

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1308-1312

## Chapter 1308

Nick was evidently suffering, but as a fellow woman, I was on Rose's side in that matter. I knew how disappointed she must be when she found out the truth.

Whenever she talked about her husband, I could see true love and happiness in her eyes. This woman had unquestionably given her heart and soul to their relationship.

However, when she finally achieved her dream to get married and have children, Nick walked out of her life and tore their marriage apart.

"You shouldn't do this, at least not now." I knew it would be a bitter disappointment to Rose if she was left alone when she needed all the support and care, especially after their child was born.

For a moment, I was reminded of Camelia. She was a bright and confident lady before Marcus broke her.

Life lessons taught us that it was important to be open and honest in all aspects of life, including marriage. Yet honesty could sometimes be cruel when one had hopes and expectations.

Nick took a deep breath. "Do you know why Jackson appeared out of nowhere and suddenly he got married?" he asked. The frustration and coldness were in his voice.

I frowned, stupefied by his sudden change of subject.

Before I could respond, he tilted his head downwards and complained, "If Lydia hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known the truth. It turned out that mom has sent someone to spy on me after she knew of our relationship. And before she blew up at me, she confronted him without my knowledge! Well, I don't know what they talked about, but I'm pretty sure that Jackson disappeared after that day. Then soon after, he went to M Country and ended up being the scapegoat of his own brother!

"Look at him now. He is laying unconscious in bed, and his parents didn't even come and visit him. Do you know what they told me over the phone? They said he disgusted them and that he is not their son! They said he deserved to suffer because he chose to leave and protect me. You see, I am the only one he could turn to. I must stay beside him. And I've promised myself that I don't want to be a gutless coward anymore."

I could see his gaze wandered over the floor as he spoke. Then he stared ahead absently as if his soul leaving his empty shell of a body.

I knew nothing was perfect in this world. We would always fail the very person who loved us the most.

As a bystander, I didn't have the right to judge his decision, but at the same time, I felt sorry for Rose.

"Still, Rose and your son are innocent. I know you're a busy man, but you must fulfill your responsibilities. Even if you want to go your separate ways, don't run and hide from your

problems. So, think carefully before you make your final decision," I said, even though I knew it was almost impossible to convince a stubborn man.

If he allowed his ego to rule his decision, the problem would only drag on much longer. In the end, he would only make it more difficult for himself.

I left his office. Suddenly, I received a call from the police station. I had to call off my plan to visit Rose.

"Are you Emery Moore's attorney?"

Half an hour later, I arrived at the police station.

From inside the car, I saw an ambulance pulled off at the front entrance. It has an emergency light on.

I got down from the car and walked toward the entrance. When I was inside the building, I saw a patient in a ventilator mask being wheeled into the ambulance. It was hectic.

Just as I was wondering about what happened, Hunter hurried out of the corridor with his father. He looked surprised when he saw me. Then he walked past me like we were total strangers. They got into a white car and followed the ambulance.

At that moment, I could probably guess what had happened. I walked further in and saw Emery sitting face to face with a police officer. Her attractive features were expressionless; her eyes were cold and sharp.

## Chapter 1309

The police officer explained the whole situation to me.

Emery wanted to file an application for custody of their son, Xavier. She also requested that all the joint assets should go to her. Initially, both parties had reached an agreement, but their decision somehow reached Hunter's parents, and they were not happy about it. His parents were strict with family traditions, so they refused to let Emery take their precious grandson away from them. They went to her office to confront her and made a big fuss.

Emery immediately called the police, and she was brought in for questioning. Hunter's mother had said some offensive things to her prior to my arrival. Despite that, Emery remained calm and composed. Instead, Mrs. Zane was aggravated with anger and passed out on the spot.

The police released Emery since she wasn't involved in physical or verbal violence. I sent her home after I signed some documents.

On our way home, she stared out the window in silence as though something was bothering her.

I guessed she was worried about the custody, so I tried to comfort her. "The Zanes may seem like a better fit for Xavier, but you have the advantage in terms of financial resources. The judges will also take the morality clause into consideration. We will prove his infidelity to the court, so you have the upper hand."

Emery turned her head to me and replied softly, "Mr. Newman told me the same thing. I trust you guys one hundred percent on this."

