

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1338-1342

Chapter 1338

The last thing I saw before going into the elevator was Ashton's sendoff, though he looked worried. "Drive around the area," I told Millie after getting into the car.

Millie threw me a look of surprise, but when she noticed that I wasn't kidding, she revved the engine up.

We came back to Fuller Corporation five minutes later, but Millie parked the car where nobody could see us. The headlamps and taillights were turned off to keep anyone from noticing us. We could see everyone who came in and out of the company, but none of them could see us.

Once Millie stopped the car, I rolled the window down and stared at the revolving door.

Millie was getting bored from my antics, so she lit up a particularly slender cigarette, hung her arm over the window, and puffed. She had always been a wild one, that Millie.

But I knew she was carrying a great sadness with her. Most women who smoked did. I looked at her, then I got choked by the smoke, so I covered my nose.

Millie puffed one last time before tossing the half-finished cigarette away, then she rolled the window up.

"It's fine, really." I didn't want her to feel restrained because of me. She might be my employee, but we were equals, so she didn't have to pay too much attention to me if she wanted to do something.

Millie looked at me. Her eyes were darker than black, but they were also gleaming with danger and curiosity. "Most women I've met only care about themselves. Well, at least those who are experienced, anyway. You're an exception."

I detected sarcasm in that comment. Obviously, she was scoffing at what I was doing. Well, I was checking up on my husband at his company in the dead of the night. Anyone would think Ashton might be cheating on me to warrant that behavior.

Mercenaries had long abandoned love, especially elites like Millie. She didn't care about the little things in love or the big things for that matter.

I was a successful woman after opening my own law firm and having two powerful families backing me up. Millie thought I should live my life to the fullest, but there I was, snooping around to see if my husband was cheating. At least that was how it seemed to her. Of course, she'd think I was wasting my time.

I was about to retort, but then I noticed Ashton and Joseph coming out of the company—Ashton was hunched. They hurried to the car and drove away.

"Follow them," I quickly told her, but Millie had done that before I could finish my sentence. She was a great driver, and the city was brightly lit, so she managed to tail Ashton's car with the headlamps off.

A short while later, Ashton's car went into a familiar hospital. It was the one on trending that night—the hospital Thora was in.

"Are we going in?" Millie asked.

"No." I went out with nothing but my handbag. "Stay here."

The hospital was eerily quiet that night. There wasn't even anyone in sight. I was starting to trot in case I lost them, but fortunately, Ashton and Joseph weren't going too fast. They had just gone into the elevator when I caught up with them.

I waited for the door to close before going over to see which floor they were on. The wards were on the third floor, so they should go up if they were there for visitations. However, the elevator went down to the basement. It was the hospital's medicine storeroom, but not everyone could get in there.

Chapter 1339

That was certainly suspicious. Eventually, the elevator stopped at basement level three, so that was where I'd be going, but I used the other elevator in case I bumped into Ashton.

The elevator's door slid back, revealing a long corridor that was lit by nothing but white fluorescent lamps. The air was filled with the scent of antiseptics too.

I went down the corridor and made two turns before coming across Joseph. He was looking coldly at a room, but he didn't notice me, since I was walking quietly. I hid behind the wall once I saw him.

I calmed myself down. Something's up. Only Ashton could get Joseph to escort him. Ashton told me the research for the antidote was done in the very hospital I was in. He looked troubled earlier, and I couldn't contact him for more than half an hour, so something must have happened here.

"It's done. All that's left is the clinical trial, then we can administer it to you."

"We may start now, Mr. Fuller."

I was reminded of the things I heard two nights ago, and my heart started to pound with fear, but I clenched my fists. Calm down, I told myself, then I took a deep breath.

I straightened myself out before going toward the room Joseph was guarding. The sounds of my heels traveled across the corridor, alerting the bodyguards. A moment later, Joseph and the bodyguards stopped me.

"Mrs. Fuller, why did you come all the way here?" he asked. "I'll take you back."

The bodyguards behind him tried to escort me, but I refused to budge. If looks could kill, they would have been dead by then.

Joseph's men knew who I was, so they paused halfway through when they noticed the tension in the air. Then they went back to him.

I threw Joseph a look of anger. "Still want to stop me?"

Joseph didn't answer, but he looked troubled. That was more than enough to tell me Ashton was risking his life in that room. I couldn't just stand by, so I cut through them and tried to open the door.

But Joseph suddenly called out to me. I turned around by reflex, then the last thing I saw was a chop, and everything went black.

The first thing I saw when I regained consciousness was the chandelier. I'm back home, huh? I was alone in the room, accompanied by nothing but the chirps outside. The blinds were pulled, but the bright sunlight still pierced through nonetheless.

I tried to get up, but the waves of pain from my neck made me gasp. I held it in an attempt to soothe the pain as I struggled to get up. Then I closed my eyes and recalled everything that happened in the basement.

