

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 878-882

Chapter 878

“Holden is a bastard child, to begin with. If my two younger brothers weren’t situated overseas, he wouldn’t have had the right to be a part of the Taylor family.” A voice rang all of a sudden. I froze for a split second before turning toward the source of the voice to see a mother-daughter pair sitting in the courtyard.

It was Kate and her mother, Archie’s third wife, who was approaching sixty years old, but she probably took great care of herself because she only looked to be slightly over forty.

On the contrary, it was Kate who looked older than her years, probably because she was often plagued with worries and problems which then reflected on her appearance.

Her mother looked at her calmly and chided, “You should be focusing on running those companies in your hands. It doesn’t really matter who’s managing the Taylor family. We’ll still live our lives as they are. Don’t tell me you’re afraid that Holden will drive us out of the family?”

Indignant, Kate scoffed coldly. “You’ve always been so passive. If only you fought harder, my brothers wouldn’t have been stuck overseas when Father died. Holden is a nobody. His mother was just a filthy escort who used her body to conceive him. What’s more, she’s such a promiscuous woman. Who knows whether Holden really is Father’s child? But Father handed the reins over to him just like that. Wasn’t he afraid that he’d destroy our family? We’ll be a laughing stock to everyone from now on. They’re going to say that the Taylor family is being controlled by an outsider. Ugh... I really can’t stomach the thought of it, Mom!”

Her mother sighed softly and looked at her with a small smile. “My child, why are you so quick-tempered? It doesn’t matter whether or not he’s a Taylor anymore. He’s only in his twenties. How long

do you think he can keep his position? Be patient, alright? You're not the only one who can't accept him as the head of the Taylor family, and you're certainly not the only one who wants to see him go down."

Kate was taken aback and whipped her head to look at her mother. She was silent for a while before asking, "Mom, do you mean there's someone else who'd take action?"

Her mother maintained her gentle and pleasant smile. "The Taylors family business is far-reaching. Besides, we're not the only Taylors. There are still your uncles, all of whom are waiting for your father's funeral to create a scene, so be patient and just take care of the companies in your hands. Your brothers will be back soon. Your father mentioned before to let them join Taylor Corporation to help Holden in running the company. You're all young and have a whole future ahead. Don't wear down your own potential by being impulsive. Wait out the storm, and you'll be able to reap the most benefits because brute force is not always the way to go!"

As though realization dawned on her, Kate nodded subtly and looked at her mother with awe. "Mom, as always, you're the calm and rational one. Thank God you reminded me, or I would've attracted unnecessary attention to myself by kicking up a fuss."

I watched the mother and daughter with mixed emotions whirring in me. This was probably the power struggle in wealthy families. It seemed like money and influence were all that mattered to them.

Realizing that I shouldn't have eavesdropped, I turned around to leave. Upon seeing Holden standing behind me, I was so startled I instantly broke out in cold sweat.

Then came Kate's voice from behind. "Mom, I think there's someone there!"

I froze in shock. Crap. Did they discover that I'm here?

Right then, Holden abruptly grabbed my arm and led me around the yard, taking me straight to the loft. After making sure that we weren't followed, he released my arm and said with an expressionless face, "Ashton's waiting for you in the lounge room."

Seeing as that was all he said, I nodded and was about to leave.

Right before I stepped out, his voice rang again. "Regardless of what you heard, if you know what's good for you, you'll watch what you say."

This was a reminder as well as a warning.

I nodded in understanding and replied, "Don't worry. I didn't hear a thing."

After all, I had no interest whatsoever to participate in the internal strife between the rich.

He looked at me impassively and chuckled mirthlessly. "I hope so."

Pursing my lips, I spun on my heels and left.

The Taylor residence was enormous. Hence, it took me a long time before I found my way to the lounge room. Ashton was chatting with someone, so I approached him quietly. Glancing at me fleetingly, he tugged me closer and introduced me before ending the conversation.

He studied me and asked, "Where did you go?"

"The backyard garden. I was just taking a stroll." I paused and queried, "Are we going home yet?"

"According to the rules here, the guests who are here to mourn should stay back for lunch and send Mr. Taylor out together with his family."

