

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1828-1832

Chapter 1828 Taking Three Bullets

As Garrett spoke, he picked up the glass of whiskey on the table and brought it to his mouth, taking a sip. When he lowered his head, he caught a glimpse of me out of the corner of his eye. With the wine glass in his hand, he started strolling toward me.

Judging from the wrinkles on his face, he was already in his fifties. But still, he was filled with vigor, his solid muscles rendering him particularly strong. His eyes that were accustomed to carnage and bloodshed were like sharp blades, intent on carving me up.

A second before he stepped right into my personal space, Nathaniel stepped forward and inserted himself between us.

"The matters of the organization have nothing to do with her, Mr. Jensen," Nathaniel remarked.

Garrett swept a gaze over him, the look in his eyes turning deadly in a flash, carrying intense oppression. Despite having someone separating us, a chill inexorably struck me.

However, Nathaniel stood firm against the pressure and budged nary an inch.

That was clearly beyond Garrett's expectation, for scrutiny manifested in his eyes as he stared at the man.

It was as though he suddenly didn't know him anymore.

After a long while, he lifted his hand and patted Nathaniel on the shoulder with a chuckle. "Very well, Nat. You gave me a surprise."

Having said that, he plopped down on the couch with his wine glass in hand. When he had finished the liquor, he placed the glass on the coffee table at the side.

He crossed his legs, propping a hand on the arm of the couch while idly resting the other on his knee. He studied the two of us with interest.

Perhaps I should be saying something at that moment, but Nathaniel had instructed me to keep quiet unless absolutely necessary, so I could only pretend to be mute.

After a brief silence, Nathaniel started, "The fact that she's alive will not change anything. However, I can promise you that the organization's profit will double in the next three years. It's just three years, so you still have that long, Mr. Jensen."

Upon hearing that, Garrett bit his lower lip as a pensive smile lifted the corner of his mouth, seemingly doubting the man's statement greatly. After some time, his expression abruptly turned cold. "Are you negotiating with me?"

"I'm just speaking the truth." Nathaniel lowered his voice.

There was no longer the slightest hint of calmness on Garrett's face, but a darkness that carried brewing fury overtaking his features. In an exceedingly caustic voice, he retorted, "It's your duty to manage the business well, not your bargaining chip to blackmail me! I told you that you

couldn't trust anyone in this world except yourself, but you decided to keep this ticking time bomb by your side! You're simply digging your own grave!"

Nathaniel was lectured to the point that he was left with no retort. He merely stood there like a statue without twitching a muscle.

I knew right away that I was the "ticking time bomb" he mentioned. After all, I still had that much self-awareness.

Ramona was wholly right to say that Nathaniel's authority among them might be curtailed because of me.

When there was no forthcoming response from him, Garrett jutted his chin at the man beside him.

The man immediately threw the bodyguards behind me a look. In mere seconds, they had restrained my hands.

Striding over, the man deftly whipped out a gun. With the barrel aimed right at me, he pulled the trigger.

Seeing that, I frantically screwed my eyes shut in preparation for my death. Bang! Bang! Bang! Gunshots rang out in my ears, but no pain assailed me.

I opened my eyes in a daze, only to see Nathaniel standing in front of me. Blood gushed out of his shoulder uncontrollably.

The shocking sight of crimson blood made me waver for a moment. But in the next instant, I hoped that the three bullets would kill him.

Well, you're merely reaping what you sowed. Have you ever thought that this day would come when you hurt my family and friends, Nathaniel Hall?

My focus was so intent on his injury that I only raised my head after a long time had passed. However, my eyes then met with the man's pained expression.

He seemed to have seen right through me, his eyes filled with resentment and grief. Regretfully, I remained stubborn, unwilling to even put on an act.

In the end, his body slowly collapsed onto the ground in a puddle of blood.

Even so, he mulishly looked up at me. The excruciating pain had the veins on his face popping, and his eyes turned bloodshot. On the whole, he appeared horrific and pathetic.

"I took the three bullets for her, so can you please take it as Scarlett Stovall having died, Mr. Jensen?"