“Thanks.” I patted her back gently. “I know it’s hard to deal with a stubborn parent, but just bear with them. Do what you think is right. Don’t take their words to heart.”

Then I realized that she dressed differently that day, more like the girl next door. She put on a long delicate silk dress on her voluptuous body, probably to hide her sexiness and scars.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m used to it. They never like me as their daughter-in-law anyway,” she muttered. After a pause, she blurted, “By the way, I will go abroad in two days to do a scar removal surgery. I’ll leave the company to you. As for the lawsuit, my standpoint is still the same. They deserve censure and punishment. Also, Delilah and his parents might push my lawyer to the wall. I’ll need your help when that happened.”

“Don’t worry. Just leave everything here to me. If I can’t handle it, my bodyguard will settle it for me.” I laughed. Emery calmed down a bit and sat silently for a while before she called her secretary. She wanted to get her mother-in-law transferred to a better hospital.

“After all, they were once my family. I must do my responsibility, nothing else,” she explained calmly.

I was not surprised. I knew Emery had a clear line of demarcation between love and hate. She was kind-hearted and a big softie on the inside despite her sharp tongue. It was almost ten o’clock when I reached home. I saw John sitting in the living room. And in front of him, there was a man in a suit.

When I was about to walk up the stairs toward my bedroom after an exhausting day, John called out to me. “Letty, come here for a bit.”

“What is it?” I asked as I walked over.

He didn’t respond. Instead, the gentleman in front of him stood up and said, “Ms. Stovall, it’s about Summer’s school transfer. There are some documents that need your sign of approval. When are you available?”

“Summer’s transfer?” I asked, confused. After a moment, I gazed down at John. “What does this mean? Why does Summer need to be transferred?”

Without any expression, he replied, “I’ll explain to you later. Now, you should discuss this with him. You know, the procedure could be troublesome.”

“Ms. Stovall, I know you’re busy. How about you ask your secretary to email me your schedule instead? I will make an arrangement and let you know about it. Here, this is my name card with my contact information.”

## **Chapter 1310**

“I see.” I reached out for the name card and took a glance at it. His name was Wayne Hertel, the vice-president of a prestigious international school. He seemed eager to talk about Summer’s school transfer, I figured John had made a good deal with him.

“All right now, you should get going.” John dismissed him after Mr. Hertel told me his purpose.

As soon as he left, I was about to ask John to explain further, but Summer suddenly came hopping down the stairs. She hugged my leg and began to cry. “Mommy, I don’t want to be transferred! No!” Tears streamed down her cheeks as she wailed.

“All right. I get it. Don’t cry.”

I calmed her down. Eventually, she stopped crying. I crouched down and looked her in the eyes. “Sweetie, why you don’t want to change school?”

“I just don’t want to!” she said and sniffed back a sob. She looked at me with a very sad frown on her face. “I finally have friends at school. I like them, and I like Mr. Cress. I don’t want to be apart from them!”

My heart sank when I heard that. I only sighed in reply. I knew her feelings. After all, she was a child who would hold dear to everything she liked.

I turned to John. He stood still with his hands in his pockets while he fixed his cold gaze on us. The frown on his face gave me the feeling that he was angry.

He must be hiding something.

I didn’t want to ask him when Summer was around, so I asked Lois to take her upstairs. I waited until they were away from our sight. Then I turned to John grimly.

“Tell me, what is this about? Why did you suddenly want her to be transferred?”

I knew he went to Summer’s school that afternoon to find out about Mr. Cress, so I figured something had happened there to make him behave that way. Don’t tell me... it’s him.

John gritted his teeth. Hesitancy held him back. Almost a minute passed. He opened his mouth and said hoarsely, “It’s him.”

I jumped to my feet, completely thunderstruck by his short replied. I clenched my fist and teeth in anger.

The guy he meant was none other than Jared, who almost got Summer killed and ruined my relationship with Ashton.

With his expression full of hate, John fumed, "His sentence was reduced after the judge reviewed his behavior in the prison. He was released on parole a few months ago, with the Crests' help. I believe he has tampered with Emery's resources because that school never hired such a highly qualified young teacher in the first place! That son of a b\*tch is using a fake identity to get close to Summer!"

My heart raced and my breathing turned rapid.

