

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 988-992

## Chapter 988

When the village vanished from sight, I heard Amy heaving a sigh of relief.

Instead of feeling sad, the little girl was relieved to leave her parents. I felt my heart being tied into a knot upon that realization.

There was a better signal as the car drove onto the highway. Instantly, Ashton's messages popped up on the screen, asking me where I was and what I was doing.

I gave him a call, and it went through in no time. "Why couldn't I reach you the entire night? Who are you with and where are you?" he asked with his voice full of concern.

After answering all of his questions, I shifted my eyes to Amy, who had fallen asleep next to me, and fell silent. After some hesitation, I spoke up, "Ashton, I found a kid whose blood and tissue type is compatible with Summer's, but... but she's only five years old."

The other end of the line was silent. Feeling agitated, I quickly explained, "It's not what you think! I didn't do anything illegal. I'll bring her back to A City, and then only we decide what to do. Wait till I come home and talk to you about it, okay?"

Ashton was a highly moral and ethical man. I knew he wouldn't agree to let a five-year-old kid donate her organ to Summer. After all, Amy was too young, and her body was still developing. The risk of being a living donor was high. Even if she was a matching donor, she might have to face the possible sequelae and negative effects of organ donation.

Nevertheless, I had decided to take Amy with me after seeing the harsh treatment the girls received in her family. It would be better if she could stay with Ashton and me. Even if we couldn't adopt her, she could still live a better life in an orphanage than in that village.

I didn't know if it was the right thing to do. I couldn't save Ann, yet I had the chance to help Amy escape that village.

After a long silence, Ashton said in a solemn voice, "Scarlett, I know you're worried about Summer. But, promise me you won't harm anyone, alright?"

I nodded. "Alright. I promise you. Trust me!"

"Of course, I trust you," Ashton said in a loving tone.

I knew Ashton was worried that I might lose rationality and throw propriety to the wind. I was now stuck in an insoluble dilemma. On the one hand, I would do whatever it took to save Summer. On the other hand, if Amy happened to be the perfect donor, I might not have the heart to sacrifice that little girl to save my own daughter. Both of them were innocent kids. I knew that once Amy underwent the transplant surgery, the damage done to her body was irreversible.

I chatted with Ashton for a while before ending the call. That was when I noticed Amy was looking at me with her bright eyes. Thinking the little girl was hungry, I said softly, "We'll arrive home soon. Are you hungry?"

She shook her head while holding the bread and the bottle of water. Gazing at me, she asked, "Ms. Stovall, we've come a long way. Why haven't I seen the van that took Ann away? There are a lot of cars on the road, but none of them is that van. Where did she go? Can I still see her again?"

Hearing that, I was at a loss. Initially, I thought Amy was curious about the outside world, looking at the passing scenery outside the window. It turned out the little girl was looking for the van that took her sister away.

At that instant, I couldn't help but feel upset. "Amy, your sister is going to become someone else's wife," I said as I suppressed my emotion, "she has married into another family, but I don't know where they live."

Hearing my reply, Amy lowered her head, fixing her eyes on the bread. I fell into silence, not knowing how to console the disappointed little girl.

Just then, Boris, who was behind the wheel, said, "Ms. Stovall, you should get some rest. There are still a few hours of journey. I will wake you up when we arrive."

Feeling perturbed, I couldn't sleep. "Boris, does this happen in all the villages here? How could they treat their children so differently?" I asked.

That woman's eyes were full of love for her son when she carried him on her back. In contrast, her daughters lived no better than a rat in that house.

Keeping his eyes on the road, Boris let out a sigh. "There are a lot of people suffering in this world. Everyone has their own hardships and perils in life."

Everyone was born with different destinies. Those who were born with a silver spoon in their mouth could live a good life. Whereas those who were born in a family living in uncivilized and remote villages should be grateful when they could even survive.

It was already late at night by the time we arrived at the villa. Ashton was sitting near a space heater in the living room with a book in his hands, waiting for my return.

## **Chapter 989**

Boris left after he sent us back home. Holding Amy's hand, I led her into the villa. Ashton stood up the moment he saw us. Seeing the man with a strong aura, Amy took a step backward and hid behind me.

With a gentle smile, I comforted the little girl that she need not be afraid of Ashton.

