

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 853-857

Chapter 853

My knees and arms were bloody from being knocked to the ground, and my body was covered in dust.

I was lucky that these were only superficial wounds. Ashton lowered his head and tended to my wounds. There was a hint of anger on his perfectly sculpted face. His anger became even more obvious when I flinched as he was sanitizing my wounds with iodine solution.

He lifted his head and looked at me as he asked in a low voice, "Does it hurt?"

I shook my head and managed a slight smile. "Not really!" I wasn't lying. After all, they were just external wounds, so it was nothing unbearable.

He pursed his lips and continued to work on my wounds. I knew he was mad at me for not staying at home.

Ashton had not said a single word even after he was done with my wounds. Just then, Joseph sent over some clothes for me to change into. He tried to say something but he bit his tongue at the sight of his boss.

Ashton turned to look at me. "Can you change on your own?"

I nodded. Of course I can.

He hummed in acknowledgement and said nothing else.

I turned around and headed for the private restroom. Soon after, Joseph's voice rang. I could still hear him as the private restroom was quite near.

"Mr. Fuller, I've done the investigation. The things that CBU had launched last month came directly from Fuller Corporation. They made no changes to the machinery after taking it from us. So far, they have not launched any other new machinery."

I paused after listening to him and recalled that a lot of things had been stolen from the base of the Lavelian Village project not long after it had been launched. However, no further follow-ups ensued. Ashton and Armond did not seem like they were interested to get to the bottom of things either.

On the contrary, Fuller Corporation simply decided to rebuild another machinery. I had thought that that would be the end of the problem, but now it was clear as day that someone was looking to set Ashton up.

Otherwise, how would CBU be able to launch such a big-scale AI exhibition, showcasing its sophisticated technology without stirring up any response both locally and internationally? Everything about it did not make any sense to me.

Ashton replied, "Hmm. Get someone to make a statement to conclude that it would be difficult for us to assemble the AI without the core technology. Then, spread the word that Fuller Corporation had been ransacked in A City, and list out everything that we were about to exhibit back then."

Joseph nodded and fell silent for some time before saying, "By the way, about Mrs. Fuller's injury today, I've contacted the person in charge of those media outlets. We have identified all reporters who had gotten too close, or hurt Mrs. Fuller in any way through the security footage at our entrance. They have all promised that the identified personnel will never be employed in any media outlets and TV stations in all of K City."

"Good."

Then, the room fell silent. It seemed like Joseph had left.

I changed my clothes, and since my wounds were already taken care of, I was fine.

After heading out of the private restroom, I was greeted by the sight of Ashton working. Glancing at me, he asked, "Does it still hurt?"

I shook my head. "No. It's nothing."

Hesitating for a moment, I parted my lips and asked, "What will happen to the reporters?"

He stopped writing and looked at me seriously. "All media outlets and TV stations in K City will never employ them." There was not a trace of emotion in his voice.

I nodded and said nothing else. I knew that it wasn't easy for reporters to climb the ranks in K City's media industry, especially to the ranks of being able to get firsthand news and to get the chance to mingle among the rich and powerful, much less to be able to interview these people. It must have taken those people decades of work just to get to where they were.

However, one order from Ashton was all it took to put an end to their careers. The reporters must have been indignant at the implications, to say the least.

Judging by his calm and composed manner, I could tell that Ashton must have come up with a way to deal with the current situation. I initially came here to help, but it did not seem like he needed any. "Ashton, is someone deliberately trying to stir up trouble this time?"

He raised his brow and poured me a glass of water. "Are you so worried about me that you've come all the way here?" He was not answering my question.

Stumped, I nodded solemnly. "Yes."

His lips curled into a smile, and he seemed pleased. "Don't worry, I'm doing fine."

I heaved a sigh of relief at his response. "That's good, then. The Murphys pitched in for the Lavelian Village project as well, but they've been awfully quiet."

I initially thought that the investigation would not have been so thorough. However, the reporter downstairs had implied that they knew the connection between the Murphys and the Lavelian Village project. But if that's the case, why are the Murphys being so quiet about it?

He put down the pen in his hand in silence and said, "No rush. We have all the time in the world."

I could sense that there was another meaning to his words. I was about to inquire further but thought better of it. Recalling that I still had to take Summer to the hospital, I turned to him and said, "It seems like I'm not much of a help to your problems. I'm going to take Summer to the hospital later. Mom said that she's been having fever a lot lately, and asked me to fetch her for a check-up."

