

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 938-942

Chapter 938

I let out a sigh. "I just thought of it and have yet to tell him anything."

"There's no need to rush. You should bring it up when everything else has stabilized."

It was November in K City, and the temperature had dropped lower than usual. It felt like it was about to start snowing.

I was discharged after a few days of rest in the hospital. Meanwhile, Summer had to undergo chemotherapy. After her first session, she had lost quite a bit of weight. Her organs were affected by her illness to the extent that she had lost her appetite completely and didn't feel like eating anything.

Zachary got some experts from overseas to discuss with the top specialist to come up with the best treatment plan for Summer. Ashton was listening intently. He had been busy at work, probably dealing with Murphy Corporation's move on Fuller Corporation.

"The most prominent damage is on the patient's kidney. Even if we manage to get a suitable bone marrow donor, she would not be able to fully recover, as she needs a kidney transplant as well," the doctor explained with a dull expression.

Another doctor added, "Unfortunately, these two organs are difficult to find. Every year, many patients do not make it till they get a donor. Hence, I suggest that Summer continues with the existing treatment."

My heart broke upon hearing that news. Cameron pulled me out and consoled, "My dear, you're currently pregnant. It's not good for you to get too emotional. Don't worry. I've got an idea to resolve Summer's issue."

I knew she was trying to comfort me. I recalled that Renee also had leukemia. Since she could not find a suitable donor, Sasha's mother decided to stop the treatment and brought Renee to complete her bucket list.

I did not wish to do the same for Summer. That was just too cruel.

However, I had no clue what to do. It seemed like we were stuck in a corner.

After the discussion ended, Cameron and Zachary stayed to take care of Summer while Ashton brought me to the office. He was worried that I might overthink if I stayed at the hospital.

I had been zoning out frequently, thinking about Summer's condition. Ashton was worried, so he had been bringing me around with him everywhere.

At the lobby, a lady welcomed us with a bright smile. "Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, these dried mangoes are pretty sweet. Please try some."

I could not remember her identity while Ashton looked at me and asked, "Do you like these?"

I shook my head.

"Mrs. Fuller, you've got to try it first!" The lady passed a piece to me. I stared at her blankly and eventually tasted it.

As she looked at me expectantly, I recalled that she was Stella. I had forgotten as I had too much on my mind.

“How is it? Is it good?” Stella asked while smiling in excitement.

I nodded and replied, “It’s quite sweet!”

“See, I told you! I like it very much. I thought of you and wanted to pass them to you, but you had not been around lately. I bought these to express my appreciation, so please accept them.”

I was taken aback by her chattiness. I recalled that incident and asked, “How are your injuries? Are you feeling better?”

She nodded. “I’ve already recovered. Don’t worry. I’m quite tough.”

I let out a sigh of relief and took the dried mangoes. “Thank you. Please don’t buy me anything. Instead, I should be thanking you for taking that blow for Ashton.”

Her face flushed. “You’re too kind. It was actually Mr. Fuller who had saved me. I ended up being a burden instead.”

“Let’s go. You shouldn’t be standing for too long!” Ashton said while he hugged me. I nodded in agreement as I felt uncomfortable after standing for some time.

Stella waved while smiling very brightly.

Ashton took over the bag of dried mangoes and advised, “Next time, don’t force yourself to accept what you don’t like.”

“She has good intentions. Also, these are sweet. You should try some.” I handed him a piece. “Stella seemed to be livelier than she used to be,” I said to Ashton with a skeptical look.

Ashton took a bite and continued, “There were some after-effects from her head injury.”

I recall that the doctor mentioned the possibility of a concussion. I looked up at Ashton and asked, "Could being livelier be a sign of a concussion?"

Chapter 939

"She had forgotten many things. She had even forgotten Justin. Sometimes, her memories are jumbled up."

I raised my brows, "Justin?"

He nodded. "That guy who went along to the hospital."

The lift arrived at the office. There were snacks on the coffee table—all my favorite snacks.

In no time, I focused on the snacks and stopped asking him questions.

Ashton started to contact people to help speed up finding a suitable donor. It was a difficult task. Even if a donor was found, that person had to be a match. We had to find a kidney donor as well. Furthermore, it had to be a child's kidney.

I lost my appetite after those thoughts occurred to me, so I looked at Ashton, who was staring into blank space.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in."

It was Stella. She brought some drinks for us. She placed a cup of green tea in front of Ashton and a cup of hot milk tea for me. "Mrs. Fuller, please try this. I made this using my special recipe."

I smiled and thanked her. I took a sip, and it was not bad.

