

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1838-1842

Chapter 1838 Standoff

Looking at her, I gulped by reflex, as I could imagine what was going to happen in the next second. A bullet piercing through my skull.

Suddenly, a bullet whizzed through the full-length windows of the living hall before striking Ramona's hand, causing her to drop the gun.

Without any hesitation, I grabbed it and held her at gunpoint. "Don't move."

Holding onto her injured hand, Ramona collapsed onto the sofa. Despite the cold sweat beading down her face, she didn't make a sound. Nevertheless, her breathing had grown heavy.

She gave me a bewildered look, likely shocked at how I managed to turn the table in the blink of an eye.

But given how sharp she was, she quickly found the answer. Looking at the dilapidated window from afar, she squinted her eyes as it dawned upon her. "Are you working for the police?"

Her guess was only half correct. Technically, it was the army.

Her question helped me get a good grasp of the situation. It seemed that after what happened to John, Benson reorganized the security around Fuller Corporation. They lay in wait until Ramona triggered them.

Although I wanted to have a candid discussion with her, I wasn't sure if the house was bugged by Nathaniel. Hence, I played dumb. "Quit with the jokes, Ms. Sutton. You have already done your homework on me. If I worked for the police, do you think Nathaniel would let me live till now?"

Just as I spoke, a deep male voice rang out from the door. "What's going on?"

Turning around, I saw Nathaniel enter the room.

Ramona pleaded with him for help, "Quick, kill her! She's with the police!"

Evidently, it wasn't convincing at all. Nathaniel simply knitted his brows in curiosity.

"What are you hesitating for? The police shot me just now. Or else, how do you think she managed to get the gun? Nat, stop deluding yourself. This woman is here to kill you!" Ramona yelled.

Interpreting her words differently, Nathaniel questioned with a sarcastic tone, "In that case, who held the gun initially?"

After a brief pause, his eyes sharpened. "What were you planning to use the gun for? And what's with the bunch of guys outside?"

Momentarily stunned, Ramona admitted, "That's right. I did all that. Today, my objective is to eradicate this woman before you do something beyond your capabilities and die because of it. Just tell me! Are you going to kill Scarlett?"

Ramona had lived a violent and turbulent life, causing her to emanate a murderous aura. Despite having one of her hands crippled, she was still powerful and not to be underestimated.

Nevertheless, Nathaniel didn't answer her question. Instead, he focused on the fact that Ramona had overstepped her boundaries by killing his subordinates. "Help me? You got Ashton to distract me, came to my place armed, and killed my men. Ramona, it seems this incident has shown me who you truly are!"

Sometimes, men and women just saw things differently.

Ramona wanted to save his soul, but all he cared about was the facts.

Closing her eyes in resignation, she suddenly dived at me and snatched the gun away from my hand.

Unfortunately, she wasn't left-handed and needed some time to get into position. The delay allowed Nathaniel to pull out his gun.

While Ramona had her gun pointed at me, Nathaniel aimed his at her. Threatened by the Mexican standoff, she held back from pulling the trigger.

Staring into the barrel of his gun, she asked in disbelief, "Are you actually pointing that gun at me?"

"You are certainly quick with a gun, but don't forget who taught you how to do it." Nathaniel ignored Ramona and warned her with an indifferent expression, "Put the gun down right now and leave the organization. I will then pretend that this never happened."

"Are you kicking me out?" Ramona's beautiful eyes suddenly lost their sparkle.

Chapter 1839 Ramona

"You were the one who chose this," Nathaniel replied calmly. "When I took you in, I told you that I would take your life if you betrayed me."

Unwavering, Ramona raised her gun higher. From the look she gave me, I would see the tears glistening in her eyes. "I didn't forget that you saved my life. And that is the reason why I'm willing to sacrifice everything to prevent you from destroying your future."

"You should mind your own business." Nathaniel's tone firmed and sounded just like the time he humiliated Ashton, cold and devoid of emotion. "Ramona, my patience is wearing thin."

Breaking into a smirk, Ramona laughed wryly. Despite the fact that she was crying, she desperately tried to maintain her laughter. "Ha, haha. Finally, you are going to abandon me. I might as well annihilate this threat for you!"

Just as she spoke, Ramona pulled the trigger with a chiseled finger.

Bang!

A bullet flew out but not from Ramona's gun.

It was Nathaniel who fired the shot.

He had killed a woman that was willing to give up her life to eliminate a threat to him.

