

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 658-662

Chapter 658

"By the time old Mr. Fuller and Ashton returned to their country, they'd offended many illegal businessmen in the region, and the plot to assassinate the Fullers came into being. While they were being hunted, they were forced to pawn everything they owned just to make it back. That necklace belonged to Ashton's grandmother. George Fuller kept it with him all these years. Mr. Abe learned of this and used the high sentimental value of the necklace to lure Ashton to Venria."

I was able to venture a pretty good guess as to how the rest of the story went.

Abe used the necklace as bait to get Ashton to his territory.

The appearance of me and my value to Ashton was a stroke of dumb luck.

Ashton would never have guessed that I was here, and Abe would never have guessed the relationship between Ashton and me.

Danny rose to his feet when I did not speak. "What else would you like to know?" he asked lightly.

"What is the relationship between Armond and Mr. Abe?"

"They're business partners."

"Kyanine?" I asked, suddenly frightened.

"Our product is mostly exported to Western Europe," Danny smiled coldly. "Not much to Chanaea."

"What are they partners on, then?"

"Jades."

I nearly forgot. Venria exported an astounding variety of gemstones.

We relapsed back into silence. At his readiness to leave, I didn't feel like asking any more questions. As he was about to exit the room, I said, "I would like to see Mr. Abe."

Danny nodded and left the room.

True to his word, Abe appeared the following morning.

His tall frame cast a long shadow over my bed. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, looking at me in an odd manner. It was calculating but cold at the same time.

I nodded and sat up. "You promised me once, that if I did as you said, you would let my friends go."

Abe raised his eyebrows in derision. "Your friends?" he repeated with a laugh. "You still think your life is worth four of theirs?"

"Yes, because Ashton cares about me!" I answered, my eyes fixed upon his.

Abe grunted and absentmindedly tore up a leaf from the potted plant. "Are you his wife?" Abe asked, squinting at me. "Under these circumstances, shouldn't you be more concerned for his life over the lives of others?"

He paused. "Unless you're so confident in his abilities that you think he will get out of this alive."

"No matter which it is, you can't go back on your word," I said fiercely.

Abe laughed madly for an instant. "You have yourself a deal."

"Take care of the ladies," Abe instructed Dante. "When she's healed, send them back unharmed."

"Yes, Sir!" Dante answered.

I was away from K City for several months without being in touch with Ashton. I had wanted to leave, but I knew deep down that I was unable to bear a child with him.

I chose to leave and held on to the hope that with time, he would meet a girl worthy of him to bear his children.

But I have never expected to have run into him amidst my soul-searching trips.

It was an accident, but a coincidental one.

I sighed in despair. How am I supposed to keep traveling down this path without making mistakes?

Thankfully, my bones and arteries were unharmed and I began to feel like myself again only after a few days, though it hurt when I occasionally touched it. It was a gunshot wound, after all. It will leave a mark.

But it wasn't unbearable.

Abe kept his word as well. On the day of my discharge, Danny was there to pick me up to return to the villa.

Before I could say anything, Dante initiated. "Ms. Stovall, aren't you planning on visiting your friends?"

I did, of course. "It's time that they went home," I said with a nod.

As we made our way through the long operating theatre, I saw Nora through the glass room. After days of being locked away from sunlight, she looked haggardly and frail. Her mass of hair was shockingly white as well.

Nora and the rest seemed indifferent to see me. Being used to the life in the theatre, they barely glanced up at me before closing their eyes again, as if they'd never known me.

My heart ached when I saw that. "What happened to them?" I asked Dante.

Dante cast an eye over them. "All the women who come here will become this way; this isn't unusual."

I was unable to breathe. "Didn't you say that you would take good care of them?" I asked in a low voice.

"Hah!" Dante laughed coldly. "We are taking care of them by letting them live. If you hadn't bargained for their lives, you would be looking at a pile of corpses now."

I was at a loss for words, despite the rage in my heart.

"Release them!" I ordered.

Dante didn't speak but raised his hand in a gesture toward the man guarding their door.

