

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1623-1627

## Chapter 1623

Sensing that he had made a mistake, Boris hurriedly explained himself. "I always arrive at the school one hour early to pick up the children, but you were there yourself today. I wanted to send you home along with the children, but you told me that you wanted to bring the children elsewhere and asked me to go home."

Boris' face was as pale as a ghost when he paused for a while to figure out what had happened. "Could it be that you've just forgotten about picking them up, Mrs. Fuller? Maybe they're in their rooms napping right now. Yes, that must be it! I'll go check on them right now. Just give me a minute."

Losing three children was no small matter, which was why the chauffeur got so nervous that he did not even wait for my response before dashing into the house.

At that point, Ashton and I exchanged looks, for we both figured that it was Nora who pretended to be me and took the children away.

Then, both our phones rang at the same time.

Ashton picked up his phone but remained silent until he hung up. Whoever it was that called him, I could tell that they did not bring good news.

"Who is it?"

"Nathaniel. He wants us to have dinner at his place," replied Ashton as he stared into space.

I knew that man would make a move sooner or later, but he still caught me off guard.

After taking a deep breath, Ashton gestured at my phone. "This can't be a coincidence. I think you should read your text message."

Hurriedly, I unlocked my phone and did as Ashton said. The message I received read: Mommy, we're at Uncle Nathaniel's house. Come pick us up. Gregory.

Even though the message came from Gregory, it was not sent from his phone, so I assumed he figured out a different way to reach me.

We were not out of the woods yet then, but still, I was relieved to hear from Gregory.

"Go change. We're going to save our son."

"What about our daughter?"

"All of them! We're going to save all of them." Somehow, I was confident that I would get my children back, and I could not help but smirk at the thought of it.

Ashton, too, smirked at me and said nothing else.

As a parent, I thought it was quite normal to have a favorite among my children as long as I remembered to love all of them.

Ever since I found out about Nora, I worried that she would try to replace me someday and fool Gregory and Audrey into thinking that she was their mother.

All the woman needed to do was spend some time with my children and show them her motherly love, and she could have easily taken my place.

Gregory's message was a candle in the dark to me. Whether he deliberately sent it to me or not, I was just glad that he trusted me enough to do that, and that was all that mattered to me.

It was not my first time arriving at Nathaniel's villa, but I never went there for the same reason.

When a maid led us into the living room, Nora was trying to gain Audrey's trust by offering the girl the cake Nathaniel bought at Black Angle. However, Audrey remained fiddling with her doll's arm uneasily while sitting beside her brother.

Seeing how Audrey was reluctant to try the cake, I could not help but feel proud of my girl.  
Good girl!

"Hey, Audrey," called out Ashton in his deep voice.

The second the little girl heard the familiar voice, she leaped to her feet and rushed over to her father. "Daddy!"

## Chapter 1624

Gregory and Shaun followed closely behind.

“Mommy.” Gregory tilted his head upward and smiled brightly at me.

I reveled in the warmth that spread through my body at his loving address. Stroking his head fondly, I cooed, “Good boy, Gregory.”

Audrey’s gaze darted between Nora and me as a frown appeared on her face. “Two mommies?”

“No, this is Mommy,” Gregory insisted softly. “Didn’t you tell me that Mommy smelled weird? Why don’t you smell her now?”

A light bulb seemed to go off in Audrey’s head as she immediately stretched her arms out toward me and cried, “I want a hug!”

I carried her with a smile on my face. Audrey wrapped her arms around my neck, and I giggled at the ticklish sensation.

“Do you smell it now?” I asked good-naturedly.

Audrey nodded vigorously and exclaimed, “Yeah!” She turned her head to face me and continued, “This is Mommy’s smell! You’re Mommy!”

I could not help but chuckle at her innocence, and I pinched her cheek fondly as I teased, “Could you tell me how I smell different compared to Ms. Nora?”

“Hmm.” My daughter pouted her lips in deep thought before shaking her head. “I don’t know how to explain it.”

“We wanted to play a prank on you two, but it looks like you knew everything from the start,” Nora interrupted as she set the cake in her hands aside. “Audrey, won’t you tell me how you knew we were different? I even used the same perfume as your mommy.”

Audrey raised her volume and replied, “It’s not the perfume! I-I- It’s just different! I know it’s different.”

