

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 631-635

## Chapter 631

After Armond left, I sat in the hot spring and rested for a while.

“A few of the girls in the company have checked into a room. You should join them and have some fun later.”

A voice emerged from a distance. It was Savini’s.

I turned down his offer. “No thanks. I should head home soon.”

I need to turn in early tonight so that I can wake up early tomorrow.

He clicked his tongue. “Can’t you just be a team player? We all came here to have some fun, and yet you kept pulling yourself away from the crowd.”

I pursed my lips and looked at him. “So, the reason I’m here is to socialize with them?”

He raised his brows. “You should spend more time and talk to the girls. Why are you such a loner? Don’t you feel lonely?”

I shook my head. “Not at all. I’m used to it.”

My remark got him tongue-tied. He sat beside me and asked, "Do you know Mr. Murphy?"

I knitted my brows. "Mr. Murphy?"

"The man who taught you swimming just now." He got into the hot spring, found himself a comfortable spot, and sat down.

"You mean Armond Murphy?"

He nodded.

I knew there was something unusual with that man. "So, who exactly is he?"

"He's the chairperson of Animus," he briefly introduced. "I thought you knew who he was since you two were chatting quite happily just now."

"I just got to know him a while ago." What can I say? I wasn't always on my guard against strangers.

Savini nodded. He paused for a bit before continuing, "Armond is quite a mysterious figure. I heard of him when I was in K City and knew he was not a simple man, but somehow, I can't find any information about him."

After being in a hot spring for quite some time, I began to feel dizzy. I stood up and wrapped a towel around my body. "This world is full of mysterious people. I'm not surprised that Armond is one of them."

He nodded. "As long as you know what you're doing."

After a short pause, he continued, "Go and spend some time with the others. Since you've decided to start afresh, you should interact more with your colleagues."

I cocked my head and looked at him. "You're a very long-winded man, Savini. Do you know that?"

After I had decided to leave Q City, I was determined to live alone in A City.

Never in a million years did I think I would bump into Savini again after he had been sentenced to jail for committing a crime five years ago.

I was surprised to see him when I was job hunting in A City. However, what surprised me the most was the fact that we actually became colleagues.

Life is so unpredictable, isn't it?

At Zone A on the second floor, a few female colleagues from the company were singing in the karaoke room.

At Savini's insistence, I decided to join them. Though I could not sing very well, I picked a song and hummed along to the music.

"Hey Scarlett, do you have a phone charger with you?" one of the colleagues asked.

I nodded. "I left it in the locker. Do you need it? I'll get it for you."

She nodded. "It's fine. You can give me your card. I'll go and get it myself. "

Since there was nothing expensive in the locker, I gave her my card without hesitation.

The rest of us continued singing. We were basically venting our frustration through songs that none of us could sing properly.

It was getting late, so I thought of taking a bath before going home.

“The hotel still has another program at eleven ‘o clock. Are you sure you don’t want to stay?” a colleague asked.

I grinned and replied, “No thanks. It’s getting late. I should head home now.”

Most of the colleagues chose to stay back to enjoy all the programs planned for them. Since the company had paid about a thousand for each employee, they wanted to enjoy all the benefits to the fullest. Otherwise, a mid-range salary earner like us could never afford this kind of entertainment.

After taking a bath, I walked to the dressing room. A few attendants came in and apologized to the guests in the room. “I’m so sorry, but please put on your clothes as soon as possible. The cops are coming over to conduct an inspection. Once again, we’re so sorry for the inconvenience caused.”

All the ladies started packing their belongings. Those who were still in the shower, too, came out and put on their clothes.

Despite the early warning, there were still a few ladies who were not dressed properly when the cops arrived.

## **Chapter 632**

About ten female cops came into the dressing room and instructed all the guests to stand aside.

With the help of the attendants, the cops went through the locker and went through the items in front of all the guests.

Even though it was not exactly an invasion of privacy, some began to complain about the inspection.

One of the guests said, "What is with you cops? Shouldn't you all be telling us why you're doing this before going through our things? This is plain rude."

The female cop, who led the operation, took a glance at her and said in a serious voice, "Sorry about it, Miss. We're merely carrying out the order from the top, and we can't tell you why. Please bear with us for a moment."

The cop's remark rendered that woman speechless. She folded her arms and let out a cold snort.

It seemed the cop had gotten used to this kind of reaction. She took another glance at her before turning her attention to her team.

Half an hour later, most of the cops reported that they did not find anything suspicious.

The ladies heaved a sigh of relief. They were all terrified because they did not know what the cops were looking for.

