

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 933-937

Chapter 933

Blood drained from Yvonne's face. "What do you mean?"

"I literally meant what I said," Hannah continued plainly. "At first I thought there was nothing worth explaining since I didn't intend to compete with you anyway. But if you think I stayed silent because I was afraid, then you're wrong."

Glancing around at everyone, she added calmly, "Regarding what all of you saw just now, I wasn't going to bother defending myself. But now that even Scarlett is speaking up on my behalf, I won't keep quiet anymore. Besides, the more I remain silent, the more somebody here tries to take advantage. That's utterly shameless."

"Hannah Anne!" Yvonne screamed suddenly, her voice somewhat shaky as she glared at Hannah with a trace of horror on her face. "You're lying!"

Hannah wasn't in the least bit intimidated. She turned towards Louis with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry, Uncle Louis. I failed to take good care of the black card you gave me earlier. Ms. Wilde demanded that I hand it over to her since she's now a part of the Stovall family, and so I did. As long as it's a woman whom John loves, I have no qualms. However, at this point, it seems that Ms. Wilde isn't suited for the title of 'Mrs. Stovall' after all."

At that, Louis pursed his lips and shifted his gaze onto Yvonne.

“If Ms. Wilde still insists that I’m responsible for causing her to fall into the pool…” Hannah glanced at Yvonne coldly. “Then, all I can say is, perhaps I shouldn’t have evaded her when she tried to attack me just now.”

Just then, a child’s cry rang from outside. Hannah looked at John and continued, “I have no objections to you being together with someone else, John. But as someone who understands you to some extent, heed my advice—be careful with who you choose to bring into the Stovall family.”

“Goodbye, everyone,” Hannah said as she bowed, then turned and left towards the door.

John was silent, though his face paled with a painful expression.

Yvonne began sobbing as she tugged on his arm. “It wasn’t like that, Johnny!” she pleaded with innocent eyes. “I didn’t do any of those things. They’re lying!”

Despair clouded John’s face as he stared at Hannah’s disappearing back, completely ignoring Yvonne who clung desperately onto him. I suddenly realized—perhaps from the very beginning, John had never cared about what happened to Yvonne and whether Hannah really did anything. His only concern was Hannah’s attitude towards himself. He’d been putting up a facade all along in hopes of gaining her attention and seeing if she’d show any signs of jealousy at how he treated Yvonne.

Unfortunately for him, Hannah was completely indifferent. She no longer cared.

Yvonne was still persistently keeping up with her acting. I couldn’t help but feel nauseated at that woman’s despicable pretense, thus I held out the recording in front of her. “Just give up already. Whatever happened just now were all recorded here, and I’ve already sent it to everyone. I’m afraid you won’t be able to set foot in the Stovall residence from now on. Good luck!”

The last trace of color disappeared from her cheeks. No longer sobbing nor pleading, she stared at the screen in silence as her face twisted into a conflicted grimace.

Was she thinking about how to make a quiet escape from all of this? I had no idea. With how she's cornered at this moment, there was no way she could pull another dirty trick.

That being said, there was no telling how shameless a person could be.

Yvonne looked up at me with teary, pitiful eyes. "Why are you doing this to me, Scarlett? Everything I did was out of love for John. What's wrong with that? I don't get it..." She then eyed John sideways for a second, as if making sure he's watching her. "You guys went on and on about doing things for his sake, but where was everyone when he needed somebody by his side? And on top of deserting him, now you're trying to get rid of me. Don't you think you people have gone overboard?"

Gosh, what's with that incessant damsel-in-distress act? I frowned, not knowing what else to say. It'd only be a waste of time to continue arguing. This woman would surely keep up her act and try to prove herself blameless for as long as she could, even if her true colors were already becoming evident.

I snatched my phone back and threw her a sarcastic smile. "Well then, feel free to carry on with your disgusting acts. I wish you all the best in defending your noble love!"

After bidding Uncle Louis a quick farewell, I dragged Ashton out of the house.

I was no longer in the mood to talk as we headed home, though I could tell Ashton was glancing at me occasionally as he drove.

"Well, Hannah's gotten over it. You've said and done everything you could, too," he spoke after a long silence. "Let's just leave it to John now. However things may turn out, he's the only one responsible for his own decisions."

