

When There Is Nothing Left But Love

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Chapter 349

She raised an eyebrow and said calmly, "I only found out recently that Macy died during childbirth. She was brought to K City on the day of your incident. She was drugged and placed in Nick's house to draw you out of the villa so as to kidnap you. After she found out that she caused your miscarriage, Macy became overwhelmed and had a premature birth at only seven months that ended in her death."

I collapsed on the floor in front of the photo on the headstone. My eyes hurt and I felt like a dagger had pierced through my chest.

Jackson had been avoiding me and stayed in Jadeborough all this time because he didn't want to see me. For so long, I assumed that Macy had gone to Moranta because she fell ill during childbirth.

Everything happened because she's gone. But why? Why didn't Jackson tell me?

Stacey walked over to me and supported my body. I shook my head but no tears fell.

I kept replaying the scene of the last time I said goodbye to Macy in my head.

It was funny. I never expected the time Marcus brought me out for a walk would be the last time I saw her and Jackson.

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I thought that once I recovered, I would be able to happily rejoin them and everything would be just like how it used to be.

I never could have imagined that that was the last time.

"Scarlett!" shouted a doubtful male voice from behind me.

I turned but my eyes hurt so badly that I couldn't open them. Through the blinding sunlight, I managed to make out the figures of two people.

Nick and Jackson!

They didn't bring the child!

When was the last time I saw them? It hadn't been very long, but it felt like a lifetime had passed.

"Why didn't you tell me?" The voice that escaped me was raspy and pained. I struggled to breathe.

Jackson walked towards me and helped me up from the ground. He tried to clear his hoarse throat as he said, "She hoped you would focus on recovering and told us to only tell you after your condition improved!"

I smiled and gazed at the black-and-white photo on the headstone. I couldn't even squeeze one tear out. Yet, my heart was bleeding. I knew that she was just afraid that I wouldn't be able to take the blow of her passing so soon after losing my child.

"Did she say anything at the end?"

"She said that she wanted you to raise her child. You can choose the name. You don't have to be worried about being lonely with the child by your side."

Jackson spoke calmly, as though he had rehearsed this speech a hundred times.

My body was freezing, but my forehead was sweating profusely.

I fought the pain in my chest as I smiled and replied, "Okay!"

The moment I spoke, I tasted an acrid sweetness for a second.

I coughed and blood spewed from my lips.

An agonizing pain in my chest followed. The pain was so intense that even my bones felt like they were being rattled.

"Scarlett!"

"Ms. Stovall!"

Jackson held me in his arms. His eyes flashed red as he bellowed at Stacey, "Don't you know she's depressed? Did you bring her here to push her over the brink?"

Stacey was stunned and she shook her head dazedly. "I didn't know. I thought that you guys had some reasons for not telling her, so..."

"Send her to the hospital!" Nick, who had been silent till that point, roared. His face was as white as a sheet.

There was a buzzing noise in my head and the pain in my chest was so excruciating that I couldn't breathe.

I was loaded into the car in a blurry daze by Jackson. Shortly after, we arrived at the hospital.

I initially assumed that I would be able to remain conscious until we arrived at the hospital. Alas, I fainted before we arrived.

It was as though I had fallen into a deep slumber that lasted a lifetime.

When my eyes slowly blinked open, the first thing I registered was white ceilings. It took a while for me to realize that I was in the hospital.

"She's awake! Letty is awake..." Jackson cried out. Stacey and Nick's voices soon joined his.

I looked dumbly at them while my brain processed the situation. "You're all here?"

Stacey's eyes were red as she looked at me and said, "You vomited blood and have been unconscious for a whole day."

I was stupefied. My head still throbbed terribly. I fought through the discomfort and said, "How did she die?"

Jackson pursed his lips and his Adam's apple bobbed as he answered, "Letty, let's not talk about the past, okay?"

I stared at the ceiling. Every inch of my body cried out in pain. "I know what you're worried about. But I don't even know how she died, Jackson. How will I be able to continue living my life peacefully?" I said calmly.

He hung his head and cradled it between his hands. His slender fingers were pressed into his hair as he said raspily, "During the day of your incident, she was tricked and ended up fainting at Nick's door. Later, someone told her that you had been kidnaped by Cameron after coming out of the Fullers' residence.

