

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 913-917

Chapter 913

Ashton looked at me for a long time before saying, "Okay. Since you want to stop here, I won't do anything for now. I'll let you keep this footage, in case one day you would need it."

Then, he copied the file into a USB drive and handed it to me.

I took it and leaned on his shoulder, feeling touched. "Ashton, I feel like I always cause you trouble."

He smiled and lifted my chin with his finger. With a solemn look on him, he said, "Don't always deny yourself, Scarlett. You're very outstanding. No one on earth would risk their lives to go into such a cold place for my stomach. And no one would reject those exceptional men to be with me. In fact, I should be the one to say thank you. You're the one who makes my life whole."

I blushed at his words. Is this his love declaration for me?

A sense of warmth swept through me that instant.

We would probably still argue with one another, get angry at each other, or quarrel because of some trivial matters, but we knew in the depths of our hearts that we belonged only to each other, and no one could separate us.

In a nutshell, the tender in A City was won by Derek, and Rachel would be fully in charge of the project. Winter came, and Ashton and I went back to K City.

Nora called me one day, saying that she and Armond had come back from overseas. Even though Armond was left unhurt, the Murphy Corporation had suffered a great loss from the previous incident. Thus, he did not have the ability to retaliate against the Fuller Corporation for the time being.

Time flew by, and it was now the end of November.

Two days after arriving in K City, I settled down and phoned Sasha's mother. Previously, I had transferred about a million into her bank card, so she told me not to give them any more money. She also said that they had given up on the medical treatment, so they had left the hospital and brought Renee to see the outside world.

After a few rings, the call went through. I could hear the sound of wind blowing from the other side of the line, and Sasha's mother greeted, "Mrs. Fuller, it's been a long time since we've contacted each other. How are you?"

I greeted back and asked, "Mrs. Brooks, where are you guys now? Is Renee feeling better? I really think that you should come back and bring her to the hospital again. I believe it can still be cured."

Upon that, she sighed, "Mrs. Fuller, thank you for all that you've done for Sasha and us. Actually, my husband and I have brought Renee to Turlen. We've never traveled overseas, so this time we brought Renee here to fulfill Sasha's wish. As for Renee, we won't continue the treatment anymore. Thank God she has been well these few days. Maybe when we're done traveling around here, her health condition would have improved by then."

I was taken aback for a second, but when I was about to reply to her, the call was disconnected. It was probably because of a bad signal.

Everyone perceived the meaning of life differently. Thus, I respected their decision to bring Renee to Turlen. Maybe she could be cured by the vast blue sky and the towering mountain peaks there. After all, who would know?

After putting down the phone, I headed straight to the Moore Residence. Cameron said that Summer was having a fever again. When I reached there, she was sleeping soundly on her bed.

“She took her breakfast today, and she’s been sleeping since then,” Cameron said as she looked at Summer worriedly.

I placed my hand on her warm forehead and sighed, “Summer was born prematurely and did not get much breast milk when she was a toddler, so I guess that’s why she is a sickly child. That time when she was at R Province, her health was not as bad as now. Perhaps the poor air quality in K City causes her immune system to become weaker.”

When I said that, Cameron sighed as well, “These few days I’ve been preparing a lot of nutritious food for her, but she doesn’t seem to eat much and gets thinner and thinner. Indeed, R province is a place of nature, so it would be a better place for her. Perhaps both of you should bring her there and let her convalesce at R province. The most important thing for a child like her is to have a healthy body.”

I nodded in agreement. Recently, I had been thinking about this matter. Now that I did not need to work at the Murphy Corporation anymore, I was actually quite free. But if I brought Summer to R Province alone, Ashton might want to follow along, and that would interfere with his job. Besides, Armond was still a threat to the Fuller Corporation. If Ashton were to make a slip or two, I’m sure Armond would pounce on the Fuller Corporation immediately.

“After Ashton takes care of everything here, we will move to R Province for some time,” I replied, looking at Summer’s sunken cheeks. Sasha’s daughter is about her age, too.

