

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1193-1197

Chapter 1193

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Novel

"I am!" Lydia and I broke the silence at the same time. After we exchanged glances, I gestured for her to carry on with the conversation. "I'm the patient's wife."

The doctor nodded and carried on in a serious tone, "The patient was stabbed, but he is no longer in danger. However, he needs to pull through the next forty-eight hours. Otherwise..."

He paused, seemingly at a loss for better words to explain Jackson's situation in a less impactful manner.

"Doctor, be frank with me. As a fellow doctor, I'm ready for what's awaiting me."

Sighing, the doctor stated, "There's a huge probability he's going to turn into a vegetative patient because his carotid artery has been severely damaged."

Once the doctor delivered the news, he tapped Lydia's shoulder lightly and made his way past the crowd.

I started shuddering in fear, my mind going completely blank once again. The image of Jackson leaving with Macy by his side crossed my mind. My eyes started brimming with tears, but no tears seemed to fall.

"Please leave us alone." Lydia's seemingly harmless request took me by surprise.

I knew she wanted me to get out of her sight after the misfortune I had brought upon Jackson. As there was nothing I could do, I begged her, “Dr. Alder, please allow me to stay here and keep Jackson company. The doctor said the next two days are extremely crucial. He needs someone to be by his side. On top of that, you need to take care of your child. If I’m around, I can—”

“What can you do?” Lydia directed another rhetorical question at me before I could finish my sentence. “If anything happens to you, should I take care of you or him? Haven’t you achieved your goal to turn his life upside down? Do you wish to witness his demise? Ms. Stovall, please stop crossing the boundaries!”

I couldn’t bring myself to rebuke her statement. In the end, she walked away and left me behind.

Although I was reluctant to leave, she was right—I couldn’t even take good care of myself, let alone take care of others.

Once we reached the entrance of the hospital, another intense fight between Ashton and John broke out.

Subconsciously, John showed me the way to his car, but Ashton got in his way and stopped him.

“You might have saved her, but it takes more than that to prove yourself worthy! If it weren’t because of you, the Ziegler family wouldn’t pick on us either!” John glared at Ashton, squaring himself up against the other man.

“If you could take care of her, how did Mitchell get his hands on her? Since nowhere is safe, I’d rather have her by my side!” Ashton showed no signs of stepping back at all. He was ready to take John on.

I stood in the middle of the duo, feeling like a statue when they would yell at one another and try to bring me away with them. They seemed to have forgotten I could feel the pain, and I had no intention to stop them because I thought it was a punishment I deserved.

When I reached my limit, I let out a hiss and shuddered in pain. Subsequently, Ashton and John moved away from me at the same time.

The former's hoarse voice could be heard when he repeated himself, "Come with me."

However, John wasn't about to give up just yet. He said, "Letty, don't let him deceive you! You know deep down that you're one of us!"

"Come again?" Ashton raised his volume, indicating he was infuriated for real.

My brother pushed Ashton and demanded, "Have I said anything wrong? You're a liar! All along, you have been making use of the affection she has for you to get your revenge!"

"Give me a break!" Not being able to take it anymore, I subconsciously walked in the direction of Ashton.

Before I could move any further, John rushed over and stopped me. "Letty, are you having doubts against my words?"

I heaved a long sigh and announced, "John, please allow me to return with him. I'll spend a night at his place to sort out the things that are supposed to be sorted out since a long time ago. How about you pick me up tomorrow morning?"

John still had his doubts, but after much consideration, he moved away and said, "Alright, I'll allow you to spend a night at his place, but only under the condition of me tagging along."

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Halfway through his answer, he looked at Ashton when he felt the man's eyes boring into his back. He demanded, "What? Can't you even accommodate another person?"

I had no intention to deal with the bickering duo any longer. Thus, I sneaked my way into the car and urged Ashton to get going. I needed to get myself checked and return to Jackson as soon as possible.

By the time I was done with all the required check-ups, it was already eight o'clock in the evening. The doctor said the children were fine, but I would have to take a break and refrain from moving around.

After all the things those around me went through over the past few weeks, I knew I couldn't afford to mess around anymore.

I made a decision to tell Ashton everything, but right when I was about to, someone uninvited showed up at the doorstep immediately after the doctor departed.

Seeing as it had only been a few hours since Ashton broke Mitchell's arms. The Ziegler family had shown up to sort out the issue with him.

Mitchell's elder brother, Zayne, had shown up. Perhaps he was confident of his identity as a member of the Ziegler family—he had merely brought his chauffeur with him.

After he took a seat, the man announced, "I'm here on behalf of my father!"

The patriarch of the Ziegler family, Jonelle, had built most of the skyscrapers in the central business district. He was renowned amongst corporate players and politicians. Thus, those from the upper echelon and the underworld would show him some respect. Zayne, who was older than us, was there on Jonelle's behalf, so he was relatively arrogant and proud of himself.

