

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 888-892

Chapter 888

All the employers held their breath as the host reached his hand into the lucky draw box.

Everyone was excited, except Vivian and Paris.

The former was unperturbed as she didn't believe she would be the winner; the latter was simply unconcerned about the prize.

The host drew a number tag from the box and announced the employer ID, "1220."

The sound of people sighing ensued.

Seeing that no one came forward, the host asked, "Who has the employer ID 1220?"

Hearing that, Vivian curled her lips into a smile. Lucky me.

She made her way onto the stage under the crowd's envious stare.

Although she didn't believe that the company was capable of granting her wish, she placated a pleasant smile nevertheless.

The way she behaved on the stage in front of her colleagues and superiors represented her attitude toward the company.

“Please be quiet, everyone.” The host raised his hand to get the hall to quiet down. “Now, it’s time for Vivian, our lucky winner, to make a wish.”

The next moment, the crowds cheered Vivian on.

Vivian had indeed stood out that night by making a grand appearance in that beautiful dress and becoming the winner of the lucky draw.

As the crowd went wild, the host once again called out, “Silence, everyone.”

The banquet just got started, and there were still a lot of activities to come. If the guests got too excited right now, they might be too tired to join the upcoming events.

Anyway, the host was just worrying over nothing.

The host gave Vivian a signal and said, “Come, make your wish.”

Vivian nodded. Standing before the lit-up candles, she murmured a few words under her breath with her eyes closed and her hands clasped.

After that, she left the stage.

Regardless of whether the wish would come true, Vivian would always be hopeful.

Soon it was the cake-cutting session.

The crowd fell into silence as Lesley walked onto the stage. They knew the senior editor was not someone they should mess with.

It was a good thing to have a senior editor who had a deterrent effect on the employees.

While exuding an overbearing aura, Lesley grabbed the serrated knife and cut the cake smoothly.

This time, the crowd dared not to cheer. Lesley cast her eyes impassively over the whole lot before she walked down the stage.

She was not a supercilious person, nor was she belittling the employees. It was just that she had a cold personality.

Thus, the employees nicknamed her “Maleficent” though they dared only call that behind her back.

Soon, the atmosphere turned upbeat when the host said cheerfully, “Now, it’s time for us to have fun! Let the party begin!”

All of the employees, including the host himself, got excited when they could finally have fun after a tiring day at work.

They gathered around and engaged themselves in party games.

Later, they headed to the karaoke for an after party.

Vivian sat on the couch while she quietly watched the other colleagues singing.

She would occasionally respond to Paris when the latter talked to her.

After a while, Vivian’s phone vibrated. She exited the karaoke booth to answer the call.

“Little pumpkin?” She was curious about the reason for Larry calling.

“Mommy, it’s late now. Why are you not home yet? You still need to work tomorrow!” Larry spoke disapprovingly like a little adult over the phone.

Vivian was at a loss for words. Eventually, she promised her son that she would go home right away.

Back in the karaoke booth, she took leave from Paris before excusing herself to the senior director, “Ms. Jenson, I need to go home now. My son is still waiting for me.”

Hearing that, Lesley nodded her approval.

After leaving the karaoke, Vivian hurriedly got into her car and drove home.

She needed to arrive home as soon as possible, or her son would definitely nag at her.

It wasn’t long after the first call when she received a second call from Larry.

Chapter 889

“Mommy, where are you now?” Larry had waited for fifteen minutes, yet his mother was still not home yet.

Vivian knew she was near the neighborhood when the familiar row of shops came into sight. “I’m almost home now.”

She soon arrived home and was changing into slippers in the doorway. It startled her when she suddenly heard Larry’s voice from behind, “Mommy.”

She spun around to see Larry looking at her, his gaze shining with awe.

The next moment, the little boy furrowed his brows and said, "Mommy, don't forget about Daddy."

With that, he turned and left for his bedroom.

The little boy waited up for his mother so that she would come home early. Now that his mission was accomplished, he could finally cast his worries away and go to bed.

Meanwhile, Vivian was amused by her son's remark. Is he worried that I might find him a stepfather?

