

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 978-982

## Chapter 978

I could not divulge further and only said, "Don't worry, Mom. I'm just going over to take a look. I'll discuss it over with you guys before making any decisions. I know this is something big, so I won't make rash decisions."

Her lips pursed into a thin, hard line before she said, "Okay. But you have to tell us everything that happens at A City. Don't be rash and rush into decisions. Please discuss it with us first."

I nodded. "Don't worry, I know what to do."

Ashton was back from taking a call. He noticed that my parents were eyeing me with a worried look on their faces, and asked, "What's the matter?"

Cameron spoke first, "Mr. Fuller, are you going to A City with Scarlett too? I'm really worried that she's going on a trip alone, especially now that she's pregnant. I know that you're a busy man, and you have a lot on your plate. But she's pregnant with your baby. I'd appreciate it if you could make her and the baby your priority."

Ashton actually had no idea that I was heading to A City. After listening to my mother, he cast a glance in my direction, and his brows creased slightly. Luckily, he did not inquire further and merely replied to Cameron as he nodded, "Yes, I will."

Noticing the time, Cameron was worried that I might have to stay up late if I stayed any longer and egged us on, "It's getting late. You guys should head back soon. Please inform us when you're heading to A City. Your father will send someone to look after you."

I nodded. Actually, I was planning to head to A City alone, but I knew they would not be able to stop nagging me if I had told them my plan. In the end, I relented and headed out of the hospital with Ashton.

After getting into the car, I did not actually talk to Ashton. Instead, I was on the phone with Hailey.

I had not noticed Ashton's odd demeanor, even after we had reached the villa. When I was about to head upstairs for a shower, the man who was sitting on the sofa finally spoke up, "You've never planned to tell me that, nor have you ever considered how I'd feel about the matter, right?"

I was stumped and turned around to gauge him. His deep-set obsidian gaze was frigid. Feeling a chill down my spine, I explained, "No, that's not it. I was actually planning to tell you after we got home, I mean after I've told Mom."

He continued to stare at me. "Then, why didn't you say anything?"

I was rendered speechless. This man was really starting to act like a child. Helpless, I explained myself. "I actually gave what Dad said in the morning some thought, and thought it was worth a try. I'm really worried about Summer's prolonged stay at the hospital. So, I was thinking to make a trip to A City myself to find out if there's any bone marrow match for her. That way we wouldn't have to worry all the time."

His lips turned into a disapproving hard line. "Do you plan to head there alone?"

I nodded and noticed his gaze darkened. I could not help but ask, "Can you really let things go unattended at Fuller Corporation? Don't you have a lot of things to deal with?"

The man frowned. "I'm going with you."

I was going to reject his offer, but thought better of it since he wouldn't listen anyway. Nodding my head, I said, "Fine. We'll go together then."

I was getting sleepy and said nothing else. He had a call coming in, and I headed for a shower upstairs.

Initially, I planned to head to K City after meeting up with Hailey, but I did not expect Ashton to buy the tickets as soon as the next day. What was more, he woke me up really early as well.

Warm cozy beds were especially inviting during winter, and I had not been able to snap out of it despite having sat on the bed for quite some time. I only heard Ashton nagging about the things to bring over to K City. In a daze, I merely listened as he prattled on. After he was done packing, Ashton noticed that I was still sleepy. Helplessly, he edged closer and whispered into my ear, "Do you need me to carry you into the bathroom?"

I opened my eyes and looked at him, still drowsy from being sleepy. "Why the bathroom?"

He could not help but chuckle. "Aren't you going to wash up before heading out? Or are you planning to head outside looking all disheveled?"

I nodded, "Yeah, I need to wash up," I mumbled as I dragged myself out of bed. He could not stand seeing me struggling and proceeded to carry me into the bathroom. I yawned as I leaned in his embrace.

In his embrace, I protested, "Why are we rushing over to A City anyway? I was planning to have a date with Hailey before leaving. I didn't even have the chance to let her know yet."

Noticing that I was still sluggish, Ashton decided to just help me wash my face. I closed my eyes, and enjoyed the warmth of the water that sobered me up a little. As he squeezed toothpaste out of the tube, he said, "You could ask her out anytime, but isn't it better if you could really find the bone marrow match at A City and just get this surgery over and done with?"

