

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1333-1337

## Chapter 1333

Twisting my lips to one side, I recomposed my emotions before shrugging apologetically at Elliot. "Sorry, I apologize on behalf of my parents. It looks like you came over for nothing."

Elliot lowered his head, smiling amusedly. "No, it's alright. I should be the one to apologize for showing up so suddenly. It is a bit too soon, but I promise I won't disappoint if you give me a chance."

This man was certainly worth giving a chance as he was devilishly handsome and possessed immense wealth. He was the kind of man that every woman dreamed of—except me.

I shook my head and smiled, not wanting to make things difficult for my parents. "There seems to be a misunderstanding, Mr. Moore. I haven't moved on from my previous marriage, nor do I plan to start a new relationship soon. I apologize as I'm not the woman you're looking for."

Although I spoke humbly, we both knew that I was more than worthy of having men flock before me, given both the Moore family and the Stovall family's support for me, as well as the assets under my name. Me being highly sought after was a fact, regardless of my divorce and my three children.

Ever since Thora started pestering Ashton, I knew that this day would come; but what I hadn't expected was that my parents would be the ones to set me up.

How disappointing.

Emery once said that my parents were ruthless in setting Rebecca up with Ashton. She explained that they wanted to grow their influential power through securing the Fuller family.

Remembering Emery's words, I can imagine why my parents would set up this embarrassing date.

My gaze subconsciously darted over to the kitchen. I felt a tightness in my stomach as I had completely lost my appetite.

Elliot stood silently for the longest time beside me. I turned to look at him and saw nothing but a firm calmness on his face. He didn't seem to care about my rejection.

So I spun on my heels and headed for the kitchen.

There, Cameron leaned leisurely against the wall with a hot cup of tea in her hands as she threw sharp gazes on the maids who were cooking.

It was obvious that she had lied about preparing dinner to force Elliot and me to spend time together.

She sipped on her tea for some time before jolting nervously, realizing that I had entered the kitchen. "What are you doing here? I can manage the kitchen just fine, now shoo! How could you leave our guest alone?"

I crossed my arms, sighing at Cameron before looking over at the maids. "Why don't you guys turn off the stove and head out, so Mrs. Moore and I can talk privately."

"Yes, Ms. Stovall."

The maids understood that I still possessed a significantly high status in this household. Hence, they stopped what they were doing and left without forgetting to close the glass door for us.

They walked out, leaving Cameron and myself in the enclosed kitchen.

"Why did you invite Elliot?" My gaze pierced at her in an unflinching manner.

"What are you talking about?" Cameron held a straight face as she approached me and leaned against the white oak cabinetry. A smile crept onto her face. "The Jacobson family and us Moores are old family friends. Elliot is simply visiting your Dad on behalf of his father. Now, why on earth would we invite him over for no reason?"

"Is that so? Then why didn't you inform me beforehand that there would be a guest tonight?"

"He just called to tell us right after he got off the plane."

How bold of her to continue making excuses!

"Alright then. Since I'm not that well-acquainted with him, I suppose it won't matter if I'm absent while you guys catch up about old times. Summer and I will head home now."

Anger came to a roaring boil in my chest. I hated being set up by others, who assumed they knew what was best. On top of that, I hated having to guess the motives of those I called my family.

I understood that an heir was needed to pass on the family name and inherit properties and assets. I also understood that a marriage alliance between two families was, indeed, the easiest path to achieve that. However, that didn't mean that I supported my parents, nor was I willing to be some chess piece in their plan to unite the two families.

As I turned to leave, Cameron's hand darted and clasped around my wrist. "Letty, what are you doing? The guest is still outside... he'll feel unwelcomed by us Moores if you leave with your child now. How will our families continue to stay friends after this?"

My face darkened to a hideous brownish-red with no intention of compromising.

She eventually gave in after seeing my unwavering frown. A long and weary sigh escaped her lips as she nagged. "Fine, I'll admit it. Your Dad and I planned tonight's dinner because we want what's best for you. Everything between Ashton and Thora is stirring up such a storm right now, so you should consider an alternative.

Now, I know Elliot is slightly older than Ashton, but he's better when it comes to respecting his parents and being a considerate man. Granted, he may have been too devoted to his family and preoccupied with his booming career to dabble in relationships, but a husband like him would be hard to come by. You..."

Endless nags sprung out of her like a burst pipe. While I didn't care for most of the things she said, she blurted out something that spiked my anger—I had three children, yet Elliot had never even been intimate with a woman.

Her condescending words made my toes curl in annoyance. I snapped at her, "Don't you think it's weird for someone his age to be unmarried?"