Ashton took a seat by my side on the couch while John was on the opposite couch of ours. They had braced themselves for the upcoming conversation with Zayne, who seemed to be up to no good.

“Have you dropped by to express your apology?” John broke the silence and asked sarcastically, “Your brother instructed his men to stab a close friend of my sister. In fact, he tries to get his hands on my beloved sister. She’s traumatized by the things he had in mind. Uncle Louis is infuriated as well.”

Uncle Louis was a high-ranking official with great records; everyone in K City would be intimidated should they have to face his wrath. Zayne, who had been emanating a menacing aura, was intimidated by John’s words. After he adjusted his glasses, he fell into a process of thoughts.

After a short while, Zayne regained his composure and glared at my brother, asking in a callous tone, “Let’s forget about the outsider and talk about our families’ affairs for the time being. Scarlett was perfectly fine when my brother asked her over for a conversation. However, Mr. Fuller broke my brother’s arms when nothing was done! Do you think the Ziegler family is an easy target?”

“Oh? Have his arms been broken yet?” John continued sarcastically.

Perhaps Zayne couldn’t take it anymore when he yelled, “He’s been rushed to a hospital abroad! My father almost passed out due to a heart attack because of the incident! Who should I hold accountable for all these occurrences?”

Those from the upper echelon definitely knew the methods to find their way around their foes. Although many had always considered Zayne a wimp, that was not the case. Mitchell was the one at fault, yet Zayne avoided mentioning Jackson. He brought up Jonelle’s condition instead, making it sound as though we were at fault.

John had always been an expert in taming rebels, so he didn’t bother concealing his sarcasm as he repeated, “Are you telling me you’re not aware of all the things Mitchell has done? My brother-in-law has been pretty merciful, considering the situation. He only broke his arms! If I was there, I would have dug his eyes out of their sockets with my bare hands!”

It wasn’t an exaggeration because John had always been known as a cruel man. He had never shown mercy to those who tried to pick on him.

Humiliated, Zayne turned around and confronted Ashton, “Mr. Fuller, are you of the same opinion with Mr. Stovall? Are you not going to compensate for my brother’s loss?”

Ashton deadpanned his reply, "I was aware he was a member of the Ziegler family when I gave the order to have his arms broken."

It was evident that his statement was an attempt to provoke the Ziegler family.

As Ashton made it sound like it wasn't a big deal, Zayne jolted up from his seat in anger. The man started panting heavily, to the extent his chest could be seen jerking involuntarily. He glared at Ashton in the eyes, yet the latter didn't seem a bit intimidated. Subsequently, the color drained from Zayne's face.

As John had always enjoyed gloating over others' misfortunes, he went on and suggested, "Mr. Ziegler, you should get going and hire the best attorney in town to defend that brother of yours. My men can testify your brother is the mastermind behind the abduction and assault. I can't wait to see if you're able to save him from the Stovall family and get him out of the bars again."

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It must have been a long time since Zayne was last provoked by someone as the frustration he felt was written all over his face. In the end, he gritted his teeth and glared at John before marching out of the villa.

When the man was about to reach the entrance, he paused and turned around, shooting a glance one last glance at me before departing.

John scowled, "Does he really think the Ziegler family can get whatever they want in K City? Since he has the guts to pick on us, I'll be sure to teach him a lesson!"

“John, cut it out.” I needed to keep the saga under control for the time being because the things they might be capable of had exceeded our expectations. As there were way too many variables, it would be better to lie low for the time being.

My brother finally kept his mouth shut at my warning. After we exchanged glances, he glared at Ashton before bouncing up the stairs, leaving Ashton and I alone in the living room.

Mrs. Eriksen had not seen me for a long time. After she had everything sorted out in the kitchen, she approached me with a bowl of soup and offered, “Mrs. Fuller, why don’t you finish this?”

To be honest, I was envious of Mrs. Eriksen and her bright personality. The woman became thrilled simply at another person’s presence.

I took the soup she offered me and said, “Mrs. Eriksen, could you give us a moment? Ashton and I have something to talk about. Please tell the others to stay away from us for the time being as well.”

“Alright. Please, take your time. I’ll go get you something else to eat. You have been away from home all this while. I’m afraid you’re not getting the attention and care you need. Since you’re back, make sure you’re not leaving anymore, okay? Allow me to take good care of you and your beloved children!”

“Mrs. Eriksen, please leave us alone,” Ashton interrupted her, chasing her out of the room without a second thought.

Immediately after her departure, Ashton took over the soup and started feeding me.

The man’s gorgeous face was merely a few inches away from mine. It felt so surreal. I secretly hoped everything that had occurred was nothing more than a nightmare.

After I finished half of the food, he broke the silence. “Why don’t you go ahead and ask me the things that are bothering you?”

