

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1158-1162

## Chapter 1158

That was my last desperate attempt. I was pregnant. Of course, I wasn't going to risk myself. "No, it's just that if that step had to be taken, no one is more suitable to take it than me."

Ashton was silently processing my speech. He looked up at me and studied me up and down as though he was seriously considering the feasibility of my plan. At last, he suddenly relaxed and turned around. As he walked out he called out to Wanda. "You, come with me."

Wanda looked at me for my approval. When I nodded, she stood and followed him out. I did not know what Ashton said to Wanda, but she left without returning to the study. Even her documents and laptop were left here.

I had a vague idea that Ashton suspected that Wanda and I were scheming to travel to M Country to locate Marcus. He must have lost his temper at her and forbade her from interacting with me.

I did not see Ashton again the entire night. I sent a text to Wanda only to realize that her phone was in her purse that she had left here. She left in such a hurry, as though Ashton had threatened her with everything he could.

I sank into the couch after coaxing Summer to sleep to do a bit of revision while waiting for Ashton to return.

Our conversation earlier that day was not pleasant. I'd figured that after a couple of hours, we would both calm down enough to talk things through.

I was the best person for the job of locating Marcus. Although, Professor Zidd had reminded us that my pregnancy was not stable yet and I shouldn't undertake long journeys. I held on to the hope that Ashton would come up with a solution that was the best of both worlds.

However, I had forgotten that pregnant ladies fell asleep very easily. Not long after I sat down, I fell into a deep slumber.

Suddenly, a movement in the corridor outside startled me awake. I got up to investigate and there was nothing in sight.

After standing by the door for a little longer and seeing nothing, I put it down to my imagination returned to the couch for an even deeper sleep.

I awoke the following day in the bedroom. Frowning at the quilt over my body, I got up and went downstairs to an empty living room. Breakfast was prepared on the table, with a note attached.

Mrs. Fuller, it read. Breakfast has been prepared for you. Please heat it up if it turns cold. It was written in Mrs. Eriksen's hand. It seemed like she had to take an emergency leave.

I wasn't raised with people to wait on me, so I didn't mind. I heated up the mushroom soup and had it with some bread.

It didn't take long for me to realize that there was something wrong. Usually, Summer would be aware that I had woken up and would be chattering around me at this time. But she wasn't here. I searched the back of the house to no avail as well. It wasn't just her; all the servants were missing. I stood alone in a completely empty house.

I couldn't care much for anyone else but I was most concerned with Summer's safety. After some time of nervously expecting to be contacted with news of her, I broke down and started searching for my phone. The strangest thing was that despite looking all over the study and my bedroom, there was not a communication device in sight, except for the landline in the office.

I stood flabbergasted for a good while before realizing that Ashton had me under house arrest.

The movements I heard last night were not random. Ashton must have had people in here to pack up every item that could connect me to the outside world. He was thorough; even the internet was disconnected. Without it, the once omniscient computers were now nothing more than a scrap of vinyl.

I was furious and anxious to the point of using the landline to dial Ashton's number from heart. It wasn't a demonstration of my memory, but a testament to the decade we spent together. If it were someone else's number, I wouldn't even have been able to recall the first three digits.

## **Chapter 1159**

Ashton picked up almost instantly. "You're awake?" he said casually as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Where did you take Summer to?" I asked with much restraint, for I was still fuming at how he acted as he pleased. "I suppose you took my phone as well. Ashton, this is a new low for you."

I had expected Ashton to fly into a rage at my words, but he acted as if he did not hear me. "A bodyguard will inspect the house every hour," he said, in an attempt to divert the conversation. "If there's anything you need, let them know. But do not for a moment imagine you can borrow their phones. If you do, I will make sure that they will not be able to speak again for as long as they live. I'd advise you to consider their wellbeing before you make any rash decisions."

I knew from experience that he was in an aggressive mood, it was one that would not allow any room for compromise or reasoning. I gritted my teeth in resentment and tried again. "How about Summer? You could at least let her stay with me. She wouldn't affect you in any way."

