

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1248-1252

Chapter 1248

"Stop talking right now!" John turned away abruptly. "I'll go talk to the doctors about the recovery process. You have a good rest!"

"John..."

Even as I doubled over and coughed, John pretended as though he hadn't heard me. He quickened his footsteps and disappeared out of the door in a matter of seconds.

I stared at the door, hoping that he might change his mind and return. However, he left and didn't come back.

I sighed deeply and stared gloomily at the ceiling. My last bit of hope had disappeared.

Eventually, I drifted off to sleep.

A long while later, I detected a bright light shining above me. I opened my eyes slightly to see what it was.

What I saw was the snow-white fabric of a doctor's coat. Apparently, a doctor was changing my medication.

Alarm bells sounded in my head, and I snapped awake immediately. The biggest hospital in M County would never trouble a doctor to change a patient's medication by themselves!

"Who the hell are you...!" I struggled to open my eyes and see who it was. However, my vision remained dismally blurry.

When he heard me, the person who was changing my medication stumbled backward. When my vision finally cleared, I could only see the door swinging shut after him. There were way too many people here who were after my life. Even though I knew my days were numbered, I didn't want to go before my time. I hung on and shouted for help as loudly as I could.

"Is anyone there? Please help..."

By the time John returned with the doctors and nurses, I had already wormed my way to the side of the bed, and was a few inches from falling right off.

"What's going on? Didn't I tell you not to move around? What do you think you're doing?"

Summoning up what was left of my energy, I grabbed hold of John's arm and shot a look at the infusion bottle. "The medication...someone touched it..."

Before I could finish my sentence, I collapsed in John's arms and lost consciousness again.

I finally woke up three hours later, feeling much more energetic than before.

When he saw that I was awake, Ashton quickly ran to my bedside. It had only been a few days since we last saw each other, but his cheeks were covered with black stubble, and his eyes looked horribly sunken. He looked as though he had aged ten years overnight.

"You're awake! Are you hungry? Do you want to eat anything?" Ashton's voice sounded a little hoarse. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but he sounded as though he had been crying.

"I'm not hungry," I replied, reaching out a hand to caress his cheeks. "You haven't been taking good care of yourself, have you?"

Ashton's eyes still looked rather wet, but he plastered a smile onto his face and said, "I'm fine. Thank goodness you're awake. Don't worry, we've nearly figured out where the child is. Throw your energy into recuperating. Do as John says and stay put for now."

"I feel much better now." Ashton gave me the courage to face every challenge in life. I sat up and leaned against the headboard, feeling my headache lessen by almost half. Even my vision was getting clearer by the second.

I turned to John and asked, "Have you discovered who it was that tried changing my medication?"

"It was George from the Thoracic Surgery Department. Thank goodness you were vigilant and managed to scare him off! Otherwise, who knows what might have happened to you. We're investigating the rest of the doctors in the hospital now. Whoever is behind this is a very frightening person! They even managed to bribe a doctor who has been working here for more than ten years!" John looked very agitated, as though he was gearing up to go into battle.

I nodded my head and didn't stop him. I had fallen into the person's trap once when I was giving birth, and he had nearly tricked me again today. I couldn't allow this to happen a third time.

I asked Ashton, "You said you have new leads about the baby's whereabouts?"

"That's right," Ashton said, nodding. He cupped my face in his bony hands and tucked a stray strand of hair behind my ear. In a gentle voice, as though he didn't want to startle me, he said, "We'll find him very soon. When the baby returns, you'll get better too."

I knew the matter couldn't be as simple as it seemed. Stubbornly, I pressed, "What sort of conditions did Armond lay out?"

He had done this to me and made sure that Ashton got a good look at his handiwork. Armond was after something for sure. He was no longer the same person as before—these days, he spoke only to increase the difficulty of the terms he was negotiating.

Ashton chuckled. Caressing my face, he said comfortingly, "Don't worry about it, I'll settle it by myself. Just return home with John quietly. I'll handle the rest."