As if fearful that we would continue interrogating her, she buried her head in my chest and avoided our gazes.

I could empathize with her display of obstinance; I had seen many children bottling up out of frustration at being unable to express themselves.

At the same time, I thought I understood what Audrey meant about my unique smell. Call it a mother’s instinct, I suppose.

I thought of Ashton then and the scent of his pheromones, which could not be overshadowed by the faint smell of his expensive colognes and cigars.

“Okay, she won’t ask you any more questions about that. Come on, Mommy will take you home. Daddy made a cake for you all. Don’t you want to eat it?” I subtly shifted the conversation topic to encourage Audrey to open up again.

My tactic worked, and Audrey exclaimed in glee, “Yes! I want cake!” She probably had forgotten all about Nora’s questions at that point.

As expected, food typically took center stage in a glutton's mind.

Except when it came to Shaun. Is it possible to forge a bond so quickly with a kid to whom she isn't related?

However, this was not the time for me to dwell on this issue.

We should leave this wretched place ASAP.

"Why are you in such a rush to leave, Scarlett? Aren't you going to introduce me to your kids? We look so much alike, after all." Nora looked at me with an indecipherable smile on her face, looking like she had no intention to let us leave uneventfully.

Ashton spoke up coldly, "You think you can keep me here?" The authority in his tone had Gregory and Shaun glancing at him subconsciously.

"You're always so impatient, Ashton," Nathaniel drawled lazily. He had picked up on the tense situation and sauntered over with his hands in his pockets. "I've always been helping Gregory with any problems he's facing in his computer science studies. So much time has passed; I'm sure he must be brimming with questions. Plus, Nora and Letty are finally reunited after being separated for years. Why must we cut short the sisters' reunion? Stay a while longer and let them have a chat."

He had walked up to Nora by then. Standing side-by-side, I thought they made a fine pair with their matching smiles of faux kindness even if one of them happened to look exactly like me.

Nathaniel's words brought a smug smile to Nora's face. "Of course. I'm Nora Stovall. Don't tell me you forgot about your older sister? We're twins, for goodness sake."

## Chapter 1625

It seemed that Nora Stovall was the new identity Nathaniel had arranged for the former Ms. Oberick. I realized that Nora was determined to conjure a relationship with me.

Outwardly, Ashton and I appeared unaffected by her announcement, treating it as a terrible joke.

Audrey, however, took Nora's words seriously. "You're twins with Mommy? Is it like Greg and me? Greg is a boy, and I'm a girl, so we look different. Do you look the same because you're both girls?"

Before I could clear things up, Nora cut me off. "That's right! You're such a smart girl, Audrey!" She smiled so brightly that her eyes had narrowed into slits. Nora added, "You and your brother can call me Aunt Nora from now on!"

I could not explain why, but Nora's face that so perfectly mirrored mine suddenly became a glaring sight.

I would not have minded the children calling her Aunt Nora in the past when she was still a kind person. Now that she was notorious for her greed and ambition, I could not find it in me to allow my children to acknowledge such a relative.

How should I explain this to the kids, though?

Thankfully, Ashton spoke up and freed me from my dilemma.

Quietly and somewhat sternly, he said, "Gregory."

"Yes, Daddy."

Ashton continued without blinking, "Was what Uncle Nathaniel said true? Are you struggling with your computer science homework?"

His words implied that he was blaming Gregory.

If Gregory could solve his computer science problems alone, he no longer needed Nathaniel's help, and we could leave for good.

I thought it rather inappropriate to drag the children into this, yet I remained silent. I was aware this would be the wrong time for me to voice my opinion.

Everyone had their way of solving things, after all.

It turned out my worry was for naught. Gregory had lived with Ashton for many years, and he was well aware of his father's expressions and intentions. Some thought later, Gregory had an answer for his father.

"No, Daddy. I can solve them on my own now." With that, Gregory turned to Nathaniel next and bowed respectfully. "Thank you for your guidance, Uncle Nathaniel. I can solve those problems alone now, and I shan't need to trouble you again. I don't have any more questions on computer science."

Whether it was Gregory putting up a tough front or caving out of fear toward Ashton, I was relieved that he had not made the wrong choice despite his past relationship with Nathaniel.

