

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1243-1247

## Chapter 1243

Even though I remained silent, Armond didn't get mad. He patiently continued, "Don't worry. I used to be obsessed with getting you, but I've changed my mind."

Upon hearing his words, instead of joy, fear engulfed my heart.

"That's great," I replied, pretending to be calm. "I wish you happiness!"

"Of course." Armond arched a brow before changing the subject suddenly. "But if you want me to be happy, you'll have to help me."

Indeed, he was a scheming man.

However, I wasn't about to suffer in silence.

"Sure. We can talk as long as you return my son to me."

Armond merely chuckled when he heard what I said. "Do you seriously think I'm discussing with you?"

His smile disappeared without a trace.

Bang! The metal door was pushed open without warning. A bunch of men in white coats and masks strode in. They seized me and tied me onto the stone bed.

When I realized what was going on, my body was bound to the bed with tape. I could only move my ankles and wrists.

Armond towered above me, blocking the light. "Don't worry. It will be over soon."

As soon as he said that, a syringe was stabbed into my thigh. The increasing pain caused me to sweat as I dug my nails into my palms.

Armond's satisfied smirk was the last thing I remembered before I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again, the first thing I saw was the white ceiling. There was a strong disinfectant smell wafting through the air.

"Letty, you're awake." It was John.

I turned my head in the direction of the voice and spotted him.

"Where am I?" I struggled to sit up.

"The hospital. You were left on the streets. Someone called the cops and sent you to the hospital." John poured me a glass of warm water before taking a seat.

I must have been unconscious for a long time because my throat was parched. I immediately gulped down most of the water before stopping.

Soon, I realized Ashton wasn't around. "Where is Ashton?" I queried.

Ashton's influence in M Country was more widespread compared to John, so he should've been notified earlier than John.

"Hey, you ingrate. I came all the way here, but all you ask for is that brat?" John couldn't stop comparing himself to Ashton again.

I gave the glass back to him in exasperation. "I was just asking about him. Both of you are equally important to me."

"Really? I don't think so." John placed the glass on the table and replied sarcastically, "You willingly became a hostage for your son's sake. Did you even consider our feelings back then? Is your brother someone who will act as if nothing had happened after seeing someone holding you at knifepoint?"

I knew John was upset, just like Ashton.

Taking his hand, I offered an apology. "John, I'm sorry. Don't worry. I will never ever risk my life again. I'm at fault, so how will you punish me?"

My apology took John by surprise. He swallowed the mocking words that were about to leave his mouth and sighed. "How will I punish you? What else? You've already apologized. If I insist on teaching you a lesson, what am I?"

I burst out chuckling. "I'm lucky to have a great brother like you."

"Stop flattering me. If this happens again, I will surely teach you a lesson! I have plenty of ways to kick some sense into you." John feigned fury as he rolled his eyes at me.

I was used to getting what I want from him, so I wasn't afraid and merely raised my brows in response. We both stopped talking about that matter.

#### **Chapter 1244**

Suddenly, I remembered how Armond smirked before I fainted. As uneasiness rose in my heart, I asked, "Did the doctor examine me? Is anything wrong with me?"

"Oh, you're nervous now? Did you finally realize you're still in your confinement period?" John shot me a glare before assuring me. "Don't worry. The doctor said you're fine, but you need to rest in bed for now. Otherwise, your health might be affected."

I relaxed visibly at his answer but insisted, "Why don't I get a thorough checkup, which includes blood and urine test? Let's run every test available just to be safe."

Sensing my unusual reaction, John grabbed my hands and demanded sternly, "What is going on?"

"Armond was the one who kidnapped my son. Before I fainted, they injected something into my thigh. I had no idea what it was," I revealed.

John froze for several moments before gasping in horror.

It was more distressing to watch his reaction. I would rather be tortured instead.

“Don’t worry. It might be nothing.” I wanted to comfort him, but my voice was tiny for I wasn’t sure about it.

John ignored me and walked out of the ward.

He was truly mad.

Soon, the best doctors in the hospital were summoned. They took turns to ask questions before arranging numerous tests for me.