Chapter 1249

"Go home?" I turned around, looking at Ashton with an expression of consternation.

He nodded heavily in confirmation. "M Country is not our turf. If the other party decides to play a heavy hand, we might not have the resources here to go up against him. It'll be safer if we go home first."

I bowed my head and didn't say anything.

I had come here for my child, but I had to return home empty-handed. How could I leave with peace of mind?

Ashton seemed to understand what I was thinking. He took hold of my head and turned it around to face him. As we leaned our foreheads against each other's, he pleaded, "Believe me and let me settle this. Go home first and take care of our daughter. In three days—just three days—I'll return with our son."

"Letty, remember that you've only seen your daughter a few times since she was born. She needs her mother," John reminded at the side.

They knew what my weak spot was. Left with no reason to refuse, I agreed to return home.

Ashton remained in the hospital that night, he left only after I fell asleep.

John had always been efficient at his work. After breakfast the next morning, we set out on the journey home. For safety reasons, he had booked the entire business class of the flight. When we got to the airport, we walked over to the boarding gate surrounded by a thicket of bodyguards. This, of course, caused some commotion.

There was still half an hour before we boarded the plane. John brought me into the VIP lounge, while the bodyguards and accompanying medical staff stood guard outside. Perhaps it was my mind playing tricks on me, but I felt a lot better than before. When I entered the lounge, I found, to my astonishment, that I could even walk by myself.

"Here, have some water. It's time for you to take your medicine again." John poured me a glass of water and passed me a medicine organizer.

I took the glass of water and medicine organizer from him. When I saw the vast amount of medicine tablets in the capsule, I felt rather deflated all of a sudden.

John saw the expression on my face, of course. Then, he patted me on the back sympathetically, he smiled and said, "You'll get better."

On the other hand, I wasn't holding out hope, but I didn't want to ruin his enthusiasm. Therefore, I changed the topic hastily. "Tell me the truth, John. What does Armond want Ashton to do for him?"

"Don't worry your head about this." John snatched the medicine organizer from me and shook a few tablets into my palm. "Right now, you need to recover first. Just hand the rest to us boys, got it? Here, take your medicine."

He wasn't going to tell me anything either.

I looked at the medicine, frowning with distaste when I thought about how horrid they were going to taste. After a pause, I finally pinched my nose and swallowed the tablets.

Just as I finished gulping down water, I saw a familiar figure flash past the entrance of the VIP lounge. When I glanced up in alarm and took a careful look past the screen, the doorway was empty again.

I patted my chest, feeling a little spooked out.

Thank goodness that was just my imagination.

Anyway, it was impossible for Armond to come here by himself, right?

However, reality gave me another huge slap in the face.

“Are you looking for me? I’m here, Scarlett.” I could hear Armond’s silky, cruel voice from behind the screen. Immediately, the tension in the VIP lounge heightened.

John’s expression was one of extreme alertness. He patted my arm, as though to tell me not to panic, before shooting a look at the bodyguard next to him.

The bodyguard nodded and pulled the screen aside. We finally saw Armond—he was seated directly opposite us, and it looked as though he had come alone.

John’s subordinates were well-trained. Immediately, one of them left quietly to assess the situation.

Armond glanced at the bodyguard contemptuously as he left. He snorted, but didn’t say anything—this was enough to let us know that he had noticed.

However, he didn’t seem particularly interested. Instead, he continued in the same horrible voice, “Scarlett, we’ve known each other for years. How long has it been since we had a heart-to-heart talk with each other out in the open like this?”

I was about to reply, but John jumped in before I could say anything. “Since you know you don’t deserve to see the light of day, why don’t you remain in your dark little swamp instead of coming out to disgust people? I’m warning you now—I remember everything you’ve done to Scarlett, and I’m going to spend the rest of my life keeping an eye on you! Until the day you die!”