Just as the gunshot rang out, Ramona collapsed onto the ground. Her eyes refused to shut and stared blankly in despair, unwilling to believe that he had shot her.

With that, a deathly silence descended upon the living hall.

At that moment, I could feel a chill extending through my limbs. Looking at Ramona's corpse, I was struck by how fragile life was again and hugged myself in reflex.

Without a doubt, that was Nathaniel's true face.

Regardless of whether one was family or had his best interest at heart, everyone was an expendable tool for him as long as he didn't care.

After a long while, Nathaniel let out a devilish smile before kneeling down and closing Ramona's eyes for her.

Standing back up, he looked down at me and commented with an icy tone, "Ashton has never changed while you never planned to love me, am I right?"

Sitting on the sofa in silence, I didn't answer. Instead, I hugged myself tighter.

As long as I stayed by his side, I would always be surrounded by death. Unable to shake the sensation away, I began to feel suffocated by it.

“Scarlett, will you only give me a second look when I die?” Nathaniel mumbled inaudibly to himself.

“No,” I replied, trembling.

After pondering a moment, he let out a sarcastic grin. “For a moment just now, I was struck by a thought. I wondered if you meant that as long as I’m willing to change, you would spare a thought for me. But the very next second, I realized that you wouldn’t do so due to your hatred for me. Even if I were to die right in front of you now, you wouldn’t even bat an eyelid.”

It was a pointless question since he already knew the answer.

Pursing my lips, I couldn’t help but worry about Ashton’s situation.

With Ramona dead and my intentions exposed, I was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

I felt as if we were standing by a cliff where a gentle push from Nathaniel would send me hurtling down.

Ever since the beginning, Nathaniel knew how strong my feelings for Ashton were. It was just that he thought he was superior to Ashton and could change me. He also assumed he could change how love or even the world worked. Unfortunately, it was nothing but a fool’s fantasy.

Ramona’s death didn’t just come as a massive shock to me, it also caused Nathaniel to realize that by continuing this game, he would end up losing everything he had.

Nevertheless, Nathaniel didn’t do anything further after that. Instead, he reholstered his gun, carried Ramona up and left.

Watching their miserable silhouettes, I could feel my desire to destroy Nathaniel burning stronger than ever. After all, it no longer felt as if it was out of reach.

Given how close I was to my goal, it would be a shame to give up now.

However, Nathaniel's tendency to gamble would cause him to bet everything he had even if he would meet a miserable end.

As Ashton's actions became clearer by the day, the final showdown seemed to be approaching. If Nathaniel backed out right now, he might still have the chance to save his own skin.

Chapter 1840 Revenge

In spite of that, I hoped that he would continue with his folly.

After all, not every mistake can be forgiven.

That night, Nathaniel didn't come home.

The next day, when I was still in a daze, I was jolted awake by a commotion downstairs.

After adjusting my night robe, I got out of bed. Just when I drew the curtains and wanted to admonish the new guards, I saw Nick surrounded by the four of them, and they seemed to be in an altercation.

With no time to be bothered about how I looked, I darted downstairs at once.

Just when I passed by the door, one of the subordinates was giving Nathaniel a call. “Mr. Hall, there’s someone by the name of Nick Harrison causing trouble here. What should—”

Stopping in my tracks, I snatched the phone away and yelled into it. “This is a family matter. I’ll get him to leave, so don’t get involved!”

Just as I spoke, I ended the call before Nathaniel could reply. After hurling the phone back at the subordinate, I rushed out to save Nick.

“What are you doing? Let him go! Didn’t you hear me? I order you to let him go!”

When they refused to release him, I jumped in and struck off their hands instead.

As they didn’t dare hurt me, they simply watched as I pulled Nick into the house.

Inside, I could vaguely hear them reporting back to Nathaniel. But, I was already used to it by now.

Inside the living hall, I released my grip on Nick. After exchanging glances, both of us suddenly descended into silence.

Rose’s funeral was held just a week ago. Given how closely Nathaniel’s men were watching me, I was unable to attend in person. But from what I could see on the television, the Walker family and Rose’s child looked utterly devastated.

The incident was classified as a suicide attack against society at large because the perpetrator was an innocent child from one of the poorest regions in the nation.

Nonetheless, I was keenly aware that she had died to save me.

As for Nick, he looked relatively good given the circumstances. In spite of that, no one truly knew how much he was suffering underneath the calm exterior. In fact, I didn't even have the courage to apologize for causing the death of his wife.