John stood beside me the entire time, but he didn’t utter a word.

It was a long wait before the results were released. The minor tests showed I was fine, but the results from the other tests would only be released two days later. The doctors could only confirm if I was poisoned by then.

I had slept too much during the day, so I couldn’t fall asleep at night.

As darkness fell on the city, I got up from my bed to take a stroll outside. At the door, John’s bodyguards stopped me from leaving.

I craned my neck and saw bodyguards stationed at every exit of this floor. There were three times more bodyguards guarding my door compared to the other areas. It was impossible for me to escape or for someone else to barge into my ward.

There was also a heavily guarded room a few doors away from me, but my bodyguards still outnumbered them. John must be in there.

The incident in K City must've traumatized him a lot, so he decided to keep watch on me himself.

John was a proud man, but he put his pride aside and sacrificed his time just for me.

Seeing John's reaction, I could imagine Ashton doing the same.

Indeed, I should stop letting my emotions take control of me as it would end up affecting the people I loved.

No, I must. I made up my mind and knocked on John's door.

"Scram!" Clearly, John was venting his anger as he thought one of his bodyguards was knocking on the door.

"It's me." I cleared my throat and added, "Can I come in?"

No sound was heard within the room. I was about to leave when John pulled the door open.

"Say it here," he uttered in an indifferent voice. He was standing against the light, so I couldn't see his expression clearly.

John had never been this indifferent to me. I knew he was mad, but still, I felt a pang of unhappiness.

I stared at John for a few seconds before breaking the silence. "If I do that again, you can take my kids away from me so I won't get to see them again."

I've never been more aware than I was now.

John gazed at me and blinked as he considered how sincere I was. His intimidating gaze caused me to look down guiltily.

John's voice finally rang out above me. "It was my fault that caused Hannah to leave me. I deserve it."

## **Chapter 1245**

I looked up when he paused and saw the grimness in his gaze. "Scarlett, if you cause me to go through that pain of losing a loved one again, I will never forgive you. I will leave your kids to fend for themselves, get it?"

It was not a notice; it was a warning.

I pursed my lips and gave him a firm nod. "Yes. If I die, you will leave your nephew and niece to die."

I was certain both Ashton and John would make the same choice.

The hospital was chilly at night. I shuddered when the night breeze blew along the hallway.

John calmed down. He couldn't bring himself to get mad at me and stood aside to let me in. "Come on in. It's chilly out there. Are you putting on a show to gain my sympathy?"

His voice was flat, but at least he was no longer unapproachable.

I found John's stubbornness adorable. Flashing a smile, I entered his room.

We were short on time, so I sat down and immediately inquired, "Will we get all the test results tomorrow?"

John was sitting opposite me with his legs crossed. His relaxed figure stiffened upon hearing my question. "Tomorrow afternoon. Before the results are out and we can be sure you are fine, I won't forgive you."

"No, John. You need to forgive me," I interjected firmly. "Once the results are out, make the arrangements for the best treatment available and get the best medicine there is. Kick up a big fuss. The bigger the better."

John furrowed his brows as he inched nearer to me. "Do you feel unwell?" he inquired as he scanned me carefully.

Without waiting for my reply, he stood up and took my arm. "Come with me."

I stood rooted to the spot and uttered helplessly. "You've got it wrong. That wasn't what I meant."

John kept his grip on my arm and glowered at me. "Really?"

"Yes," I replied with a nod. "I want to beat them at their own game."



John was almost convinced, but he still stated his doubts. "You'll regret it if this is a lie!"

Amused, I pushed him into his chair. "Got it. I dare not make a fool of myself in front of the great Mr. Stovall. Calm down and listen to my plan."

Ten minutes later, John held his chin thoughtfully after listening to my plan.

I grew impatient as he remained silent for a long time, so I gave him a push. "What do you think? Will it work?"

John gave me a strange look and was about to answer when his phone rang.

He chuckled lightly and handed his phone to me. "Tell your guardian about it."

My guardian? Who could it be? Cameron or Zachary?

I glanced at the screen and nearly laughed out loud when I saw the caller's ID—Old Man Ash.