I nodded and didn't comment.

After having lunch, Archie's coffin was finally brought out of the Taylor residence. It was a grand and large-scale funeral. Many guests made their way to the cemetery to pay their final respects. Only after the coffin was lowered into the ground did everyone go their separate ways.

I was slightly taken aback to see Abe at the cemetery. Dressed in a black suit, he was shrouded in his usual cold and sinister aura. The somber atmosphere and gloomy weather only seemed to amplify that bleakness in his eyes.

Chapter 879

When Holden saw him, other than exchanging customary pleasantries, he didn't have much of a reaction.

Seeing him approach Ashton and me, I subconsciously hid behind Ashton as fear clutched at my chest.

"Mr. Fuller, what a coincidence. We meet again!" he said with a minute smile on his face.

Ashton kept a poker face as he met the other man's gaze. "Mm, we meet again. I thought you already left Moranta."

Abe released an abrupt laugh. "Of course not. This land is where I was given a new life. If I left just like that, how would I be able to see the two of you again?"

Ashton shot him a chilling glance but remained silent.

The corner of Abe's mouth lifted into an arrogant smirk. "It seems like you don't really like talking to me, Mr. Fuller. It's fine. Time is on our side. We have many more opportunities for a good chat!"

Without waiting for a response, he walked away.

I sighed in relief and quickly said, "Let's go, Ashton."

Ashton nodded, then cast a glance at Holden, signaling that we were leaving. With that, he looked at me and said, "Let's go."

I followed after him and inadvertently peeked at Abe, who was supposed to leave. Instead, he stopped to stare unblinkingly at Ashton and me as though plotting some sort of conspiracy.

Terror gripped my heart, and I subconsciously grabbed Ashton's arm tightly. Noticing my reaction, he put his arm around my waist and lowered his voice to say, "Don't be scared. I'm here."

I nodded meekly and continued walking alongside Ashton with my heart in my throat.

After we got into the car, my nerves finally relaxed. I watched as he started the car and asked, "When will we return to K City?"

He put the car in drive and calmly focused on the road ahead. "Tomorrow," he replied, then looked sideways at me. "What did Abe do to you in Venria?"

I shook my head. "Nothing. After we were taken away, he didn't hurt me because of my relationship with Armond, but he was very cruel to Nora and the other women. Abe treated their bodies as carriers for transporting kyanine to Western Europe."

He took my hand and gazed at me earnestly. "Don't ever leave without a word again, okay? No matter what happens, we'll face it together. Don't decide things all by yourself, alright?"

I nodded. Realizing that he was still driving, I exclaimed, "Eyes on the road!"

He smiled and shifted his gaze back to the road.

After a moment of silence, he handed me a box. Slightly bewildered, I turned to him and queried, "What's this?"

"It's from Holden. He wanted me to tell you that he's sorry," he clarified and placed the box on my lap.

I started opening the box, but when I thought about that insufferably arrogant man, I couldn't help but grumble, "It's hard to believe that an egoistic man like him is actually capable of saying sorry. But what exactly can he offer me? It's not some kind of explosive, is it?"

Ashton chuckled deeply and observed, "You don't have a very good impression of Holden, do you?"

I pursed my lips. "Oh, please. That's putting it nicely. My impression of him is simply terrible. I..." I paused abruptly when my gaze landed on the phone inside the box. After hesitating momentarily, I remarked, "I'm surprised he had the courtesy to get me a phone. Scratch that, I'm shell-shocked."

Rummaging through my bag, I found the memory card I retrieved from my old phone the previous day and inserted it into the new phone. Gripping the phone, I found that I quite liked how it felt in my hand. "What brand is this? I don't think I've ever seen it before."

Ashton shot me a sideways glance and answered, "It's a new brand called Rino. It seems to have just been released in Moranta and is probably considered high-end. It's also AI-based."

Nodding in realization, I began to study it but didn't find anything special. It just looked like it could be used as a projector to watch movies, which seemed rather cool to me.