She found out about how you almost lost your life too and knew that it was her fault. At that moment, she became overwhelmed and blood started pouring out of her when she went to look for you. She knew that she wasn't going to make it and entrusted her child to me. She instructed me to have you raise the child."

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He choked out, "She was afraid that you wouldn't be able to handle the blow of her passing so soon after the loss of your child. Hence, she asked me to raise the child for half a year first before telling you."

In the short span of a year, I had experienced the woes of grief. I kept my gaze locked on the ceiling. My eyes hurt and my vision was slightly blurry. However, no words fell from my lips.

After a period of silence, I finally found my voice and asked, "Who told her about me?"

She had been pregnant. In the month after my incident, I stayed with Marcus. During that time, I had attempted to take my life through various methods.

Marcus was busy taking care of me and did not have time for anyone else. Given his character, if I hadn't insisted on seeing Macy, he would not have sought her out on his own, much less provoke her intentionally.

Such an evil deed...

"It was Jared's assistant Kristina!" He blurted, his tone cold.

Kristina!

I frowned and thought about the well-dressed young lady. The same young lady that had been humiliated by Rebecca at Imperial Hotel.

"Her?"

Jackson nodded. "She went to see Macy. I'm not clear on what exactly transpired between them, but Macy's mood soured after their conversation. Just as Macy was about to leave, she said to never tell Jared about the child."

Never tell Jackson about the child?

I stopped speaking. In life, one needed to be at least a little fierce. If you show how weak you are from the beginning, everyone will zero in on you as prey who could be easily taken advantage of.

Jackson watched as I went back to staring at the ceiling with a blank expression. He called out softly to me, "Letty, you..."

"I'm fine!"

I pushed down all the surging emotions within me and said to Stacey, "You might need to help me with this."

Stacey was momentarily stupefied before she nodded. "Sure!"

I nodded back at her. "Thank you!"

"You don't need to thank me. It's the least I can do!" She sounded rather stern.

I knew she was just thanking me for helping her with Felix. However, I was still grateful to her.

I looked at Jackson and tried to move my body. Unfortunately, my body still hurt terribly. "Jackson, when will I be able to leave the hospital?" I asked.

"The doctor suggested that you stay and recuperate for a few days!" He saw how I was trying to get up and helped me before he continued. "It's almost spring. Letty, promise me you'll take it easy. Let's have a nice spring together, okay?"

I nodded and plastered a smile on my face. "Okay. But, I want to go back to K City for a while. I still have some work to do there. Once I'm done, I'll come back to Jadeborough and we'll spend a happy spring together with the child."

He frowned slightly. "Can't it wait till a later date?"

I shook my head. "I might need to go back tonight. Louis Stovall is now my godfather. I have to go because I'll be written into the family register tomorrow night."

"Louis Stovall?"

I nodded. "Yes!"

He furrowed his brow. "Is it because of John?"

"Yes!"

He pursed his lips and remained silent.

Sometime later, he looked at me and said, "Fine. I'll wait for you to come back to Jadeborough to spend spring with us."

"Okay!" After a moment, I asked him, "The child... Does she have a name yet?"

He shook his head. "We were waiting for you to name her. Macy's instructions were for the child to take your surname. This way, you'll really be a family!"

My chest contracted painfully, and a vein throbbed in my temple. It was painful to speak. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl!"

"Her name shall be Summer."

Jackson was slightly stunned. "Summer Stovall. What a beautiful name."

I nodded as tears welled in my eyes. "I hope she'll receive all the warmth and joy that I wasn't able to share with Macy!"

He nodded and pondered for a moment. "I love the name."

"It's a great name. It's full of old-fashioned charm, yet it's not outdated." Nick voiced his agreement.

I nodded. Perhaps it was due to the excessive talking, or because my body was weak, to begin with, but I was utterly drained.

Stacey noticed how exhausted I was and said, "You should rest in the hospital today. The banquet is tomorrow night, right? You should rest up and save your strength."

I sighed heavily. The day passed slowly as I remained within the confines of the bed.

By the time I traveled from Jadeborough to K City, it was the afternoon of the next day. John picked me up at the airport. When he saw the dark circles around my eyes, he sneered, "I can't believe one trip to Jadeborough reduced you to this. Did you see a ghost or something?"

