

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1718-1722

Chapter 1718 I Shall Destroy You

I was in a daze when Nathaniel stepped out and acted like he was God again. "Are you already upset? Or did you forget Ashton had always been a ruthless figure? Like father, like daughter. How will she convince others of her leadership if she didn't punish her disloyal subordinates?"

I couldn't help but snicker out loud. Did he seriously think his warped logic could replace the criteria for judging good from evil in our world?

"If they did something wrong, she could discipline or fire them. However, harming someone's life is against the law. Ashton had never once resorted to that to gain someone's respect. Even if he did, it must've been to punish an evil and despicable person. Do you think I can't tell that you arranged for me to witness this scene? You're the culprit!"

Nathaniel did everything to destroy my love and respect for Ashton. He wanted Ashton to end up living in desolation.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't disappointed, but there was no way I'd give up. I believed Ashton was upset at being forced to act this way. If I lost trust in him, he'd give up on himself for real.

Now, the only thing I could do was to make it up for his mistake.

I shall offer generous compensation to Wilson and this unnamed young man in my arms, both mentally and financially. Perhaps that would ease our guilt.

"Smart girl. No wonder Ashton adores you." Nathaniel admitted to his doing honestly. He gazed at me, his eyes flickering with menace. "Oh, my dear great lawyer, after handling so many cases, don't you know it doesn't matter who is the mastermind? The one committing the crime is the most important person. So what if I told him to do that? Ashton could've done it willingly."

He added, "He should be thanking me for giving him the perfect chance to unleash the beast within him. Holding his feelings back isn't a good thing. You'd be upset if he gets sick, right?"

Nathaniel lowered his body and hovered right above me. His eyes glinted dangerously as he said, "Yesterday, you weren't honest enough, so I showed you how it feels like to get personally involved. Are you still going to insist that you love him?"

Clenching my jaw, I didn't bother hiding my distaste and anger at him. What a psycho! He delights in destroying others' happiness!

"Yes, I love him!" I declared in a loud voice so everyone in the club could hear me. "Ashton Fuller, you're the only man I'll ever love in this lifetime!"

I was hoping Ashton could hear my declaration, even though I wasn't sure if he could hear it. However, I shot a proud look at Nathaniel like I had won the battle.

It was pretty hard to win mental warfare. Otherwise, Nathaniel wouldn't have spent so much time trying to persuade me to change my mind.

At my words, Nathaniel straightened his back and returned to his expressionless self. He stared ahead and lifted a corner of his lip. "Great, let the game continue, then. I used ten whole years to destroy Ashton. I wonder how much time you are willing to spend in defending him," he mused.

"You'll never succeed!" I announced and grounded my jaw.

Nathaniel was more patient than I had imagined. It was hard, but not entirely impossible, to defeat someone like him. I had to be more patient than him and wait until he exposed his Achilles' heel. That would be the perfect chance to crush him.

Before that, I had to confirm if Ashton and Summer were on the same page as me.

I wasn't good at hiding my real emotions compared to them. Perhaps that was why they chose to take action without informing me.

Nathaniel could've been right. He could've destroyed Ashton's willpower successfully and brainwashed him with his twisted logic and distorted ideas. If that were true, things would turn complicated. I had no chance against two extremely intelligent men.

Chapter 1719 I Will Always Be Here For You

"Screw you, b*stard! If you dare lay a finger on Scar..."

Thud!

Right after Nathaniel finished talking, John dashed into the club and gave him a punch without a second thought.

He was so swift that no one came forward to stop him in time. Thus, Nathaniel got punched in the face, causing his head to drop aside. At once, the corner of his lip swelled up as blood trickled down his mouth. The pungent stench of blood intensified.

I knew things had turned complicated after John threw that punch.

Nathaniel wasn't someone who'd repay a grudge with favor. Judging by the way he was glowering at John now, I was pretty sure he'd take revenge on John soon.

However, John was no pushover. Seeing through his plan, he was about to give Nathaniel another punch again, but Nathaniel's men had already regained their composure and rushed forward to surround their employer. The security was so tight that not even a fly could fly in, let alone John's punch.

