

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 583-588

## Chapter 583

“I can do it myself,” I exclaimed and took the towel from him.

But he refused and held the towel away from me.

The anger that I had been suppressing rose again. Pursing my lips, I glared at him. “Ashton...”

But before I could finish my sentence, he cupped my face and abruptly pressed his lips against mine.

I wanted to push him away, but it was futile. He locked me within his arms and kissed me hard as if it was a punishment from him. It made me breathless.

If he had not heard me gasping for air, he would have continued kissing.

As he released his grip on me, our eyes met for a moment, but I averted my gaze and ignored him.

He narrowed his eyes and pinched my chin forcefully. “Am I not the one who should be angry?”

He gazed at me gloomily as though he had been wronged.

I pushed his hand away and shot daggers at him. "Then you should go away and sulk. Leave me alone. I want to sleep."

Ashton could not help but laugh at my words. "Scarlett, can you please be reasonable?"

"No!" I said defiantly. I know I'm throwing a fit, but I don't care.

Seeing my attitude, he said no more and threw his coat aside before unbuttoning his shirt with his slender fingers.

As he stood there, removing his clothes gracefully in front of me, he smirked and gazed suggestively at me.

"W-why are you taking your clothes off?" I stuttered.

"I'm going to sleep, duh." As he spoke, the shirt on him was casually thrown on the ground, exposing his bare chest in front of my eyes.

I quickly looked away with my face flushing with embarrassment. It's rude to stare.

Then, I heard him chuckled.

"Ashton, you..."

By the time I turned to him, he had also removed his pants and he was now coming towards me.

I was taken aback for a second before scrambling away from him.

But before I could reach the other side of the super king-sized bed, he had grabbed my ankle and dragged me towards him.

Being trapped in his arms, I became infuriated instantly and gave him a cold-eyed stare. "What are you doing, Ashton? I want to sleep!" I yelled.

"Alright. We shall sleep," he said gently, coaxing me into sleeping with him. "It's already past midnight. We should rest now."

His words sounded naughty as we lay naked on the bed.

However, he just continued to hug me. Sensing that he was not going to do anything further, I eventually let my guard down after a few minutes.

Having known him for several years, I knew that if he wanted to stay here, no one could not stop him from doing so, including me.

So, I opted to close my eyes and sleep.

That night, I barely slept. I kept jolting awake from horrible nightmares about Summer. Fortunately, Ashton was by my side. He patted my back and comforted me whenever I needed solace.

I woke up at six o'clock in the morning. Looking at the dim sky outside the hotel, I could not go back to sleep.

Even now, Ashton still had his arms around me. After a moment of hesitation, I shifted a bit, trying to get out of his embrace.

Even though I had moved as quietly as possible, I still woke him up. He opened his eyes and looked at me groggily.

Locking his eyes on me, he asked in a raspy voice, "What's wrong?"

I proceeded to sit up, but he held me down.

He probably realized that it was still early, so he brought me back to his embrace. "It's still early."

Restricted in his arms again, I reached for my phone on the bedside table.

But he caught my hand and said, "Sleep, Scarlett."

"I can't."

Hearing my words, he stared at me with his dark brown eyes and suggested huskily, "Shall we do something else?"

I kept my mouth shut instantly and shifted away from him.

But he inched closer deliberately and pressed his body against me.

In the darkness of the night, we faced each other in a state of nature. Even though we could not see each other clearly, the night brought us closer together more than anything else.

By the time we were done, the sun had risen, illuminating the grey winter sky.

I was tired and sleepy, but I just could not fall asleep with a troubled mind.

"Do you want to take a shower?" he asked huskily as he lay beside me.

I pursed my lips in annoyance and rolled over, facing away from him.

He said nothing and got out of the bed alone. Later, the sound of the running water came from the bathroom.

As he showered, I tossed and turned on the bed, feeling uncomfortable with the sweat clinging onto my body. Hmm, I always feel like this lately.

Afterward, I felt something wet underneath as well. At first, I thought it was some residue left by Ashton, so I turned on the bedside lamp and took a piece of tissue to wipe it.

But when I saw it was, in fact, a bloodstain on the bedsheet, my heart sank.

Just then, the bathroom door was opened, and I immediately covered it with the blanket.

But it was too late. He had seen the blood, too.

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Ashton's eyes darkened slightly as he walked over. His gaze fell on the bloodstain that I was trying to cover.