"She's at Emery's. Summer is fond of the boy and wouldn't miss you and I have fulfilled her wish too. This time you are not allowed to go anywhere."

With that, Ashton slammed the phone down before I could react. It was just me and the solitude of a large empty house.

I was in a serious enough rage to fling the phone against the wall, but as it was my only mode of communication with the outside world. Having no choice, I was forced to replace the receiver with care.

It was one thing to be on your own but another to be forced into it. I was the latter. I spent the entire morning reading, but with the high anxiety level over my situation, not a sentence entered my mind. As a result, my temper only worsened.

As Ashton had mentioned, a bodyguard made his rounds every hour. They peered down at me through the length of the corridor and left promptly. It was at this moment that I felt rather sick of studying. When I heard his footsteps coming upstairs, I gazed in its direction reproachfully.

The men were dressed in similar suits. They were actually uncouth thugs clad in refined clothing. In a fit of mischief, I wanted to scare whoever was on his rounds with a fierce expression.

This man in particular did not stop at the stairs and turned around after his examination. He walked along the corridor and to the study.

As if by instinct, I held my belly and leaned back in my chair as he approached. At this point, he had arrived at the door and faced me. I looked him in the face and frowned, as it was a very familiar face to me. But at that moment I can't quite put my finger on where I've seen him before.

He was in front of me within three broad strides and handed me a satellite phone with his long, outstretched arm.

I snatched it from him in surprise and delight. I had only seen this in use once before by Abe. That thing could reach the outside world through the deepest of valleys and jungles. It was a treasure to outlaws and convicts.

“Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller has installed a signal blocker around the villa. This satellite phone is able to make contact with the outside world. Someone will call you soon on this number. Be careful not to let anyone see that with you.”

He had just finished speaking when the sound of footsteps came rattling up the stairs. The other bodyguards were suspicious at how long he was taking and came up to look for him. “Shon, what are you doing? Shout out if everything’s fine.”

I hastily stowed away the phone at the nearest drawer. “Nothing’s wrong,” I called out, covering up for Shon. “I just couldn’t reach a couple of books up the shelf so I asked this young man to help me out.”

The footsteps stopped abruptly at the sound of my voice. They were so afraid of being caught interacting with me and losing their tongues for it that they did not respond at all.

Shon gave me a meaningful look and hurried back downstairs, his mission completed.

After ascertaining that both men’s footsteps had receded, I retrieved the satellite phone and locked myself in the toilet of my bedroom.

## **Chapter 1160**

Shon would have contacted the party who wished to make contact after he left; it would ring very soon. I was curious as to who had understood my situation so well that they would risk incurring Ashton’s displeasure to help me.

I didn’t have long to wait. A light on the satellite phone flashed fifteen minutes later and I pounced on it in a haste to answer the call.

“Hello? Who is this?”

“Scarlett? It’s that you? Phew, I thought Ashton would have found out.” The sound of Emery’s voice flooded me with relief. I held up my forehead and looked into the mirror. All of a sudden, I was struck by the realization that Shon was Emery’s driver.

Ashton had purposefully engaged a new team of bodyguards to ensure that nobody had dared to create issues. Emery put two and two together when she realized that I was unreachable and when Summer was sent to her home. She pulled some strings and sent one of her own men to place me in contact with her. Emery was a tech enthusiast and had no trouble procuring a satellite phone. She was the most fearless person I have ever met.

“Is Summer alright?” I asked, anxious at the idea that Summer thought I had abandoned her. Emery disproved my theory quickly. “She loves it here. She has been having lollies and following Xavier around. There is hardly any adult supervision required.”

I...

The lollies will ruin her teeth! Ms. Moore is spoiling her to the tee!

Unfortunately, this wasn’t the time to discuss such trivial matters. I needed information on the outside. To save time, I briefly told Emery about Marcus and practically begged her for her help. “Emery, I know that you dislike Cameron and Marcus, but you really need to help me...”

Before I finished my plea, Emery cut across me. “Say no more. I will relay your message to them and hopefully, they will use the influence of the Moore family to keep the shareholders in line when you and Marcus are absent.”