As she entered the washroom, she noticed Larry had helped squeeze toothpaste on her toothbrush and had the towel prepared for her. At that instant, she felt warmth in her heart.

With a heartfelt smile, she murmured, "Little pumpkin, you're starting to look like your father."

In no time, she brushed her teeth and removed her makeup.

In her bedroom, she saw a note with neat handwriting on the nightstand, which wrote: Goodnight, Mommy.

The heartwarming words brought a smile onto her face. Soon she fell into a deep slumber.

Life went on as usual. Every day, Vivian would recharge herself by spending some family time with Larry after a tiring day at work. The little boy had always shown his care and concern for her.

She realized that Larry started to look increasingly like his father.

Sometimes, she would find some of his facial expressions and behavior similar to Finnick's. He was just like a miniature version of that man.

Yet, the two had different characters and personalities. Finnick was a warm person, while Larry was a bit overbearing and dominant.

As his mother, Vivian would accept Larry for who he was. What was more, Larry was the crystallization of the love between Finnick and her.

She couldn't ask for more as long as the boy was always there with her.

One morning, when Vivian arrived at the office, she noticed the others were all talking about her. Some even regarded her with an envious gaze.

After settling down at her desk, she asked her colleague sitting next to her, "What happened?"

Her colleague seemed hesitant as she spoke, "You haven't heard about it? You're going to interview the president of a large company."

Vivian couldn't help feeling confused.

Soon, Lesley was there to clear her doubts. "Vivian, come with me."

Lesley had received the news when she arrived at the office. Seeing Vivian at her cubicle, she called her into her office to talk to her about it.

"Oh... Okay." Vivian's had a bad feeling about it, yet she had no choice but to comply with the senior editor's order.

In her office, Lesley asked Vivian to take a seat and then handed a document to her.

Vivian's eyes widened as she skimmed through it. I'm going to interview Finnor Group's president?

She was shocked to learn that she was being entrusted with the duty to interview Chase Neville, the man who took over Finnick's company.

Although she was reluctant to interview that man, she must comply with her superior's order. Yet, it was a bitter pill for her to swallow.

She tried to negotiate with the senior editor, "Um... Ms. Jenson, could I not do this interview?"

"Either you do the interview or quit your job," was the ruthless Lesley's reply.

What a fool I am to pin my hope on the Lesley to show mercy. In the end, Vivian gave in. "I'll do it."

She listened to Lesley when the latter told her about the things she needed to be mindful of during the interview.

Downhearted, she came out of the senior editor's office with her feet shuffling and her shoulders slouching. I've been trying hard to stay away from everything that reminds me of the past. Why must they ask me to interview that man?

Vivian knew she couldn't run away this time.

For the past few years, she had always refused to buy any of the Finnor Group's products as they would remind her that the company had changed ownership.

She had even transferred her son to a new kindergarten to prevent him from going to the same school as Joey.

Yet, it seemed like there was no escaping from the inevitable.

Vivian couldn't possibly make the senior editor change her mind, so she braced herself for the interview. It's no big deal at all! I'll treat the interview as having a casual conversation with him. Chase won't bite; there's no need to fret.

Since the interview was a great opportunity to gain experience, Vivian was required to bring a junior journalist with her. Lesley told her that the junior journalist would turn up at her desk, yet she didn't mention the specific time.

After waiting for a long time, the junior journalist was still nowhere to be seen. Vivian then went to the pantry to pour herself a cup of water.

A familiar voice rang out, "Vivian." She turned around to find that it was Paris.

Vivian nodded smilingly at the young lady and then continued drinking her water.

She thought Paris was just passing by the pantry.

To her surprise, it turned out that Paris was the junior journalist who would be joining her to interview Chase. It's Paris! What a coincidence!

She told Paris, "Come to the meeting room after you finish your coffee. We need to discuss the interview."

Since tomorrow was the interview, they needed to come up with the questions and discuss the details. After all, the subject of their interview was Chase, the president of a conglomerate. They couldn't afford to let anything go wrong during the interview.

That day, Vivian and the team worked two hours overtime and only got off work at seven in the evening.

Since they missed lunch, Vivian decided to treat the team to dinner.