Nevertheless, Nick's experience in the business world helped him read my expressions and decipher what was going through my mind.

"Rose doesn't blame you, really." His voice was visibly more raspy than before. Despite his steady tone, I could see how he was desperately trying to keep his emotions in check.

The mention of Rose caused me to have a flashback of the incident. I was standing right behind her, staring at the blood soaking all over her body.

Despite her small frame, the flow of blood seemed endless. Recalling the scene alone triggered its deathly color to cloud my vision.

Holding that thought, I couldn't help but feel my nose burn. I then hung my head and choked, "I'm sorry."

Nick suddenly broke out into a faint smile. "Don't be silly. I'm sure you know how kind Rose is. She wouldn't want anyone of us to feel sad for her sake."

I nodded in agreement. Suddenly, when I realized how persistent he was in barging into here, I looked up at him warily. "What are you doing here?"

Pursing his lips apologetically, Nick maintained a faint grin. "Don't worry, Rose was always worried for me even in death. Therefore, I wouldn't do anything stupid that would cause her to worry. I'm not here for revenge if that's what you're thinking."

"That's good." My fears quickly eased. Even though I knew he needed me by his side, I was also worried that he would run into Nathaniel. Hence, I had no choice but to get him to leave. "In that case, you should go now if there's nothing else. I'm feeling under the weather and need some rest."

Now that Rose was dead, Nick shouldn't be involved anymore.

"I'm planning to leave," Nick promised. He quickly added, "But before that, I need to see Nathaniel. I know everything now, including the fact that he was behind this."

"Didn't you say that you're not here for revenge?" I began to feel anxious. "Are you taking me for a fool?"

Without any hesitation, I stepped forward to drag him out. "No, just leave. There's no way you can beat him."

In the blink of an eye, I was pulled back instead by his solid stance.

Chapter 1841 A Deal

Turning around, I saw that Nick refused to budge. All he did was shake his head at me. "No, Scarlett. I will seek justice for Rose."

"Tell him to come out and see me. All I want him to do is to apologize in front of Rose's grave."

Nathaniel, apologize? Impossible. How can a demon who kills his own confidantes ever show any remorse? I understand no husband can ever tolerate the murder of his wife, but now just isn't the time.

"I promise you that I will help you get what you want out of Nathaniel. Sometime down the road, I will personally get him to apologize to Rose. But today, you should leave first, all right?" I persuaded him anxiously.

Given how closely Nathaniel had been watching me, he was probably nearby. In fact, he should already be on his way home.

"No," Nick stubbornly refused. With his feet glued to the ground, he didn't move an inch despite how hard I pulled him.

As the seconds ticked by, there was simply nothing I could do. After shifting my gaze from the door to him, I had no choice but to relent.

"Are you sure an apology is all you're looking for? And that you're not trying to exact revenge?" I asked grimly.

"Yes," Nick answered. "The child cannot lose their father."

"Can I trust you, Nick?" Although I couldn't find any flaw in his argument, I remained concerned.

"Definitely." Nick's smile widened, further emanating his sincerity.

Left without a choice, I decided to give the reckless idea a go. "Fine, wait here. I'll give Nathaniel a call and get him to apologize to you."

“All right,” Nick agreed before sitting on the sofa to wait.

Considering that he was at the peak of his masculinity, Nick had the bearing of a distinguished businessman looking to negotiate with his rival.

Nonetheless, it felt to me like the calm before the storm.

Regardless of whether I was being over-sensitive, I knew I had to pacify Nathaniel before the impending confrontation. Hence, I left Nick by himself and headed out of the house instead.

Just as expected, Nathaniel returned in twenty minutes.

He wasn't surprised to see me as he walked up and asked calmly, “Have you been waiting for long?”

“No, but I have something to discuss.” I got straight to the point. “Nick is here. He is the husband of the lady killed by Mr. Jensen and also someone important to me. He wants justice for his wife. Thus, can you apologize to him later?”

However, Nathaniel digressed, “Last night, I watched a movie where the situation is similar to what's going on now. The only difference is the female lead was worried about her man's well-being.”

The gap in communication exasperated me. But for Nick's sake, I had to suppress my anger. “Hmm, that sounds really sweet, but what I'm talking about is urgent. Can you answer me? All you need to do is apologize to the person you hurt. There's nothing for you to lose.”