Nodding my head, I took over the toothbrush with the toothpaste on it, and said, "You're right." I started to brush my teeth as I leaned against the sink. Being a head taller than me, there was no problem for Ashton to brush through my unruly hair with a wooden brush. I shifted uncomfortably as he combed through the tangles, and mumbled, "I'll do it myself later."

## **Chapter 979**

Ashton pursed his lips into a hard line, and brushed the strand of hair that was blocking my vision to the back, and said, "The flight is really early, we have to speed up."

After I was done with my teeth, he had already done my hair. I cocked my head to one side and peered into the mirror. He had actually done a decent job. Raising a brow, I said to him, "How many times have you attempted to style this for it to turn out this perfect?"

He raised a brow as well and drew out a tissue to wipe the foam off the corners of my mouth. "This is my first time, and I'm still fumbling, but practice makes perfect. However, seeing that you, my client, are quite satisfied. Maybe I'm just a gifted stylist."

I chuckled dryly and headed out of the bathroom. While I was applying my skincare, he had already done packing. All luggage had been loaded into the boot of the car as well. Ashton noticed that I was putting on makeup and asked curiously, "Why are you in the mood to put on makeup all of a sudden?"

I actually just did my brows and put on lipstick. The man crossed his arms before his chest and glanced at me, he was expecting an explanation. "I just want to look decent standing next to Mr. Fuller."

His lips curled into a smile as he held my hands. "You're already a natural beauty, and you don't need makeup to be pretty. Besides, it's not good for you to put on makeup now that you're pregnant. You should swap these out."

I eyed the makeup on my dressing table. They were all actually high-end cosmetics infused with plant extracts. "That's not necessary. Pregnant women can use these too. Mister, you're forbidden from swapping out my stuff, period."

He would always swap out my clothes and skincare when I was not paying attention, and not because they were not fit for wear, nor was it because I ran out of them. Ashton just had the notion that if I did not finish using the skincare within three months, it simply meant that I did not enjoy using them, which was not at all the case. His little gesture left me confused, and lack of a set of skincare that I truly enjoyed using. I really enjoyed the set I was just using and had to remind him not to swap it out, lest the

man acted on his own accord again. I really had no idea how a big boss like him had the time and effort to pay attention to trivial matters like these.

He nodded when I reminded him, and said, "Okay, I'm not going to change that one. Let's go, we have a plane to catch!"

After getting on the car, I leaned against the seat, and felt lethargic all over. My eyes were half-closed when I said, "Call me when we reach the airport, I want to rest for a bit."

I was actually not tired. It was the morning sickness. Maybe I had it too easy the last time I was pregnant. This time, the symptoms were much stronger.

Ashton had wanted to say something but bit his tongue the moment he noticed the weary look on my face. He cradled my hands in his, and said, "Take a good rest. You'll feel better."

I did not feel like talking and merely nodded. It did not take us long to reach the airport.

However, almost half a day went by before we could board the plane. I started to retch as soon as the plane took off, and Ashton asked for some motion sickness medication from the air stewardess. Unfortunately, I couldn't take them because I was pregnant. There was nothing he could do except looking at me with a concerned look.

It seemed like forever before we finally reached A City. I was utterly spent from the flight. Ashton brought me to the villa and started to work after making sure that I had settled down.

After a long nap, I felt much better. I headed downstairs and noticed that Ashton was taking a nap in the living room. I took a duvet and draped it over him. Right then, my phone pinged with a text from Armond.

I caressed my belly. It's been two months, but my belly is not showing yet.

“You’re at A City already? It looks like you do really care about your daughter! Such a pity that my mother’s soup is going to waste.”

Before he mentioned it, I’d almost forgotten about how Armond’s mother had misunderstood about the baby in my belly. She did mention that she wanted to brew some tonic for me.

I did not reply his text. My phone pinged with another text from Hailey. “Are you still at K City?”

I replied to Hailey’s text, asking her to tell Nora to head back to A City if she had nothing else to do at K City. After all, it would be even more difficult for her to cut off all ties with Armond if she hung out for much longer with the man. There’s nothing time couldn’t fix.

Hailey was surprised at the message that I asked her to pass on and asked, “I’m going back to A City at night. How’s your daughter doing? Are you going to the A City because of her?”

Bemused, I frowned. I had never mentioned to anyone that I was coming to A City, let alone disclosing that I was here because of Summer. How did she know about that?

