

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1223-1227

Chapter 1223

They had escaped? K City is an enormous place with a population of nearly millions of citizens. All they had to do was slip in and merge with the incoming crowd to disappear without a trace. Searching for them was like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

I did not respond to the call. Already, I began to formulate a plan to search for and talk to Ezra's subordinates.

My past with Ashton deemed it impossible for me to steer clear from their grudges. Nonetheless, there was always a way out. If we played along with their demands, we might be able to guarantee the child's safety.

"Do you remember how much you used to hate me?" Upon my silence, John made his way towards my bed and took a seat.

I tilted my head in confusion. Why would he bring that up all of a sudden?

"Haven't I told you about this before? My father committed suicide right before my eyes. Every night, I'm reminded of his dying face. Additionally, witnessing the Stovall family's downfall impacted me even further. I even suffered from insomnia and became a monster driven solely by revenge. Although the enemy did not die in my hand, seeing them being punished allowed me to break free from the eternal nightmare that I had suffered from and live my life again!" John said.

"The Fullers have a strong and powerful bloodline. Besides, Ashton is no ordinary individual. He will stand out regardless of anything he does. Thus, Ezra will not let him off. Ashton is enacting his revenge to protect you and your kids," he continued after a brief moment of pause.

I could sense the truth in John's words. If Ashton was merely an ordinary man, I would not have fallen so deeply in love with him. I loved every part of him. Naturally, I couldn't avoid the dangers. Falling in love and staying together with Ashton were two things that would always be intertwined.

For a moment, I pondered about John's statement. Although I had acted cruelly towards Ashton, it was the only way to ensure my daughter's safety and security.

Knock, knock.

Right at the moment, Emery strolled into the room.

"I've checked; both the nurse and guard have fled from the city. However, the airport's security cameras did not show the image of a child in any of the footage. Baby must still be in the country. I've contacted a few of my friends; they will capture the nurse and guard once they land. We'll be able to find out the culprits behind the kidnapping," Emery informed curtly.

The Moore family had contacts spread all across K City. I was confident in her ability to handle such matters. However, I was worried about our enemy's plans. Even if we managed to capture them, there was no guarantee that we'd be able to find any clues.

Sensing the gloomy atmosphere, Emery discretely signaled for John to move away. "Right now, you should focus on taking good care of your body. If you fall sick, who will be responsible for searching for Baby?" she reassured me kindly.

After all, my body had a composition that was naturally weak. After I was provoked, there was a chance that I may succumb to depression again. Of course, they would be worried about my well-being.

As I looked at my child, I did not have any fickle thoughts. Instead, I nodded calmly in response. "Relax, I will take good care of myself and my children!"

"Mommy!" Summer burst into the room as she whined and demanded to play with her sister.

Reluctantly, I forced my lips to curve upward and placed my child on the bed. The sight of Summer carefully playing with her made the tension in my heart melt away as my tensed nerves relaxed.

Despite the combined efforts of the Moore and Stovall family, I could not meet my son during my postpartum confinement period.

The nurse and guard who escaped were tricky and managed to evade our grasps several times. After fourteen days of monumental effort, they were finally captured and brought to the Stovall residence's basement in K City. Their imprisonment managed to calm my frenzied thoughts as I regained composure.

The man kneeling before me had a swollen face and countless bruises scattered across his skin. He was the perpetrator who kidnapped my child. Despite having suffered harsh interrogations by John's subordinates, he did not relent.

Coldly, I gazed at the guard. He was barely clinging on to his own life. I remained unruffled by the pungent smell of blood that wafted over from his body.

John strode forward to grasp the man's hair and yanked his face upwards to meet my gaze. Threateningly, John poised his fist in a motion to strike the guard's face. "Tell us the location of the child, or you'll face death. Choose wisely," John warned him darkly.

Chapter 1224

One of the guard's eyes was swollen to the point where he could not blink. The crimson blood that trickled down his face gave him a very horrifying appearance. After two deep breaths of air, he finally opened his eye and locked gazes with me.

Although I've met countless people who were on the brink of death, this man was different. The moment he caught sight of my figure, his lips curved into a smile.

It was as if he knew something.

The man's devious smile did not go unnoticed by John. Feeling provoked, he slammed his fist into the guard's stomach. At the sudden blow, the guard let out a pained grunt and collapsed to the floor. The punch had drained all of his energy as he was now incapable of lifting his head.

Moments later, a mixture of blood and saliva splattered across the floor as the disgusting odor in the basement became even stronger.

Seeing that the guard remained motionless, John wiped away the bloodstains on his hand with a handkerchief from his suit pocket.

