

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 858-862

## Chapter 858

I finally understood that the reporters' main objective was Ashton, and Ashton only. As for the victim's relatives, the reporters would likely just snap a few pictures and then try to compete with each other for who could write the most heart-wrenching news article.

I took several thousand out of my purse, telling the female receptionist, "I need you to get someone to buy some fruits and snacks, the more expensive and higher quality, the better. After that, arrange for it to be delivered to them. Buy some toys and give them out to the kids here, too. It would be best if you could start up a conversation with them and find out why they're going to such lengths, and perhaps ask if they're acting on someone else's orders. Also, call up some more reliable reporters and tell them to come over to take pictures."

She looked shocked as she received the money, nodding numbly. To my surprise, the young woman worked efficiently, swiftly giving out water bottles and snacks to everyone in the lobby. She also instructed some of the other security guards to help with her errands, and they naturally mixed in with the crowd and started talking.

It just so happened to be lunchtime. Reporters filtered in slowly but surely. However, they seemed to have learned from their previous lesson and were acting a lot more reserved than last time.

After a while, the female receptionist ran over to me excitedly. "Mrs. Fuller, those people aren't Sasha's family! Someone is paying them a hundred per day to come here just to make a fuss! All of them are simply retirees who jumped at the chance of earning money, and some even dragged along their grandchildren to make it look more realistic."

My mouth fell open. I had thought that these people would at least have some relation to Sasha, but it turned out that all they wanted was to cause chaos and confusion.

Falling deep in thought for a minute or so, I then instructed her, "Think of a way to get an audio recording of that confession, then pay them twice the amount of money to send them away. Apart from that, instruct them to tell outsiders that Sasha committed suicide. As for everything else... Let them add as many 'saucy' details as they wish, as long as it doesn't affect Fuller Corporation negatively."

She nodded and walked away, leaving me to wonder, who would go to such lengths to ruin Fuller Corporation's reputation? What do they want from us?

The lobby was slowly clearing out, and the receptionist approached me to show me that she had recorded a video. "I've asked them all to leave, Mrs. Fuller. The only ones left are Sasha's actual parents." She shook her head in awe, exclaiming, "You made everyone calm down and caused the reporters to come all the way here for nothing. You even helped promote our company along the way! You're amazing!"

I laughed lightly, my gaze settling on Sasha's daughter out of the corner of my eye. The little girl appeared a little worse for wear, and for some reason, I had a feeling that she wasn't just an ordinary child.

I turned back to the receptionist. "Thank you for everything you've done today. Give me your number so that you can send the video file to me. By the way, what's your name?"

Her cheeks flushed at my request before shyly exchanging numbers with me. "My name is Stella Collins, Mrs. Fuller. You can just call me Stella! I'm glad to have been of assistance."

I smiled politely back at her. Minutes later, she sent me the video file through WhatsApp.

"Help! Someone, help!" Suddenly, the peace and quiet of the lobby was broken by someone's screams.

Glancing up, I saw Sasha's parents sobbing and shouting desperately for help. "Go over and see what they need," I ordered Stella.

She rushed over, pushing through the small crowd that had formed around Sasha's parents as I followed closely behind her.

The young girl that had just been playing on one of the sofas in the lobby had passed out, her face was as pale as a ghost with blood streaming down from her nose. It didn't seem like she was suffering from an external injury.

Her grandparents were panicking, cradling the child in their arms as they cried.

At a loss for what to do, Stella turned to stare at me in confusion.

No one had any understanding of the child's condition. She had stayed here for the entire day, and I had only just instructed people to give her and her family snacks. If anything happened to her, people would find a way to somehow blame it on Fuller Corporation.

Clearly, the other staff was also thinking the same thing I was. Stella became even more frantic, as she had been the one to personally buy the snacks and hand them out.

The young woman in question was nearly in tears as she stared at me. "What should we do, Mrs. Fuller?"

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to calm down and think rationally. "Hello, Mr. Brooks, Mrs. Brooks," I greeted them. "I'm Ashton Fuller's wife. If you're willing to trust me, will you hear me out?"

The old couple was already frozen in shock because of their grandchild. When they looked up at me, it was as if their eyes suddenly lit up with hope. Clutching onto my arm, Sasha's mother pleaded, "Madam, please help her! I'm begging you, please help!"

I nodded, trying my best to soften my tone in order to reassure her. "Please listen carefully. The most important thing now is saving this child's life. We will call an ambulance to send her to the hospital, but

you have to agree to settle everything else only after we've confirmed that the child is no longer in danger."

