

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1453-1457

## Chapter 1453

Although Gregory was only six years old, he was bright enough to understand what was happening.

He wished I could stay because he knew someone would become Mrs. Fuller in the end, but he wasn't willing to accept others as his mother.

I had a lot to do for him to accept me as his mother.

Well, such a process can't be rushed.

I quickly kept my feelings in check after spacing out momentarily. Thora had tried to please him for so many years, yet to no avail. So how could I hope to gain his acceptance in just one day?

I leaned in to take the young boy into my arms. "Greg, how about I make some of your favorite dishes for dinner tonight?"

"I would love that!" In the end, he was just a child. Excitement was bursting from him at the mere mention of food. It seemed he had forgotten all about his worries from earlier on.

After dinner, I took a warm shower.

I heard my phone ping when I was busy blow-drying my hair.

There weren't many contacts on my phone – only Emery and Marcus. It must be an emergency if it was from them.

However, when I reached the door, Ashton was sitting behind the bar in the living room naked other than a towel wrapped around his lower half.

He was staring sightlessly into space that he didn't even notice me.

How can he maintain such a body at his age? That obvious V-shape that trails underneath the towel looks so sexy.

When my brain cleared, Ashton was standing in front of me. His muscular chest was nearly touching my breasts as his dark eyes studied me intently. "Like what you see?"

My entire body shrunk backward, and my face heated. "I didn't..."

I straightened my back, remembering that we were in my room. "Why are you in my room?"

Ashton lowered his eyes with a deadpan look. "This is my bedroom."

"No way," I retorted. "Even though this is my first time here, I remember clearly that the first room on the left by the stairs..."

I realized something was wrong before I finished my sentence.

The room does have the best view and is near to the stairs. It does feel like it's a master bedroom.

"You..." I raised my head in surprise and pointed at Ashton. "You purposely asked the maids to lead me to this room?"

Ashton only arched his brows, not giving me a response.

Embarrassed and annoyed, I dashed past Ashton and muttered, "Wait a sec. Something must have gone wrong somewhere."

I turned around and looked at his innocent face. "I remember I only promised to pretend to be your fiancée to fight for your daughter's custody and not actually marrying you for real. Am I correct?"

I signed the contract thinking the two of us had reached a consensus.

Ashton lowered his eyes, and his lips twitched. "What do you think?" I widened my eyes. What do I think?

Naturally, that would be me staying at my house while he stays at his.

Before I could open my mouth, he fixed his dark gaze at me while approaching me. "Did nobody tell you to study the terms clearly before signing a contract?"

I retorted as I retreated, "Mr. Fuller, you're a successful businessman. There's no reason for you to exploit a commoner like me, isn't it?"

At my remark, Ashton halted with an unreadable look on his face. Just when I thought he was about to let me go, he suddenly leaned in and held my hands hostage against the couch behind me. "You think you know me?"

With him so close to me, it wasn't my first instinct to push him away. My heart was beating faster and faster in my chest.

But I hated being lied to, so I pretended to be calm and steeled myself. "It's not too late to know now either. I want to terminate the contract."

Finding my memories are important, but I don't have to put myself on the line for it.

I hadn't had the best impression of Ashton in the first place, but now, he had completely lost my trust.

## **Chapter 1454**

Ashton's face fell in that instant, a lingering sadness in his eyes. He let out a deep sigh as he muttered, "Letty."

As I peered into his eyes, I couldn't tell if he was calling me or the "Scarlett" who no longer existed.

I had only just snapped back to my senses when I felt the warmth emanating from Ashton as he hugged me tightly.

As soon as our bodies touched, a searing pain once again shot through my entire body. All I wanted to do was push him away, but the sorrow in his voice made me hesitate.

“Can you please give me ten minutes? I just need a hug. I miss her so much.”

He had answered the question in my head. It was his late wife that he missed.

As a woman, there was nothing more humiliating than being used as a substitute for another woman, especially when it was by a man she hated. I tried to protest but couldn’t get any words out.

Even the strength I had earlier to push him away was gone. That left me with no choice but to give in.

Five minutes had barely passed when Gregory pushed the door and ran in with his tablet. His mouth slowly dropped open when he saw Ashton and I hugging.

“Are you kissing?” he asked innocently.

Ashton had almost his entire body on top of me, and since Gregory wasn’t tall, it did seem to him that we were in a very compromising position.