I was so close to finding out what Ashton was doing, but Joseph knocked me out. There was no time for details—I had to go back to the basement to see if Ashton was safe.

I quickly wore a jacket and darted out, then I bumped into John. "You seem to be in a hurry." John rubbed his neck.

I took a second to calm myself down. "My firm took on a lot of cases." I covered my mouth, pretending to yawn. "We're really busy right now."

"Is that so?" John gave me a doubtful look before going downstairs. "Is Brooklyn trying to work you to death!" he mumbled.

I shrugged. Even though my family owned the firm, I was just an intern there. John is being unreasonable. Being just an ordinary employee there, Brooklyn has every right to assign work to me.

Emma and Louis were having breakfast in the dining room when I followed John down to the living room. "I'm not hungry, Uncle Louis. You guys go on ahead. I'll be going to work." I went out, pretending nothing was wrong.

Chapter 1340

“Hold up.” John caught up with me and dragged me back. “Nothing’s more important than your health. Finish your breakfast.”

“I don’t have time! My client is waiting for me.” I tried to break free, but John forced me to sit down.

“Shut up and eat up.” John served me a bowl of chicken soup and looked me in the eye. He then shifted his gaze to Louis, hinting me he could tell Louis to make me stay if he wanted to.

Dammit. I couldn’t refuse if it were Louis. Besides, getting lectured by him would be the worst. Well, I had no choice but to finish my chicken soup. At the same time, I observed everyone.

It was odd nobody asked me about last night. I went out late and came back obviously knocked out. I expected it from Emma since she was a happy-go-lucky woman, but John? He should have known what happened. He was always an alert one.

Then John gave me some sausages. “Take a day off, Scarlett. Sleep in for a while longer. I need you to come with me later.”

I looked at Emma. “Who, me?” Then I pointed at myself. “Where are we going?”

“You’ll find out. Now finish your breakfast.” John smiled mysteriously.

“Why don’t you ask Emma? I’m occupied.”

“No.” Emma and John refused at the same time, then they threw a look of disgust at each other.

Emma piped up, “I have an appointment, Letty. Sorry, but you’ll have to take this.”

I was about to say something, but John retorted sarcastically, “Another day, another geezer, huh? I don’t mind putting them to the test for you, you know.”

Emma sneered, “Thanks, but I’d prefer it if you’d stay out of my way.” She glared at him. “Really, please. Well, I’m done with brekkie. See you around.” She picked up her handbag and left.

I was starting to panic, so I put everything down and got up. “Alright, I have to go now, or I’ll be late.”

John stopped me. “Are you sure you want to miss seeing Jackson over this?”

That surprised me. “Jackson’s awake?”

John shrugged smugly. “And he specifically asked for you. So do you want to go?”

“Of course I do.”

After about an hour, John took me to a house in a rural resort. We were surrounded by nothing but mother nature the moment we came in. The air was spectacularly fresh thanks to the morning rain.

But when I came to Jackson’s room, I was starting to get nervous.

He was a good friend for many years. We used to be like family, but we got into a big fight over Summer's custody a few months ago. However, he risked his life to protect me later on. I wondered how our reunion would be, but I started getting nervous when the time actually came.

My palms were sweaty. I couldn't bring myself to ring the bell, but Jackson asked, "I know it's you, Letty." His voice was as angelic as usual.

I started tearing up, but I mustered up my courage and went inside.

Jackson was facing the window, the sunlight enveloping him. He looked like an angel basking in the lights of heaven, but he looked gaunt after being bedridden for months. He was supporting himself with a crutch, though he looked like he could fall at any moment.

"Jackson..." I was at a loss for words, for my excitement overwhelmed me.

"Have a seat." Jackson smiled, then he sat on the rocking chair beside him.

Chapter 1341

The clutch was sitting idly beside the rocking chair, and the sunlight shone on the room, erasing all the gloomy air inside.

Jackson woke up three days earlier, then he went through rehab before finally being able to walk. But he looked clumsy, so I knew he hadn't fully healed just yet.

"I thought the kids would be here too," Jackson joked.

I sniffled. "I was too excited when John told me you're awake." I fumbled for an explanation. "So I totally forgot about it. We can go straight back to see them though, Jackson. You should see them. After all, you've risked your life for them."

"I'm not in a hurry." Jackson smiled warmly. "I can always see them after this."

I knew he was a really nice guy. "Have you forgiven me?" It took everything I had to ask, but the moment I did, everyone fell silent, much to my worry.

A short while later, Jackson looked at John and chuckled, "I see. You were right, John. Everyone's been worried about me. Looks like I'm more trouble than I'm worth, huh?"

Well, that was depressing, and it ended the conversation for me. Of course, everyone would worry. Someone close to them was in the ICU after all.