Chapter 1250

“Yeah, right...” Armond seemed unperturbed. He shook his finger at us in mockery. “Look how confident you are in yourself. Aren’t you afraid that you might have to bow down to me one day?”

“Go back to your swamp if you want to entertain those pipedreams. You’re an eyesore to society,” John hissed, gearing up to attack.

“I’ll go only if Scarlett tells me to. In my opinion, however, she won’t want to see me go because of her two daughters.”

Armond gazed at me with his dark eyes, which were so black that they looked like an abyss. The hellish aura radiating from him grew even stronger.

Had my worst nightmare happened after all?

Clenching my fists, I gritted my teeth and forced myself to remain calm. Knowing that I was very agitated, John turned to me quickly and said reassuringly, “Scarlett, don’t trust him. He’s lying to you. After the last time, I increased the level of security around the house, and even hired a number of mercenaries for protection. No one can get to Summer and the baby.”

Tears were already swimming in my eyes. I fought them back and clung onto John’s arm, nodding seriously.

However, Armond plodded on. He snorted and continued, “How ridiculous. Scarlett, are you really going to buy what he says? Think carefully about this. If he’s right, how did my men manage to cart your son off before?”

This jabbed at the weakest spot in my heart.

I looked up at John, begging him silently for help.

Seeing this, John shot Armond a scathing look. He looked as though he wanted to pummel him. However, he was more worried about my mental state, so he took out his phone instead and gave our house a call. "You'll stop worrying once you hear Summer's voice. Don't worry."

However, the phone rang on and on, with nobody coming to answer it. John's grip tightened nervously around the phone, his face clouding over horribly.

Armond laughed ominously. "Scarlett, I'll give you another two minutes to decide. If you come with me, I promise that you'll be reunited with your children, and you can carry on living with them. If you leave...humph! You know the consequences."

I couldn't remain seated anymore. I grabbed John's phone and pressed the receiver against my ear.

Ten seconds of static later, I stood rooted to my spot, completely frozen.

"Well, have you thought about it?" Armond jumped out of his seat impatiently, dusting off his suit jacket. He seemed as though he couldn't wait anymore.

"I'll come with you," I promised.

"Then, come along with me. The car is already outside. Come out by yourself." Armond let out an expression of self-satisfaction as he turned to leave.

"Stop right there!" John snapped. "I'm going with Scarlett too."

Armond shrugged and said with mock generosity, "Do as you wish."

The prey was already in his hands. Why would he bother with another one delivering himself to his doorstep?

“No, John, you have to take care of the Stovall family. You can’t come with me,” I retorted.

“If you don’t return home, the Stovall residence will be nothing more than an empty cage. I have watched you being brought away once, and I told myself then that I’ll never let that happen again!” John looked very calm, but his voice was pressing.

“But...”

“What a heartwarming scene between brother and sister!” Armond sneered. He stood at the doorway and pointed impatiently at his wristwatch. “Unfortunately, I don’t have so much time. If the two of you don’t come right now, you can bear the consequences yourself!”

In the end, John and I couldn’t argue over each other. We headed outside and into Armond’s car.

The moment the doors shut, Armond flung two blindfolds in our direction.

John and I weren’t stupid. Without a single word of instruction, we obeyed quietly and blindfolded ourselves.

Compared to the last time, I felt more peaceful now with John by my side, despite the fact that I couldn’t see anything. In fact, I was looking forward to meeting my son again.

After an hour, the car rolled slowly to a halt.

The bodyguards shuffled us off the car and into an elevator.

When we finally took our blindfolds off, we were standing in an office with modern decoration. Its design was minimalist, but that gave it quite an ambience.

Armond was seated in his swivel chair with a lit cigar between his fingers. I hadn't noticed when he lit it up.

"Where are the children?" I asked boldly. I had only come with him for this reason, and thus jumped straight to the point.

Chapter 1251

"Scarlett, you've always been so impatient. Sit down first and we can have a chat." Armond blew a smoke circle, looking infuriatingly unperturbed. Seeing his unchanging expression, I felt a wave of anger wash over me.