After logging into my WhatsApp, a succession of messages flooded my phone within a short amount of time. They were all from Ashton when he was searching for me the previous day. Looking at the hundred or so unanswered messages, I was dumbfounded and suddenly understood why he was so angry the previous night. He must have been worried sick during the one hour of being unable to reach me.

I turned to look at him and laughed softly. "Ashton, next time, just stop calling if you can't get through my phone. I could've just left my phone on silent mode or simply didn't look at it. If I'm ever in danger, I'll be sure to call you right away."

He gave me a sidelong glance and scoffed childishly. Then, he sighed and cast me a helpless look. "No matter what happens, don't just turn off your phone or switch it to silent mode. I'll be very worried when I can't reach you."

I giggled while watching him. Honestly speaking, I really enjoyed his care and attention. Looking at the messages on my phone again, I noticed that some were from Nora, which were sent not too long ago.

Nora: Scarlett, are you in Moranta? Armond went there too, yesterday. Help me keep an eye on him. If he has the guts to look for other women there, tell me immediately, and I'll fly right over to kill him myself!

Chapter 880

I burst out laughing and typed back a reply: Ok. I'll definitely keep an eye on him for you.

Ashton raised a brow at me when he heard me laugh. "What's gotten you in such a good mood?"

After sending the message, I explained, "It's Nora. She said Armond is in Moranta, and she wants me to keep an eye on him. She said that she'd fly right over and kill him herself if he messes around with other women."

Ashton abruptly hit the brakes, causing the car to screech to a halt. Then, he snapped his head toward me. "Armond is in Moranta? Since when?"

Seeing the grave expression on his face, a sense of foreboding filled me. "Nora messaged me last night, so he probably arrived yesterday."

Ashton's brows drew together. Then, he put the car in drive and was about to turn the car around.

Having no idea about what was going on, I peered at him with concern lining my features. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Boom! Suddenly, there was a muffled noise. Before I could understand what was happening, Ashton's expression turned grim. He was initially going to make a U-turn, but the car lurched forward right then.

"Ashton..." I barely got one word out when the car swerved violently, making me feel like I was about to be thrown out at any second.

Glimpsing the solemn and anxious look on Ashton's face, I suddenly realized that the situation might be more serious than I thought.

Ashton kept ramming the brakes, but the car went out of control and abruptly veered off course.

Realizing that the car was about to crash into an obstruction ahead, Ashton turned the steering wheel with all his might in an attempt to avoid it, but it turned out to be useless as the car still collided into the concrete wall.

The impact was so strong that I nearly flew out of my seat. When the ringing in my ears finally stopped and I regained my bearings, I looked at Ashton and saw blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

Half of his body was hit by slabs of concrete, and he was injured.

"Ashton! Ashton!" I twisted my body and leaned toward him, reaching out to touch him as I called out his name several times. Finally, he opened his eyes and looked at me. In a weak voice, he urged, "Go, quick. Find Holden. He can save me."

Soon, I realized that there were several black off-road vehicles approaching not far behind. Ashton's frantic voice sounded again. "Go now. Otherwise, both of us won't be able to leave."

The cars behind were closing in. I knew that if I didn't run, not only would I fail to save Ashton, both of us would end up in trouble.

Within a few seconds, I twisted the other way and crawled out of the car. Then, I stumbled toward a wall not far away and hid behind it.

The black vehicles pulled to a stop and a few hulking men in black got down.

I watched as they pulled Ashton out of the car. To shield me, Ashton's entire body was pinned down by the car and sustained heavy injuries. The men completely disregarded that as they roughly dragged him into a black car that was parked behind. Then, one of the men stepped forward. With a glacial expression, he took out a cigarette and drew a few puffs before flicking the cigarette butt next to Ashton's G Wagon. I didn't realize it earlier, but the collision had damaged the car's fuel tank. Upon closer inspection, I also noticed that the car tires were completely flat. Thus, the reason Ashton suddenly lost control of the car was because someone had shot the tires.

As soon as the cigarette butt came in contact with the gasoline on the ground, flames sparked to life and spread toward the car. As though carried by a strong wind, the flames quickly engulfed the whole car.

It was going to explode soon. I glanced at the car that cost millions with pursed lips. Drawing in a deep breath, I turned and left in the other direction.