He opened the door and helped the lifeless women to their feet.

Chapter 659

I rushed forwards to grab Nora as she collapsed against me. "Leave us behind, Scarlett," she said hoarsely. "It's no use. This is our fate!"

I shook my head and held back tears. The strain of her weight against my delicate arm was immense.

Dante had arranged for four bedrooms to be prepared in the villa. As the women occupied the bedrooms, he ordered for them to be cared for.

That's them settling in.

When they were finally asleep, I went down to the living room where Dante and Danny were having some tea.

They looked up when I emerged. "Is there anything wrong?" Dante frowned.

"I will keep my promise. I'm going in!"

They stared at me for a moment before Dante laughed. "Ms. Stovall," he said, leaning back in his chair. "Do you know what will happen to you when you enter the operating theatre?"

"I do."

"I've never met anyone who's as desperate for death as you," he chuckled.

I said nothing and waited for him to elaborate.

After a slight pause, he said, "You needn't go in anymore. It's a waste of your talents for you to be delivering goods. Mr. Abe has plans for you. Have a good rest!"

I was stunned to hear that. The men had returned their attention to their tea, and I didn't bother asking them further.

Now that Abe knew about me and Ashton, it wouldn't pay off to use me to transport their product.

Business is all about profit maximization, after all. I was destined for more lucrative operations.

I went back to my bedroom and stood on the balcony. The villa was heavily guarded; escape is nigh impossible.

Besides, it was located in the middle of a dense banana plantation. Without an experienced guide, this villa was as unlocatable as it was impenetrable.

On second thought, Ashton would be searching for me around the city for a couple of days. He wouldn't be departing Venria just yet.

I saw Armond again the following morning. He came with Abe.

Nora and the rest were very frail and spent most of their time in bed. I went to them a couple of times, but they did not want to see me.

Soon, I gave up the endeavor.

Armond was in the living room having tea with Abe when I emerged from my bedroom.

"How's your arm?" Armond asked when he saw me.

"Much better," I replied after a brief pause.

Armond laughed humorlessly. "Can I have a few words with her in private?" he asked Abe.

Abe scowled but nodded.

Everybody left, leaving me and Armond at the table.

He appeared calm and cold, but he poured me a glass of tea politely.

"Would you like to go home?" Armond asked.

I was caught off guard and spilled some tea on myself as my hands trembled.

"Yes," I said after a pause and a sip.

Armond nodded and laughed in his easy-going manner. He refilled my glass and said. "I'm flying to Epea tomorrow. You can come with me if you like."

"It's not so easy to leave now," I said without thinking.

"Don't worry," Armond said. "Abe owes me a favor. He won't do you any harm."

Things weren't that simple. My value to Abe in his grudge against Ashton was large. Abe won't relinquish me that easily.

Armond would have to ask for a whole lot more to compensate for the loss that he had caused Abe.

"Scarlett, you just need to tell me if you're willing to get away from here. If you are, I will think of something with Abe."

"I want freedom for my friends as well," I said with some hesitation.

Armond looked conflicted at that.

I was aware that he had a way of taking me away, but to take five women with him was another story altogether. It wasn't just an inconvenience for him, it was dangerous too.

I did not wish to make things difficult for him. "Mr. Murphy, thank you very much for your kind gesture."

"Alright, you're all coming with me!" Armond suddenly said, his eyes gleaming determinedly.

I froze in confusion.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Armond set his glass down noisily. "I'll bring your friends along. Tomorrow, some of my men will be here to pick you up."

I was taken aback. It seemed like an overly breezy promise to make. I stared at him disbelievingly.

Armond laughed at my suspicion. "Us Murphys are known for accomplishing something when we set our minds to it. When I've made up my mind to take you away, I mean it. So please, humor me and accept my gesture."

I became even more confused. Though I did not know the extent of his relationship with Abe, I was sure that it was a lot to ask from Abe. If he was determined to get his way, surely it would only end in a conflict between the two of them.

In the worst-case scenario, if they were just casual acquaintances, Abe might even hold a grudge against Armond.