## **Chapter 859**

The middle-aged couple froze for a second and exchanged glances with each other. After a moment of hesitation, they stared at me and said, "Okay, we believe you, but don't you try to fool us. No matter what, Fuller Corporation has to compensate for my daughter's death."

I nodded, having no time to think things over. Then, I gave Stella a meaningful look, and she called for an ambulance right away. However, seeing that it would take a while for the ambulance to come over, I had no choice but to drive them to the hospital.

After sending the child to the ER, a nurse approached us and asked, "Who is the child's family?"

"We're the child's grandparents. How is she now?" the middle-aged couple answered in unison.

The nurse nodded politely at them. "We're unsure of the child's condition yet. Please go to the first floor for registration and payment. Once the result is out, we'll inform you immediately."

The couple was stunned by her words. Seeing the look of embarrassment on their face, I said, "Give me the child's identification card. I'll settle the registration and payment."

The two were dumbfounded. In the next second, their eyes turned red-rimmed as they gazed at me. "Mrs. Fuller, we can't thank you enough."

I didn't say much. Taking the necessary documents, I headed to the first floor to register and pay the admission fee.

When I came back, I returned the medical records and identification card to them. Staring at me with reddened eyes, the woman thanked me again.

I simply nodded in acknowledgment. My phone had rung several times just now, but I was too busy to pick it up. Now that I was free, I fished out my phone and unlocked it. It was Ashton who called me earlier.

He sent me a few texts as well: Where are you? Why didn't you answer my calls?

I replied: You should rest more. I'm at the hospital. Sasha's daughter passed out all of a sudden, so I gave them a ride. Sleep for a little longer. Your health is more important. Don't worry, I'll manage this issue properly.

Afterward, I kept my phone in my bag. The woman glanced at me while asking, "Mrs. Fuller, do you think that we're too unscrupulous for doing this?"

Stupefied, I gave no comment.

She chuckled dryly. "We've never been in such dire straits before. Some children are here to bring joy, while others bring despair. My husband and I have two children. The one who's here to bring joy has kicked the bucket, while the other is racking up so much debt that it's forcing us to a corner. Isn't it funny? Still, no matter how desolate we are, we have to survive. Only then we can hope for better lives and see our granddaughter grow up."

As I listened to her in silence, a sense of sorrow welled up in my heart. In life, there were many twists and turns. People had only a few reasons to be happy, but there were thousands of instances that could make people miserable. As for the couple who were over their fifties, their granddaughter was their only reason to live.

A few moments later, the ER door opened, and a doctor came out. The couple hurriedly approached him and asked, "Doctor, how's the child now? Is she alright?"

Glancing at the couple with his brows drawn together, the doctor contemplated for a few seconds before saying, "Please come to my office for a discussion."

I grasped the meaning of his words at once. It seemed that the child had a critical medical condition.

Later, in the doctor's office.

The couple squirmed nervously in their seat while staring at the doctor. Having experienced similar situations countless times before, the latter sighed and handed a medical report to them.

In a daze, Sasha's mother took it, but she couldn't understand the content, so she passed it to her husband.

After a while, the middle-aged man gaped at the doctor in disbelief. His voice quivered as he questioned, "Leukemia? Doctor, did you make a mistake? How can she have leukemia? She's such an obedient and sweet child. I can't believe it..."

While speaking, he broke down, and tears started trickling down his face unceasingly.

The woman's body went stiff at the news. Staring at the doctor with widened eyes, she tried hard to choke back her tears. "Doctor, did you get it wrong? Maybe she hasn't rested well these days, but there's no way our granddaughter has leukemia. She's only four years old. This is impossible!"

Looking at the couple who seemed to have grown much older within seconds, the doctor sighed helplessly. "I wish the child was well as much as you do. We've performed a full-body medical checkup for her. Now that the results are out, I hope you can stay rational and positive. You need to be prepared because her upcoming treatment and chemotherapy aren't going to be easy. Apart from that, a bone marrow transplant is the only way to cure leukemia. I'm guessing that you're the child's grandparents? You must talk to her parents and get them ready for the operation."

All of a sudden, Sasha's mother burst out crying, wailing so hard that she could barely speak. Her husband quickly consoled her. However, words meant nothing to the couple who were utterly devastated by the news.

## Chapter 860

I turned to look at the doctor and let out a sigh. “Doctor, other than bone marrow transplant, is there any other method?”