I had originally thought that he would move my hands away to take a look, but he did not. He simply stroked my hair and looked at me tenderly. "Go take a bath."

I nodded and wrapped myself in a towel before getting out of bed. After a quick shower, I was still worried about Summer, so I put on the clothes that I had washed and dried last night.

Ashton was in a fresh set of clothes when I exited the bathroom. It was not what he wore yesterday, meaning that someone had brought him some new clothes.

Noticing my presence, he handed me the brown bag that was beside him. "There're new clothes in here!"

I shook my head. "It's fine. I've already changed." I did not want to bother changing into another set of clothes.

Picking up my phone, I then gave Jared a call. It did not take long before he picked up.

"Scarlett!" He sounded like he had not slept last night as well.

I composed myself before I said, "Let's meet at Victoria Hotel's lobby in half an hour."

"Okay."

Ashton was studying me with a meaningful look in his eyes when I hung up. Since he remained silent, I asked, "What's wrong?"

"Let's go to the hospital later," said Ashton as he tucked my hair behind my ear.

I was taken aback but replied almost automatically, "No. We have to find Summer first."

He frowned. "Scarlett..."

"I said, we have to find Summer first." As I turned to exit the room, he grabbed my wrist and stopped me.

He frowned, mostly in helplessness. "I'll go find Summer. You'll go to the hospital, okay?"

Looking at him, I was suddenly angered. I broke free of his grasp and before I even knew what I was doing. "You'll find her? You weren't the one who raised her, nor have you invested any effort and love into her. Do you think you can pacify me just by saying that you'd find her? Ashton, does it look like I can go to the hospital with peace of mind right now? Or maybe since Summer's not your daughter anyway, so it doesn't matter if she's lost?"

Those words were said in anger and on impulse.

I regretted them the moment they came out of my mouth.

Ashton's gaze darkened and his expression grew cold. He looked me in the eye and said coldly, "Do you really see me as such a cold-blooded person?"

I kept silent, knowing that my words had hurt him. However, I was stubborn. Although I knew I was in the wrong, I did not want to apologize.

I simply lowered my eyes and bit my lip. After a while, I said, "I should go now."

Such an avoidant answer would inevitably irritate him.

Indeed, before I could take a step, he grabbed my hand and spoke in a cold, low voice. "Scarlett, am I still not comparable to everyone else around you?"

He is angry.

I could have communicated properly with him in a proper way. However, it was as if a demon had possessed me at that moment. "Yeah. Everyone else is more important than you. I can't give up on any of them, Summer, my family, and even the Moore family. But you, I can give you up anytime. Mr. Fuller, please let me go. I need to go search for my loved one."

Looking at his eyes dimming with sorrow, I was dumbfounded for a moment before I eventually broke free of his grip.

Without looking back, I turned and went straight out of the hotel room.

It was not until I entered the elevator that I let go of the tension in my body, wanting to slap myself for speaking without thinking.

How could I have said that without thinking? He must have been very hurt! But what's done is done. I can't take it back.

Trying my best to take my mind off this matter, I headed to the café next door and sat by the window. Jared would definitely be able to spot me here.

Jared came in accompanied by Ashton. The two had clearly spoken on the phone before this.

Looking at the two outstanding men, I smiled lightly but tried my best to keep on a neutral expression. "Mr. Crest, can I talk to you privately?"

Jared glanced at Ashton almost subconsciously, then his gaze fell on me. Ashton then pressed his lips together, walked over to another table, and took a seat.

Jared then sat across from me as the waiter came forward to take his order. He looked at the Americano in front of me and paused for a while before ordering his own coffee as well as some dessert.

After a moment of silence, Jared looked at me and said, "I'm sorry about what happened to Summer."

I stared at my dark-colored coffee and stirred it lightly for a while. After a long time, I looked at him with resolution. "I don't accept it."

I did not accept his apology.

He nodded, opening his mouth slightly, but did not speak.



“I don’t care what you do or whatever connection you make use of. You have to find my daughter. Otherwise, if anything happens to Summer, I won’t let you and the Crest family off for the rest of your lives.”

He looked at me and frowned. “Scarlett, I’m just as anxious about this as you are.”

I sneered. “So what? She’s been with me for four years. I’ve been with her and caring for her all the time since I was always worried that something bad might happen to her. She’s only been with you for less than half a month, but you dare to tell me that she got lost? Jared, do you think you’ve qualified? Are you even qualified to be her father?”