I sighed and nodded. Of course I knew that. "I know, it's just... It still pisses me off. I've always thought that someone like Rebecca Larson was atrocious enough, but it turns out Yvonne's on a whole different level. It's almost unbelievable."

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Ashton didn't respond. I pursed my lips and shot him a sidelong glare. "What? Are you upset about that sweetheart of yours?"

He raised a brow and chuckled. "No. I was just thinking you seem a little more naggy these days."

What a bummer. I rolled my eyes and gave up talking, leaning aside and looking out the window instead.

The scenery outside flew by in a haze. My eyelids felt heavier as time passed. Why was I getting tired so easily these days?

As soon as we got home, Ashton proceeded to settle some of his pending work. It was already late, so I went back into the bedroom and headed straight to the shower. Just as I was about to call it a night, Hailey's message came in.

I didn't expect her to keep in touch with me so regularly, since we'd only met once.

The message was brief. Hello, Ms. Stovall. Have you slept already?

I texted back: Not yet. What's the matter?

Not really... Just wondering when you are coming over to A City again.

It had indeed been a while since I last went there. Is there something you want to talk about?

Her reply came in almost instantly: Nothing much, just wanted to ask since it's been a while.

It wouldn't have bothered me so much if such an answer came from somebody else, but Hailey's different. For someone who was dealing with depression, there could be a hidden message behind her seemingly casual response.

I've been a little tied up these days, but I'll definitely pay a visit when I'm free! If you aren't too busy, why don't you come over to K City?

Okay. Silence then followed.

Something felt odd, though I was too exhausted to think about it. My consciousness drifted off as soon as I lay in bed that I didn't even realize when Ashton came in that night.

The next morning.

I was woken up when my phone rang. But while I was still tossing in bed, Ashton had already reached for it and answered the call for me.

"Who's that?" I croaked groggily.

Instead of replying me, he sat up in a sudden jolt.

I rubbed my eyes and gazed at his alarmed face. "What happened?"

"Summer had a severe nosebleed and started coughing up blood," he explained as he hung up the call and scrambled out of bed. "They've sent her to the hospital."

At that, Ashton put on his clothes hastily and rushed into the bathroom.

I sat up in a daze for a good few minutes before it finally dawned on me. Summer is hospitalized! I thus jumped out of bed and immediately dialed Cameron's number, but it went unanswered.

So I called Emery instead. When she answered, her voice sounded somewhat fuzzy against the noise in the background. "Scarlett! Summer's ill. Come to the hospital quickly!"

Before I could answer, Emery hung up abruptly. Perhaps she was in too much of a panic to explain everything over the phone. There wasn't much time to waste, so I quickly grabbed a change of clothes. Ashton came out just as I was done.

Hence, we left to the hospital right away.

Ashton's phone rang constantly as we drove. Having both hands occupied on the steering, he glanced at me quickly. "Can you help me answer that?"

I took his phone in my hands and looked at the flashing ID. "It's a number from W City!"

He signaled with a nod.

As I turned on the speaker, an unfamiliar voice echoed, "Mr. Fuller, we've got some news. The factory where the child was sent to back then turns out to be a chemical plant. It seems quite a number of its workers were diagnosed with cancer due to radioactive pollution. The factory belongs to the Crest family, and it's currently shut down."

None of us said a word, and the voice continued, "That pollution was caused by an explosion which happened shortly before that incident with Mr. Crest. All workers who got involved had since undergone a health examination, though not everyone was affected by the chemical hazards."

My mind went blank. The air around me felt heavy as I mulled over those words. I hung up the phone and looked at Ashton. "Jared did send Summer to the factory and let her stay there for some time. Could it be that she..."

My shaky voice trailed off. Ashton pondered in silence for a moment before he began, "Summer was with Kristina when we found her, so I've always thought that my initial hunches about her staying at the plant was wrong. Now it seems like she was indeed at the factory from the beginning, and Jared probably sent her to Kristina after the explosion."

"But why would he do that? Summer is his child!" I could hear my own voice heightening as I fought against the tears that started to well up in my eyes. "Why did he send her there in the first place if he knew that it's so dangerous?"

Ashton bit his lip for a second. "Who knows? Maybe he really wasn't aware about it at first, which was why he handed her over to Kristina later on."

"Even if that's true, shouldn't he have informed us? We could've brought Summer for a check up if we knew what happened! That way we could've at least made sure if she's alright after that incident..."