While a few more cops were still carrying out their duties, the chief stood patiently at one corner.

About fifteen minutes later, all the cops walked up to her and reported the outcome.

All of a sudden, one of the cops said, "Madam, please come and have a look."

The chief walked toward the cop, and some of the ladies began to panic.

A line formed between my brows upon seeing the two of them standing in front of my locker.

The cop took out my bag and poured everything out.

“Whose bag is this?” she asked.

Everyone in the dressing room was petrified. Some of them even started whispering, “What exactly are they looking for?”

No one answered. The cop asked once more, “Whose bag is this?”

“It’s mine,” I replied and walked out from the crowd and gave the cop a puzzled look.

I instantly became the centre of attention. Some gave me a confused look, while some looked at me with disgust. It was as if I was the one who had put them through this hassle.

“Please come with us, Miss,” the chief said to me while passing my bag to the cop.

I looked at her and froze. “What did I do?”

She knitted her brows but did not say anything substantial. “I’m sorry. I can’t reveal too much to you for now since we’re still investigating. Please come with us.”

Instead of causing inconvenience to the cops and the people in the dressing room, I decided to cooperate.

After changing into fresh clothes, I left with the cops.

All the well-dressed hotel staff gathered around the lobby, and they looked terrified.

I supposed they were afraid that this incident might tarnish the hotel’s reputation. After all, they were one of the best in the hospitality sector.

I followed the cops and got into their car. I should count myself lucky since I got to travel in a cop's car for the first time in my life.

When I arrived at the police station, they brought me into an interrogation room.

In the room, there was only one female cop sitting right opposite me.

She opened her notebook and asked, "You're Scarlett Stovall?"

She must have gotten my name from the identity card they took away earlier.

I nodded. "Yes."

She continued, "We found fifty-nine grams of cyanine and a complete set of injecting equipment in your bag, Ms. Stovall. We hope you can cooperate with us and answer all our questions."

Kyanine and injection equipment in my bag? How?

I nodded while knitting my brows since I did not know what was going on.

"We suspect that you've taken the drug," the cop continued, "So we'll need you to take a blood test. You'll have to stay here for the next twenty-four hours while we continue with our investigations."

Once again, I frowned. Did they just accuse me of taking drugs?

I tried to stay calm. "Officer, I promise you I've never touched any drugs. I don't even know how did this kyanine appear in my bag. I still have to get back to work tomorrow. Could you please let me go?"

The cop shook her head. "We'll note down everything you said, but you'll have to stay here and wait for the results."

Before long, a few cops brought me to another room and locked me in.

There was nothing in the room except for a simple bed and my belongings, which they had taken away earlier.

They did not allow me to call anyone for help. At this point, I could only wait.

I sat on the bed until the next morning. A cop came in and looked at me. "Ms. Stovall, please come with us."

Once again, I was brought into the same interrogation room. The same female cop from yesterday looked at me with a frown. "I'm afraid to tell you that we found kyanine in your blood, Ms. Stovall."

"That's impossible!" I refuted. "I've never touched that drug. I don't even know how to use it!"

I immediately rolled up my sleeves and said, "Look carefully! Do you see any track marks? There's none on my body!"

The cop raised her hand and signalled for me to calm down. "Sit down, please, Ms. Stovall. We'll need you to stay with us to complete the twenty-four-hour observation."

"I want to get myself a lawyer!" Everything that had happened here was just too bizarre.



While I was shocked to learn about the drugs they found in my bag, the results from the blood test left me even more speechless.

There was something amiss, but I just couldn't quite put my finger on it.

The cop looked up at me with a scowl. "You don't need a lawyer now as you're still under the observation period."

"If that's the case, why can't I call my family?" I asked seriously.

She paused for a moment before explaining, "You can call your family, but we're only stopping you for your own good."

"Well, thank you for your concern, but I wish to speak to my family. You have the power to perform your duties, and I have the power to exercise my right," I said.

I had only been living in A City for less than a month, and I had not told anyone about my past.

In this foreign city, I only knew Savini. Who on earth set this trap for me?

The cop had no choice but to agree to my request. However, she did not give me my phone immediately.

She asked me to return to the room and wait for another cop to bring me a phone.

About ten minutes later, a female cop came in with a plate and looked at me. "This is your breakfast." She then placed the oatmeal porridge and fried fritters on the table.

She paused for a moment and took out a phone. "Here you go. Please give me back your phone once you've contacted your family."

I did not expect her to give me my phone so easily.