Gazing at me, Ashton asked, "Have you had dinner?"

I shook my head. "I didn't eat anything during the eight hours journey. Have you eaten yet?"

"I'm waiting for you," was his reply. Then, he shifted his gaze to Amy.

Seeing that, I introduced Amy to him, "This is the kid I told you. Her name is Amy. We'll let her stay in the house for a couple of days."

Ashton nodded and sighed. "Since you've brought her here, have you thought of what you are going to do with her in the future?"

I shook my head. To be honest, I had no idea what to do with Amy. I was not against bringing her with me after seeing her parents' harsh attitude toward their daughters. I couldn't save all of them, but taking Amy with me was the least I could do.

Seeing my response, Ashton didn't say anything. He made his way to the kitchen and called out, "Wash your hands, and we'll have dinner. I've made your favorite dishes, see if they suit your liking." Seeing my response, Ashton didn't say anything. He made his way to the kitchen and called out, "Wash your hands, and we'll have dinner. I've made your favorite dishes; see if they suit your liking."

Feeling surprised, I led Amy as we followed him into the kitchen. The man was serving the food from the food thermos. Those were all my favorite dishes! I took Amy to the sink and washed our hands before we settled down at the dining table.

Just then, I received a call from Zachary. Boris must have told Dad about Amy.

I answered the call and asked, "Dad, have you had dinner?"

Zachary hummed a response over the phone. Then, he spoke up, "Boris has told me about the five-year-old kid. I know you're a soft-hearted person, but Summer's condition is getting worse. The cancer cells have spread to other parts of her body. She needs a transplant as soon as possible, or her other organs will be affected too. By that time, it will be impossible to save her life. I have discussed it with your mother. We will give the girl's parents a sum of money and let her stay in K City. Your mother and I will take care of her. Don't worry. The Moore family can definitely afford to raise a child. If she suffers any sequela from the surgery, we will find the best doctor to treat her. Scarlett, Summer can't wait any longer. You need to make that decision."

I knew Zachary was right. Yet, I wouldn't forgive myself if I harm an innocent child. I would live the rest of my life with guilt.

Noticing I was staring blankly into space, Ashton waved his hand before me. "What are you thinking about? Let's eat now."

I nodded. As the call was still going on, I heard Zachary's voice saying, "Tomorrow, your mother and I will discharge Summer from the hospital. We will then bring her to A City. Before that, take good care of the kid. I'll meet you there." With that, Zachary ended the call.

I was a little distracted as I watched Amy savoring the food before her. Ashton placed the cutlery in front of me and reminded me, "You should eat more. Boris said you barely ate anything yesterday. You're a mother now, and you should take good care of yourself."

I nodded. Hearing Ashton's words, Amy turned to look at me. "Ms. Stovall, my mom is also pregnant. Is there a baby in your tummy too?"

With a faint smile, I helped fill her plate with food. "Yes. There's a baby in my tummy."

Hearing that, Amy curled her lips into a bright smile. The kids were indeed pure and innocent. They would just smile when they were happy and cry when they felt sad. After tucking the little girl in bed, I returned to the bedroom. While hugging me, Ashton asked, "How did you find that village?"

His question threw me off balance. I never told him about Armond giving me the name card. Thus, it wouldn't make sense that I managed to get into contact with Brandon.

After thinking for a while, I lied, "My dad told me about the village. He asked Boris to go there with me."

Ashton fixed his eyes at me, his eyes darkened. "Scarlett, there should be trust between a husband and wife. You told me this, do you remember?"

Ashton's serious attitude made me feel even more guilty. I kept my head down to avoid his eyes while my hands wrung. I didn't mean to hide it from him. It was just that he was too wary of Armond. He would definitely get mad if I told him the truth.

With that in mind, I was all the more determined not to tell him about the name card. I looked up at him and uttered, "Ashton, it's true. This is why I called you to stop my Dad from coming to A City. As you know, he is old now, and I don't want him to be in trouble because of me. You heard it when I got the information from him. You even got mad at me for not telling you when I decided to come to A City. Have you forgotten about that?"

Ashton's gaze turned cold. He sneered, "You came up with all these to lie to me. I guess it will be a disappointment to you if I don't buy your story."

With that, he turned and entered the washroom. The sound of running water ensued. The man was angry, or rather, he was infuriated.