Cameron nodded and said, “You should advise Ashton not to spend too much time on work. The two of you are not young anymore. I had consulted a doctor about your condition, Scarlett. You’re not infertile. It’s just that you needed time to recover from your previous injury. After so many years have passed, I believe your body can conceive again. Therefore, I do hope that both of you would go to the hospital someday. After all, you two need to have a baby of your own. By the way, a few days ago, I bumped into Sally at the hospital. She was with a man about her age, and I saw them going to the obstetrics and gynaecology department. I was curious, so I asked around and was told that she was planning to conceive.”

Chapter 914

That was unexpected. After everything that had happened to Sally, she moved to the suburbs of K City for a change of environment. I assumed she would be living out the rest of her life peacefully herself. Never did I expect her to find a new partner, much less a kid.

I replied, "That's good to know. After all, she spent half her life embroiled with the White family. Now that she's found someone she wants to start a family with, she won't be lonely anymore."

Cameron nodded. "Indeed. As we age, we fear loneliness. That's why you and Ashton should hurry up and have kids to liven up the house. Look at Emery, her child's almost six months old now. Don't worry, I'll pass my work responsibilities to Nick and help you with child-rearing."

"I'll just let nature take its course. Besides, Summer is practically under your care now. You'll have a hard time handling two kids."

"No biggie. I mean, isn't your dad very free nowadays? Get him a child to curb that bad temper of his." She laughed at her own words.

Afraid that Summer might wake up, we tiptoed our way out of her room.

After my chat with Cameron, I drove over to Fuller Corporation to meet Ashton for dinner. In the lobby, I saw Stella coming out of the lift, holding a pink lunchbox. Her rosy cheeks radiating with happiness. Is she dating?

"Ms. Collins!" My sudden greeting almost caused her to drop her lunchbox.

"M-Mrs..." Her face turned pale from shock. I felt a pang of guilt for frightening her.

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to scare you. I thought you’d seen me.” She was probably too immersed in her own happiness to notice her surroundings.

Stella took a few deep breaths to calm her palpating heart. “I’m so sorry Mrs. Fuller! I wasn’t paying attention.”

“No need to apologize. It’s my fault for calling you out suddenly. Are you... dating someone?”

She instantly hid the lunchbox behind her. “No! I was just delivering for a f-friend.”

Judging from her coy response, she either just started dating or had a crush on someone. “Go for it! Women look the most charming when they’re taking the lead.”

Stella paused for a few moments before looking up at me. “Mrs. Fuller, it really isn’t like that.”

“I know. I know. Don’t worry about it.” I patted her shoulder before entering the lift. It sure is good to be young.

Just as I arrived on the floor of Ashton’s office, I saw one of his secretaries printing some documents. She was flustered by my presence. “Mrs. Fuller, you’re here!”

Although her expression seemed a bit off, I paid no heed. “Is Ashton inside?”

“He is.”

As usual, I entered his office without knocking and saw him in front of his desk, buttoning up his shirt.

Hearing footsteps, he shouted, “Get lost!”

That startled me for a moment. The atmosphere in his office was dreary. “Who made you this angry?”

He paused his hands and looked up at my voice and his expression softened upon seeing my face. “What brings you here? Aren’t you supposed to be visiting Summer?”

I walked over to his side, intending to help him button the rest. Then I noticed the red patches on his neck. “What happened?”

“Joseph’s not here. The other secretary was careless and spilled some hot water on me.”

Hearing that, I hurriedly went to the cupboard to get an ointment for his scald. I made Ashton sit on his chair as I unbuttoned the rest of his shirt. There were large red patches on his chest. “If there’s really no one reliable, get Joseph to come back and leave the issues in Moranta to someone else.”

“There are too many things to handle there. I won’t feel safe unless it’s Joseph. Although, I’ll be happy if you come to visit me more. Will you?”