Ashton nodded lightly as satisfaction flashed through his gaze. He stared at Nathaniel and said, "You heard that."



It was impossible to discern Nathaniel's true feelings on the matter behind his smile. He chuckled and replied to Ashton, "What about Nora and Letty's long-awaited reunion? We were so excited to introduce you to some of our friends. Staying a while longer won't hurt anyone. Why, Scarlett, don't you want to get to know your older sister a little better?"

He stressed his last sentence, and his weird tone hinted that he was up to something.

It was not until Audrey piqued up that I knew he was targeting the children.

"Mommy, isn't Ms. Nora your older sister? Don't you want to be together if you haven't seen each other in a long time? Just like how I want to be with Greg forever and ever!"

I explained hastily, "Audrey, don't say that. Mommy's just like you as in I only have an older brother. I don't have an older sister. You know Mommy and Uncle John meet all the time. We have a great relationship, right?"

"Oh, yeah." Audrey nodded innocently. Barely a moment later, she exclaimed, "But Mommy, the two of you look the same! Aunt Emma said that people who look the same on TV are long-lost twins!"

I held in my urge to hunt down Emma that very instant.

The situation turned incredibly awkward after Audrey's outburst.

Suddenly, Shaun broke his silence and said, "The dolls you play with every day have the same face, but they're not from the same family."

"You're right, Shaun! Does that mean Mommy and Ms. Nora aren't sisters at all?"

## Chapter 1626

“Yes.” I glanced at Shaun, barely able to hide my surprise. He had been standing silently behind Gregory all this while, and if I had not turned around earlier, I might have questioned my hearing. Shaun had, without a doubt, drawn the analogy of the dolls calmly.

Despite the glaring lack of scientific evidence backing his claims, it was more than enough to convince Audrey.

Children of the same age had an inexplicable way of understanding one another. Both Gregory and Shaun had the same uncanny way of getting through to Audrey where adults could not.

There was virtue in keeping things simple, especially when it came to reasoning with children.

Children viewed the world through a simple lens, and they tended to categorize things into neat blacks and whites. They were acceptable of boundaries their parents drew; yet, raising them in an overly-sheltered environment could inadvertently backfire and impede their development.

I relaxed slightly as these thoughts crossed my mind. The sight of Nora’s eerily-similar face no longer frightened me as much as it did.

Shaun’s words completely helped us out of the situation. Thus, Nathaniel and Nora had no excuse to keep us from leaving anymore.

I had no desire to stay in this wretched place any longer.

Ashton silently made a move to lead the kids away. Nora, however, was not about to let Shaun getaway after ruining her plans, and she grabbed him before he could approach us.

She planted her hands on Shaun's shoulder menacingly and scrutinized him. She cooed like an excessively-friendly elder, "Which family are you from?"

Shaun glanced at her calmly before looking at Ashton and me. He said, "Mr. and Mrs. Fuller adopted me. I'm their adopted son."

"Is it?" With her gaze locked on Shaun, Nora continued, "Your family has finally reunited after a long time. I thought you'd be dying to shower your biological kids with love before taking in an unwanted orphan."

She paused slightly, but not long enough for any of us to rebuke her. "Fate has brought this kid into our acquaintance. It's fortuitous that Nat and I don't have children. Why don't we adopt him instead? We can share your burdens of childcare."

I was about to reject her offer when Ashton's voice rang out. "I can afford to care for as many kids as I please. There's no need to trouble outsiders at all."

He lowered his gaze and glanced at Shaun. "Why are you standing there? Do you really want to stay here?"

Shaun caught his meaning immediately and plucked off Nora's hands from his shoulders. He walked toward us determinedly, making his stance toward her offer crystal clear.

He did not even need to say a thing to convey his decision.

I mussed his hair fondly in approval.

"We'll get going, then. You don't have to send us out," I declared.

I nodded at the couple in farewell and ushered the kids out the door, Ashton following closely behind.

Once we were safely in the car, the children began fooling around in the backseat.

Audrey was so excited that even Gregory struggled to keep her in her seat.

“I’m starving! I can’t wait to eat the cake when I get home! Greg, Shaun, you can’t eat my share!”

Gregory replied in resignation, “Whatever you want.”

Shaun remained silent.

“Mommy, did Daddy really make the cake? Daddy’s the best! Isn’t Daddy Superman?”

