

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1188-1192

Chapter 1188

Suddenly, Lydia, who was about to reach the entrance, brought herself to an abrupt halt. She turned around in a huff, yelling with all her might, "Hey, why don't you get your facts right? Research conducted over the past century has indicated homosexuality as a normal sexual preference! Jackson is a kind-hearted and hardworking man! His presence has contributed to society's wellbeing and public welfare! You're the one adversely impacting the advancement of mankind!"

"Come again?" John got up from his seat and was about to rush over in a rage, but I stopped him and yelled in the nick of time, "John!"

"I'm so sorry, Dr. Alder." Afraid Lydia would be beaten to a pulp, I hurriedly urged her to leave, "He didn't mean it. You should hurry up and return to Jackson! Also, please express an apology on my behalf!"

Gritting her teeth, Lydia's gorgeous face puckered in disgust because of John's words. After shooting a fierce glare at him one last time, she marched out of the gate.

John, who was usually the most superior one in the room, couldn't stand Lydia's response. After he took a seat, he grunted, "How dare she get so full of herself?"

Emma and I exchanged short glances, unanimously deciding to ignore the man's rhetorical question. After he unbuttoned his shirt, he asked, "Why haven't you mentioned anything about the lawsuit regarding custody over Summer?"

Am I even supposed to tell you? If you were aware of the lawsuit, you would have sent someone to lure Jackson over and force him into submission...

I tried to shrug the idea off his mind and replied nonchalantly, "Everything is under my control. Do me a favor and stay out of this."

At that, John turned around and looked at Summer, who was in the middle of a game with the housekeeper. Grinning, he announced, "Nope! I consider Summer my daughter! I will allow no one to take her away from me!"

I nudged him and uttered, "You better not try anything reckless because Jackson is a close friend of both Macy and me. If you do anything silly, Macy will come after you!"

John looked elsewhere, going dead silent when I brought Macy up.

Meanwhile, Emma, who had her curiosity piqued, asked, "Who's Macy? Isn't Summer your daughter? Why has the woman's husband filed a lawsuit for custody over Summer?"

John rolled his eyes and grunted, "You need to stop poking your nose into our business and play the role of Mrs. Stovall!"

Emma shot daggers at him in return. The duo began bickering in the garden, causing things to turn lively all of a sudden.

Worried about Jackson, I had Emma tag along while I dropped by the clinic after we dropped Summer at her school.

I had acquired his address from Lydia when I visited the hospital. Although it was quite a distance away from the city, it was located at a strategic location.

We saw the signboard of Jackson's clinic the moment we alighted from the car. The place, which was supposed to be an ordinary clinic, was ruined by the doodles left by the haters. The signboard had been shattered in half in front of the entrance.

As the entrance was wide open, Emma helped me into the clinic, but no one seemed to be there. The moment we walked past the corridor and reached Jackson's office, I was overwhelmed by the awful stench of alcohol in the office.

After regaining my composure, I noticed a bunch of emptied cans on his table and the ground. Documents were strewn all over the place. Jackson, the drunkard with a disheveled appearance, slouched against the couch, sleeping soundly.

Since Emma had been brought up in a comfortable environment, she rarely had the chance to come across such a scene. Thus, she had a hard time maneuvering her way around the messed-up room. Jackson was roused from his sleep as she accidentally stepped on a bottle.

A pair of bloodshot eyes could be seen as he sat upright and opened his eyes. "Why are you here? Have you dropped by to see how pathetic I am because of you? Are you happy now that you've seen me in a slump?"

His sarcastic remarks barely got to me. He had always been a gentleman, so his attempt at being harsh had no deterrent.

I could vividly recall the day Jackson acquired the license of a practicing psychologist. He was a sprightly young man that was the complete opposite of the man with a disheveled look in front of me.

Chapter 1189

If I hadn't complained about him with Emery, things would have never ended up as such. Jackson should resent me for his misery instead of taking things out on himself.

