

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1823-1827

## Chapter 1823 Police Raid

Although his attention was on his phone, Nathaniel instructed Janice in an indifferent voice just as I was about to turn back, "Reheat the breakfast. My wife and I will eat it later."

I reluctantly went over and sat opposite him.

Noticing my presence, he threw his phone on the table and stared at me with great interest.

Puzzled, I reached up to touch my face. "What are you looking at?"

Nathaniel frowned as he gave me a perplexed look. "Did you sleep again? I'm curious as to how you're able to sleep for so long."

Is he dense?

"It's up to me. Why do you care?" I retorted before grabbing one of the plates Janice had brought over. Then I began eating my breakfast.

After several bites, I sensed that he was still looking at me, so I raised my head. I was right.

I stiffened. While gripping my knife tightly, I warned through clenched teeth, "Are you not done?"

Only then did Nathaniel turn away with a raised eyebrow.

Not long after, Janice served him breakfast.

I quickly finished my meal and prepared to head upstairs after wiping my mouth. When I was passing by the living room, I saw the man in a suit walking in. He was the man who I had met at the slum village. I hurriedly turned and sat in the living room, pretending to peel an apple.

"Mr. Hall." The man stood at the door near the living room and shot Nathaniel a look.

Nathaniel remained unmoved as he ate his breakfast. "Get straight to the point. There aren't any outsiders here."

I pouted, feeling somewhat flattered.

Upon hearing that, the man went straight to the topic. "Several locations that are taken over from Ms. Schmidt have been investigated. Our men said..."

"What did they say?" Nathaniel inquired.

The man in a suit first looked at me and then at Nathaniel before continuing, "They said that Ashton had been to every one of them before trouble struck. There's a commotion going on

now. The people we sent there nearly got into a fight with those men who previously worked for the Schmidt family.”

Nathaniel cocked his eyebrows slightly at those words and smiled at me from a distance. “Ashton is really not stopping even for a moment.”

Although the words were directed at the man, Nathaniel was clearly looking at me as though soundlessly asserting something.

Meeting his gaze, I put down the knife calmly and took a huge bite of my apple. Then I casually leaned back on the couch, crossed my legs, and turned on the television to watch the news.

Even the man, who was accustomed to dealing with major issues, was stunned by my actions.

“Go and wait outside,” Nathaniel instructed before lowering his head again to finish his breakfast.

When he stopped to wipe his mouth, he calmly urged me to change my clothes. “Don’t you wish to see what problems Ashton has brought upon me?”

He knew very well that I would be more than happy to see Ashton give him a hard time.

I openly admitted to it by throwing my apple core into the bin and hurrying upstairs. Having learned my lesson from yesterday, I changed into warmer clothing before I went downstairs and got into the car with Nathaniel.

Since the raided territories were under investigation, someone of Nathaniel's status naturally did not need to go there in person. However, he would still need to explain the happenings to the elders we had met the day before.

Hence, the man in a suit drove us back to the villa we were at last night.

It was the same group of people sitting around the same table in the same private room. The atmosphere was also more or less the same, except for the sour expressions on the faces of Vincent and those who were against venturing into the Chanaean market. They did not bother to hide their displeasure even while they were greeting Nathaniel.

Ashton and Ramona arrived late, and as soon as they sat down, Vincent began to lash out at Nathaniel.

"I told you earlier that we shouldn't venture into the Chanaean market. Now, so many of our men died, and we even lost more than ten million worth of goods. Who's going to be responsible for such a huge loss?"

### **Chapter 1824 Suspicions And Interrogations**

Desmond, who had seemed calm the day before, could no longer contain himself this time. He held onto the armrest of his chair with one hand and pointed his finger at everyone with the other. "Money and goods are trivial matters. But more importantly, the police are now keeping an eye on Theodore and me. Something's definitely up!"

"Exactly!" Theodore glanced at the people at the table before he slammed the table and uttered coldly, "Our decades of hiding are in vain. We cannot let this matter slide. We must get to the bottom of it. Otherwise, don't even think about leaving today!"

As befitting his status as one of the elders, the aura he exuded was extremely imposing, and not even Nathaniel dared to speak up at once.

Teddy, as the most tactful person in the group, merely spoke out gingerly to calm him down. "Let's all calm down. Business is all about earning money harmoniously, so Mr. Warner and Mr. Henley's issues are ours as well. The company will definitely give you both a proper explanation."

At that moment, Theodore was still fuming, so he merely rolled his eyes and ignored the other man, whom he thought was a subordinate who only knew how to win over his superiors through flattery.

Meanwhile, Vincent did not plan on letting the matter slide, so he shifted the blame to Nathaniel in the name of upholding justice for Desmond and Theodore. "It's obvious to me that someone wants to have sole control over the company and thinks that the elders are in the way. So, he's taking advantage of this matter to kick us out!"