However, I didn't go very far, only putting distance between the explosion and myself. Once I confirmed my safety, I directly called the police. Originally, I wanted to call Holden, but I didn't have his number, so I could only try the numbers Zachary had given me. The call was picked up after only several rings. "Ms. Stovall!"

It was someone Zachary had arranged for me in Moranta. Breathing a sigh of relief, I explained, "Ashton and I were hunted down. He's injured and was just taken away. The car has been burned down. Can you find Ashton as soon as possible?"

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds. Then, he answered, "Okay, but we'll probably come over to ensure your safety first."

I nodded and agreed.

Because I didn't have Holden's contact, I could only wait until the person arranged by my father to come over. A middle-aged man arrived after a while and made sure I wasn't injured before informing me, "The police will be here soon, and they might bring you to the station to take your statement. I've sent someone to search for Mr. Fuller, but it seems like the other party made careful plans in advance. I'm afraid we'll have to regroup and strategize our next move."

I nodded and tried my best to stay calm. "Okay. Ashton told me to look for Holden at the Taylor residence. Maybe he knows how to save Ashton."

"Understood."

The person my father sent to protect was called Boris Irwin, the subordinate he entrusted in managing the assets in Moranta. Over the years, everything here was basically handled by him.

Chapter 881

Vivian had not seen a dead person when she was only five years old.

"Be good, little pumpkin. Don't cry." Looking at the state Larry was in, Vivian was broken-hearted.

Only Vivian knew how much she had endured during this period of time. Although she was not the person who was directly affected, they were all her loved ones.

She had seen how much pain they were in and did not have it easy either.

Often, a person would be more distressed by watching others in pain.

As she comforted Larry, Vivian stroked his back in hopes that her son would be able to forget this terrible memory. If Larry could not forget that scene, it would become his childhood trauma.

Vivian did not want Larry to have to deal with a childhood that he would always be afraid to remember. She wanted him to grow up well and in peace.

As she consoled Larry, Vivian slowly fell asleep beside her son.

Whatever happened that day was too much for her to handle.

She had been cooking for Finnick when she received the phone call in the middle of it and had to rush over. Like Larry, she had seen the corpses littering the floor.

She had also seen Samuel lying on the ground. Although she was devastated, she could not cry then.

Only when Larry finally fell asleep did she let her tears fall.

As she stroked Larry's back, Vivian cried and comforted herself at the same time.

As they fell asleep, Finnick was still up on the hill, kneeling in front of Samuel's grave.

He simply kneeled there motionless.

The next morning, Vivian made Larry some breakfast and noticed that Finnick was not yet home. After waiting a while longer, she went back up the hill with Larry to see Finnick.

As it was still early in the morning, the paths on the hill were tough to walk on. Some plants along the way still had morning dew on them.

The scenery atop the hill was beautiful, but Vivian was in no mood to appreciate it. She was very worried about Finnick.

As they walked up the hill, Vivian was getting nervous the closer they got to the peak.

However, she did not know what she was nervous about either.

All she wanted then was to reach the peak as soon as possible so that she could find out what happened to Finnick and see if he was okay.

Yet, since Larry was still young, they could not walk too fast.

Larry still exerted as much effort as he could, eventually allowing them to ascend the hill in only a short amount of time.

Vivian was suddenly panicked the minute they reached the peak.

She did not see Finnick. The area no longer had any traces of his visit.

She searched around the area, but to no avail. It was as if he had just disappeared from the face of the earth.

He was nowhere to be found.

He must have gone home, probably using another route.

Vivian then decided to head home for a look and hurried down the hill.

She rushed home with Larry, but Finnick was still nowhere to be seen.

She searched around the house thoroughly, leaving no stone unturned. She searched the kitchen, bedroom, study, and even the bathroom.

But there was nothing.

Realizing that Finnick had left, Vivian walked off in silence, heading to a place where no one would find her.

She was upset but did not know how to comfort herself.

During this period of time, she had spent all her effort trying to comfort Finnick. Yet, he had disappeared.

Vivian knew that in this lifetime, she was the only person who could comfort Finnick.