Looking at his reddened chest made my heart ache. I nodded. “All right. Summer’s with Mom, and I have nothing going on anyway. I’ll see what I can help around the office.”

Chapter 915

Ashton leaned back against the backrest. His smile widened. “My wife’s the best!”

While attending to his wound, it dawned on me to ask, “Ashton, tell me the truth. You must have said or done something for the secretary to pour hot water on your chest. What did you do?”

His eyes dimmed. “Do I seem like such a person to you?”

I shrugged. "That's hard to tell." Unknowingly, I increased my pressure on his wound. As an act of petty revenge, he bit my lips lightly.

"Heartless creature."

After attending to his wound, I helped him with his shirt. "Summer's down with flu. Ever since she arrived in K City, her immune system has deteriorated. After discussing with Mom, we are thinking of bringing her back to R Province to recuperate."

For a few moments, Ashton lowered his head, deep in thought. "All right. I'll tie up all the loose ends. When Joseph comes back from Moranta, we'll bring Summer to R Province."

That went so smoothly, it was almost unbelievable. "If you leave, can Joseph manage?"

"There's still Joe. Nothing to worry about." Still seated, he hugged my waist playfully. I noticed the cute lunchbox on his desk. "Did you eat out? Or did someone send you food?"

"I ordered takeaway. There wasn't time to eat out."

I nodded, not intending to ask any further.

Over the next couple of days, Ashton and I stuck to each other like glue; we ate, lived, and went to work together. One fine day, while we were lazing around in his office, I received a call from Hannah.

"Scarlett, are you at K City?" Her voice sounded hoarse.

"I am. How's Quilo?"

“He’s fine. Actually, I have a favor to ask.”

This was out of the norm. “Did something happen?”

“It concerns your family. Actually, John didn’t want to trouble you about this, but Scarlett, you’re the only one I know who can help us! Can you get Uncle Zachery to use his connections and find out how Uncle Louis is doing?”

“What happened? Tell me everything.”

“Someone reported Uncle Louis for jobbery. They accused him of using his power to open a company for John, which is a violation of the law. It has been two days since he was taken in for investigation! John’s frantically searching, but no one has any news concerning him. Uncle Zachery’s been here for many years. I’m sure he’ll know who to look.”

“Hannah, calm down. I’ll definitely ask Dad for help. Are you alone at home? Can you contact John?”

“Quilo’s with me, and John’s phone keeps going to voicemail.” I could tell she was about to cry.

I got up from Ashton. “Don’t worry. I’ll call Dad now.” Then I hung up the phone.

Just as I was about to dial for Zachary, Ashton took away my phone. “Based on Uncle Louis’ standing, I’m sure they won’t do anything to him. He’s probably at someplace nice, answering a few questions. Give it a few more days. If your dad gets involved, how would the top brass think? A high-ranking official being friends with a dubious businessman. It would just make things worse for him.”

After considering his words, I realized how rash I was acting. If they found concrete evidence against Louis, he would have already been convicted. This silence could only mean that they had nothing against him. In this case, no news was good news. It wouldn’t help the situation one bit if I meddled blindly.

“Then what should we do now? John and Hannah must be panicking. We can’t just sit still and do nothing.”

Ashton frowned. "How would you know about John's condition? If he's able to lead Stovall Corporation well, I'm sure he must have thought about this, too. Don't worry about Hannah. I'll get someone to watch over her."

His words were implying something. I asked, "If John knows he can't get involved with Uncle Louis' matter, why didn't he tell Hannah about it? Why's he making her worry?"

Chapter 916

Ashton grazed me gently on my nose. "Remember the last time he came to find you?"

I was reminded of the dinner I had with John at La Morera some time back. Not only did he get drunk, but he got Ashton drunk as well. I had assumed his moodiness was due to a couple's fight with Hannah, so I did not probe any further.

Now that I thought about it, it was probably more than that. "Wait. Are you saying, John is not coming home not because he's looking for help but he's avoiding Hannah?"

"You're heading in the right direction. Continue."