One of John's subordinates reached out his hand under the guard's nose to test his breathing. With a single glance, John's subordinates emptied a large bucket of cold water over his head.

“Ah!” the piercing cold roused the guard from his unconscious state as he jerked his head upwards. In a state of fear, his mouth gasped open like a fish out of water.

“Continue the interrogation until he admits,” John ordered and tossed the used handkerchief away. “Let’s go; you are still under postpartum confinement. It would be bad to linger in such a cold place,” he turned to address me.

All of a sudden, the tragic scene of Mitchell’s severed hand flashed in my brain.

Obediently, I rose to my feet and made my way towards the guard. Without hesitation, I snatched the dagger from one of John’s subordinates and drove it ruthlessly into the guard’s chest.

Fresh blood began to stream out of his wound as the guard stared at me in disbelief. It seemed like my ruthless move was the last thing that he had anticipated. Finally, I glimpsed a flash of unadulterated terror that flickered in his widened gaze.

“Where is my child,” I tightened my grip on the dagger with a clench of my jaw and pushed the blade deeper into his chest.

Ashton had once taught me about the techniques of interrogation. If you didn’t achieve whatever you wanted, you would have to inflict greater pain and drive them to the brink of death.

Stubbornly, the guard frowned and remained silent. As I inched the blade forward, blood gurgled from his throat and spilled out to stain his pale lips. Despite the growing fear in his eyes, I remained unmoved.

John must have decided to let me vent my anger. For a brief moment, he ignored my actions. It wasn’t until the guard’s eyes began to roll when he snapped out of his daze. “Are you crazy!” he yelled and lunged forward to yank me away.

It felt as if my soul had left my body. Expressionlessly, I lifted my head and caught sight of John's furious expression. Yet, I remained silent in response to his outburst.

John gritted his teeth in fury. A rare look of impatience crossed his features as the anger made his veins protrude. After ten seconds, he finally turned around. "What are you guys standing around for? If he dies, there will be no clues leading to the child! You will pay for his death with your life!" John lashed out at the nearby subordinates.

"Yes Sir!"

In the blink of an eye, they ushered in the medical staff as the situation began to take a chaotic turn. Although John was still simmering in anger, he escorted me out of the basement.

Once we returned to the room, John took a seat opposite me. His expression was impassive and unreadable. Combined with his stoic nature, John now radiated an imposing aura.

Guiltily, I avoided his sharp gaze.

Despite my attempt to evade, John's booming voice filled the room. "Scarlett, what were you thinking?"

In defiance, I pouted and picked at my nails as I blatantly ignored his question.

My ignorance must have infuriated him. "Were you trying to kill him?" John snarled in a livid tone; his temper rose when I disregarded him.

Now that he had exposed my intentions, I was forced to lift my head and meet his gaze. "That's right. I wanted him dead!" I pointed a finger at my heart, "I wanted him to experience the excruciating pain that I felt. Why can't I do that!"

Although he was the only person who knew about my child's whereabouts, I could not stop my murderous intent when I buried the sword in his chest.

Although I've just met the guard today, I had never made a move against him. Yet, he went out of his way to harm my own flesh and blood. Despite it all, he had the audacity to laugh out loud. How could I hold in the hatred in my heart?

Chapter 1225

Hearing my statement, John inhaled deeply. "It would be easy to end his life. But what about your child? Don't you want to reunite with your child?" he asked with a dark gaze.

He paused and looked into the distance with a stoic glint in his eyes. "Even when it comes to killing him, you should not dirty your hands. Remember Scarlett, you shouldn't be the one doing those deeds."

The act of murder would haunt me for the rest of my life. Naturally, John would not allow me to bear this burden.

Despite his kind words, I shook my head stubbornly and tried to erase the events that had taken place earlier from my memory. "Have you looked into the guard's background? Were there any clues?" I asked in order to change the subject.

John shook his head and remained silent.

After all, Emery and John had intelligent henchmen working under their command. If there was a solid lead, they would have leaped into action instead of panicking over the killer's life.

Knock, knock.

“Mr. Stovall, Ms. Stovall, Mr. Grant has arrived,” the maid knocked on the door and called out politely.

Just as I had regained my composure, her words sent me into a haze of frenzy as I leaped to my feet and prepared to run out.

Before I could take my revenge, it seems like this sly fox had come to me myself!

“Calm down, think of your child,” John raised out his hand and stopped me in my tracks.

Immediately I scowled. However, I nodded in agreement after I thought about his words.

Once he confirmed that I had regained my composure, John brought me downstairs.

In the living room, Ezra was in the midst of drinking his tea when he heard our footsteps. A frown graced his forehead as he turned around; he seemed to share our discomfort. “You’re here,” he said.

