

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1278-1282

Chapter 1278

The elevator doors opened, and an exquisitely designed reception greeted us. On the wall, there seemed to be a sign covered by a striking piece of red cloth.

The moment John stepped out, the receptionist greeted him with a smile, "Mr. Stovall."

"Mmm-hmm." John nodded as he shot me and Emma a glance. The receptionist approached us and ushered us to where the red cloth was. "This way please."

Standing in front of it, the receptionist handed me one end of it. "Ms. Stovall, if you may."

"Pull it open," John urged.

As I fumbled to pull the cloth away, I saw the words written on the sign: Scarlett Stovall Attorney At Law.

"Are you surprised? The logo has been designed by one of the most famous designers in the country. Doesn't it give you the vibe of a modern independent woman?" John boasted. I wasn't sure about the vibe, but I knew better than anyone what the name "Scarlett Stovall" symbolized.

Not expecting John to jump the gun, I was at a loss. "Aren't you going to explain yourself?"

"What's the point?" John's enthusiasm was dampened instantly as he explained, "Isn't it obvious? I know you're feeling bored at home. So, isn't having your own law firm better than working for someone else's? Going forward, you will be the one calling the shots. At the same time, you will enjoy the same level of security as the Stovall family which will put our minds at ease."

Emma paced around and scrutinized the place. "Did you rent the whole floor?"

"Of course. The Stovall family doesn't need to share our territory, do we?" John replied in a serious tone.

Any office within this building would cost at least a hundred thousand a month in rent. From the way John spoke, the rent would definitely be above a million every month. There's no way I, as a trainee lawyer, would be able to attract so much business to cover the cost...

Feeling troubled, my frown didn't escape John's notice.

"Don't worry about not having any business in the near term. The Stovall and Moore family alone spend hundreds of millions in legal fees on external lawyers. Instead of benefitting someone else, wouldn't it be better to use your firm to save some cost?"

I smiled wryly. "Do they even need the savings?"

"Since when is anyone satisfied with the money they have?" John shrugged while spreading his arms. He walked ahead and urged me forward. "Come and take a look at your office."

John always had a good eye. The whole office was minimalistic yet grand. The largest room had the best lighting as it allowed the sunlight to shine through its large windows and provided an unobstructed view of the rest of the office.

As I ran my fingers over the suede-wrapped chair, I was overwhelmed by a mixture of emotions. Perhaps, when I was no longer around, this law firm would become my legacy.

Knock! Knock! A man in a suit and leather shoes entered.

"Mr. Stovall." He greeted John respectfully before nodding at me. "Ms. Stovall."

John took his hands out of his pockets and pointed at the man. "He is the legal adviser of Stovall Corporation, Brooklyn Newman. Now, he and his team will join you here. As he is someone trustworthy, you can leave all the complex issues to him."

I turned toward Brooklyn and exchanged glances to acknowledge him. However, the matter of managing the law firm came too suddenly for me to accept. Hence, I still hadn't decided what to do.

For starters, the twins were just one month old and needed a lot of attentive care. Secondly, the law firm needed someone who was in it for the long haul. Considering that I had one foot in the grave, I couldn't bear the responsibility of running it.

"Why don't you wait for us outside," John instructed Brooklyn when he sensed the struggle I was experiencing.

"What is it? Is Brooklyn not up to your standards?" John teased me to ease the tension in the air. "That shouldn't be the case. Other than not being as rich as Ashton, he is quite popular with the ladies back in the office."

"Men love to ogle at pretty ladies, must it be the same for women?" Emma snapped.

"That's why I say you lack exposure. It is man's basic instinct to crave money and sex. Just looking at something pretty alone will improve one's mood. This will be beneficial to Scarlett's condition." John gave her a cursory reply before asking me, "Just say the word, Letty. After all, I have bought the whole floor and the law firm will definitely begin its operations. It's just a matter of whether you're working for someone else or here instead. It's your call."

Chapter 1279

After giving it some thought, I asked, "Did you start the law firm to fulfill my wish, or do you have other reasons?"

"Both. It will guarantee that no one can make things difficult for you, and it also has a role to play within the Stovall family." John paused for a moment as his gaze became serious. "Uncle Louis has begun to make his move. After this, we will need a law firm we can control in anticipation of future lawsuits."

I nodded in acknowledgment. Despite how good John was to me, that reason alone wasn't enough to have invested so much. It appeared that this law firm would have an important role to play in the future.

Perhaps, this might be the last place I'm able to showcase my talents.

After pondering upon it, I decided to accept John's arrangement. "Fine, I'll do it on one condition."

“Go ahead. Even if you have ten, it won’t be a problem at all.” John acted generously as he was in a good mood.

“Get that famous designer of yours to redesign the logo. As someone who hasn’t officially become a practicing lawyer, it would be preposterous to have my name on the sign. It would be more appropriate to use the Stovall name instead,” I explained.