The man shook his head. “Our technology isn’t that advanced now, so there’s no alternative. Besides, the success rate of a bone marrow transplant is only around eighty percent, not one hundred percent. The child’s leukemia is likely an inherited disease, which means either her father or mother carries the gene of leukemia.”

“No! That’s impossible!” Sasha’s mother shouted in a croaky voice. “Both my husband and I have no blood disease, and the same goes for my daughter. How can Renee get it?”

The doctor’s forehead puckered. “It could be her father who has the gene. Nevertheless, the incidence rate of this disease is low. Even if one carries the gene, the disease won’t manifest unless there’re external triggers.”

Immediately, the woman fell silent. I continued talking to the doctor to get a better understanding of the child’s condition.

Stepping out of the doctor’s office, Sasha’s mother suddenly knelt before me, sobbing while pleading, “Mrs. Fuller, I beg you. Please help my granddaughter. Now that Sasha has passed away, Renee is our only hope now. She’s only four and has never seen the outside world before. Life has been cruel to her. Since birth, Renne has had no father, and her mother was always busy working. Despite her age, we have not sent her to a kindergarten, because we couldn’t afford it. Why does she have to face such a hardship when she’s still an innocent little girl? Mrs. Fuller, please have mercy on her. I’m willing to do anything to repay you. Please!”

Her sudden action befuddled me. I reached out to hold her up, but she refused to stand up. The corridor was packed with passers-by. Having no other choice, I squatted on the floor and looked at the woman. "Mrs. Brooks, I truly sympathize with you. I'll definitely help you if I can. So please, don't do this."

The woman's face was already drenched in tears as she stared at me and said, "Please, Mrs. Fuller. We don't have a job. After Sasha's gone, our financial support was cut off. That's why we had no choice but to stay put at Fuller Corporation day in and night out to ask for compensation. We need money to survive."

I nodded at her. My heart was filled with compassion for the family. Bad luck often haunts the unfortunates. Now that their granddaughter was diagnosed with a critical disease, their lives would only get even harder.

After paying Renee's operation and medical fees, Ashton called and asked what time I would be home.

After the chaotic day, I was worn out. The only thing I wanted to do was to see him and nestle myself in his warm embrace.

After hanging up, I drove away from the hospital and headed home straight away since Ashton was already home.

Back at the villa.

There was an unobtrusive black Maybach parked in the yard when I arrived home. I pulled over next to it and when I walked into the living room, I saw Ashton reading on the couch.

Hearing the sound of me coming in, he glanced up at me. The corner of his lips quirked up. "You're home."

I nodded in response. Sauntering over to the couch, I sat by his side and wrapped my arms around him. "Have you solved the issue in the office? Why aren't you resting in the bedroom?"



He held me in his arms with a smile on his face. "You've helped me settle the issue so well. It's only fair that I come home and spend some time with you."

Tilting my body to lean against his shoulder, I sighed lightly. "Ashton, has the police done investigating Sasha's case?"

He pursed his lips slightly. "What's wrong?"

I thought about it for a while before I decided to tell him anyway. "Sasha's daughter has been diagnosed with leukemia today. I know I have to deal with it rationally. After all, no one can escape sickness and death. However, I've met them when they're in need of help. I'll feel so bad if I choose to turn a blind eye to them."

"Mmm." The man gazed at me calmly. "So what are you planning to do?"

I shook my head, feeling lost while staring at him. "I don't know what to do. That's why I'm asking for your opinions. What do you think I should do?"

He gave it some thought before replying solemnly, "I think you should help them, but treating leukemia is like throwing money down a bottomless pit. There's no guarantee that it could be cured."

I nodded in agreement. I know that money didn't grow on trees. Moreover, Fuller Corporation was dealing with a series of scandals, which caused the company to suffer heavy losses. Sasha's death was a crushing blow to the company, whether it was a suicide or an accident. According to the law, once Fuller Corporation compensated them, the family would have nothing to do with the company anymore.

Breathing out a sigh, I stood up and looked at him. "Okay, let's drop the subject. What do you want to eat? I'll cook you a delicious meal tonight."

He flashed me a smile. "Anything's fine!"

He paused for a moment and asked, "Can you come with me to Moranta in mid-October?"

Moranta?

I was puzzled. "Why? Did something happen?"

He nodded. "Yeah. One of my Grandpa's comrades-in-arms is at death's door. We have to make a trip there on behalf of my Grandpa."