As I had returned to sort out the things between us, I stopped hesitating and asked, "Have you long figured out that the Murphys were the ones behind your parents' demise?"

"Yes..." Ashton responded quietly.

"Are you aware that my grandmother is a member of the Murphys?" Once I directed the question at him, I held my breath in anticipation of his reply.

He continued feeding me, his eyes glued to my lips. "Initially, I wasn't aware, but after I gained authority over different people and things, I started acquiring all sorts of information, including that."

My heart sank at his words; he had verified Louis' speculation.

I gulped down some air to calm myself before I asked, "Was Grandma the mastermind behind everything? Do you hate me because she's my grandmother?"

Taken aback by my words, he paused and placed the bowl of soup on the coffee table in front of us. Staring dead ahead of him, he opened his mouth to ask, "Are you sure you're ready for the whole, naked truth?"

I had a bad feeling about it, yet I insisted, "I'm sure."

Although I might not be ready for the truth, I had enough of being deceived.

"I used to."

His simple answer took my breath away. I clenched my fists with all my might to pull myself together.

A few seconds later, he orated, "Initially, everything indicated that your grandmother was the mastermind. After she reached J City ahead of others to distract the Fullers, the Murphys proceeded to lure my parents into a trap. Then, the moment they signed the contracts, they were involved in an

accident. During their funeral, I overheard the conversation of my grandfather and your grandmother. They regretted not warning my parents when they were aware that the Murphys had been illegally mining petroleum. When my mother passed on, they found out she had conceived, but it was too late.”

Although I was clueless about the things that had occurred in the past, judging by Ashton’s expression, I knew he was adversely impacted by the incident.

“Actually, your grandmother was against the idea of the Murphys being involved in illegal activities. She had brought the sandalwood box away with her to intimidate the Murphys and get them to turn themselves in. When Grandpa figured out the truth from your grandmother on the day the incident occurred, it was too late because the Murphys had dispatched a team of hitmen to wipe my parents out before the task force could reach them. They had long passed on before they could be rushed into the operating theater.”

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Ashton clenched his fists with all his might, and I could hear the sound of his fingers cracking. It was clear to me that he could barely suppress his emotions, judging by bulging veins that could be seen on his forehead.

I caressed his hands in an attempt to console the pitiable man. It must be tough to deal with so many things over the past decade on his own.

A voice cut in out of the blue. “Can you guys get to the point already?” It turned out John had been eavesdropping on our conversation at the stairs. Suddenly, he craned over and walked down the stairs, glaring at me in the eyes with his face full of despise. “Is that the reason you insisted on coming here?”

Ever since Hannah had gotten married, John had grown increasingly aggressive.

“Did you swap the DNA report because you thought Rebecca would be a better pawn or were you afraid of Letty leaving you? Have you long figured out the relationship between her grandmother and the Murphys! Have you kept Letty by your side to get your revenge?”

“John...” I tried to stop him from carrying on. I was afraid of the future that might be in store for me, but I couldn’t bring myself to finish my sentence. I knew it was only a matter of time before the truth was revealed.

Ashton looked at me with his abysmal pair of eyes. After staring at me for a few seconds, he looked elsewhere and answered curtly, “Yes.”

That one-word reply was all it took to shatter my heart into pieces.

John, who was overly worked-up, suppressed his wrath and asked, “Kudos for being a man and bearing the consequences of your actions. Now tell me. Have you made use of Letty’s identity as a member of the Moore family to get Zachary and Cameron’s aid to go against Ezra?”

I secretly hoped Ashton would prove John’s hypothesis wrong, yet the man replied with a determined look, “Yes.”

“Wonderful!” Gritting his teeth, my brother looked at me and growled, “Did you hear him, Letty? He has been making use of you since the beginning! As long as you bring up the request to file for divorce with him, I’ll get everything done on your behalf! I won’t allow him to bring any of your children away from you!”

I had no idea if that was the thing I wanted; my mind was all over the place. I started panting heavily in an attempt to catch my breath.

“I won’t deny the things I’ve done, but it doesn’t mean you’re in a position to determine our next best course of action on our behalf.” Ashton deadpanned his reply, emanating an intimidating presence as he did so.

John was equally irked. He rushed over and grasped Ashton's collar, yelling hysterically, "Stop getting full of yourself! Do you think you're better than a hooker when you deceived a woman to acquire your current achievements in life?"

"I have never deceived Scarlett." Ashton kept his words short and simple, making himself clear.

Seeing as to how things were about to spiral out of control, I quickly interjected, "John, could you please leave us alone for a moment?" Things were tough on our end because we had countless people coming after us. I couldn't afford to have either of them pick on one another anymore.

"No way! I need to teach this jerk a lesson for putting you and the children's lives at stake to achieve his goal!" John's hand balled into a fist, about to throw a punch at Ashton.