Hence, John had no choice but to put his arm down. He was still boiling in rage and promptly decided to go against them, though he was alone and outnumbered. Narrowing his gaze, he announced coldly, "All right. Come at me! Don't waste my time."

The men in black didn't respond. It was possible they had no idea what he was talking about, or perhaps they were waiting for Nathaniel's order.

Feeling humiliated by their disdainful looks directed at him, John balled his hands into fists.

Luckily, John's men arrived in time to salvage the situation. Both sides stood still in a stalemate. Once they took action, one side would have to defeat the other side to resolve the matter.

My goal was to save the wounded employee. I had no intention of complicating the issue. As they were still in a stalemate, I asked the employee softly, "Can you get to your feet?"

He bobbed his head weakly. I immediately helped him up, but his weight was too much for me and I nearly stumbled. John spotted that and rushed over to steady me.

That was what I had in mind. Men were aggressive beings, but once their attention was distracted, they'd calm down swiftly.

I immediately gestured with my chin toward the unconscious Wilson. "Let's send them to the hospital."

John glanced in the direction of the bar and knew what my worry was. He swung around and ordered, "Take the wounded man with us."

Two burly men stepped out and brought Wilson out of the club.

I gave John a look, prepared to leave. "Let's go," I urged softly.

John shot the club interior an exasperated glance before nodding reluctantly. "Mm."

Having said that, he stepped aside to make way for me.

I was prepared to argue with Nathaniel if he refused to allow me to leave, but fortunately, no one stopped us as we exited the bar. It was nothing but a false alarm.

On the way to the hospital, I was filled with dread at the thought of Nathaniel taking his revenge as soon as possible. "You punched Nathaniel in public, and he won't let this slide. You have to prepare in advance for he'll leave no stone unturned. You have no idea how terrifying he is," I warned.

John changed the topic and patted my hand gently. "Don't be scared. I'll always be here for you."

I had no idea he would see through my fears and unrest. Without warning, tears threatened to spill out of my eyes.

I kept hypnotizing myself to calm down and act reasonably, but John understood my weakness. Yes, after Ashton's attitude did a one-eighty, and seeing how Summer had gone against me, I couldn't hide my panic and sorrow no matter how much I had been through in life.

"Thank you." I grabbed his hand in return, my voice choking up. "Thank you, John."

John ruffled my hair affectionately. "Aww, it's nothing.."

Chapter 1720 John Is Beaten UP

That day, we waited patiently for Wilson to wake up at the hospital. After discussing all the compensation details with him, John sent me back home.

As he stopped his car at the entrance of the villa, there was a beam of warm light coming from inside the door.

I was reluctant to get out of the car as I could imagine what would happen next. Audrey would surely come running to hug and say she missed me. And then, she would routinely ask about Summer and Ashton's whereabouts.

I feared my tears might break loose in front of them.

Noticing my concerns, John patted on my shoulder gently. "Keep yourself together. It would be a difficult battle from now on. I'll fetch Emma and Drew here. It's better if the whole family sticks together."

Not only was he my brother, but he was also Emma's husband and Drew's father. The longer he stayed with me, the higher risk he was putting his wife and his kid in.

I knew I should not be so selfish. Thus, I smiled while opening the car door.

Before I walked in, John rolled down the car window and comforted me, "I'll be back here in around an hour. Please make supper or something if you can't sleep."

My lips curled into a broader smile as I nodded firmly. "Okay."

He turned his car around and drove off from the front yard of the villa. At that instant, I felt so fortunate to have a brother who loved me so much.

No matter how hopeless life might seem, I felt like I could keep moving on with him by my side.

Humans are indeed amazing creatures. No matter how much suffering one goes through physically, one could still feel happy as long as their spirit is not crushed.

I wrapped my coat around my body tighter and took a deep breath. After casting a last glance at John's disappearing car, I turned around to enter the house.

A second after that, a loud crash pierced through the air. I widened my eyes in startle and started running out of the house.

John, please be safe! If anything happens to you...

Before the gate closed up, I rushed through it and went outside. The security guard saw it and immediately shouted into his walkie-talkie, "Hello, does anyone copy? Mrs. Fuller ran outside alone. Please send someone here now! Hurry!"

