

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1843-1847

## Chapter 1843 Freedom

Given that I was filled with guilt over Rose's death, Nick's words unleashed the pent-up emotions within me.

Suddenly, Nathaniel reached out to grab me. Before I could react, he launched an uppercut and knocked the wind out of Nick. After which, Nick was taken away.

"Nick!" Despite my attempt to get to him, I was powerless against Nathaniel's strength. All I could do was scream, "Let me go! Let me go, you b\*stard!"

Having lost his patience, Nathaniel grabbed both my arms and forcefully turned me to face him.

"You told me that you won't harm my family. Are you going back on your word?" I bellowed. Despite the sharp pain in my bones, I didn't wince at all.

"It's up to you whether I keep my promise or not." With a darkening gaze, Nathaniel broke into a vicious smile. "I don't like to see you crying, Scarlett. The next time I see him make you cry, he will have to pay for it with his life."

"In that case, you should kill yourself first! The person who hurt me the most is you, and no one else."

Stung by my words, Nathaniel was shocked momentarily. However, he quickly regained his viciousness. "Don't try and reason with me. In my world, you're the one who's being unreasonable. Despite how much I compromised with you, why don't you ever learn what's good for you?"

"In that case, stop tolerating my actions!" Just when I was desperately struggling, I was struck by an idea. Taking the ring off my finger, I threw it away in front of him. "I don't want this nor you anymore! I don't need a crazy control freak in my life!"

Ding! Ding!

A crisp clink was heard the moment the ring hit the ground. After rolling by the window, it finally came to a stop.

Nathaniel had let go of me the second I threw the ring away. His eyes trailed the ring's trajectory until it fell onto the floor. As if he was frozen, he continued to stare blankly at it.

The silence that ensued was deafening.

Under such uncertain circumstances, I wasn't sure if I had crossed his threshold. As if I had lost it, I was ready to die. "Go on, make it quick."

After staring intently at the ring for a long time, Nathaniel suddenly walked over and put it back into his palm before walking away just like that.

As I watched his silhouette disappear out the door, it felt surreal to me.

Given that the ring was the only thing he asked of me, I was surprised he didn't react to me throwing it away.

Perhaps, breaking a promise never meant anything to him at all.

Nevertheless, I was unable to imagine what Nathaniel was going to do to Nick. Despite feeling pessimistic about his fate, I was powerless to do anything.

As for Ashton, Nathaniel had realized that he was none other than a Trojan horse. Therefore, I wondered how many more life-threatening plots Ashton was going to face within the perilous environment he was in.

Consequently, I spent the rest of the day feeling unsettled. When it was close to dinnertime, the sound of a car stopping could be heard.

Now that security at the Fuller residence was airtight, it could be no one else other than Nathaniel.

Just when he entered and prepared to head upstairs, he saw me pacing back and forth in the living hall. He then put a bag in front of me before taking a seat.

When I glanced at it and couldn't tell what it was, I asked, "What's that for?"

"A phone, a bank card, and car keys," Nathaniel plainly replied.

"And then?" Why is he giving me these?

"The guards outside have been ordered to back down. From today onward, you can go wherever you please," Nathaniel declared.

My first response was to narrow my eyes and doubt his intentions.

"There's no need to be surprised. I just felt the need to change my approach. Since you don't appreciate my way of treating you well, I'll do it your way instead. I will continue to love you, but you will still have your freedom." Nathaniel's gaze was so calm that I couldn't read his emotions.

### **Chapter 1844 Reunited**

Picking up the keys warily, I gave it a closer look. "Are you saying your men won't follow me like a swarm of flies anymore?"

"No, they will keep their distance and are only responsible for your safety. Also, they won't interfere with your decisions," Nathaniel explained.

I nodded in acknowledgment, as I found the arrangement to be reasonable. Pushing my luck, I asked, "Do I only have freedom of movement, or can I also do whatever I want?"

Spreading his hands, Nathaniel leaned back into the sofa. "It's entirely up to you."

His answer caught me by surprise, as he was unusually approachable.

Nevertheless, Nathaniel's mood had always been volatile and could change at a moment's notice. Therefore, before he changed his mind, I knew I had to take milk it for all it's worth.

"Fine." I took the keys boldly, along with the phone and bank card. At the same time, I made a brazen request. "In that case, please bring Gregory over here as I miss him. Only he will do, as he knows you well."