However, it was clear that he had not discussed this with the other two men, as they were both fidgeting uneasily in their seats.

Noticing that Vincent was still staring intently at Nathaniel, Desmond cleared his throat, intending to remind the former not to act recklessly.

However, Vincent misunderstood it as cowardice, so he taunted once more, "That's enough, Desmond. Stop coughing. Do you think that I'm unaware of your thoughts? Aren't you just afraid of Nathaniel? Let me tell you this. I'm going to expose him today. I don't believe that he could have the whole group under his thumb. We should stand up against him and see if he can still maintain his position as chairman!"

Even I thought that he was looking for trouble. Having seen that they could not stop Vincent, they could only keep silent as an agreement that they were on his side.

I watched everything unfold with a sneer. Looks like I'm very lucky to be able to witness the dog-eat-dog scene within this seemingly impregnable group so soon.

Nathaniel strongly believed that only the fittest could survive. Therefore, the trust between people, to him, was like fragile paper that could be easily torn apart.

Despite Vincent's continuous interrogations, Nathaniel merely took a sip of his coffee as though he had not heard anything and that the former's words meant nothing to him.

Seeing this, Vincent felt humiliated. He then glared at him and scolded, "What's the meaning of this, Nathaniel Hall?"

After another short silence, Nathaniel smacked his lips and put his coffee down. He then raised his head to look at everyone present before saying calmly, "I don't mean anything, Mr. Chadwick. Everything you've said so far makes sense, and I was listening attentively. However..."

As his voice trailed off, he shifted his gaze toward Ashton and smirked as his eyes brimmed with menace. "Mr. Chadwick, it's all right to be suspicious of me, but shouldn't you also consider our new formidable leader, Ashton?"

He managed to shift the blame to Ashton with just a few words.

Indeed, rather than suspecting that Nathaniel intended to clear out his subordinates, Ashton seemed more suspicious as a new member who had risen to power within a short time.

There were only two possibilities to explain Ashton's remarkable achievement. Either he was an undercover agent working for the police, or he was a born leader. However, the former was usually the reason in most similar cases.

In no time, everyone began to stare at Ashton with an intrigued look, and I could not help but feel nervous for him.

“Is there anything you wish to say, Ashton?” Desmond asked.

### **Chapter 1825 Finish Him Off**

Ashton seemingly spaced out earlier. Only when he heard Desmond calling his name did he snap back to his senses. “I’ve got nothing to say,” he sneered.

“So, you’re admitting that it was your doing? Vincent demanded sharply.

Straightening leisurely, Ashton drawled, “I didn’t say that.”

“What did you mean by that, then?” Vincent’s voice abruptly rose several decibels, for he felt as though he had been played for a fool.

With a smirk tugging at his lips, Ashton turned and looked in the direction of Nathaniel and me. “My meaning is simple enough. I know my capabilities better than anyone else.”

That’s true. He has always erred on the side of caution, so it makes no sense that he’d shoot himself in the foot.

When I saw the others at the table nodding in contemplation, I couldn’t help breathing a sigh of relief.

Even though the people in the room were all dressed ordinarily, we were both well aware that the civilized facades were merely masking ruthless souls. Therefore, one had to be wholly on guard while being in the same room with them.

Right after quelling the suspicion against him, Ashton gave Nathaniel a taste of his own medicine, declaring, "Since you're being so frank with us here, Nathaniel, I'll also save myself the effort of beating around the bush. There's a question that's been eluding me. I hope you can explain it to me."

Nathaniel remained calm and unruffled. "There's no need to hold back with me. Go ahead and ask your question."

"It's not something huge. It's just about your frequent contact recently with the godson of the former Chanaean official, Louis Stovall. I wonder if there's anything you're planning?"

The moment Desmond heard Louis' name, he shot to his feet. "Louis Stovall is the most rigid official and has always abhorred our illegal dealings!"

Vincent set his sights on Nathaniel once more, and he aggressively questioned, "How are you going to explain that, Nathaniel?"

Ashton could have pointed out my relationship with John, but he didn't do that, probably out of concern for my safety. For that reason, he went about it in a roundabout way by linking John and Louis, two renowned figures in Chanaea.

Everyone knew that birds of a feather flocked together, so there was no way Nathaniel could dig himself out of the grave.

However, he didn't miss a single beat and wasn't the slightest bit panicked. Instead, he straightened his clothes in a seemingly distracted manner. "I don't need to explain myself to you."



Vincent was so livid that he gritted his teeth. His eyes narrowed into slits with a cunning and brutal gleam in them. "In that case, don't blame me for showing you no courtesy!"