Although Brooklyn didn’t fully introduce himself just now, he was likely a very experienced lawyer given his demeanor. To have him work under me would be too much to ask of him. Furthermore, to have the law firm named after me would be terrible for staff unity.

John readily agreed without a word of protest. “Sure. I’ll get him to redo it until you’re satisfied.”

“You don’t have to go back to him. Just leave it to me.” Suddenly interested, Emma remarked with her hands on her hips, “Scarlett, what do you think about leaving this to me?”

“Is business at your company that bad? That you need to rely on friends for work?” John teased while raising his eyebrows in curiosity.

“What do you care?” Emma rolled her eyes at him as she walked over to hold my arm. “This is between Letty and me. What’s wrong with me doing this for free as it will be my gift for her grand opening?”

“Free?” John furrowed his eyebrow, skeptical of her words. “The logo represents the company’s image. The design firm you work for is considered mediocre in K City. Are you sure you are able to design something that lives up to the Stovall Corporation’s standards?”

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Who says only a large firm can produce quality work? I just want to design a logo for Letty because I like her. Do you have a problem with that?” Emma retorted.

“No, I don’t. But, to avoid any complaints in the future that will damage your company’s reputation, I would advise you to reconsider in the interest of the bigger picture.”

“Who says I will definitely disgrace myself? I’m going to design something so amazing that it will shut you up!”

“Stop!” I had no choice but to stop their argument from escalating any further. After all, their tempers were beginning to flare. “It’s just a sign. The most important thing for a law firm is how many cases we win. Aren’t both of you taking this too seriously?”

Right after I spoke, both of them looked at me in unison before turning their heads away.

“Pfft!” “Hmph!”

In the end, I had the final say and decided to let Emma do the design.

As Louis wanted to take action against Ezra’s men recently, John was supposed to help him. Hence, John had to leave after tying up loose ends at the law firm.

As for Emma, she couldn’t wait to prove herself. Therefore, she returned to her office to work overtime, ignoring the fact that it was her day off.

As they took their leave one by one within half an hour, I was the only person left in the office.

“Those two really hate each other’s guts,” I couldn’t help but complain.

“Ms. Stovall.” Brooklyn suddenly entered with a bunch of documents in his hands. Standing right in front of me, he placed them on my table.

“There are three cases here that involve contract disputes between some small companies. I’ve gone through them and found them straightforward enough. I reckoned they will likely not cause you too much trouble.”

Before I could be called to the bar, I needed to complete ten cases independently. It appeared that John had informed Brooklyn about this.

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“I appreciate what you’re doing for me, Mr. Newman. I will complete this to the best of my abilities and not disappoint you.”

It was an industry practice within the legal fraternity that anyone new would not have the opportunity to meet with clients. Even Eugene of Tinsel Group only allowed Zander and me to accompany him to court. But now, Brooklyn was directly giving me his cases. By doing so, he was doing me a huge favor for which I was naturally grateful for.

“Don’t rush. Just take your time. As someone new, it will be a while before you settle down. Also, there’s something else I want to talk to you about.” Brooklyn was someone easy to talk to. Furthermore, his gentle expression gave off a warm and friendly vibe.

John was right to say that pleasant sights do improve one’s mood.

“Go ahead,” I replied with a smile.

“Since Mr. Stovall trusts me enough to put me under you, there are certain things which I want to be upfront with you.” With a serious expression, Brooklyn clasped his fingers in front of himself. “Although it is just the law firm’s first day of operations, we are burning money every second. Therefore, I was wondering if you could link our company up with the Moore family as soon as possible? Or perhaps work out a legal partnership with Fuller Corporation? So that we can prevent any potential trouble.”

As I had just thrown my weight around in front of Stella, it would be a bad idea for me to visit Fuller Corporation so quickly. Therefore, my only choice was to meet with Cameron and Zachary.

It wasn’t a difficult endeavor. In fact, I could even get the Harrisons and Tinsel Group to let us manage their legal affairs. However, Brooklyn’s candidness caused me to feel concerned.

After the many painful lessons that I had been taught, I realized time couldn’t show one’s true character. After all, compared to the eternal nature of time, the duration we could spend with anyone was simply too short.

“I understand. I will work on that. But, for these few days, let’s just focus on stabilizing the firm’s operations.”

“Sure. In that case, I’ll stop bothering you then. I’ll be outside if you need me.”

Just as he spoke, Brooklyn stood up and left.

His actions are all very decisive. John really knew my taste well.

When Emery called and invited me for afternoon tea, I agreed as I was coincidentally working on a case with a company in the vicinity.

The person who received me at the company likely had been in contact with Brooklyn. Everything went smoothly, and I was done in less than half an hour.