With the way he acted, one would confuse him as the owner of the house.

Yet, his sudden outburst of confidence did not seem out of place. On the day that I gave birth, an overwhelming number of reports against Louis were submitted. They accused him of abuse of power and bribery. In the blink of an eye, he was detained in J City. Now that we are all busy with the ongoing investigation, Ezra had turned arrogant due to the absence of Louis. John took a seat opposite Ezra and crossed his legs in a relaxed manner. “Mr. Grant, I can’t believe that you have the audacity to show up here. Uncle Louis had just given the order to ban anyone from the Grant family coming in. Yet, you have barged in now. I’m impressed...”

Hearing his mockery, a flash of annoyance flickered in Ezra's eyes. "You and your uncle seem to enjoy making jokes," he replied with a laugh.

"I'm not joking," John gave Ezra a faint smile. Despite the smile, his tone was unwelcoming and as cold as ice.

Without Louis's presence, Ezra seemed unaffected by John's threat.

Quickly, he discarded the topic. "I've heard that the Stovall family has experienced a lot of troubles recently. After working with Louis for so many years, I have always admired him greatly. I strongly believe that the investigators will prove him innocent. If you need any help, please do not hesitate to ask. I will do anything in my power to fulfill your request," Ezra said in a gentle tone.

Instinctively, John raised a single brow at the sudden change of Ezra's tone as we shared a knowing glance.

He must be expecting payment for his help.

In such a situation, we should be grateful that he hadn't seized the chance to trample us.

Why would he offer his help? Ezra's generous acts seemed impossible unless he had something to gain in return.

"Uncle Louis will be back soon. Likewise, we do not need your help. Yet, I have a question for you. Seeing how you made your way here in such a hurry, one would think that you've received certain news from the office. Did you assume that something has had happened to Uncle Louis?" John interjected.

His malicious tone seemed to put a damper over Ezra's mood. Ezra's eyes narrowed as he locked gazes with John. Additionally, the cheerfulness painted across his features seemed to fade.

Such revolting people like him would never be able to take advantage of the Stovall family. He was not capable of taking down Louis due to his respected status. At the same time, Ezra could not battle against John's sharp words and wit. No wonder he viewed the Stovall family as a thorn in the flesh.

After a tense moment of silence, Ezra held in his anger and avoided John's sharp stare. "I heard that you gave birth recently?" he turned to address me, "Are the children okay?"

Chapter 1226

Why would he ask when he knew the truth?

Instinctively, my hands clenched into fists. The sight of his hypocritical expression left me with a burning desire to slice him in half.

Yet, I had to exercise restraint.

There was a ninety percent chance that my child was under Ezra's possession. If I angered him, my child would be the one who suffers in this exchange.

Sensing my mood shift, John placed his hand over my fists in an attempt to deter any rash movement.

Gritting my teeth, I took a deep breath and painted a forceful smile across my face. "Thank you for your concern. My children are fine."

Ezra nodded good-naturedly. "I heard that you gave birth to twins. Finally, the Fullers are blessed with a healthy son. Though, I'm afraid that it may be hard to win custody of your child. If you'd like, I can help you smoothen things over at the court by pulling a few strings."

The sight of his kind and gentle expression would have fooled me if I didn't know about his merciless involvement with Ashton's parents.

I opened my mouth and prepared to reject his offer. Yet, John beat me to it. "It seems that the office has nothing much going on. Seeing such a dignified person like you running around idly, it's no wonder that they have nothing better to do. They even dared to launch an investigation against Uncle Louis. They will be doomed once I take action," John said as an ominous aura seemed to surge from his body.

"Mr. Grant, you should remind them of their limits. If they continue to meddle with Uncle Louis, you shouldn't blame me for taking things too far!" he laughed coldly. John's manner of speech had taken a dramatic turn.

Louis was an upright and righteous official; he was very proud of his achievements and held no fear when the investigations began. He even forbade John from using the connections within the Stovall family to help him. Due to his stubbornness, we have not received news about him in over a month.

Although it was a good trait to obey the rules, having such a stubborn mindset could invoke countless troubles. Such problems would even cause the loved ones to worry. Yet, these things paled in comparison to having to look Ezra in the face. He was a wicked man who held no shame for his actions!

John was a man who grew up with strict principles and rules. It was no doubt that his impactful words were a form of warning to Ezra.

Ezra seemed to jolt in shock before he rose to his feet. Nonchalantly, he patted his jacket. "Anyway, I've tried to deliver my offer to help. Feel free to contact me if you have any problems. I'll take my leave first. You do not need to trouble yourself by escorting me," Ezra said calmly.