I snapped out of my daze and immediately wriggled out from Ashton’s embrace.

Ashton, however, didn’t seem to panic at all. He slowly turned around to face his son with a stern look. “Didn’t I teach you to knock on the door before entering any room?”

Gregory bit his lip as he scratched his head in embarrassment. "I forgot."

He must have felt his father's temper brewing because the boy immediately added, "I won't do it again, Daddy! Please forgive me!"

Ashton's expression finally softened at that, and he gently asked, "Shouldn't you be sleeping? What are you doing here?"

"I want to sleep with Ms. Stovall!" Gregory exclaimed as he beamed with delight.

Ashton tried to turn his son's request down tactfully. "Boys shouldn't be so clingy."

Gregory knew better than to go against his father's orders, so even though he felt upset, he didn't dare protest any further. All he did was lower his head as he idly played with his fingers.

He was such a pitiful sight that my heart went out to him. He was only a boy; there was no need to treat him this harshly.

"Are there rules that state boys can't be clingy?" I asked as I led Gregory into the bedroom. "Children don't know any better. They learn by observing adults."

At least Gregory knows how to use his adorable charms and manners. Ashton forced himself on me, and he still has the cheek to scold his son? Ridiculous!

My words left Ashton speechless, and he could only look on in defeat.

I waited till he had gone into the bathroom before having Gregory sneak out to grab the phone so I could check any incoming texts.

There was just one text from an unknown number: I'm in K City. I'll be back soon.

The content was strange, and there was no indication as to who had sent it.

Just as I was about to continue mulling over the text, Gregory asked if I could sing him to sleep. It was such a sweet and innocent request that I had to accede to it. He was exhausted, so it didn't take long before he was sound asleep.

Feeling bored, I reached over to grab my phone, wanting to text Emery, when I heard the bathroom door open.

Fearing that Ashton might put on another act to gain my sympathy, I immediately turned off the lights and pretended to sleep while hugging Gregory.

I heard his footsteps gradually come closer until they stopped by the bed. After a moment of silence, he padded away, and the next thing I heard was the sound of the door closing.

Ashton had left.

What an odd fellow.

The next morning, I was awoken by Gregory.

He insisted on eating breakfast cooked by me, so I gave in and made something simple for the two of us. To my surprise, he finished everything I prepared and left what the chef had made untouched.

Ashton soon came down and joined us at the dining table. When he realized the food on his plate was different from what we had, he seemed very amused. "Is this how you treat your fiancé?"

## **Chapter 1455**

I still hadn't forgiven him for forcing himself on me the previous night, so I pretended not to have heard him.

"Scarlett!" he repeated, this time more forceful.

"Gregory said he had never eaten his mother's homemade breakfast, so I made some to coax him. Is that what you want too, Mr. Fuller? Then again, I wouldn't want to make your stomach upset from my food," I replied, still refusing to make eye contact with him.

My snarky tone riled Ashton up, and he was about to rebuke me when one of his staff announced, "Mr. Campbell has arrived, Mr. Fuller."

Now that he had work to tend to, Ashton shot an angry glance at me before stalking out in a huff.

Once I could no longer hear footsteps, I snuck a glance at the stairs.

So it seems like Ashton isn't that easy to provoke.

There were still no signs of the man coming back even after twenty minutes had passed. When the maid started to clear the table, I decided to ask if she knew where he was.



“Mr. Fuller is currently in the study with Mr. Campbell.”

Knowing Joseph was still around put a dampener on my mood as I trudged my way up the stairs.

Once I got to the study, I could vaguely hear their voices from outside the room. I tried to eavesdrop on their conversation by placing my ear against the door, but it was useless.

After a moment of hesitation, I mustered up the courage and knocked on the door. “It’s me, Carlette.”

The door opened almost immediately; it was Ashton who walked out.

He stood at the door with no intention of letting me in. “What’s the matter?” he asked curtly.

I pursed my lips and sulked. “Don’t you want breakfast?”

“I’ll eat whatever Gregory had. I’m not picky,” he answered after giving it some thought.

“You want a kid’s breakfast?” Is he trying to compete with his own son?

“Sure. But given your personality, you don’t have to force yourself to make it if you don’t want to, Ms. Stovall.”

With that, Ashton nodded toward the stairs behind me, hinting that I should take my leave.

I was about to do as instructed when I got hit by a sudden realization. “What do you take me for, Ashton? Did you bring me here so you can order me around and do whatever you like?”

