

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1418-1422

Chapter 1418

Emery didn't seem like a pretentious woman. She must have wailed to the extent of her makeup being smudged because something serious had gotten to her.

I ran out of ideas on how to console the dejected woman, so I only had one way of action left—to show them the way into the house first.

After Emery touched upon her makeup and made her way out of the washroom, she finally regained her composure.

Once the maids served us a pot of tea, I dismissed them and served the couple a cup each.

Sitting on the couch, Emery had her eyes glued to me as though she was afraid I would disappear into thin air the moment she tried to blink her eyes.

Not used to it, I shot her an apologetic smile, hoping she would stop. After I handed over the tea to them, I asked, "How have you been over the years?"

At my question, Emery placed her cup aside without a second thought. Nodding to indicate everything was fine, she asked in return, "What about you? Why have you changed so much in terms of looks?"

As a result of her anxious expression, I chuckled lightly. "To be honest, I have no idea because I looked like this once I regained consciousness. On top of that—"

"It's fine! It doesn't matter if you can't recall anything! We have the rest of our lives, so we can just create more memories together!" The way she spoke made me feel as if the fact of me being an amnesiac wasn't a big deal.

Alexander must have mentioned I was an amnesiac. However, she seemed to be thrilled to figure out I was safe and sound. Perhaps me being alive was the only great news she needed.

Judging by her response, I knew she had been telling the truth—we must have been best friends back in the day.

Initially, I had thought I could acquire the fragments of my lost memories through Emery.

Things were now slightly different from what I imagined the moment Emery asked me to tell her everything about me since the day I regained consciousness.

There wasn't much to share because apart from Marcus, they were the only ones who had shown up. I didn't bring up my encounter with the wealthiest man in the country because I was still mad at him.

It felt great to have Emery by my side, and we talked about all sorts of things, only stopping when the clock strikes eleven.

Since it was about time for lunch, I got up from the couch and suggested, "Shall we have a meal together to celebrate such a rare occasion?"

Emery had no intention to turn me down at all. Instead, she added, "Of course! I won't leave even if you try to chase me away!"

It felt comfortable being around her because she behaved as though she was in her home.

When I was about to reach the kitchen, I heard Emery whispering something in Alexander's ear, but her voice was too soft for me to understand what she was saying.

Shortly after I entered the kitchen, she showed up to keep me company.

"Ms. Moore, why don't you wait for me in the living room? It will only take a few minutes."

Emery sighed and stated, "I still preferred being addressed as Emery."

"I'm so sorry."

"Forget about that. Let me help. You can always use another pair of hands to get things done sooner than usual, don't you?"

"You're a guest. I'm not supposed to—"

"You need to stop being so courteous. I have never considered myself a guest."

...

Since the maid and Emery were in the kitchen to help me, we had the meal prepared within half an hour.

Just as we were about to have our meal, I heard the sound of a car's engine being turned off.

Once Marcus marched into the foyer, he paused when he saw the guests in the dining hall.

I caught his eyes flickering, but it merely lasted for a second. He soon greeted the guests with a smile.

Once he approached us, he said, "You should have informed me of our guests' arrival. I could have gotten a few extra dishes to treat them."

He sounded like a welcoming household leader.

"I didn't have the chance to inform you because it was a spontaneous agenda." I turned around and instructed the maid to get another set of cutleries over.

Glancing at him, I said, "I thought you wouldn't be back."

He responded with a smile and took a seat next to me. "Why don't you introduce us to one another?"

It felt odd when he placed his arm on my chair, making it seem like I was in his embrace.

Am I overthinking things again? Why do I feel like he's trying to assert dominance over me in front of them?

I get that we used to be engaged, but we had agreed to start all over again as friends... Oddly, when someone showed up, Marcus started asserting dominance over me despite his promise.

Chapter 1419

Was Marcus always insecure like that?

I spaced out for a moment before making introductions. "This is Mr. Zimmerman—you've met him at the restaurant. This is Emery Moore."

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Moore," Marcus said, his arm outstretched. "I am Marcus White." They shook hands gently.

When Emery took his hand, she tightened her grip deliberately. "Mr. White, it's only been a few years. Don't you don't recognize me already?"

"Do you know each other?" I asked.

Marcus looked pale and glanced at Alexander. It was subtle but I noticed it.

Alexander received the signal. He separated them both, coming up with an excuse as he did so. "All of you grew up in K City together. What's more, you're Scarlett's friend. It's not unusual for you to have

crossed paths before. You could also have crossed paths before; who knows? This is fate. Come, let's talk about it over lunch."