At this point, I didn't know what else to think about or say anymore. A storm had begun raging within myself, and I saw the hardened expression on Ashton's face too. "Let's not jump into conclusions for now. We'll wait and see what the doctor says later. It could be that she just happened to be under the weather these days."

He was right. There was nothing we could do except hoping that Summer would be just fine.

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At the hospital, Xavier was wailing as Emery struggled to hold him still in her arms. "Sorry, Scarlett. He's been making a fuss the whole time." She looked at me somewhat apologetically and continued, "I think I should bring him home first. Hunter's off at school, but both Zachary and Cameron are here. The doctor's still checking on Summer, but don't worry too much, I believe everything will be fine!"

I nodded and urged her to go. It's only understandable that a child would feel uncomfortable under the cold weather and amidst the tense atmosphere.

The nurses wheeled Summer into the examination room while Cameron and Zachary followed closely behind them.

As we waited outside the room, Cameron began tearing up. "This is my fault, I should've brought her here for a check-up way earlier..." She sobbed. "The poor child's had a few rounds of fever, but I've always thought they were just bouts of cold due to the changing weather. I just gave her the usual meds last night, thinking that she would get better after that. She suddenly started coughing out blood so much this morning!"

I held my mother's hands in mine. "Don't worry, Mom. Summer has always been a little weak, it's likely that her body just isn't faring so well under the weather. I'm sure she'll be fine."

How was I supposed to tell her about the incident at W City? After taking care of Summer all this while, they had gotten so attached to her as if she was their own grandchild.

Zachary sat on the chair, panting slightly in exhaustion as worry clouded his weary face. Clearly, hurrying after the doctor and nurses back and forth throughout the hospital had taken a toll on his aging body.

Before long, the doctor came out from the room with a report in his hand. He glanced around at all of us before asking, "Is anyone here a family member of the patient?"

"We all are!" I answered, my eyes fixated on the sheets of paper in his grip.

He then gestured for us to follow him. "In that case, shall we all have a discussion in my office?"

In the doctor's office.

He handed the report to Ashton while explaining, "These are the test results. The ALP levels in the child's lymph nodes and liver are high, and her white blood cell count is severely beyond normal. Her bones and joints are damaged as well. I'm afraid things aren't looking positive for the patient."

In that instant, I felt as if my surroundings began to spin. Just as I lost balance, Ashton got hold of me and carefully sat me down on the nearest chair. As calm and collected as he would usually be, he was definitely shaken this time around. I could feel a slight tremor in his hands as he held onto my shoulders. "Doctor, is there anything we can do?" he asked.

The doctor replied, "Acute leukemia isn't the easiest to control, though there's definitely a chance of recovery. Having said that, we'll need your utmost cooperation as we do what we can for the patient. The treatment will also involve a handful of equipment and specific drugs from overseas, and frankly speaking, not everyone is able to bear the costs."

"Money isn't a problem," Zachary responded, his face looking somewhat pale. "We'll bear all the expenses as long as the child can be treated."

Cameron nodded and chimed in, "Yes, that's right! We'll do everything that we can on our part. Please help us save the child!"

She then paused for a short while before adding, "Is there a reason behind Summer's condition, doctor? She was born slightly premature, but there hasn't been any other problem with her physical health thus far... Could it be hereditary?"

The doctor pondered for second before he answered, "Leukemia isn't usually inherited, but it's not entirely impossible. In most cases, it's due to lifestyle and environmental factors, such as exposure to chemical hazards."

He then looked up at us with a curious frown. "On that note, the report indicates that the patient's condition was likely induced by external substances. Would you mind if I ask, has the child been exposed to any sources of such substances over a period of time? Like a laboratory or a chemical plant..."

I couldn't take this any longer. Suppressing my raging emotions, I interrupted, "We'll leave the child in your hands, doctor."

As we exited the office, Cameron tugged on my arm. "Did you know something behind this, Scarlett?"

I dragged my feet in silence as we walked along the corridor.

They had the right to know after all, but where should I even begin? "Sometime last year, Jared took Summer to W City..." I started hesitantly. "He placed her in the Crest family's factory for some time while using her as a hostage to threaten Ashton. And at some point, there was an explosion which led to chemical leaks. We had no idea about this either until recently."