“What's in it for me?” Nathaniel smiled insidiously.

I had expected him to demand something in return. Hence, I didn't bother reasoning and made my offer instead. "As a reward, I will promise to do something you want, as long as it doesn't involve harming others."

"Anything I want?" Nathaniel's eyes narrowed as if he was weighing the attractiveness of the deal.

"Yes. As long as you don't hurt him and allow him to leave unharmed," I pleaded, as that was all I could do for Nick.

"Fine." Nathaniel's eyes sparkled like a child who had just received a lollipop.

Jolted by the look in his eyes, I quickly averted his predatory gaze.

Now that we had a deal, I eagerly led Nathaniel back in.

Seemingly lost in deep thought, Nick didn't realize we were there until we came up close.

Chapter 1842 I Failed Her

"This is Nathaniel." Clenching my fists, I kept my eye on Nick so that I could restrain him if needed. "He is the man you are looking for."

Standing expressionless beside me, Nathaniel had no intention to speak.

With a wary smile, Nick met Nathaniel's gaze with a gentle one of his own. A short while later, he said, "Do you know that you are responsible for the death of a wonderful woman?"

Unmoved, Nathaniel replied with cold professionalism, "I don't. But, Scarlett told me that I've caused you and your family to suffer. For that, I'm sorry."

Nathaniel reacted like a remorseless murderer.

If it wasn't because of my inferior position, I would have given him a forceful slap.

Nick needed a demonstration of sincere remorse, instead of an emotionless bureaucratic response.

Hence, Nathaniel's answer only served to fan the flames of fire.

Just when I wanted to sugarcoat Nathaniel's words, Nick had reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a gun.

"Nick, no!"

My scream was futile. The moment the gun was aimed at Nathaniel, Nick had already pulled the trigger.

The resulting gunshot rang out through the villa.

Unfortunately, Nick was the one that ended up being shot instead.

His unfamiliarity with a gun seemed to have caused it to misfire. The bullet which was meant to fly toward Nathaniel backfired into his right arm instead.

Stung by the pain, Nick dropped the gun onto the ground, causing a crack on the tile. The next moment, his hand was already covered by gushing blood.

“Nick!” I rushed forward to support him. “Are you all right? Bear with it while I send you to the hospital.”

Just as I spoke, I tried to help him out the door.

However, Nick flew into a fit of rage. Covering his wound, he refused to budge. All he did was grit his teeth and stare daggers at Nathaniel. “I’m going to kill you! You b*astard!”

“Kill me?” Nathaniel closed his eyes and thrust his chin forward. Looking down at Nick, he sneered, “You can’t even tell that you have a faulty gun. How are you going to kill me?”

“Can you shut up?” I thundered, worried that Nick would be triggered into doing something worse.

Having detected something from Nathaniel’s words, Nick’s eye lit up in fury. He hissed, “You were the one who sabotaged the gun!”

Stunned by his words, I was struck by a sudden realization.

Indeed, guns were regulated in Chanaea, and the common man had no access to them. Hence, for Nick to get his hands on one, he had to go to the black market, which was an avenue controlled by Nathaniel.

With no intention to hide, Nathaniel readily admitted, “I promised Scarlett that I won’t harm her family. Hence, your wife’s death was nothing but an accident. Initially, I was watching you to see if there was any way I could make up for your loss. Unfortunately, you chose to act presumptuously by thinking that you could actually kill me.”

“Pfft! Who needs your compensation? You killed Rose, my wife. No matter what, I want you to pay with your life!” Nick raged.

Despite my urge to berate Nathaniel, I swallowed my words when I saw the guards swarming in through the door.

“Nick! Nick!” As I tried to help him stand, I cupped his face and forced him to look at me instead of Nathaniel. Screaming at the top of my lungs, I tried to knock some sense into him. “Listen to me, Rose told me to take care of you before she died. She has always worried about you. If anything happened to you, she would have died in vain!”

While trying to get through to him, I couldn’t stop myself from crying. My mind was filled with the image of her giving birth in the hospital and also how she covered for Nick by putting up a strong front.

The moment Nick heard Rose’s name, his eyes began to redden. As tears streamed down his cheeks, he finally broke down crying like a child. “Scarlett, Rose is dead. She’s no longer here. The day before she died, she even suggested we have more kids, as it was too quiet at home. Despite how kind she was, I never appreciated it. Scarlett, I failed her... I have really failed her...”