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Ashton nodded. "We'll go home together later. Are you craving any particular food?"

"No." I shook my head.

He merely stared at me, as if protesting my answer. I pursed my lips and relented as I blurted, "Alright, I want to eat lobster, steamed fish, and pork ribs..." He smiled as I prattled on a long list of food, seemingly not paying any attention to my nonchalant request. Seeing that, I shrugged and stopped talking.

Because I was in a rush to take Summer to the hospital, I left right after I had taken my bag.

After heading out of the office, I bumped into Ashton's secretary near the elevator. She was holding on to a lot of files and seemed like she was in a daze. She did not even realize when something fell off her hands.

"Hello!" I said.

It wasn't until I repeated myself that she turned around to look at me. I waved the file that she had dropped at her and said, "You dropped something."

Stumped, the woman bowed and thanked me for my help before retrieving the file.

"Sasha, what's the matter with you?" A man who came out of the elevator asked her, "Is something wrong? Not only did you send the wrong documents, but you're also losing things. And now, you're even bumping into people. Are you alright?"

Sasha shook her head, her eyes were red-rimmed. Joseph headed out of the elevator and noticed that I was staring at the secretary. "Mrs. Fuller, what's the matter?"

I said nothing as I shook my head. A feeling of uneasiness washed over me as I looked at her.

However, everyone was in a rush, so nobody cared to pay attention to someone who was unrelated to them.

Some of the reporters were still waiting for Ashton downstairs. They were waiting for him to head out of the building and hoped that they would be able to get him to answer some questions.

Thinking that I might bump into the reporters again if I exited the building via the main entrance, I decided to take the other exit at the back. Right then, I got a call from Cameron.

I searched for my keys as I picked up her call.

“Letty, are you at Fuller Corporation?”

“Yeah.” After locating my keys, I said, “But I’m leaving now and will reach home soon. How’s Summer? Is she still having a fever?”

“No, her fever’s subsided, but it’s been on and off for her.”

“Okay, I’m heading there right now. You...”

Bang! A loud noise cut me off and I subconsciously turned around to trace the origin. In the next moment, my eyes widened in horror.

Before me was a mangled woman whose face was indiscernible to me because of the blood that was pouring out of her head. I was only able to identify her as a woman through her long, bloodstained hair.

My legs turned to jelly as my mind went blank. My instincts were telling me that she had jumped off a building.

“Letty, what’s the matter?” Cameron’s voice came through from the other end. Stunned, I tried to speak but no words came out of my mouth.

I was so shocked to the extent of losing my voice.

“Someone’s jumped off the building. Hurry! Call the police!” someone nearby shouted, fear and shock apparent in their voice.

Time went by and people started to crowd the scene. By now, I was standing in an ever-increasing pool of blood.

One glance was all it would take for some things to be forever etched in one’s mind. What was worse was that the ghost of the image will continue to haunt one’s dreams.

From what level did she jump off? What kind of impact could make her head and body split into a bloody mess of flesh like that?

“Mrs. Fuller, are you alright?” A voice rang in my ears. I was still too stunned to speak. I stared blankly at Joseph who had appeared by my side and shuddered uncontrollably.

He looked worried and said, “Mrs. Fuller, let me send you back to Mr. Fuller’s office.”

He supported me and led me all the way back into Ashton’s office. At the sight of Ashton, I felt all energy drained from my body as I slumped to the floor.

Ashton was quick to respond and managed to catch me in his embrace. Furrowing his brows, he turned to Joseph and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Joseph sighed before saying, “Mrs. Fuller exited the building via the back exit and witnessed Sasha Brooks committing suicide by jumping off the building. I reckoned Mrs. Fuller just got the shock of her life.”

Sasha Brooks?

Was she the woman whom I bumped into just now?

But why did she jump off the building?

My brain was rife with questions.

Ashton’s brows creased as he said, “Alright. Inform the PR department to deal with this matter immediately. Then, investigate everything about Sasha, her family, and her relationships. I want to know why she’s committed suicide. Do not let the media go wild with speculation.”

Joseph nodded solemnly and left.

The door was closed and Ashton circled me in his embrace as my mind went numb. No words came out of my mouth as I looked at him. He sat me on the sofa and poured a glass of water for me. Then, he looked into my eyes and said, "Don't be scared. I'm here."

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I gulped down a large mouthful of water before taking several deep breaths to calm myself down. After my heartbeat had slowed down somewhat, I turned stiffly to look at Ashton and asked in a small voice, "Is she dead?"