It felt awkward to ask her point blank. I replied with a smiley emoji and said, “Okay, let’s meet up when you’re back in A City then.”

Unknowingly, Ashton had woken up while I was engrossed in texting with Hailey. After I sent out the text to Hailey, I could feel someone eyeballing me by my side. I turned around slightly, and there he was, gawking at me. Stumped, I managed an awkward smile. “Did I wake you?”

He shook his head slightly. “No. Who are you talking to? Are you still feeling better?”

“Yes, I’m fine.”

He set himself straight and circled me in his embrace. He put his head on my shoulders and asked, “What would you like to eat? Let’s eat out.”

I did not actually have much appetite and leaned against his chest, shaking my head. "I don't have anything specific in mind. What about you?"

## **Chapter 980**

"Are we going to cook at home?"

He did not seem like he had a lot of work to do, and so I nodded my head. It's not like we had the chance to cook homecooked meals together every day.

Five o'clock in the afternoon, it was drizzling in A City, and the weather was gloomy. Ashton was staying in, and I thought I might as well take the chance to contact the person on the card that Armond handed over to me.

I went back to the bedroom, and called the man. It took him a few rings to pick up. A voice rang, "Hello!"

Stumped by the enthusiasm in his voice, I replied, "Hi, is this Mr. Brandon Dumphy?"

The person mumbled a response and replied in a weird accent, "Yes, speaking. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Puzzled by his weird accent, I was starting to doubt the man. How did Armond get to know people like him? However, I decided to just ask, "Mr. Murphy gave me your contact."

"Oh, I see. Ah, are you Ms. Stovall?"

"Yes, I am. I'd like to ask if your hospital really could find a bone marrow match and kidney?" I had a notion that it was all too good to be true.

“Yes, we can. What about if you send over your daughter’s most recent medical records to me so that I can have a look first? I’d appreciate it if you could take some time tomorrow for me to bring you for a tour. We do have the supply for what you’re looking for. The only question is if it’s going to match your daughter.”

To be frank, I was a little stumped by the sheer amount of information. However, it seemed like the man really knew what he was talking about. So, I agreed to meet him the next day.

After hanging up the call, Zachary called to inform me that Boris had reached A City as well. My father told me to bring along the man wherever I went, and that he would be of great help in the city.

I agreed. After debating with myself, I sent over Summer’s medical records to Brandon. The man replied after some time: We’ll go visit the place where our stock is coming from. After you have a look at the condition, we could discuss the price.”

Stumped, I replied: Stock? Did the man just refer to organs in people’s bodies as stock?

It seemed like the man did not even bother to explain things to me as he merely replied: Yes. There were no more texts from him since.

After contemplating for a moment, I contacted Boris and requested him to tag along for the trip tomorrow. I initially wanted to let Ashton know, but he had been held up in the study all day for work. I did not wish to disturb him.

The next day, Ashton seemed like he had something urgent to attend to, and headed for the door right after he bade goodbye to me. I sorted out things around the house, and it did not take long for Boris to arrive at my place.

Brandon sent me an address and a message that read: Let’s meet at the Second Highway exit. It’s going to be a long journey for you. Don’t be late.



After replying to him, I headed out with Boris. There was a lot of traffic for mornings in A City. We had only managed to meet up with Brandon past the agreed time. The man seemed a tad furious since he had been waiting for quite some time.

He was driving a black Mercedes and did not get off the car even after we had arrived. Even though I could not see his figure, but judging from his face alone, it was not difficult to guess that he was a little plump. The dark-skinned man looked like he would own a successful coal mining business in the nineties.

He pursed his lips into a hard line at the sight of me. "Our stock is in the mountains. I will bring you there later. Did you bring along everything you need? There is nothing to buy there. It's going to be troublesome if you need anything else."

He must have had his fair share of dealing with fussy people for him to make an upfront statement like that. However, I was puzzled by his question. "Aren't we heading to the hospital? Why are we going into the mountains?"

He pursed his lips again, this time with disapproval. "Aren't you going to take a look at the donor's parents since their daughter is giving you what you need? You can choose not to accept it though. Since you're Mr. Murphy's friend, I won't sign any contracts with you. Consider it a deal done if you're satisfied with what we offer."

Bewildered, I cast a glance in Boris's direction.

The man was calm and composed as he nodded his head at me. He was telling me that it was fine for us to go take a look.