Emery glared at Alexander for yanking her arm away. She turned and stared at Marcus. I was surprised to see hostility in her beautiful eyes. She looked as though she had wanted to say something but thought the better of it.

Anyone with brains could have seen that there was something fishy between those two, but it was ambiguous enough to keep me guessing.

Thus, the meal was passed in strained silence.

Marcus did not go upstairs immediately after dinner. He accompanied me and the maid to put away the dishes. Our actions were like a seasoned married couple.

I noticed that Emery was extremely unhappy.

These three must be hiding something from me.

After some chatter, I acted drowsy as an excuse to go upstairs. "Marcus, please entertain Ms. Moore and Mr. Zimmerman for the moment. I'm feeling sleepy after the medication. I'll just be upstairs resting for a bit."

"Go on," Marcus said unsuspectingly as he got up to help me to the stairs. I went up and disappeared around the bend.

After ensuring that I was out of sight of everybody downstairs, I pressed my back against the wall to eavesdrop on the conversation taking place below. Hearing Marcus turn back to the living room, I hurriedly tiptoed back and snuck behind the pillar of the veranda. When I was well hidden enough, I peered over to inspect the situation downstairs.

Emery's cold voice rang out before Marcus sat down. "We have exhausted large amounts of resources to search for Scarlett all over the world. And here you are hiding her from under the noses of the Stovall and Moore family. Marcus, should I call you smart or brazen?"

Marcus smiled pleasantly. "I'd take that as a compliment. Thank you."

After interacting with him for such a long time, this was the first time I was witnessing his arrogance.

"When are you planning on telling Scarlett the truth?" Emery demanded.

"The truth?" Marcus retorted. "What truth? The truth was that I have been caring for her for six years, as everyone can see. Scarlett had died that year as you know it. The Scarlett you've met is just a lookalike."

Marcus paused to draw breath. His hands were interlocked at the fingers on his knees with an expression of sternness on his face. "I think I've made myself very clear with Mr. Zimmerman. My fiancée has a good life now. I do not wish for anyone to bother her again, including you and other irrelevant people."

"Hah!" Emery shouted. "You're insane. What right do you have to make decisions for Scarlett? She has a family and her own happiness. What's more, she had rejected you a long time ago. Don't you think that this opportunistic behavior of yours is depraved?"

"I don't care," Marcus stated nonchalantly as he leaned back.

"I just want her to have a good life. I don't care about anything other than that."

“But Scarlett cares. Doesn’t that...”

“Enough.” Marcus did not give Emery a chance to rebut. With a look of impatience, he continued, “I’m not in the mood to listen to your lecture. You just need to know that if it weren’t for me, Scarlett wouldn’t have been able to rid herself of Armond. Now that Armond is dead, she has no more threats. I can’t possibly let her go through that suffering again! Only I am capable of caring for her. You don’t have to come and visit anymore.”

Chapter 1420

“Impossible,” Emery argued. “Don’t think that you can imprison her forever. I am her best friend. The Stovall family...”

“The Stovalls?” Marcus laughed coldly. “Not even a death obituary could stop it. Do you think that she would be able to live in peace if we returned to the past?”

At the mention of this, Emery was speechless.

Marcus took the opportunity to get up and adjust his coat. At the same time, he haughtily said, “I can’t take it back now. Rather than having all of us live in confusion from now on, let’s pretend that Scarlett doesn’t exist anymore. I will arrange for her to take on a new identity. If you really want the best for her, you would mind your own business.”

Alexander could not bear the sight of Emery being speechless with anger. “Marcus, watch yourself!” he warned.

Marcus pretended not to hear him. “See our guests out,” he called out to the maid.

Alexander was probably not used to being asked to leave. Being young and brash, he stood up and raised his arm but was stopped by Emery. Without another word, they departed together.

Marcus watched their backs disappear and was motionless for a moment. Suddenly, as if he had a sixth sense, he turned to look upstairs where I was.

I was still in a daze processing what I'd learnt when Marcus turned to look at me. I narrowly missed being spotted by retracting my neck violently.

The night was peaceful but my emotions were in turmoil.

Emery and Marcus had my best interests in mind from different angles. However, they made the same decision of hiding it from me.

The old memories buried deep in my subconsciousness—were they really as unbearable as everyone made it sound?

If they were worth cherishing, where did the pain and suffering come from?

I realized that even I was unaware if I could bear the consequences of rediscovering my lost memories.

After that day, I led a dull, dreary existence that lasted for a long time.

Marcus was left to his office by day, leaving me alone at home like a full-time housewife. Other than the occasional foray out of the house to kill my boredom, my life basically revolved around the daily happenings of the villa.

