "If you were my wife, I'd do the same."

Instantly, my brows knitted, and I asked, "What did you say?"

Slowly stuffing more pasta into his mouth, he uttered as he looked into my eyes, "I said the pasta is great. I want more at night."

In response, I rolled my eyes at him. I did not have an appetite for food, so I only had a few mouthfuls before I went to the fridge, looking for milk. Right then, Ashton called, informing me that the housekeeper he had just hired had arrived.

Thus, I stepped out of the villa to bring the housekeeper in while Holden continued with his food.

The new housekeeper was a simple woman in her forties. She greeted me when she saw me and told me her name was Nelly. After I briefly explained to her the situation, she nodded and began her work in the villa.

After Holden finished his serving, he even took mine, seemingly still hungry. When I noticed it, I stiffened, and he commented, "You cooked too little. Make more tonight."

## **Chapter 1076**

What could I say to that? I only nodded in response.

I had nothing to do in the afternoon, so naturally, I did not go to the office. However, what surprised me was Armond. He had called me and went straight to the point—he wanted to meet me.

I pursed my lips before replying, "There's no point for us to meet. Mr. Murphy, what you're looking for is not with me."

His chuckles traveled out of the speakers. "You're overthinking this. I just want to invite you to a meal. Nora is here in K City, and you were once close friends. Are you not going to have a meal with her now that she's here?"

Sensing something else lying behind his friendly tone, I frowned before answering, "I'll invite her another day. I won't interrupt your meal with her."

"Scarlett, I heard you've rented a small place for Shane's parents. I've met with the two today, and they told me they want to thank you personally by inviting you to a meal. Is that inconvenient for you? If you reject, the two might be upset."

His words made my heart skip a beat. Why did Armond go to see Sasha's parents? Did Shane cross Armond?

"Armond, they're old. What are you trying to do?" Until now, I still could not figure out to what extent of cruelty Armond could tolerate.

"Nothing, really. I'm just free recently, and I was thinking of getting a meal with someone. Scarlett, will you join me? Should I come and pick you up or are you going to drive?"

Tamping down the fury in my heart, it took me a while of silence before I uttered, "Send me the address."

Once again, I heard him laughing. "Hahaha! Scarlett, aren't you an exceptionally nice girl? I really like that about you."

My lips pursed as I ended the call. Then, I called Ashton.

It took a few rings before the call went through. "What's the matter, Scarlett?"

"Armond called me. It seems like he has found Sasha's parents, and he has gotten Nora to come to K City. I don't know what his aims are, but I've agreed to meet him. How are things on your side?"

Ashton inhaled sharply. "Brandon's been in a foul mood ever since he found out about how his daughter has been treated. He's hesitating. Something seems off about Abe. It's as if he's been drugged. When I saw him, he's only half-conscious, so I couldn't get anything from him."

I frowned. Thinking of Hailey, I said, "Ashton, perhaps there's someone who can help. Look for Hailey. Her father should have seen Armond in the past. As long as Hailey's the one to talk to her father, things will be much easier."

After a moment of contemplation, I added, "By the way, before meeting with Hailey, look for Fawn, Amy, and Jody Falker. They're all victims among the children. Hailey can't come to a decision. If you ask them to come with you, she might be able to make up her mind. Also, will you be able to come up with a plan to protect Hailey's father? At the end of the day, he's still involved with the organ trafficking incident. Once the investigation is done, I don't think he'll be able to say that he's innocent in it."

After a moment of silence, Ashton replied, "I'll try my best. Armond should be looking for you for that box. Hold on to it. If you have to, then give him the box. The box is useless to us, so it's best if you don't get into a conflict with Armond."

I understood why he said those words, so I hummed in agreement. After ending the call, I was about to leave the house.

When Holden saw me about to leave, he darted to my side. "Where are you going? Why aren't you bringing me along? You can't be dating another man behind my back, right?"

I nodded as I looked at him. "That's right. I'm going to have a secret date with another man. Do you want to join me? It'll be exciting."

For reasons beyond me, he blushed. “No way, Scarlett. Are you really that shameless to do something like this behind Ashton’s back?”

Rendered speechless for a moment, I then asked, “Are you coming with me? If you’re not, I’m going to leave now.”

Promptly, he nodded and entered the car before I did. When he turned back to look at me, there was a smug expression on his face. “How can you possibly leave me out of such a thrilling matter? Just the mere thought of it makes my heart race.”

Ignoring his excitement, I started the car. The address that Armond had sent to me was a villa in the suburbs.

Bringing Holden with me was part of the plan. If anything did happen, he would be useful.

When he realized we were heading toward the suburbs, Holden muttered, “Wait, why are you driving toward the suburbs? Shouldn’t we be going to a hotel?”

I pursed my lips for a moment before replying, “We’re going to a villa in the suburbs. Only fools go to the hotels.”