When I arrived at the café, Emery was still driving her way there. Hence, I chose a seat by the window and ordered a glass of warm milk while waiting for her.

Before long, the waiter served me my milk. The moment I took a sip and looked out the window, I saw Emery swaggering glamorously toward the café in her sunglasses and fashionable outfit.

Just when she was on her way here, a figure suddenly stood in front of her, blocking her way. The man's body was so massive that he blocked off my view of her. What worried me was that he didn't look friendly at all.

The next moment, the man said something, causing Emery to take off her sunglasses and stagger a few steps back. Realizing something was very wrong, I quickly paid the bill and rushed out.

"Emery!" Yelling from the entrance, I hoped to scare the man away. After which, I continued running toward her.

Having heard my voice, both the man and Emery looked in my direction. As they weren't far from me, I managed to reach her side within a few seconds.

"Who are you? Are you trying to commit a crime in broad daylight?" Gritting my teeth, I calmly waved my phone in the air and threatened, "I have already called the police. If you don't want to go to jail, I advise you to leave now."

"Damn you b*tches for daring to call the cops!"

The man had a deep scar that stretched across his nose and extended toward the corner of his mouth. Given how agitated he was, his expression was filled with ferocity. When he heard what I said, he raised his fist in rage and threw it in my direction.

I instinctively tried to block his attack. Before his fist could reach my face, however, Emery stepped forward and launched a surprise attack by kicking the man in between his legs.

“Argh! F*ck!” Grimacing in pain, the man covered his groin and dropped to his knees.

“How dare you try and hit my friend! You are certainly asking for it!” Emery looked down at the man with a fearless expression.

Just as she spoke, she pushed me behind her to protect me. Not far away, the Moore family bodyguards came rushing over. The group of young men in sunglasses and black suits caused quite a commotion with their appearance.

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When the man heard them approaching, he turned back to look. Out of desperation, he forced himself to stand and glared viciously at Emery. Reaching into the pocket of his suit, he took out a plastic bottle.

Before we could react, he quickly opened the bottle and threw its contents toward Emery’s face. “Die, you b*tches!”

Emery covered me and ducked, but her heel was trapped by a crack on the pavement, causing her leg to buckle. Losing our balance, both of us fell backward together.

At that exact moment, I could see traces of liquid streaking through the air. After which, Emery threw herself around to protect me from it.

“Be careful!”

“Argh!”

As the liquid hit her back, Emery’s grimacing expression struck me to the core.

“Emery!” She collapsed into my arms with her face reddened from the excruciating pain.

When the man realized his job was done, he dropped the bottle and fled immediately.

The bodyguards rushed over, carried Emery away, and provided me cover to leave the place. Naturally, a police report had also been made.

At the hospital, the doctor’s initial diagnosis was that she had been burned by sulfuric acid. The large swathe of skin on her back that was burned would likely not be able to grow back.

Ashton was the first to call. At that moment, I was sitting at the entrance of the operating theater oblivious to the ringing of my phone. It wasn’t until the bodyguard reminded me of it that I answered the call.

“Why did you take so long to pick up?” Ashton sounded exasperated. Despite not seeing him in person, I could still feel how concerned he was.

“I’m sorry, Emery is still in the operating theater. I was just feeling too anxious about her,” I replied in a dejected tone.

It was natural for girls to enjoy flaunting their bodies. Emery had a good figure with flawless skin. Hence, she loved wearing revealing outfits that expose her shoulders and back. But now, she would never get to wear her favorite clothes anymore. Life is just too cruel to her.

The more frightening thought was that the man was actually aiming for her face. What sort of bad blood between them would cause him to commit such a heinous attack?

On the other side of my worries was my fear. I was afraid that I was the cause of the incident and also afraid that I had burdened someone else before my death.

“Scarlett.” Ashton’s tone suddenly changed. Its steadiness emanated a power that was able to calm my heart. “Believe me, it has nothing to do with you. That man isn’t one of Armond’s.”

The moment he read my mind, the tears that I had been holding back gushed out instantly. Holding my phone tightly, I cried like a child.

Ashton didn’t say another word until I managed to calm down. I heard his deep voice over the line again. “John and the Moore family’s men will arrive soon. Try and recall exactly what happened and explain it to them quickly. It will make it easier for them to catch the perpetrator. Can you do that?”

I gritted my teeth. “Yes.”

When the men arrived, I began to carefully recount what had just happened.

I had learned my lesson from previous mistakes where we allowed our enemies to succeed because we didn’t seize the initiative. This time, I wasn’t going to allow the perpetrator to go off scot-free.

Emery was mostly someone genial despite the occasional temper tantrum. Furthermore, the Moore family didn’t have many enemies. Hence, one could count with one hand the suspects that hated Emery so much that they wanted to disfigure her.