After he spoke, he strode out of the living room.

As Ezra's figure vanished into the distance, I began to speculate about the situation.

I couldn't believe that he made an effort to prove his innocence by paying us a visit. He must have seen the power behind the Stovall and Moore family. If he wanted our support, he would not make a move against my child.

Yet, who else would it be if it wasn't him?

All of a sudden, my phone began to ring on the table. As I glanced towards the screen, it indicated that an unregistered number was calling me.

Even if the call could put me in grave danger, I would have picked it up anyway. Without hesitation, I picked my phone and answered the call before lifting it to my ear. "Hello, who is this?"

A familiar voice drifted through the call. "Letty," the voice called out.

The voice belonged to Marcus!

Unconsciously, I gripped the phone a little tighter. "Marcus, where are you?" my voice wavered with a hint of worry.

"Let's save that for later. I saw them carrying a newborn child at the airport, is the baby yours..." he cut me off in a hurry.

His words caused my body to seize up. Instinctively, I inhaled deeply as my grasp on the phone tightened.

F*ck! How could I be so careless that I forgot about GW Group?

For the sake of the children, Fuller Corporation had canceled the alliance with GW Group. Before he left, Sean brooded over the cancellation for a long time. If they were the ones who staged the kidnapping, it would make perfect sense!

“Marcus, where are you? Have you found Camelia and Toby? Where did the men bring them? Do you remember the location?” I rambled on in panic.

“No,” Marcus rasped, “I’ve been searching for a year but failed to discover any leads. This time, someone leaked the news on purpose. They revealed the locations where GW Group frequents. Coincidentally, I bumped into the child at one of those locations.”

Chapter 1227

I pursed my lips and swallowed. “Is Baby alright?”

“They outnumbered me, so I dared not get close to them. I don’t think they will harm your baby, so don’t worry—”

I cut in. “Why wouldn’t I be worried? Marcus, Baby was born prematurely. If he didn’t get proper care and nutrients, he might suffer later. Tell me where you are,” I urged. “I’ll go to your now.”

“You can’t come. It’s too dangerous for you. I’m going to find Camelia and the others, so just leave it to me. I will...”

The line was cut all of a sudden.

It took me a while to realize what was going on. "Marcus?" I called. "Marcus, are you still there?"

I could only hear static.

Glancing at my phone's screen, I noticed the line was disconnected. It was already 4 p.m. by now.

That means it was still dawn in M Country. Marcus called me at this hour and the line suddenly got disconnected, so I couldn't help but worry about his safety.

Now, I had to leave the country.

"What's wrong? Did Marcus find your son?" asked John.

Instead of replying to him, I dialed the number again indifferently.

"Sorry, the number you've dialed is not available. Please call again later."

I canceled and retried several times to the same effect.

Flinging the phone aside, I slumped onto the sofa dejectedly. Staring at the ceiling, I fell into deep thought.

Perhaps Marcus called me at this hour because this was the only time he had access to his phone. We only spoke for a while before the line got cut abruptly, probably because someone barged in and cut the line.

However, one thing was for sure. Marcus was still alive.

I didn't know why those people led Marcus to M Country, but at least they didn't harm him until now.

Why is he against me going to M Country?

He told me where my child was but insists on handling everything alone. Does he have a split personality?

Marcus knew where my child was, but he risked his life even though it was dangerous. I couldn't help but wondered what his plan was.

Perhaps something else besides my child caused him to stop me from going to M Country.

I knew I must be right.

The only reason Marcus stopped me from going to M Country was that those people were after me.

I wondered if I could get any information from that bodyguard.

Immediately, I clenched my hands into fists as I made my way to the basement. John had no clue what I was doing, but he came after me nonetheless.

Someone had already cleaned the place up, but the stench of blood was unmistakable. The bodyguard was lying on the wooden bed weakly, his upper torso bandaged. Most of John's subordinates were gone, and there was only one man guarding the bodyguard.

“Leave us alone,” I commanded.

The man gazed at John and gained his employer’s approval before he walked out.

“John, I want to talk to him alone,” I added.

He said nothing, so I assured him, “He’s almost dead. There’s nothing he can do to me.”

After a brief pause, John caved in and walked out. He closed the door behind him.

Only the both of us were left in the room by now. I stalked to the man and towered above him. “Do you want to leave?” I inquired coolly.

The man’s eyes fluttered open as he struggled to sit up.

As I expected, he was merely pretending to be weak. All the torture he had been through was nothing to him.

“Let’s make a deal,” I offered calmly. “I have one condition, though. How is my child doing?”