

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 390-393

Chapter 390

Joe was impeccably dressed, and his hair specially styled, rendering him extraordinarily robust. From his looks, it seemed as though he was here to discuss business.

Pursing my lips, I threw a placid glance at him. "Your life is rather colorful as well, Mr. Quinn." After all, there are only a few possible people who'd come out to talk business during the new year.

Sure enough, the person following behind him was Rebecca.

Surprisingly, she blanched upon seeing me. She said nothing to me, merely tugging at Joe's sleeve and urging, "Joe, the food is here, so let's go!"

Taking her hand, Joe murmured in a gentle voice, "Wait for just a moment." Then, he shifted his gaze at me and proclaimed, "You're quite strong mentally, Ms. Stovall, to eat out and chat with another man after experiencing such a monumental event. Looks like Ashton has been worrying for nothing."

I frowned even as I suppressed my fury. "Do you always speak without thinking, Mr. Quinn?"

At this, he sneered, "Are you hurt? Ashton has been tolerating and indulging you time and again, drinking himself to oblivion when you get upset and throw a tantrum. Worried about your health after suffering a miscarriage, he had a vasectomy for your sake despite his pride. And look how you repay him now. Not only have you cheated on him openly, but you've started eating out with another man in just a few days. Do you know how many people will ridicule him if photos of this get out?"

His expression was wintry even as he stifled his emotions to the point of indifference. “Scarlett Stovall, do you never consider other people’s feelings before acting? He’s your husband, yet what do you take him for? A dispensable stranger?”

Stunned, I only snapped back to my senses after a long while. “What did you just say?”

He sneered as his eyes brimmed with disdain. “Do you know what a vasectomy means to a man? He doesn’t even mind forgoing having his own child because of you and the child of your so-called friend. Isn’t it ludicrous?”

For a few seconds, my mind went blank as my gaze remained fixed on him. “Why?” My voice was a smidge hoarse.

At this, his expression turned apathetic and mocking. “Why? He’s afraid that you’ll suffer the slightest pain and agony – afraid that you’ll again be put through the terror of having a child and that you’ll worry that he won’t be able to regard Summer as his own child. He has considered almost everything for you – all that is pertinent. Yet, what have you done for him?”

Not knowing what to say, I pursed my lips while a ball of distress lodged within me.

Upon hearing this, Rebecca couldn’t resist scoffing, her voice anguished and austere. “It’s ludicrous. It’s truly ludicrous.”

Finally recalling her presence, Joe looked back. As soon as he glimpsed her pale face, he called out, “Rebecca!”

Looking up at him, Rebecca appeared wretched and pathetic as tears trickled down her cheeks. “You know what? From the day I met him, I’d always felt that he’d protect me forevermore. How ludicrous!”

Perhaps Joe didn’t want me to witness her sorry state, for he supported her before casting me a meaningful glance. Then, he turned around and left with her.

When John returned with a huge container of lobsters, he threw a look at the two people who'd just left.

Placing the lobsters on the table, his gaze was a touch gloomy when he turned to look at me. "Did they pick trouble with you?"

I shook my head. When I saw the server serving the food, I blurted, "Can we have it to go?"

At this, John pursed his lips. "What's wrong?"

"I..." All of a sudden, Joe's remark of "do you never consider other people" flashed across my mind, and I swallowed the words that were right on the tip of my tongue at once. Gazing at him, I replied, "I was just thinking that Uncle Louis probably hasn't eaten, so why don't we bring some food back for him?"

Taking his seat, he countered, "No, it's fine. The maids will cook at home." As he said this, he lifted his hand and waved the server out. Subsequently, he looked at me and declared, "I've bought lobster with garlic butter. Try some and see whether it's to your liking."

I nodded even as I opened the container. It was very fragrant, but I just hadn't the appetite when something was troubling me.

When John noticed that I stopped eating after a few bites, he asked, "Do you not like it?"

"No, I just don't feel like eating it all of a sudden," I replied.

At this precise moment, my phone vibrated with a text message from Ashton: Where are you?

I replied: Outside.

Ashton then asked: When are you coming home?

I texted him back: I'm coming back in a while.

At this, Ashton responded: I'll be waiting.

To which I replied: Okay.

I looked up after replying to his text message, only to be greeted by John's unwavering stare. "You've got to leave?"

"It's rather late, so I should go back now." I nodded my head.

Pursing his lips, he murmured, "Okay."

We basically ate nothing, for I packed everything up to go.

In the car, John opened his mouth to say something upon seeing that I hadn't spoken much. Yet in the end, he said nothing even after a long time had passed.

It was only when we had finally arrived at Peakville Estate did he look at me and questioned, "Is your plan to return to R Province after the new year still on?"

