

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1833-1837

Chapter 1833 Trust Me

Freja wanted to shoot Nathaniel another time, but the bullets from the helicopter were already peppering their car. Having no other recourse, they could only scramble into the car and take off like a bat out of hell.

As soon as they had left, the helicopter stopped spraying bullets and slowly hovered over me.

Subsequently, the helicopter door opened, and a ladder was thrown out. Several men in military fatigues swiftly climbed down and surrounded me in a tight circle. One of the men with heavy camouflage face paint stepped forward and untied the ropes binding me.

The moment I glimpsed his eyes, I recognized him as Ashton.

Stark distress and anguish surged within me at once, and my nose stung. The dam broke, and tears streamed down my face. In a voice that was only audible to us both, I poured out my grief to him. "Rose is gone. Ashton, they mistook her for me and killed her. She died because of me. How am I going to face Nick?"

As Ashton calmly unknotted the rope on me, his massive and warm hands covered mine. His gaze was firm and resolute. "Stay strong, Letty. Hang in there for a while longer. We'll avenge her. Trust me. Trust your man, okay? I beg you."

I really wanted to hug him and cry my heart out, then be selfish for once and have him bring me to a place where there's no pain or sorrow, hiding there cowardly.

Nonetheless, I knew that it wasn't practical. The dead can no longer come back to life, so the living has to live vicariously for their sake. Only when we've personally put an end to the source of evil will they have peace in the afterlife.

Holding back my tears, I gritted out a single word from between clenched teeth—"Okay."

Ashton cast me a forbearing look before he stepped back and slipped into the ranks of the military personnel, keeping his head lowered.

After the military personnel communicated among themselves and ascertained that it was safe, Benson, who had been taking the lead at the front, walked in and inquired after me. "Are you okay, Ms. Stovall?"

I lifted my hands and wiped my tears, forcing a smile onto my face. "I'm fine, thanks to all of you."

"Well, it's thanks to..." Benson trailed off mid-utterance and glanced in Ashton's direction before he immediately changed his tune, declaring, "It's thanks to Lady Luck smiling on you, Ms. Stovall. We didn't do much. However, I hope you don't mind playing along when I speak to Nathaniel later."

I nodded without a single word of protest. They then helped me up and led me over to Nathaniel to check on him.

When we reached him, the soldier keeping guard over him was treating the gunshot wound on his leg.

Benson proceeded to explain in an exceedingly official tone, "Freja Schmidt heads the top drug trafficking ring in the country, and we have been keeping a close eye on her for a very long time, but we couldn't arrest her due to lack of evidence. I'm sorry for dragging the two of you into this mess. Are you okay, sir?"

His tone was sincere, and it really seemed as though he had no idea about Nathaniel's identity.

That wasn't surprising since Nathaniel had been hiding his tracks very well. Almost no one knew that the man who was feared abroad was living freely within the country.

Gritting his teeth, Nathaniel shook his head slowly. "I'm fine."

"I'm glad to hear that. We'll arrange for two people to keep both of you safe, so you don't have to worry that she'll come back for revenge," Benson added.

In response, Nathaniel rejected him outright. "No, that's fine. I like having my freedom and loathe someone following me around. I'll look for bodyguards myself."

If someone like him were to get involved with the police, it would be no different from being monitored at all times. As such, he naturally didn't want that.

Benson was merely offering out of courtesy in the first place, so he didn't insist. "All right, then. I'll send you both to the hospital."

After that, no one said anything more.

As I sat in the helicopter, I didn't dare look in Ashton's direction at all, afraid that Nathaniel would suspect something.

Even so, I felt ever so secure, knowing that he was right there with me.

The shot to Nathaniel's leg was just a flesh wound, but he still got treated in the hospital for half a month.

During that period, the man in the suit who had been following him around kept guard over me. Even when I went to bed, someone kept watch outside the bedroom.