"Aren't you going to take Summer away from me? Do you really think you currently possess the things it takes to bring her away from me?" Since there was nothing we could discuss, I decided to motivate him to talk through provocation.

He looked me in the eyes, intimidating Emma, who was behind me, with his rage-filled glare. After a few seconds, he responded with a sneer and looked elsewhere. "I should have known you're a selfish woman ever since the moment you got into a relationship with that selfish man! I can't believe Macy had sacrificed her life to save you! She's such a fool!"

"Indeed, I have always been a selfish woman! Have you just figured that out?" I took a deep breath and suppressed the emotions I felt building up within me. I carried on with a strong front and rebuked, "Get a grip on yourself and prove me wrong!"

"Scarlett!" Jackson sprinted over to my side. He had his eyes glued to me, behaving as though he couldn't wait to knock me out.

His current look was far more vicious than the time he dropped by to confront me. Although I had been trying my best to keep a straight face, I secretly gulped in fear.

On the other hand, despite how Emma started stuttering in fear, she got in front of me, defending me as much as she could. "D-Don't you dare try anything silly! O-Our bodyguards are right outside of the clinic!"

Jackson's expression eased up as he looked at Emma in the eyes. After a few seconds of silence, he returned to the couch and said, "Get out of my sight at once. Stay far away from me in the future!"

Those words made it clear that was the end of our conversation. Thus, Emma and I had no choice but to leave for the time being.

I was determined to think of something to get him back to his usual self and regain his confidence.

After Emma brought me out of the clinic, we prepared to return home. John didn't want me to be away for a long time.

We had dropped by Jackson's clinic after dropping off Summer at the school. Emma had to bear the risk of being reprimanded by John if he found out. Thus, I shouldn't cause her any more trouble.

The moment we reached the entrance of the clinic, I heard a familiar voice sarcastically greeting me, "Scarlett, I told you I would find you!"

When I looked in the direction of the sound, Mitchell's bodyguards had rendered all John's men incapable of motion.

I had merely encountered the man once. Therefore, we weren't on bad terms with one another. I put on a calm front and asked, "What do you need from me, Mr. Ziegler?"

A familiar figure stepped forward before Mitchell could answer my queries. A strong murderous intent could be seen in Armond's abysmal pair of eyes.

"It's been a while," Armond greeted with a scowl, intimidating others with his vicious look.

I held my breath and clenched my fists to suppress the fear I felt.

Isn't Armond supposed to be abroad? What's he doing here? Why is he by Mitchell's side?

"Come along with us."

After Mitchell delivered his instructions, his bodyguard walked in our direction and snatched Emma's bag away from her. As soon as he found her phone, he mockingly thrust it into our faces before smashing it on the ground. Consequently, Emma's phone shattered into pieces.

"Go!" They then dragged Emma and I into the van and abducted us against our will.

“What are you guys doing?” When Jackson heard the commotion and rushed out, we were about to get stuffed into the van. Although the kind man knew he wasn’t a match for them, he rushed over despite the differences in power. Sadly, he was no match for Armond, falling to the ground after getting kicked.

“No! Jackson, stay away from us! Go get the cops!” My mouth was covered, but I tried my best to yell as loud as possible. I knew Jackson could barely hear me, but I needed him to stay away from Armond. The risk associated with him rescuing us was too high.

Unfortunately, Armond had no intention to let Jackson make a getaway. Right after we were brought into the van, one of Armond’s taller bodyguards approached the defenseless man with a knife. A few seconds later, I saw the knife penetrating Jackson’s tummy.

“Jackson!” That was the last thing I saw because I passed out within the next few seconds.

By the time I regained consciousness and opened my eyes, I saw Jackson drenched in blood. Immediately, I sat upright and started sweating bullets, fear pulsing through my veins.