## **Chapter 585**

Jared’s face paled. Just then, the waiter brought over his order.

He took in a breath before pushing the dessert toward me. Then, he said in a low voice, “Scarlett, I must admit that this is my fault. However, the most important thing now is to find Summer.”

I simply pressed my lips together and stared at him, waiting for him to continue.

“I’ve checked the surveillance footage and all the cameras on the roads around Crest Residence. There’s still no trace of her.”

He then looked me in the eye and asked solemnly, “Scarlett, do you have any enemies?”

I frowned, looking at him in shock. “Are you suspecting that someone took Summer because of their hatred for me?”

He replied, "Not many people in the Crest family know of Summer's identity, so our long-time enemies couldn't possibly have found out about her so quickly."

I sneered. Looking at him, I could not help but laugh. "Jared, I'd always thought you were pretty smart, but I'm doubtful now. If someone really wanted to capture Summer because of me, why didn't they do anything while I was in R Province for four years? Why did they choose to do it only when Summer was in a heavily guarded place like the Crest Residence?"

I paused, then continued, "Also, you said that not many people know of Summer's identity. But the Crest family has over twenty people. Do they know of Summer's identity?"

He frowned, then nodded after a while.

"So, do you seriously think that out of the twenty-odd people in your family, all of them only have good intentions toward Summer? I was born in a small family, so I don't know about whatever scheming that goes on in a big family like yours. But for so many years, you've just been hanging around Ashton and not interfering in your family business. I'm sure you know why you did that."

Summer's disappearance had happened so quickly that we had neither evidence nor witnesses. There was no way to confirm the details of what happened.

However, although I only said those words because Jared angered me, there was a possibility that this was part of the Crest family's plan.

Judging by Jared's darkening expression, it seemed as though he was starting to have his own guesses.

After a pause, he looked at me. "I'll definitely find Summer."

It was both a guarantee for me and a promise to himself.

I simply sat there in silence.

Then, John called to ask where I was. I gave him the hotel address before hanging up, then glanced at Jared before leaving the café without saying another word.

Ashton followed after me, but I simply ignored him and waited in the hotel lobby for John.

Ashton was always a prominent figure no matter where he went. Thus, many guests constantly looked over at him while we sat in the hotel's lobby.

Both of us kept silent while waiting. He was sending messages on his phone the whole time, likely to settle his work matters.

About half an hour later, John arrived with Louis.

The two men had rushed over through the night and thus looked terrible. John stepped forward and said, "Don't worry. Uncle Louis has already spoken to the police in W City. We'll definitely be able to find Summer."

Upon seeing him, my eyes started to well up with tears. The emotions that I had been repressing the past few days were finally released. Looking at him with reddened eyes, I nodded.

As Louis and Ashton conversed, a hotel room had been prepared for them.

John frowned when he noticed the weird atmosphere between Ashton and me. Before we stepped into the elevator, he asked, "Did you guys just argue?"

I pressed my lips together and shook my head, then looked up at him and smiled. "No. I'm just really worried about Summer."

He stroked my hair helplessly and tried to soothe me. "Don't worry. We'll surely find her."

Just as they entered their room, Louis got a call. The police had found a white teddy bear dog and were asking if we wanted to go over for a look.

Since we did not know the exact situation, we rushed over immediately. Our destination was an abandoned factory in the suburb of W City.

Although W City rarely snowed, it was constantly drizzling. As a result, the roads in the suburbs were muddy and difficult to drive through.

The area had been blocked off by the police. When we reached the entrance of the factory, a middle-aged man in police uniform came out to greet us.

He looked at Louis and said, "Mr. Stovall, you're finally here. We've been looking through all the traffic surveillance footage throughout W City for the past few days. Yesterday, we started a thorough search of all factories in W City. However, we didn't find any children, but a white dog. You guys can go see if the dog was with the child when she got lost."

Louis nodded as he kept silent and walked over composedly. My legs felt weak, and my heart was beating very quickly with anxiety.

The things in the factory were old and tattered. They looked to have been abandoned for a very long time.

We hurried in after the policeman, seeing many old items along the way. Although reinforcements and protective measures had been taken, many places in the factory still seemed to be falling apart.

"How did you find the dog?" asked Ashton as his eyes swept across the old factory.