I was stunned for a while before replying, "Yes."

At this, he nodded. When the car had come to a stop, he turned to me and urged, "Go on in."

When I stepped into the hallway, the lights in the villa were still blazing. Ashton was reading on the sofa, and he glanced over his shoulder upon hearing movement.

Subsequently, he placed the book down and focused his gaze on me.

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Looking at him, I hesitated for a moment before walking over. I sat down beside him and rested my head in his embrace.

Sensing that I was feeling down, he hugged me and asked in a gentle voice, "What's wrong? Is something bothering you?"

I raised my gaze at him before looking away. The next moment, I reached out to unbuckle his leather belt.

He stopped me suddenly, feeling amused. "Wait, we're still in the living room. Are you that desperate?"

I pursed my lips in silence before dragging him upstairs.

However, he swept me off my feet and carried me instead.

Sensing something was wrong, he frowned. "What's wrong?"

As he pinned my hand, I pursed my lips as I didn't know what to say. After a long while, I looked up at him. "When did you do it?"

He furrowed his brows. "Do what?"

“The vasectomy!”

His expression darkened while his tone grew solemn. “Who told you such a thing?”

My eyes reddened while my voice began to choke. “Did it hurt?”

Staring at me in amusement, he pulled me into his embrace. “It was just a minor surgery. I hardly felt a thing.”

Feeling dejected, I wrapped my arms around his waist. “I’m sorry!”

“The operation went without a hitch. Besides, we already have Summer now and don’t have to think about having children. There’s nothing to be sorry about.”

His voice was warm as he stroked my long silky hair. Lifting my hands to take a sniff, he asked, “What did you eat outside?”

I pursed my lips. “Crayfish. John bought them. I brought back some leftovers. Do you want to have some?”

Staring at me, he ignored my question. “I feel more like eating you now.”

I was stunned as I looked at him. As if by reflex, I got up and headed to the bathroom.

I stood underneath the showerhead and desperately scrubbed every inch of my skin.

Knocking on the bathroom door, Ashton ordered in a deep voice, “Scarlett, come out!”

Pursing my lips, I still felt the sting in my heart. After taking a deep breath, I hugged myself and squatted on the ground.

Tears started to stream down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Probably because of what happened last time, he had changed the bathroom lock. Now, he could easily open it from outside.

After he entered, he turned off the shower and looked at my reddened eyes.

As I buried my head in between my legs, I murmured in despair, "It's hopeless. I just can't get over it. No one can!"

Squatting beside me, he threaded his fingers through my hair and sighed gently. "Scarlett, one can't just live in the past, and neither can we be sure of the future. But I will try my best to live the life I want. There will be the occasional pain which we must learn to deal with. However, no matter what you go through or become, I will still love you. As long as you don't change, we will strive to walk this path together."

I raised my gaze and wanted to say something, but no words came out.

After a while, he pulled me up and dried me with a towel. Sweeping me off my feet, he settled me in bed and comforted me, "Close your eyes and try to get some sleep."

He headed to the bathroom after which I could hear the sound of flowing water. Lying in bed, I couldn't fall asleep.

I was still disturbed by the unfortunate event. It felt as if thousands of old wounds had been torn open the moment I breathed. After that, an intense and stinging pain crept into my whole body.

As it was still early, Ashton lay in the bed reading after having taken his bath.

Although I couldn't sleep, I didn't feel like doing anything else.

After a long while, he put down his book and looked in my direction. "What are you thinking about?"

Pursing my lips, I looked at him with widened eyes. "Ashton, when do you have time to reverse your vasectomy?"

He frowned. "Hmm?"

"I did some research and found that a vasectomy is no good for a man's health. Besides, you're the only son of the Fullers. If Grandpa finds out, he will turn in his grave!"

I knew he did it for my sake, but this was a price too great for him. No matter how progressive our thinking might be, we still carried the burden of inheriting and passing down the legacy of our forefathers. Hence, our lives were not solely dictated by our own desires.

If we did not pass down our culture and continue our line, what was the point of us living on this earth?

He reached out and pulled me into his embrace. His body felt unusually hot today, giving me a warm and comfortable feeling. "Scarlett, we don't have to be altruistic and consider the interest of others. All you need to do is think for yourself. With regards to having children, why don't we talk about it again once your body recovers, alright?"

Pursing my lips, I still felt guilty as I lay in his embrace. I mumbled, "It seems my life is becoming more of a mess."

"As long as you have me, you won't be lost. So don't overthink it!" Hugging me, he reassured me with a gentle tone that everything would be alright.

That night, he hugged me to sleep and did nothing else.

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The next day.

As the sky was still dark when I opened my eyes, I figured it was only four or five in the morning.