"What nonsense are you spewing! Why would your Dad and I intentionally cause you harm? We've already run a private investigation on Elliot, and it's been cleared. He's healthy as can be, so he won't have any issues with taking care of you and your children!"

"The Stovall and Moore family's assets are enough to ensure a comfortable life for my children and me. Are you really doing what's best for me? Or are you just using me to secure a son-in-law's financial investment into the companies under your and Zachary's name? You're using me as a chess piece to expand your business territory, aren't you?"

The reality of things was often ugly. However, I had to accept my reality and face my family's true nature, regardless of how rotten they were.

Cameron froze at my sudden retort. Her lips parted, but no words were able to form.

I held her gaze as disappointment twisted inside me. Turning on my heel, I shrugged her grip off my arm. "If you insist on using me as a business opportunity, then I'd rather us be strangers."

My feet stepped with an unyielding force, marching out the glass door and past Elliot in the living room. I stormed upstairs to collect Summer, then we left without so much as a goodbye.

Anger throbbed inside me. I had finally put Summer to bed and needed to vent, so I returned to my room and video-called Ashton.

The camera captured my darkened expression, down to my crinkled eyes that frowned. As soon as Ashton picked up the phone, he saw my furious gaze that could burn holes through him.

His brows twitched as he flashed me an amused half-smile. "Have I perhaps done anything to upset you today?"

"Yeah, you ticked me off."

We wouldn't have faked our divorce if we didn't need to get revenge. Then I wouldn't get tricked into a blind date with Elliot, nor would I be thrown around as a pawn in Cameron and Zachary's calculative ways.

Although these were only words of anger, it made sense that I would feel this way since an angered woman often acted emotionally rather than sensibly.

Ashton frowned. His face scrunched into confusion. "After coming back from the hospital, I was in the office the entire time and only came in contact with Joseph, the secretary who delivered my coffee. So who could have possibly gotten my honey's knickers in a twist?"

Because he had a clear conscience, he spoke in a bubbly, almost joker-like manner that prompted laughter from me. His exaggerated frown made it hard to stay upset at him.

A giggle snuck out from my tightly clamped lips. "Quit acting so silly! I was trying to tell you that I got set up on a blind date."

"A blind date?" Ashton's eyes wiggled into a doubtful gaze. Then his voice sprang with an airiness that teased me, "Woah, it takes guts to go on a blind date with you. Who in K City could possibly be so reckless and not value their lives?"

I let out a deep chesty scoff. “How is dating me reckless? Am I really that bad?”

Deep laughter rumbled from Ashton. “You seem to have forgotten what I said during the Ziegler family’s anniversary banquet.”

This took me by surprise as I tried to recall that night’s events.

At that banquet, Thora almost successfully splashed her beverage all over me. It wasn’t a great experience, but at least Ashton publicly defended me and said that no matter what, we will always share a bond since we have children between us.

The pros to his words were that they discouraged anyone from purposefully making my life difficult in the future. At the same time, he eliminated the possibility of potential suitors around me. It deterred those who wanted my hand in marriage, as well as those who were after my powerful influence since I had the support of the Stovall and Moore family. This was because they would have to compete against Ashton, and given his pristine status, any competitors would be foolishly asking for social suicide.

Seeing him so smug, my lips pinched with annoyance. “How are you so confident that I won’t fall for another man?”

Ashton’s gaze narrowed on me. His eyes flickered to a menacing pitch-black. “It’s not that I’m confident. Rather, it’s because I know that you won’t tolerate messy relationships in your life. We’re alike in that aspect; fidelity is something that you regard highly, if not more than I do.”

His serious words struck me by surprise and left me dumbfounded.

He truly knew me like the back of his hand.

This was what I believed true love to be; a love where both parties were free to conquer their own domains, but the love between them would remain strong and unchanged.

## Chapter 1335

After giving it some thought, I no longer felt mad and decided to change the topic. “What do you think Cameron and Zachary are planning? They literally wasted all their time on your and Rebecca’s stupid marriage alliance in the past. They were so blinded by that and never realized that we were actually family. Yet, now they’re trying to force me into a marriage alliance? Don’t you think they’re going too far?”

“People change,” Ashton soothed. “Everyone reacts differently in tough times... Maybe you should investigate if the Moore family is in trouble. You did deal a heavy blow to them back when you tried to avenge Macy. Perhaps a rival snuck past their defenses now that they’re weakened. Hence, your parents resorted to the marriage alliance? But then again, these are just my optimistic deductions. I’m not sure if your parents have other reasons, so I suppose we’ll have to wait and see.”