I climbed into the car and muttered, "I was short on time and didn't manage to rest properly."

"We're headed for gown fitting. You can take a rest at my place later. I'll go get you at night," said John as he started up the engine.

I looked at him and a smile tugged at my lips.

He cocked an eyebrow when he saw my smile. "Why are you staring at me so creepily?"

I turned my gaze away from him and murmured, "Has anyone told you that you're looking more and more like an older brother?"

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He scoffed and barked, "Don't say such crap."

I stared out the window and let my mind wander. "John, we're the only ones left from R Province," I lamented.

He froze for a second before frowning. "What do you mean?"

At the traffic light, he stopped to stare at me.

My throat hurt slightly, and my eyes were uncomfortably dry. "Macy's gone!"

"Gone?"

"She's buried with Grandma in Jadeborough. I wanted to bring them to R Province. But now, we can't go back to R Province."

The light turned green.

However, the elderly man was slowly hobbling across the zebra crossing.

The car behind punched their horns ceaselessly, but John did not start driving. Instead, he leaned back and closed his eyes.

The horn persisted. John burst out of the car and slammed the door ferociously. I was stunned by his reaction. When I realized what he was planning on doing, I scrambled after him.

He marched up to the car with the impatient driver and knocked on the window. The driver rolled down his window and snapped, "So what if you drive a Bentley? You..."

The driver shut his mouth after one murderous glare from John.

John pursed his lips, raised his eyebrow, and coldly stared down the man. "Get out!"

The man panicked slightly as he tried to make sense of the situation. He suppressed his anger and replied, "Is there something wrong with you?"

"I told you to get out!" John erupted as he wrenched the car door open and yanked the stout driver out of the vehicle.

The terrified man was scared stiff. He gazed at John's handsome face in terror and started to plead for mercy.

After expressing some of his furies, John tossed a name card in the man's face and barked gruffly, "Don't honk your horn like a madman in the city center next time. Otherwise, you won't get away with just a beating again."

John returned to the car and started driving.

I sighed. "You didn't have to be so... impulsive! Just let him scream for a bit. You only had to wait till the old man was across the road. You didn't have to cause a scene."

He pursed his lips but didn't reply. It was clear that his bad mood stemmed from elsewhere.

"How did she die?"

I paused and turned to see him driving seriously. He seemed to have just posed the question in passing.

"She died while giving birth. The child survived, but she had lost too much blood."

He knitted his brow. "Who's the father?"

I pondered for a moment before responding. "Can I not say? She entrusted her child to me and she didn't want the father to know about the child."

"You got yourself into such a state in Jadeborough because of this?" he asked. We had arrived at the style company and he stopped the car.

I climbed out of the car and made a sound of acknowledgment. "Will there be many people at the banquet tonight?"

"Every notable person and journalist in K City will be there!" He gestured for me to go in and tossed the car keys into my bag.

I pursed my lips and muttered, "Where did you learn this? Who told you you could flippantly throw car keys into women's bags?"

He shrugged. "Hannah told me that family and lovers can act in such an intimate manner."

I...

Hannah? The elegant woman I met in Jadeborough?

I did not think much about what he said and replied, "Does this mean that everyone in K City knows about the banquet?"

He nodded. "Everyone in the country knows about it!"

I grinned. "You're the best!"

He found my smile odd and raised an eyebrow. "What are you doing?"

I shrugged. "John, I've always thought of myself that let things go easily. After some time, I stop holding grudges. But I was wrong. I still want to ruin Cameron. I want her to kneel before me and beg for mercy for her and Rebecca."

His eyebrow shot up and he looked troubled. "What do you plan on doing?"

"Do you remember the items that I told you to hold on to? I initially planned to rest my case because Rebecca had lost her child and was stabbed by me. Moreover, Cameron's company is being investigated. They've lost quite a lot. However, I don't think it's enough. I want to expose all of Cameron's dirty laundry to the Moore family. I want them to see how she's actually a repulsive monster under that classy mask of hers."

People shouldn't be clouded by hate. Otherwise, there would be no room for kindness.

In a television show that I had watched when I was a child, the main character had been forgiving despite having gone through a genocide. It seemed ludicrous to me now. Only third parties watching from the outside said nonsense like 'revenge begets revenge'.