## **Chapter 990**

I felt on edge as I wasn't sure if Ashton knew about me finding Armond. Initially, I planned to tell him the truth when he came out of the washroom. However, I was too tired that I soon fell asleep.

The next morning, Ashton was gone when I woke up. Later, I received a message from Zachary, telling me that they had boarded the plane, heading to A City. After freshening up, I went to Amy's room to find that the little girl had long woken up. She was sitting primly on the bed, waiting for me.

In fact, the more considerate she was, the guiltier I felt. The little girl was still wearing rags and tatters. I helped her wash up and we went to a mall. Since it would take at least four hours to fly from K City to A City, there was ample time for me to buy her some new clothes.

Amy was excited since it was her first time shopping in a mall. At the same time, being diffident, she wouldn't let go of my hand. In no time, I bought her a few sets of clothes. Wearing the new clothes, she asked meekly, "Ms. Stovall, are we using the money that you are going to give my parents to buy me new clothes? Actually, I don't need that many clothes. I wish to save the money for my parents."

My heart ached at her words. She was still thinking about her parents despite them exploiting her for money. "Don't worry. These clothes are a gift from me. You don't need to pay for them," I reassured her.

The little girl was relieved. Holding my hand, she asked, "Then, when am I going to save your daughter?"

I was slightly bewildered at her question. That was when I remembered that Amy, a five-year-old kid, was old enough to understand what was going on. Besides, her parents never avoided her when they talk. She must have known the reason for her coming to A City.

I shook my head and replied, "There's no hurry. Before that, we can spend some time and have fun in the city."

Amy nodded firmly, her eyes brightened up.

Gazing at her happy face, I asked, "Amy, are you willing to leave your parents and live with me?"

Amy was slightly confused. Nevertheless, she gave my words some thought. "Ms. Stovall, if I stay with you, will you give my parents a lot of money?"

I nodded. "Yes."

Amy lowered her head and fell deep into thought. Finally, she made her decision. "Fine. As long as my mom and dad can get a lot of money, I will stay with you," she said seriously.

To the kids, no matter how terrible their parents were, they would always regard them as their dearest family. After all, blood was thicker than water.

Soon, we left the mall. Just as we were about to get into the car, I heard someone calling me.

I turned around to find it was Hailey. That was when I recalled she was back in A City as well. The young lady trotted toward me and asked, "Are you here shopping?"

I nodded. Noticing the shopping bags in her hand, I knew she was out shopping as well.

Hailey was dazed when she noticed Amy standing beside me. With a doubtful look on her face, she asked with a hint of certainty, "Did you contact Armond? He gave you the information?"

I was surprised by her shrewdness. "How did you..."

Hailey's face turned pale. She cast her eyes at Amy and then at me. Then, she gasped out, "I did a heart transplant before. My heart belonged to an innocent kid. I suffered from depression after the heart transplant."

The young lady was claspng her chest. Her forehead was covered with sweat, while her face contorted in pain. I immediately held her arms and supported her. The latter grabbed my hand while she said through gritted teeth, "Don't make the same mistake as I did. That will only make more people suffer!"



Not losing any time, I called the ambulance. Afraid that she might not stand until the ambulance arrived, I asked a random guy on the street to help carry her into my car. After that, I drove her to the nearest hospital.

As soon as the doctor at ER took over Hailey, I received a call from Zachary. “Scarlett, where are you? Summer’s condition suddenly deteriorated, and we’re sending her to the hospital. I need you to bring that kid to the hospital now. I have contacted the hospital to give her a preoperation check-up.”

Suddenly, Hailey’s words rang out in my mind. Casting my eyes at the helpless Amy, I felt torn by conflicting emotions. I was on the verge of losing my mind.

I was stumped when Zachary kept urging me over the phone. Eventually, I only told him of my location.

After hanging up, Amy and I looked at each other.

I couldn’t bring myself to tell her what she would be facing later. “Ms. Stovall, is that lady sick?” the latter asked.

I nodded. Then, I made her sit on the chair and asked, “Amy, later, the nurse will need to draw your blood. Will you feel scared?”

Amy took a glance at the ER. “Will I feel pain like that lady just now?” she asked hesitantly.

I shook my head. “No.”

