

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1003-1007

Chapter 1003

He was stunned. "Why did you insist on registering Amy as a citizen? Are you planning to use this to threaten me in the future? All the while, the kids who leave our village had never been registered, but their families got paid. I heard if I were to register my child and got forced to sign some agreement, I won't get a cent even if you harm my child! I'm not a fool!" he declared.

I was speechless at how ridiculous his conclusion was. Frowning, I told him in all seriousness, "Don't you worry. I will pay you what you deserve. I want you to register Amy as a citizen for her own future. She's your daughter. You won't want her to stay in the mountains forever, right? Without a proper status, she wouldn't be able to survive out there."

Ronald remained unfazed. "No worries. She will marry someone from the neighboring village. Why would she need to go out there? This is her life, her fate. I won't register her as a citizen. If you disagree, just send her back to us."

I couldn't understand what was going on in his mind. After a brief hesitation, I offered, "If you agree to register Amy's birth, I'll pay you an extra fifty thousand. Your son is in high school, right? I believe you want him to succeed in the future. If he is capable enough, I can offer him a job so he can make your family proud. How does that sound?"

Clearly, my offer caught his attention. He paused before answering. "No. The girls are going to earn money for me. Well..."

"Damn it! I'll teach her a lesson the minute I find her!" someone was cursing outside. Soon, Ronald's wife hurried in frantically. "Frit's family are saying that Ann killed him after a few days! She's missing now. The Wolfsens are coming to our family to demand an explanation!"

Ronald stood up in shock. "Killed him? Who's dead?"

“Who else? Her mentally retarded husband! Hurry, shut the door. They are coming to kick a fuss up!” Ronald’s wife locked the door to their house hastily.

Worry spread across Ronald’s face. As he sweated profusely, he muttered, “What should we do? She killed him, so they won’t forgive us. We’ve already spent the money. What should we do?”

Seeing how anxious her husband was, tears rolled down the woman’s cheeks. “Damn you, Ann Weeder! You’re nothing but trouble!”

That piece of news took me by surprise. I thought Ann would give in instead of killing her husband and escaping from that household. Looks like I’ve underestimated her determination.

As a commotion sounded outside, the villagers gathered around Ronald’s house brandishing weapons such as sticks and knives. They yelled, “Ronald Weeder, your daughter killed my son! Come out now! I want my son back! If you don’t come out, I’ll burn your house down!”

The deceased’s parents and the rest started hurling curses at Ronald. As they criticized Ronald’s doings, I pieced together bits and pieces of accusations I had overheard.

The deceased’s name was Fritz Wolfsen. He was born with an intellectual disability, so he had a low IQ as an adult. As he was in his thirties without a wife, his parents collected and borrowed around one hundred thousand to buy him a wife from the neighboring village—Ann Weeder. The reason they were willing to spend that much on her was so she could give birth to Fritz’s offspring, but to their dismay, she kicked up a fuss and even accidentally killed Fritz. Immediately, they hurried to Ann’s family to demand an explanation.

Ronald was scared out of his wits. He sat in the chair and bit his filthy fingernails nervously.

Meanwhile, his wife urged, “What should we do? Huh? We’ve spent all the money they gave us, so there’s no way we can pay them back now. That b*tch just spells trouble!”

Ronald had spent a few hundred thousand so his son could go to school in the city.

No wonder he rejected my fifty thousand earlier as it was too little for him. Initially, I wondered why he was so frugal after selling his daughter. It was because he had spent all the money on his son.

I didn't see his son even though I had been here twice. Clearly, he had sent his son away before I even got here. I could understand why, though. Every parent wished only the best for their children. They hoped their children would lead a different life from theirs.

Chapter 1004

As the yells grew increasingly impatient outside, Ronald trembled in fear while holding his hands together.

"What should we do? Are they really going to burn our house down?" his wife inquired uneasily.

Ronald was at a loss now. His gaze landed on me as he implored, "Ms. Stovall, please help us!"

I pursed my lips instead of replying at once. Seeing how jumpy he was, I parted my lips and spoke. "I can help you with one condition. Register your kids as citizens of the country. If you agree, I can pay the money at once."

Upon hearing my words, he hesitated. His terrified wife took my arm anxiously, but Boris pried her hand off and furrowed his brows. She staggered back in fear before pleading, "Please, Ms. Stovall. You're our only hope. We have no other choices. Please help us!"

Boris's lips thinned as he shot them a warning glare. "I believe Ms. Stovall has made herself clear. Nothing is free in this world."