Slam. Ashton stood up while his face darkened. The green tea that Stella prepared dropped on the floor and shattered. He was holding his phone and exclaimed, "Bring him to the hospital immediately! I'll be there."

"What happened?" I shot up and asked, thinking that something bad happened to Summer.

He grabbed his jacket and told me, "Jared was almost killed in prison. I have to go now." He glanced at Stella and ordered, "Stella, please send Mrs. Fuller back later."

He rushed off right after.

I was lost in thought. He had been fine in there all this while. What exactly happened? Could it be that Zachary got someone to beat Jared up again for what happened to Summer?

However, according to his personality, he would have beaten him up brutally the first time. Why did he do it again?

Furthermore, that person tried to kill him.

Stella was taken aback and looked at me. "Mrs. Fuller, I'll send you back in a bit, but I don't know your address. I need you to tell me."

I gave a small smile and replied, "Thank you."

She shook her head while smiling. "No worries, it's my job."

Ashton took his car, so we walked to Stella's car. "Don't worry. Even though I had just gotten my driving license, I am a good driver."

I smiled and got on to the front seat. I wondered how she got promoted to a secretary. "It must've been tough for you. Ashton is very picky. Your job as a secretary must've been busier than the time you were working at the front desk."

She started the car and explained, "It's okay. Mr. Fuller had been kind to me. He would get others to teach me the things that I don't know."

I nodded and kept silent.

She stopped along the side of the road and took a grey bag out of the trunk.

She placed the bag on the back seat and explained, "I have to pass this to someone later. I brought it out in case I forget."

I nodded in response.

She was indeed a steady driver. As she drove to the villa, she looked around and commented, "Mrs. Fuller, your house is so big. I'm so envious of you!"

I chuckled. "If you have time, would you like to come in with me?"

She shook her head. "I don't think I can. I have plans already. Maybe next time. I believe that I'll have many chances to do so in the future."

I thanked her and got off the car. I stood there and watched as her car left.

It seemed that all the innocent things in this world either did not exist or were killed. The journey of growing up was indeed a long one.

Ashton was only back at night. He was worried that if anything bad happens to Jared, it might be difficult for him to donate his bone marrow to Summer.

I was waiting for Ashton in the living room. When he returned and was changing his shoes in the hallway, I asked, "How's he? Is he badly injured?"

"He's still in critical condition. Joe is there. Why are you still up?"

I walked over and replied, "I was waiting for you because I'm worried." While I spoke, he placed a grey bag at the side.

I furrowed my brows. That bag looked similar to the one Stella had in her car. Why did he have it?

Chapter 940

Ashton was tired. He rubbed his temples and rested on the sofa. I pursed my lips and stared at the grey bag. I walked over to him and massaged his shoulders. "I see that you've brought a grey bag. What's that?"

"That was a jacket that I lent Stella. She sent it for wash and returned it. Could you help me to get the helper to have it when she's here tomorrow?"

I recalled as I continued staring at the bag. That day, Ashton had indeed passed a jacket to Stella. I remember buying him a new set of clothes.

"You're so wasteful! These clothes were expensive."

He opened his eyes slightly and smiled. "Since when were you so materialistic? Are you feeling the pinch over a set of clothes?"

I leaned on his shoulder and replied, "Well, we're going to spend a lot on Summer's surgery. Furthermore, all that money is from your hard work. I don't wish to waste it like that."

He lifted his head and kissed my cheek. "Don't worry. Even if your husband is dead, he would make sure you live a good life."

I used my head to bump into his. "Don't curse yourself. Do you really wish for me to remarry with two kids?"

He pulled me onto his lap. "I'm still alive, and yet you're thinking of remarrying already? You'd better erase that thought, or I'll punish you tonight."

I rolled my eyes at him as I leaned against his shoulder, and said, "Both of us have to take care of ourselves and stay well. Let's head back to J City when our kids are grown up. I'd love to open a small flower shop, and you'll be my employee. We'd get to celebrate all the festive seasons with our parents."

I smiled and looked at him. "I realize I have no ambitions. I'm already thinking of retirement. Do you disdain me for it?"

He smiled and pecked on my cheek while holding my tummy. "Your dream is my dream. We'll do what you want when we get old."

It seemed like after we reach a certain age, humans tend to crave peace and stability.

As I thought of Jared, I asked, "How did Jared get injured in prison? Was it my Dad?"

He shook his head. "No. If Uncle Zachery wanted to make a move, he would do it only once. He would not have done it twice. It was caused by a drug addict that had a dispute with others, went mad and attacked Jared."