No matter which way I looked at it, it was disadvantageous to Armond from every possible angle.

"I would like to know why," I blurted after a moment's hesitation. I could not quell the suspicious feeling within me.

Armond raised his brows. "Would you believe me if I told you that I feel a certain way about you?"

"No, I wouldn't." We were all adults here, there was no place for fanciful feelings anymore. Besides, we've only met a handful of times, and I wasn't particularly beautiful that every man I met would just fall head over heels for me.

Chapter 660

There was no such thing as first love in the world of grownups. He smiled coldly. "Being too smart isn't good for a woman. It's better if you play dumb once in a while. You know how it feels to be loved. I'm sure you don't want to lose it."

I pursed my lips. Contrary to what he believed, all I felt was disgust. I kept quiet for a while before answering, "I want you to tell me the truth, Mr. Murphy."

He nodded. "Remember where we first met?"

"J City's cemetery."

He nodded; his gaze still fixated on me. “To be precise, right in front of Mrs. Stovall’s tombstone.”

I knew my grandmother was a Stovall, so that wasn’t a shock. “So?” I looked at him. I saw Armond when I went to the cemetery on All Souls’ Day, but I didn’t think that much. I only thought he was being kind when he helped me out of the kidnapping, but after mulling it over, I thought things weren’t as simple as they seemed.

There are no coincidences in this world.

“I want the sandalwood box Mrs. Stovall left you.” His gaze was still cold as ever.

I stiffened up and frowned at him. “That’s a puzzle box. How do you know I have it?”

He smiled. “I found out about it.” And he said nothing more.

I shouldn’t give him the box, since my grandma left it for me. However, if it could exchange five people’s lives and Ashton’s consolation, that would be worth it. I nodded. “No problem.”

He smiled, looking satisfied, and he stood up. “Sleep tight and wake up early next morning.”

I nodded. I had something else to say, but Abe had come down. “What were you guys talking about, Mr. Murphy?” Abe squinted at me, then his eyes were locked on my face, and he criticized, “She has the curves, and her features are nice, but she has a scar. She’s not the best woman you can get, so what did you see in her?”

He was talking to Armond.

Armond smiled at me. “Never judge a book by its cover. Beauty is nothing without a gorgeous soul.”

Abe snorted and plopped down on the chair, staring at me quietly. "I can never get your aesthetics."

I went upstairs, refusing to stay any longer, and I mulled over what Armond told me. It would be for the best if he could take us away.

Nora and the girls were looking better when I went to see them again. Nora, especially, had regained consciousness. She tugged at my arm, her eyes teary. "I want to go home."

That broke my heart, and I nodded. Everyone else was starting to regain some color, though they were still relatively pale. Well, anyone would be driven insane staying in that wretched place for such a long time.

Abe rarely stayed in the villa, probably fearing for his life. He was always cautious and appeared out of nowhere every time.

Same went for Danny and Dante. They'd appear whenever I thought they weren't around, but I could never find them whenever I tried.

It was a sleepless night that night, for Armond's promise lit up my desire to get my life back, and the prospect of bringing Nora and the girls back excited me.

I stayed up until late in the night, then I heard the roar of the engine coming from below. I froze in fear, thinking that Abe had come again. Then I went to the balcony to take a look, but someone knocked on the door before I could and startled me.

I went to take the door after a few more knocks, though surprisingly, it was Armond standing there. He was still cold as usual, though his black suit made him all the more distant. He frowned at me. "Let's go."

I was surprised. "Now?"

"Abe's at the vineyard having fun. It's your best chance to make a break for it. I've handled everything else. Now go."

I was flabbergasted, but I had to take the chance, or it might prove difficult to leave. I went with him and noticed Danny in the living room downstairs, only illuminated by the dim lamp. He was staring straight at us.

I stopped in my tracks. "Danny."

"Let's go." Armond threw him a look and dragged me away.

I thought Danny would stop us, but all he did was see us off. I hesitated for a moment, and I said, "Thank you."

He didn't answer me. Instead, he looked at Armond.