Ronald pondered for a while before saying, "Ms. Stovall, we're from different worlds. You might think I'm exploiting my children and destroying their future, but this is their fate for they are born here. No one can change that fact. I can register Amy as a citizen, no problem. But I won't agree to register my other kids' birth. You need to give me your word that you'll pay me in full for Amy after I registered her birth. After that, you can do anything you want. I won't ask questions."

I frowned upon hearing Ronald's answer. Suddenly, it occurred to me that he wasn't as stupid as I thought he was. He seemed like a foolish but greedy man, but actually, he had his own plans. He was playing the innocent card. If it got leaked out, he would be portrayed as a farmer who got tricked by a businessperson. Everyone would pity him.

Ah, I shouldn't have underestimated him. I flashed a slight smile. "Why are you so confident that I would agree to your condition?"

After calming down, he explained, "Rich people like you don't like trouble, so you will agree. A few hundred thousand is nothing for you. People like you are willing to spend money to solve the matter. Even if you refuse to pay, never mind. Mr. Dumphy doesn't know about you coming here to ask me to register Amy's birth, right? If I inform him about your arrival, your daughter's operation might be delayed further. I believe you know it better than I do."

Ha!

I chuckled. He's right. I shouldn't have thought he was a fool. Shrugging, I replied, "Well, looks like you have the perfect plan."

He stared at me. "Ms. Stovall, that's all I have to say. We know what we both want, so we should be honest with each other."

Ronald was right. Alas, he didn't know I hated being strung along. Immediately, I responded, "You're wrong. Yes, Amy's bone marrow is a match for my daughter, but she's not the only choice I have. I can afford to wait for another suitable donor to come along. Your situation is different, though. Trouble is

already knocking at your door. If you said nothing and accepted my offer, I wouldn't have said anything. But since you mentioned it, I don't feel like going along with your plan. I'm not the one in hot water, anyway."

The people outside were trying to break in by now. The wooden door, which was originally flimsy, fell to the ground after a few burly men threw themselves against it. The villagers outside promptly rushed in with their weapons.

Ronald's wife almost fell to her knees as she pleaded, "Ms. Stovall, please save us. We have no other choice. If you agree to help us, we will agree to your condition. Please!"

I pursed my lips as I couldn't help but sympathize with her. Boris stopped me and stood in front of me in a protective stance. "She can't help you. Yes, we can afford the money, but your daughter had murdered someone. It's useless to ask for her help."

Realization dawned on me when I heard what Boris said. Ann had killed someone, indeed. If it was something else, I could help them with the compensation. However, someone had died here.

Earlier, Ronald's words caused me to focus on the money instead of the matter itself. Fritz's death couldn't be settled by offering compensation.

The Wolfsens wouldn't give up easily as their son was dead.

I heaved a sigh of relief. If Boris hadn't mentioned it, I would've forgotten about Fritz's death.

Chapter 1005

Ronald's expression was grim. "Ms. Stovall, I agree to register my children's birth. I will agree to any condition you state."

With a frown, Boris replied before I could. "No need!"

As we were talking, the crowd scurried into the house. Boris pulled me aside and stood in front of me protectively. As the house was tiny, only a few men stormed in.

"Ronald Weeder, why are you hiding? Your daughter killed someone. Hand her to us before we take action!"

"Let's not waste time. Find that b*tch now so she'll pay for killing Fritz!" With that, the men started ransacking the house.

Soon, the house was in shambles. The farmers couldn't find Ann, so they changed their target to Ronald instead. As Ronald's house was too small, they brought him out.

Immediately, the crowd surrounded Ronald's family and began abusing them verbally. Fritz's mother would've given Ronald a beating if someone hadn't stopped her.

The loud commotion caused the crowd to grow bigger and bigger. Some tried to persuade the Wolfsens to discuss instead of resorting to violence; some supported their decision to avenge their son's death. It was utter chaos. Ronald and his family were slumped on the ground in dejection.

Life was never perfect, but this hurricane rendered me helpless. Ronald knew there was nothing else he could do to turn the situation around, so he said nothing and allowed the crowd to curse and hit him.

Suddenly, someone grabbed my arm. I looked down and realized it was Amy staring at me pitifully.

"Please, Ms. Stovall. Save my parents," she begged.

I knitted my brows. "Amy, I can't."

Kindness was rare nowadays as most people had ulterior motives for doing something. I wasn't far off. Hearing my answer, Boris sighed in relief and said, "You can't interfere. Remember, you're still pregnant. Don't get yourself into trouble."