She also knew that Finnick did not simply disappear. He had chosen to leave her.

Although she wanted to be sad, Vivian realized that there was nothing for her to be upset about. After all, Finnick had left to protect them.

She was clear of this in her heart but simply did not want to admit it.

Vivian slumped onto the ground spiritlessly, staring blankly into space.

She seemed to notice a silhouette of Finnick walking past, but when she moved to take a closer look, it was gone.

Looking at Vivian acting this way, Larry knew what had happened.

His Mommy could not find Daddy, but she did not know the reason for his disappearance.

Chapter 882

Although Larry wanted to ask, he could tell that it was not the right time.

Vivian was upset. If Larry asked her about it now, he was undoubtedly adding fuel to the fire.

Vivian was saddened as she looked at Larry standing quietly at one side. She pulled him into her arms and cried.

“Little pumpkin, you’re all Mommy has now.” As she hugged Larry, Vivian was thinking over possible places where Finnick could have gone to. She was not about to give up searching for him.

“Mommy, don’t cry. I’m always here with you.” Just like how Vivian had comforted him previously, Larry stroked her back, hoping that she would not cry any longer.

Looking at how helpless his mother was, Larry felt helpless, for he could not protect his own mother well.

“Your daddy’s gone, little pumpkin. He left in order to protect us.”

Vivian was worried; Finnick had not been in a good state last night. Furthermore, he had left just like that in the morning, without taking anything with him.

Where would he stay at night? What would he eat? How would he support himself?

Vivian had many questions in her head, but she did not dare to think too much about them. She knew that the more she thought about it, the more worried she would feel.

She understood that Finnick was currently in a difficult situation. He had left out of fear that the enemy would come for them.

However, did he ever stop to think about what would happen to them if the enemy just showed up one day after he left?

Vivian thought of whatever Finnick had failed to consider.

When Finnick left, he had thought that Vivian would only be able to live a safe life after he left.

He loved her, so he did not want anything to happen to her. It was the type of love where he could disregard his own life for his loved one.

The more Vivian pondered over this matter, the more upset she got.

They had only just reconciled but were now separated once again. Is our life doomed to have so many ups and downs?

When Larry saw his mother cry even harder, he walked over to the sofa to get some tissues, then stuffed them in Vivian's hands for her to wipe her tears with.

However, she was crying so badly that her tears could not simply be dried using tissues.

Vivian did not move to wipe her tears. She let them run down her face as she felt the pain in her heart.

Both of them had been overwhelmed by the various events in life that happened recently and had no time to catch their breaths.

Since Finnick had chosen to leave, she would let herself cry for a while. After that, Vivian would have to carry on with her life.

She would not waste his efforts and disappoint him. Instead, she would raise Larry well while waiting for his return.

When the time came, they would be able to live the best quality of life together.

As she thought about it, Vivian stopped crying. She looked at Larry's face, which resembled that of Finnick's, and made up her mind.

She then brought Larry back to their home, the one that she had lived with Finnick in for seven years.

It felt empty. No one had lived there the past three days, so it lacked warmth.

Fortunately, the two housemaids had helped to keep the house clean. Resultantly, the house did not look too dirty.

"Mrs. Norton, did Mr. Norton not come back with you?" asked the housemaid when she saw that Vivian came back alone.

The moment she heard that question, Vivian, who had been unbuttoning Larry's coat, froze.

"He won't be back these few years. You should just focus on doing your job well." Vivian only provided a brief explanation before reminding her to focus on her job.

“Sorry, I spoke too much.” Judging by Vivian’s expression, Molly knew that she had said too much.

She immediately hit herself lightly on the mouth and looked at Vivian apologetically.

“Would you like to have some breakfast?” It was eight in the morning, which happened to be Vivian’s usual breakfast time.

“Yeah.” Both Vivian and Larry had not eaten much when they woke that morning. Now that Molly mentioned it, they were both indeed a little hungry.

As soon as she heard Vivian answer, Molly hurried into the kitchen and started to make breakfast.

Since it was breakfast, Molly kept it simple and made them English breakfast with some sandwiches.