I ran toward the direction where the car alarm came from. At that moment, all I could see was the rear light of the red car and I ran there as quickly as I could.

While I was approaching, I saw a group of black men carrying John out of his car. John seemed to have lost his consciousness. My heart fell with a thud as I shouted desperately, "Stop right there!"

I fastened my pace and ran toward them in panic. "Help! Someone, please help!"

As I got closer, I noticed John's car had gotten crushed between two vehicles. I also spotted those black men holding steel pipes in their hands.

The heavy smell of petrol leaking from the car made me want to vomit. I tried to make my way toward John, but two tall black men blocked me mercilessly.

They forced me to kneel on the ground. One of them grabbed my chin forcefully, asking me to witness the relentless scene in front of me.

John was lying on the ground like a dead fish. He did not show any reaction even when they threw him recklessly onto the floor. Blood flowed down his forehead, covering his entire face.

A strong black man approached John and picked him up effortlessly. He lifted John's hand with his other hand holding a steel pipe.

His lips curled into an evil smile as he spoke with an eerie tone. "Madam, please look closely."

Thump!

"No!"

I shouted desperately, but the man did not stop beating John's hand. As the steel pipe in his hand started covering in blood, he got even more excited. He started beating John harder and harder.

John regained his consciousness due to the arising pain, and he moaned on the floor in agony. "Ahh..."

Upon seeing that, the other men surrounded him and got hold of his limbs, making him unable to move an inch.

I felt as though a thousand needles were stabbing through my heart. "Please. I'm begging you. Please don't hurt him! Help! Is someone there?"

Chapter 1721 Broken Arm

John turned around and saw me getting seized by two men. He bit his lip, trying to pretend he was fine. However, he could no longer bear the agony in his arm. "Scar, please don't cry. Don't worry about me. I'm fine. I... Argh..."

Despite his pain, he did not seem to be intimidated. "Nathaniel! You'll regret what you did today! If I come out of this alive, I'll make sure you pay for this."

“John, please stop talking!” I bawled my eyes out as I pleaded. Please. For this once, please stop trying to be a hero.

Nonetheless, what I feared the most still happened in the end. John’s stubbornness provoked the black man as the latter slowly lifted his steel pipe over his head.

Just then, the security from the residence and my house finally arrived at the scene. “Stop right there! What are you guys doing? Put down the weapons in your hands!”

As I heard those voices and the approaching footsteps, a ray of hope appeared in my heart. For a brief moment, I nearly believed John would be rescued.

However, I forgot that those black men were, in fact, a bunch of outlaws. Even though they knew they were about to get caught, they showed no intimidation. Instead, they all stared at the black man stepping on John as though they were witnessing a sacred ritual.

Crack!

A bone-cracking voice pierced through my ears. John’s gaze went dark as his body collapsed heavily to the ground.

The entire world seemed to have paused at that instant. All I could see was John’s bleeding arm.

The guards immediately engaged in a fierce battle with those black men. At first, they were at a disadvantage, and they had to call in for more backups. As the number of the guards increased, they eventually managed to hold down those black men.

As no one put their attention on me anymore, I slowly crawled to John’s side without much trouble.

I held him in my arms and murmured, "Everything will be fine. It's just a scratch. You will recover soon. You'll be fine..."

At that moment, I was not sure if I was comforting John or myself. All I knew was that I did not dare to touch or even look at his broken arm. This reality was too cruel to be true.

Why would such a thing happen to someone so kind as him? He didn't do anything wrong but merely stood up for his sister. Why is this world so unfair?

The more I thought of it, my hatred toward Nathaniel grew stronger. How I wish I could end his life right now!

The emergency surgery continued for the whole night until the next morning. Finally, the red light went off, and the nurses pushed John out from the operating theater.

Lying in bed, John was covered in a thin hospital blanket, and a drip was hanging by his side. His right hand was bandaged by thick gauze.

I leaned against his bed and looked at him closely. Despite the few scratches on his face, his facial features still looked perfect. Those wounds somehow made him look more masculine.

All of a sudden, tears started welling up in my eyes. Taking a deep breath, I lifted my head and inquired the doctor, "Doctor, how's my brother's condition?"