His arms tightened around me as he nodded. "Yes. You're fine. I'm here with you, you're okay now."

I couldn't stop my hands and body from shaking, and it took me a long while before I felt normal again.

I stared blankly at my surroundings, my body slowly releasing its tension when I realized that I was in a familiar place with familiar people. Ashton was still holding me in his embrace, repeating words of reassurance over and over again in a gentle tone.

I cleared my throat and licked at my dry lips before glancing up at him. "I saw her at the elevator when I was heading out earlier. How did she..."

He shook his head. Just then, Joseph walked into the room again, his expression solemn as he told Ashton, "Mr. Fuller, the body has just been taken away. The police have also asked to look at the scene to figure out the cause of her death, and the exit downstairs has already been sealed off."

It made sense that the police would want to carry out an investigation of someone falling to their death from such a tall building. Ashton nodded before he turned to me and said, "Be a good girl and stay here. I'll be back soon."

As the chairperson of the company, he was obliged to handle the situation personally.

I nodded, and he and Joseph left the office. Finding myself unable to sit still in there alone, I got up and headed toward the employee section of the office. Everyone was understandably shaken up by Sasha's suicide and was unable to go about their daily tasks like usual.

Some police officers were looking for where Sasha might have jumped off the building from, and others were busy interviewing employees in the office. As a result, everyone's hearts were in their throats.

It was a long time before Ashton finally sent the police away. Spotting me in the area, he waved me over, and we retreated to his office together.

Joseph furrowed his eyebrows. "Mr. Fuller, this couldn't have been a coincidence."

Ashton's expression was blank. He was deep in thought for a moment before replying, "Contact the victim's family and try to placate them as soon as possible."

Joseph nodded and immediately left.

"Is everything going to be okay?" I couldn't help but fret.

Ashton gave me a faint smile, but the darkening circles under his eyes were dead giveaways of exhaustion. "It'll be fine. Don't worry."

I knew that he usually wouldn't share too much information with me because he didn't want me to get worked up over nothing. He had a habit of wanting to shoulder everything by himself, and refused to let me share any of his burdens.

The realization dawned upon me abruptly, that he and I were very similar. We both cared for each other deeply, and we both needed each other. Perhaps it was exactly because we cared for each other too much that we wanted to protect the other in our own ways so that the worry we had for each other would be alleviated.

That would explain why we were always unwilling to verbalize our true feelings when facing a dilemma, even if we were frantically panicking on the inside. We didn't want to add on to the other person's stress.

Unfortunately, this would only serve to make the other person feel even more worried and helpless.

I stared at him in silence for a minute, then got up and poured him a glass of water. Taking a deep breath, I fixed him with a stern look. "Ashton. You might think that I won't be of any help in solving your problems, so you keep your worries to yourself in an attempt to protect me from your suffering. But have you ever considered what the largest difference is between your spouse and a normal friend?

"People get married because they need each other. Spouses need to share the burden of their pain and concerns. Even just giving each other a hug is an act of helping to shoulder the burden. So, I'm asking you to please stop keeping everything to yourself and covering up all your negative emotions. I want to be able to share your stress and feelings, and I want to be the person in this world most needed by you. Understand?"

I could see him visibly start to relax, and I knew that my words had gotten to him.

He seemed completely caught off guard by me suddenly bringing this topic up. The moody aura that had been emanating off of him dissipated, and the corners of his lips quirked up into a smile as he pulled me into his arms once more. "You silly woman. You've always been the person I need most in this world, and you always will be."

I let him hold me as he continued murmuring in his low, gravelly voice. "I just never tell you the truth about my feelings because I know that you will always be my source of strength as long as you're with me. As long as you're by my side, I know that I can overcome anything."

I stared at him fondly. "Digging out the past, plagiarism, and now, death... Just who is this enemy of yours, Ashton? Is it Abe? I heard that he's back in the country and staying in A City."

“I’ll be the one to find out who this person is,” he promised. “All you have to do is take care of your own health.”

Chapter 856

Ashton still seemed reluctant to let me interfere with the situation at hand. After a pause, I nodded and kept quiet, letting him hug me for a while longer.

Sadly, he couldn’t stay for very long, and he soon left to call a meeting of directors while I searched for Joseph. I was able to find him quickly. Cutting to the chase, I asked, “Can I take a look at the spot where Sasha jumped off the building?”