I nodded. A look of solemn contemplation showed on my face as I looked at Ashton. “I noticed that Herman and Thora seemed closer at Bryson’s father’s birthday banquet. Have the Zieglers and the Trivetts signed on to the Pitcoin business deal?”

Ashton cracked a proud smile. “Yep. They’ve taken the bait. My men have begun analyzing the steps to cracking Pitcoin’s software, so it won’t be long before they succeed. You don’t have to worry about a thing since I’m handling this. Now, back to important matters since you’ve piqued my interest—who’s the man that’s bold enough to go on a blind date with you?”

It was indeed suspicious that Elliot rushed from overseas to go on a blind date with me during this tumultuous time.

“Elliot Jacobson,” I uttered with seriousness. “A local from M Country that recently returned from abroad. Also, I think Zachary is interested in a business collaboration with the Jacobson family.”

“Got it, I’ll have Joseph run a check later.”

“Okay.”

I nodded obediently. Then in the split second that followed, I caught a glimpse of Ashton’s brows flinching in pain. Although it was very brief and subtle, I definitely saw it.

“Ashton? Are you alright?” My eyes stared with great concern at his face while my smile faltered.

“Mm-hmm, what’s wrong?” Ashton held a normal expression as if nothing had ever happened. He cast an innocent face at me before revealing a tired look. It seemed like he had deliberately focused the camera so that I could see him kneading his brows. He sighed deeply, “I’ve been overwhelmed with work these past two days and haven’t had proper rest. I suppose I should take some time off to get a good night’s sleep.”

My face stiffened with concern at this. I uttered a quick response, “You should hang up and turn in early since you’re tired.”

Ashton stared straight into the camera as his lips curved slightly. “You should go to bed too. I’ll call you tomorrow?”

“Mm-hmm.”

Ashton hung up right after I responded. Seeing the screen flicker back into the call history, my heart sank.

He had always been skilled at disguising his emotions, not showing a hint of how he truly felt. It was the same when it came to business; he would never reveal his thoughts to his opponents, regardless of whether the situation he faced was good or bad.

But I'm not his opponent... I'm his wife, the one who's been by his side for ten years and knows him the most.

I knew him all too well. It was impossible for that man, who constantly sought after perfection, to feel tired.

My instincts told me that Ashton was definitely hiding something from me, and it felt like the kind of secret that worried me.

I slumped on the bed for nearly a minute before the memories of recent events flashed through my mind. With haste, I scrambled for the phone and dialed Millie's number.

"Get the car. I'm going over to Fuller Corporation."

Millie's efficiency was considered one of the most elite. She had parked the car across the street by the time I was done getting ready.

I clambered onto the passenger seat with my eyes glued in the distance. My lips scrunched tightly as I managed one word, "Hurry."

Millie said nothing, but she understood my instruction perfectly. She slammed onto the accelerator and sped for our destination.

It took less than twenty minutes for us to arrive in front of Fuller Corporation. I dashed inside, unbothered if Thora or anyone else had strategically placed any spies around the area.

At that time of day, Fuller Corporation wasn't empty. Almost every floor had about one or two lights on, indicating that there were many employees working overtime. I raced into the lift and hurriedly pressed onto the floor where the president's office is located.

Once the elevator doors opened, I sprinted out and barged into his office. What I saw next was just as I had expected—no one was there.

## **Chapter 1336**

He said he was working overtime half an hour ago, and then I couldn't reach him no matter what I did. That was impossible. I stood before the door and went through my call record to call back.

The phone kept beeping, but nobody picked it up until the end. Ashton had always been a light sleeper, nor would he leave a personal call hanging for no reason. I knew it. He's in trouble.

I pondered on the matter for a short while before video calling Joseph. He took it a while later, his background a great scenery. "Do you need anything, Mrs. Fuller?" His face was deadpan as ever.

"Where's Ashton?"

"He didn't tell me where he's going," he blurted without thinking.

"Is that so?" Nope, that was obviously a lie. Ashton wouldn't keep him around as his assistant if he didn't even know where his boss went. "Fine. I won't look for him then, but I'll have to see you. Where are you right now?"

Joseph thought about it for a moment before answering, "I'll go over to you, alright?"

“Good. We’ll meet up at Fuller Corporation. I’ll be waiting in Ashton’s office. You have twenty minutes.” I hung up before he could say anything.

I leaned back against the chair, looking up, and thought about Ashton’s reaction earlier. He had great control over his emotions, so he wouldn’t show any signs of pain unless it was unbearable for him.

I knew how powerless a patient was against their illness since I had experience with it. The pain was more than enough to strip anyone of the façade they were wearing, revealing their true self.