Her brilliance had caught me off guard. “You’re right,” I said as I nodded vigorously.

“I can help you with that.”

I was overjoyed. “Really? Thank you so much, Emery. I will make sure that Marcus repays you too.”

“Hold your horses,” Emery said impatiently. “Marcus’s gratitude means nothing to me. Let me ask you. Do you know what you’re doing?”

Something in her voice cleared my thoughts. She was right; I had forgotten. The year before, Emery had advised me to settle down with Ashton. But here I was trying to ask for her help to be at odds with Ashton. It wasn’t something she was pleased to see.

I was dumbfounded for the moment.

“Scarlett, though it was over the line for Ashton to place you under house arrest, I think he is right this time. You’re pregnant now, are you not?”

“Yes, I am.” I had only heard from the doctor after I began helping Marcus, that was why I had not informed her.

“As long as you are aware. I won’t say much on the matter. I will help you keep an eye on White Corporation. Marcus is a flirt. Though I admire him, it’s between me and him and it has nothing to do with you. And as for you, I want you to think long and hard about it. You have lost two children, is it really worth putting yourself through that kind of torment again? Have a good rest. I’m hanging up now.”

The beep sounded like the heart rate monitor of a dead man; shrill and unceasing. I sat frozen with the phone pressed on my ear for some moments in a daze.

It wasn’t Emery’s words that had woke me up. I thought that the matter of feelings did not have the propensity to incur mutual pain. I did not believe that I was the only one in the world to treat someone who has done so much for me with the highest regard. But Ashton and Emery were there to constantly remind me that there was nothing wrong with placing one’s wellbeing above everything else.

## Chapter 1161

The phone call from Emery was supposed to be a sign of hope, but I felt like I had fallen so far down an abyss of self-doubt to the extent that I was unable to muster any energy for the rest of the day.

I did not expect Ashton to show himself, but at eight in the evening, he and a bodyguard walked in with dinner. I sat sluggishly on the couch and stared whilst they made preparations.

There was no expression on Ashton's face. He walked over to me and helped me to the dining table. Like every expecting father, he held his wife and took small and measured steps.

We sat across from each other at the table. Ashton looked as if he was busier than before; he spent the entire meal replying to messages. I tried to engage him in conversation but did not manage to find an opening to.

After a half hour, the messages finally stopped coming in.

I set aside my cutlery and was about to speak when brash and insolent footsteps came from the door.

"Wow, Ashton. Are you sure that this dead slump is the home of the president of Fuller Corporation?" Holden did not seem very different from the last time we met. He was still the same delinquent clad in an expensive suit. Somehow, he had managed to make the suit look cheap.

Holden paused in the middle of the living room and took a look around. He caught my eye and went on spewing insults without a pause. "For someone who doesn't know you, they'd think that what you've constructed here is some sort of a private prison. I already feel like I'm in jail just by being here thirty seconds. Scarlett, this has got to be your idea, isn't it? You wanted to meet me, didn't you?"

Well, I stand corrected. I'm not the only one unafraid of death. He was another one brazen enough to flirt with Ashton's wife in front of him. It was difficult to find another scoundrel as despicable as Holden.



I felt angry at how he spoke to me but noticed out of the corner of my eye that Ashton seemed to have expected him. He chewed placidly as he watched the scene.

Holden exhausted all of his theatrics. He pulled out the chair next to me and held his forehead in hand in a pretense of sorrow. "To be honest, I can sense how much you are missing me. However, I've been really busy recently to come to you. You wouldn't blame me, would you?"

I was rather embarrassed. "Can we help you, Mr. Taylor?" I asked pointedly.

Holden had just taken over the Taylor family. He would have been busy culling out those who stood against him; thus, he must want something for him to be here instead of busy doing that.

Holden wasn't happy when I refused to play along. He pulled a face and resumed his infuriating behavior. "How dreadfully boring. If this is how you plan on receiving your guests, don't bother inviting me over again."

I had no way of dealing with his tricks. I glanced at Ashton for help.

Ashton was calm the entire time. After his last bite of dinner, he turned his dark eyes up at me and spoke calmly. "You wanted to look for someone in M Country, didn't you? Holden's men have gone on your behalf. You can relax now."

