

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1268-1272

Chapter 1268

After my injection, I was so tired that I forgot what I wanted to ask Emma about. I decided to call it a day and went to bed.

The next day, I woke up early so I could send Summer to school. The past few days had been so hectic that I hadn't been able to spend much time with her.

When the car pulled up in front of the school, Summer excitedly pointed at a man in the distance and shouted, "It's Mr. Cress! Mommy, look! That's Mr. Cress!"

I looked in the direction she was pointing at, but from where I was, I could only see the back view of a young man.

When the door opened, Summer immediately jumped out and ran toward Mr. Cress.

I wanted to make sure I looked presentable, so I fixed my makeup in the mirror before joining Summer to meet her new favorite teacher.

I couldn't have spent more than two minutes on my makeup when I realized it was now a female teacher standing with Summer.

Though a little baffled, I still went over to greet her.

Summer pouted angrily when I finally reached her. "You should have hurried, Mommy! Mr. Cress has already left!"

The female teacher and I exchanged glances and couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"Please don't get the wrong idea, Mrs. Fuller. Mr. Cress is one of the younger teaching staff in the school and is very highly valued. The principal had just called him away, so please don't think he's avoiding you on purpose," she explained.

"That's okay. We'll meet some other time, and then I'll have a chance to thank him for making school so enjoyable for Summer."

After exchanging more pleasantries, Summer left with the teacher to get ready for classes.

I stood at the entrance for a while more, trying to see if I could catch a glimpse of this elusive Mr. Cress. Sure enough, Summer bumped into him when she turned a corner and happily held his hand as they walked to class together. Try as I might, I still couldn't see the face of Mr. Cress.

Summer had always been slow to warm up to outsiders, especially with men. Other than the men in the family, she hardly had any contact with others. I was even more curious about Mr. Cress now, wondering what kind of magic he had over my daughter.

After thinking for a while, I decided to call Emery.

"Hello..." Emery's voice was hoarse like she had either just woken up or was nursing a hangover from the previous night.

"Emery, are you okay?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be? I had to head out again last night for an appointment, and I'm barely awake now. What's up?" she replied curtly.

I was reminded of Ashton's words and changed my mind. "It's nothing. We'll talk again when you're awake."

Her voice sounded faintly annoyed when she answered, "Don't beat around the bush. I might not be free to answer my phone later, so just say what you want right now."

"Alright then. I wanted to get your help to check on a Mr. Cress in Summer's school. There's something weird about him."

"Mr. Cress? Okay, I got it. Go home and wait for my news. If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now."

Less than a second later, I heard the dial tone on the other end. She had hung up before I could say anything else.

The next time I met Emery again was two days later. We had planned to meet at a café near her office. When she arrived, she was her usual energetic self, turning heads wherever she went.

She had only just sat down when she suddenly said, "I'm getting a divorce."

For one full minute, I frowned at her, speechless.

Emery looked very relaxed as she stirred her coffee. "I'm sure you've noticed it as well. This past year, Hunter and I haven't been together as much. Our problems started very early on, and ever since, we found our personalities clashing more and more. We're still young. There's no need to drag this out any further. So, a divorce it is."

The more she tried to be nonchalant, the more I could tell she was upset.

Ashton was right about Emery having a lot of pride in herself. Once she saw through Hunter and Delilah, she decided to end her marriage to protect her dignity. She chose not to reveal the ugly truth about the divorce, blaming it on personality differences instead. After all, there was no way someone as strong as Emery would let herself lose to another woman.

Chapter 1269

To this day, I could still remember Emery's words to me, "If I ever meet such a person, I'll make sure they never have another day of peace in their life!"

Perhaps she already had her suspicions then that her marriage wouldn't last long.

When she saw that I was quiet, Emery decided to change the subject. "By the way, I got someone to check out that Mr. Cress you were talking about. He seems all right. He's from K City and has been teaching at Summer's school for four years now. Kids love him because he's young and good-looking."

"Oh, thank you." I nodded, my face devoid of expressions.

Emery suddenly stopped stirring her coffee and dropped the spoon. "Hey, don't be like this. You're divorced too, and now that I'm in the same boat as you, you should be happy for me. From now on, we'll have each other for support. Men can all go to hell."

Now that she had brought up my divorce, I knew I couldn't keep the truth from her anymore. I had to come clean to her, and it was now or never.

After hearing the truth, Emery was surprisingly quiet. All she did was stare at me oddly.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" I finally asked as her stare was starting to make me uncomfortable.

"It's nothing," she quickly replied. She didn't seem all too surprised by this news as she looked away and sipped her coffee.