Brandon did not beat around the bush either. He told me to trail behind his car, and got into his car right after.

As he mentioned, it was a long journey. We drove for easily seven to eight hours straight. Brandon's car had only come to a stop after night fell.

I fell asleep along the way. After noticing that the car had stopped, I looked outside and was surprised at the surroundings. It was a village on the hillside, populated by around twenty families.

Brandon stopped his car by a well in the center of the village. He got off the car and splashed his face with the cold water. After gulping down a few mouthfuls, he looked at us and said, "We've arrived. Get off the car and drink some water. Follow me!"

Boris got off the car, and he seemed slightly stunned by the surroundings. He fished out a bottle from the car boot and handed it over to me. Then, he gave me some bread that he had brought along and said, "Eat some."

## **Chapter 981**

Naturally, this eighteen-hour car ride was exhausting.

Boris prepared water and bread for Brandon. I started to eat next to the car, and Brandon followed suit. "There are about twenty-seven families in this village. However, the population is considerably higher. Every family has seven or eight children. I'll bring you around later. If there aren't any problems, I'll contact a doctor as soon as possible to start the surgery," he said.

I was slightly confused and frowned. "The surgery can take place so soon? It isn't easy to find a suitable bone marrow and kidney donor," I said in surprise.

He ignored me and gobbled up the rest of the bread and gulped down a few mouthfuls of water before proclaiming, "Let's go!"

The villagers stayed on the hillside. Perhaps it was because of the recent rain, but the roads were flooded with mud and water. One step in and our shoe would sink in, making it really difficult to walk. Soon, our pants were also covered with dirt.

Brandon was used to it. When he saw Boris and me struggling, he frowned and said, "Don't walk clumsily. Find places where there are rocks or where people walked before you and step there."

I nodded and raised my head. There were still a few hundred meters to walk. We were not driving because it was impossible for the car to move in the mud. On such rainy days, only bullock carts were used.

Boris and I followed him for a while. We noticed that the sky was darkening. Luckily, our phones still had battery and we used the flashlights to light our way.

We arrived after much difficulty. Both Boris and I were covered in mud to our knees and our shoes were full of water and dirt. It was extremely uncomfortable. Brandon stood outside a house and shouted, "Is there anyone home?"

A black stray dog was leashed to the door. When it heard someone coming, it started to bark fiercely. A rope was tied around its neck but I was still frightened as I stood next to Boris.

The house they were standing in front of was built with red bricks and some parts were covered in black tiles. It was built in a slipshod manner and from afar, it looked like it was going to collapse at any moment. There was a patch of concrete floor in front of the house with a black coal stove on top. There was also a thin weather-worn film on top. When the wind blew, one corner of the film that had been stained black would flap and produce noise.

A hunchbacked man walked out of the house. He had probably heard someone shouting outside. He pushed the old wooden door open and stuck his head out to see. When he saw who had come, he smiled to reveal a row of yellowed teeth and said, "It's you, Mr. Dumphy."

He rushed to greet us. He was wearing black clothes that gleamed with an oily sheen. I peered closer at it and noticed that the clothes were originally grey and had fur. They were dirty from constant wearing and all the fur had become matted and coated by layers of dirt which was the source of the oily sheen.

"I brought friends with me to visit your house. Are you done working?" Brandon spoke to the man in the local dialect. The man nodded hastily.

He replied gruffly in the local dialect, "Yes, we're done. Come in and sit. It's freezing outside."

Brandon led us into the house. When we went in, I was immediately stunned. The house was only about twenty square meters, but there were seven or eight children and a frail woman huddled around a coal stove. They were cooking something on the stove.

The fifteen-watt lightbulb provided a dim glow. I could barely make out the contents in the steaming pot. It was some vegetables and a few slices of meat.

A few children noticed that there were guests. They quickly stood up. When they realized that they were lining up against the wall, they scattered.

Brandon was accustomed to this. He spoke to the children in the local dialect. I could not understand what he was saying and took a seat next to the stove. I placed my hands near the stove to warm them up. His stocky legs stood in front of the fire and took up most of the space.

The man shot the woman a look and she stood up. She looked at me and spoke stiffly in the local dialect, "Sit next to the fire here and warm yourself."