Well, that was the worst-case scenario. Maybe Ashton was just handling a tough issue. For our sake, I hope it was the latter since his life was more important than any estate after all.

Even though I gave him twenty minutes, Joseph only came after nearly half an hour. “I’m sorry for being late, Mrs. Fuller. I had some matters to settle.” He bowed.

Instead of greeting him back, I stared at him coolly. A long while later, I said, “You were with Ashton.”

“No.” Joseph didn’t meet my eyes. “You’re reading too much into it, Mrs. Fuller. I was held up by work.”

I pursed my lips and held my silence. Ashton had told him many times that Joseph should drop everything if he or I needed him. Joseph had never gone against that command, so I thought he might not be lying. However, that was also proof that the matter he had to settle must be huge, or he wouldn’t have let me wait.

The tension in the air rose for a long while, then I broke the silence. “Fine. Tell me what you were doing then. You have no reason to hide that from me, do you, Mr. Campbell?”

“Of course.” Joseph was surprisingly cooperative and looked up at me, his gaze calm. “Mr. Fuller said he’d be a guarantor during the interview so Thora can take over the Pitcoin business. Securities and

Exchange Commission officers are supervising the company right now, and they'll be auditing us tomorrow. I have to get everything ready by tonight."

Well, that sounded reasonable. Since Joseph answered that calmly, I thought I might have been a bit too paranoid. I decided to come to the company on a whim, so it was unlikely that Joseph could come up with a lie when he was already so busy. Besides, getting audited by the SEC was a big issue. The media would set its eyes on the matter, so his lie would be exposed easily.

Silence descended on the office, and the air turned awkward. I thought something was off, but I couldn't put a finger on it. Then someone opened the door, and in came Ashton.

He was standing at the doorstep, looking inscrutable and handsome as usual. If I didn't know better, I would have thought he was in his twenties.

## **Chapter 1337**

I was more excited than anyone to see him showing up safe and sound. I quickly went to hug him, and his warmth was proof that I wasn't hallucinating. "You're okay." I was relieved.

"What brings you here anyway?" Ashton patted my head to calm me down. "Leave us, Joseph," he said coolly.

Joseph left the room and closed the door on the way out. I let Ashton go and frowned at him. "Where were you? Why didn't you take my call?"

Ashton asked me to sit down first and handed me a glass of water. "Here, calm your nerves."

Obviously, I couldn't. I put the glass of water aside and went back to my questions. "You're hiding something, aren't you? What didn't you tell me?"

Ashton stared down in silence. His eyes seemed to darken a lot, keeping his secrets in the depths of his heart. I knew it. I knew I was right. Ashton was in big trouble.

I held his hand. "We're a couple." In sickness and in health, till death do us part. That was the vow we took, and I intended to see it through.

He held my hand by reflex. "Herman wanted me to sign the papers along with Thora," he said solemnly.

I knew what that meant since I had been handling the firm for quite a while. If Ashton were to sign it, he and the company would have to face the consequences if Pitcoin were to run into any trouble, including any kind of criminal case.

I thought our fake feud could lower Herman's guard, but he was a sly old fox after all. He would trust nothing but a contract, since that was the most effective way to guarantee their profits.

"And you're going with it?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No. You're still sick. I can't make any missteps, so I won't sign it."

"That's a relief." I would object to it if he had gone with it. "You should stop if it's too risky. Ezra wouldn't do anything either, since he'd prefer to maintain the status quo. Don't push yourself."

"I can't. Not when I finally managed to get rid of Armond. The fewer the competition, the better my chances, so I have to pick up the pace." Ashton was considering his options carefully.

I knew I couldn't change his mind once he was set on it, so I merely sighed. All I could do then was face the crisis with him. A moment ago I felt safe with him around. However, for some reason, he felt like an illusion, as if he'd slip away if I took my eyes off him for a second, and my heart sank.

Ashton was starting to get uncomfortable getting stared at, so he looked up and met my gaze. They said eyes were the windows to the soul, and that split second was enough for me to ascertain that he was hiding something else from me—something he didn't want me to know.

I was surprised, but I knew I couldn't press him for answers anyway. Dwelling on something like that was pointless, so I had to go with the flow.

In the end, I decided to leave him alone. "Don't push yourself too much. Take it slow. I have to go now, or Ezra's and Thora's men are going to find out that I'm gone."

I went outside, and he sent me off. "I'll get Joseph to take you back."

"It's fine. Millie's with me. She can take me back." I refused his offer and stood on tiptoe to peck his lips, then I left the office.