Just when I headed upstairs with my things, I turned around at the staircase and added, "Go now because I would like to have a meal with him."

"Sure," Nathaniel agreed. Before I reached the second floor, he was already gone.

Half an hour later, the phone Nathaniel gave me rang. John had called to check if he was to allow Nathaniel to take Gregory with him. Once he received my confirmation, he ended the call.

Finally, I managed to see Gregory an hour later.

After dinner, I brought Gregory back to the room and stopped Nathaniel by the door with the excuse that we needed some family time.

The moment I closed the door, I wiped away the genial expression I had when facing Nathaniel.

Lowering my gaze at Gregory, who was holding onto a small computer, I brought him to the bathroom and turned on the shower. Then, I knelt down and asked seriously, "Sweetheart, how are your computer science studies coming along? Can you check if the room is bugged?"

"Mommy, are you saying that someone is eavesdropping on us?" Gregory was stunned.

As there was no time to explain, I summarized, "That's right. This will be our secret, and you're not allowed to tell anyone else. Now, can you do it?"

Gregory nodded. Turning his computer on, he began to type on his keyboard while reassuring me. "Mommy, just wait for a while."

Given how fast he worked, the furious taps on the keyboard kept pace with my pounding heart.

After a long while, I was finally jolted by Gregory's elated voice. "It's done, Mom. There's no one listening in on us right now."

Heaving a sigh of relief, I brought him back into the room and handed him my phone. "Can you check if there's anything suspicious on this phone?"

"Mmm-hmm!" When he noticed that I was in a good mood, Gregory was equally motivated.

After half an hour, he stared at the phone dejectedly.

"What is it, sweetheart? Is it too difficult?" I walked over and patted him lightly on the shoulder.

"No, Mommy, there's actually nothing wrong with the phone," Gregory commented in surprise.

Stunned, I was taken aback at how liberal Nathaniel was this time. "Good to hear that there are no problems. I'm just worried that I had missed something. After doing so much, are you tired?"

"No, I'm not." Gregory shook his head and looked at me earnestly as if he knew how urgent the situation was. With a serious tone, he asked, "Mommy, is there anything else you need me to do?"

“Good boy.” I tousled his hair with pride. Also, I noticed that he had grown taller after being apart for so long. Now that we had been reunited, I felt guilty for getting him to do work instead of spending quality time with him.

However, the moment I thought about Ashton’s predicament, I steeled my heart. Smiling, I requested, “In that case, Gregory, please help me install a GPS app, and make sure it is undetectable.”

## **Chapter 1845 My Goal**

“Sure.” Gregory didn’t say much. He simply nodded and got to work. Once the app was installed, Nathaniel knocked on the room door.

Knock! Knock!

“What is it?” I snapped at the door.

“It’s time to send Gregory back. John isn’t uncomfortable with him spending such a long time with us,” Nathaniel explained plainly. Much to my surprise, he wasn’t angry at all.

On the surface, John and I were still at odds with each other. Hence, it made sense for him to show such concerns.

The second reason was that he knew I had summoned Gregory to act as a messenger.

After giving it some thought, I replied, “I understand. I’ll get him changed right away. You can wait downstairs.”

Soon, I heard the footsteps outside the door gradually soften until silence returned.

While helping Gregory change, I spoke to him in a voice only audible to both of us. "Sweetheart, if you have the opportunity to contact Daddy, tell him to stir up the situation further. Do you understand?"

When Gregory stared at me with his eyes widened, I wasn't sure if he got it entirely. Nevertheless, he reassured me, "Mommy, trust me, I won't let you down."

When I saw how sensible Gregory was, it filled my heart with a sense of security, probably due to my maternal instinct. Suddenly, everything that I had suffered didn't seem to matter much anymore.

Suppressing the reluctance in me, I hugged Gregory again before leading him downstairs.

Despite having waited for a long time, Nathaniel remained calm as he gestured for Gregory to go over. "I'll send you home."

Gregory glanced at me and then at Nathaniel before walking out the door.

With his hand awkwardly stuck in mid-air, Nathaniel was caught off-guard. In spite of that, he retracted it in silence.

In truth, children usually had good intuition. Despite not being unaware of the situation, they could differentiate who to approach and to avoid.

Obviously, I didn't say anything about it to Gregory. After all, he still had to spend half an hour alone in the car with Nathaniel.

After sending him off, I returned to my room.