"And since John and Hannah are not on the best of terms now, he probably wouldn't have mentioned Uncle Louis' news to her. This means that someone must have told Hannah about it. That person must have known she would call me for help. Naturally, I would..."

Ashton looked at me with admiration. "Looks like your brain does have some merit."

I pursed my lips in annoyance. "That doesn't sound like a compliment. Anyway, who exactly is going in such a roundabout manner to get us?"

He looked at me with his obsidian eyes.

"It's the Murphys, isn't it?"

"Smart girl!"

Knowing all this, I decided to give John a call. After that conversation with Hannah, I did not expect my call to go through. To my surprise, he answered.

"How rare is this? I thought you were having so much fun, you've forgotten about me."

I chuckled at his childish remark. "I was busy with a few things. Hannah called. She told me about Uncle Louis. Are you all right?"

"Why'd she call you? There's no need to meddle in Uncle Louis' affair." His voice was evidently annoyed.

"I understand. But did something happen between you and Hannah?" I could tell it was beyond a regular lovers' quarrel.

"What else? It's just the usual problem. Are you free tonight? Let's go grab dinner together. I've been so bored by myself recently, I need someone to talk to."

Beneath his playfulness, I could detect some weariness in his voice. "All right. Let's have dinner together."

"Great! I'll text you the address." With that, he hung up the call.

I turned to Ashton, smiling. "Shall we eat out tonight?"

"You promised him?"

I nodded.

He remained silent, which I presumed was a yes.

Right then, someone knocked on the office door. Ashton responded, "Come in!" Meanwhile, I went to his private restroom to pick a jacket for later.

"Mr. Fuller, we've just received some documents from Mr. Campbell. There are a few that require your endorsement. I'll mail it back to him first thing tomorrow."

"All right."

After some moments of silence, I thought the secretary had left the room. To my surprise, she spoke again, "Mr. Fuller, here is an employee promotion name list compiled by the HR department. They need your approval for this. If there are any issues, you can leave a note on it."

"Ok." Like before, Ashton was curt with his reply.

I waited for her to leave before exiting the private restroom. While holding on to my jacket, I looked at Ashton working fast on his documents. "Do you have to finish all these by today?"

He nodded. "It's not a lot. We'll meet John for dinner once I'm done."

Noticing how thick the folders were, I almost suggested going by myself, but I swallowed my words back. Then I went over to his side and picked up the name list on his desk. Seeing the few thousand over names left me speechless.

“So much for being the chairperson. How are you going to look through so many names?”

He took a glance at the list before saying, “Help me look through and circle those who have worked with us for less than three years. As for the rest, check and see whether they’ve met the promotion criteria.”

“Isn’t this a bit too careless? Although some of them haven’t worked long in Fuller Corporation, they’ve displayed exemplary performance. Shouldn’t we give those people special consideration?”

“I’ll leave it to you!”

“I...”

“After settling these, do you think I’ll still have energy left to go through every single name on the list?” It was obvious he was counting on me for this.

I pursed my lips, unable to deny his words. In the first place, I did agree to help him out. Now that he needed my assistance, there was no reason for me to reject.

Chapter 917

A request for promotion lay among the stack of promotion documents. I opened it and read Stella’s name written boldly on it. Stella wrote in a sincere, flowing manner, carefully detailing her experience at the Fuller Corporation as well as the expectations that had been placed on her. I noticed that Stella had occupied her position for barely more than a year. However, in all her time at Fuller Corporation, she had not produced any particularly outstanding work. After careful consideration, I set Stella’s request aside.

After a while, Ashton turned to me once he’d completed all his tasks on hand. He glanced at the pile of promotion letters with interest, then picked up Stella’s cast aside one and gave it a casual once-over. Ashton then commented, “There’s no need to take this so seriously. We’ve had no lack of remarkable employees. It’s not even in the criteria for promotion anymore.”

I nodded, then looked at him curiously. "Have you been very busy lately?"

Ashton arched an eyebrow and declared, "Yes!"