I answered her patiently, “Of course, Daddy made it himself! Daddy isn’t Superman, though. Superman is too busy saving the world than to spend time with us.”

“Mommy, does Daddy know how to make lollipops too? Those super huge ones!”

“I- erm, why don’t you ask Daddy?”

Audrey’s questions came flooding out like a dam that had burst.

“Daddy, do you know how to do it?” In her excitement, she had leaned forward between the two front seats in the car.

I thought Ashton would appease her like he usually did. To my surprise, he pulled up to the curb.

Despite his safe stop, the car still shook slightly from the sudden motion. Audrey wobbled on her feet and would have fallen over if I had not caught her.

## **Chapter 1627**

I was getting perplexed at Ashton's poor driving technique when the man in question said sternly, "Audrey, do you not want to eat cake tonight?"

Ashton's anger was palpable, and the temperature in the car seemed to drop several degrees.

Even Audrey knew not to behave in her usual daring manner in the face of her father's anger. She retreated to the backseat and mumbled, "I do..."

Ashton met her gaze through the rearview mirror and demanded, "Then, why were you jumping around in the back when Daddy was driving? You even leaned forward to disturb me while I was driving. What if you got injured? Do you think that was the right thing to do?"

Audrey shook her head blankly and said uncertainly, "No."

"Don't be so stern. You're going to scare the kids," I whispered to him.

Instead, Ashton seemed to ignore my words as he asked Audrey, "Then, what should you do?" Evidently, no one could sway him when he got down to business, not even his wife.

Audrey was not as naive and fragile as she looked, after all. She pondered his words for a moment before returning to her seat and obediently strapping herself in.

Only then did Ashton start the engine of the car and continue driving.

The rest of the drive passed by uneventfully.

I half expected my princess to throw a tantrum once we got home. She foiled my expectations by speeding into the house excitedly as if she had forgotten the unpleasant incident in the car.

When we walked into the living room, we saw Audrey coming out of the kitchen with Ashton's bunny-shaped cake in hand, which was missing a corner. The buttercream around her mouth tipped us off about what had happened.

She walked toward the dining table as she called out to Gregory and Shaun, "Greg, Shaun, come and eat the cake! Daddy's cake is so yummy! I love it!"

Gregory's sweet tooth had him running toward Audrey at her invitation.

Shaun walked over to her obediently and waited for her to "fairly" distribute the cake.

Curious about how Ashton's virgin attempt at making dessert went, I joined the trio at the dining table.

I saw Audrey passing one-thirds of the cake to Gregory and Shaun while she kept the rest for herself, a silly grin on her face.

The sight brought a wry smile to my face, and I pinched her nose lightly as I teased, “You greedy girl! You’ll wet the bed if you eat everything alone!”

“Nuh-uh!” Audrey tilted her nose in defiance and retorted, “I won’t!”

I smiled at her antics and decided to prank her by taking her share of the cake. “Won’t you let Mommy have a bite?”

With that, I pretended to swallow the cake in one go.

Audrey pouted, though she did not refuse my request. Tears welled in her eyes.

How could I bear to tease her when she seemed this upset? I immediately put the cake in her hands and coaxed her, “There, there, Mommy’s just kidding. I don’t eat desserts. Here, have your cake!”

I stroked her soft hair comfortingly until she calmed down.

Ashton tut-tutted at my somewhat incompetent way of handling our children’s emotions. From where he stood on the staircase, he tossed out. “You’re a mom now. Which mom fights with her kid over food? If you want to try it so much, I’ll make one just for you.”

“Hey, you offered to do that yourself. I didn’t ask for it!” I shamelessly took him up on his offer, my self-control hanging by a thread after watching the children gobble down the cake.

If I knew Ashton was talented at making desserts, I should’ve snuck a few bites before leaving the house!

He smiled at me lovingly before walking into the kitchen. Rolling up his sleeves, he said, "Of course, my wife didn't ask for this, but I'd love to make dessert for her. I want to feed you and the kids the most amazing delicacies day after day. From now on, I'm going to focus on being a househusband!"

I snorted at his bold declaration, though I held myself back from playing along too much. His ego did not need that much inflating, anyway. "That's a deal! Gregory, Audrey, did you hear that? Daddy's going to cook a lot of good food for us every day!"