The team members included a photographer, an assistant, and Paris.

All of them were delighted when Vivian told them she was treating them to dinner. They quickly grabbed their coat and soon arrived at a restaurant.

“Vivian, I heard you’ve interviewed Finnor Group’s president before. Is that true?”

After working together for an entire day, the team members realized that Vivian was not as unapproachable as rumor had it. Thus, they felt free to ask her questions.

Vivian answered frankly, “I did interview Finnor Group’s president before, but not the current president.”

She still remembered her interviewing Finnick on the day they got married.

Although it happened seven years ago, that day’s memory remained vivid in her mind.

“Huh?” The team members were clueless. Before they could ask for further clarification, the server had brought them their food.

As their curiosity succumbed to the temptation of the delicious food, they ended the conversation and started digging in.

They greatly enjoyed themselves. Yet, if they hadn’t asked Vivian that question, perhaps she would find the meal more enjoyable.

After making payment, Vivian bade them goodbye and drove home.

Larry was already asleep by the time she arrived home. Lying on the bed, she started recalling her past with Finnick.

Soon, she fell asleep with bittersweet feelings in her heart.

The next morning, the team members were already waiting at the office when she arrived.

“Morning, Vivian,” they greeted her.

After returning their greetings, she asked them to prepare to leave for Finnor Group.

The interview was scheduled at nine-thirty, and they still had an hour’s time to travel there.

Although the journey would only take about fifteen minutes, Vivian thought it would be better for them to arrive ahead of time.

Before leaving, Lesley called her to her office and handed her a document. “I’ve prepared some questions for the interview. You can pick a few of them and ask during the interview.”

The only way a magazine company could gain a strong foothold in the industry was by digging into scandals and publishing first-hand news.

Vivian was rendered speechless as she flipped through the document. There were three pages of them! Since it was near the departing time, she decided to bring the document with her and played it by ear during the interview.

After all, as a senior journalist, she had acquired the ability to think on her feet over the years.

“Let’s go!” Vivian took the lead getting into the car that the company assigned to them.

Amongst the team members, the photographer was more experienced and knowledgeable with the interviewing procedure. As for the assistant, she needed only to wait for them and provide assistance when asked to.

Thus, Paris was the most nervous one amongst them.

“Don’t be nervous. During the interview, you can imagine him as a...” Vivian was trying to come up with something.

The witty assistant suggested, “A cabbage!”

“Yes! We’ll treat him as a cabbage.” Vivian shot the assistant an approving look. Feeling amused, Paris broke into laughter.

Chapter 891

I had no idea how long Ashton had been in the chamber. His entire body was stiff, while his forehead was icy cold to the touch. The man had lost consciousness.

“Ashton, I’m here! Wake up! Please wake up.” I removed my coat before wrapping it around his body. Then, I cuddled up with him, trying to warm his body.

The man didn’t give any response. Not wasting any time, I helped him up and carried him on my back before we moved toward the exit.

Meanwhile, I inform Boris, “Boris, I found Ashton in the refrigerating chamber, but he is unconscious. Come fast!”

Bang! Just then, the door of the refrigerating chamber was being slammed shut. The next moment, I noticed the temperature in the chamber dropped drastically.

At that instant, we were surrounded by biting cold air that blew directly onto us.

While carrying Ashton, I tried in vain to get into contact with Boris. It turned out that the signal of the earbud was cut off.

Ashton's body temperature was becoming lower by the minute while his body grew unpliant. Hugging him tighter in my arms, I called out, "Ashton, I'm Scarlett! I'm here! Don't sleep, or I will get mad. Wake up, Ashton! Wake up!"

Being eaten up by fear, there was little rationality left in me. All I could do was to keep talking to Ashton though he could give me no response. Soon, I was overwhelmed by panic as the chillness penetrated my body.

I snuggled close to Ashton. The damp areas in the chamber and even the water vapor started to freeze.

I could feel my body grew stiff, let alone Ashton's. I kept rubbing his hands, trying to warm them. As I continued talking to him, my tears started rolling down my cheeks and froze in no time, which caused numbness and a tingling sensation.

