

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1388-1392

Chapter 1388

Louis shot John a glare, hinting him to give Ashton and me some time alone. The others did not say a word after that.

Ashton's furrowed brows did not relax even after he and I had headed upstairs.

Since he was not in a good mood, I dragged him from our room to the baby room next door.

The nanny stopped playing with the babies when we entered. "Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, the kids are very playful today."

"That's great. Thanks for attending to them. We'll take over from here," I said.

"Of course," the nanny replied and left the room promptly.

Gregory held out his hands when he felt I was close. I picked him up and carried him in my arms.

After a few months of diligent care, both children looked healthy and strong.

When I looked at Ashton again, the frown on his face had disappeared, and he was holding Audrey securely in his arms. There was love and gentleness written all over his face as he looked at our daughter.

I let out a sigh of relief at the sight.

Children were the purest beings on earth. They could certainly heal any pain and hurt in the world.

"Ashton," I called out to him softly. He cast his gaze on me, and our eyes met. "I'm fine," I continued.

It took him a while to finally understand what I meant.

"I don't want you to make your life miserable for my sake. Life has already been hard enough for you. I don't care about the poison, so you don't have to worry about it. I'm happy to simply have you and the kids by my side. I only want to spend the rest of my life with you and our children."

A frown played on Ashton's brows again, but he remained silent.

I avoided his gaze and looked at our children. "You don't have to take what John said to heart. We can go and live in a place where no one can find us. I've already thought about it. None of us owe each other anything, so we should just put all this behind us and live a happy life."

If we could not face it head-on, we could always run away. There must be a place on earth where Nicolas could not find us. That would be our home.

I might not have much time left, but Gregory and Audrey could still keep Ashton company. They would love him and take care of him.

Both of us had been so busy for the past ten years. We never really had time to slow down and enjoy life.

Just as we were deep in thoughts, the baby girl in Ashton's arms began mumbling.

Both of our gazes turned towards Audrey simultaneously. Ashton met her gaze, and she broke out in a wide smile, snuggling in his embrace.

This elicited a smile on Ashton's face, and he held her closer to his face. "I'm here, Audrey. I'll stay with you and Mommy forever," he told her in an endearing tone as if Audrey could understand what he was saying.

"You'd better keep your word," I teased with a smile.

Ashton looked up at me in a determined manner. "When have I ever broken a promise to you? Let's get ready. We're going to see the Hall family."

"What? Why? Aren't we going into hiding? Are you sure you want to go to the Hall residence?"

"I'm sure," Ashton said with a warm smile on his face, "You can't always expect me to be the bigger man. I want to be selfish and greedy this time around. I can't just go and hide somewhere. I want to keep you by my side for as long as I can. I want to stay with you and the kids. I'm not letting anyone go."

He drilled his gaze through me, and his tone turned commanding. "Scarlett, you're not ditching me and running away this time. I've endured the past twenty years, and I don't want to lose you at the end of this journey. I will make sure all the suffering I went through is worth it, so let's go to the Halls and reclaim the life we're supposed to have."

Three days later, we brought the kids and the nanny along to the Halls' private island.

Chapter 1389

After we arrived at M Country from K City, we took a private jet and landed on the coastline of international waters. The propellers spun furiously, causing turbulent ripples on the water surface. A foreboding shadow eclipsed our hearts as we landed on the mysterious and dangerous island.

A castle-like frontage came into sight the moment we got off the jet. Greeneries covered the places where seawater could not reach the structure. A pebble-paved path parted the grass, leading all the way up to the top of the hill. Walking through the island of tropical plants felt as if we were meandering through a tropical rain forest, save for the slimy swamps.

The sequestered island made it a good hiding place for Nicolas for the past twenty years.

I busied myself with observing the surroundings, failing to notice the accessorial rock on the path. If Ashton had not caught me by the waist in time, I would have tripped and fell.

"Thanks," I said, trying to fake a smile to calm myself down.

Being in a foreign environment was disconcerting.

“Be careful,” Ashton chided, holding my hand tight. “Don’t be nervous. The Halls are only interested in the kids. They don’t care who we are, so relax and treat this as a vacation.”