"John!"

My desperate plea must have reached my brother's ears because John turned around and looked at me, moving his fist away from Ashton reluctantly after a moment. He then walked away and took a seat on the nearby couch. The frustrated man proceeded to remove his tie and unbuttoned a few buttons, slouching against the couch.

Silence fell in the living room, and I knew it was the peace before another storm. Perhaps I wasn't particularly surprised after going through the swap of life with Rebecca.

Ashton and my relationship had started due to all sorts of misunderstandings and coincidences. As the person he held dear, I could feel the emotions associated with his words.

When I felt my dear children moving around in my belly, I caressed my baby bump gently. They seemed to be reminding me to live a life with no regrets and let bygones be bygones.

It wasn't easy to forgive and forget the first time, but it wasn't much of a challenge for many to do it a second time. I foresaw a future with the man in front of me, so the thing that mattered the most was the affection he had for me and my children.

“Ashton, I want to know this... Do you still love me? Does the affection you have for me have anything to do with the Stovall family and the Moore family?”

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Standing in front of the lamp, Ashton’s shadow enshrouded my view as though a giant was right in front of me. We used to be one, but our future would depend on his answer.

After a long while, he looked at me with his brows arched in confusion. He placed his hands on my shoulders and announced, “Scarlett, I love you to the extent I have been deceiving myself to forget your identity as the granddaughter of the person who brought upon my parents’ demise. Vengeance used to be the only thing keeping me alive, but your presence has given me a brand new reason to live.”

I returned the favor and placed my hands on his shoulders, replying in a hushed voice, “Can you please put the grudge you held aside for the time being for our family’s sake?”

The only thing keeping us apart was the secrets we had been keeping to ourselves. Since we had let the cat out of the bag, I wished not to allow anything to get in the way of our relationship anymore-neither of us wished to be apart from one another.

Nonetheless, moving on was easier said than done. Ashton, who had been pretty patient, went dead silent.

I refused to give up just yet. I placed his hand on the baby bum[and uttered softly, “Ashton, Macy is dead, and Jackson is heavily injured. Armond has gotten you over because he wants to figure out if we’re on good terms with one another. If you keep going after him, we’ll all end up dead. Is that really what you want?”

The man before me remained silent. It would be extremely difficult for him to get rid of the pent-up grudge that had built up within him over the past three decades.

Although I was conscious of his feelings, leaving him to hold onto the anger was a risk we as a couple couldn't take.

I took a deep breath and moved away from him to collect my thoughts. After regaining my composure, I looked at him in the eyes and said, "I know I'm supposed to support you as your wife, but as a mother, I don't think it's wise to stay by your side because our children's lives are at stake. If you insist on exposing us to unnecessary risks, I'm afraid I'll have to leave."

When I was eighteen-year-old, I married someone who wouldn't take me seriously. When I was in my mid-twenties, I forsook everything and devoted myself to our relationship. Unfortunately, I couldn't bear to lose my children when I was in my mid-thirties.

At that point, John couldn't take it anymore. He yelled, "It's not up to him anymore! The ones behind the scenes must have been alarmed after we waged war against the Ziegler family. We have reached the point of no return. In short, filing for divorce is the only option available to keep you safe."

I was reluctant to give up on our marriage that had lasted for a decade, yet John's words worked like a charm and reminded me of our dire situation. If it was merely a showdown between Ashton and his foes, it wouldn't be a big deal. Unfortunately, it had morphed into a feud between two families, and that included my children and me.

It was evident Armond, who had gone into hiding and showed up out of nowhere, came prepared. As Ashton had broken Mitchell's arms and waged war against the Ziegler family because of me, Armond could easily verify my relationship with Ashton. Perhaps he wouldn't show me any mercy the next time he got his hands on me.

When Cameron and Zachary walked into the foyer, they were startled by the silence in the spacious living room.

“What’s going on?” Cameron, who was quite a distance away, asked before making her way into the living room.

When we heard her innocent question, we snapped out of confusion and snapped back to our senses.

I returned to my seat and massaged my swollen temples, feeling exhausted. “It’s nothing. Why are you guys here in the middle of the night?”

Cameron and Zachary exchanged glances casually. “We’re merely here to visit you and Summer because it has been quite some time since our last meeting.”

It wasn’t the best time to visit. It was evident those were merely excuses they had made up to disguise the actual goal of their visit. Perhaps they had come for Ashton.

Should I consider myself lucky or not? They’re trying to keep me in the dark with Ashton for my sake, yet it feels like I’m the outsider when they’re my biological parents.

“It’s not necessary to keep it from her anymore.” Halfway through his sentence, Ashton turned around and looked at me. “She has already figured out everything on her own.”

Although I was startled by his statement, it was the right thing to do. It would be a waste of time and effort to keep me in the dark when I was already conscious of everything.