

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1283-1287

Chapter 1283

Although what happened to Delilah's family was a shame, her actions of trying to disfigure and kill Emery were even crueler.

Even if Emery really did all that, all this wouldn't have started if Delilah hadn't stolen Hunter from her.

"It appears you have no idea how powerful the Moore family is given that you dared to hire someone to splash acid when only two of your family members have been laid off. I would have wiped out your family if anything had happened to Emery." Having been silent throughout, Zachary glared at Delilah. It was rare for someone as aloof as him to display such ferocity.

"Hah..." Delilah sneered. "I don't understand what you're saying. I only know that the illustrious Emery resorted to unscrupulous means to destroy my happiness despite having agreed to break up in peace. If word gets out that she is such a venomous person, I'm afraid the Moore family's reputation would be badly affected."

"Hunter, it seems that you really have good taste in women!" Unable to stand it anymore, I gritted my teeth and interrupted.

After hurting Emery to this extent, Delilah still dared to act with such defiance. She has definitely outdone Rebecca in making one feel indignant. Besides, isn't her so-called happiness stolen from Emery in the first place?

Realizing that he was also to blame, Hunter hung his head in shame without saying a word. All he did was shirk away from the situation.

If only Emery had known him better then, she wouldn't have fallen for him in the beginning.

"Do you think that just by hiring someone desperate you can wash your hands clean of the matter?" Emery might be soft-hearted, but I wasn't. "Since we have captured him, I have my ways of making him talk. Assault alone would earn him three years of prison. With the Moore family's influence, it would easily be extended to ten years. As for being the mastermind, you should prepare yourself to spend your best years in prison."

Delilah's beauty was her trump card. By sending her to prison, she would always remember that there was a price to pay for harming someone indiscriminately.

When she saw how firm I was, she began to panic and averted her gaze from me.

"Let her go, please." Hunter suddenly pleaded, "She's pregnant, after all. Let's all just take a step back."

Pregnant?

No wonder Emery's divorce was completed with such haste. This explained everything.

"Hunter, how dare you!" Furrowing his eyebrows intensely, Zachary's expression was extremely grave. "I thought that you broke up with Emery because both of you were incompatible. But now, it's obvious that you're just a scumbag!"

Zachary had always been extremely devoted to Cameron. Fiercely loyal, he never thought of anything else other than spending the rest of his life together with her. Hence, he viewed Hunter's infidelity with contempt.

Pursing his lips, Hunter looked at Zachary and gritted his teeth in shame. Thereafter, he turned toward Emery and sighed. "Emery, I am the one that caused all this. You can blame me and hate me. But Delilah is right. Her family is innocent. The two of you have each made mistakes. Since we have broken up, can you let this matter slide on account of Xavier?"

"Xavier?" Emery smirked. "It seems you have forgotten that you abandoned him for another child."

Hunter didn't expect Emery to be so calm. Briefly stunned, he was suddenly at a loss for words.

Indeed, Emery was more composed than I had expected. As she shifted her eyes in Delilah's direction, she seemed to be looking at her listlessly. "With regards to your accusations, do you have any proof?"

Just as she spoke, everyone was stunned.

Given how sure Delilah sounded, everyone assumed that Emery did everything she had alleged. But after giving it some thought, it seemed that there might be another possibility.

"You accuse me of causing your father to be sacked and your brother to not be able to secure a job. You claim that I did all these behind the scenes as revenge for you stealing my man. Unfortunately, you don't know me at all. It's as my brother has said. If I wanted to harm you, I wouldn't have just caused your family to lose their jobs. In fact, I would have done it openly and you would not have any doubts as to who is exacting revenge."

Chapter 1284

Pausing for a moment, Emery shifted her gaze toward Hunter. “It seems that I have overestimated the relationship we once shared given that you can tolerate Delilah’s violent actions. I consider myself to have been blind in the past. From now onward, there is nothing left of our so-called relationship.”

Furrowing his eyebrows, it was apparent that Hunter was shocked.

“Impossible!” Delilah reacted with greater defiance. “Other than you, our family doesn’t have any other powerful enemies. You are just making excuses!”

“Delilah!” Overwhelmed with shame, Hunter stopped her.

“Did I say anything wrong? Hunter, you couldn’t clean up your own mess because you didn’t want to stain your reputation as a professor. So, I had to do it for you. But look at you now! In the midst of me being bullied by your ex, you choose to lecture me instead? I am now beginning to doubt whether your feelings for me are true.” Outraged, Delilah switched the focus of her anger right in front of us.

It seemed that she wasn’t very smart, she was oblivious to the fact that the Moore Residence wasn’t the place for her own family squabbles.