No wonder the last time I went to her school, Mr. Cress would deliberately avoid me. It all makes sense now! That jerk has it all planned out so that he could approach Summer. His identity, his appearance... Everything is fake!

I knew Jared could do such a wicked trick.

I immediately turned around and rushed upstairs. On my way, I reminded John to arrange a meeting with Mr. Hertel the next day.

He is a dangerous man. He should stay away from Summer!

When I entered the room, I saw my daughter on the bed while Lois read her a story.

"Lois, let me." She passed me the storybook, then I took a seat beside the bed.

Summer leaned on her pillow. The tears on her cheeks finally dried, but tears still glistened in her eyes. Her big eyes were puffy as she looked at me.

"Mommy, can I stay at my school?" She pouted.

I couldn't muster up the courage to tell her the truth when I saw the solemnness in her eyes.



I patted her on the head and hastily diverted the topic. "Summer, would you be happy if Uncle John and I were gone and left you alone?"

## **Chapter 1311**

"Why won't you be here?" Summer asked curiously, her wide eyes blinking up at me.

"Um..." I grew silent, pretending to contemplate her words for a long while. "Because your current school is very far from home, and Uncle John and I will have to travel very far to take you there and back. And right now, there are some bad people who want to hurt me and Uncle John. If you continue to go to that school, then we might get hurt, or worse, never be able to see you again. That's why we might not be here anymore."

Summer's cheeks immediately puffed up in indignation, eyes filling with tears as she threw her blanket off and clung onto my arm tightly. "I don't want you and Uncle John to go away, Mommy! I don't want the bad guys to hurt you! I'll change schools, so please don't leave me behind..."

I felt upset watching her cry her heart out, but there was nothing else I could do. This white lie would serve to shield her from Jared's attempts to hurt her.

"Shh, it's okay," I cooed quietly, patting Summer's back reassuringly. "You're a big girl now, Summer. You need to stay strong and take care of your little siblings, not cry all the time, right?"

She swiftly lifted her head at the mention of her siblings, clumsily wiping away her snot and tears and sitting up straight in her best impression of a grown-up. "I won't cry anymore! I'll do my best to protect Mommy and the babies! So please ask Uncle John to help me change schools; I can make new friends, I promise!"

It felt like Summer had instantly matured within the span of a few seconds.

It had been hard for her to get used to her family members after returning from the chemical plant, let alone fit in and make new friends at school.

I wondered if the change in her had anything to do with Jared in the back of my mind, but I quickly got rid of that thought.

How could the same man who plotted for years and almost killed Summer just switch her personality on command?

The next morning, I brought Summer to the hospital for another health check-up.

Thankfully, the doctors found nothing wrong with her, and I let out a sigh of relief.

Remembering how much Jackson doted on Summer, I thought of bringing her to visit him while at the hospital. It was only after we reached his ward that I realized Nick had already arranged for Jackson to move into another private, more expensive hospital.

With nothing else left to do, I brought Summer home.

The elevator doors slid open with a quiet ding, revealing a familiar stoic face.

Ashton was in the elevator, his expression completely unreadable as Thora stood beside him. She had gone for a lighter, more natural makeup today, but she had on a displeased frown. Even so, the sight of them together was, objectively speaking, somewhat aesthetically pleasing.

The air around us instantly dropped several degrees in temperature.

Completely oblivious to the tension, Summer lit up and ran forward to hug Ashton's legs, beaming up at him. "Daddy!"

Ashton couldn't react much because of Thora's presence, but he reached down and gently patted the top of Summer's head. "Hi there," he greeted casually.

"Mommy!" Summer looked back at me over her shoulder, her eyes shining with anticipation. "Let's eat lunch with Daddy!"

Oh, sweet child. Your daddy is busy being a spy right now. He has no time for a family lunch.

Sighing wryly, I stepped into the elevator and squeezed myself in between the two adults. "Daddy's busy with work today, Summer," I told her gently, pulling her to stand with me. "Let's not cause any more trouble for him, okay? We'll eat lunch with Uncle John, and then I'll cook your favorite grilled eel. How does that sound?"

"Amazing!" she replied without even thinking twice before realizing that something wasn't right here. She kept glancing between me and then Ashton, knitting her eyebrows together in confusion.