It was likely caused by having plenty of rest that I have recovered exceptionally well. Though I still had trouble putting on weight, my mental health was comparable to an ordinary functional human being. At least I didn't spend two-thirds of the day sleeping anymore.

Marcus gave me a new phone. It was completely foreign to me and I did not know how to use it.

One day, Emery called me.

"Scarlett, let's go out shopping. I'm outside your door. Come on."

Before I had managed to ask her how she had gotten my number, she hung up on me.

When women hear the phrase "shopping", they would become very excited; I was no exception. After a hasty change into something simple and comfortable, I exited the house into Emery's car.

"How's life with Marcus?" Emery asked with forced casualness as I sat down.

"Not too bad."

Marcus and I were rather courteous towards each other. During this period of being with him, we began to run out of things to talk about. Occasionally when I mentioned the past, he would calmly divert the subject of conversation. Though I knew that it was done in my protection, I still thought that it was an overreaction on his part.

The fact that Marcus was not in a hurry to repair our relationship had put me at ease.

"Is that so?" Emery nodded thoughtfully. She looked as though she had something to say but after a pause, she decided to let it slide.

Soon, we arrived at the largest mall of the city center.

Emery had practically emptied out the outlets of designer clothing in a frenzied spree, to the shock and awe of an ordinary citizen like me. Nevertheless, the art of selecting and filtering products in a retail store was a familiar process to me, and I spent an enjoyable afternoon in Emery's company just chatting and shopping.

The only person I interacted with in Marcus's house was the maid. They treated me as the mistress of the house. Whenever I made some lighthearted banter, there always seemed to be a distance between us.

It was a lazy afternoon well spent. As we were leaving the mall, we were suddenly hounded by the paparazzi.

Over the past six years, Alexander had dabbled in showbusiness in K City. He became famous overnight after receiving the award for the best actor. As his girlfriend, Emery was placed under the constant spotlight. People were desperate for a slice of gossip in regards to Alexander's private life.

Chapter 1421

"Scarlett, let's look for a place to hide!" Emery cried as she frantically pulled my arm and ran back from where we came. I felt like a stiff mannequin being dragged along for the ride.

The paparazzi were not professionals in their field for nothing; in the blink of an eye, they were in full pursuit and soon ran us down and separated us.

Emery felt overwhelmed and could have barely taken care of herself, much less of me. She kept running and soon led the paparazzi off.

They came and went like a hurricane. Their target identified, the paparazzi pursued with full force. In other words, Emery had “sacrificed” herself.

I was just about to head out and hail a cab when a casual glance around stopped me in my tracks in surprise. Gregory was at the entrance staring at me. His charming features were alight with delighted mischief.

“Mommy, I ran into you again!”

Was this how rich families cared for their six-year-old children?

He was the heir apparent of the Fuller family. By standing still unsupervised, he became an easy target for kidnapers. There wasn’t a bodyguard anywhere near him.

I walked over and knelt down next to him. “Why are you here all alone?”

Emery invited me out at last minute. Even if Gregory was precocious enough, it would have been impossible for him to know ahead of time to intercept us.

As soon as I spoke, the wunderkind suddenly pouted. He tugged on my thumb and said in a pitiful voice. “Mommy, I’m lost. I’m scared.”

What?

Child, you had harnessed your father’s resources on your own to make an appointment with a stranger. It wouldn’t do for you to be so pathetic at such a young age!

“Alright, I’m here. No one will capture you.” In the end, I gave in to him. I tousled his hair in an attempt to comfort him as I picked up my phone. “Greg, what’s your Daddy’s number?”

As soon as I unlocked my phone, Gregory snatched it off my hands. “Let me do it, Mommy,” he said. “Daddy is at work; I am not allowed to call him. I’ll just text the bodyguard and tell him where I am.”

To my amazement, the child sent out a text with a fluent understanding of my device right in front of my eyes. It took him less than a minute.

“Alright, Mommy. Mr. Campbell will be along to pick me up soon,” Gregory said smugly as he handed the phone back to me.

I heaved a sigh and took the phone from him.

I saw clearly how Gregory had drafted the text. He had even entered the precise location of the mall we were in. The ability to recite phone numbers without hesitation seemed second nature to him; he did it all without even breaking a sweat.

I even suspected that he would have been able to find his way home by himself if he wanted to.

At this point, I was ready to leave. “Come on, I’ll take you to the mall security.”

Gregory tugged on my sleeve with an even more pitiful look on his face than before. “Mommy, you aren’t going to abandon me, are you? I’m scared to be alone...”

As women, our hearts are the softest when confronted with adorable children, especially when they were being coy. I was still able to muster a look of cold indifference earlier, but at this point, I would consider myself mollified.