"John, why did you save Ashton's number to this name!"

John merely shrugged and headed to the balcony to smoke.

I shook my head wryly and answered the call. "Hello, it's me."

There was no sound from the other end of the line, so I continued speaking, "Ashton? Can you hear me?"

Still, there was no response. Puzzled, I glanced at the screen and confirmed the call was connected before bringing it back to my ear. Hmm, perhaps the line there is bad. I need to wait for a while for him to receive the signal.

John came back to me with a cigarette between his fingers. As I wasn't talking, he asked, "What is it? Why do you look so serious?"

I pouted and gave him a shrug. "There's no sound. Perhaps the line is bad."

John cocked an eyebrow to show his suspicion. He took the phone from me and held it by his ear. Shortly after, he snickered and gave the phone back to me. "You should prepare your apology."

"Mm?" I was taken aback. "He spoke to you?"

## **Chapter 1246**

John nodded. "Uh-huh."

It took me a while to realize what was going on. Ashton would forgive me for risking my life provided I was safe, but now that something unknown had been injected into my body that might harm my life, he wouldn't let it slide.

I stared at the phone helplessly.

After consoling John, now I had to console Ashton. I must be the most miserable person in the world right now.

I placed the phone next to my ear before speaking sincerely, "Mr. Fuller, your wife has realized her mistake and promised never to repeat her mistake ever again. Will you be kind enough to forgive her?"

Silence ensued. After all, Ashton could hold a grudge longer than John.

"What should I do to appease your anger? I can do anything you wish." I went all out.

John pretended to cough lightly beside me. "Oh, this is X-rated!" he teased.

I glared at him to make him stop.

Finally, Ashton spoke, his voice hoarse. "Tomorrow, ask John to buy a collar and leash at the pet store tomorrow."

"Mm? You want a pet? Is it a dog or cat?"

"It's you."

I stiffened in shock. A flush crept up my cheeks when I saw John gazing at me curiously. I turned around slightly and covered the phone before agreeing to Ashton's request. "I'm not against spicing things up, but there are shops who sell those things specifically. Why should we involve a pet store?"

I could understand that men were fascinated by new stuff, but this was an intimate affair, so we shouldn't be fooling around.

“What are you talking about?” Ashton returned. “You said anything, right? If it happens again, you shall wear the collar and stay by my side as an obedient pet. You won’t be able to escape.”

“Ah? Oh, I see.” The flush deepened in my cheeks as I was utterly embarrassed.

“What else could it be?” Ashton responded in all seriousness.

“Nothing. That was what I meant, too. Anyway, sure. I’ll ask John to do that tomorrow. Can we talk now?” I hurriedly changed the topic.

“Go ahead,” came Ashton’s reply.

Sighing in relief, I explained about my plan which I had told John earlier.

“As long as we work together, there’s a chance that we might find our son. What do you think?”

Ashton fell silent and deliberated before replying, “Let’s wait for the results to come out tomorrow.”

“But we’re in M Country. If we don’t prepare ahead, we might lose the chance.”

After seeing those children forced to separate from their parents at a young age, I grew increasingly determined to rescue my son from their clutches.

Marcus was a changed man, and Armond was cruel. I couldn’t keep praying for a miracle to happen.

“Did you just forget what you promised me earlier?” Ashton’s voice was calm but assertive.

I fell silent as helplessness washed over me.

In the end, Ashton caved in. "Fine. I agree to prepare in advance, but before we can do that, let's wait for the test results. We need to make sure you're fine or your illness can be treated before carrying out the plan. Your health is of utmost importance."

"Alright."

I had been reckless countless times, so perhaps it was time to calm down and wait for the good news.

The next afternoon, the plump hospital director entered my ward with a specialist trailing after him.

After flipping through my medical report, he sighed and told me apologetically, "Ms. Stovall, I'm sorry to inform you that there's no cure to the toxin in your body."

"No cure?" John snorted and shot a disapproving look at the director. "You're useless."