The policeman who was leading the group could tell that Ashton was no ordinary person. "While we were carrying out our search and rescue, we noticed a lot of footprints around this area, so we followed them here."

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Ashton nodded. "It hasn't been raining for very long. You can try to continue tracking the footprints."

The policeman shook his head and sighed. "That's what we thought at first. However, after we found the footprints, we noticed a lot of stray dogs around the area, and it also started to rain. The tracks have basically been washed off. There are mostly farms around here, so it's not that easy to check thoroughly."

When we entered the factory, the policeman turned to Louis and said, "Look, it's here. Take a look and see if it's something that was with the child when she got lost."

Naturally, Louis did not recognize Snowfluff. He looked at me and said, "Letty, come over and see."

I was feeling a little weak in the legs and had been trembling ever since I entered.

Looking at Snowfluff lying lifelessly on the ground, I instantly lost strength in my legs and started to fall to the ground.

Luckily, Ashton acted fast enough and caught me in time, hugging me tightly to himself. He stared at Snowfluff and frowned. "It's Summer's dog."

When he was done speaking, he placed me on a chair and patted me on the arm. He said comfortingly, "Don't worry. No news is good news. They have found Snowfluff, so they'll be able to find Summer soon."

I pressed my lips together as tears constantly flowed down my face. With a choked voice, I asked, "Will they harm Summer?"

He shook his head and looked at me with determination in his eyes. "Trust me, I won't let anyone hurt Summer."

He then walked over to look at Snowfluff's corpse.

The forensic pathologist beside him said, "The dog was poisoned. The time of death was less than twelve hours."

John glanced at the surroundings, then turned to the policeman who led us in. "Is there any surveillance footage around here?"

"This place has been abandoned for a very long time. It's impossible that there's any."

I looked at Snowfluff and could not help but shut my eyes. Then, I turned to look at Jared.

There was a strange, cold feeling in my heart.

After listening to them discuss the situation for a while, I got up, glanced at Ashton who had been silent the whole time, and left the building.

I sat in the car for a while before John and Louis returned to find me in a daze.

John thought that I was worried about Summer and tried to comfort me. "Don't worry too much. If the police can find Snowfluff, they'll find Summer soon enough."

I pressed my lips together and lifted my head to look at him, then asked, "What if we're looking in the wrong direction?"

He froze for a while before looking me in the eye. His voice was full of suspicion as he asked, "What do you mean?"

"Snowfluff's been through training. Although it wasn't aggressive, it's very vigilant. When I found out that Summer had gotten lost while in Crest Residence, I initially thought that Snowfluff could have been poisoned while in their house. But now it looks like someone had brought them both out of Crest Residence. There're so many cameras around the house. How is it possible that nothing was captured at all?"

John raised his eyebrows as if he had realized something. He hesitated for a moment before he asked, "Are you saying that someone from the Crest family, did it?"

I nodded. "Also, that person should have quite a good relationship with Summer. Otherwise, she would never have followed them out of Crest Residence so easily."

He paused for a while, then frowned. "Do you suspect Jared?"

"Don't you think that's possible?" I turned to him and continued, "Back then, Macy didn't want Summer to stay with the Crest family and didn't want Jared to know of Summer's existence. At first, I thought that since he had blood relations with Summer, it was a good thing for her to have one more person who loves her. But now, it seems like Jared just wants to keep Summer in the Crest family. He doesn't want her to stay with me!"

John looked at me with a hint of disagreement, "Jared's been doing business for many years. He won't do such a thing. He might be able to keep Summer for himself temporarily, but she's bound to grow up. As a granddaughter of the Crest family, she would have to attend many banquets in the future. There're only so many people in this circle. Sooner or later, Ashton and you are going to find out about this."

I lowered my eyes and picked at my fingers. Slightly annoyed, I replied, "What if he and Ashton are in on it together?"

Louis looked at me with a slight frown on his face. "Scarlett, let's go back first."

They clearly disagreed with my statement. I was getting even more irritated.

I did not speak throughout the ride back.

Back at the hotel, John and Louis were busy with something else, leaving me to stay in the room alone feeling uneasy and irritated.

Ever since we found Snowfluff, I was even more certain that Summer had been taken away by the Crest family.

Once the signs pointed me in a certain direction, it was hard to stop thinking that way.

In the end, I had made up my mind that Jared was the one who was hiding Summer.

I then immediately left the hotel and took a taxi to where Jared was staying.