The doctor looked exhausted after a long night's work. He nodded slightly and responded to my question, "He is no longer in danger. But..."

The doctor paused before continuing, "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Stovall's right hand is broken totally. He will need to conduct bone-connection surgery after this. Plus, even though he was sent in here in time, a big part

of the muscle tissue of the arm has died. Hence, even after he recovers, the nerve won't be able to function..."

"Do you mean that..." I swallowed and tried to recollect myself. "He won't be able to use his right arm anymore?"

The doctor let out a long sigh. "Based on our current medical technology, I'm afraid so. Please be mentally prepared for that."

Upon saying that, the doctor left with the nurse.

I froze on the spot, my mind went blank.

Just then, the clattering sound of high heels came from the corridor. Emery appeared at the door of the operating theater with a nervous look and put her hand on my shoulder. "Is he okay?"

Chapter 1722 Utter Indifference

I could no longer hold back my emotion as I bawled my eyes out, hugging her. "John has lost his right arm forever. The doctor says it can't be cured! It's all my fault!"

Maybe, only when we see our beloved getting hurt and humiliated do we realize how useless we are.

The most helpless part of a human, besides love, is life and death. I failed to give my love when he needed it. And now, I even caused him to lose an arm. What a useless sister I am!

The next moment, Ashton showed up. I was never so disappointed and upset with him. I stopped crying instantly and treated him indifferently. "What are you doing here?"

Before he could respond, I spoke again, "Are you here to laugh at us on behalf of Nathaniel? If that's so, congratulations. You succeeded. Now, please get out of my sight."

I had been trying to rescue him from the hand of the devil countless times. Yet, now I was pushing him away from my life. My heart was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

I was left with no choice as I could not stand his indifference anymore, especially when John was still unconscious.

At that moment, I hated everyone in this world, including myself. In my heart, it felt like John was the only innocent person on this earth.

Ashton did not bother my attitude as he uttered gently. "He acted too harshly."

"What do you mean?" Overwhelmed with emotions, I was utterly upset with Ashton's inconsiderate comment. Without hesitation, I rebuked with an aggressive tone. "Do you mean John deserves to be beaten up?"

Ashton bit his lip and did not reply to me while Emery tried to ease the tension. "Scarlett, please calm down."

"How could I possibly calm down after what happened?" At that instant, desperation filled my heart as I felt no one could understand how devastated I was. I knew I should not cast harsh words toward Ashton to release my anger, but I could not act as if nothing had happened.

On the other hand, I feared that I might ultimately push Ashton toward Nathaniel if I spoke harshly. I also feared that my selfishness might cause John's sacrifice to be wasted.

Looking at Ashton and Emery's expressions, I knew they did not share my feelings. One was still indifferent, while the other seemed to pity me. I had never felt so lonely.

"Forget it." I sighed with disappointment as I stared into Ashton's cold gaze. "You said John was acting rashly. How about you then?"

I leaned toward him closely. "After all these years, you still like to act alone. Do you think everything is still the same as before? Are you trying to be a hero?"

My voice echoed through the corridor, yet Ashton did not react. A while later, he opened his mouth. "You're right. It's different now. I'm no longer interested in being a hero. I only came here for the kid's sake. Regardless of what you think about today, Nathaniel's warning is clear. Please ask your family to stop making meaningless struggles. I doubt he would show any mercy even if it is the mother of my kid."

Ashton sounded like a complete stranger. I could not find any other word to describe him.

How could he treat my trust toward him with such coldness?

I let out a desperate laugh. "So, do you mean that I should be grateful that John is not dead? Should I thank you and Nathaniel for ruining my husband and my daughter? And is it out of mercy too that you've only broken one of John's arms?"

Ashton did not rebuke as he uttered indifferently, "You need to rest."

He turned to Emery and instructed, "Please take care of her."

Upon saying that, he turned and left abruptly.

Losing my calm, I rushed toward him. “Stop right there! We’re not done talking here! You bast*rd!”

Emery immediately stopped me from running after Ashton. As Ashton’s figure disappeared coldly into the elevator, I fell decadently on the bench in the corridor, sobbing desperately.