“I don’t care whether your feelings for each other are true. Delilah, take a good look at the lawyer representing me.” Emery glance at me before adding plainly, “Be prepared to hear from my lawyer. Since you dare challenge me, I will gladly play your game to your heart’s content.”

Given Emery’s stature, she could hire any top lawyer in the city she wanted. Handing the task to me was just her way of being polite.

As for me, I just wanted to use the opportunity to scare Delilah.

After hesitating for a split second, I collected myself and smiled slightly, "That's right, Ms. Delilah Perkins. Let me introduce myself again. I, Scarlett Stovall, am a lawyer from Stovall Law Firm. From this moment on, I will represent Ms. Emery Moore in this assault-related case. You will be hearing from my firm soon. As this will be my first case as a lawyer, it will be a wonderful opportunity for me to demonstrate my prowess. So don't expect me to show you any mercy."

Hiding malice behind a smile was a necessary skill every lawyer practiced. Obviously, I am now one of them.

Realizing that there was no way she could escape a few years of prison, Delilah's face turned pale. Just as her knees buckled, she lost her balance and collapsed into Hunter's arms.

"Scarlett, you have been pregnant before and know that emotional shock is bad for pregnant mothers. Why do you need to frighten her?" Hunter was upset.

As all the goodwill I felt toward him had long since dissipated, I was further angered at the sight of Hunter defending Delilah.

"If a pregnant lady can't take the shock, should a burn victim take it then? Do you know that when the acid came into contact with Emery, she fainted immediately? After an operation that lasted hours, do you even know that she has been unable to sleep properly for the last few days?"

During such times, men could be so tactless to utter such ridiculous words.

I used to feel that Hunter was someone attentive. But now, it seemed that he will indiscriminately protect any woman by his side, regardless of who she was. The one person he truly loved was himself.

Triggered by my words, Emery, who was silent for a long while, let out a deep sigh. She then asked, "Hunter, you clearly know me very well. I would never deny something that I had done. Now, do you believe me when I tell you that I had nothing to do with what happened to Delilah's family?"

Hunter took a deep breath before replying solemnly, "I believe you."

When Delilah, who was leaning against him, heard his reply, she wanted to protest further. However, he held her back with all his strength.

"Good." Emery smirked as she shifted her gaze to her front as if she was talking to no one. "In that case, I'll take this as an admission on your part that I have never done anything to harm you. Hence, this matter solely revolves around Delilah plotting the assault. Based on that, I will seek justice for what she has done."

"How can you do this!" Delilah objected. Her dejected expression from just a moment ago had now turned into one of anger. She scowled, "This is just a misunderstanding. And yet, you insist on destroying us!"

Chapter 1285

By now, I couldn't be bothered to curse at Delilah's preposterous words.

"Take them outside," I ordered the bodyguards. "Without my permission, never let them in again."

The moment I finished, the bodyguard dragged them away and threw them out.

Once they left, the living hall fell silent.

Very quickly, Emery lost her strength and could only support herself by grabbing onto the sofa. As cold sweat broke out on her forehead, she panted heavily to catch her breath. I sympathized with her but there was little else I could do except watching over her quietly.

Given what a proud person she was, her pride would never let her show any weakness.

After I returned home from the Moore Residence, my mood was down in the dumps. I then spent my time playing with the children.

Having sat for a while, I naturally gave Ashton a call.

He answered quickly but his tone was indifferent. "Hello."

"When are you coming over?" I asked as I shook the babies to sleep listlessly.

"Where are you?" Ashton was economical with his words, as usual.

"The Stovall residence." I raised my voice on purpose as if to remind him, "Didn't you say you wanted to taste my cooking? Coincidentally, I cooked today. Are you sure you don't want to come?"

After a brief silence, Ashton's voice rang out again. "Scarlett, are you trying to get on my good side?"

Sometimes, it wasn't a good thing when a man was simply too smart.

Biting my lip, I avoided his question. "Uncle Louis and John are back. We will start dinner soon if you're not coming."

“Haha...” Ashton chuckled in delight which was a sign that we had made peace. “I won’t be able to make it back tonight as I have another appointment that I can’t miss. You guys just go on ahead. And next time, you should cook for me alone instead.”

“In your dreams! There’s not going to be a next time.”

After ending the call, my mind was finally put at ease.

Evidently, just knowing that someone was there was enough to comfort one’s soul.

Emery had always been a forthright person. As such, I knew that she won’t be letting Delilah off since she had declared that she would seek justice. Despite being her lawyer, I didn’t have any experience of going to court. Hence, I sought out Brooklyn’s help to involve me in several similar trials so that I could gain some experience in court.