Without thinking too much into it, I turned on my phone. Yet, there was no one else I could call except Savini. He was the only person I could rely on in A City now.

After a few rings, A sleepy voice emerged from the other end of the phone. "Scarlett?"

I nodded. "Savini, I got taken away by some cops. Can you help me get a lawyer?"

He was dumbstruck. "What? What happened?"

"I can't explain it to you right now. Please, just get me a lawyer as soon as possible."

After he agreed to find me a lawyer, I ended the call.

The cop pursed her lips and took back the phone. "Eat something. We'll definitely let you go if we find out you're innocent."

I, too, pressed my lips but did not respond to her remark. Everything seemed to be going fine, but somehow, I could feel a storm was brewing.

The cop left and locked the door.

I sat on the bed and looked at the food on the table. After a short hesitation, I decided to eat what was given to me. At this point, I needed to make sure I had enough stamina to go through this process.

After breakfast, I fell asleep almost instantly since I was really exhausted.

While I was sleeping, I could feel someone inject something into my body.

## Chapter 634

Alarm bells rang in my mind and I tried to open my eyes, but my struggle was futile.

I felt a sharp, prickling sensation in my arm, but I could not bounce up from the bed at all.

Once I regained my consciousness after some time, I looked at my arm and noticed an obvious track mark.

Before I could figure out what happened, two female cops opened the door and walked toward me. "Please come with us, Ms. Stovall."

A line formed between my brows. I looked at them and asked, "What time is it now?"

"It's five 'o clock in the evening," one of the cops said. "Come on. Let's go."

They were supposed to release me in another six hours.

As usual, they brought me to the same interrogation room, but I was not alone this time.

A doctor dressed in his white coat was in the room as well.

I sat down, and the cop asked, "Based on the test results, we believe you've abused illegal substances. So now, we'll be carrying a more thorough body check-up, and we hope you can cooperate with us."

I pressed my lips but did not respond to what she just told me. "Is my lawyer coming?"

She hesitated for a moment. "We've yet to receive any updates about your lawyer. Let's begin the body check-up now."

I was pretty sure I would cause more trouble for myself had I refused to cooperate with them.

So I nodded and followed the doctor, who seemed to be in his forties.

He collected the samples for the blood and urine tests and wanted to continue with an inspection of my nether regions.

I shot daggers at the doctor and outright rejected him. "Why do you have to inspect my private part if you want to find out if I've abused any substances?"

The doctor called the cop over, and she said, "Please stay calm and cooperate with us. The syringe we found in your bag contains HIV, so we need to find out and see if you're infected."

My expression turned grim. Do they expect me to comply with their ridiculous demand? This is madness!

"I'm sorry, but I'm not going to proceed with the inspection. There's something fishy going on here and I'm feeling like this is all a trap." I gave everyone in the room a disdainful look.

"You can detect HIV from the blood sample you've collected earlier, so there's no need for you to inspect my private part," I continued. "I want to speak to my lawyer."

The expression on the cop's face turned grim. "You'd better not challenge us, Ms. Stovall."

I let out a cold snort and stopped playing nice. “What you’re doing is clearly a violation of the standard operating procedures. I’m just defending my right.”

I was aware that another five or six hours had passed, and I could definitely smell a rat now.

I believe Savini would have found me a lawyer or two by now even though he might not be as resourceful as before.

Yet, several hours had passed, but I was still here all alone.

Something’s very wrong here. I guess I can’t count on him anymore. But who else can I depend on since I don’t know anyone in A City?

I looked at the cop and demanded once again, “Let me talk to my family right now.”

She refused to budge. “Now is not the time for that. Let’s complete the inspection first.”

“No!” I roared. Upon noticing the phone in the doctor’s coat, I instantly pushed him to the ground and grabbed the phone from his pocket.

Yet, before I could open the phone, the cop instantly came up and snatched it away. Without any hesitation, she pinned me to the ground, pressed my face against the icy tiles on the floor, and cuffed my hands behind my back.

My arms were in so much pain, but I could not even utter a word.

The cop bellowed, “Scarlett Stovall, I can detain you for a longer period since you refused to cooperate!”

I could only press my lips since I could not talk. In the meantime, I was trying to think of ways to escape from this hellhole.

More cops came over and brought me back to the room where I was detained.

The chief came over, and a hard glint flashed across her eyes. "You'd better do as we said. You don't want us to dump you in the woods and let you die and rot in the wild, do you?"

## **Chapter 635**

"Ho!" I snorted, gazing up at her. "So, you admit that I'm here because of a baseless allegation? What does it count as? Framing? Or murder?"