### **Chapter 861**

"Okay, remind me again before we go." After a short pause, I glanced at him. "Ashton, can I ask you a question?"

He raised a brow. "What is it?"

"I've always thought that you're angry with your grandpa because he broke you and Rebecca up, but I realized that wasn't true. Can you tell me why you were so mad at your grandpa?" Some incidents of the past were etched in my memory. I remembered he hadn't shown up during his grandfather's funeral.

His gaze darkened a little at my question. After staring at me in silence for a while, he said, "It's been so long. I don't really remember why I was so mad at that time."

Baffled by his answer, I was tongue-tied, so I stopped questioning him.

The following day.

Ashton and I went to Fuller Corporation together. The number of reporters waiting downstairs had reduced significantly. They must have left because of the lack of newsworthy information over the past few days.

Sasha's parents were not around as well. I reckoned that they were taking care of their granddaughter at the hospital.

The lobby that used to be clamorous was now back to normal.

The moment I stepped through the entrance, Stella skipped to my side and spoke while looking at me. "Mrs. Fuller, you're here. Isn't it great that Sasha's grandparents stopped coming over? You're amazing!"

Overcome with excitement and joy, she completely overlooked the man beside me. For a moment, I thought she was about to twirl around me in delight while holding my arm.

After a while, Stella finally spotted Ashton. She hurriedly let go of me and greeted him respectfully, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller. So sorry."

Glancing at her indifferently, Ashton reached out to hold my hand. Without a word, he brought me into an elevator.

In the elevator, Ashton gave me a sideways glance. "Now I know you have a way with both men and women."

His comment befuddled me. My cheeks flushed red when I finally wrapped my head around his words. "Cut the nonsense. I worked with her yesterday while dealing with Sasha's parents. What are you thinking?"

He chuckled and pulled me into a hug. "That my wife is very sociable."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Stop teasing me!"

Later in the evening, I thought of Summer after preparing dinner, so I called Cameron. The phone rang for quite a while before it was picked up. "Hello, this is the Moore Residence." Zachary's voice sounded on the other side of the phone.

The landline phone didn't display the caller ID, so he spoke rather formally. I froze for a second. "Dad, it's me, Scarlett."

The man remained silent for a short while before asking gently, "Letty, have you eaten? Are you coming home tonight?"

I chuckled. "I've just finished cooking. I'm staying at Ashton's tonight. Have you guys had your dinner? How's Summer today?"

"Mmm. She's fine, and her fever's gone. I guess she'll recover soon. Your mom and aunt are cooking dinner in the kitchen now. We're going to eat soon. Is Fuller Corporation alright?"

I nodded and chatted a little longer with him before ending the call.

Just as I was about to have my dinner, my phone rang with a call from Armond. Picking it up, I greeted him. "Hello, Mr. Murphy." I habitually addressed him the way I did at work.

I heard a sigh from the other side. "You can call me by my name when we're not at work. I heard from Nora that you're in K City. Are you free to have lunch with me tomorrow?"

His words reminded me of the promise I made to him in Epea, which I put off up till now. Without a second thought, I agreed, "Sure. Let me know the time and the venue. I'm free tomorrow."

He hummed without saying a word.

After hanging up the phone, Ashton's dark eyes were fixed on me. "Was that Armond?"

I nodded. "When I was in Epea, I promised that I would give him the sandalwood box my grandma gave me once we returned to our country safely. Perhaps he's interested in that box."

Ashton's forehead creased slightly. He kept quiet for a second before asking, "Haven't you thought about why your grandma has the sandalwood box?"

I nodded. "I've thought about it, but I can't figure it out."

With his intense gaze still fixed on me, he said, "The way you met Armond seems deliberate to me. Scarlett, it does no harm to stay alert, no matter what you do."

I was perplexed, yet his words made sense to me, so I nodded my head in agreement and hummed several times.

He dropped the subject afterward.

Alba Street.

Heirloom Cafe.

Following the address Armond gave me, I arrived at the restaurant, and a waiter guided me to the table where Armond was. It was already late autumn in K City. He was dressed in a casual Korean-style outfit. His hair was neat and chic. A beige trench coat was draped over the back of the chair next to him. His look made him look as dashing as a Korean idol.

The restaurant was equipped with air heaters, so I removed my jacket and put it aside. "Have you been in K City for a few days already?" I asked, looking at him.

He nodded with a half-smile. "I wanted to ask you out a few days ago, but there's a lot going on in Fuller Corporation, I thought you might be busy, so I postponed it."