I nodded my head. "Is the Crest family still trying to bail him out of jail?" Since the first day of Jared's admission to the prison, the Crest family had been channeling money there in hopes of getting him out early.

He did not answer my question and asked me one instead. "What if he makes it out?"

I raised my brows to his reaction. "Are you trying to get him out too?" I used to be afraid of Jared, and I understood his hatred for Ashton too. However, I started to hate him after what he did to Summer.

He had used his own child. No matter if it was intentional or accidental, I could never erase that cruel image of him from my mind.

Ashton avoided the question and said, "We need him to do a test to see if he's a matching donor for Summer."

I frowned. "I agree for him to do the test, but I do not agree for him to be released from prison."

The conversation ended, and he carried me up to the bedroom. I had been feeling sleepy very often, probably due to the pregnancy.

I fell asleep almost immediately after I went to bed.

The next day before sunrise, Cameron called. She informed me that Summer had been coughing blood after her therapy session.

Ashton and I rushed to the hospital while Summer was transferred to the ER. "The cancer cells are spreading fast. Despite using the best treatment, the effect was too small. We'd have to hurry and find suitable bone marrow and kidney, or it might spread to the other organs soon," the doctor explained.

Ashton nodded. Cameron was unsure of what to do, so she called Zachary.

In the hallway, everyone was silent but feeling anxious inside. We have all the resources, but the most critical was still the bone marrow and kidney. We could get the bone marrow from Jared, but what about the kidney? It was near impossible to find a child's kidney in such a short time.

Ashton thought for a moment and said, "Y'all should stay here. I'll go and get Jared." He was worried about me, so he repeated, "Don't go anywhere. If you're feeling unwell, please let me know. If you'd like to eat something, let me know too. Also, don't stand for too long."

Chapter 941

I forced a smile. "I get it. I'll take care of myself, just go."

He was still worried despite that and told Cameron some dos and don'ts before he left. Then, Cameron looked at me. "He's really nice to you."

I smiled. Then my phone rang. It was from Armond, who hadn't called me in a long time. I frowned in annoyance when I saw his number. Ever since what happened in Moranta, I lost any good impression I had for him. But I took his call anyway. "What is it?"

His voice was deep, but also depressing. "It's been a while. We might not be friends anymore, but we don't have to be enemies; so, you don't have to be so hostile. "

I sneered. "You tried to harm my husband. If that's not enough to antagonize me, I don't know what will."

He laughed mirthlessly. "Are you free? Why don't we meet up? You might gain something, you know."

“Thanks but no thanks,” I refused.

“Come on, don’t say no so fast.” He chuckled. “I heard you’re trying to find a matching kidney for the Crests’ kid. I’m your friend, Scarlett, and I’m a kind man. I don’t mind getting a suitable kidney for the child. All you have to do is ask,” he said casually, much to my surprise.

I frowned. “What are you trying to do now, Armond?”

“Let’s meet up and talk. You raised the child, didn’t you? You can take this risk. You risked your life in Moranta for Ashton, so why not for the child? Is she worth less than your husband? All I want to do is to chat with you.”

I was surprised that he could sound so nonchalant since he was usually a stern man. What is he really like deep down?

My prolonged silence prompted him to speak. “So it’s a no, huh? I feel bad for the poor child.”

“Give me the location.” I took a deep breath. I didn’t know how he would find the kidney, but it was a pressing matter, so I had to give it a try.

He laughed as if his plan had worked. “You are always so loyal, Scarlett. I’m looking forward to our meeting, but don’t tell anyone about this, and don’t try to pull any tricks behind my back. Or I’ll make sure your daughter is bedridden for life even if she gets the bone marrow she desperately needs. You know I can do that.”

He said goodbye with a laugh before hanging up. Then, he sent me the location.

I pursed my lips. The city center, huh? And the most bustling place too. I heaved a sigh of relief. If that’s the case, he can’t do anything to me even if he wants to.

Cameron came back with the vitamins after I kept my phone. "Take these vitamins once in the morning and once at night. It'll help the baby."

I nodded and put the pills in my bag. At the same time, I was thinking about what to tell her since I want to go out.

The ER's door swung open, and out came Summer on a gurney surrounded by doctors. Cameron and I followed them into the ward, but Summer was still in a coma even after the doctors had left.

I looked at Cameron. "I'm going out to get some stuff, Mom. Look after Summer for me. I'll be back in a minute."

She looked at the time and nodded. "Go on. I'll look after her."

I went straight to the location Armond sent me after coming out from the hospital. It was a café near the hospital. When I arrived at the place, Armond was already waiting for me. He gave me a warm smile when we met. "I thought you won't come." Then, he called the waiter to take his order.