He did not stay at Crest Residence. Instead, he stayed in a commercial-residential building in the city centre.

The people there said that I required an appointment to enter the building. Thus, I gave Jared a call at the door.

Although he was surprised, he soon got the security guards to let me in.

His door was left unlocked, so I pushed it open to reveal his very tidy house. Jared had heard me enter.

## **Chapter 587**

He stood up from the sofa and poured me a glass of water, then said, "Have a seat."



I looked at him, then glanced around the house. Surprisingly, this place was turned into a three-story high unit and was very luxurious.

After admiring his house for some time, I immediately started to search his rooms.

Jared frowned at my behavior. "Scarlett, what are you trying to do?"

There was no trace of Summer in any of his rooms. Unable to hold back my anger, I took the glass in his hand.

Then, without hesitation, I splashed the water on him. I could not contain my emotions any longer, and said, "Jared, you'd better return Summer to me. Don't have any weird ideas. I won't let her live with you."

He frowned as the water dripped off his face and onto his shirt. Narrowing his eyes, he replied, "What are you trying to say?"

I had no intention to drag this on any further, so I replied straightforwardly, "You took so much effort to do all this just to keep Summer with you, didn't you? Let me just tell you. It's impossible for I'll never let you have my daughter."

Jared was becoming furious. "Scarlett, what's your problem? Do you think that I'd really do such a thing to my own child?"

I sneered, not in the mood to show him any mercy. "Why not? There's nothing that you wouldn't do. You're just an unscrupulous businessman. Do you actually think you're that noble?"

He was dumbfounded and spoke in a cold, low voice. "Scarlett, Ashton may accept you like this, but I won't. I'm more anxious than you are over Summer missing. But this is no excuse for your unreasonable actions."

"I'm being unreasonable?" I looked around his house and noticed one of Summer's favorite toys on his sofa. My blood started to boil. I did not think before I said with a sneer, "Sure. I'll show you what it means to be unreasonable."

Before he could react, I had pushed his expensive red wine bottles to the ground.

After that, there were only sounds of glass breaking as red wine spilled on the ground.

"Are you crazy?" he roared.

I don't give a shit. Whatever I could get my hands on, I just smashed onto the ground. All the while, I shouted, "Give my daughter back to me..."

Sometimes, it was difficult to control one's emotions. When a person became overly agitated, they were no different from a madman.

By the time I realized that I had almost completely wrecked Jared's home, Ashton had arrived.

Jared had on a dark expression as he said in anger, "You should send her to the hospital. It's more serious than you thought."

Ashton then pulled me into his arms. He frowned and replied in a cold voice, "Just go figure out how to find Summer as soon as possible."

Then, he basically carried me out of Jared's place.

I had calmed down by the time we got in the car. I was covered in red wine and my hair was a mess.

I knew I looked terrible. I did not even know what I was thinking when I wrecked Jared's house.

Both Ashton and I kept quiet throughout the ride back. When we were back in our room, I showered and lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling for a long time.

Ashton stood by the bedside, looking at me with a troubled gaze. "Scarlett, let's go to the hospital, okay?"

I turned to look at him. At this moment, I was not overwhelmed by thoughts and didn't feel panic now. In fact, I felt rather relaxed.

I laughed. "What for?"

He looked at me with a pained expression. It hurt me to see the look on his face, so I looked away from his eyes.

I sat up and faced him, my mood unstable. "Ashton, do you not want me to raise Summer too? Are you helping him lie to me? Are you helping him to hide Summer from me?"

He frowned as he studied my face. The light was reflecting off of his eyes. With a saddened expression, he said hesitantly, "Scarlett, I..."

"It's the two of you, right?" I interrupted, then continued with more force, "You don't want Summer, nor do you want me. The truth is none of you wants me. Everyone just wants me to go away."

I lowered my head and started to cry. The sadness in my heart had been held in for a long time. He opened his mouth to speak but was heartbroken and could not make a sound.

Things were getting out of hand.

Noticing the pain in Ashton's eyes, I was suddenly stunned. Why are my thoughts all becoming so extreme and negative? Is something wrong with me?

However, I could not suppress my extreme thoughts. I was sure that Summer was being hidden away by the two of them.

That night, I fell asleep in Ashton's arms unknowingly.

The next day, Ashton was gone. I stared at the drizzle through the window and remained in a daze.