“Holy sh\*t! Scarlett, you’re one brave girl. Does Ashton know about this? When did you start doing this? Aren’t you afraid of contracting some disease? How many men are there? Are their figures as good as mine? Why didn’t you ask me to come along to such a fantastic gathering before today?”

Irritated by his rambles, I shot him a glare. “Shut up or get down from the car. Also, things aren’t what you think they are. Armond has invited me to a meeting in the suburbs. I’m a little worried, so I brought you along. Don’t be a coward later.”

## **Chapter 1077**

He was taken aback by my words for a while. After a beat, his eyes widened comically before he gasped in disbelief. "Scarlett, you set me up?"

I nodded honestly. "You can think of it that way if you want to. If you're scared, you can leave the car right now. I won't stop you."

He gritted his teeth before hissing, "This has nothing to do with whether I'm scared or not. You clearly know I have no way to go back if I were to get down from the car now. Moreover, do I look scared? Armond's nothing but a dumbass. Why should I be scared of him? I just don't want to see him."

I nodded again. "Well, then. Since you're not afraid of him, be quiet and follow me there. Take it as if you're protecting me, and I'll owe you a favor. How about that?"

He scoffed, "How are you going to return me the favor? Tell me more. If I like it, I'll even take Armond down, not to mention protecting you."

My mouth hung open for a while before I managed to voice, "What do you want? I'll try my best to fulfill it."

He mulled over my words. "Why don't you cook for me for a week? I don't want pasta every day. I'll definitely puke by the second day."

His request was reasonable and simple, but it still stumped me. With a frown, I muttered, "Mr. Taylor, have I ever told you I can't cook? Other than making pasta, I don't know how to make anything else. Are you sure you want me to cook for you?"

He glowered at me. "If you don't know how to cook, then learn. I don't care. That's my request, and nothing else will work."

“Okay, then.” I had to agree first; whether or not my cooking would be edible was another matter.

When we finally reached the villa, I was transfixed. This villa is humongous. The villa in K City’s suburbs usually have specific limits for their size, but this house is evidently thrice the size of the normal villa. This isn’t a villa; this is a manor!

The Murphys are filthy rich. This villa is worth hundreds of millions. Are they planning to live in it? Do they plan to use it for something else?

After entering the compound, I had to drive a distance before I reached the villa itself. By then, there was someone waiting for us by the doorway. “The size of this villa is comparable to the Taylor residence. The Murphys are truly affluent if they can build such an enormous villa in a place like K City, where the population density is high.”

When I took a good look at the villa, I realized I had to agree with him. The place looked newly built, and it would be impossible for them to build a place like this legally; they must have bribed the authorities and pulled some strings.

After entering the living room, I noticed it was so empty I could even hear the echoes of our footsteps. We then followed the maid up into a room on the second floor. Right as we entered the room, we were greeted with the sight of a gigantic folding screen.

Facing the folding screen, the maid respectfully announced, “Sir, they’ve arrived.”

The person behind the screen hummed in response before muttering, “You can leave now.” Then, he said, “Ms. Stovall, you’re quite punctual. It seems like I’m still important to you.”

I frowned but stayed silent. All I did was take in my surroundings. Sometimes, it was not a good thing when a house was too big, especially when the house was not lively. It would be like stepping into a haunted house.

It was eerie.

When Armond walked out from behind the folding screen, his gaze landed on Holden, and he frowned. "Mr. Taylor, you're here too?"

Sounding exactly like a ruffian, Holden drawled, "Yes. I wanted to take a walk, and I ended up here. Mr. Murphy, your house is quite big. What's it for? Keeping babes?"

It was easy for Holden to set someone ablaze with fury in seconds.

However, Armond only smiled. As he stared at me, he asked, "Ms. Stovall, why don't you take a seat while we chat? It's been a long while since we had a good chat."

Pressing my lips into a thin line, I then said, "Didn't we agree to have a meal together? Where are the others? Were you just joking with me, or did you think that my time isn't worth anything?"

"Of course not," he responded before chuckling. "They're all upstairs. I have some things I'd like to discuss with Ms. Stovall, so I'm meeting you here."

As he spoke, his gaze trailed toward Holden. "Mr. Taylor, if you don't mind, could I have a word with Ms. Stovall alone? I've prepared drinks and snacks upstairs. You can try out K City's specialties there."

Holden glanced at me, his thoughts obvious; he was asking what he should do next.

When I stared at Armond, I speculated that he must want to ask for the sandalwood box from me, so I said, "Mr. Taylor, please greet Nora and the others for me upstairs."

Holden tensed for a brief second before nodding. Then, he left the room and headed upstairs.

At that moment, the two of us were the only ones left in the spacious room. After Armond sat down and crossed his legs, he lifted a brow at me. "Are you not going to sit for the talk?"

I was silent as I sat down on a chair and waited for him to speak.