

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 325

I noticed how calm she was. Slightly stunned, I returned, "So what do you want to discuss, Ms. Anderson?"

"Stop right here. I admit I was too reckless to kill your unborn child, but Rebecca had lost her child too. Karma got back to us. I've been busy dealing with the mess you've gotten me into. The Moore family is also making things difficult for me. That is my punishment. We'll stop here and stay away from each other from now on. How does that sound?" she suggested calmly.

Her eyes narrowed as she waited for my reply.

I stared at her and pondered. What's her weak spot? Rebecca and Zachary?

After a pause, I spoke slowly, "What if I refuse to stop? What do you plan to do, Ms. Anderson?"

She raised a brow and shot me a menacing look. "With my wealth and the Moore family's influence, we can easily make you and Fuller Corporation disappear in K City."

I nodded with a smirk. "Mm, you're capable of doing that."

She offered me a cordial grin and said, "So? If you stop now, we won't have to be enemies."

I nearly snickered out loud. Holding back my laughter, I stared at her. "Ms. Anderson, you're experienced and magnanimous, seeing how you can forget things easily."

After a pause, I continued, "But I can't do that. I'm not as experienced as you. There's no way I can laugh things off. The same nightmare plagued me over and over again about a baby crying in anguish and blood all over the ground." I let out a bitter laugh. "Ms. Anderson, you have never heard a baby howling in despair, right? I have. I could even hear his pleas, asking me to save him."

My laughter was mirthless. "Ms. Anderson, I couldn't do anything as my child bled to his death. If you were in my shoes, can you move on? I don't think so. This will be etched in my memory forever."

Her face turned ashen as her lips pressed together tightly. After a long silence, she answered, "Well, since you're not willing to settle our difference, let's see who will end up being the winner."

I tamped down my emotions and flashed a smile. "I look forward to that day."

After I got off her car, I watched calmly as she drove away. Memories spilled forth, engulfing me as they spiraled rapidly out of control.

Indeed. I should attack her weak spot. There's no need to spare her anyway.

I whipped out my phone and called John. He picked up swiftly.

"What's wrong?" He sounded weary.

I paused briefly. "Are you sleeping?" I asked.

He grunted in acknowledgement. "Last night, I had to deal with something in A City and returned quite late."

Nodding, I requested, "Please arrange for me to meet Savini Tuffin."

He seemed stunned by my request. "Why? I thought he's useless now?"

"Well," I responded. "I need to talk to him about something. Can you help?"

"Sure. When do you want to see him?"

"Today, if possible."

"Okay. Wait for my call."

After cutting the line, I returned to the villa. Sally was having her breakfast in the kitchen.

At the sight of me, she stared daggers at me viciously.

I ignored her reaction and took the seat opposite her. "I need your help. Give me all the videos showing Cameron's dirty deeds. I can ask Mr. Bauman's help to cover up the White family's scandal."

Her hand paused midair at my sudden offer. She narrowed her gaze and demanded, "What do you mean?"

"Let's partner up," I offered. Mrs. Eriksen brought me breakfast, but I didn't have any appetite. Nevertheless, I thanked her politely.

Sally was still in a daze. She put down her glass of milk and replied, "Sure. I have another condition, though. You need to persuade the Baumans to stay out of the White Corporation's operation."

"No problem!" I agreed without hesitation and promptly took out my phone to give Louis a call.

The call went through after a few rings. "Letty, have you had breakfast yet?"

"I have. Good morning, Uncle Louis. Are you free to meet up with me and John? You've been busy after returning from J City. Can we have dinner together?"

Louis roared in delight. "Do you need my help on something, huh? We can meet up for dinner tonight. There's an Irushean restaurant in the southern suburbs. Let's meet there tonight."

Sally's eyes narrowed dangerously.

I took one look at her and continued, "Uncle Louis, should we ask Mr. and Mrs. Bauman to join us? If it weren't for them, we wouldn't have crossed paths. We should treat them to dinner to show our gratitude!"

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The old man chuckled. "You're full of tricks, huh? Okay, I'll call him later. See you tonight."

We exchanged pleasantries before cutting the call.

A smirk flitted across Sally's lips. "I'm curious. Why did you suddenly decide to help me?"

I stared at the glass of milk on the table and felt my stomach churning. Instead of answering her question, I inquired, "I've set up an appointment with them. What about you?"

She gave a nonchalant shrug before standing up to go to her bedroom.

When she returned, there was a folder in her hand. "Here you go. They are of no use to me anyway. You can have them all."

I emptied the folder and went through the contents, which proved Cameron had hooked up with influential men all around the world, most of them from overseas and J City.

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It seemed like she didn't hook up with any man in K City. The woman was smart enough to preserve her reputation here. Otherwise, even if Zachary agreed to marry her, the Moore family would despise her.

"Aren't you afraid I'll go back on my word?" I asked and pocketed the folder.

She raised her brows. "My father chose you to be his granddaughter-in-law. I won't question his choice."