Using the one hour that Nathaniel was away, I tried sending a message to the number on the note from earlier.

Me: Mr. Zimmerman? This is Scarlett.

Benson: Go ahead.

The response was short and immediate, characteristic of the military where information was all that mattered.

Me: I'm going to find a way to get closer to the core of the criminal organization. Hence, I hope you can continue to track my location all the way. Is that achievable?

Benson: It's doable, but it's too dangerous to approach them. Therefore, I would advise you against it for now.

Me: I will ensure my own safety. Before that, please coordinate with Ashton to rattle Nathaniel's cage.

Since Gregory was just a child, I couldn't rely on him entirely. As Ashton and Benson had worked together to rescue me from Freja, I was confident that both of them had a way to contact each other. Hence, it was more reliable for Benson to pass the message.

Benson: Don't worry.

After receiving his confirmation, I deleted the chat records.

Meanwhile, Ashton had moved faster than I thought. The next afternoon, Nathaniel's subordinates brought him bad news.

"Mr. Hall, Desmond and Theodore have been arrested while the villa has been sealed by the police."

With both men from the inner circle apprehended, it was clear that the authorities had set their sight on the organization. It was not just a problem for low-level subordinates, even the leaders were in danger.

However, Garrett was overseas and consequently out of reach of the Chanaean police. Therefore, as the second-in-command of the organization, Nathaniel naturally became everyone's target.

Once the subordinate completed his report, he turned to me with a murderous gaze.

I obviously knew what was going through his mind. It wasn't a coincidence that all this happened right after Nathaniel brought me to the villa and allowed me the freedom to communicate.

Unfortunately for them, my goal wasn't just the villa. His suspicions were spot on, but it was a shame they came too early.

## **Chapter 1846 Traitor**

My innocence gave me the courage to act defiantly. I questioned, "What are you looking at me for? Are you suspecting me?"

"Are my suspicions misplaced?" Gritting his teeth, the subordinate ignored Nathaniel's presence.

Compared to the man in a suit, this man, who had scars all over his face, was a lot more vicious and intimidating.

Someone like him would never obey unconditionally. The moment he lost his temper, no one would be able to stop him.

Without sufficient confidence to challenge him, I deflected the matter to Nathaniel instead. "Do you feel the same way too?"

Nathaniel put his cigar back into his mouth and inhaled. After puffing out a cloud of smoke, he gradually turned around. In the midst of it, he narrowed his eyes at me. "It doesn't matter what I think. I want to hear your answer instead."

"No, I didn't," I answered readily.

"Fine, I believe you." Nathaniel looked at me calmly, as if he already expected it.

Ever since I threw the ring away, he seemed to have changed a lot. Putting that aside, his answer had driven a wedge between his subordinates and him.

"Mr. Hall, that woman is obviously"

Nathaniel didn't give him the opportunity to finish. "Enough, out you go. Going forward, don't come into the house. Whatever you have to say, we can talk in the yard."

"But--"

Just when he wanted to remonstrate further, he bit his tongue when Nathaniel shot him a piercing glance.

“Aren’t you the least bit suspicious?” I teased.

“Do you think I should?” Nathaniel threw the question back at me.

Not seeing it coming, I was stumped.

Nathaniel took another puff of his cigar and relished in the intoxication of nicotine. Then, he remarked in nonchalance, “Scarlett, I’m no longer the same person as before. From now on, I’ll trust you unconditionally.”

What does he mean? Is the cold-blooded devil suddenly repenting? What can he change? Can all the innocents he killed come back alive? No, they can’t.

“But,” Nathaniel suddenly added, “Everything that happened today will be on Ashton. Soon, all this will come to an end.”

As expected, a leopard never changes its spots.

After letting out a mocking laugh, I sneered, “You might as well hold me responsible for it. After all, if anything happens to Ashton, I wouldn’t want to live anymore. Hence, there’s no need for you to do this in a roundabout way.”

“You’re wrong.” Nathaniel didn’t bother looking at me. Instead, he stared blankly into space and commented, “I won’t kill him. But, I have my ways to make him suffer a fate worse than death.”

“How dare you!” I sprang to my feet in anger.

Unfazed, Nathaniel stubbed his cigar out on the ashtray. "Only then it's fair."

"Fair? All this while, you were the one trying to harm us by attacking Ashton first. What did he ever do to you?"

Nathaniel finally turned to look at me and grimly replied, "You did."