Ashton was still in deep slumber. Hence, I tried to get back to sleep but to no avail.

Staring listlessly at the ceiling, I felt a sharp piercing pain in my head.

I decided to get up after a while. Ashton still had his arm wrapped around me. His eyes were still closed while he was in a groggy state.

“What’s wrong?” he asked in a raspy voice.

“Nothing. I’m just going to use the bathroom,” I replied while gently moving his hand away. As I got out of bed, I went to the bathroom and got some water to drink.

Despite not having much going on, I knew I couldn’t keep staying awake like that. Hence, I rummaged through the bedside table.

Before this, I had gotten the doctor to prescribe me some sleeping pills.

“What are you looking for?” Ashton opened his eyes and looked at me.

Pursing my lips, I replied, "I'm looking for... something. Did I wake you?"

He shook his head as he pulled me back up to bed. "I threw the pills away. Jared says it may turn into an addiction. Hence, you shouldn't take them often."

Grunting in acknowledgment, I massaged my head to ease the splitting headache I had, which made me feel irritable. "Only this one time."

I wouldn't be able to manage without it. After not sleeping a wink the whole night, I would be quick to anger the next day.

As his gaze darkened, he tightened his hug on me. While his lips gently landed on my forehead, he began kissing me slowly as he trailed downward.

I was supposed to be lactating, but I didn't feel anything over the last two days. Perhaps, it was due to the sleepless nights.

Ashton noticed it too. "Let's bring Summer over tonight."

Pursing my lips, I tried to push him away but he didn't let go.

His actions were too...

Laying down, there was a gentle look in his eye. "Shall we give it a try?"

I didn't remember anything that night as my memory just drew a blank.

"Gasp!"

Seeing that I was lost in thought, Ashton pulled my hand and bit on it. "Why are you spacing out?"

Briefly stunned, I pulled back my hand the moment I regained my senses. I could already feel my cheeks burning.

Given that he had just gone through an operation and that the doctor ordered him not to engage in strenuous exercise, I shook my head and asserted, "I... I don't want to do it."

He froze for a moment before finally letting me go.

Getting up, I headed into the bathroom.

There, I felt my movements being exceptionally fluid.

I could already see that the sun was up as I looked outside. Sighing slightly, I proceeded downstairs.

My head was still buzzing from the pain. At the rate it was going, I was going to be driven crazy by it.

As the nanny was on leave, I entered the kitchen and checked the fridge. However, there was hardly anything inside.

After giving it some thought, I decided to prepare some oat porridge.

Meanwhile, Ashton had taken a bath when he entered the kitchen.

Standing by the door, he stared at me with his black obsidian eyes while looking amused.

I turned toward him. "The nanny is on leave today. What would you like to have?"

"Anything will do." He hugged me from behind. Placing his face next to mine, he gently whispered, "Do you want to go out for a while?"

I shook my head. "Jackson will be coming by with Summer in a while. Uncle Louis and John will also be here."

He nodded. When he saw how sluggishly I was at preparing breakfast, he stopped my hands. "Don't tell me you're planning to cook?"

I nodded at him. "Can't I?"

He couldn't help but laugh. "You can, but I suggest you remind them to eat before they come over."

Taking over my preparations, he suggested, "Step aside. There's some milk and juice in the fridge. You should have some first."

Does he think I cannot do it?

Holding my head, I went back upstairs to change. When I got down, Ashton already had breakfast made.

There was oat porridge and some fried eggs. It all smelled delicious.

He smiled faintly when he saw that I had changed. "Come sit down and eat."

Taking my seat, I wasn't in a hurry to eat. After staring at my food, I looked up at him with my hands cupping my chin. "Did Grandpa teach you how to cook when you were young?"

He shrugged. "Every Fuller knows how to do everything that's expected of him. Uncle Charlie and Grandpa know how to cook too. In fact, they are really good at it."

Nodding in acknowledgment, I gave it some thought. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Helen enjoyed a good relationship and were very loving. As Aunt Helen couldn't conceive, they chose to spend their lives as a "DINK" household.

Come to think of it, the men of the Fuller family were all committed in their relationships.

“Stop spacing out. Eat quickly!” He stuffed an egg onto my plate and looked at me. “When spring comes, let’s take Summer on a trip together to K City.”

I was briefly stunned when I realized the season holidays were coming to a close. Almost all companies have started to return to work.

I replied, “Summer is still young. I plan to take her to J City for a short stay.”

He frowned. “Why aren’t you willing to go to K City?”

I pursed my lips. “Not that I’m unwilling. It’s Summer.”

“That’s just an excuse!” he exclaimed with an indifferent expression. “I will get to the bottom of what happened at the hotel and will never allow something like that to happen again. Although there’s no incriminating evidence against Aunt Sally and Rebecca, Aunt Sally has been arrested by the police for being involved. Scarlett, we will have to face this going forward. There’s no point hiding from it.”