I had run out of patience. Taking out a letter opener that I had hidden in my pocket just now, I pressed the blade against my chest and said, "I want to see my children now. Otherwise, you can take my corpse and threaten Ashton with it!"

"Letty, what are you doing? Put down that letter opener immediately!" John tried to grab the letter opener from me in shock, but I ducked away deliberately.

"Don't come near me!" I hissed, backing into a corner. Even John looked rather apprehensive now.

Unexpectedly, Armond's face changed a little when he saw this. The change was almost imperceptible, but I saw it anyway.

"You wouldn't dare, Scarlett. Are you willing to abandon your children like that?" Armond asked testily, his eyes narrowing.

"So what if I'm unwilling?" I retorted, giggling coldly as I held the knife against my chest, looking as though I might plunge it into my flesh. "Everything was my fault to begin with. As long as I die, my kids will be alright. I don't want them to live the rest of their lives in danger. I might as well die earlier to make up for all the harm I've caused them!"

"John, I'm sorry. Tell Ashton to find our children and take revenge for us!"

As soon as I finished speaking, I raised the letter opener up in the air, preparing to bring it down into my chest.

Armond and John yelled out at the same time. "Stop right there!" "Letty, no!"

In the end, John was faster and managed to strike down the letter opener from my hand. As he grabbed hold of my hand, he kicked the letter opener a few meters away, where I was unable to reach it.

"John, let go of me! If I don't get to see my kids today, I'll bite my tongue and commit suicide!" I struggled futilely, my eyes trained on Armond.

Seeing that John had managed to get me under control, Armond let out a visible sigh of relief. However, he only took another two drags of his cigar before putting it out irritably.

"Letty, can you please calm down?" John begged, panting slightly. I was still squirming frantically in his arms.

Armond couldn't stand it anymore. "That's enough!" he snapped. We glanced over and saw the most disgusted expression on his face, as though someone was holding a pile of dung under his nose. "Scarlett, what remained of my interest in you has completely disappeared!"

With that, he picked up the telephone on his desk. He pressed down on the speed-dial button and ordered almost immediately, "Bring the children over."

Very quickly, a dark-skinned caregiver walked into the room, carrying an infant in her hands.

Immediately, I rushed over and snatched the child from her, cradling it in my arms as though he was a precious jewel.

The child was a little chubbier than before, but his nose and eyes looked exactly like Ashton's. This was my child alright.

It had been one month since I lost a vital part of my life, and I had finally found him again.

The baby didn't look afraid of me at all. He waved his arms affectionately, trying to get even closer to me. Blood relations were rather amazing—despite having been apart for so long, we had not lost the bond between us.

"Scarlett, I've come to my senses now. After giving birth to your children, you're the same as those boring women I've loathed my entire life—normal, low-class, and completely devoid of any taste and interest," Armond said scathingly, as though the very sight of me was an affront to his eyes.

I looked at him before turning to look at John. After exchanging glances, we both turned and started walking towards the exit.

“Stop right there...” Armond drawled, leaning back in his chair. “Do you think you have it all just because I’ve extended this little bit of kindness towards you? I don’t think that’s a good habit to have.”

Hearing this, John swiveled around to look at him. “You’re a scumbag who’s worse than a sewer rat, and you want us to thank you?”

“Wow, listen to the shit that is coming out of that mouth of yours! I can’t stand it.”

John’s retort had angered Armond. He stood up and left his desk, choosing to sit down at the sofa. As he sat down leisurely, his eyes were flashing with murderous rage. “What do you think this place is? A supermarket? Did you really think I would let you walk out of here so easily?”

“Dear me, no. It’s been a long time since I’ve condescended to go to a supermarket, so I’m not as familiar with its layout as you are,” John retaliated with a perfectly cool expression. His eyes danced with malice as he stared right back at Armond, waiting for him to snap.

