

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1723-1727

Chapter 1723 Apology From Benson

That morning, John's body temperature turned extremely high probably due to complications after the surgery. The medical staff panicked. They tried numerous methods and eventually used hormone injections to get the temperature under control.

Looking at John's pale face, I felt my heart crushed by a heavy stone. After making sure John was asleep, I walked out of the ward to catch some air.

It was quieter over here compared to the general ward. There were a few family members of some patients around, all looking depressed just like me.

The news broadcast in the hall could be heard clearly.

"There have been many cases of missing and kidnapped children today. At present, the police are making every effort to investigate suspicious persons. Please get in touch with the task force immediately if you have relevant information..."

It seemed like the safety of the whole city was at risk. Somehow, I felt I was not suffering alone.

Fortunately, regardless of Ashton's plan, it was clear to me now that he would not risk the kids. Or else, Nathaniel would have gone after Audrey and Gregory instead of John.

Deep down in my heart, I knew Nathaniel was trying to crush my spirit by going after John.

He figured he could manipulate me easily once my mental state was down. He was trying to control me like what he did to Ashton.

Is Ashton entirely controlled by him now?

I was too overwhelmed with emotions back in the operating theater. Now that I thought of it, Ashton did not need to show up, actually.

I realized that Ashton was trying to remind me to be careful. All his coldness might be a disguise of his care for me.

Without realizing it, I had reached the corridor of the general ward. Before I turned around, I spotted Joseph coming out of a ward.

I was stunned momentarily. The next second, I recalled Wilson was being hospitalized there.

Could it be...

When I was about to open my mouth to call him, he vanished from the stairs. With that, I had no choice but to drop the matter.

After getting back to the ward, I ran into the cops who were there for investigation. As John was still unconscious, they asked me to give a brief statement.

Based on their tone, I realized that only the black men who got apprehended would face justice. There was no way they could get to the real culprit.

After the cops left, Benson suddenly appeared at the nearest emergency exit. He was wearing a robe and an army cap.

We exchanged our gaze to greet each other, and he seemed to know what happened to John.

I asked him to sit down at the bench. "John has not woken up yet. Please wait here. Sorry for the inconvenience."

"Okay." Benson cast a glance inside the ward. "Luckily, he is still alive. Ms. Stovall, don't worry too much."

Those words sounded extraordinarily warm coming out from Benson's mouth.

"Thanks." I bit my lip, trying to suppress my tears. "Officer Zimmerman, you didn't come here just to visit, did you?"

I knew a military seldom had any private time. Plus, my relationship with Benson was hardly close enough for a leader like him to visit me personally. With that, I knew his purpose must be something more.

"I can't say this is about work either." Benson was being utterly honest. "Ms. Stovall, you hoped to get the military protection from us, and our superior had agreed to it. However, we can't expose our men easily, so we can only monitor far away from the Fuller residence. I didn't expect

those men to be so sick that they even dared to make a move right outside your gate. It's our fault for not being able to protect your family. Thus, I came here to apologize."

Chapter 1724 Real Purpose

I did not know how to react to his apology. They did not owe us anything, and they had even agreed to protect us as a tactic to gain our trust. In other words, it was just business. Now that they failed to protect us, they would not be able to make any request either.

Despite that, I still expressed my dissatisfaction. "If your men opened fire in the last few seconds, John would still have his arm."

Benson did not seem to be bothered by my statement. "The black man did not have any weapon, and he did not harm the victim's life. According to the law, we can't open fire."

That was the part I hated the most about the military. They were always bound by the rules. I feigned a smile. "I understand. You're also in a tight spot."

Benson did not respond to me as he shifted his gaze elsewhere.

After a while, he finally cut to the chase. "Ms. Stovall, do you know about Ashton Fuller's recent activity?"

As Benson was in charge of the drug enforcement at the border, I understood his purpose right away.

It looked like Nathaniel had led Ashton astray far beyond the trade of counterfeit money.

Ashton had caught the military's attention right after he started doing business. It seemed like he could not hide the traces in whatever he did.

No wonder he's been addressing me as Ms. Stovall but not Mrs. Fuller. He's been trying to draw the line with me.

I adjusted my posture to make myself look more relaxed. "I didn't notice much. He's been busy with the company, and he's been flying overseas a lot. Why?"

Upon saying that, I sensed a sharp gaze coming from Benson.

I swallowed and bit my lip, trying hard to hide my nervousness.

The few seconds felt like a century. To my relief, Benson eventually turned his head elsewhere.

"Since it's business, please remind Mr. Fuller not to get too greedy. The profit of the foreign business is indeed high, but the risk is equally high. It's not worth it to lose the entire enterprise for a small profit." Evidently, there was a hidden meaning within his words.

I continued to act dumb. "He is always too confident with himself and thinks that he can handle everything himself, but he always makes mistakes. After the crisis ends, I will go back to the company and manage it. Nonetheless, earning foreign currency is indeed a good way to profit. However, it is more important to contribute and help to boost the country's economy. I understand that."