Chapter 1829 It Has Been A Long Time

Nathaniel was a talented man, so Garrett was reluctant to take his life for real. In utter disappointment, he dismissed his subordinates. "Let them go."

Perhaps he didn't want to witness Nathaniel's weak state, for he stormed out of the private room in a fit of rage.

When he had reached the door, he unwittingly halted in his tracks and snapped frostily, "I'm very disappointed in you."

After saying that, he left without a backward glance.

It wasn't until after his footsteps faded outside the corridor that all strength drained out of Nathaniel, and he collapsed onto the ground before me without warning.

If it weren't for the bodyguards who rushed forward to save him, I would watch him die slowly without any hesitation.

It was clear as day that Garrett was far more rational than Nathaniel. Despite the latter having disappointed him greatly, he still sent some men to escort the injured and unconscious man and me back.

Of course, there was another possibility—he was afraid that Nathaniel would die at my hands.

If that was the case, it proved that they knew me all too well.

After Nathaniel was injured, the man in the suit moved into the Fuller residence to look after him 24/7. In fact, he guarded against me even more than he did Garrett's subordinates.

That was all the better, for it gave me much more freedom than I usually had.

The afternoon after the day we came back, I planned to go out on the pretext of having some fresh air and return to the mall back then for a fortuitous meeting with the mysterious woman.

I applied light makeup and hid the note I had long since prepared into the hidden compartment in my backpack before I went downstairs.

When I bumped into the man in the suit at Nathaniel's door, he cast a long look at me.

I reckoned he was wondering how there could be such a heartless woman in the world who was still in the mood to go shopping when his employer sustained such a severe injury because of her.

I simply ignored his look and sauntered downstairs.

In terms of being heartless, I was far from Nathaniel's level. As such, I was just giving him a taste of his medicine.

Armed with my experience back then, I headed straight for the cafe after entering the mall and sat there for the entire afternoon.

Alas, luck wasn't on my side that day. I waited until five o'clock in the afternoon when the cafe started serving dinner, but still to no avail. In the end, I could only foot the bill and leave.

Disheartened, I strolled about the mall with my head lowered when someone blocked my path out of the blue. Just when I was going to move around that person, she called out to me. "It's been a long time, Scarlett!"

It was none other than Rose. Although six years had passed, she hadn't changed much other than the addition of the undisguised affection and contentment on her face. Hmm, it looks like Nick has been taking good care of her.

“It’s been a long time,” I greeted placidly in return. I didn’t plan on talking to her at length since the situation was precarious right then. Whoever drew close to me would also be unwittingly putting themselves in danger.

Thus, I proceeded to murmur, “I still have something to do, so please excuse me. We’ll have a meal together another day.” While saying that, I made to leave.

Rose, however, stepped forward and took my arm. She dragged me along enthusiastically. “Let’s make it today instead of another day. I know of a restaurant that will certainly be your cup of tea, so let’s eat there together!”

“Let go of me first, Rose. Please do as I say. Rose, Rose!” After entering the elevator, I finally shouted at her with my face flushed from panic.

Rose was at a momentary loss, and her grip loosened. Seizing the opportunity, I broke free from her hold. At once, the atmosphere in the elevator turned exceedingly awkward.

After a brief silence, Rose apologized. “I’m sorry, Scarlett. I didn’t know that you’re in a bad mood.”

My wrath wasn’t directed at her, so there was actually no need for her to apologize. “It’s okay. It has nothing to do with you. It’s something personal.”

The matter about Nathaniel didn’t reach Nick’s ears. Hence, they were in the dark about many things. Now that things have become tense between us, it’ll keep them safe instead.

“Actually, I didn’t bump into you by chance. I purposely came to try my luck in meeting you. My friend told me that she saw you here, so I came over. I’m not doing this for myself but Nick. I want to help him, so...”

Ah, she’s still the foolish woman who loves Nick wholeheartedly!

“I got it. No matter the problem with Nick, I’ll have someone resolve it. But for today and the near future, I hope that neither you nor Nick look for me or go to the Fuller residence if I didn’t make the first move in contacting you both. Can you please do that?”