The more relaxed she seemed, the more anxious I got. "That's all? Aren't you going to ask me anything else?"

"What's there to ask?" She pushed her coffee away and held my gaze. "I've noticed the way you look at each other. Even if the divorce was real, I figured you'd get back together sooner or later. That's not much different from a fake divorce."

"Ha... your eyes are really sharp."

"It's the two of you... oh, no, it's just your bad acting skills."

Again with my acting skills? How dare they!

As I sipped my hot cocoa, I decided to tell her everything I knew about Delilah. “Emery, actually Emma and I had seen Hunter going shopping with Delilah. But we were afraid you might not take it too well, so we kept it from you. I’m sorry.”

Emery’s expression was calm as she glanced at me. “No wonder Emma has been avoiding me like the plague.”

“You know how bad Emma is at keeping secrets, so she had to...”

“Forget it,” Emery announced with a wave of her hand. “Tell her it’s all over now. She doesn’t have to keep coming up with excuses to avoid meeting me.”

“Do you really not blame us?” I asked warily. Even though I knew her well, I still needed to make sure.

Emery let out a deep sigh, put down her coffee, and looked at me with a calm and composed demeanor. “The two of you could have told me the truth earlier and saved yourself all this trouble. I had known about Hunter and Delilah for a while now.”

The fact that she had found out about it even before the ribbon-cutting ceremony should come as a surprise to no one.

After all, Emery had such acute senses that nothing her partner did could ever escape her. Besides, the harder one tried to fake being in love with another, the easier it was to give it away.

I pursed my lips, unsure of what to say.

Emery had a look of sorrow as she gazed out the window and into the distance. "I hate betrayals the most. Sadly, I'm the product of my father's betrayal, and maybe that's why I have to pay the price of my mother's mistake."

"That's not your fault!" Emery's words had made me emotional, and I felt like I was choking back tears.

She shook her head sadly as she continued, "It's over now, and I've made concessions. Since Hunter has made his choice, I'll respect it. There's no need to end this on a bad note. I'll just cherish whatever good had come out of this one true love of mine."

"There's still a long way to go in life. You just haven't met the right person yet."

"It's not that easy," Emery retorted. "Scarlett, there are billions of men in the world. A man like Ashton is one in ten million. Not everyone is as lucky as you."

After a brief pause, her expression turned even more serious. "You need two hands to clap in any relationship. Many women can't wait to snatch Ashton from you. So my advice to you is don't go down the same route as I had."

Chapter 1270

If this were in the past, I would have said she was exaggerating. But after having gone through so much, I do believe in Emery's foresight.

Even though one couldn't have smoke without fire, no one could ever live their lives without having faced temptations. Knowing self-control and when to let go would prevent one from going astray. But that would only work for those who played by the rules.

I knew who Emery was hinting at, and it piqued my interest. “Emery, your company is still new and young. You’re going to need to improve on the management and planning. Will you be interested in going somewhere to learn more?”

“Where to?”

“To the company where my stakes lie. Where else?” I replied with a raised eyebrow. “Let’s go, Ms. Moore.”

Emery caught my hint and smirked. The plan was in motion.

Emery’s office was in the prime business district of K City, so it took less than ten minutes since we left the café to arrive at Fuller Corporation.

It happened to be lunchtime, so most of the employees had left for lunch. When Emery and I walked in, the office area was mostly empty.

“How can that be? Even if Ms. Collins has the ability, she isn’t qualified!”

“That’s not necessarily true. Haven’t you heard the saying when there’s a will, there’s a way? She could still become the next Mrs. Fuller. And when that happens, you’re going to have to start buttering up to her!”

The babble and gossip in the pantry rang out especially clearly in the empty office. I had deliberately quietened my footsteps as I tiptoed my way toward the pantry. When I got to the door, I slowly peeked in to see who was inside.

I counted a total of six people in the pantry. They were all sat on the sofa with their backs facing the door as they continued with their gossip.

“Maybe Mr. Fuller might really fall for Ms. Collins. He has had so many other secretaries, but none stayed on for as long as Ms. Collins has. And I’ve heard from others that Ms. Collins packed daily lunches for Mr. Fuller, rain or shine. You know what they say about a woman capturing a man’s heart through his stomach. I’m pretty sure she’s going to capture his heart soon!”