My memories from yesterday were clear, so I knew that I had made a mistake.

My head then started to hurt, so I hid under the covers. However, the more I tried not to think about yesterday, the more I thought about it.

I stared at the ceiling for a long time before eventually coming back to my senses.

Chapter 588

Maybe I had truly gone crazy. Or maybe, just maybe, that extremely selfish person was exactly who I used to be.

Ashton was no longer at the hotel. After I had washed up and was getting ready to leave, John knocked on my door.

Furrowing his eyebrows as he looked over my pale, sallow complexion, he asked, "You didn't sleep well last night?"

"No." I massaged my temples, shaking my head. "Is there any news about Summer?"

He made an affirmative sound, gesturing towards the room in a silent request to continue this conversation inside.

Stepping aside, I let him in and closed the door behind him, walking over to sit on the sofa.

He poured out a glass of water for himself, glancing at me. "Are you happy with Ashton?"

"John, I thought you were here to talk about Summer." I narrowed my eyes, a little upset at the new topic.

Coughing awkwardly, he reached up to rub his nose. "It's true that I came here to talk about Summer. But you are the most important thing to me right now. Summer has Ashton, the Crest family, and the Stovall family. So, let's talk about you first, okay?"

I squirmed uneasily under his intense stare, licking my dry lips. "What do you mean?"

"Just answer me."

"Ashton and I have always been fine."

"I was asking if you were happy, not if your relationship with him is fine or not."

Now he was just being nit-picky. Irritated, I rolled my eyes. "Tell me, John: what is happiness?"

Life was all a huge, long-winded story. Every story had to have its ups and downs.

What was the meaning of happiness? If happiness could only be defined by how cheerful you felt in your daily life, wasn't that definition too narrow-minded?

John sat up straight, sighing. "Letty, I'm not sure that you understand happiness more than I do. You don't want to answer my question because your relationship with Ashton is starting to make you feel burdened and depressed. Deep in your heart, you still hold a grudge against him and resent him, don't you?"

I stared blankly at the glass of water in front of me. "What are you trying to say?"

"Either you cut off all contact with him, or you go to the hospital and receive psychotherapy before restarting your relationship with him. This ambiguous situation between you two is not healthy."

Ambiguous?

I didn't even know what was wrong with myself anymore. All I knew was there was something wrong with me.

I was often unable to control my temper and apathy.

Years' worth of hurt and pain had never been once been healed properly. I'd only ever hidden my scars away and threw my nightmares to the back of my mind, leaving them for the future me to deal with. On the surface, I appeared fine, but one small poke at my wounds and you'd be able to see how rotten they'd become.

After a long pause, I spoke up, "I'll go to the hospital. Just... Not now."

John nodded, not pressing the topic any further.

I looked up at him. "By the way, John, this isn't the time to be having a heart-to-heart right now."

"I know. You're worried about Summer, and we should go look for her."

"So?"

“Hear me out first, Letty. Alright?” He placed the glass down, taking a deep breath before turning to me. “Can you promise me to stay calm?”

That sounds so weird...

Testing the waters, I asked, “So did you guys find Summer? Did you?”

He nodded, but his expression was grim.

The idea that something might have happened to my daughter abruptly dawned upon me.

Forcing my tone to remain flat, I asked again, “Did something happen to her?”

“Letty, I told you to stay calm.” He kept his gaze fixed on me, concerned.

“Stay calm?” I snapped. “She’s my daughter! How could you tell me to ‘stay calm’? Just tell me what happened to her! Do you think you’re being funny by leaving me on a cliff-hanger?”

He inhaled deeply through his nose, recomposing himself. “You’ll scare Summer if you go to see her like this.”

“Then why won’t you tell me what happened to her?”

I jumped to my feet, pacing restlessly around the room.

Pursing his lips, he was quiet for a while before finally saying, “Summer was taken by Kristina. Right now, the Crest family are all looking for Kristina, as are we.”

I looked at him, my mouth falling open. “So, technically, you haven’t found Summer yet?”

“We have some leads. It’s better than blindly looking for a needle in a haystack, right?”

“Right,” I scoffed. I didn’t want to talk with him anymore, fishing my phone out to call Emery.

She picked up after a few rings. “What’s up, Scarlett?”

“We still haven’t found Summer. Can you help me investigate Kristina’s recent movements in W City?”

There was a surprised pause on the other end. “She kidnapped Summer?”