I hastily tried to reject her but she had already stood up and spoken to the children. They gathered at a small wooden table nearby. The woman scooped out some vegetables from the pot into chipped bowls and placed them in the middle of the table. The youngest child looked to be about three or four years old while the oldest seemed to be about ten years old. They held up their bowls and scooped rice in before digging in.

The man told Brandon that we should sit and eat alongside the children. Brandon turned him down and said, "We've come for a reason. When the children received their check-ups, the doctor realized that one of your children has a compatible blood type with my friend's daughter. She's sick and needs a bone marrow and kidney transplant. We discussed it with you previously and if you're okay with the price we're offering, let's make the arrangements. The little girl is waiting for the surgery!"

I was taken aback by how direct Brandon was. However, I did not expect the man to reply without much hesitation, "Fine, we'll accept whatever price you're offering. Although this child is young, she will finally be of some use. She wasn't born for nothing after all. My wife is pregnant again and we need money badly. Please help us to spread the word. My house is also old and needs to be fixed. It's been leaking recently and it's extremely uncomfortable to live here. If anyone else has similar needs and has money to pay us, please bring them here."

I instinctively clenched my hands together. I looked at him and choked out, "Hello mister, we are talking about getting your daughter to provide bone marrow and a kidney for my daughter's transplant."

The man nodded and smiled without surprise. "I'm aware. There have been people like you who've come before. Don't worry, it's my daughter's honor to be of service to you. There's nothing to be afraid of."

I found it difficult to breathe, and I thought that it was due to the small size and intense fumes of the coal stove. For a moment, I could not say anything.

They did not care about the child's body or health at all.

Brandon seemed used to this situation. "Fine. Ms. Stovall will get to know your daughter. Once they're comfortable, you'll pay you tomorrow. In order for your daughter to undergo the surgery, we'll have to take her to the city for a few days. Are you okay with this?"

The man shook his head and said with a smile, "No problem. You can take her anywhere."

The woman looked at us silently. It was clear who wore the pants in this family.

Boris had been quiet the entire time. After hearing what they said, he said to the man, "Can I trouble you for a clean set of female clothes?"

The man was slightly stunned. He quickly nodded his head and quipped, "Yes, I'll go right now!" He turned to the woman and barked, "Go find some clothes for them."

The woman stood up and went through a door. Brandon chatted with the man. I scanned the group of children eating around the table.

They were wearing ill-fitting clothes. Some were wearing layers of dirty t-shirts while others wore thin fur clothes. They were trying to dress warmly as best as they could. It seemed that they had put on all the clothes they could find, but it was evident that it was not enough for them to stay warm.

My eyes landed on a small girl who was squeezed in the corner. She looked to be about three years old and her face was flushed due to the cold. She was busy chewing on food. Due to the cold weather, her nose was running and she wiped her mucus away with her sleeve. However, she did not wipe it all away, and it was spread all over the sides of her mouth and the utensils in front of her.

I could not help but frown. The woman walked out holding a set of clothes and said to me, "Try it on."

I nodded and thanked her before asking, "Can I borrow a dry pair of shoes from you?" My shoes and pants had been completely ruined on my way here. Moreover, it was extremely uncomfortable to wear drenched shoes in such freezing weather.

The woman nodded and rummaged through a cabinet. She took out a pair of new cloth shoes. From its design, I guessed that she had made it herself.

Boris frowned at how thin the shoes were and asked, "Do you have anything thicker?"

The woman paused before shaking her head. "They're all like this!"

I smiled and received the shoes with thanks. I put them on and sat down next to the fire. Ashton had called me, but the poor signal had prevented me from picking up. I could only text him to say that I was not returning home tonight.

The seven-hour journey was too long.

Brandon spoke to the man for a while. He turned to me and said, "Take a look at the child, Ms. Stovall. If all is well, we'll return to A City. Your daughter can be transferred over too. This child doesn't have any identification documents at the moment. Thus, we can only hold the surgery in A City."

I was slightly shocked. I looked at the man walking over to the smallest girl and wiped her mucus away with his sleeve. He grinned at me and said, "Take a look, Ms. Stovall. She might be young but she's obedient. She's not afraid of pain either. I think she meets the requirement?"

The child had no clue why the adults were talking in such a manner. She stared dazedly at me in befuddlement. She probably had not had enough food as she stole a look at her father, then stuffed some vegetables into her mouth. The sauce on the vegetables dribbled all over her.