After all, we weren't waiting for Ashton to come. It would be fine to keep the child company a little longer. If I went home now, I would just be having a staring contest with the potted plants.

We decided to look for a safe place to wait.

We passed a fast food restaurant and Gregory stopped in his tracks. His beady little eyes were fixated on the fries and burgers on the menu.

Children were greedy, after all. I was just curious about the fact about rich people having a fondness for such unhealthy food.

"Greg, would you like a burger?" I asked.

"Yes," Gregory said calmly with a nod. "I'd like to give it a try, for Daddy never lets me have any."

He turned to me. "He's very bossy and unreasonable. A fascist."

I was stunned. Suddenly, I recalled the other day at The Jade when I heard a kid yell "Ashy". So it was him.

Gregory was unusually brazen to call Ashton that.

Chapter 1422

At the sight of me hesitating, Gregory lowered his voice. "Mommy, I'll just try a bite. I won't eat more than that, okay?"

I understood now. Gregory was the same as his father; information had to be repeated to them multiple times!

"I don't mind treating you, but you mustn't call me Mommy anymore. Deal?"

"No problem." Gregory flashed a wide smile and pulled me by the arm into the shop. "Let's go, Ms. Stovall!"

Gregory ordered a set meal for children on top of one of each of the best-selling items on the menu. A table for two was soon filled up.

The child was true to his word; he literally tried a bite of everything. The only thing he was particularly fond of was the sundae.

"I thought only girls like sweet things, Gregory?" I teased him.

As soon as I said that, he put down his spoon and wiped his lips in a dignified manner, refusing to touch another spoonful.

"Hey, I'm just messing with you. Carry on," I said as I pushed the chocolate sundae back in front of him.

"That will be enough," Gregory said with a solemn shake of his head.

"Really?" I probed him. Children are greedy.

Gregory nodded again determinedly. "Statistics show that an excessive consumption of deep-fried and sweet food is harmful to the body," he said in a serious manner.

I couldn't decide whether the child before me was a six-year-old or a genius who was familiar with the workings of the world. After a stunned silence, I said, "If that's the case, shouldn't you abstain from them completely?"

"They wouldn't do you any harm in small portions. The more Daddy forbids me, the more I want to try. I'm a child; it's normal for me to not be able to restrain my urges!"

His arrogant expression was bizarre. If it was normal for a child to not being able to reason, doesn't it make accommodating him a grievous sin?

At the thought of this, I felt a pang of guilt, like a bright spotlight following me around. I looked up instinctively and jumped as I caught sight of a pair of cold eyes outside of the glass.

Ashton stood outside the restaurant with a straight face, but the coldness that he was exuding permeated invasively through the glass and lowered the ambient temperature in the restaurant by several degrees.

The guilty feeling solidified instantly upon looking into his eyes.

When I had regained my senses, Ashton was already walking in.

"Ashy!" Gregory called cheekily and stood up as he caught sight of Ashton.

"What are you supposed to call me?" Ashton asked coldly with a frown.

Gregory chuckled to himself as he hugged Ashton's thigh. "Daddy!"

Ashton's eyes flashed with helplessness but did not lose his temper. I stood up slowly.

As I was about to say something, Gregory came to my rescue. "Daddy, have you seen Ms. Ziegler? She said she would pick me up in a while but it's been a long time and she hasn't shown up yet. The adults here at the mall were ignoring me. Only Ms. Stovall was willing to lend me her phone. I remembered that I shouldn't call you unnecessarily. Aren't I clever?"

What?

Thora left him here? Why didn't he say so?

Besides, with Gregory's ability to be coy, what kind of a normal adult would bear to leave him behind?

After he intentionally emphasized my role again, it looked as if I taught the child to say some good words to claim the credit on my behalf.

"Hmm," Ashton grunted indifferently before looking up at me. The depths of his dark eyes made guessing his thoughts impossible.

Businessmen thought very deeply. Furthermore, we have had an interaction before. It wasn't an experience I wished to repeat in a hurry.

"You have your child now. I won't bother you anymore. I've got to go."

I retrieved my purse. "Goodbye Gregory, listen to your Dad, will you?"

The indifferent and conceited man before me suddenly spoke up. "Thank you for caring for Gregory today. How can I return this favor?" I was stunned as I did not expect him to be so courteous. "There's no need." I shook my head with a smile. "Gregory is adorable. Anybody who runs into him wouldn't ignore him. I know it's not my place to say this, but though it's important to earn money, please do not forget the safety of your family. If possible, you should assign a couple of bodyguards for Gregory."