Three black cars were waiting for us when we came out, and the moment we got in, I heard gunshots coming from the rubber plantation. He shoved me into the car and told the chauffeur, "Take them and go!"

Abe's probably back. I stared at Armond, panicked. There was nothing I could say but, "Be careful."

Chapter 661

He looked at me with surprise, and he nodded.

Instead of the rubber plantation, the driver went to the forest behind the villa. I could hear the fighting and the sounds of thunder coming from the villa. It's about to rain.

The path was winding, and my head started spinning along the way. My stomach churned, and I retched a couple of times. The sounds of fighting still roared on behind us. Abe and his men were showing no signs of stopping. We were taken into the forest and eventually arriving at a clearing.

It was a heliport, and a helicopter was waiting for us there, much to my surprise. The car stopped, and the driver said, "Get out." Then he leaped out of the car and dragged me out roughly before I realized what had happened.

Nora and the girls were in the cars before mine, and they were taken out too. "Get in here ASAP!" the man at the cockpit roared at us, and I looked in the villa's direction by reflex, but all I could see was smoke billowing in the air.

Nora and the girls were taken to the helicopter. I thought something was off, but I couldn't put a finger on it. I went in with them and noticed Nora was still deathly pale. Then I went up to her. "How do you feel, Nora?"

She opened her eyes weakly and looked at me. Nora opened her mouth and attempted to speak, but because of her throat, speaking was impossible for a while.

The man beside us said, "Take your seats and don't move. We're taking off now."

"Where's Armond?" I looked back at him curiously.

The man paused. "He'll be rendezvousing with us in Epea. We have to go right now, or nobody's leaving."

I nodded and went to my seat. Nora was still a concern, but the most important thing was to leave right away, and the helicopter took off.

Halfway through, Nora clutched her stomach, and her face contorted in pain, and she kept sweating. I was getting worried for her, and I was going to help her, but someone stopped me. "We'll handle this, Ms. Stovall. Please sit down and don't hinder them."

The staff took Nora into the cockpit, and I couldn't do anything but watch. We landed on an airport after a few hours. I had no idea where we were because of the long hours of flight.

"Change of chopper. Chop, chop, people. Tempus fugit." We went to board one of the planes without even going through a security check.

Alright, that was weird. Did Armond plan all this? I reflexively looked back at Tabitha and the girls, who were taken into the plane. They hadn't been talking over the past few days, and the escape had exhausted them.

They were deathly pale, and I knew they would have fallen if it weren't for the people around them. I noticed that they were clutching their stomachs, and I frowned. Something's off. But I didn't take the chance to ask, since we were urged to board the flight.

Nora felt better once we boarded, so she was let back into the passenger cabin, and there were other strangers with us too. I scanned the place and thought something was definitely wrong, but I couldn't put a finger on it. No point thinking about it then. I buckled myself and waited for the flight to take off.

It took more than half a day to fly from Aplot to Western Europe, and I was still confused even after we landed. We settled some paperwork in the airport, and then we were taken to a villa.

Everyone was exhausted from the long journey, and Nora and the girls had fallen asleep. I tried to stay awake on pure will alone, and I tried to call Ashton, but someone stopped me.

The man who took us to the villa was a burly one, and he never seemed to smile. He had this perpetually cold look on him. When he stopped me, he said, "You need to rest, miss."

I tried to negotiate, "I want to call my family, sir."

He threw me a cold look and answered stiffly, "You are forbidden from contacting anyone without Mr. Murphy's permission." He gazed at me, trying to force me back into the room.

It'd be bad to face it head on if Armond was making the orders, so I nodded and went into the room. I was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to sleep after the long journey, but the jetlag was stopping me from getting any rest.

I had the feeling something was off the moment Armond said he wanted to bring me to Western Europe, but I couldn't figure it out.

I finally drifted to sleep at midnight, but then someone knocked on the door early next morning, waking me up.

I opened the door only to see Tessa before me, looking deathly pale. Since they spent all their time in the glass room, it took a great toll on their bodies. I never talked to them either, since they never said anything.