The man remained calm as he stuck his hands into his pockets. As soon as he leaned against the door, I could see Joseph behind him, holding on to a stack of documents. "Don't you want your memories back? Want to join in?"

"What? What are you two talking about?"

Ashton's lips curled into a smirk. "Something you'd surely be interested in."

I was so annoyed at the way he was keeping me in suspense, but even I had to agree that the temptation he threw out was too great to resist.

After a deep sigh, I sulked my way back into the kitchen and made the same breakfast for Ashton as I had for Gregory.

When I went back into the study with Ashton's food, Joseph had already left. "Here. Your breakfast."

Ashton accepted his food without a word and started eating.

However, he had only had two mouthfuls when he suddenly stopped.

What now? I opened my mouth to mutter, "I told you my food wouldn't be good enough for someone like you."

Ashton merely glanced at me before lowering his head to continue eating.

It was a simple breakfast set for kids, yet Ashton made it look like he was tucking into a feast. Seeing him eat with such gusto was surprisingly heartwarming.

Since he was busy eating, I decided to check out the documents on the table.

The documents largely detailed the lives of “Scarlett” and Ashton. They were a young couple who had been through thick and thin to get to where they were until an accident on the island led to the demise of Scarlett.

I had to continue pretending to be Scarlett, no matter how long it might take. But even as I took in all the information laid out in front of me, I felt no connection with her.

As I pored through the documents, I felt my gaze slowly shifting toward Ashton. He was hard to fathom, but he was also just like everyone else. Still, it was hard to imagine that a man like him was capable of having such an intense and loyal love for another woman.

## **Chapter 1456**

Reading about Scarlett would undoubtedly help me get better at pretending to be her, but I realized it had nothing to do with the life I had lost.

I decided it would make things easier if I started reading about the latest events. I was impressed with how much information they had about the lawsuit between the Fullers and Stovalls. But the strange thing was, there was no mention of me.

I felt like I had been lied to, and the sense of humiliation quickly turned into rage. “Didn’t you say these documents would help me get my memories back?”

To think I had been reading them so seriously!

“The sooner we settle the custody matters, the sooner you get to concentrate on getting back your memories. Is there a problem with that?” Ashton calmly replied.

“Are you saying that before the custody gets settled, you won’t look into my background?”

I was already angry and anxious, and Ashton’s calm composure added fuel to the fire. How many more times must I be played like a fool by this man?

Ashton blatantly ignored my question and changed the subject. “Are you done reading?”

“No!” I bellowed. “You’ve fooled me into signing a contract with unfair terms. And now you’re using me to achieve your goals? How can I trust that you will keep your end of the bargain once the custody matters are over?”

I was boiling with so much rage that my chest was heaving as I shouted at him.

Ashton was so full of lies that I started to have doubts about his character. Despite being a company president and one of the richest men, he still went to the extent of throwing a tantrum when he didn’t get the same breakfast as his son. If this went on any further, I’d blow his cover sooner or later.

To my surprise, the man was unbothered by my outburst. He finished the last mouthful of his food and slowly dabbed his mouth with his handkerchief. He then finally looked up and met my gaze. “Once you’ve signed the contract, you’d be recognized as the mother of Gregory Hall. I’m not like Marcus. I would never ditch my flesh and blood. You can trust me when it comes to protecting my wife and children.”

Now that he had brought up Marcus, I was rendered speechless.

Ashton was right. Marcus had seemed like a great man until his life was interrupted by the appearance of a woman and children. One couldn't help but wonder if he was a good person after all.

Even though I agreed with Ashton to some extent, his condescending tone was so off-putting that I had to retort, "Marcus may not be a good husband or father, but at least he has never once hurt me. You claim to be an upstanding gentleman, Mr. Fuller, but you constantly speak ill of others behind their backs. Let's not forget how you don't seem to like keeping your promises either. You're the truly vile one here, not Marcus."

Ashton frowned at my words, a look of hatred on his face. But before I could say any more, his body started to shake uncontrollably.

His face contorted in pain as he tried to steady himself with his hand on the table. Big beads of cold sweat started to roll down his forehead.

"Ashton?"

I called out to him a couple more times, but no response came. As seconds went by, he looked to be in even more pain.

I tried to help him, but I wasn't strong enough to keep him standing upright. Ashton gradually lost all his strength and crumpled to the floor. I had no choice but to kneel beside him, keeping my hand on his forehead in an attempt to bring his temperature down.