She curled her lips and sneered. "It doesn't matter. You can think whatever you want. But since you're already in here, I advise you to be on your best behavior and don't even think about leaving."

"Who are you people? Why are you doing this to me?" Even if I were to die, I figured I should have the right to know.

The policewoman shrugged. Cocking an eyebrow, she smirked. "Who we are is irrelevant. The important thing is that we need young and beautiful women like you."

Are these people human traffickers? Organ traders?

My face must have gone pale. Those were the only two answers I could come up with.

Seeing the look on my face, the policewoman rose from her seat and approached me. Her fingers latched onto my jaw and proceeded to pinch it tight. I winced at the pain.

I locked eyes with her. “How much do you want? I can give you.”

She sneered some more. Then, she bent over and inched closer to me. Her delicate face leaned forward and lingered in front of me as she examined my features. Her voice was laced with coldness when she spoke, “Ms. Stovall, you should consider yourself lucky. Of all the women we have captured, you are by far the most fortunate. If we had followed our usual operation guidelines, you would have been shipped out of the country by now.”

I stared at her, startled, as I trembled on the inside and out. My heart was thumping fiercely, consumed by fear and unease.

She retreated to her seat, her eyes unfeeling. “Just stay here for now. Don’t worry, you won’t die. At least, for the time being. “

I watched her leave. My legs gave way and, before I knew it, I slumped onto the ground.

It’s the twenty-first century! Why is this still happening in a society ruled by law? How can they take me away like this?

So, if I guessed correctly, the syringes and kyanine found in my bag had been a deliberate setup, with the purpose of providing them a legitimate reason to bring me here.

They managed to do that in broad daylight. They were not officers of the law, but scums living in the dark.

That was why, in the few hours I was taken here, they had no intention of delaying time and was more than keen to produce evidence of my crime, which led to my detention.

I had next to no friends or relatives in A City. So, if I were to suffer from any sort of ill fate, no one would ask about me. If I suddenly disappeared without a trace, no one would be the wiser.

They probably targeted me because of that. Also, if I recalled correctly, they injected some kind of substance into my body when I was in a daze. I wondered what that was.

All of my strength was drained away in a few short moments. I could not feel a single surge of energy.

It was useless. That call had been my only way out, but I called Savini. All hope was lost.

I stayed in the detention cell that night. As I thought, not a single person came, let alone lawyers.

They had the results of my blood test, and they injected me with something. Furthermore, they found the syringes and kyanine in my bag in front of so many witnesses at the hotel.

All these had been taken as facts. To outsiders, I must have been detained because I had been taking drugs.

Bang! The entrance to my cell flew open. The leading policewoman stepped in and glanced sternly at me.

Then she looked back at the police officer behind her and gave her instructions, "Ms. Stovall's case has been filed. Brief her on it."

"Yes, madam!"

Then the leading policewoman stepped out of the cell, leaving the other officer to deal with me. She handed me the document she had been holding and said, "Ms. Stovall, this is your judgment. You had better sign it quickly."

I backed away several steps, putting some distance between us. With a shaky voice, I asked, "Where do you plan to take me?"

She did not answer me. Instead, she looked at me blankly and said again, "Sign the document."



“Where are you taking me?” I was on the verge of a meltdown. My voice rose several decibels as I screeched.

She frowned, highlighting her forehead wrinkles, obviously displeased. “Ms. Stovall, just signs this,” she repeated.

I shook my head as I crouched in a corner. My voice softened as I pleaded, “How much money do you want? Whatever the sum, I can give you. Just let me out of here.”

She gave me a faint smile, one with a hint of irony. There was a pause, and then she turned to me again. “Ms. Stovall, I don’t think you fully understand your current situation, so let me tell you. I’m sure you’ve heard many cases about rich girls suddenly disappearing one day, never to be seen again. Does that ring any bells?”

I glared at her, waiting for her to continue, and she did. “People work for money in order to live, but that’s just too superficial. So, we’ve never been driven by money. We don’t stoop to such a low level.”

She approached me and handed me the document, her face void of emotions as she ordered, “Sign it! Stop wasting time! Let me remind you, if you’re smart enough, you should know that obedience would allow you to live longer than if you resisted. Look, we’re only human, you and me. As long as you live, there’s still hope, isn’t that right?”

She said that very calmly, as though she was just talking to a friend.

I could not understand. Exactly what kind of person could say such a thing in such a calm manner?

Taking a short breath, I steadied myself and glanced her way, “So, what do you guys intend to do with me?”