After watching one of the trials in court for the whole day, the sky was already dark when I left.

Getting into the car, I checked my phone and was about to reply to John’s message when a news notification popped up.

As it had been a long and dreary day, I wanted something to cure my boredom, so I tapped on the news out of curiosity.

Once the page loaded, I saw Ashton’s picture appear right before my eyes.

It came with the title: President of Ziegler Investment Rumored to Be In a Romantic Relationship With Fuller Corporation President.

When I read the headline, I couldn't help but raise my eyebrows in surprise.

Previously, I had heard Ashton talk about the Ziegler family. The president of Ziegler Investments was naturally Mitchell's elder sister, Thora.

After reading the article, I realized the reason Ashton declined my invitation last night was that he and Thora were attending a dinner organized by a construction material merchant. As the reporters managed to get a good angle, both of them looked to be deeply in love with each other in the pictures, as if they were made for each other.

Upon closer inspection, however, one could see that there was no physical contact between them. Even when they were whispering to each other, the gap between them was still wide enough for an entire person to fit in.

Reading too much into unfounded rumors was just a waste of time. Coincidentally, John was calling and I subsequently put the matter at the back of my mind.

During dinner, John and Emma even joked about the matter, but I quickly shut them up by snapping at them.

Rumors do not get past the wise. Hence, I only believed in Ashton's words and my observations of his actions.

Just before I went to bed, Ashton gave me a call. "Aren't you even a little curious as to what my relationship with Thora is?"

Putting down the legal document I was holding, I picked up my phone and switched it to a video call. Right after Ashton accepted it, I saw that he was still in the office despite the ungodly hour.

I replied with a smile, "Since you personally crippled her brother's hands, how far do you think both of you can go in a relationship?"

Chapter 1286

It was normal for keyboard warriors to speculate as they had no idea about the truth. But anyone in their right mind could see that Ashton treated Thora like an ordinary friend. It was only after the media's attempt at spicing up the situation that it felt like there was something going on.

If there really was something going on between both of them, it would have to be proven by them registering their marriage at the Civil Affairs Bureau, instead of some blurry photos from an eye-catching angle.

"Hmm, you have gotten smarter I see. This sounds like what an observant person would say." Ashton leaned back languidly in his chair. Squinting his eyes, his face reddened a little from the wine he had drunk.

"Observant? Perhaps." I asked, "Just from what happened with Mitchell, it's obvious that the Ziegler family does not harbor good intentions. You'd better be more careful when dealing with Thora."

"If I had any other choice, I wouldn't have chosen to sell my body." Ashton suddenly widened his eyes as he looked at me with a helpless expression. "In the upcoming period, I will likely interact with her often. Hence, don't listen to the rumors on the internet. If there is anything out of the ordinary, I will personally explain it to you."

For some unknown reason, Ashton looked exhausted that day.

Smiling at him, I tried to ease his concerns. "Go ahead and do what you think is necessary. The children and I will be fine. Just one thing, even though I'm not by your side, don't keep pulling late nights for weeks at one go. You need to take care of your health so that you can fulfill your promise of making it up to me."

"Alright." Pursing his lips, Ashton nodded in agreement. As if something suddenly occurred to him, he asked, "With regards to Emery's case, I heard she wants you to represent her?"

"That's right. It's her way of supporting my career, I suppose. Both for her sake and my future, I will definitely do my best. After preparing for such a long time, it's time to see how good I am."

"Get someone else to do it," Ashton commented.

"Why?" I was puzzled. "Are you doubting my capabilities? Or are you worried that I'm not physically up for it?"

I could understand the former but there was no reason to worry about the latter. The toxin in my body was like a time bomb. Before it explodes, I was no different from any ordinary person. If I had to forgo my life and stay in bed, it would be no different than being dead.

"Neither." Ashton explained patiently, "Isn't it obvious to you that Delilah is evil? She dared to hire someone to splash acid on Emery. Can you guarantee that she won't do something similar to threaten you? Given that you have so many staff at your firm, it isn't difficult to get someone else to replace you. There's no need for you to be involved."

After giving it some thought, Ashton's concerns did make sense. After all, before Emery got hurt, no one had expected a helpless-looking woman to commit such a heinous act the moment she steeled her heart.

"I understand. When the time comes, I'll get someone else to replace me so that I can minimize the conflict between the both of us. So, you don't have to worry about this."

A few days later, when Emery's case went to trial, the judge accepted all the evidence that we presented. As expected, Delilah was sentenced to prison.

On the same day afternoon, upon my return to the law firm, I received an invitation from Ziegler Investment for their anniversary celebration party.