Chapter 1830 A Suicide Attack

“But why?” Rose was clearly stumped by my sudden estrangement. Nonetheless, she was the wife of the general manager of Cruise Corporation, so she had the ability to read between the lines. In no time, she nodded in acknowledgment. “I got it. Don’t worry, Scarlett. Nick and I will remember to do as you said.”

No sooner had she finished speaking than the elevator came to a stop. Rose insisted on seeing me out.

When we arrived at the entrance, a boy of about Audrey’s height blocked our path with a toy gun in his hand.

The boy was all smiles and appeared exceedingly cheerful. He seemingly knew me, but he mistook Rose for me. Looking up at Rose with a silly smile on his face, he inquired, “Are you Ms. Scarlett?”

Rose chuckled the moment she heard that and self-deprecatingly remarked, “Nick often tells me that I used to look just like your biological sister, Letty.”

As she said that, she crouched. Pinching the boy’s arm, she asked, “Why are you looking for Ms. Scarlett, sweetie? Why don’t you tell me?”

“Are you Ms. Scarlett?” The boy was still smiling, but the toy gun in his hand was so realistic that it transported me back to the scene on the cruise ship the day before. I remembered that Garrett’s subordinate’s gun was of the same model.

Rose was tickled pink by his stubbornness. “Haha, just tell me what it is. When I hear it, Ms. Scarlett will also know about it!”

“Then, you must be Ms. Scarlett,” the boy affirmed in emphatic tones this time.

“All right, stop teasing him,” I urged since I was in a hurry to leave.

Only then did Rose shrug and decide to tell him the truth. “Okay, then. Actually, sweetie, you got the wrong... person-”

Bang!

Before she had finished speaking, the sound of a gunshot broke the silence at the mall entrance in the blink of an eye.

I could only look on helplessly as blood splattered onto the ground a near distance from where Rose was crouching.

Subsequently, the second and third gunshots rang out.

The bullets pierced Rose’s body and whizzed past my cheek, spattering my face with her blood.

It was as though there was a drizzle, and the raindrops were her fading life.

In truth, the gun in the boy's hand was no toy gun but a real gun.

I couldn't believe all that had happened for real. The lively and kind girl had just obtained true love for a few years, but she was lying in a pool of blood at that very moment.

Meanwhile, the boy who looked to be merely six or seven years old laughed maniacally with her blood on his face. Aiming his gun at Rose, who had gone entirely still, he pulled the trigger once more.

My legs felt as though they were weighed down with a heavy boulder, giving me no way out of that horrific and bloody scene.

Is this God's punishment upon me, wanting me to see every gunshot hitting Rose so clearly? No, I must be dreaming!

A child with an angelic smile had turned into the devil right then, taking such a youthful and pure life away.

Rose seemed to have finally felt the pain. Her chest heaved, and blood gushed out of her mouth. I could seemingly hear her moaning in a sob-filled voice, "It hurts, Scarlett. Will you please help Nick?"

Even at the end of her life, she was still sacrificing herself for the man she loved the most.

In the end, she no longer moved.

Like a bloody rose blooming, blood spread around her ceaselessly.

"Rose! Ahh!"

The crowd descended into a panic, all rushing to hide. Conversely, I stood frozen at the spot, shrieking until I lost my voice.

The boy was seemingly encouraged to hear my scream, for his laughter grew all the more joyous. He grinned widely and stared at me for three seconds before pointing the gun at himself with both hands. In the next instant, he pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Blood spurted, and the boy collapsed onto the ground.

In less than a minute, two lives were gone, one after another. Even the air was saturated with the cloying stench of blood.

I thought a suicide attack would only happen in television series. That realistic feeling felt as though someone had a hand around my throat, strangling me to the point that I was going to suffocate.

Before I could even snap out of that nightmarish incident, several hands suddenly grabbed me from behind. They covered my nose and mouth. Restraining me, they carried me right down the steps at the mall entrance and tossed me into a van.

Chapter 1831 Let Her Go

As soon as the door slammed shut, the driver floored the gas pedal and sped away.