Almost every night, I saw Rose and that little boy dying as soon as I closed my eyes. It pushed me to the brink of insanity.

Chapter 1834 Push Him Into The Line Of Fire

The weather was exceptionally good that day. The sun shone brightly, chasing the cold away. I sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, basking in the sun. Out of the blue, Nathaniel appeared at the bedroom door.

The instant I spotted him, the peace that had suffused me crumbled into nothingness, and my expression darkened in a flash.

He walked over to me, his steps were slow and unsteady. Every single step he took probably tugged at his wound, for his brows creased slightly.

“I’m back,” he announced.

He stood half a meter away from me, and his voice was calm and indifferent.

“You’ve never visited me once during the whole two weeks.” He gave a bark of self-derisive laughter.

So, he’s here to reprimand me?

I had nothing to say to him; hence, I stood up and headed out the door.

Nathaniel reached out and grabbed my arms, a hint of weariness staining his eyes. “Do you really detest seeing me that much?”

Slap! I swung my hand and struck him across the face.

Stunned, Nathaniel froze for a long moment. A flash of murder flitted across his face, but he promptly suppressed it and coaxed me patiently, “Okay, you’ve vented your anger, so please stop throwing a tantrum.”

Slap! I slapped him in the same spot but even harder this time.

In the next instant, I snapped and lost all control. I struck him across the face again and again with both hands.

Swaying slightly, Nathaniel tried to stop me. "All right, that's enough, Scarlett. Don't challenge my bottom line."

I ignored him, baling my hands into fists and raining blows upon him desperately with all my might. "You're a devil! A murderer, in fact! You killed a mother, she had such a beautiful life! Just go and die!"

"Stop! That's enough! Scarlett!" He finally blew his top and clutched at my arms, keeping me immobile. Then, he forced me to look into his eyes. "Why? Why must you treat me in such a manner? Scarlett, I risked my life to save you, yet you're blaming me instead?"

"It was Mr. Jensen who sent someone to kill Rose!" I roared, glaring at him with eyes brimming with sheer hatred. "I recognized the gun in the boy's hand! Do you think that I would be in the dark just because you don't say anything?"

Nathaniel stiffened, making it clear as day that he didn't expect me to have guessed the truth. He remained rooted to the spot, at a loss for words.

Sneering, I started struggling once more. "Let go of me! Don't touch me with your hands that are stained with the blood of countless innocent lives! I find it revolting!"

Nathaniel merely stood there motionlessly like a statue, neither allowing me to leave nor uttering a single word.

A long while later, he sighed as though exhausted to the core. "What would you have me do for you to forget all that?"

"I'll never forget about it!" I blurted.

“The matter has to be resolved sooner or later. You can never leave me, and it doesn’t benefit either of us for you to hold a grudge within you. Just say the word. As long as it’s something within my capability, I’ll do it without the slightest hesitation,” Nathaniel offered placidly.

Hah! My grudge isn’t just because of Rose alone. How forgetful of him! Ashton said we’ll avenge her, and she died at Mr. Jensen’s order. Fine, then. I’m also going to push him into the line of fire!

“Well, unless you break away from Mr. Jensen and no longer commit all those heinous deeds henceforth. I know it’s within your capability. You’ve got legal businesses.” I narrowed my eyes as I probed at his bottom line.

Mr. Jensen almost took his life just because he wanted to keep me by his side. What would the consequences be if he were to leave that criminal organization?

Nathaniel’s expression went cold, and his grip on me loosened considerably. His gaze turned unfocused for a moment, and he didn’t reply immediately.

He knew full well the price he would have to pay if he were to do so.

“Why, are you reluctant to do so? Sure enough, money earned through reprehensible means and days spent killing people are more important to you compared to me!” I drawled mockingly.