## **Chapter 1247**

He walked slowly towards the doctors, looking as ominous as a ghoul that had just crawled out from the depths of hell. "What a bunch of charlatans," he sneered. "How dare you call yourselves the best doctors that M Country has to offer?"

Suddenly, John stretched out his hand and grabbed hold of the white-haired director. Lifting him up from the ground, John gritted his teeth and said in the most threatening voice he could manage, "I don't want to hear any more of your rubbish. If you can't cure her illness, I'll make sure this hospital closes down!"

I started coughing violently. “John...” I called out weakly. I tried to sit up in bed, but lost balance and collapsed back onto it.

“Letty!” Seeing this, John flung the doctor aside and ran over to help me up. “How are you feeling?” Turning to the doctors, he hollered, “What are the lot of you waiting for? Give her some medication immediately! Can’t you see how much pain she’s in?”

He roared so loudly with every bit of energy he could summon that beads of sweat had formed on his brow.

I opened my mouth as if to say something. Before a word could bubble to the tip of my tongue, I suddenly tasted the potent stench of blood at the back of my throat. The next moment, blood had spewed out of my mouth and splattered all over the floor. In an instant, John’s white shirt was covered in splotches of bright red as he held me.

“You’ll be alright, Letty. I’m here—nothing will happen to you...” John tried frantically to wipe the blood from my face, comforting me as he did so. He turned around and threatened the doctors again, “I don’t care what sort of method you use. If Letty doesn’t survive this, I’ll make sure to bury you lot alive with her. Men!”

Hearing this, his subordinates rushed into the room at once. The sight of men in black made the doctors gape in shock.

As one of the bodyguards pressed a knife to the neck of the male doctor, he raised his hands in a gesture of surrender. The female doctor, on the other hand, looked rather helpless. She yelped for a few times before shutting up when the bodyguards threatened to kill her.

In comparison, the director seemed rather unbothered. Stuttering slightly, he protested, “Mr. John, you need to calm down, please. It’s true that Ms. Stovall’s illness is incurable. However, her immune system is very weak as well, and she stands no chance against the toxin. This is why she was so susceptible to it. It’s very unreasonable of you to blame the doctors like this.”

Something flickered in John's eyes. He shot an ominous glance behind him before turning around and helping me to lay back down on the bed. He then pulled the covers up to my chin before walking slowly towards the director again.

John was half a head taller than the director. The two of them gazed into each other's eyes for half a second. Then, in the blink of an eye, John grabbed hold of his bodyguard's knife and stabbed it into the director's thigh.

The smell of blood became even stronger in the room, but John didn't seem to realize. With a cold expression, he said, "This is just the start. If you don't save my sister's life, I'll make sure to stab you in the chest next time."

His fluent English, coupled with his handsome face, would have made any girl swoon. However, his words only came across as cruel and bloodthirsty being spoken in a room full of bloodshed and in his icy tone.

Though my vision was rather blurry, I could see the doctors shooting dark glances at one another. In the end, they finally conceded. One of the younger doctors stepped forward and announced that they would do their best to save me and increase my lifespan. With that, they hurriedly carted the white-faced, bleeding director away.

John shut the door and quickly returned to my bedside. He comforted me, "Don't worry, Letty. You'll be alright very soon."

I coughed twice, loudly. Frowning slightly, I summoned up all my courage and whispered reassuringly, "You're the one who should stop worrying. I know my body the best. I have a weak constitution to begin with; on top of that, I didn't go through with my confinement period properly. I shouldn't have come out before it ended. I brought all this upon myself. Don't feel sad."

John bowed his head and knitted his brows together, trying his best to hold back his emotions.

“John, can you promise me one more thing?”

There were only the two of us in the room, and it was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. My voice, though soft, was clearly audible.

John’s hand lay on top of my chest, crumpling my blankets into a twist. He still refused to look at me. “You must be very tired now. Have a good rest first. When you get better, let’s do it together. Go to sleep now.”

I shook my head stubbornly and refused to listen. “I’m afraid I might run out of time before that. John, this is my last and only wish. Find the child and make sure that he...” here, I coughed again, “...that he isn’t abandoned on the streets. Promise me that, alright?”