Chapter 1252

Although Armond had a twisted personality, he wasn’t very good at responding to verbal attacks. John’s mocking statement made his veins bulge green with anger. He was so furious that he couldn’t speak— instead, he snapped his fingers loudly and called his bodyguards into the room.

In barely a few moments, John and I were completely surrounded.

“Originally, I was going to let you off the hook on account of my relationship with Scarlett. Since you’re so desperate to die, however, you can’t blame me for what I’m about to do.” Armond stared coldly at John, his eyes flashing with murderous rage. “Take him away.”

As soon as he spoke, two bodyguards made their way over to John.

However, Armond had forgotten that John was a good fighter too. When he last saved me, he had managed to beat a fat, disgusting man with one flying kick. Before the bodyguards even touched him, John had already responded. He sent one of them sprawling onto the floor with a kick, before rounding behind the other one and throwing him onto the floor. The bodyguards lay on the floor, stunned.

“Humph...” Armond scowled at his groaning bodyguards. He still seemed rather unruffled. “I’ll admit that I have underestimated you. But do you really think you can get out of here by beating my bodyguards alone?”

With his skills, John could easily take down five people by himself. With the need to protect my baby and I, he might have a slightly harder time, but victory would still be his.

Since Armond had allowed him to come along, he must have made preparations in advance. If we caused a commotion here, the security guards in the rest of the building might come running. Faced with such a huge number of them, we might not have a chance.

At that moment, a voice that I had been anticipating rang out from the doorway.

“And what if there’s me?” Ashton walked into the room, his black coat sweeping against the floor even as it hung from his tall, broad frame.

Armond gazed at him, his brows knitting into a frown. After thinking for a while, he turned to look at me. A look of realization appeared on his face. “Were you lot tricking me?”

“That was pretty fast of you. As expected from you, Armond,” I said loudly, abandoning my pretense of weakness.

John would never miss a chance to add insult to injury. He crowed, “If you have the time, I advise you to train your subordinates better. They couldn’t even do something as simple as spying inconspicuously. Did you really think they could pull the wool over my eyes?”

Although he made the process sound rather simple, it had actually been far more complicated than that.

Armond had captured me before releasing me, because he wanted Ashton to see me being tormented before his very eyes. This was a leverage he could use against Ashton.

In reality, the toxins had found their way into my body, and remained there even today. However, Ashton had found an antidote so I wouldn’t die. All this while, I pretended to be on the brink of death. Risking exposure, Armond’s man had changed my medication to reduce my suffering and improve my condition. This proved only one thing to me—Armond would never let me die.

If I died, Ashton would go berserk and go after Armond for revenge, and there was nothing in it for Armond. My life was the best ransom for the baby. Because of this, I had pretended to commit suicide in front of Armond, and as expected, he had fallen for it completely.

“From today on, Armond, you will never be able to use me to threaten Ashton again.”

Pretending weakness was the best way to make your opponent let his guard down.

As long as I wasn’t afraid of death, Ashton would never have an Achilles heel.

Here, I had to thank Armond for this. The moment before my knife pierced my flesh, I had seen deep fear and despair on his face. That one moment had led me to this revelation.

Armond’s eyes darted frantically between the three of us, still looking rather suspicious.

Very quickly, a cold, merciless smile returned to his face again. “Haha, so what about it? You might not be afraid of death, but your two daughters are still in my hands. If you dare to step out of the room, I promise that neither of them will live to see tomorrow’s sun.”

“Oh, that reminds me. The two girls should thank their grandpa.” John took out his phone from his pocket and waved it at Armond. “The patriarch of the Moore family gave this to the baby—it’s a satellite phone. It looks like a normal smartphone from the outside, but it connects to other phones by radio through orbiting satellites instead of a terrestrial network like normal phones do. All this time in M Country, we’ve been using this to call home. Did you think you would be able to trick us by installing a signal blocker outside the Stovall residence?”