“I don’t think so. I’m sure Mr. Fuller has had his fill of good food. How can he be so easily bought over by just a few lunches? You’re in the Planning Department, for goodness’ sake. You have to think more creatively. No wonder you haven’t had a promotion in such a long time... “

“Hey, we’re talking about Mr. Fuller here. Why do you have to make it about me now... “

There was a lot of back and forth in the pantry, and I listened on in enthusiasm. Emery, on the other hand, was probably upset by their gossip as her face darkened.

If I let them carry on, I was afraid she might start the next world war.

I cleared my throat to get their attention and waited to see their reactions upon seeing us.

The pantry fell into silence as soon as they heard my cough. When the employees saw Emery and me, fear and panic immediately registered in their eyes.

A voice suddenly rang out from behind me. “Ms. Stovall?”

I turned and came face to face with Stella looking at me in bewilderment. She had a lunchbox in one hand and a stack of documents in the other.

Ashton and I had signed the divorce agreement only a month ago, and she was already reminding me of it. She didn't hesitate when she called me "Ms. Stovall" instead of "Mrs. Fuller."

Emery was enraged as soon as she saw Stella. She was about to march up to her when I grabbed her hand and shot her a look, letting her know that I had the situation under control.

I turned to Stella and put on my best manners. "Ms. Collins, are you free to help with something?"

Stella was taken aback and seemed to ponder about it. "I'm sorry, Ms. Stovall. But Mr. Fuller needs these documents urgently. Can I get someone else to help you instead?"

Before I could reply, she had turned to the handful of employees in the office. "Who doesn't have anything to work on now?"

Chapter 1271

The way she gave the order was as though she was the owner of this company.

Right after she spoke, the employees in the pantry poked their heads out stealthily, waiting for the drama between the president's ex-wife and his flirtatious secretary to unfold.

"Are you deaf or something? Scarlett is asking you to help, not anyone else." Emery stood up for me.

Instantly, Stella's brows knitted together at her words. Biting her lip, she seemed troubled as she bowed her head and said, "Mr. Fuller hates lateness the most. Outsiders might be clueless, but Ms. Stovall, I believe you know that well."

Although I was a woman too, as I stared at her pitiful look, even I couldn't help but frown and felt sorry for her.

Given the situation, it would look like I was the inconsiderate one if I forced her to work for me that day. Staying calm and collected, I kept the smile on my face as I stood rooted to the spot. I wanted to see if she had other tricks up her sleeves.

Stella's voice gradually softened and trailed off. A few seconds later, a whimper was heard in the empty corridor. Sure enough, her shoulders moved up and down, and her chest heaved as if she was deeply aggrieved.

"Ms. Stovall, it's alright if you want to pick on me, but please don't take the company's businesses for granted. Let me send these files to Mr. Fuller first, and I'll help you afterward..."

Taking a closer look, I saw a few glistening tears trickle down her smooth, flawless face. It reminded me of how Juliet cried for Romeo.

Nevertheless, she was not Juliet, and I was not Romeo. Hence, my heart wouldn't ache for her. In fact, I found her act ridiculous.

"Ms. Collins, I would've forgotten if you hadn't told me about it. Previously, Ashton always worked too hard and overlooked his health. Now that it's lunchtime, it's the only time he could take a break. However, as his secretary, you're bringing documents to his office, disturbing him. Have you ever consider if he's able to handle it? If he forced himself to work, and something bad happened to him, would you be able to take responsibility for it?"

I asked in an interrogative tone while walking over to her. Just as I finished speaking, Stella lifted her head and wanted to refute me. I met her gaze, staring right into her reddened eyes with an assertive and unflinching gaze.

Did she think that I'm an easy target just because I rarely flew off the handle?

Stella's expression froze for two seconds. Afterward, she recollected herself and took a step back to get further away from me. She retorted, "Who said that I don't care about his health? I..."

"You what? What do you have to say?" I became aggressive the second I spotted her clutching the lunchbox in her hands tightly.

Stella knew full well that I had seen the lunchbox many times before. If she had the nerve to admit that she had been sending Ashton a lunchbox every day, it would indicate that she already had her eyes on him much earlier and that she was a pretentious woman.

"Nothing." Stella looked away indignantly. Her gentle expression was replaced by a scowl.

"What's happening?" Joseph showed up unexpectedly. Perhaps he had come over earlier and heard our conversation for a while now. As he approached us, he questioned Stella in an icy tone, "Why didn't I know there are some urgent documents which Mr. Fuller needs to sign right now?"

Stella bit her lower lip, a hint of panic appeared on her face. She couldn't utter a word in the face of the upright and fair-minded man.

"Ooh, someone just got busted." Emery gloated at her embarrassment while leaning against the wall with her arms folded. The smugness on her face was comparable to that of John when he ridiculed someone.