Chapter 1190

“Hey!” I only noticed someone else in the room when I heard another man’s voice. I turned around and noticed Armond on the couch. He had his back facing me.

I yelled hysterically, “Where’s Jackson? What did you do to Emma? They have nothing to do with this!”

“Don’t you think you should mind your own business?” Armond rebutted with an arrogant look. He approached me and narrowed his eyes, remarking sarcastically, “I’m suffering behind bars, yet you’re having the best time of your life with Ashton. You’re giving birth to twins soon, aren’t you?”

My heart skipped a beat when I heard his question. “What the hell do you want?”

The man took a deep breath and tucked his hands into his pockets. Holding his chest high, he announced, “Haven’t I said you belong to me? Do you really think I’ll allow you to give birth to Ashton’s children?”

I held my belly with my hands in an attempt to protect my innocent children, yet I was overwhelmed by a sense of helplessness.

I knew Armond meant every single word he had enunciated—he would never consider my innocent children. Since John was aware we had been abducted, it was only a matter of time before he could reach us. Thus, I needed stall for time until his arrival.

I gulped and forced myself to stay calm. When I tried my best to recall the things I had gone through over the past few days, I thought of something.

Looking at him dead in the eyes, I sneered and queried, “Since we’re both Ashton’s foes, why won’t you stop picking on me?”

I’m sure Armond has heard of Ashton’s plan to get his revenge. However, he must be clueless about the sort of feelings Ashton has for me. If I can convince him that Ashton holds a grudge against me, I may get to keep my children safe.

That was the only viable countermeasure at my disposal at that point in time.

Unfortunately, Armond responded with his brows arched in confusion because he seemed to be having a hard time telling the truth behind my double innuendos.

I knew he was about to fall for my words. Thus, I went on and added, “I have just gathered my thoughts over the past few weeks. Ashton had long figured out the Murphys were the ones behind his parents’ demise. As he held a grudge against my grandmother and me, he never once treated me as his wife over the two years we were married. When Cameron wanted to search for her daughter, he sent Rebecca, whom I hated the most, to take over my position when I was her daughter. Do you want to take a guess

of the reason behind my miscarriage two years ago? It's him! Do you think I still have a thing for him just because you have been abroad for such a long time?"

I was about to let loose of my emotions at the end of my speech, but I resisted the prickling sensation I felt behind my eyes and pulled through my act, hopefully with enough conviction.

Those were the things that wouldn't stop showing up in my brain over the days I was away from Ashton. It had morphed into nightmares that would keep me awake in the middle of the night. I was afraid the affection he had for me was nothing more than a part of his plan. I was well aware that the vicious man in front of me would show me no mercy. Hence, I had to stop sulking and try everything I could to keep my unborn children safe.

"I might have conceived his children, but things were long over for us! In fact, I have conceived through in vitro fertilization. Since you can sneak your way back, why don't you send someone to the hospital and see if I'm lying? Ashton hates me! He will never allow me to have his children! We fought over the same issue countless times, and I was grounded against my will because of it! It took me a lot of effort to get in touch with John to bring me away from the Fullers." Sighing, I looked at him in the eyes and stated, "Armond, I'm no longer a young woman. Why can't I have my own children? Since we're both victims of Ashton's actions, can we stop picking on one another?"

Silence fell upon the two of us for a few seconds after I finished my orated speech. It took Armond a few seconds to snap out of confusion. Staring at me with his abysmal pair of eyes, he said, "You care a lot about your twins, don't you? I must admit, I was almost influenced by that emotional speech of yours."

Heaving a sigh of relief, I asked, "Does this mean you're going to spare me?"

"Hmph!" Armond scowled at me before turning around to leave.

Has he given in to my request or not?

After his departure, the room fell into silence once more. I finally regained my composure because the saga seemed to have ended.

As an escaped prisoner, Armond would have definitely sent his men to take my twins away from me as soon as he could. Since he hasn't done anything, I guess he's been convinced by my words...