Zachary's face burned with anger. "How rotten! Are the Crests even humans at all?"

Cameron's eyebrows knitted together as she gasped in horror. "Isn't Jared her father regardless? How could he do such a thing to his own child?"

I sighed helplessly. Regret filled me as I reflected on my decisions back then. This wouldn't have happened if I hadn't let him take Summer with him to W City!

A dreadful silence filled the air as a gloomy cloud casted upon everyone's face. The next moment, Zachary pulled out his phone and began making a few calls.

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Cameron and Ashton too, began dialing away on their phones as they tried to contact all the health experts they knew of.

A throbbing pain stung my abdomen yet again. I had felt it from the moment I knew about Summer's illness earlier that day, and I figured it must have been a symptom of stress and anxiety.

But as time went by, I realized something was wrong. While Ashton was still on the phone, the pain suddenly intensified and I felt a warm trickle down my thighs. Fear poured into my mind in an instant. "Ashton, I have a bad feeling..."

He quickly hung up and rushed over to my side. "What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

I grabbed onto him and shivered in pain. "My stomach hurts!"

His pupils constricted the moment he noticed the blood in between my legs. "Get the obstetrician!" he exclaimed loudly.

"I-I'm fine..." I resisted, although my legs were giving away under the intense pain.

As Zachary hurried off to get the doctor, Cameron came over and helped support me. "My dear, when was the last time you had your period?"

Cold droplets of sweat had already emerged on my forehead by then. "I don't know, it's never been regular..."

Come to think of it, it had supposedly been over a month since I last menstruated. Ever since I lost my baby, my period cycle had never been normal.

Seeing the mixed emotions on their faces, I knew what it meant. I am probably pregnant.

That explained my unusual exhaustion these days! How ignorant I'd been... I've always thought that my extra sleepiness was because of the weather.

Everything happened in a flurry as I was wheeled into the emergency ward. The pain in my abdomen became more and more unbearable. The voices around me soon became muffled and distant as my view blurred...

When I jolted awake, I broke out in cold sweat. Cameron and Zachary were by my bedside, but there was no sight of Ashton.

Although my mother sighed in relief as I regained consciousness, I was unable to comprehend the teary look on her face. "Why are you crying, Mom? What happened to me?"

She smiled while wiping her tears away with the back of her hands. "You're pregnant, my dear! It's almost two months already."

Before I could react, Zachary's face too, lit up with an endearing smile. "The doctor said that the fetus isn't very stable at the moment, so you have to take care of yourself and be careful!"

I am... pregnant? An indescribable feeling surged up within me. It felt like a mix of delight and loss at the same time, amongst a variety of other emotions.

I suddenly remembered about Summer. "Mom, Dad, what about Summer? How is she now?"

"She's awake now, and we've gotten in touch with the best medical team we knew," Cameron consoled. "Don't worry, we'll make sure we get the best possible treatment for her!"

I nodded in slight relief. "Where's Ashton?"

"He's making arrangements for you and Summer! You both have to stay in the hospital for a few days. We've gotten the maids to bring over everything you need, so just rest up as much as you can. Your Dad and I will keep you both company as well over the next couple of days," Cameron explained, joy and concern intertwined on her face.

I understood what she felt. She was happy about my pregnancy and worried about Summer at the same time.

A while later, my parents left and went over to Summer's ward. I lay in bed in a daze until Ashton came back. He gazed at my blank expression with a gentle smile. It was a rare sight.

He chuckled softly. "What are you thinking about?"

I wriggled upright and leaned on his chest, wrapping my arms around him. "This child is a surprise... I didn't even expect myself to be able to conceive! But whatever it is, promise me, Ashton. Summer is and will always be our child too, okay?"

Ashton dazed for a moment and smiled at me. "Since when have I started losing your trust? Don't think too much. We have two kids now, and I'll do everything to make sure Summer gets well!"

At his reassurance, I buried my head deeper in his embrace. Back then, I once thought that I'd let Summer make her own decision about living with her biological father when she'd grow up one day. But I've made up my mind this time—for someone like Jared who would go so far as to put his own child in danger, he no longer had the right to be her father.

"My dear Mrs. Fuller, please take good care of yourself from now on. You can't be so reckless anymore now that you're bearing a child," Ashton teased jokingly with a hint of helplessness in his voice. "I know you're worried about Summer and about how I might favor this upcoming child over her. But Scarlett, please trust me, okay?"