After saying that, he raised his right hand and beckoned at his subordinate behind him. At that, the man immediately whipped out a gun and aimed it at Nathaniel.

Nonetheless, Nathaniel merely lifted his head calmly. Flashing Vincent an elegant yet strange smile, he murmured, "You've always been waiting for this day, no, Mr. Chadwick?"

Snorting, Vincent no longer bothered to pay him any mind since he was going to bite the dust soon. "So what if I have? You betrayed the organization and everyone this time, so no one can save you! You only have yourself to blame for not knowing your place!"

Without an ounce of hesitation, he thundered, "Finish him off!"

When his voice rang out, however, the anticipated sound of a gunshot was nowhere to be heard. The entire room was deathly silent.

The smug smile on Vincent's face froze, and he promptly whirled around to berate his subordinate for being so dense. "Hey! I told you to shoot! Are you deaf or"

While he was clamoring, the gun in the man's hand gradually shifted, changing directions to point right at his head.

Not even deigning to explain anything, the man pulled the trigger. Whizz! The bullet went through the silencer and hit Vincent in the head.

As the pop of the gun pierced the air, Vincent collapsed onto the ground before he even realized what had happened. His body twitched a few times before going entirely still.

Nathaniel got to his feet without any change in expression. Picking up the napkin on the table, he wiped his hands while casting his gaze at Vincent's body on the ground and uttered indifferently, "As you said, Mr. Chadwick, there's only one ending for someone who betrayed the organization and everyone."

When he had finished speaking, he held up the napkin he had used to wipe his hands over the man's wide eyes and dropped it, allowing it to cover his gruesome state in death.

### **Chapter 1826 The First And Final Time**

Upon seeing their long-time good friend dying a tragic death, Desmond and Theodore both saw red. They were on the verge of losing their tempers when Nathaniel walked over to their backs and patted them on the shoulders heavily. In a solemn voice, he advised, "You should both consider carefully before acting. Are you really going to turn on me because of someone who betrayed you both?"

"Are you saying that it was Vincent who leaked our information out? That's impossible!" Desmond countered at once.

Nathaniel wasn't in the mood to explain things to them; thus, he drawled, "Feel free to think about it. There's plenty of time if you want to avenge him. But now..."

At that, he abruptly trailed off. Spinning around, he took the gun from the killer and pointed it at Ramona, who hadn't said a single word, across the table.

That struck such stark fear into Theodore that he descended into a panic. His gaze alternated between the gun and Ramona, terrified that he would be the next person. "Why... Are you planning to kill us all here today?"

Nathaniel ignored his words altogether, staring at Ramona with resentment brimming in his eyes. Grounding his jaw, he spat, "Why did you do that?"

Ramona had been through hell and back and was sitting here with her own capabilities, so she showed nary a hint of fear despite Vincent's precedence. She calmly lit a cigarette and started puffing away impassively, making it evident that she had no intention of explaining anything.

The fury in Nathaniel's eyes blazed hotter. Deciding to eliminate her, he placed his finger on the trigger.

With one seized by the urge to kill and the other making no move to dodge, the result was seemingly destined.

However, Ashton spoke up at just that precise moment. "There's no need to put her in a difficult position. I was the one who persuaded her to leak the locations to the cops."

Nathaniel swiftly swung the gun sideways and aimed it right at his heart. "Great, just great! You managed to win my trusted aide over and get her on your side in such a short time! Should I not laud you, my dearest brother?"

"That's enough." Ramona snubbed the cigarette out, interrupting their confrontation. "Do you think I'm so easily swayed? I only did that for your own good. If Uncle Garrett were to learn that you did so many ridiculous things for this woman, you'd be the next one to die! If I hadn't made some trouble for you, you'd really think that you could control everything! Scarlett should have died long ago in M Country. How are you going to explain it to him when he sees you with her?"

Every single word out of her mouth carried concern for Nathaniel. Of course, it was also the most hostile remark she had even made toward me thus far.

Nathaniel took a deep breath, but he didn't plan on accepting her kindness. "I have my own plans. You shouldn't have interfered. Since you betrayed the organization, you have to bear the consequences."

Undeniably, he was really a heartless person. Everything Ramona did was out of consideration for him, but all that mattered to him was cleaning house and thereby taking her life.

Ramona remained unfazed. She turned her head in disappointment as though resigned to her fate. "Since I decided to do it, I wasn't afraid that you'd find about it. Just do your worse."

Sure enough, Nathaniel adjusted the angle of the gun, lining it up with her bangs-covered forehead. He flicked the safety off and placed his finger on the trigger.

Is she really going to cross the great divide? It's quite a pity for such a beautiful woman to die. But on second thought, the hands of everyone in this organization are likely stained with blood. No one is innocent.