Ashton's eyes were tightly shut as sweat continued to soak through his hair. But when he felt my touch, his hand immediately shot up to grab my wrist. "Who's that?"

"It's me, Carlette. What's wrong with you?"

Ashton was in so much pain he couldn't even muster up an ounce of strength to reply. He remained silent as his grip on me tightened.

It seemed like the tighter he gripped onto me, the more relief he felt.

After a while, his condition seemed to have improved slightly. "Ashton?" I whispered.

There was still no reply from him, but it was clear that he was trying hard to keep himself from losing control. He tucked his head in and slowed down his breathing.

"Let go of my hand. We have to get you to the hospital for treatment." I tried to pry myself from him but to no avail.

It was amazing how much strength he still had despite being in such bad shape. His lips had turned white while his eyes remained tightly shut.

After more time had passed, I made another attempt to wake him up by patting his shoulder. Alas, I had only just lifted my hand when Ashton once again grabbed me.

## **Chapter 1457**

He slowly forced his eyes open and mumbled, "It's so noisy..."

What? I'm doing everything for him, yet he treats me with such disdain?

I rolled my eyes at him in frustration and decided that was the last straw. "Is anybody out there? There's something wrong with Mr. Fuller. Please come up immediately!"

I had already known how much of a control freak Ashton was. The second floor of his house was his personal space, and he didn't like having anyone coming around other than for cleaning duties. Thankfully, I was with him when he had his seizure. Otherwise, it'd have been a while before anyone found him.

Before any of his staff could reply, Ashton muttered, "I'll throw you out if you speak again."

I looked down at him and saw his bloodshot eyes staring back. The worst seemed to be over, and I finally heaved a sigh of relief.

"You can throw me out if you like. But if you don't let go of my hand, you might end up getting thrown with me."

When Ashton realized what he had done, he pulled his hand back immediately and staggered to get back up on his feet.

Finally free from his grip, I tried to get up from my kneeling position.

Unfortunately, my legs had gone numb from having knelt for so long and buckled under me.

I was about to fall when Ashton rushed forward to help me up. He then quickly let me go before taking a step back. "You can leave now," he ordered. I looked at him incredulously and crossed my arms in annoyance. "Mr. Fuller, where have your manners gone? I just saved your life after all. Shouldn't you at least thank me?"

“Unfortunately, I have lost my manners. If you don’t mind being taken advantage of, you may stay here for as long as you like.”

I had nothing left to say as I glared at him.

It was appalling how someone as atrocious and misogynistic as him could have a child as adorable as Gregory.

I had had enough. There was no point in staying and trying to reason with someone that obstinate. My leg was still numb, but I couldn’t care less as I limped my way out.

I had only managed a few steps when Ashton suddenly wrapped his arms around my waist and lifted me up.

His behavior caught me by so much surprise that I had to hold onto the collar of his shirt to steady myself.

There was still shock written on my face as I looked up at Ashton, who had a cheeky grin on as his eyes sparkled with mischief.

Is this guy trying to be funny?

“Ashton, please behave yourself and let me down!” I warned through gritted teeth.

“I’m the kids’ father, and you’re their mother-to-be. How do you expect me to behave?” he questioned while carrying me toward the bedroom. The tone in his voice was casual and yet so suggestive.

My cheeks turned red in embarrassment. I bit my lips, not knowing how to respond. How did a shameless man like him become one of the most powerful and richest men in the world?



We had only just gotten to the bedroom door when we ran into Gregory coming up the stairs.

He stopped in his tracks when he saw us, puzzled by the scene in front of him. With his tablet in his hands, he began circling Ashton and I.

Before long, he threw his hands up in joy and exclaimed, "I want Daddy to carry me too!"

I bit my lips and pounded Ashton's chest. "Hurry up and put me down!" I threatened.

Because of our close body contact, I could feel my words reverberate through Ashton's body. The next thing I knew, he had let go of one of his hands without warning, and I fell out of his embrace.

Just as quickly as he had let me go, Ashton grabbed me by my waist and had his other arm around my shoulders. My feet could touch the ground, but the way he held me kept me suspended. We were now in an even more intimate position than before.

The longer we stayed in that position, the more my mind raced. Should I compliment Ashton for being nimble, or should I admonish him for once again trying to take advantage of me?