Not only did they bind my hands and feet, but they also taped my mouth in addition to blindfolding me. Throughout the drive, they made no attempt to communicate with me.

After an indeterminate time, the van came to a stop at long last.

One of the men then carried me out of the car like carrying a chicken. Subsequently, he flung me onto the ground.

Shortly after, my blindfold was yanked off roughly. Being exposed to sunlight once more after a long time in the darkness had me unable to open my eyes right away.

While I was gradually adapting, the culprit who kidnapped me spoke.

“We meet again, Ms. Stovall.”

It was none other than Freja.

I lowered my eyes without saying anything.

When I was in the van, I surmised that the incident at the mall was definitely Garrett’s doing because the gun was of the same model.

Besides, they were the only ones who were totally brutal and had not even a hint of compassion.

But from the look of things then, everyone in the drug trade was ruthless.

I was the one who got Rose killed and it was Nathaniel who killed her!

“As expected of Nathaniel’s woman, you’re calm and unruffled even when the world is splintering apart. I admire you,” Freja drawled before saying to her subordinate, “Get a chair for Ms. Stovall. She has helped me a lot, so don’t treat her shabbily!”

“Understood!” I was then tossed onto the chair while all bound up.

When I had composed myself and looked at Freja again, the hatred in my eyes blazed hotly.

Freja was sitting in a car. Catching a glimpse of my reaction out of the corner of her eye, she nonchalantly swept her gaze over me before retracting it. She remained seated relaxingly. “Don’t stare at me with such a look in your eyes. You can only blame Nathaniel for going against the rules.”

“Why don’t you just kill me?” I demanded through gritted teeth as I forcefully stifled my towering rage.

Freja scoffed, “Hah! How am I going to threaten Nathaniel if I were to kill you? Even if you want to die, Ms. Stovall, you’ve got to be patient. Don’t worry. Just regard it as me owing you a favor. When you’re dead, I promise to bury you with him.”

I wasn’t in the mood to listen to all her high-sounding excuses. Only one thing snagged my attention—she didn’t plan on finishing me off at the mall.

With that, the culprit was plain as day.

Mr. Jensen’s methods are really cold-blooded just to have Nathaniel stop being influenced by me.

No sooner had she finished speaking, a bodyguard came forward and reported, “He’s here, Ms. Schmidt.”

As his words fell, a jeep sped over and screeched to a stop a distance away from Freja. Then, Nathaniel got out alone.

In an effort to conceal his gunshot wounds, he even wore a loose trench coat that made him appear much bulkier.

Even then, he still walked very slow, taking one small step at a time in fear that he would reveal some flaw.

When he drew near, a few subordinates of Freja with guns in their hands surrounded him.

Nathaniel glanced at me from afar before he started negotiating terms with Freja. "I'm here, so let her go."

Freja climbed out of the car. Like in the abandoned building that day, she flashed him a polite smile and replied unhurriedly, "Don't be in such a rush. Let's talk slowly."

Just when she had finished speaking, her subordinate at the side tactfully snagged a chair and placed it behind her.

Freja sat down slowly and crossed her legs. She contemplated for a moment before asking, "Do you still remember when we first met? That was the first time someone ever held a gun to my head in my whole life. Even now, I can still remember every single movement clearly."

Nathaniel showed no hint of fear. He calmly queried, "What do you want?"

"You'll know soon enough." The smile instantly disappeared from Freja's face, and she threw a look at her subordinates.

Her subordinates immediately understood her meaning. Three burly men grabbed Nathaniel right away and pinned him down with his face plastered against the ground.

Subsequently, the car door of another vehicle swung open. A man wearing sunglasses climbed out. The man's vision was seemingly impaired. When he was steady on his feet, one of Freja's men went over to support him. Only then did he start walking before stopping a mere inch away from Nathaniel's face.

Then, the man who supported the visually-impaired man placed his gun into the latter's hand and instructed him to grip it tightly. Guiding his hand, he pointed the barrel right at Nathaniel's head.