His words indeed rang true, but I could not help but recall Nicolas’ threatening words when he said he would make Ashton disappear from the surface of the earth the first time we confronted him.

Although I should have assured Ashton, I still felt I needed to caution him a little. “This island is on international waters. It does not fall under the jurisdiction of any country. Who knows what he’s gonna do. It’s better we stay wary.”

At my statement, Ashton’s footsteps fell short, and his piercing gaze landed on my face. “Remember, I’m your husband. I’ll protect you no matter what. Promise me you’ll trust me no matter what happens.”

My brows stitched together as I reciprocated his gaze. If Nicolas were a loving parent like Cameron, I could well let Ashton face him up on his own, but that was not the case. Nicolas and his wife did not love Ashton.

Thoughts raced through my mind, and I let go of his hand, taking a step back to look at him sternly, right into his eyes. “Since you married into the Stovall family, you’re now one of us. I will do everything I can to make sure you’re safe.”

I might have acted too dramatically, but I meant every word I said.

The Hall family did not take Ashton seriously, but they could not treat me the same way. They could not ignore the Moore and the Stovall family. I needed to use my family background in our favor.

A resigned smile broke out on my husband’s face as he looked at me, trying to maintain a serious expression. He thought I was trying to be funny, but I was not playing around at that moment. I went over and held him by his arm. “I know you’re always rational, but your loved ones are at stake here. It’s difficult to be sure that you’ll be able to keep your cool, so leave everything to me. All you need to do is to keep quiet.”

Before Ashton could disagree with anything I said, I pulled him toward the huge door.

“Mr. and Mrs. Fuller.”

A neat line of immaculately dressed servants greeted us the moment they saw us. Seeing them all dressed in black and white, I could not help but feel as if I had just time-traveled back to the past century.

I stole a quick glance of Ashton and was pleasantly surprised to see him calm and composed. We walked down the spacious hallway before we arrived at the hall.

The interior decor of the hall echoed the outer appearance of the castle. It was lavishly furnished, and every detail of the hall exuded elegance and class.

Over on the leather couch, the owners of the castle sat unperturbed as we walked in. That was the first time I ever saw Ashton’s mother, Simone.

She sat beside Nicolas, wearing a faint smile on her face as if she was waiting for a photograph to be taken. Her dark hair flowed smoothly down her fair shoulders as she watched us approach.

Chapter 1390

“It’s nice to see you guys. Do make yourself at home,” Simone said, gesturing at us to take a seat.

Although she did not look a lot older than Ashton and me, her voice sounded frazzled.

Ashton was clearly taken aback by her voice as well. He stood right in front of them without moving an inch. The air grew tense with every passing moment.

Nicolas buried himself in his newspapers, not bothering to look up. Simone sat slightly apart, and the two seemed not to have much interaction.

I guessed Simone was probably the more expressive one between the two. I shook off Ashton's hand, trying to snap him back to reality. When he finally looked at me, I pulled him toward the seats.

Now that everyone was seated, we were anticipating the patriarch to speak.

Silence ensued for about two to three minutes before Nicolas showed his face behind the newspapers. His cold glance swept across Ashton before finally stopping at me.

"Scarlett Stovall. You're certainly a brave one. I still remember how you lectured me at the hotel," he stated without betraying the slightest hint of emotion. His tone and demeanor made me feel as if he was interrogating a criminal.

Is he raking up old grievances?

I pursed my lips and smiled. "Birds of the same feather flock together. This is why I got together with your son. I need to live up to my title as his wife. You and Simone must be honored to have a son like Ashton."

Nicolas scoffed without replying, allowing Simone an opportunity to interject and speak instead. "Mom and Dad," she corrected how I addressed them.

I was stunned for a while but quickly repeated after her, "Dad, Mom."

Although we had our differences, some things still had to be done for cordiality's sake. Civility was the basis of negotiation.

"That's right," Nicolas spoke again, giving me a curt nod. His brown eyes darted toward Ashton, waiting for him to address him in the same manner.