There was nothing but silence outside the chamber. I was on the verge of a breakdown as Ashton started to lose vital signs. Feeling helpless, I clung to the Ashton, shivering and crying.

Since I had been through the trauma of being locked inside a freezer, I started suffering an acute stress reaction. Being overwhelmed by fear of the cold, my body convulsed. Just then, I vaguely heard Ashton's voice saying, "Let her go. I'll sign it."

It was the first time he ever spoke since I entered the chamber. I opened my eyes and tried to turn to look at him, yet it was hard to move my body.

Right then, the door of the refrigerating chamber was being flung open. The person who appeared was none other than Armond. In his burgundy red suit, the man plastered a faint smile.

It was within my expectation that Armond was the one behind Ashton's kidnapping. Still, I couldn't bring myself to believe that he would be so cruel to us.

"Hand me the contract," he ordered his subordinate. Then, he turned to face Ashton. "Please sign it, Mr. Fuller."

I regarded him in disbelief. "How could you do this to us?"

Gazing at me, Armond curled his lips into his usual gentle smile. "Actually, Scarlett, it's all thanks to you. If you hadn't come here, Mr. Fuller would rather die instead of signing this contract."

He then placed the contract in front of Ashton and said smilingly, "Mr. Fuller, you indeed love Ms. Stovall a lot. You could stand the blistering cold for more than ten hours, but you gave in when Ms. Stovall was locked in the chamber with you. Oh, what a grand love you have for her!"

"You b*stard!" I couldn't help but curse. In my arms, Ashton's body was stiff, and he could hardly open his eyes. If I weren't here, he wouldn't remain conscious until now.

Disregarding my hostility, Armond put the pen in Ashton's hand and then forced the latter to sign the contract. I cast my eyes at Ashton and then at Armond. The next moment, I pulled out the knife that Boris gave me for self-defense purposes and grabbed Armond's collar, pressing it hard against his throat. "Let us go, or we'll die together!"

Narrowing his eyes, Armond glanced at the seemingly lifeless Ashton as he spoke, "Do you really think the two of you could get out of this place?"

I suppressed my fear while pressing the knife harder. "Let your men take Ashton out of the chamber! Now!"

Seeing me holding Armond on knifepoint, his subordinates dared not to move. Just then, the sound of footsteps rang out, and in came a group of men. I was relieved to see that it was Boris and the others.

Armond's subordinates tried to stop Boris. However, the latter fired his gun into the air and warned, "Don't move!" His resounding voice and the sound of the gunshot deterred Armond's subordinates.

Boris then asked his men to bring Ashton out. After that, pointing his gun at Armond, he called out, "Mr. Murphy, I'm sorry about this. Ms. Stovall, come over!"

Upon that, I let go of Armond before making my way out. Being held at gunpoint, Armond and his men dared not to move. When I finally got out of the chamber, Boris asked one of his subordinates to take off his suit for me.

Chapter 892

"Miss, you should leave this instant! Let me handle this!" He urged as he turned to me.

"How could you use such lowly methods to obtain your goals? It seems that I am too young to understand your cruelty," I replied as I gazed at the bodies in the freezer room.

"Win or lose; we are all driven by our greed for wealth. Scarlett, it's only just a matter of our views!" Armond laughed coldly.

"Can we leave safely?" I asked Boris and closed the freezer door shut.

"Don't worry about it. Armond does not have most of his henchman with him right now! Let's go!" Boris gave me a curt nod.

"Boris, have you called the police?" I paused as we approached the factory's exit.

He shook his head as he asked, "Do you want to lodge a report?"

"He continued his operations despite being banned. It is a clear violation of the law. It would be more beneficial to get the police's intervention. Additionally, we should contact Moranta's reporters and show them the evidence of Armond's wrongdoings. This will cause a great stir within the Murphys," I replied.

"Alright!" Boris nodded in agreement.

Although I was clueless about Ashton's duration in the freezer room, he began to sweat profusely after entering the car. At the sight of him sweating, Boris urged the driver to speed up the vehicle.

Along the car ride, I pulled Ashton into my embrace. His muscles and body felt as stiff as a board. "He must have been in the freezer for a long time. His muscles and nerves might be damaged," Boris said as he looked at me with a worried gaze.