I figured it was typical for companies that do foreign business to go under the radar. After all, the government would not wish to see resources going to the other countries. If one were able to prove its patriotism, the officials usually would not nitpick the company. I thought it was appropriate for us to express our stand.

Benson nodded slightly. "No wonder Mr. Louis thinks so highly of you. You're such a wise woman with a wide vision."

So he only approves me because of Uncle Louis.

Anyway, things went smoother than I expected. After all, I found it hard to accept what Ashton was doing either. "You're very generous with your praises."

Benson stood up and got ready to leave. "Say hello to Mr. Louis for me then. I still have something to do at the office. I shall go now."

"Sure." I stood up to escort him out. "Have a great day."

After seeing him entering the elevator, I immediately texted Joseph.

Where are you? Call me now!

There was no response from Joseph. Emma showed up instead.

John's incident got to the news headline. Even though his name was not revealed, Emma managed to find out what happened after asking around. With that, she rushed to the hospital.

Initially, I planned to inform Emma after John recovered from his fever. I did not want her to worry too much. As she barged in suddenly, I stood up immediately, dumbfounded.

Chapter 1725 A Good Wife

However, Emma did not pay much attention to me as she went on to check on John. She let out a sigh of relief after confirming he was still alive.

“You should have told me yesterday.” She kept her voice down as she did not want to wake John.

I was not sure if she was blaming me. I lowered my head guiltily. “I’m sorry...”

“I’m his wife.” Emma stared at John, who was in bed. Her gaze had a trace of affection, even though her face looked calm. “If he knows I came so late, he will nag me.”

Emma had always been a strong and independent woman in my eyes. However, at that moment, she looked utterly gentle and vulnerable.

I could somehow comprehend how the two of them got along well. Emma was like a safe harbor to John in his unstable life.

She did not blame me or even complain to me as she knew John would not treat me as such. Her gesture wiped my initial worries off.

I displayed a bitter smile as I thought I underestimated her heart. After all, she was someone who helped John to search for me for over six years. I thought I should have trusted her more.

“You can go back now. I’ll stay here with him,” Emma uttered. “You must be tired.”

As she mentioned, a sense of fatigue began rising within me. I figured I should give them some private time after all. With that, I shared a few reminders with her and left.

It was already bright outside. As the car went past the accident scene, I could still vaguely see the tire scratches on the road. John's bloodstains had been cleaned up, but I could still smell the blood in the air.

After getting home, I took a hot bath and intended to get a good sleep. However, as soon as I closed my eyes, the scene of John getting beaten up appeared clearly in my mind.

I failed to sleep after struggling for hours. In the end, I decided to get out of bed to prepare some food for Emma and John. John was very picky in terms of food, as he particularly preferred the food I cooked to the delicacies from the restaurant.

It took me two hours to finish preparing the food. Before I departed, I checked my phone. Still, there was no reply from Joseph. I was unsure if he did not see my message or ignored it.

Neither one was good.

By the time I arrived at the hospital, the anesthetic effect had passed. John was teasing Emma. "I'm so lucky to have a wife like you. Thanks for serving me. I have no regrets in this life..."

As usual, Emma did not buy into his wise words. "It looks like your suffering is not enough."

Thank God. He still can joke.

I took a deep breath and walked in with the thermal container in my hands. "It sounds like you don't need me anymore since you've got your wife. That's somehow heartbreaking. Do you know how much time I spent preparing your favorite dish?"

As I placed the food on the table, I sensed both John and Emma were staring at me. The atmosphere got awkward instantly as my fake smile froze.

I could no longer suppress my guilt as I lowered my head, not daring to look at John.

John was the one who broke the awkward silence. "Why are you keeping quiet? It's not like I'm dead."

"Ouch!"

As soon as he finished his sentence, Emma slapped his thigh fiercely. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

John furrowed his brows innocently. "Can you be gentler with me? I'm a patient, after all."

Emma ignored him entirely as she picked up an apple and started peeling it.

John shrugged and turned to me. "Just let her be. She is jealous of us. What have you prepared for me? Let me see."

Chapter 1726 Pessimism

I hurriedly raised the overbed table and took out the food. "I've made chicken soup and some vegetables. The doctor says you can only eat healthy food."

It seemed John would have to keep a strict diet for the next few months.

Nonetheless, he did not show any displeasure, but he picked up the spoon and started eating. I knew he was trying not to make me feel guilty. "Wow. You're becoming better at cooking. I should hire you to become my chef now that I am hospitalized."

I tried hard not to let my tears fall. "All right. I will prepare your food every day."

John accepted it casually. "Thank you in advance then. Haha..."

Emma shook her head while provoking, "You don't allow others to bully your sister. Yet, you're the one who keeps taking advantage of her."

John was not offended at all as he let out a chuckle. "Haha. If you want to cook for me, I don't mind humbling myself and taking advantage of you."

Emma cast a furious look upon hearing that. John ignored her deliberately and continued to drink his soup.

The atmosphere was extremely relaxed, as though nothing had happened. It was as though John had not been in the accident, and his hand was still intact. He was still the same arrogant man who would stand up for me whenever I got bullied.