Her reply took me by surprise. "Actually, you can easily take over Fuller Corporation after returning to J City. You're capable enough of running the company."

Stirring her soup, she let out a faint chuckle. "I've worked in White Corporation for ten years. From the minute I stepped into the company, I've never thought of leaving."

She reminded me of Ashton a lot. I blurted out, "It's your sense of responsibility."

My exclamation startled her. "What?"

"Sense of responsibility. Grandpa's a soldier, so he instilled a sense of responsibility in you from a young age. You remained in White Corporation not because you'd gain profits, but because you've decided to bore the responsibility the day Benjamin struck a deal with you."

Sally merely arched her brows. "No wonder Father picked you. You're quite smart."

Rising to her feet, she added, "We've come to an agreement. I hope to receive good news soon."

That very afternoon, Savini was sentenced to ten years in prison for demanding and receiving bribes.

Through the bulletproof glass window, I noticed how haggard he was. It was as if he had aged overnight.

When he saw me, a sneer appeared on his face. "Why are you here? To mock me?"

I didn't refute his words. Instead, I told him, "Your assets and illegal income have been seized. I heard that your daughter is about to take the high school admission test. She's enrolled at a private school, so the tuition fees and living expenses must cost a bomb. Now that your accounts are frozen, your wife can't hold on for long. I believe your daughter is about to drop out of school soon."

His eyes widened in shock. "What do you want?" he demanded.

I wasn't in a hurry to reveal my request. "Your wife seems to have found her next target. She's used to leading a lavish lifestyle. I guess the sudden downfall must be too much for her to bear." With a grin, I added, "I heard your wife is pretty good-looking. It will be easy for her to find another man and continue squandering money away."

His fury was evident even through the clear glass. "What do you want?"

"I want every single bit of evidence regarding Cameron's illegal deals all over the years and a detailed report of her background."

He sneered. "You can find her life story online. Why would you get that from me? I know nothing about her!"

As he seemed reluctant to reveal anything, I tamped down my irritation and offered, "If you give me what I want, I'll take care of your daughter for the next ten years. The Fullers and the Stovalls will protect her. As long as she's hardworking enough, she'll have a bright future. Think about it."

Savini glanced at me hesitantly. "Are you sure?"

"You can choose not to believe me. But this concerns your daughter's future. The choice lies in your hand."

Pursing his lips, he ran his hand through his hair in frustration, seemingly torn.

After some time, he finally spoke. "Sure. But I need confirmation."

I nodded. "No problem."

He fell silent for a while before saying, "Go to Centurion Garden in J City. You can find my wife there. Tell her about my current condition and ask her to come with the stuff I left with her."

I nodded again. "Anything else?"

He shook his head and said no more.

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After coming out of the prison, I looked up at the gloomy skies. It had been over a month since the sun last came out.

The weather had been cloudy all the while with occasional rain and snow. It was horrible.

However, after the new year, spring would arrive soon.

I glanced at my watch and realized it was time to meet Louis at the Irushean restaurant in the southern suburbs.

When I arrived, John was there. He was parking his car when he spotted me. Raising a brow, he remarked, "You're early."

I shrugged. "The same goes to you."

His lips curved up into a smile. "Uncle Louis told me to come earlier to order the dishes so Mr. Bauman could enjoy dinner with us."

Oh, I see.

We went upstairs and ordered the dishes before entering our private room.

The vintage-themed room was decorated elegantly. There was a wooden screen at the entrance.

As I was staring at the screen, John told me, "This Irushean restaurant is famous for its vintage decoration."

I nodded in acknowledgment and took a seat. As I seemed disinterested, John asked, "What's with Savini?"

Ah, right. I've nearly forgotten about that man. "Send someone reliable to Centurion Garden in J City to meet up with Savini's wife. Tell her to come to K City to visit Savini with the stuff he left with her previously," I told him.

John lifted his eyebrows in silent assent. "I thought he's useless to you now? Why did you visit him in prison?"

I rest my chin in my hand, feeling slightly exhausted. "I want to ruin Cameron's reputation."

He scrunched up his brows and squinted. "Did Cameron come to you?"

My silence gave him the answer he wanted.

Sighing, he suddenly queried, "Letty, have you ever thought of finding your biological parents?"

His sudden question caught me off guard I thought about it and shook my head. "No. It has been years. They abandoned me in the first place, so that means I wasn't important to them. Besides, Grandma brought me up. I only need to remember her."

John pressed his lips together and tried to sound me out. "If you run into your biological parents one day, will you reunite with them?"

"No!" It was pointless to reunite with them. After all, all they wanted was to make up for their guilt for abandoning me back then. If they loved me, they wouldn't have abandoned me in the first place.

He fell silent after that.

I couldn't stop thinking about what Rebecca said that day. She wasn't a threat to me, but since we had a fallout, it would be a good idea to put my guard up.

As I was staring into space blankly, he asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"John, do you know what my weakness is?"

If Rebecca wants to take action, she will target the ones around me. I can't think of anything else.

His eyes grew wide as he replied, "Me, of course."

I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Don't talk nonsense!"