"Let's wait for the doctor's diagnosis before jumping to conclusions!" I interjected before he could continue any further.

After Ashton was sent to the hospital, Boris and I waited outside the ER. As the minutes crawled by, I had a sudden realization about Holden's absence. "Boris, where is Mr. Holden?" I enquired worriedly.

"Right now, he is not in a good position to leave the house. After all, he had just taken over the Taylor family. If he makes an appearance, there would be countless enemies waiting to pounce on this opportunity. He must avoid a confrontation with his enemies," Boris explained with a frown.

I nodded as a sign of acknowledgement.

Holden's absence was understandable. After all, he had to protect and defend his domain. During my toughest moments, he was willing to take me in. This generous act was already a sign of kindness from him.

Meanwhile, Ashton was forced to remain in the ER for a long time. The duration of his absence left me stricken with anxiety as I waited impatiently.

The next day, I could feel my worry grow as the ER doors remained shut. Repeatedly, I peered inside in hopes of catching a glimpse and paced agitatedly along the corridors.

Boris glanced at me with a worried look. It seemed like he yearned to comfort me. However, he remained silent.

At the same time, Holden had arrived at the hospital. "Do you plan to scare Ashton with your horrible features when he comes out?" Holden remarked when he caught sight of our disheveled features.

I chose not to reply to his cruel comment. After all, I was used to his constant insults.

"Mr. Holden, Mr. Fuller is still undergoing recovery. You should refrain from making such inappropriate jokes," Boris warned him.

"Let me handle the situation here. You should head back and take a rest!" Holden advised, "If you continue to wear yourself out, I'm afraid that you'll turn even uglier! With such horrendous looks, no one would want to marry you even if you wished to remarry!"

Despite his words, I remained in a crouching position outside the doors. I'm not in the mood to listen to him!

Bang! The ER doors burst open as a doctor emerged from the room.

Immediately, I rose to my feet. Due to my low blood pressure, I stumbled and nearly fell to the ground. Fortunately, Holden managed to stop my fall as he helped me regain my balance. "Are you trying to injure yourself?" He asked sarcastically.

"Doctor, how is my husband?" I brushed Holden away with an irritated scowl and shifted my attention to the doctor.

“The patient is no longer in a critical condition. However, his muscles and nerves suffered from varying degrees of frostbite. In the future, these injuries may cause severe side effects. In the worst-case scenario, your family members and the patient should be prepared as the patient may be partially paralyzed,” the doctor explained.

The tragic news hit me like a lightning strike. It wasn't until Ashton was wheeled out of the ER when I snapped out of my daze.

In the ward, Ashton remained unconscious. “Boris, you should head back and get some rest. I can remain here to keep him company. Besides, there are still many issues left unsolved, so you should take care of yourself,” I addressed Boris.

“Mr. Moore and Mr. Lowe should be already on their way here. Don't worry, Mr. Fuller will be fine!” Boris replied in an attempt to reassure me.

I nodded tiredly in response. My exhaustion kept me from mustering a proper reply.

After Boris's departure, Holden entered the ward and leaned against the door frame. He had a foolish expression painted across his face. “Why don't you spit it out? It'd be a waste if you remained silent after coming all the way here!” I said coldly.

Holden raised his eyebrows in response. “I swear you're the weirdest person I know... One moment ago, you'd say something dumb, and the next thing you know, you blew people away. How can you tell that I have something to say right now?” he asked sarcastically.

“Well, you can choose to keep it to yourself!” I said with a frown.

“How boring! Anyway, you're as cruel as always. Armond is currently under investigation. The factory that Ashton was held hostage had been shut down before. Now that it's being explored again, they discovered traces of carcinogen produced from the factory. The Moranta police force has launched an investigation into all of the industries under the Murphys. Murphy Corporation has lost millions after a single day of delay in its operations. Additionally, he is also blamed for the designated kidnappings and illegal smuggling. Such problems would be enough to keep him busy for a few days. Scarlett, I must say

that I am impressed. Your single move was enough to cripple him entirely. You were the one that contacted the reporters, right?" Holden questioned.