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Furrowing my brows, I sighed at his words as I understood what he meant.

“I know. I...”

“In that case, just go along with my plans.”

“I want to take her on a trip to R Province!” I insisted while glaring back at him.

“With who?” he put down his cutlery with a dispassionate expression.

“John!”

He pursed his lips in displeasure. “When was it decided?”

“Before the new year!” I didn’t know that something had happened to Macy back then.

“Were you not planning to tell me about this?” He was upset.

I pinched my forehead in a bid to relieve my headache and snapped, “Don’t you already know now?”

Having lost my appetite, I put down my cutlery and headed to the study.

The White Corporation’s AI project was still my responsibility. As they would be launching a new product after the new year, work for it would begin once the holidays ended.

However, I hardly had any mood to go on reading. Although I wasn’t sleepy, my head was still aching from staying up the whole night.

Leaning by the door, Ashton’s gaze was cold but he didn’t look angry.

I was annoyed by his stare and snapped, “What is it?”

He raised his eyebrow. “Summer is back.”

Caught by surprise, I dropped what I was doing and headed out of the study. While he was blocking the door, he kissed me.

It took a while before he let me go and led me downstairs.

Jackson was sitting in the living hall playing with Summer, while John and Louis were also present.

John wasn’t good with children. Hence, he preferred to keep his distance from them, especially since Summer was still an infant—unlike a one or two-year-old where he could play with them without having to worry about hurting them.

However, watching Jackson carry Summer, he would occasionally point out what Jackson was doing wrong.

Peeved, Jackson stuffed Summer into his arms and snarled, “Since you think you’re so smart, why don’t you carry her!”

The moment he held Summer, John didn’t dare move a muscle. Despite his large frame, he carried Summer in a careful manner.

As John was stiff as a rock, Summer fiddled with his luxury watch curiously and not minding the fact that she was hardly familiar with him.

When he saw Ashton and I walk down the stairs, he heaved a sigh of relief and quickly remarked, “Stop dilly-dallying and carry your precious daughter.”

As Ashton had taken care of Summer for a long time, he was experienced at handling her despite the lack of instruction.

When he received Summer from John, he instinctively carried her in his arms.

Jackson glanced at John in contempt. "Someone like you won't even know how to take care of his own child. Knowing nothing, how do you expect any girl to fall for you?"

John retorted, "I'm sure you know everything while I know nothing. But, aren't you still single despite being almost thirty?"

Jackson sneered, "And you're almost a step away from your grave? Do you only plan to find someone when you're dead? Do you think just wagging that tongue of yours is enough?"

Those two men were being extremely childish.

Sitting beside Uncle Louis, I made him some tea. When he saw how busy I was, he frowned. "Didn't you hire a nanny?"

"I did. But it's her day off today," I replied with a smile. "Ashton and I prefer some privacy. Hence, the nanny will only be here whenever Summer needs to be cared for. Or else, Ashton and I would prefer to be alone at home."

Louis nodded. Glancing at Ashton inquisitively, he asked, "I heard you found a treasure recently. Aren't you going to show it to me?"

Ashton raised his eyebrow and passed Summer to Jackson. After that, both men headed to the study as they obviously had something to discuss.

When I looked in John's direction, I was surprised to see that he was observing Summer intently. "You're already thirty-five. Aren't you planning to find a partner to settle down?"

When he turned to look at me, Jackson cleared his throat and spoke up. "How can any girl be interested in someone who has no substance behind those good looks?"

“What do you care?” John shot him a glare before replying, “What’s the point of getting married? I’m happy just having you and Summer by my side.”

“Sheesh!” Jackson rolled his eyes. “Why do you need to dramatize having a crush? Give it a few more years and you will turn into a statue just from waiting.”

“It’s none of your business.” John stared daggers at him. “Don’t you plan to take Summer out?”

Sensing that John was about to lose his temper, Jackson was sensitive enough to carry Summer into the garden to play.

As the atmosphere calmed down, I looked at John and asked, “Has Uncle Louis found anything?”

Pursing his lips, his expression grew serious. “The report is out and seems to indicate that man may not have touched you.”

I furrowed my eyebrows. “Didn’t touch me? Then why...” Did he leave those things in the room on purpose?

“There were no traces of your DNA there and we have run a comparison. The police have two theories. First, the owner is an extremely powerful and mysterious person where his DNA information is hard to obtain. Second, that person may be dead, which is why they can’t find a match too.”

I frowned. “Can they retrieve it from the dead?”

“Within a specific timeframe, they are able to obtain it with certain scientific methods.”