Turning her attention to Thora, Summer tilted her head in surprise.

Thora had likely been waiting for this exact moment, meeting Summer's gaze as she put on a pretty, gentle smile. "You must be Summer, right? You're adorable! Your daddy has told me a lot about you," she praised in a soft voice.

“Thank you,” Summer replied politely, then went on to say, “Are you Daddy’s secretary too? Where’s Ms. Collins?”

Thora’s face fell, her expression souring significantly.

It must have been humiliating for the president of a highly-regarded listed company to be mistaken for a lowly employee such as Stella by a kid, even if it had been merely an innocent mistake.

Who would have thought that my baby would learn to defend her mother at such a young age? Way to go, Summer!

Internally snickering, I cleared my throat and pulled Summer even closer to me. “I’m sorry, kids these days don’t know what they’re talking about,” I explained sarcastically. “You won’t take her words to heart, right, Ms. Ziegler?”

Thora quickly regained her composure and steeled her expression once more, haughtily throwing her hair over her shoulder as if nothing had happened. “Of course not,” she sniffed. “It was just a joke, after all. These things happen with kids all the time.”

I’d expected nothing less from a woman who built her career up from the ground all by herself. She’d mastered the method of getting close to people by first exchanging niceties with them before making her advances aggressively. After failing to appeal to Ashton’s daughter, she had likely decided to steal him away through brute force instead.

Clearly, her interest in Ashton was born out of calculation rather than a pure crush if she didn’t even have the patience to deal with a child.

Ding!

I'd planned on picking apart even more of her puzzling confidence, but the elevator had arrived at our floor. I couldn't act too much like a bully in front of Summer either, so I took a deep breath and led her out of the elevator.

Ashton and Thora followed closely behind us.

I'd barely taken a few steps before pausing, turning around, and walking up to Ashton. Leaning in close to him just like how I'd done a thousand times before, I reached my arms around his neck and fiddled with his collar, making sure that Thora was watching every single move. After that, I grabbed his tie in an elegant motion, straightening it before stepping back to admire my handiwork. "That's more like it," I smiled to myself in satisfaction.

Glancing up at Ashton innocently, I told him, "Remember to take some time out of your schedule to accompany the kids for dinner, okay? Our arms are always open for you."

With that, I turned on my heel and pulled Summer out of the hospital.

There was a skip in my step all the way to the car, feeling especially proud of my amazing acting skills. Who wouldn't feel envious after having witnessed such an intimate, tender moment between a handsome husband and a loving wife?

The memory of Thora's unpleasant face turning several shades of red while she tried her best to suppress her rage literally made me want to laugh out loud.

Who cared if she was the woman with Ashton right now? The familiarity of ten years' worth of emotions and the natural instinct to press close to one another was something that she, a woman who had solely been focused on her career for all of her life, would never be able to achieve with him.

She and Ashton were like the polar ends of a magnet. Even if they seemed perfect for each other on paper, the truth may turn out to be the exact opposite.

“Mommy,” Summer suddenly wrapped her arms around me, resting her chin on my chest as she stared up with questioning eyes. “Does Daddy not like us anymore?”

“Huh?” I reached down to fix her hair. “Why would you think of that?”

“Daddy doesn’t want to eat dinner with me anymore...” She pouted, unable to conceal the disappointment she felt. “Mr. Cress said that if you like someone, you always eat with them. That must mean that Daddy doesn’t like me anymore.”

Not Mr. Cress again.

Jared had infected Summer with his teachings, causing such a young child to constantly question herself and ruining her chances at having a happy, innocent childhood.

Swallowing back my temper, I patiently comforted her by saying, “Daddy and Mommy are the two people who love you the most in the world, silly. But Daddy is busy fighting bad guys now, so if we meet too much, he might get distracted and then get hurt by the bad guys. So, Daddy is actually working very hard to protect us. Knowing this, are you still mad at Daddy?”

“Then, is Daddy Superman?” Summer asked, completely serious.

I laughed wryly, not knowing what else to do other than to nod my head.

I’d meant to agree only as a joke, but Summer was much more earnest than I’d initially thought. “Then, that means I’m mini Superman!” she exclaimed, her mouth open in a wide “O” shape.