Slightly stunned, he nodded in agreement after a while.

The company building had more than a hundred floors. Sasha had chosen the fortieth floor, approximately twenty meters above the ground. There was no way she could have survived a fall from that height.

I swept my gaze over the scene of the crime before I gave Joseph a sidelong glance. “What did the police say?”

“They found broken pieces of metal railing as well as shards of glass where she fell. Preliminary findings point to an accidental fall, but they’re still in the midst of conducting an autopsy. We’ll need to wait for the full autopsy report before we can make the final conclusion.” Even in the face of such a horrible incident, he still managed to remain calm and collected.

I nodded, not saying anything further. I didn’t want to jump to conclusions before the results of the autopsy came out.

After leaving the company, I called Cameron to tell her that I wouldn't be able to take Summer to the hospital. Too many things were happening at once at Fuller Corporation, and I didn't have the time to include Summer in my daily schedule for now. Cameron reassured me that Summer's fever had gone down and that she was doing alright.

Back at the villa, I phoned Nora and asked her about Abe.

She proceeded to rant on and on for what felt like hours, but my ears pricked up at a certain piece of information. "Wait, Danny was the one who contacted you first?" I interrupted her. "Did you meet him?"

"Nope!" she replied. "He just called me up, telling me to remind you to be more careful, and said that Abe is targeting you and Ashton specifically."

After a brief moment of hesitation, I decided to tell her about everything that had been happening recently.

"Has Abe's reach really expanded that far?" she gasped in shock. "Oh! By the way, Armond recently returned to K City. If you find yourself in trouble, you can contact him at any time. He might be able to help."

I assumed that she was only offering so in order to be polite. As such, I made some noncommittal sound of affirmation and hung up on her, remembering what I had promised Armond last time. I had yet to return the item to him and had been thinking about taking some time out of my schedule specifically to do so.

The eventful day caused me to toss and turn in bed, failing to get a single wink of sleep. Ashton didn't come home for the entire night either, most likely because he was swamped with work.

The next morning, I woke up, made some breakfast, and packed it up before heading straight to the company.

I had barely reached the main lobby when I caught sight of a group of people screaming and crying for Fuller Corporation to return to them their daughter. It was currently the beginning of work hours, so there were also many employees crowding around the entrance.

A middle-aged couple dressed in all black were sobbing the loudest, calling out Sasha's name over and over. I'm guessing they're her parents. There was also a young child around five years old with them, standing stiffly as she looked around in a daze.

Just then, Joseph came downstairs with horrible dark circles under his eyes. After sending away the employees that should be clocking in for work, he did a double-take when he saw me. "Mrs. Fuller, are you looking for Mr. Fuller? We had a meeting that went on throughout the night, and he just ended it."

I kept an eye on the old couple in the lobby as I inched closer toward him. "How long have they been here for?"

"Since last night. They keep demanding compensation, but the official police report hasn't come out, so we can't promise them anything yet." Joseph's eyebrows knitted together.

Humming in acknowledgment, my attention was drawn toward one of the staff members at the front counter complaining loudly, "God, I've had enough of them. Mr. Fuller has already issued a statement asking them to wait for the official police reports, and that the company will take responsibility regardless of whatever the results are! They're obviously just trying to ruin the company's reputation by causing a commotion on purpose!"

The words took me aback. "Mr. Campbell, is the amount of compensation for an accidental death and a suicide the same?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "No. If it was an accidental death, we would need to pay much more, and the entire company's security system would need to undergo restructuring. If it was a suicide, the company only needs to pay a small part in reparation fees as more of a moral obligation than anything else."

I could understand why the old couple was making such a fuss now. With the Fuller Corporation having to deal with this sudden accident, the victim's parents were likely trying to cause an uproar in the hopes that Ashton would give them the money to go away.

But they had been going at it for such a long time, and yet, Ashton showed no signs of coming downstairs. He had probably also decided to wait for the police report to come out before taking any actions.

I glanced at the old couple again, whose eyes were red and swollen from crying. They appeared especially frail and weak after having stayed up through the night.

The young child beside them also looked worryingly pale. Turning to Joseph, I told him, "Mr. Campbell, please get someone to buy some breakfast and snacks for them."

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Joseph frowned. "Why? They're clearly here to cause trouble."

"They look hungry and pitiful... especially the child. Please do as I said."

"Alright." He didn't sound convinced, but nodded and went off anyway.