I sighed, "These matters used to be managed by the respective heads of department. Everything's on you now, so it'll be a miracle if you weren't busy. You should be supervising the work and contributions of a few directors at most, not the entire company."

"There's a name list that's already been vetted. You can take a look," Ashton advised. I flipped through the stack accordingly and located the document. Scanning through the list, nearly all of its names had been nominated by the respective directors and senior management.

Was my meticulous analysis of each individual completely unnecessary then? I felt slightly ridiculous and laughed sheepishly. "If I told you that I didn't see it, would you believe me?"

Ashton gave me a hand, then pulled me up. "Sure. Leave it. I'll come back to sign these afterward."

I had a sneaking suspicion that Ashton had been delaying me on purpose.

When we entered the elevator, Ashton pressed me against the wall. In a low, hoarse whisper, he demanded, "Aren't you going to reward me a little?"

I blinked at him, baffled. "What kind of reward do you want?" I queried.

Looking at my bewildered expression, Ashton frowned. His handsome face looked almost petulant at the moment. He flung my hand aside and retreated to another corner of the elevator to sulk.

I was used to his pettiness, however, and leaned towards him flirtatiously. Tiptoeing, I planted a kiss on his lips, then teased, "If we don't manage to do it here, I'll compensate you tonight, OK?"

Childish as he was, Ashton was easily won over. The man warmed to my proposal instantly and grinned. "Now that's an idea."

I couldn't resist smiling back at him. Just then, I recalled the matter with Sally and inquired curiously, "Ashton, Mom said that she ran into Aunt Sally at the hospital. She sounds like she's seeing someone now. Have you been in touch with her recently?"

Ashton shook his head. "I've been busy lately and haven't been to see her. She's getting on in years, and it must be lonely for her, living on her own. It would be good for her to have someone keep her company."

I nodded, approving. Sally had lived in the White residence for years. She'd spent her days fighting with Sharon when she wasn't caring for Benjamin, then had been greatly troubled by Marcus. All these years, Sally had never had the chance to do anything for herself. If Sally had indeed managed to find someone to enjoy the rest of her days with, that would be ideal.

When the elevator doors opened, Ashton hauled me out of it. Streams of employees getting off work flowed ceaselessly through the lobby. Many lingered leisurely around the front counter, chatting idly.

I glanced at their faces inquisitively. In the middle of the crowd, a man in his twenties was clutching a bouquet to his chest. With one knee on the ground, both his posture and face were brimming with ardor.

Curious, I pulled Ashton over to take a closer look. The man was in the middle of a proposal, and further examination revealed the object of his affections to be Stella. I was a firm believer in the magic of youth, and it was no wonder that Stella had the man before her looking so absolutely smitten.

Bashful, Stella's entire face was suffused with red. She looked rather awkward, perhaps due to the large crowd that had gathered around them in eager anticipation of her reply. She gazed helplessly at the

man who was still kneeling hopefully before her, then said in a low voice, "Justin, can we discuss this back at home? Let's go back first."

Sally reached out and tugged at him, but Justin seemed resolute on seeing his proposal through. He gazed at her adoringly and declared, "Stella, I really do love you! Say yes, and I promise I'll take care of you for the rest of your life."

The crowd was hollering and cheering. In just a split second, a chant picked up, "Say yes, say yes..."

The smile that had frozen on Stella's face faltered. It was evident now that she hadn't been shy. She was merely embarrassed at having been placed in this difficult spot. While surveying her surroundings, Stella's eyes fell upon me. She gulped, then turned back to Justin, stating, "Justin, I don't understand why you would propose to me. You know that I don't love you and naturally won't agree. Why are you fooling yourself? I've told you this more than once already. Please leave, and don't ever use this sort of romantic proposal to harass me ever again, OK?"

Nobody present had imagined that that heartfelt and moving proposal would end so tragically. A hush fell over the crowd, and quite a number crept off tactfully.

Still kneeling, Justin's face had turned crimson with shame.