"Normally, a person's weakness would be someone or something he cares the most for," said John with a shrug of resignation. "Think about what concerns you the most. It might be also the person's reputation, position, or dream."

Someone I care for?

I knew Rebecca wouldn't be able to hurt Macy and Ashton, so she could only destroy my reputation.

She was capable enough of doing that.

When I was deep in thought, Louis and the Baumans showed up. As it was a casual dinner, we chatted amiably.

Both Anthony and Sophia seemed to have aged a lot after their daughter and grandson's demise.

After exchanging pleasantries, we sat down and the server started serving dinner. Sophia took one look at me and said, "Scarlett, you've lost weight. You should eat more."

I accepted her kind reminder gratefully. "Thank you. I will!"

Louis chuckled. "The new year is about to arrive. I'm wrapping things up at work, so the party can be held next week to celebrate Letty joining my family. You must come to the party next Monday."

"Sure, we will!" Sophia agreed happily. "When she came to our house with Marc back then, I really liked you. I'm glad you became her godfather. Marc, well..."

Her voice started to waver at that point. Knowing that the mention of her grandson had upset her, Anthony patted her hand. "Alright. We need to move forward."

The air was thick with sorrow. I rose to my feet and got on my knees in front of the Baumans and bowed respectfully.

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"What are you doing? Stand up! Don't do this!"

Sophia tried to tug me up, but I remained kneeling and sobbed. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Bauman. I was there that day. It was my fault. If it weren't for me, Marcus wouldn't have died."

Anthony stiffened before they both helped me up. "This isn't your fault. We watched the surveillance footage. He was really emotional back then. He got off the car because of you. Well, it was fate. We can't blame anyone else."

I parted my lips and made a solemn promise. "Mr. and Mrs. Bauman, if you don't mind, I can take care of you on behalf of Marcus."

"What a thoughtful child. No wonder Marc fell for you," said Sophia. She sighed and lamented, "I wish Marc is still here. What a pity."

After a pause, Anthony gazed at me. "Letty, be honest with me. What happened that day? Why did Marc act that way? He wasn't usually that reckless. Did he have a reason for doing so?"

John and Louis, who had remained silent the whole time, promptly looked at me.

I explained, "Marcus died in despair after Benjamin and Sharon died. It was my fault. I didn't know he'll follow his parents' path."

Anthony narrowed his gaze. "What do Sharon and Marc's deaths have to do with Sally?"

I hesitated and revealed the incident which happened ten years ago to them. I also informed them how Benjamin deliberately left most of White Corporation's shares to Sally. As Sally had sacrificed her life for Sharon's sake, Benjamin thanked her by giving her the shares.

Both of them had never paid attention to the news and didn't know about the scandal. After hearing my explanation, tears rolled down Sophia's cheeks. "What a misfortune in our family!"

Everyone was sighing, but Anthony remained calm. Finally, he exhaled sharply and concluded, "Forget it. It's nothing but a tragedy."

I had said and done everything I could, so it was all up to the elders now.

It was 9 p.m. when dinner ended. John told the driver to send Louis, Anthony, and Sophia home before turning to me. "Give me a ride home, will you?"

I pursed my lips. "You didn't drive here?"

Shrugging his shoulders, he replied, "I came here in Uncle Louis' car."

Fine!

In the car, John kept stealing glances at me.

He finally blurted out, "You seemed to be on Sally's side earlier. Am I right?"

I held the steering wheel and answered calmly, "Yep!"

Narrowing his gaze, he said, "Please explain. Don't tell me you became a saint because of Ashton? Marcus meant a lot to you. You knew why he died. Don't you feel guilty?"

The car rolled to a stop at the traffic light. I glanced at him and arched a brow. "Let's deal with Cameron first. Someone will punish Sally for all her deed, right?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"It must be someone avenging Marcus. A few days ago, someone posted an article about the death of the Whites. It was all over the news. The article was basically cursing Sally for being a shameless homewrecker."

He paused. "You didn't write that article?"

"I'm not that good at writing." Clearly, someone had hired a reporter to write that slandering article.

"If it wasn't the Baumans or you, who else would it be?" John frowned and massaged his temples.

He couldn't figure out who it was. "Who do you think it was?" he asked me.

Shaking my head, I replied, "I have no idea. But since that person knows everything, he or she must be someone close to the White family. Let's wait and see. That person won't give up as Sally wasn't really affected by this incident. I believe that person will continue to trouble her."

He smiled faintly. "So you struck up a deal with her and agreed to ask the Baumans to help her?"

I thrust the folder Sally gave me earlier in his direction. "Take this with you. Release the juicy bits to the media slowly. Let's torture Cameron inch by inch. Anyway, each video inside could tear her reputation to shreds."

"Sure. Her reputation is extremely important to her now. If her name is sullied, she could no longer be Mrs. Moore. The Moore family values its reputation. If this goes on, they will kick her out for sure."

He smirked and gave me a thumbs up. "Her career and reputation are almost destroyed. Are you going to target her loved ones next?"