I was surprised to see her, and she came into my room and locked the door. Tessa was glowering at me. She said nothing, but I could feel her enmity toward me.

Chapter 662

Confused, I asked, "What's wrong, Tessa?"

She sneered at me for a while and pulled her clothes up, revealing her bandaged torso, much to my shock. "When did this happen? Who hurt you?" Who was I kidding? Of course I knew who hurt them. Her wound was on the belly, after all, but still, the fact made me shudder.

I saw the rows of operating theatres in Abe's villa, and I saw how they stuffed women's stomachs with kyanine. The scar on Tessa's torso told me that Abe's men had stuffed kyanine in them.

And then I was reminded of how deathly pale they were over the past few days. And they'd clutch their stomach, holding in their pain. This isn't the glass room's side effect. Their body's rejecting the kyanine. It's an alien object. No wonder they're looking like this.

I asked, "Are the other girls like this too?" I felt a lump in my throat.

Tessa looked at me, her lips pursed, her eyes filled with hatred. She didn't answer my question, and I thought she hated me. I couldn't say anything else, so I stared back into her eyes. Anything I had to say would sound like hindsight, and that would make her hate me more.

All I could do was meet up with Armond as soon as possible so I could ask him to get someone to extract the kyanine from their bodies.

I said hoarsely, "Listen to me, Tessa. I'll meet up with Armond. I know he can get someone to take that thing out of you guys." Then I went out. The lobby was guarded by the man who brought us in the day before.

He noticed me and said, "Please go back to your room, Ms. Stovall."

"I want to see Armond."

"Mr. Murphy will be here shortly. Please go back to your room."

"Can I call him then?" I knew he'd come sooner or later, but I needed someone to take the kyanine out of the girls immediately.

The man looked at me coolly and frowned. "It can wait until Mr. Murphy is here. Please do not get in the way of my work, Ms. Stovall."

Dammit. Now I have to wait for him. Armond only arrived that afternoon, and I quickly stopped him. "Mr. Murphy, my friends got kyanine stuffed in them. They need a doctor to take it out. That, or they have to go to the hospital."

Getting a hospital overseas was hard, and anyone would get suspicious if they found kyanine in the girls' bodies. It'd be bad if they looked into it.

Armond nodded and called a doctor, then he looked at me. "We don't have an operating theatre here, and I can't take them to a proper hospital, so I'm getting a private doctor for this."

I knew that much, and I nodded. "I know."

Nora and the girls went into the cars with Armond's men's help, and I followed them, but Armond stopped me. "Stay here. It won't be easy to get away from Abe and his men. Better safe than sorry."

I nodded, then I realized he smelled of blood. Armond went to talk to his men who were going to send the girls to the hospital, then he came back to me. "Rest up. We'll go back once I settle things here."

I nodded and saw him off, then I realized his suit was darker around his waist. That's probably blood. "Armond," I called him.

He stopped in his tracks and looked at me, his face pale. "Anything else?"

"Did you call a doctor? For yourself, I mean." He didn't show his wound after he came back, but I knew he was hurt.

He froze up. "This is nothing." He smiled at me and went to his bedroom upstairs, leaving me alone.

I stood there for a few moments, then I went up to his bedroom and knocked on his door. He opened the door a few minutes later, though he had changed into a white shirt.

I would have thought he was perfectly fine, but he was too pale to be okay. "What is it?" he asked coolly.

I hesitated for a moment before going into his bedroom and noticed the bandage and the haemostatic drug on his table. I turned back, and he coughed. "Just a small injury. Just need to be cleaned up."

I pursed my lips. "I'll help you." I dragged him to the sofa before he could refuse, and then I tried to take his shirt off, but he held my hand down.

I frowned at him. "I need to tend to your wound."

He froze for a moment, then he smiled and let my hand go. I took his clothes off, revealing the ugly gash on his waist, and blood was still oozing out. My frown turned deeper. This guy has a high level of tolerance toward pain. Looks like something slashed him. Wait, no.