Stella's face flushed beet red, and she went speechless.

Ignoring the woman, Joseph cut to the chase. "Ms. Stovall, what brings you here? How can I assist you?"

Undeniably, Joseph was shrewd and worldly-wise. Stella almost prevailed against me just now. Joseph's question reminded me that I was one of the company's board members, and that saved my crumbling dignity.

As a board member, I must carry myself with pride and authority.

With an expressionless face, I sized him up and nodded faintly. "Emery just started a new company, so she needs guidance from us. I thought that Ms. Collins was the most sweet-tempered person in our company and that she would definitely be willing to give us a hand, so I came over. However, it turns out that I've disrupted Ms. Collins' work. I'm sorry, that was rude of me."

Chapter 1272

The world honored wealth and power more than anything else. So for an insignificant secretary like her to disrespect a board member and pretended to be pitiful afterward was downright preposterous. I was interested to find out if she would be able to get away with this.

After all, she was not the only one who could put on a show.

Staring intently at Stella, I heaved a long sigh and plastered on a guilty face.

Anyone who had experience in the workplace knew it was full of hypocrisy. Normally, a subordinate was doomed when their superior put on such an expression. Unable to pinpoint any mistake that their superior had done, they could only accept their misfortune. I heard gasps of horror behind me. It seemed like the other colleagues could already foresee what was coming Stella's way and started praying for her.

Joseph glanced at Stella and me. Then, he instructed curtly, “Ms. Collins, please head to the Finance Department and get three months’ worth of salary. You don’t need to come to work from tomorrow onward.”

His voice was firm and loud. Even I was amazed by his boldness. He actually had the guts to fire an employee whom Ashton hired just like that.

Well done, Joseph! I couldn’t help letting loose a smirk.

“Mr. Campbell?” Stella couldn’t believe her ears as she gaped at him in shock. She forced a smile and asked, “Please don’t joke about this. I’m Mr. Fuller’s secretary, so you need to get his approval before firing me.”

Joseph cast her a cold glance with an indifferent expression. “So you do know that you’re only a secretary. I’m in charge of coordinating all the company’s affairs, it’s only natural that I have the authority to terminate you. You can’t even fulfill a small request from our board member. Are you waiting for Mr. Fuller to clean up your mess? Giving you three months’ worth of salary according to the employment agreement is the kindest thing I can do. Don’t try to push your luck.”

“I...” Stella bit her lower lips. Her face contorted with distress, but she couldn’t find the words to refute him.

Unfazed, I watched them nonchalantly, enjoying the victory. Stella had overestimated herself. She wasn’t even as gorgeous and talented as Rachel. It was dumb of her to attempt to seduce Ashton just because she worked closely with him.

What happened to Stella that day served as a warning to everyone in Fuller Corporation. The position of being Ashton’s wife was mine alone and anyone who tried to replace me had better be ready to stand against the board members, as well as the Moore and Stovall families.

“Why is it so noisy?”

A man's familiar, husky voice came from afar. Turning around, I saw Ashton step out of his office. With a stern face, he strode past the inquisitive employees to us.

"Mr. Fuller, Ms. Stovall asked for Ms. Collins' help with some simple tasks, but the latter declined her with many excuses. I'm asking her to head to the HR Department to process her termination."

Ashton's dark eyes landed on Stella, whose eyes were still reddened. Thinking that he could be her lifesaver, Stella gazed at him with tears glistening in her eyes, and her brows furrowed slightly, looking delicate and pitiful.

As the two locked eyes, time seemed to have stood still, and the office fell silent. My eyes couldn't help but flick between the two speculatively, and my brows drew together instinctively.

Although Ashton only looked at her for less than three seconds, I felt as if a century had passed, and every second passed in an extremely slow motion.

What's going on? Is Ashton going to sympathize with her just because she sent him lunch consistently?

"Is Joseph's words true?" Ashton asked. His attitude was just and unbiased.

Stella was smart enough to realize that Emery and I were against her. Looking down, she nodded her head firmly and admitted her fault in silence. Her docile face made it look as though I made her confess to it by force.

She may look pitiful to others, but for me, I was downright irritated by it.

"Mr. Fuller, you don't need to hesitate. I know you're indebted to Ms. Collins for saving your life, so there's no need to make a big fuss out of this." I marched over and interrupted them, staring straight at

Stella boldly. "I heard that Ms. Collins is good at meal planning and taking care of people. So why don't we transfer her to the Logistics Department as an assistant supervisor? She'll be able to make good use of her talents there."