"Nonsense, since when-" I choked on my words when it dawned upon me what he meant.

Loving someone who didn't love you back was indeed a fate worse than death.

After staring at each other in silence, I turned around and left. He didn't follow me this time.

After all, there was nothing more to say, as everything was going according to plan.

When forced into a corner, I had no choice but to disregard my principles in an effort to protect my friends and family.

Against someone despicable, there was no point in maintaining them anyway.

The next day, I woke up early and prepared to go out and get some air.

The moment I came downstairs, I saw two uninvited guests in the form of Quince and Lucas.

Both of them sat gloomily at the table with their guns in front of them. The moment they saw me, Lucas stood up and pointed his gun at me. "B\*tch, Tell us the truth! Have you been planning this all along?"

Previously, both of them were cordial to me due to my relationship with Ashton. But now, one was holding me at gunpoint while the other didn't seem intent on intervening.

## **Chapter 1847 Summer**

At that moment, Nathaniel came out of his room and stood by my side. Looking down at Lucas, he admonished him, "Has no one ever taught you assh\*les any manners?"

"What did you say? Assh\*les? I dare you to say that again!" Triggered by Nathaniel's insult, Lucas unlocked the safety pin and cocked his gun.

Ignoring him, Nathaniel turned to me and said, "Let's go and have breakfast."

Just as he spoke, he calmly walked past Lucas' gun barrel and headed toward the dining room.

In the end, Lucas didn't fire.

Only then, did I follow and sit at the dining table with him.

Something must have happened for both of them to come by. Therefore, I made sure not to miss any crucial information at this point in time.

The moment I took my seat, Lucas ranted, "F\*ck, all of our men have been captured and this is entirely her fault! If not for her disallowing us to carry guns, our men wouldn't have been defeated. Da\*n it, I demand you do something about this!"

Nathaniel calmly glanced at him before turning his attention to the breakfast that was served. After laying his napkin, he picked up his fork and knife and began eating leisurely.

After swallowing his first mouthful, he continued cutting through his food and explained, "Without lifting a finger, they were easily arrested by the police and had their weapons taken away. No one was hurt throughout. Given how the enemy was defeated without a fight, your daughter has demonstrated how exceptional she is."

Stunned by his words, I recalled what happened at the club the other day. All I had wanted was for the thugs to dress in suits on the account of the club's reputation. However, I wasn't aware that Summer had such a massive plan up her sleeve.

After all, I had assumed that she had changed. Evidently, she was also using her own way to defeat these men, just like Ashton.

"Did you hear me?" Lucas exploded, brandishing his gun. "Listen to me, okay? I don't care who is the one behind this, I just want both of you to rescue my men!"

"I have no time to be bothered with your affairs." Nathaniel lowered his gaze to express his annoyance.

Outraged by Nathaniel's response, Lucas was about to take action but was quickly interrupted by Quince, who had been silent throughout. "Mr. Hall, do you mean that whatever Summer does, it has nothing to do with you? In that case, we no longer need your permission to do anything we want with her?"

Are they going to harm Summer?

Just when I was about to stop them by reflex, Nathaniel answered nonchalantly, "Do what you want."

His tone sounded as if Summer was someone irrelevant to him.

She might be so from his perspective, but not mine.

I waved my hands at Quince and Lucas at once. “No, he doesn’t mean that. Whatever Summer did, we will take responsibility. I will take responsibility, so don’t you dare do anything to harm her!”

Unfortunately, Quince ignored me and waited for an answer from Nathaniel instead. When he didn’t get a response, his expression darkened. He then raised his gun and hissed, “Nathaniel, you had better prepare to live with the consequences of your decision!”

After a brief pause, he added, “Let’s go!”

With that, he hurriedly left with Lucas.

Given that Nathaniel didn’t want to get involved, he naturally wouldn’t want to protect Summer. Even if just the two of them sought Summer out for revenge, it would pose an overwhelming threat to her, as these men were skilled assassins.

Therefore, Summer was no longer safe the moment both of them left.

When I darted out to stop them, they had already disappeared by the time I left the dining hall.

Given how furious they were, it was likely that they were already on their way to get Summer. Seized by rage, I roared at Nathaniel, “Have you gone mad? Why did you have to tell them that? Even if you don’t want to protect Summer, can’t you delay them with some excuse on my account? By saying what you said, Summer will die. Do you know that?”