Chapter 1191

I thought luck was on my side, but I might have been wrong because Mitchell showed up in the confined space about half an hour later.

The man showed up in a bathrobe with a glass of wine in his hand. The moment he entered, he muttered to himself, "I have been wondering the reason behind Emery's arrogance. It turns out she's affiliated with Ashton's woman. I had all sorts of fun with different women back in the day, but I have never messed around with a pregnant woman. Since Ashton is such a proud and arrogant man, I can't wait to spend a night with his beloved woman!"

Shoot! Emery's story about Mitchell popped into my mind upon hearing his sentence. Countless women have fallen victim to him before!

I should have known the Ziegler family was one of Ashton's targets. After all, only a few renowned families were capable of bending the laws in K City. Since Mitchell had gotten his hands on me, I might be doomed because of Emery's provocation and the grudges he held against the Fullers.

After Mitchell's last sip, he strode over in my direction, a gleeful grin on his face.

I failed to get away from him in time because I was heavily pregnant. Consequently, the powerful man got on top of me after rendering me incapable of motion.

"Armond, I know you're around somewhere! If you allow him to get things his way and hurt my children, I will not submit myself to you!" In the nick of time, I had no choice but to reach out to Armond for help. I praying his feelings for me would suffice for him to rescue me.

Slap! A brutal slap was delivered across my cheek, taking me by surprise. As a result, my head spun, and I felt lightheaded before I collapsed on the bed.

“You better keep this in mind! I hate it whenever a woman calls another man’s name when she’s in bed with me!”

Mitchell started unbuttoning my shirt after yelling.

“Please! Don’t hurt my children!” I tried retaliating against him, struggling against his grip to bring myself away, but I was no match for him in terms of strength.

Just as he was about to get his way, the image of my children suffocating crossed my mind. Immediately, I bit his hand with all my might.

Hiss!

“B*tch!”

He slapped my face again, and I lost the strength to retaliate.

When I was on the verge of giving up, someone broke into the confined space and sprinted over to my side, dragging Mitchell away from my body.

I could barely keep my eyes open. I felt someone place a blanket over me and looked up to see Ashton. He had come to my rescue.

“Are you okay?” he asked in a hoarse voice. Dark circles could be seen around his eyes—perhaps he had been pulling countless all-nighters over the past few weeks. Since I wasn’t around, I was certain he had neglected his wellbeing again.

I shook my head in an attempt to assure him I was fine.

He heaved a sigh of relief and helped me up on the bed before turning around to confront Mitchell with his chest held high.

It was evident it wasn't Mitchell's first time trying something silly with another man's woman. He spat on the ground and warned arrogantly, "Ashton, I'll kill you for hitting me!"

His statement made Ashton's abysmal pair of eyes glint angrily. After a few seconds, he asked with a contemptuous look, "Which hand of yours hit her?"

Mitchell was startled by Ashton's response, but he composed himself and burst into laughter as he hauled himself from the ground. "What? Are you going to break my arm? Do you really think you can afford to pick on a member of the Ziegler family? Stop getting full of yourself! You're only able to run your business in J City just because of the support of a few angel capitalists and the Moore family!"

After another few seconds of silence, Ashton looked in the direction of the entrance and instructed, "Enter!"

At his command, Joseph and a few bodyguards of his appeared.

"Mr. Fuller, what do you need?" Joseph asked in a respectful manner.

Staring at Mitchell in the eyes, Ashton enunciated his instruction, "Break his arms."

"D-Don't you dare! I'm my father's favorite! Don't you try anything silly against me!" Mitchell stuttered when he realized Ashton was serious.

If the vicious man could get away after getting his hands on several innocent women, I was afraid Ashton would offend the Ziegler family for real if he went through with his plans. So, I urged, "Since I'm fine, shall we forget about the matter?"