Chapter 1832 Fire

"Open your eyes and look clearly, Nathaniel! The man holding the gun went blind because he battled it out for the Schmidt family's territory. That day, you pointed a gun at me and stole the territory he got at the risk of his life. Today, I'll have him retrieve it in the same manner. As for whether you survive, we shall leave that decision to God!"

Pausing slightly, Freja narrowed her eyes a fraction before she raised her voice and ordered, "Fire!"

Bang!

A gunshot pierced the air at about the same time her voice rang out.

I watched everything indifferently, not worried for Nathaniel for even a second.

The scene playing in my mind was that of John pinned on the ground, his hand broken mercilessly.

Well, it turns out that karma is real, and this is his retribution. No, this isn't enough. He should also experience all the pain he has ever put us through! He's getting off far too lightly with just a bullet!

Alas, God just had to favor him. Thanks to the gun's recoil and the blind man's impaired sense of direction, the bullet went wide.

Even in the face of death, Nathaniel remained proud and dignified. His bushy eyebrows creased deeply, proving that he indeed braced himself for death at that very moment.

Harrumphing, Freja sneered, "Hmph! I didn't expect you to be so lucky."

She got to her feet and sauntered over to him. Her subordinates then loosened their hold on Nathaniel, upon which the man straightened up from the ground.

As Nathaniel kneeled on the ground, infinite ruthlessness brewed in his ebony eyes. In a threatening tone, he warned, "If you kill me, I can guarantee you that none of the Schmidt family will be able to live past tonight!"

Hearing that, Freja wore an expression of mockery. "Oh? It looks like you've made arrangements beforehand. Let me guess. You're referring to my beloved mother and grandmother, yes? That's just perfect. I find them a hindrance in the first place, but there hasn't been any valid reason to eliminate them. I've got to thank you now instead."

It seemed that the family who owned the top pharmaceutical company in K City wasn't all that peaceful internally.

This time, Nathaniel had made a mistake. Not only did he fail to blackmail Freja, but he actually did her a favor.

“In that case, I’ll allow you to live for a while longer.” Freja abruptly changed her mind, gesturing to her subordinate to bring me over.

The man keeping watch over me promptly picked me up from the chair and tossed me to the ground across from Nathaniel. Then, he whipped out his gun and aimed it right at me.

Our gazes locked, and I shot him a vicious glare before averting my gaze stubbornly.

Freja stood between us and circled me with much interest. As she did so, she remarked, “Killing you isn’t half as fun as having you watch the woman you love die right in front of your eyes. Is that not so?”

“Don’t you dare!” Nathaniel flew into such a rage that the three burly men behind him almost couldn’t maintain their hold on him. As though having been provoked, Freja took the gun from her subordinate. Crouching, she placed the barrel of the gun against my heart. “Remember this, Nathaniel. There is a price to pay if you steal something that belongs to someone else.”

While speaking, she flicked the safety off. It was also at that instant that Nathaniel went off and broke free from the few burly men in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, the roar of engines split the air around them, and it felt as though the ground had even started shaking.

In the next second, a helicopter streaked over in the sky. Bullets sprayed the ground, instantly killing Freja’s men.

Amidst the chaos, a few quick-witted men quickly moved forward and protected Freja as they beat a hasty retreat.

While taking off, they attempted a counterattack on the helicopter with their guns. Unfortunately, they lacked firepower, and that rendered them sitting ducks.

Driven to the side of the car, Freja's men dragged her along as they made their escape. "Ms. Schmidt, there are still plenty of opportunities in the future! The most important thing now is to stay alive!"

Meanwhile, Nathaniel had regained his freedom at long last. However, the burning of the gunshot wound at his shoulder had him gritting his teeth with a hand propped against the ground for a while before he finally struggled to his feet to head over and protect me.

Nevertheless, Freja wasn't willing to let us off just like that. Before she got into the getaway car, she snatched the rifle from her subordinate's hands and shot Nathaniel in the left leg. The man's knees went weak, and he fell to the ground on his knees.

I cackled maniacally, not the least bit bothered about the bullets that were hitting increasingly nearer to me. All I knew was that he had finally had a taste of Joseph's injury.