Deep down in my heart, I knew it was their way of being considerate to me and showing me moral support.

When I thought it was our mutual understanding, so I avoid talking about the sensitive topic, John went in the opposite direction.

"D*mn Nathaniel. How dare he play dirty. I won't let him off so easily next time." John got upset, and he spilled his soup slightly on his shirt.

Emma sighed helplessly as she wiped his shirt roughly that he leaned backward.

“Don’t move.” She eventually used both her hands to wipe his shirt forcefully, and only let go of him when she was happy with her work.

John furrowed his brows and continued to provoke. “They should have checked my background before they attacked me. Do you have any idea how I managed to survive until today? And those black men. They will pay for what they did.”

Emma blocked his mouth with the apple. “When are you going to learn from your mistakes? Do you want to lose your left hand as well?”

John took a bite of the apple and wanted to argue further. However, something came across his mind the next second, and he swallowed back his words.

Even though I knew Emma did not blame me, I was sad about John’s right hand.

Eventually, Emma seemed to be influenced by our pessimism as she let out a long sigh. “Losing a hand is better than losing a life, isn’t it?”

In Emma’s eyes, it was considered fortunate that Nathaniel did not decide to take John’s life this time. Nevertheless, we should never underestimate Nathaniel. If we continued to act rashly, we would lose even more.

John did not argue anymore. He lowered his head and stared at his right hand, covered in gauze. His gaze darkened as his mind sank into deep thoughts.

“Emma’s right. The most important thing now is to recover. Everything else can wait.” I immediately weighed in and tried to drop the subject. “All a patient should do is to eat and rest. Don’t worry about anything else!”

I put on a calm facade, but my heart was filled with uneasiness. I feared that John would heed Emma’s advice and insist on taking revenge against Nathaniel.

To my relief, he smiled and joked. “Eat and rest. How am I different from a pig then?”

Chapter 1727 A Bad Actor

“You got the point,” Emma teased. “Indeed your intelligence is similar to a pig’s, despite your good look.”

John rolled his eyes helplessly. “Can you treat a patient more nicely?”

Emma replied without hesitation, “No.”

I burst into a chuckle. My heart secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

No one could predict how many dirty moves Nathaniel still had in his pocket. Hence, the safest way was to wait and do nothing. Even though John did not agree directly, I was sure he would not act rashly anymore.

After leaving the hospital, I kept dialing Joseph’s number, but all the calls failed to go through.

In the end, I asked the driver to head toward the headquarter of Fuller Corporation. Luckily, the second I walked into the lobby, I saw Joseph talking with clients.

I got near him and waited for him. When he was about to stand up and leave, I called him. "Mr. Campbell."

Joseph turned around and noticed me. He walked toward me composedly and greeted, "Mrs. Fuller."

He bowed to me politely just like old times.

He was the one who spent the most time with Ashton. Thus, I trusted him the most, and I thought maybe I could get some news from him. "Can we talk?"

Joseph did not show any reactions. He scanned the surroundings and nodded slightly. "Okay, Let's go upstairs."

I agreed without hesitation, eager to find out the truth.

Joseph personally made tea for me. It was my favorite tea.

"Thanks." I took a sip of it. The familiar taste made my heart somehow relax.

After all these years, Joseph had become like a family. I put down the cup and cut to the chase. "Did you notice that Ashton was acting strangely recently?"

Joseph was stunned momentarily and gave a seemingly official reply. "I'm not sure about it. In terms of business affairs, Mr. Ashton has always handled it very well. As for private affairs, you have a higher security clearance than me."

I was quite disappointed with his response. I thought after so many years of friendship, he would be more honest with me. Apparently, I overestimated my place in his heart.

Luckily, I was well prepared for that. With that, I wrapped up my disappointment and went with my move. "I saw you at the ward this morning. Why did you go and see Wilson and the rest?"

He was left speechless briefly as he did not expect me to know that. A few seconds later, he acted like it was not a big deal. "As his special assistant, I should confirm personally if there was a chance for a truce."

He paused and added, "I should thank you for taking care of my part. However, it was their fault, actually. So, you didn't have to compensate them such a huge sum of money."

If I did not observe Joseph's expression closely, I would have lost my courage to move on after hearing his words. For a second, I nearly thought he had become a heartless man who treated money above human life for a second. I nearly thought he had become just like Ashton.

Nonetheless, Joseph's acting was not as good as Ashton's. There was a slight trace of concern in his eyes. That was enough to make me regain my trust toward Ashton.

At that moment, I even forgot to hide my delight as my lips curled into a smile.

Joseph immediately cleared his throat as he noticed his genuine emotions were exposed. "Mrs. Fuller, let me kindly remind you. It is normal for a man to pursue different things at different ages. Maybe you should give Mr. Ashton more trust. He was the one who founded the company. There is no way he will destroy it."

Staring at his stern look, I somehow found it amusing.

After being kept in the dark for so long, I could not help but provoke, "So do you mean I should not stop Ashton from doing business with Nathaniel?"

Joseph was stunned momentarily, but he did not deny it. "Mr. Ashton will make sure you and the kids have the best life."