Hearing that, the little girl heaved a sigh of relief. “Then, it’s fine. Last time, a man came to draw my blood in my house. It’s not painful at all, so I was not scared.”

I nodded. Amy must be talking about the time when Ronald had some doctors do a check-up and blood test for her and her siblings.

Feeling sorry for the little girl, I wrapped my arms around her. Summer's condition had become worse. If I still couldn't make up my mind, I was afraid it might be too late to save her life. Yet, if Amy was to go under the knife, she needed to donate both her bone marrow and her kidney. I had no idea of the risk of the operation Amy might be facing. I would be the one who caused her death if anything happened to her during the operation.

Half an hour later, Zachary and Cameron arrived at the hospital. Meanwhile, Summer, whose vein was cannulated with an IV tube, was wheeled into the ER. The little girl's arm was full of hematomas from chemotherapy.

Anger boiled within me whenever I saw my daughter suffering from the side effects of chemotherapy. Each time, the urge to kill Jared grew more intense. All humans had dark sides, yet we had the ability to eschew evil, which explained why Jared still survived until now.

Soon after, Zachary ordered the doctor to do a checkup for Amy. My mind was a mess as I held the little girl in my arms. "Dad, why don't we wait until we ask Summer's doctor about her condition?"

Knowing I would go soft, Zachary persuaded, "We are just going to do a full-body check-up for this kid. They said her bone marrow is a match for Summer, but we are not sure about it. We'll discuss it after the doctors perform the check-up. Alright?"

Zachary was right. As reluctant as I was, I had no choice but to nod my agreement.

When the doctor took Amy away, the little girl kept turning his head to look at me. I knew it was her instinct to feel scared. "Amy, don't be scared. It's just like taking an injection. It won't hurt, and you'll be fine."

She nodded and followed the doctor quietly.

I waited agonizingly for Amy's return.

An hour had passed, the little girl still hadn't come back. Feeling panicked, I decided to look for her, yet Cameron halted me. "The doctor is with that kid. Summer is still in the ER, and you should stay here."

I nodded. Still, I paced back and forth as I couldn't cast my worries away. Meanwhile, a nurse showed up. "Miss, the patient, Hailey Webster, has regained consciousness. We're transferring her to the ward now, and a family member is required to take care of her."

I told Cameron about Hailey before I went to check on her.

In the ward, the doctor informed me of the things I needed to pay particular attention to during the patient's preoperative care and aftercare.

Since I had no idea of Hailey's health condition, I went after the doctor and asked, "Doctor, what happened to her? Why did she suddenly collapse?"

The doctor looked at me doubtfully while he asked, "So, you're not the patient's family member?"

I nodded. "I'm her friend. I only found out about her health issue today."

The doctor nodded before he stated, "The patient underwent a heart transplant surgery a year ago. Transplant rejection is common during this period, and it can occur anytime. If the patient gets emotional, that might trigger episodes of acute rejection. Thus, you need to pay attention to the patient's emotional changes."

I remembered Hailey telling me about her having a heart transplant before she collapsed. Shouldn't she be grateful that she is still alive? Why does it seem like she is aversive to the donor's heart?

Back in the ward, Hailey still couldn't move her body under the effect of anesthesia. Nevertheless, she was conscious. She wore an oxygen mask and looked at me as if she had something to say.

Sitting next to her, I spoke up, "I know you have something you wanted to tell me. Perhaps we'll talk when you feel better."

Hailey shook her head. The next moment, she said under her breath, "Don't sacrifice someone to save another's life. They are innocent, and they will die. Those who survive won't be happy either."

I was dazed. "What do you mean?"

In a barely audible voice, she explained, "I have congenital heart disease. Over the years, my heart deteriorated. My father told me I could live for a long time if I get a heart transplant, but it was just too difficult to find a matching heart. After many years of searching, my father finally found one. They told him the girl was sick and that she couldn't live long. After she died, she could donate her heart to me. So, my father adopted her. For many years, she was the one who kept me company when I felt lonely or sad. Unfortunately, my condition was getting worse. Yet, surprisingly, she became fit and healthy as time passed."

Hailey let out a bitter smile. "My father soon found out they had lied to him. In fact, she was not sick. Her parents had abandoned her, so they made my father adopt her. At that time, I was in a critical condition and I was dying. Unfortunately, she was the only one who could save me. Having no choice, my father trampled with the vehicle that she would be using that day."