I looked at him. "Please make this quick."

He pursed his lips calmly. "So I'm not even your friend now."

"Do you think we can still be friends after what you did?" I held my anger back. He was no longer my friend from the moment he tried to kill Ashton in Moranta. In fact, he was my enemy since then.

He smiled despondently. "You know I would never harm you."

"Depends on how you define 'harm.'" I sneered. "That's enough of pleasantries. You have plotted ever since we met, but I don't really care about your reason. Just cut to the chase."

He pursed his lips and squinted at me. "Very well then. Remember the sandalwood box you promised to give me back in Venria? I took your girls back safe and sound, but what did you do? You gave me a fake box. Do you think I'm an idiot, Scarlett?"

I froze for a moment. Oh, so he found out about that. I pursed my lips. "I know nothing about that box. You wanted it, so I gave it to you. I can tell you that my grandma gave it to me, so it's just something my grandma left me. I have no idea what the content means to you, and I don't know what you want from it."

Chapter 942

He sneered. "Shifting the blame, are we? Fine. If you don't want to give me the box, then there's no meaning to this meeting. Your daughter is on her own now."

A frown creased my forehead. "I have no idea where the box is right now. It's always been in the villa and guarded by Ashton."

He gave me a nod and squinted. "So that means you can retrieve it."

I frowned again. "I cannot," I denied.

He chuckled. "Well, the box isn't the only chip you have, but I wonder if you'll accept the deal."

I hesitated for a moment before asking, "What's your price?"

He pointed at me. "You."

I frowned at him, flabbergasted and waited for a further explanation.

He smiled. "Haven't you realized? I've been interested in you for a while now."

I almost spewed the water out, then I stared at him in shock.

He ignored my surprise and continued, "The first time I met you was at J City's auction. You weren't exactly beautiful, but you were attractive. Maybe it's because Ashton was beside you, so I only had eyes for you then. And then the meeting at the cemetery. You probably didn't know this, but I was the one who sent the guy who attacked you. Anyway, I wasn't planning to hurt you, and I just wanted to have a reason to talk with you. Fortunately, we got to know each other after that. Then, I wanted to get closer to you, and you gave me a chance. You were in A City then, and coincidentally, you were in my company. Also, you know Savini and that's one great coincidence. Whatever it is, we got to know each other after that."

I stared at him in disbelief. "You're the president of Animus?"

He nodded. "Murphy Corporation has a lot of subsidiaries in A City. Some are just newly acquired, so they aren't named after the corporation yet."

I felt a chill running down my spine as I recalled everything that had happened. Then, I grabbed his hand. "So you were the one behind the night I was arrested because of kyanine possession? Those cops are your henchmen?"

He paused for a moment, surprised. "Wow, you're getting smarter."

No, I was not. I just remembered seeing him that night at the hotel, and I was falsely accused not long after that. I couldn't understand why I was the one who was targeted out of everyone there. I thought Savini was behind it, but he didn't seem surprised when I met him after coming back from Venria alive. And he was all ready for my questioning.

When I thought back to those hellish days, I realized there were a lot of loopholes that couldn't be explained. Tabitha and Laurel came from normal families, but Nora wasn't. But even so, Channing didn't say a word about her kidnap.

I must have looked concerned, but all Armond did was throw me a dark smile. “Are you thinking about the happy days we had in Venria and Western Europe?”

My face fell, and I got ready to leave before the waiter came back with our coffee, but he stopped me. “Your daughter can’t wait around any longer, Ms. Stovall. Stop throwing a tantrum and take my offer.”

He was smiling when he said that, as if Summer’s life was just a chip for him to play with. Disgusting. I glowered. “What do you want?”

He gave me an eerie look. “Why don’t you start dating me?”

“Are you mad, Murphy? I’m married! And I won’t date you even if I’m not! If you don’t love Nora, then tell her! Don’t make her wait!” The man was not just a hypocrite. He could act like a gentleman, a scheming b*stard, a cold warlord, and a shameless per*ert. Suddenly, I realized I never knew this creature—he’s a demon in human skin.

“I won’t make it hard for you.” Then, he pinned me down on the seat. “Why not give me a chance? If you date me, I’ll get your daughter the kidney that she needs so desperately.”

I glared at him incredulously. He was making the source of kidneys sound like something within his reach. Then, he sat back before me. “All you have to do is nod. I’ll make sure your daughter gets treated immediately.”

I looked at him. He’s already beyond disgusting. Any description is going to be an understatement. I took the coffee the waiter served and splashed it on his face. “Get professional help if you have a mental illness. You’re going to hurt someone sooner or later.”