Entering Ashton's office, I spotted him reading a document. I placed the lunchbox that I brought right in front of him on his desk. Snatching the pen and document in his hands away, I chided, "I know you're a workaholic, but you've just burnt the midnight oil. At least eat some breakfast and then take a nap on the bed." I was acting angrier than I truly felt.

The faint hints of a smile grew on his face as he pulled me to sit in his lap. "Why are you here so early in the morning?" He sighed deeply and buried his face in my hair. "Did you not sleep last night?"

The sight of his stubble starting to poke out of his chin pulled at my heartstrings. "Enough about me; have you seen what you look like? That's it, no more chit-chat. Eat your breakfast and then take a nap!"

I climbed off of his legs and opened up the lunchbox for him.

Surprisingly, he obediently ate the food in silence, and then insisted on having me sleep beside him. I was unwilling at first, but he looked so serious when he said, "I can't sleep without you."

Thus, I had no choice but to lay down in his embrace and closed my eyes.

Soon after, I heard the sounds of his even breathing. He must be exhausted after pulling an all-nighter.

The echoes of footsteps rang out from the office. Taking advantage of Ashton's deep sleep state, I slowly tiptoed out of bed and left the private restroom. The first thing I saw once I was back in the office was Joseph pacing back and forth looking worried.

Upon seeing me, he quickly asked, "Mrs. Fuller, is Mr. Fuller currently taking a break?"

I nodded. "Did something happen?"

Joseph sounded slightly apprehensive as he explained, "The situation with Sasha's family is getting worse. They've rounded up a large number of distant relatives and are continuing to be a disturbance. The lobby is a complete mess, and it's starting to affect the employees' work."

"Didn't Ashton asked you to investigate Sasha's relationship with her family yesterday? Did you find out who the kid is?"

"Yes, the child is her four-year-old daughter. Sasha was a single mother who had gotten pregnant when she was a university student. No one knows who the child's father is. Both of Sasha's parents were local laborers and had now retired. They're not very poor, but Sasha has an older brother with a gambling addiction who stole their parents' retirement savings and rent savings. Now, all her parents have left is a rented house that's fifty square feet large. They're going through a relatively hard time."

That was the reason why Sasha's parents were so desperate for money after her death. After all, her entire family had been dependent on her income solely and had already been living a frugal life before this. Now that she had suddenly passed away in a freak accident, it was near impossible for two senior citizens and a young toddler to survive on their own.

After pondering for a long while, I told Joseph, "You haven't slept at all, have you? Go and take a rest in the office. I'll handle the situation in the lobby."

"N-No, I'm fine..." he stuttered.

"Joseph, I know I haven't been a consistent employee of Fuller Corporation, but that doesn't mean that I don't know anything," I insisted. "Besides, the issue downstairs is just a civil dispute and not something that requires special knowledge. I can handle it myself. So relax and go take a rest, alright?"

He opened his mouth as if to argue further, but his phone suddenly rang out from his pocket. Awkwardly excusing himself to answer the call, I heard what sounded like his wife on the other side of the phone. "Hubby, the baby has a fever, please come home quick!"

His expression swiftly changed upon hearing that. Turning to me, he stressed, "I'll leave things in your hands, Mrs. Fuller. I have an emergency at home, but I'll come back as soon as possible."

I nodded, reminding him to take care of himself once more.

I went downstairs to the lobby at the same time that Joseph left the building. It was still working hours, so there was only a group of about ten or more people of all ages standing around in the lobby. They had somehow gotten hold of a huge banner and had written the words "A life for a life! Repay your debts!" across it. They seemed quite serious about the message, too.

The receptionists were all cowering in fear behind the counter, deathly afraid that one wrong word would unleash the family's wrath upon them.

I couldn't help but feel thankful that Sasha's body had been taken away prior to this by workers from the funeral parlor. If they hadn't, her relatives might have carried her coffin case all the way here as a part of their demonstration.

There were security guards stationed at the elevators to prevent them from barging into the upstairs offices and disrupting the employees' work.

I immediately caught sight of the group that seemed to have run out of energy as I exited the elevator. Heading for the front counter, I asked one of the receptionists, "Have the reporters been here today?"

Logically speaking, there should have been more reporters today than yesterday, but there was not a single one to be seen.

The receptionist did a double-take after seeing me, but she quickly regained her composure. "They usually come by during noon or at night. That's when the lobby is filled with people, and that's the only time that Mr. Fuller will pass through the lobby."