Then, I added, “That’s fine. This is a game, after all. The fact that you can’t do it only proves that you’re as outstanding as Ashton and will never lose your sensibility because of love. The only difference is he once did it for my sake. That’s why I can’t forget him until this very day. You, on the other hand, are smarter. You don’t sacrifice anything; thus, you won’t lose anything. When you’re sick of me, you won’t be harassed by me either. You’re the smartest!”

“All right, let’s just end the discussion here. I never expect much from you anyway.”

After saying that, I broke free from Nathaniel while he was still in a trance. I sprinted into the adjacent guest room and slammed the door shut.

I didn’t lock it since he could either get the key or kick the door open, rendering that futile.

However, I just wanted to be alone right then, even if it were only for a few seconds.

To my surprise, he didn’t come and pester me. By the time I exited the room at noon, there was no longer any sign of him in the house. Even his men who had been stationed in the house were gone.

I was rather astonished, and I thought that he had given up the idea of keeping me under lock and key. It wasn’t until I went downstairs did I realize that they had merely moved out of the house.

Ah, I was too naive!

Nonetheless, I rejoiced that I at least didn’t have to face him again that day.

Late at night, I spaced out as I stared at the female anchor chattering away on television, wondering how much longer it would take Ashton before he finally busted Nathaniel’s operation.

Without warning, Nathaniel stumbled in just then. He had just reached the door when the reek of alcohol hit me hard.

I pinched my nose in disdain, watching as he plopped onto the couch. Only then did I notice the bruises marring his face and the swelling at the corner of his mouth.

Hmm? Was he beaten up outside after imbibing too much?

Despite my curiosity, I didn't voice that question as the narcissistic man would interpret any question from me as being concerned about him.

He leaned his head back against the sofa. After a moment, he lifted his heavy eyelids and wanly unknotted the tie at his neck.

After slipping it off, he tossed it to the side casually. With his elbows propped against his knees, he placed his hands on his face and rubbed it to ease the discomfort from the alcohol. In the end, he kept his hand over his mouth and nose, only baring his eyes as he slowly murmured, "Are you not the least bit concerned about why I ended up in such a state?"

Why should I be concerned?

I said nothing, but I still curiously cast him a glance.

Compared to his gentlemanly appearance in the past, he's indeed a tad sloppy today. As far as I remember, this is the first time he's ever been this unseemly.

"I talked to Mr. Jensen." Suddenly, Nathaniel seemed to no longer give a whit about anything. After saying that, he dropped his hands and leaned back against the couch. He stared at me tipsily as he awaited my reaction.

Verily, I was surprised by his statement. With my eyes pinned on him, I quirked an eyebrow as I did not expect him to do that for real.

“Then?” In reality, the injuries on him and the fact that he returned relatively unscathed had given me the answer. I only wanted to know how Garrett crushed him.

“Hah! He naturally turned me down. Then, he beat me up, almost shattering my ribs.” Nathaniel gave a bark of self-derisive laughter and stared right ahead blankly as though he was talking about someone’s matter.

“Oh, really? Since he didn’t shatter them in the end, it proves that he has some affection for you that he didn’t consign you to death,” I intentionally commented sarcastically.

Hearing that, Nathaniel shook his head. “He gave me two choices. It was either to die with you or to continue being his outstanding lackey, and he won’t touch you anymore.”

“So, you dragged a battered and bruised body back to tell me that not only did you anger Mr. Jensen because of me, but you’re even willing to be his dog for my sake?” I questioned in a scornful tone.

Judging from his attitude before Mr. Jensen previously, he probably has quite a lot of dignity in that organization. But if he wants to secure our safety, he can only obey the man to the letter from now on, going and doing whatever is asked of him.

Nathaniel didn’t deny it, but he changed the subject with a grim smile. “You’ll hate me if I stay by Mr. Jensen’s side, but we’ll both die if I don’t do so. From the look of things, there’s nothing too bad about maintaining the current situation. At least, I can keep you by my side.”

“You might as well say that you’re afraid of dying.” I curled my lips without hiding the contempt within me.