I had never heard an actual victim utter such words.

Only the people watching from afar could say such things. It was because they had not experienced the pain for themselves.

Spectators were afforded the luxury of seeing everything in black and white. The advice they claimed to offer was often just salt in the victims' wounds.

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He stopped and gazed at me with sadness and vexation. "Letty, no matter what you plan on doing, I'll support you all the way. I just hope that you don't end up with regrets. Life is too short and you should write your own story. It's not wrong to seek revenge, but I hope that you can spend your remaining days happily. I hope to see you carefree and enjoying the sights of this beautiful world. You should also treasure the people you love, and who love you!"

I was momentarily stupefied. I never would have expected such words to have come from him. I stared at him and wondered if he was still the same John that I knew and loved.

I mulled over his words and understood where he was coming from. He had been trapped by hatred and only managed to escape after hurting many people.

I initially thought that I would never see him again. I was extremely surprised when I bumped into him at A City.

He was different now. I don't know what he went through the last few years, but I had a sense that he had learned to let go. He was a more accepting person now.

When I didn't respond, he smiled and said, "Don't look at me like that. I might assume that you've fallen in love with me."

I was speechless and rolled my eyes at him. "I just can't let this go. If I don't do it at the banquet, I might never have the chance to do it again."

I needed to wait for the White family for at least a year. If Marcus was gone, my chances of taking advantage of the White Corporation were practically zero. The banquet seemed like my only chance.

He looked at me for a second before nodding. "Fine. I'll help you with whatever you need!"

As I looked at him, warmth crept into my heart. I beamed and exclaimed, "Thank you, John!"

It seemed as though he had been selflessly helping me from the beginning. Without him, I would never be able to lay a hand on Cameron.

He pulled a face and sneered, "Those are just words. How about you thank me with something tangible?"

I laughed and said, "Can I treat you to a meal?"

"Just one meal?"

"As many as you want!"

"Deal!"

At the style company, we glanced through some gowns and custom jewelry. I didn't know much about fashion. Thus, I could only rely on the stylist's expertise.

"Your dark eye circles are too serious!" John announced as he instructed the makeup artist to apply a thicker layer of product on my face.

The makeup artist studied my face and said, "Ms. Stovall is naturally beautiful. It's a pity that she seems rather sickly. A regular makeup look will be fine. She has a high nose bridge and large eyes. If I apply too thick a layer of makeup, she will look too cold and unapproachable."

John scanned my face, pursed his lips, and replied, "Fine. Do as you see fit. All that matters is that she looks beautiful at the end."

"At this rate, people might mistake me for your partner rather than your sister," I muttered with a hint of annoyance.

He shrugged casually and said, "I don't care about what they think."

He took out his phone and looked like he was about to make a call. I couldn't move while the makeup was being applied. After sitting still for some time, I felt myself getting sleepy.

The makeup was not thick. A sparingly thin layer of powder obscured my feeble pallor, and I looked rather charming.

The stylist fitted me into a green tight-fitting dress lined with a gold slit. I looked elegant and feminine.

John came back into the room after his call. He noticed that it was almost time and said, "The banquet starts at 7 p.m. and it's almost time. Are you done?"

When he noticed I was done, he froze momentarily. He coughed and barked, "Change into something else!"

The stylist and makeup artist thought that his expression had been one of approval. They were shocked to hear his response.

They voiced their protests, "Ms. Stovall looks good in this dress. She has an old-world kind of beauty. This tight-fitting dress suits her well!"

John peered at me with his lips tightly pressed together. "Can't you see how bony she is? Tight-fitting dresses should be worn by voluptuous women. She's clearly ill-suited."

Me?

"We were happy with this decision so let's stick with it. Besides, we're going to be late."

It's such a pain to change in and out!

He frowned as his gaze landed on my leg. "Your entire leg is about to fall out of that slit. It's inappropriate! Change!" he snapped.

I...

I lowered my head to look at the slit. It was not as he had made it out to be. Although it was rather revealing, it was not in bad taste.

"Stop being so persnickety, John. This tight-fitting dress is fine. If we drag this out any longer, we'll be late."

He paused and stared at my face. "Additionally, you don't have to dress her up in such a sexy manner just because she has movie-star features."