I nodded, albeit unable to shake off my fears completely. "Do you think Summer's condition can be fully treated?" I blurted as memories of Renee resurfaced in my mind again. That poor child! She looked so miserably different after a month of chemotherapy. I couldn't bear the thought of seeing Summer becoming like that too.

Ashton nodded. "We've found the best doctors, and all we need to do now is to find her a suitable candidate for her bone marrow transplant. Once she's recovered, we'll be able to spend the rest of our days together as a family."

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Bone marrow transplant!

I was taken aback. “Let’s get Jared. Since he’s Summer’s biological father, his bone marrow should be a match, right?”

Ashton nodded slightly and spoke, “I have something to tell you. Jared had been heavily injured in prison earlier today.”

“Did he get into a fight?” I was shocked. Since Jared entered prison, he had been living fine with the Crest family’s support. How did he get beaten up?

“It must’ve been Uncle Zachery. He must’ve gotten someone to beat Jared up as he was upset by what had happened to Summer,” Ashton replied.

I was in a daze—I could not believe it. “Why would Dad think of getting someone in the prison to...” However, when I thought deeper, I remembered how he became very protective of Rebecca when he found out that she was part of the Moore family.

I knew that Zachary was an impulsive person. When he heard that Jared had caused Summer’s illness, it was in his character to beat Jared up.

Soon, I knocked out in Ashton’s arms, likely due to the meds.

I was woken up shortly by a dream of the scene where Renee passed away on the hospital bed. Ashton was not around, and I was worried about Summer, so I went to her ward.

Cameron was there with her. “Why are you here? Go back to your ward and rest. You need the rest now,” she advised me.

I nodded in response while turning my gaze to look at Summer, who was sound asleep. She resembled her mother more as she grew up, though she was pale due to her sickness.

Cameron gestured for me to head back. “Mom, I’m fine. I couldn’t sleep anyway. Let me take a look at her a while more,” I pleaded.

She had no choice but to cave in. Then, she passed me a hand pack and nagged, “Here, hold it. Your body is so cold. You should learn to take better care of yourself.”

I smiled at Cameron in response and turned to look at Summer. I studied her face and couldn’t believe that she was already six years old. Since we returned from R Province, I had placed her under Ashton’s care as I did not have sufficient time and energy for her. For that, I had missed many precious moments with her.

Time flew, and six years had passed—it was near the new year now. At times, I would find myself imagining that everyone was still around like they used to.

“Don’t worry. Zachary had gotten the best doctor and the latest technologies for her. Summer is our lucky star, so she’ll definitely recover,” Cameron comforted. “You’re already a mother, so you should take good care of yourself too. Let’s go out for a family outing when you’re feeling better.”

I looked at her and nodded while leaning on her shoulder. That was the closest I had ever been with her. “Mom, thank you for taking care of Summer these few days. She might’ve been in a better condition if only I had brought her to the doctors earlier.”

She let out a sigh. “This is not your fault. None of us expected this. Luckily, your father and I had sufficient savings for the upcoming treatment. As long as there’s hope, we’re willing to spend everything on Summer to help her recover.”

I started tearing up as I felt blessed. With the financial support of the Moores and the Fullers, Summer had an increased probability of recovering.

It was the reality. In the face of death, those with money could extend their life, even if it's only for a day. On the other hand, those without money were only left with one choice—surrender their life to fate.

“Mom, did you hand over all the projects of J City to Nick?” I asked as Nick came to my mind.

She nodded. “Most of the projects of J City are from the Harrisons. His father passed not long after I got married to him. Nick was still too young at that time, so I had to take over the management of Cruise Corporation. Since Nick has grown up, it's only right for me to hand the business over to him. Why did you ask suddenly?”

I stared into a blank space, thought for a moment, and told her, “When Summer's situation starts to stabilize, I plan to bring her to J City to help with her recovery. The weather there is more suitable for recovery compared to K City, so she might recover faster there.”

She processed that thought and nodded. “Okay. Zachary and I will let the doctor know. We'll transfer her to J City and arrange for her surgery to be performed there once we've found a suitable donor. Zachary and I could retire in J City too. However, Fuller Corporation is doing very well now, I think you should talk about this with Ashton too.”