Calling someone "Dad" or "Mom" might be an easy task for many, but not for Ashton, especially after so many years of neglect.

Ashton had already put aside his pride and trauma for the sake of obtaining the antidote. I could not bring myself to ask him to make any further compromises.

Noticing the dissatisfaction budding on his face, I quickly patted him on the back and spoke on his behalf. "Ashton caught a cold after he fell asleep beside the kids' bed while he was reading them bedtime stories. He's having a sore throat, so I hope both of you don't mind me doing it in his stead. Dad, Mom, I hope you guys can be understanding towards this matter."

Ashton cleared his throat right after I finished talking.

"Dad, Mom," he said, his hoarse voice sounding across the room. It did sound as if he was really sick.

I turned to look at him, but his provocative gaze was fixated on Nicolas, waiting for his reaction.

Ultimately, Ashton still could not bear to let me deal with them on my own. He still backed down.

I could not imagine how his heart felt, after having to call the people who caused him so much hurt and pain his parents.

Before either of them could speak, a series of footsteps echoed down the staircase. A familiar female voice followed. "Ashton, Scarlett! Let me have a look at the kids," Tiffany exclaimed.

Her voice and her hasty footsteps relayed the joy she felt upon seeing us. A man wearing a champagne-colored suit came into our line of sight after her. Underneath his neatly combed hair was a fine and chiseled face, accentuating his debonair outfit that would otherwise be bourgeois.

I trailed my gaze to him. He must be Nathaniel, Tiffany's second elder brother.

Tiffany dashed toward the children, but Ashton blocked her way. "The kids are still the same. There's not a need to see them."

Chapter 1391

His sharp words caused Tiffany's expression to turn sour. "They're my niece and nephew. Why can't I see them? Do you have to behave like this, Ashton? We're a family!"

I wondered if Nicolas would say the same. After all, the man was so cold-blooded. Simone looked at the kids in anticipation, and all of a sudden, all eyes were on Ashton, waiting for a satisfactory answer.

I knew I had to act quickly before they did anything to him.

Simone would be my best bet.

"It's not like that, Tiffany. Ashton is just worried about the babies."

I plastered a smile on my face as I headed over to the nanny. I took Gregory, who had started crying the moment he realized he was in a new environment, into my arms. I coaxed the child gently, and he soon quietened down.

“Gregory was abducted right after he was born, so he’s always on edge and very sensitive to his surroundings. He feels safe when he’s close to someone familiar. That’s why Ashton hopes we can all take things slow, but of course, we’re more than happy to let Dad and Mom carry them.”

My words put everyone present in a tight spot because the Hall family members were accountable for what had happened to Gregory. There was no way they could deny what they did.

I carried my child over to Simone’s side, allowing her to look at him. “Mom, meet Gregory.”

As expected, Gregory burst into tears the moment he saw Simone, eliciting a frown on the old couple’s faces.

“It’s okay. You can carry him.” Nicolas quickly added impatiently, “How annoying. Ask the servants to bring them around the house. They should get familiar with this place.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and quickly handed Gregory back to the nanny before I gestured to Joseph to bring the children out for a walk.

Since Nicolas had spoken, Tiffany could only sit down on the couch without playing with the children. Nathaniel, who had been silent all this while, came forward and held out his hand toward Ashton. “Welcome home, Ashton.”

Ashton took a brief look at him and shook his hand grimly.

Their first encounter was rather peaceful. Perhaps what Tiffany said was true. The whole family actually looked forward to Ashton’s homecoming; everyone except for Nicolas, of course.

Just as I was deep in thought, Nathaniel stepped forward. "Dad, since Ashton is back, why not I bring him over to the company to take a look around?"

"Forget it." Nicolas turned down his second son's offer crudely as he walked toward the dining hall. "Let's eat first."

Nathaniel did not seem even a little disturbed by his father's attitude. He shrugged his shoulders and followed after the older man. He must have gotten used to Nicolas' behavior.

I looked at them begrudgingly, wondering how everyone would dine together with this thick tension going on.

Ashton had already calmed himself down when he clasped my hand and pulled me over to the dining room.