The invitation wrote: We cordially invite Ms. Scarlett Stovall to attend Ziegler Investment's 5th-anniversary celebration party.

The invitation made it clear that I would be representing Stovall Law Firm, drawing an obvious distinction between my relationship with Ashton.

Meanwhile, the rumors about Ashton and Thora continued to spread. Putting aside Ashton's plan, the media were likely encouraged to do so by Thora and the Ziegler family. The law firm had only been operating for less than a month and yet, Thora was already impatient to see me. The invitation was undoubtedly a trap.

As John was the one who exposed Mitchell, he wasn't invited. Hence, I got Brooklyn to come along with me. On the way there, I had time to do some research on Thora.

In truth, Thora was considered a capable woman. At twenty-two, she returned to the country after graduating with an MBA overseas and joined Ziegler Corporation. In three years' time, she doubled the Ziegler Corporation's stock price. In another two years, she had a falling out with the Ziegler family and left to start her own company. Within five years of that, Ziegler Investments had become an industry leader in the building materials segment and was extremely influential.

The picture online of Thora showed her in a suit. Her features were exquisite while her eyes sparkled with energy. Overall, she looked very ambitious, unlike the usual girls that were previously by Ashton's side. Thora was about my age and didn't seem to have anything to nitpick about. Just based on her resume alone, she seemed to be more compatible with Ashton than me. At least they were both similarly ambitious in terms of their career.

"We're here, Ms. Stovall."

Only when Brooklyn reminded me did I realize that we had arrived. When I looked out the window, I saw a red carpet flanked by reporters on both sides, with their cameras flashing away.

Just when I steadied myself, I heard a car screeching to a sudden stop. A blue sports car had parked itself behind me. The next moment, the door opened and John stepped out in a tuxedo. The moment he emerged, he attracted the attention of all the cameras. Nevertheless, he remained unperturbed as he straightened his jacket before helping Emma out of the car. In front of the cameras, both of them were the epitome of a loving couple.

"Mr. Stovall really cares a lot about you." Brooklyn teased with a whisper.

His words were undeniably true. With John's presence, I saved myself a lot of trouble. While he had the reporters' attention, I quickened my pace and headed into the venue.

The moment we entered, the emcee was in the midst of introducing Thora, "...and now, let's invite Ms. Ziegler to say a few words."

With that, the spotlight moved from the stage and shone onto Thora who was dressed to the nines. Even the tall figure beside her became the center of attention as expected.

As the crowd settled down for a moment, Thora waited for everyone's attention to fall upon her. After that, she said something to Ashton before sauntering up the stage.

Her speech was graceful while her poise was elegant. The authoritative vibe she emanated would put many men to shame. The only time she softened her gaze was when she looked in a particular direction. It was then that her eyes were filled with longing.

Just when I looked on with interest, John's familiar curses rang out in my ear.

"Hasn't she seen a man before?"

Although my seat wasn't far from the entrance, it was quite some distance from the stage. John didn't even attempt to keep his voice down, but luckily it wasn't loud enough to be heard on stage. Nevertheless, it still managed to attract many curious stares.

"Can you lower your voice? I don't want to be seen as a troublemaker here," Emma commented helplessly.

It appeared that Brooklyn's observation was correct. John had arrived at the same time we did on purpose. Leveraging on the animosity between the Stovall and Ziegler family, he managed to divert the reporters' attention. This way, they wouldn't ask me about my thoughts on attending my ex-husband's girlfriend's party.

As for my thoughts, I did have some.

The tabloids did have some basis for fueling the rumors. With regards to Thora and Ashton, one was a lady with an illustrious background while the other was a young upstart within the business world. Both of them looked attractive and made a good match indeed. Especially when I saw the passion in Thora's eyes, I filled in the rest with my own imagination. The romantic tension between a strong couple intertwined with competing business interests was simply the perfect script for a romantic drama.

“Who says I’m not?” In the face of the curious stares from the other guests, John chose to make a scene. Glaring back at them with his brows raised, he threatened, “Let me see who has discovered my true agenda. Coincidentally, I’m lacking an excuse to cause some trouble.”

John was known to be fearsome, causing the onlookers to quickly disperse out of precaution. Soon, the crowd around us thinned significantly.

After shooing them away, John leaned closer to me and whispered. “Don’t worry, Ashton won’t fall for her.”

“Hmm?” Surprised by John’s confidence in Ashton, I teased, “You actually have faith in him?”

Instead of replying, John changed the topic. “Why? Can it be that you are already jealous?”

“No, I’m not.” I shrugged helplessly.

To be honest, before Thora, I had always imagined what would happen to me if someone better in every way appeared by Ashton’s side. But now that it had become a reality, my concerns were eased instead.