"You?" I said incredulously, skeptical of Holden's abilities to do what needed to be done.

"What's wrong? You can't accept this arrangement?" Holden said smugly. "Don't you know that the Taylors control the flow of information in K City? If my men couldn't locate your fellow, you can consider him dead."

"How could you say something like that?" I demanded hotly, though I was delighted to hear that his family had access to that much information. However, I still wasn't convinced. "Besides me, Marcus had not communicated with anyone else. How sure are you that he wouldn't avoid your men?"

Marcus was at M Country, the home turf of GW Group. He was already at the edge of the lion's jaws. It was no doubt that he would be extremely careful if he wanted to stay alive to rescue Camelia and their child. This was possibly why he wouldn't even make any contact with his employees.

## **Chapter 1162**

Holden smirked as he retrieved a dictaphone from his vest pocket. He pressed play and placed it on the table. "Marcus, get in touch with me as soon as you can. We need to discuss something." It was my own voice.

Dear God, even I don't remember saying these words! "The Taylor family has a lot of connections in the underworld," Ashton explained with uncharacteristic patience. "Once they got a hold of your phone and analyzed the data, it wasn't difficult to imitate your voice."

"This was imitated by AI?" I asked in amazement, my eyes as wide as saucers. I had heard a lot regarding the advancement of AI within the industry recently, so it occurred to me that this may be one of its applications.

Holden smiled smugly as he placed the dictaphone back in his pocket. "Those machines work, no doubt. But the end result is too stiff and inorganic. My new girlfriend is the queen of mimicry. She can literally imitate any style of anybody you can think of. Especially those in bed... hehe. It's a new experience every night."

"Mr. Taylor, your tastes are... rather exotic," I said uncomfortably. The extent of his lust has left me speechless.

But if this was what it took to gain Marcus's trust, albeit falsely, it would still be a big help. At this comforting thought, I breathed a reluctant sigh of relief.

Though Holden was Ashton's man, he wouldn't use the imitated voice to harm Marcus as the interests of the Taylor family were at stake. Like it or not, he was the best candidate for this mission.

Ashton did not fail to notice the change in my expression. I looked up and met his weary eyes. "Now would you believe me?" he asked before I could say anything.

I turned towards Holden. He was a wily fox who only cared about the interests of his family. He must want something in return for his help.

Ashton must have dealt with him beforehand. Probably even agreed to his unreasonable demands. I turned away and looked at Ashton in earnest. "If you are willing to help Marcus, why did you mention having to compete with GW Group and drive the share price down?"

White Corporation was in shambles. Foreign investment took the opportunity to encourage the shareholders to sell their shares for scraps.

When Fuller Corporation joined the fray, nobody felt secure.

Otherwise, Emery wouldn't have promised me so heartily to look into it.

Ashton took a deep breath and sat up straight. His dark eyes suddenly flashed with a glint of danger. "So according to you, the way for me to repay Marcus was to pay for his company which is currently in a mess at a high price, at a loss to Fuller Corporation. Is that it?"

His gaze was so fierce it looked as though it would pierce right through me.

I frowned with discomfort at being stared at like that.

Even a company larger than White Corporation had things that they want hidden. The fact that Leonard Yondel had embezzled was not even considered out of the ordinary for someone like Ashton.

It felt like he had already decided that I did not know my boundaries in handling Marcus's case. He had intentionally exposed these to see the limits of which I would disregard him, my husband, by helping Marcus.

After Rebecca, I was more familiar than anybody with Ashton's possessive nature. I sighed heavily. "I have never thought that there was anything wrong with the situation. Marcus had already thought of a solution. If he hadn't disappeared, it wouldn't have turned into the mess it is today."

After a brief pause, I reached out and touched Ashton's hand. "Think of how you take pains to protect and advance the interests of Fuller Corporation. The only thing that Marcus's parents left for him is White Corporation. I hope that we can help him salvage his family business. It's not about compelling you to buy his entire company to save it, or to have any foreign company acquire it. Do you think we can do that?"