The chemistry around the table was awkward beyond measure. Nicolas sat at the host's seat with his emotionless face while Simone asked the servants to set up the table with a small smile on her face, giving me the impression that she was forcing it.

I stole a look at Ashton, but he did not return my gaze. Instead, he tapped the back of my hand lightly, signaling me to relax.

After some time, Nicolas finally gestured for everyone to start dining.

Nicolas placed a piece of cut steak in his mouth the moment the food was served. Everyone else began digging in at his command without any intention of striking a conversation.

Halfway through the meal, Simone suddenly lifted her head and looked at me with a smile. "Letty, I made you soup earlier on. It will help you strengthen your body. Let me go get it for you."

Although she was smiling, I was sure she was just putting up a front.

Chapter 1392

I quickly got to my feet upon seeing Simone getting up. "It's okay, Mom. I'll help myself."

Although I doubted her sincerity, she was still Ashton's mother. I knew better than to let her get the soup on my behalf.

I followed her over into the kitchen and saw her turn off the stove. She grabbed a ladle and poured me a bowl of soup carefully. Her hands moved adroitly as she worked, and I could not help but think she must be a good cook herself.

I noticed her fit figure as she bustled about in her kitchen. It must not be easy to maintain such a body at her age.

I walked over to get the bowl of soup from her, but she dodged my hand and put the bowl on the kitchen table forcefully instead.

My hand froze in the air before I realized the smile on her face had long faded away. She looked cold and cruel now.

Although such a change was not totally unexpected, the speed at which her expression changed still caught me by surprise.

“Since it already spilled, I guess I won’t get to try it anymore,” I said, turning to leave.

“What’s the rush? There’s still some soup left. I spent a long time preparing it. You should really try,” her dry voice rang behind me immediately.

Her lofty tone made her live up to her name of a true Hall.

“Let’s cut straight to the point. There’s no use wasting time here. Ashton is a smart man. He will know something’s going on. I know you’re just trying to leave a good impression on him by being nice to me out there. If you don’t want him to be suspicious of you, you’d better cut to the chase with whatever it is you want to tell me. Out with it now.”

It was at this moment that I thought Simone must have had a hand in poisoning me.

“I admire your honesty, and I guess I could say you have some brains too. Perhaps that’s why Ashton likes you, but don’t expect the Hall family to treat you like he does. Since you’re already here, you’d better follow our house rules and behave properly.”

Simone came from a good family. She was an amiable person before the accident, but it seemed like I had got ahead of myself. I thought too highly of her.

After all, she had spent such a long time with Nicolas. There was no way she would stay the same woman.

I glared at her coldly for a few seconds before talking. For a split moment, I felt a surge of pity for her. “You must really miss your son after such a long time, but sadly, there’s nothing you can do because there’s no way Nicolas will let you keep in touch with someone he loathes. You did nothing to save your own son when he planned the accident. But look at you now. You’re pretending like you’re his mother when he comes back after all these years. You have no moral ground to lecture the person he loves the

most. Do you think this is how you show your love for him? Or do you think this will appease the guilt in your heart?"

I could roughly understand how Simone felt as the words tumbled out of my mouth. I took up the half-filled bowl as I looked at her from the corner of my eyes. "All you can see is me being domineering toward Ashton, but have you ever thought that his heart is bleeding because of you? I might not be the best wife for him in your eyes, but at least I won't ever leave him to suffer alone."

A smirk curved on my lips as I turned to leave with the bowl of soup in my hand. But just as I was going out of the kitchen, I bumped into Ashton.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

Ashton blocked the kitchen entrance and glanced at Simone before looking at me. "What took you so long?" he uttered softly.

"We got carried away talking with one another. You have nothing to worry about. It's not like I'll do anything to her," Simone interrupted with a bitter smile on her face.

Women had their own struggles when transitioning from being mothers to mothers-in-law. It was understandable that they might feel jealous because they thought they lost their sons to their sons' wives.

"It's difficult to say you won't do anything to her," Ashton said reproachfully, not bothering to try treating his mother nicely.