"Let's not talk about that." Jackson shifted the topic and looked at me happily. "I told my lawyer to withdraw the case. Summer and Audrey are your daughters, Scarlett. That will never change."

I felt a surge of gratitude and affection for him. "Thank you, Jackson." Tears welled up in my eyes.

Reconciliations were always touching. Even John, the tough guy, sniffled quietly. "You were a b*stard, Jackson, but that sleep did you good. Now that you're not trying to take my niece away, you aren't that annoying anymore. The reports about you are taken down, so just open up the clinic after you're healed up. A diamond always shines no matter where it is, you know."

"Thanks, but I'm not planning to reopen my clinic." He looked at me, feeling crestfallen. "I've talked with Lydia, and I've decided to return to M Country."

“Yeah. You gotta recharge yourself.” K City had nothing but malice for him. There was nothing memorable for him in this ice-cold metropolis.

Jackson had a look of resolve in his eyes. “No. I’m going back to take over my family’s business.”

“Why?” Jackson never liked business, so why did he change his mind?

Jackson’s face fell, and his veins popped. “My brother’s the one who acquired my data and leaked it to the media. Seems like he’s getting too comfy as the heir apparent. It’s time for him to pay the price.”

Somehow Jackson looked different. I could see something dark within his eyes—a dark ambition.

Even so, I couldn’t give him any advice. An eye for an eye seemed about right, and most people would do that. Jackson used to be a gentle soul who’d take all the beatings from his family, but he had had enough. It was time for him to take back what was rightfully his.

A near brush with death wasn’t bad news, apparently. Jackson wanted me to support him, so I gave it to him. He was an old friend, after all. I was going to lend him some money as a seed fund, but all Jackson wanted was my promise, so I glossed it over.

I felt like a heavyweight had been unloaded from my shoulders. Even my soul felt light, so I stretched my arms in John’s car.

Chapter 1342

The sun’s warmth graced me, but I blocked out its light, though I squinted at it. “It’s a good day.”

"It is," John answered. We came to a crossroads, but John made a right turn. It was in the opposite direction of our home.

"I thought we're going home." I started to panic. All I wanted to do then was to find out what happened in the basement.

"No, no, no." John didn't even look at me. "It's a good day, and the good news won't stop coming. Next stop, here we come." He blabbed about his plan, but I didn't get a word of it.

I frowned, but there was nothing I could do. All I could do was go with the flow.

Trips were fun, but not when I was in a hurry. What a waste of time. I called Ashton.

It beeped, but then the call was hung up. Maybe it wasn't a good time. I stared at the call record for a few moments before texting him: Call me when you're done. It's urgent.

Ashton didn't reply, much to my worry. Then John came to the airport. Alright, that was odd, so I didn't budge.

John only noticed my absence when he was about to enter the airport. Then he shrugged. "What are you doing? The plane's landing soon." He gave me a weird look.

I crossed my arms, annoyed and refusing to cooperate. "You're getting in the way of a crucial matter, John. This person better be important, or you're going to get it."

John chuckled and came back to push me into the airport. "I've always delivered, haven't I?"

My patience ran out after fifteen minutes of waiting. I pointed at the time on my phone, shoving it in his face. "It's almost one. Who are we waiting for, exactly?"

And then someone patted my shoulder. "I'm back, Scarlett."

I turned around, and what greeted my eyes was a woman in sunglasses. She spun around, her fishtail skirt sticking to all her sexy curves tightly. The woman was also wearing stilettos, and she radiated nothing but sexual allure. I'd probably flirt with her if I were a man.

But none of that was comparable to the surprise I felt when she took off her sunglasses. "Oh, Emery! It really is you! Oh my god, you slimmed down so much." I hugged her tightly.

I knew Emery well, but I couldn't believe that she managed to recover in a mere month or so. Her back was fair and smooth, totally unlike what I saw in the clinic.

Emery had her usual triumphant grin again. "I couldn't stand it, so I spent tons of money to fix it up."

She paused to look around before lowering her voice to a whisper. "And that's the only part that's healed. I got my scars under cover. Pun not intended. Right, let's leave this until we get home. Chop chop, don't want the paparazzi to take my picture."

As amusing as usual. Emery had always been a straightforward one. I didn't expect her to come back so soon though. I thought she'd stay in M Country for a while longer to get back to her old self.

The way back was filled with laughter, because Emery and John would always crack dumb jokes. Emery regaled us about the stories and plastic surgery in M Country, and they were refreshing.

Then we stopped laughing the moment we came back.

“You’re back.” Hunter was tending to the plants, but he looked awkward.

Instead of a neat look of an academician, he let his hair hang awkwardly, and he was wearing nothing but a grey tracksuit. Well, he did look like a gardener.

Emery’s laughter earlier was replaced by disgust. “Why are you still here?”

John and I went away. It wasn’t our place to tell someone else how to deal with their personal matters.