“Letty!”

Just when I was describing the attacker, John arrived at the operating theater. After scrutinizing me for injuries, he heaved a sigh of relief when he found none.

Shortly after, Cameron and Zachary rushed over. After briefly explaining to them what happened, Zachary took charge and ordered all the Moore family bodyguards to capture the perpetrator.

Four hours later, Emery was moved to a normal ward.

She was already awake. But due to the injuries on her back, she could only lie on her side with the support of some equipment.

“Why are you here?” Emery was never close to Zachary. Hence, she resented the fact that she had to face them in her miserable condition.

“There’s no need to be edgy, we’re family after all.” Zachary’s expression was both solemn and authoritative. When he saw Emery turn pale, he softened his tone with a sigh. “You and I have never been good at following instructions. To have married someone I never knew and start a family, it shows that both of us are inherently free spirits. Hence, we should be treasuring and looking out for one another instead. Do you plan to never acknowledge me as your bother for the rest of your life?”

Chapter 1282

For someone as headstrong as Zachary who only bowed to Cameron, he had demonstrated his sincerity with his humble attitude toward Emery.

Despite her stubborn character, Emery wasn’t an ungrateful person. Although she didn’t respond, her expression softened and was no longer as distant.

“Have you caught the man who threw the acid?” Emery suddenly changed topics.

For someone as courageous as her, worrying about capturing the perpetrator right after the anesthetic had worn off was considered nothing. In fact, if there was ever a need, she could even get off the bed right after childbirth.

Given how smart she was, she would likely have a better grasp of the situation than I did. I figured that she had already guessed who the perpetrator was before the operation was even completed.

“You shouldn’t concern yourself about the man. I will ensure whoever is responsible pays for what they have done,” Zachary declared angrily.

“Don’t.” Frowning, Emery looked conflicted. “This is my problem, and I will deal with it myself.”

“Deal with it yourself?” Zachary was skeptical. “You wouldn’t be lying here if you had managed to deal with it properly. You are too soft-hearted, so stay out of it this time.”

Just when Emery wanted to protest, the sudden surge of emotions cause her to tear her wound. She grimaced in response, gritting her teeth.

“Emery knows what to do, so let’s just listen to her. Watch over that man first. Once she has rested for two days, she can decide what to do with him,” I interjected.

As a woman, I could understand her obstinance. No matter how detached a person was, one could never escape being tormented by love.

Despite her sullen expression, Emery struggled to protest further.

After glancing at me and looking back at her, Zachary finally relented. "Alright, for the time being, just focus on getting better, then. No matter how you intend to punish those responsible, just know that the Moore family will stand by your decision. So don't worry."

"Thank you." Emery painstakingly murmured as sweat broke out on her forehead.

Three days later, worried that the Moore family would starve the perpetrator to death, Emery demanded to be discharged.

Although this was their family matter and I shouldn't be involved, Emery insisted that I stay by her side. Despite not knowing the reason for it, I agreed to her request. After all, she needed someone to take care of her as she was still struggling to walk properly.

In the living hall, Zachary and Cameron were seated in the center. After I helped Emery to her seat, the bodyguard brought the culprits in.

After having not seen him for a few days, Hunter no longer looked like the gentleman he once was. His clothes were wrinkled while his face was covered with bruises. It was a pathetic sight. As for Delilah, she didn't change much other than being in a daze after having been imprisoned for the past few days.

"Emery, are you alright?" When he saw her, Hunter looked as if he was very concerned, which caused Delilah to give him the side-eye.

As Emery's wounds had yet to fully recover, she wasn't supposed to move unnecessarily. However, at that moment, she straightened her posture. Putting on a calm yet indifferent expression, she looked as if she wasn't hurt at all.

Only I was aware of how hard she was clenching her fist that was hidden away by her side. It was evident how excruciatingly painful tearing the wound on her back must have felt.

Ignoring Hunter, she stared coldly at Delilah, "Why did you do this?"

"I should be the one asking you instead." After being imprisoned for three days, it only caused Delilah's rage to swell as she glared angrily back at Emery.

Emery's face remained expressionless as she asked again, "Fine. Tell me, then, what have I done to you?"

Seemingly undecided on who to side with, Hunter tugged at Delilah's sleeve, hoping to persuade her to back down.

"Sure I'll tell you." Shaking off his hand, Delilah took a step forward.

"I know that it's my fault for stealing Hunter away. Hence, I was ready to accept any form of punishment you intended to mete out. However, of all the things you could have done, you chose to punish my family who was innocent. My dad was only one year away from retirement but you used your connections to have him fired. After being dealt with such a devastating blow, he fell sick and is still lying in the hospital. As for my brother, who is a successful and highly sought-after professor overseas, he couldn't find a job after returning home. Other than you, who else has the power and influence to do such a thing?"