I knew that well, hence I rejected her without hesitation.

After venting out their anger, the Wolfsens stopped beating the Weeders up. They sat down and demanded arrogantly, "A life for a life. Ronald Weeder, your daughter isn't here, so you should pay us back. We don't need the money back. In return, give me your second daughter."

Ronald's eyes widened as he roared, "Kurt Wolfsen, how dare you?"

Kurt scoffed. "Your daughter killed my son and escaped. I'm being nice cos I didn't kill your entire family to avenge my son. Why would you think I don't have the guts to do so?"

Ronald's wife hurriedly implored, "Kurt, please spare us. You can have my daughters if you want. My husband will find Ann for you so you can avenge your son. Don't hurt him, please."

My brows furrowed up as I could neither understand nor accept the woman's peace offering.

Kurt seemed pleased at her words. "Your second daughter is fourteen, right? My son's dead, so she shall give birth to my children. Find that b*tch for me. Otherwise, I swear I'll kill you, Ronald Weeder."

With that, he stood up and gazed at the girl protecting her siblings. "You're Alma, right? Your parents gave you to me. Come, follow me home and bear me a son."

The girl, who was still a teenager, blanched as she shook her head profusely. She didn't have a clue what was going on, but her instincts told her a more horrible fate would await her at the Wolfsen household.

Alas, Kurt ignored her wishes and dragged her away by the hair. Immediately, she bawled and cried for her parents to save her.

At the sight, my frown deepened. Clearly, they couldn't be bothered about their children.

"Wait a minute!" It was Boris. He looked straight at Kurt and inquired, "How much did you pay them?"

Kurt Wolfsen was a plump and lecherous man in his forties. He eyed Boris suspiciously before answering, "One hundred thousand. What's wrong? Did you take a liking to this girl, too?"

Boris' lips pressed together in disgust. "I'll pay the money. Release her!"

Suddenly, Kurt guffawed before his face contorted. "Oh, you're trying to be the hero here. Mister, my son died. I want this girl so she can pass on my family name. Are you trying to take her away from me? If you took a liking to her, you can have her. But Ronald has other daughters. Do you think you can save them all?"

Chapter 1006

This was a tricky matter. Kurt was right. If Boris insisted on saving Alma, Kurt could get another daughter from Ronald. After all, it was Ann who got his son killed.

Boris' frown deepened. He was smarter than me, so he knew he should stay out of this.

I grew frustrated. "You can take her away, no problem. I'll call the cops right now. Ann Weeder killed your son, so the cops will arrest her. But if you take any of the girls away or kill someone here, the cops will arrest you, too. We're not here to interfere in your business, but we can still call the cops."

At once, a murmur erupted in the crowd. Many of the villagers didn't register themselves at birth and were without birth certificates. If the cops were to come, many of them would be forced to register themselves and pay a fine.

Kurt sneered. "Sure, go ahead. I'm not scared of you. I'm the one on the suffering end, anyway."

My threat failed to scare the shameless man. Perhaps he thought I wouldn't dare to call the cops.

I stared at Ronald, who huffed, "You're a bully! Ms. Stovall, call the cops. I'll admit to everything."

His reaction took me by surprise. I didn't know he would come to his senses that quickly. Whipping out my phone, I announced, "Indeed. We shall leave this to the cops."

If the cops were to deal with this, neither side would have the upper hand. Both Kurt and Ronald knew that well. They were considering their own benefits.

Indeed, before the call got through, Kurt spoke. "Well, what do you want? This has nothing to do with you, so I want you to stay out of this."

I smiled and nodded. "Don't worry. I too want to stay out of this. However, just like you, I wish to settle this matter ASAP."

Kurt pursed his lips silently and waited to see what I would say next.

After a brief silence, I continued, "It's illegal to take any of the girls with you as they are underaged and protected by the law."

Kurt narrowed his eyes. "My son's dead, and I spent the money without getting anything in return. Are you asking me to do nothing? Do you think I'm a fool? Or are you too innocent?"

Instead of refuting his words, I offered, "Of course not. If you trust me, why don't you listen to my suggestion?"

"Sure, go ahead." He nodded.

"Death cannot be reversed. Your son's dead, and we cannot bring him back to life. The culprit who killed your son should be punished, but as you said, Ann had escaped. Now, we should sit down and come out with a solution in peace. I think the Weeders should give you back the one hundred thousand you paid them. That's the least they should do."

Kurt scoffed. "I'm not in need of money."