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After a short pause, she continued by saying, "When she died, her face was disfigured, her body was covered with blood. My father told me it was an accident, and I have always persuaded myself to believe in his words. However, that girl is deeply rooted in my memory. I lived every passing day, tortured by the feeling of guilt and agony."

Tears rolled down from the corner of her eyes as she pleaded, "Don't make the same mistake again. Don't sacrifice that kid."

I fell into silence. No wonder she became emotional when she saw Amy.

Just then, Cameron called. "My dear, where are you? The kid has done with the check-up. She is now crying and asking for you." For some reason, she sounded cheerful over the phone.

I uttered a response and ended the call. Gazing at Hailey, I uttered, "This is not a major surgery, and it won't risk the kid's life. I only wanted to save my daughter. If I had a choice, I wouldn't let the kid go through this."

Hailey was choking up while crying helplessly. I pressed the call button and let the nurses take care of her before leaving the ward.

Outside the ER, Amy was done with her check-up. With her eyes reddened, she pointed at her pelvic area. "Ms. Stovall, it hurts!"

The doctor didn't perform a bone marrow biopsy. Instead, he only collected blood samples to test the compatibility of Amy's bone marrow with Summer's. Hugging the little girl, I comforted her, "That must hurt a lot. I'll buy you snacks later."

Cameron shifted her gaze back and forth between us. "Summer has been transferred to the ward. You should go and check on her now."

I nodded and then followed her to the ward. The doctor was communicating with Zachary while Summer was lying on the bed, still under the effect of anesthesia.

As the doctor left the ward, I quickly went after him. "Doctor, I want to know more information about the bone marrow and kidney transplant surgery. Will that have any negative effects on the donor?"

The doctor nodded. "Well, the extraction of bone marrow and hematopoietic stem cells won't cause major harm to the human body though it could be painful. As for kidney donation, that will definitely cause some side effects to the donor. It is just like our fingers. If you lose one of them, it won't lead to death, but it will definitely cause a loss of functional hand movements."

My face turned pale at his words. "If a kid donates her kidney, will that have any impact on her health?"

The doctor nodded. "Of course. Well, it won't cause death, but debility is inevitable."

I didn't ask further questions since the doctor had cleared my doubts.

In the ward, Amy was sitting by the bed, looking curiously at Summer. Upon seeing me, Cameron asked, "What's wrong?"

Zachary knew about my worries. He took a glance at Amy as he said to me, "I have considered all the possible risks of the surgery. The possibility of death is little to none. Scarlett, you know how hard it is to find a matching donor. We will take good care of that kid after the surgery."

I knew Zachary was right.

I was glad that we wouldn't have to risk Amy's life. Still, I couldn't help feeling guilty for harming an innocent kid to save my own daughter.

Since Summer had just finished her chemotherapy while Amy's test result was not out yet, we could only wait in the hospital. Meanwhile, I had Boris bring Amy with him so that the latter need not stay in the hospital.

When I went to check on Hailey, the effect of anesthesia had worn off. Her face still looked pale, yet she was visibly relieved after I told her of both Summer and Amy's conditions. "It's great that you don't need to risk the kid's life. However, even if the transplant is successful, cancer recurrence might occur during the five-year postoperative observation period. If that happens, your daughter will need to receive a second transplant surgery. So, what are you going to do with that kid?"

I mulled over her words for some time. Soon after, I spoke up, "Her parents are treating her like their money tree. If I send her back to her parents, I'm afraid they will force her to marry a random guy for a dowry when she grows up. Actually, my parents wished to adopt her. She can go to school with Summer and live at the Moore Residence. She can decide her own future and live the life she wants."

My words brought a smile onto Hailey's face. "If she gets adopted by the Moore family, she will definitely have a brighter future than growing up in that village. That way, you can repay her by providing her a better life. Well, I bet she couldn't ask for more."

Well, that is the best way we could think of. I sighed. Yet, we still needed to wait until Amy's test results came out. After the surgery, I would bring Amy back to the village and let her cut ties with her terrible parents. After that, she could start her new life in the Moore family.

Hailey brought her hand to her chest. In a sorrowful tone, she murmured, "If only I could also choose at that time."