Ashton looked at me in shock, his eyes searching mine for answers and reasoning. After giving it a thought, he instructed, "Bring him out and break his arms outside. I don't want to intimidate Scarlett."

Chapter 1192

Joseph stopped hesitating and brought Mitchell out along with the bodyguards because Ashton had repeated his instruction and made himself clear.

"Don't you dare try anything silly! Otherwise, get yourself ready to bear the consequences of your actions! Argh!"

Mitchell's shriek could soon be heard reverberating around the confined space. I could vividly imagine his arm being twisted by brute force. Consequently, I started retching in disgust.

Even after one of his arms was forcefully broken, Mitchell continued warning Ashton, "Why don't you take me out? As long as I'm alive, I'll come after you! Argh—"

Suddenly, he stopped shrieking out of the blue. As silence fell, I knew Mitchell must have passed out due to the racking sensation he felt when they tried to break his other arm.

Overwhelmed by a sense of insecurity, I grasped Ashton's arm and asked, "Where's Jackson? Have you found Emma?"

Emma was the most innocent of them all. She was abducted when she had nothing to do with the vicious man, so she must be horrified.

On the other hand, although Jackson wasn't stabbed at a fatal point, I was afraid he might be heavily injured. Despite the grudge he held against me, he had still rushed to my rescue in the nick of time. Once the emotions I had been suppressing came flooding out, torrents of grief streamed down my cheeks.

"You need to calm down." Ashton wrapped his arm around me in support. He then said with a helpless expression, "I'm not aware Jackson has been hurt."

Startled, I questioned, "What? Hasn't John sent you?"

He shook his head and replied, "Armond was the one who dropped me a text of the address and the photos of you being unconscious."

W-Why would Armond get in touch with Ashton when he was one of the masterminds behind the abduction?

We were on Mitchell's territory, so Ashton knew the Ziegler family had been alerted about the situation. Thus, once he got me a bathrobe to cover myself, he brought me away without further ado.

Fortunately, Emma, who had been imprisoned in another room, was fine. Ashton had reached there in time to save her. I was relieved to see that she had been brought into the car ahead of me.

As soon we departed, I snatched Ashton's phone away from him and called John. I knew my brother would never stay out of it because his bodyguards had been there when we were abducted in front of the clinic.

John picked up seconds after the call was made. "I'm in the middle of something. You better have good news for me."

Judging by the petulant manner, I knew he must have thought it was a call from Ashton. "John! It's me!"

“Letty? Why are you using Ashton’s phone? Has he abducted you?” John got worked up and probed further, “Are you okay? What about Emma? Is she hurt? Are you two hurt?”

He bombarded me with all sorts of questions. I hurriedly shared the summary with him and denoted, “It was Armond. Emma and I are fine. How’s Jackson?”

At the mention of Jackson, John went dead silent. A few seconds later, he said, “He was rushed to the hospital, but the doctor said we need to get ourselves ready because he bled excessively.”

The news hit me like a truck, and my mind went completely blank as I started panting heavily.

Sitting outside of the operating theater, my heart wrenched. I clasped my fingers and begged God to be merciful. Jackson’s life shouldn’t be taken away when he had done nothing wrong.

When Ashton showed up and insisted on bringing me over for a round of check-ups, I dismissed him. Eventually, John showed up and brought up the same request. Although I knew it was for the sake of my children, I turned both of them down.

Jackson was the one who had spent the most time by my side. When something happened to Macy, I couldn’t keep her company. I couldn’t afford to leave Jackson when he needed me the most. No matter what, I wouldn’t leave anymore.

Three hours into the operation, after Lydia showed up, the doctor walked out and notified us to get ourselves ready for the worst. Ashamed, I avoided Lydia’s gaze. She was about to say something, yet she changed her mind and took a seat opposite me in the end.

Everyone was on pins and needles when the doctor walked out of the operating theater after some time. We immediately surrounded him, hoping for some piece of information. He asked, “Who’s the patient’s family member?”