**Chapter 862**

I smiled at him. The scandal about Fuller Corporation had spread like wildfire in K City. Many people in the industry heard about it, so I'm not surprised that he knew it too.

He waved at the waiters and asked them to serve the dishes. As we chatted away, all the dishes were served. The man looked at me and said, "It seems like the Lavelian Village project can't be completed anytime soon. Are you going to stay here or return to A City after this?"

I shrugged. "I haven't thought about it. I'll see how things go after I go back during the holiday." Thinking of Nora, I glanced at him while asking, "I thought you would bring Nora along this time. "

He smiled without answering me. "Did you bring the box here?"

"Of course I did, but there's something I need to ask you first." I had been pondering it for so long, yet I just couldn't get to the bottom of it.

"Go ahead." He nodded.

"The box that you put up for auction back in J City... was that your grandpa's?"

The man nodded his head in response.

Pausing briefly, I questioned, "Did someone give him the box? Can you help me ask him whether he knows someone named Winona?"

My questions wiped the smile off his face. In a split second, his expression fell, giving off a hint of indescribable coldness. The temperature around me seemed to have dropped. I couldn't help rubbing my arms.

With my eyes on him, I asked cautiously, "What's wrong?"

A few seconds later, his expression turned solemn as he looked at me and said, "Is Winona your grandma?"

I nodded. The scene of him standing in front of my Grandma's tombstone in the cemetery in J City crossed my mind. "Armond, I've always felt that you're getting close to me on purpose."

Unexpectedly, instead of making up excuses, he stared at me and nodded. "Yeah, before we met in the cemetery, I saw you in K City before, but you didn't notice me."

I was dumbstruck. Not wanting to talk further about the past, I steered the conversation back to my grandma. "So Mr. Murphy and you know my grandma. Am I right?"

Nodding his head, he gave me a faint smile. "Yes. On top of that, they're quite close to one another."

I furrowed my brows slightly, waiting for him to go on, but the man seemed to have no intention of telling me more about it. "Give me the box," he said.

I took the box out and handed it to him. Despite my desire to ask him more about my grandma, I bit my tongue since he remained tight-lipped.

I was bewildered by his reaction. It seemed I didn't know Armond as much as I thought I did. Most of the time, he was an approachable and amicable man. Even though he was from a wealthy family, he was nothing like the other rich kids. He had pitched in to help us with many things as if he was part of our family.

However, there were times when I felt he was distant and out of our reach. The man had too many secrets which we could never understand.

Staring down at the box in his hands, he examined it once and found that it was fine. With a brow raised, he glanced at me. "I don't know much about your Grandma. I only want this box out of curiosity. Does Ashton know that you've given me the box?"

Nodding my head, I replied, "He knows."

His brows knitted together. The man seemed puzzled as he said, "Didn't he say anything?"

I shook my head while staring at him. "Why? Is there anything wrong?"

He simply shrugged and said nothing.

After lunch, I had nothing else to do, so I drove home straight away. As soon as I reached home, Ashton called me. His voice was deep and restrained. "Are you home?"

I nodded while glancing at my watch. It was already in the afternoon, so he was about to get off from work.

"Are you coming home?"

"Yeah, I'll be home in a while. Why? Do you miss me?" As usual, his voice was music to my ears. My cheeks heated instinctively.

"What do you want to eat tonight? I'll cook for you," I said.

After giving it some thought, he answered, "How about eating you tonight?"

Oh God, this man...



Later, I received another call. The person on the other end of the phone lashed out at me the moment I picked up the phone. Utterly baffled, I hesitated for a moment before asking tentatively, "Are you Sasha's mother?"

The woman hummed in response a few times. Her voice sounded like she was on the verge of crying.

I paused for a few seconds. "Mrs. Brooks, like I've told you before, I'll help you as much as I can. The police have yet to release the report. Let's wait for it before we do anything else, alright?"

"What on earth are you talking about? The police have already given me the autopsy report much earlier. Just say it if you're reluctant to help. Are you delaying it on purpose? Once Sasha's cremated, we'll have no evidence, and you'll insist that she had committed suicide, won't you?" The woman was a little agitated. Her tone was full of bitterness and distrust.

My brows snapped together at her accusation. I had yet to receive any update about Sasha's autopsy report. Pulling myself together, I said, "Mrs. Brooks, I really haven't seen the report. Let me find out about it before we discuss anything further. Is that okay?"