I flashed a grin and added, "That has nothing to do with whether or not you need money. About your son's death, I am in the opinion that you should hand all evidence to the cops so they can arrest the culprit. The Weeders can only offer monetary compensation."

With an ugly scowl, he retorted, "Money? How much can Ronald compensate me? My heir is dead! How should he compensate me? By giving me his son?"

Ronald hung his head low and dared not utter a word. Instead, it was his wife who offered, "If you wish, you can have my daughter. She can bear your son. You're only in your forties, Kurt. My daughter might be able to give birth to your son soon. What do you think?"

I got the shock of my life. After what I said, the woman still hadn't changed her mind about giving her daughter away. It didn't cross my mind that she would willingly let her daughter bear a middle-aged man's child.

Ronald said nothing and appeared to agree silently.

Meanwhile, Kurt glanced at the woman, who had remained silent the whole time by his side. She was glowering at Ronald's wife viciously.

Chapter 1007

Suddenly, I realized why Kurt hesitated to take the girl away earlier though he clearly wanted her. He calmed down and listened to me because he was afraid of his wife.

Silence ensued. I thought the woman would disagree, but she uttered, "Sure. My son's dead, so your daughter shall bear Kurt's child. If she gives birth to a son, she shall be free. Otherwise, she needs to stay in our house until she gives birth to a son."

Ronald's wife nodded profusely and offered a smile. "No problem. She can bear children and satisfy your needs."

Her words nearly drove me crazy. I was about to speak when Boris took my hand and stopped me in time. He whispered in my ear, "You can't do anything. The ending will still be the same. The Weeders won't return the money."

Stunned, I glanced at Alma's pale expression as a sense of hopelessness washed over me. No matter what I do, nothing would change their fates.

Seeing my reaction, Ronald's wife offered me a polite smile. "Ms. Stovall, thank you for your concern. This is our family's business, so we won't trouble you."

Huh, how rude.

Indeed, I should stay out of their affairs.

In the end, Kurt led a devastated Alma away. Peace was restored in Ronald's household.

I didn't know what to say by then.

“Ms. Stovall, thank you for your help. We can register Amy’s birth later, but you need to pay me a hundred thousand first for that. It isn’t easy to bring her up. Also, since she’s going to extract her bone marrow, her health would be affected, especially her kidney. There are many things she can’t touch. She will have difficulties getting around, too. In fact, she’ll be useless. For this, I want an extra five hundred thousand. This isn’t expensive, and I believe you can afford it,” Ronald declared. “Hopefully you can give me the money after I register Amy as a citizen today. Everything you do after this has nothing to do with me.”

I fell silent at his selfish statement. I knew he was right in doing so, but that only heightened my distaste for his selfishness.

After a long pause, I replied, “I’ll pay you one million to adopt Amy. We shall deal with the adoption process, and Amy will be my daughter. She has nothing to do with you from now on. No matter what she becomes in the future, you aren’t allowed to bother her, get it?”

Ronald was taken aback by my request. He let out a sudden laugh. “Sure, no problem. I didn’t expect she would be worth this much.” He repeated, “Sure, of course. Let’s go now.”

I thought he would at least hesitate, but contrary to my expectation, he seemed delighted. My gaze landed on Amy. She was still a kid, but she had seen the entire exchange with her sisters. The scar would remain in their hearts forever.

Next, Ronald followed us to the town and dealt with the necessary procedures. “Ms. Stovall, the money,” he reminded me once we were done.

I pursed my lips and gestured for Boris to hand him the briefcase full of banknotes. Ronald was clearly excited to see the money and left without looking back.

Amy was standing right beside me as she watched Ronald leaving with his wife on his motorcycle. They didn’t even bother saying goodbye to their daughter.

I took her hand and bent down to wipe her tears away. "Amy, you shall stay with us from now on. Is that alright?"

She gazed at me and nodded with a hint of maturity in her expression. "Okay!"

She fell silent after that.

I brought her to my car, and Boris started the engine. Throughout the entire journey, Amy didn't crane her neck to stare at the scenery in wonderment like she used to do. Instead, she sat quietly without showing any emotion.

I parted my lips to comfort her, but the words died in my throat.

Hence, I stayed silent.

After some time, I noticed we hadn't entered the highway yet. Feeling doubtful, I queried, "Boris, did you take the wrong route?"

In response, he glanced at the rearview mirror and explained, "Ms. Stovall, someone seems to be tailing us."

With a frown, I turned at my shoulder and noticed a grey van behind our vehicle. Surprised, I asked, "How long has the van been tailing us?"