Following that thought, I stopped worrying about it.

Surprisingly, Nathaniel ended up not pulling the trigger after contemplating for a long while.

Something seemingly occurred to him, for he suddenly put down the gun in his hand. As he turned and headed back to me, he coldly warned, "This is the first and final time."

Ultimately, he decided to let her go.

Everyone there didn't expect him to actually show mercy.

Ramona stood up at seemingly the same time. Her face was ashen, and her gaze dull. As though throwing a tantrum, she huffed, "I'm not going to thank you because I did nothing wrong! You've gotten soft-hearted, Nat. It'll kill you one day."

After saying that, she shot me a sidelong glance before stalking off.

### **Chapter 1827 Apologized Unwillingly**

Seeing that, Ashton went after her. He had just taken two steps when Nathaniel called him back. "Ashton! Remember that your life is mine, and I can take it away anytime! Don't be too arrogant!"

Ashton paused midstride, but he didn't turn back. After listening to the man, he continued chasing after Ramona.

If I were in his shoes, I would make the same choice.

After all, how many people in this world can have Nathaniel showing them mercy?

As soon as they left, Theodore and Desmond quietly made themselves scarce as well.

When everyone was gone, Nathaniel deflated. He propped his hand with the gun on the table, seemingly thinking about something or other.

"Are you feeling distressed now? It doesn't feel good to hurt someone who only has eyes for you, huh?" I tactlessly teased him. In a rare moment, Nathaniel treated me with a hint of impatience. "What nonsense are you spouting?"

It was as though he couldn't tell that Ramona had feelings for him.

Hmm, this is even better. It's easiest for trouble to arise when feelings are fuzzy. Once there's a rift and Nathaniel's faction fractures, the risk will become much lower. Human life is of no value here, but I want Ashton to live!

"Then, just regard it as nonsensical talk. Drive me home." Shrugging, I got up and left the crime scene.

Nathaniel couldn't say no to me, so he chased after me shortly after.

When we reached the gate of the villa, a man in traditional attire walked out from the side all of a sudden and blocked our path.

"Mr. Jensen would like to see you."

Those words were directed at Nathaniel, making it apparent that they were acquainted.

Since he knew this place and even exhibited such a pompous attitude in front of Nathaniel, his position among these people is definitely not to be underestimated.

"Did he say why?" Nathaniel asked.

"You'll know when you arrive." As the traditionally-attired man said that, he glanced at me and added somberly, "Mr. Jensen specifically requested that you bring Ms. Stovall along."

After he had said that, he whirled around and led the way ahead of us.

Nathaniel's expression was solemn. He reached out and placed a hand on my back in reassurance. "You don't need to say anything. I'll handle everything."

Then, he pushed me along and followed after the man.

After a two-hour drive, followed by a ferry ride, we finally arrived at our destination in the middle of the sea. It was a luxurious yacht. To be precise, it was a cruise ship.

When we had boarded the ship, a server led us to an opulent private room on the cruise ship.

The space on the ship was limited, but the room didn't feel cramped at all. Despite Nathaniel's height, he could still stand upright without banging his head against the ceiling.

When we stepped into the room, the mysterious Mr. Jensen was having a shave. He was lounging on the single couch with his eyes closed as though he was asleep.

"They're here." The man in traditional attire stood beside the man.

Garrett Jensen murmured an acknowledgment without even opening his eyes. "Where are we now?"

"We're going to enter international waters soon," the man replied.

International waters weren't under the jurisdiction of any country. For that reason, it was a paradise of crime.

Hearing that, Garrett slowly opened his eyes and tilted his head to look at Nathaniel. His cloudy eyes shone with undisguised shrewdness. "I heard that quite a lot of things have happened in the organization recently?"

"They're just some minor issues, and I've resolved everything," Nathaniel answered with his gaze fixated ahead, neither servile nor overbearing.

“If that were truly the case, it wouldn’t have come to my knowledge.” Garrett languidly sat up from the couch. Taking the face towel, he wiped his face. Then, he got to his feet and headed to the desk further in the room. “Desmond and the others were all people who worked with me back then. Their merit is indispensable to the success of the organization today. Therefore, you’ve got to be mindful of the method you deal with things when it comes to them.”

Nathaniel’s brows furrowed slightly, and he lowered his eyes before apologizing unwillingly, “It was my oversight in handling Mr. Chadwick’s matter. I’m sorry.”

Hmm? Did he deliberately ask us here so he could stand up for his good friend who died?

Unexpectedly, Garrett waved a dismissive hand after hearing that. “Huh? No, you handled it very well. It’s nothing to sacrifice a chess piece that can’t keep up with the pace. There’s nothing regretful about that.”

Uh... Is this the kind of friendship these people have?