“You may put it however you want. I don’t want to care about all that anymore. As you said, I’ll get sick of you sooner or later. Therefore, we can just put up with each other before that day comes.”

Chapter 1836 We Meet Again

The alcohol had probably gone to Nathaniel's head, for his voice turned increasingly softer. Leaning back against the couch, he slowly closed his eyes.

Watching as his chest rose and fell, the urge to end him right then and there abruptly seized me.

As long as he's dead, no one will keep targeting Ashton anymore.

But in the next instant, I realized that it wasn't feasible.

Regardless of whether it's Ramona or Mr. Jensen, they both hold affection toward him. Thus, they won't stand idly by if he dies. If I want eternal peace, the only way is to take them all down.

While I was lost in my thoughts, Nathaniel's voice sounded out of the blue. "Are you thinking of killing me again?"

"Yeah, I'd love to skin you alive so that you'll wish for death!"

"That's good. Having you hate me is better than you treating me as though I don't exist." Not in the mood to listen to his twisted logic, I huffily stood up and went back to my room upstairs.

At breakfast the next day, Nathaniel's appearance had reverted to its usual noble and elegant look. He sat at the dining table silently like a stately prince, but the bruises on his face and mouth proved his pathetic state the night before.

As he said, I merely treated him like thin air, so I didn't spare him a single glance though we sat at the same table.

"What do you want to do today?" Nathaniel queried.

I didn't answer him but continued eating the food on my plate quietly.

When Nathaniel didn't receive any response from me, he lifted his head and glanced at me. Then, he commented placidly, "You'll understand in the future that everything I do is for your good. No one knows where Freja has fled. With my men here, they can keep an eye on you wherever you go. At least, the incident back then wouldn't happen again."

That had me so livid that I slammed my cutlery down with a bang. "Don't attempt to brainwash me with your absurd reasoning! Is it not enough to monitor me at home that they're to follow me whenever I go out? Can I not even have some peace? Just take a knife and slit my throat then! The end result is the same anyway!"

Nathaniel put his cutlery down as well and explained unhurriedly, "This is only temporary. You'll have your freedom back anytime when I've dealt with Freja."

In response, I sneered, "Are you going to kill again? That's a fight between the two of you, so don't drag me into it! No matter how nice you put things, it can't hide your hypocrisy! Actually, there's no need to make a choice between two options. If you really want me to live happily, you should respect my choice and give Ashton and me your sincere blessings while removing yourself from our relationship. However, that's not what you're doing! You're just selfish! You want to have what belongs to someone else! From the beginning to the end, your happiness matters most to you. To that end, you even made me into the person everyone hates and targets. Your love is too scary."

I then picked up a napkin and wiped my mouth, regarding him calmly. "Thanks, but no thanks."

Having said that, I got up and went upstairs, not wanting to tarry for even a second longer.

Ever since that night after Nathaniel negotiated with Garrett, he had been exceedingly busy and left right after breakfast.

In the afternoon, when I was scouring the internet for information on Garrett, I suddenly heard an ear-splitting noise from outside the house that had me jolting in fright.

Thinking that it might be Ashton coming to save me, I draped a coat over myself before going downstairs to check on the situation.

I had just reached the landing when I caught sight of Ramona standing in the living room.

She held a gun in her hand and stared at me expressionlessly. In the distance, the men keeping guard at the door were all lying on the ground at that moment. Hmm, it looks like the noise earlier was from her killing them.

She was a core member of the drug trafficking organization, so those men didn't guard against her. And for that reason, they didn't even struggle before they died.

I don't quite understand why she's killing Nathaniel's men when they're obviously on the same side.

Her gaze trained on me, she airily remarked, "We meet again. Come down and have a chat with me."

After saying that, she took the lead and sat down on the single couch in the living room. Then, she slammed the gun in her hand onto the table, the muzzle pointing slightly to the side.

Tightening the coat around me, I slowly descended the stairs and sat down across from her.

While I was doing so, she flipped through her phone. By then, she seemed to have found what she was looking for since she tossed it before me after tapping on the screen.

Chapter 1837 What A Coward

I glanced at the phone in puzzlement before I realized that Ramona wanted me to watch the video she brought up on the screen. Thus, I picked up the phone and tapped on the play button.

As soon as the video played, the scene of Nathaniel collapsing onto the ground after Garrett hit him with a golf club appeared after a brief delay.

Besides the obvious spots such as his face and head, he also suffered several blows on his body. There was even some conversation in between, but there was no voice, so I had no idea what was said. However, he seemed adamant about something, so Garrett hit him increasingly harder. In the end, the man only stopped when the club was bent.

The video came to an abrupt end, leaving the scene of him lifting his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth.

Undeniably, I took pleasure watching it.

“Do you also reveal your thoughts so blatantly before Nat?” Ramona’s voice was chilly to the core, very much aggressive.

“What do you mean?” I feigned ignorance.

"I meant your thoughts of wanting to see him dead and end him with your own hands." Ramona appeared remarkably calm, seemingly long since used to seeing entangled relationships.

Sure enough, women understand women best! Since we're both intelligent people, there's no need to beat around the bush anymore.

Therefore, I admitted frankly, "Of course. He's well aware that I'm thinking of ways to kill you every second of every day."

Ramona narrowed her eyes, a hint of amusement showing in her alluring gaze. "You're painfully honest."

I merely shrugged. "If you were in my shoes, and someone hurt your family, persecuted your lover, and coerced you into doing something against your will, I think you'd also make the same choice."

Hearing that, Ramona tilted her head. "I'm an orphan, so I don't understand those feelings, nor am I interested in doing so."

"Okay, no offense." We were strangers, so I could only think of a reason she came to seek me out after racking my head for a long while. "So, you want me to persuade him to not go against Mr. Jensen?"

"Would you do that? You'll only push him into the line of fire." Derision was written all over Ramona's face.

It seems that she has investigated me, so I can't fool her.

I was stunned for a moment. Only when I glimpsed the corpses at the door from my peripheral vision did understanding abruptly dawn upon me that she was here to kill me.

She'll only need to eliminate Nathaniel's men if she wants to kill me. After all, she knows full well that he ordered them to keep me safe, so they'll undoubtedly stop her. For that reason, she made the first move. She's really decisive and ruthless, so it's no wonder that she's able to sit at the table mostly occupied by men! In the face of such a person, playing tricks is useless. But I can't die yet. I haven't avenged Rose or brought Nathaniel down!

After mulling it over, I concluded that the only way out was to make a fuss out of her feelings for Nathaniel.

"Then, I know the purpose of your visit." Taking a deep breath, I composed myself. I deliberately guffawed and feigned a relaxed look, lounging back against the couch. "That's great! I can finally be free instead of being tortured every day!"

Stretching, I picked up the gun on the table and handed it to her. With a smile on my face, I urged, "Go on and make your move. Set me free."

As expected, Ramona was suspicious of my unexpected reaction. Her brows furrowed, and she parted her dark lips. "Are you not afraid of death?"

I nodded in response. "Nope! Didn't Nathaniel tell you that I didn't want to live anyway? When Ashton broke things off completely with me, I should have died in that car crash. However, he saved me. It's good that you're here now. With you doing me this favor, I don't need to live in agony anymore."

I thought Ramona would continue picking up where I left off, but she took the gun from me under my watchful gaze and pointed the barrel right at me.

She leaned forward, putting all her weight on her elbows that were propped against her knees. Then, she rolled her neck. Roaming her gaze all over my face, she whispered, "What a coward." After saying that, she raised the gun and got to her feet, aiming it at my forehead.

"Don't worry. My bullet travels fast, so you won't feel any pain."