

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1848-1852

## Chapter 1848 Losing Family

"It has nothing to do with me." Nathaniel continued eating indifferently as if nothing had happened. "Trying to understand you is difficult enough, and I have no interest in other women."

"You!" I was rendered speechless when I realized it was pointless to reason with him.

Without any time to think it through, I grabbed my bag and rushed toward the club.

On my way, I prayed that Quince and Lucas were terrible drivers so that I could beat them in getting there.

Unfortunately, luck wasn't on my side, as I was held up by three traffic lights consecutively. By the time I reached the club, one hour had passed.

Sitting in the car, I was already looking around anxiously before I arrived at the entrance.

Since it was out of business hours, there was only a couple of staff coming in and out of the club. Moreover, it didn't look like anything had happened.

With no time to waste, I stopped opposite the club, alighted, and prepared to walk in.

On my way there, I tried to call Summer but couldn't get through. I wasn't sure if it was just engaged, or she had changed her number. No matter what it was, I had to get to her as soon as possible.

Just when I was halfway across the street, I saw Summer coming out of the lobby with Jared beside her.

Didn't he already leave? Since when did he come back?

Nevertheless, there was no time for me to think. All I wanted to do was to warn Summer. Hence, I yelled at the top of my voice, "Summer! Go back quickly!"

Due to how far I was, Summer turned around when she heard my voice but didn't back away.

At the same time, one of the many cars parked in front of the club opened its doors.

Quince and Lucas suddenly appeared and aimed their guns at the club entrance.

"Run! Run!" I yelled, ignoring the passing cars.

The very next moment, their guns rattled away.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Quince and Lucas unleashed a hail of bullets in Summer's direction.

Just when my heart sank, Jared moved in front of Summer to shield her. In the blink of an eye, four to five bullets were peppered into his chest.

Many of the staff who happened to be around were also hit.

At the same time, a group of men in military uniform appeared out of nowhere and began firing.

Assailed by the fire, Quince and Lucas were shot and collapsed onto the ground in a pool of blood.

Before I could react, the piercing sound of a car honk grew increasingly loud in my ears.

The moment I turned, I saw a black sedan right in front of my eyes.

The next second, someone appeared from behind and pushed me to the ground.

With my head still spinning, I opened my eyes to be greeted by the sight of Ashton.

Before both of us could catch our breath, the car had already passed us by.

All that was left were the screams from the club.

The gun battle just now had caused quite a commotion. When the bystanders saw that the army had the situation under control, they surged ahead and formed a crowd in front of the club.

Meanwhile, Ashton helped me up and escorted me toward the crowd.

Many of the injured were brought into the club's main hall. By the time we were inside, Jared had already stopped breathing in Summer's arms.

Despite not saying a word, her eyes were already bloodshot. With tears raining from her eyes, anyone who saw her couldn't help but feel equally saddened.

To Summer, who had never seen how Jared harmed Macy, the man in her arms was a beloved father to her.

Hatred was temporary, but blood was thicker than water.

Now that he had died for her before she had the chance to call him "dad", she was filled with remorse that she could never get over.

Just when I wanted to comfort her, Ashton stopped me. "Let them be alone for a while."

After all, that was the last time they would be together.

When the thought struck me, I figured Ashton must've shared the same sentiment.

## Chapter 1849 Suicide

Just like that, we stayed by Summer's side quietly until the ambulance came and took Jared's body away.

After watching Summer leave together with the ambulance, I caught a glimpse of Nathaniel from the corner of my eye.

He was standing far behind the crowd as if he was a lonely spirit. Despite the distance, I could feel the animosity he emanated that seemed to warn everyone to keep their distance.

Although we were standing far apart, I was certain that he was looking at me.

In fact, I figured that he was already watching when Ashton dived to save me.

Instead of confronting me about it, he just wanted to convey the fact that he was aware of everything I was doing.

It was just like a husband who was unwilling to disturb the status quo despite knowing his wife was cheating on him. Even though the betrayal was obvious to all, both sides chose to remain oblivious instead.

Evidently, that was the choice he made.

By the time I reached home, feeling uneasy, Nathaniel was sitting on the sofa. He didn't question me nor did I say a word. The atmosphere was rather peaceful as if nothing had happened at all.

Since he didn't bring up the matter, I continued to play dumb. Staying by his side, I waited for the next opportunity to execute my plan.

The awkward tension lasted for about a week. One afternoon, Nathaniel came back home suddenly after having just left.

When I saw him barge in, I couldn't help but sneer, "What's wrong? Were you not able to resist checking on me? Are you going to revoke my freedom and privileges next?"

Nathaniel didn't respond to my taunts. After a long silence, he muttered grimly, "Nick is dead."

My body froze while still holding the remote. At the same time, I felt my heart sink.

The next moment, my heart pounded so fast that it felt numb, causing me to wonder if I had heard wrong.

After more than ten seconds, I looked at him doubtfully and remarked, "This joke of yours isn't funny at all."

He did promise me that as long as I didn't cry, he would allow Nick to live.

Despite having a questionable character, Nathaniel was still someone who kept his word to me.

Hence, I assumed that it was one of his tricks to break the ice between us.

Unfortunately, Nathaniel furrowed his brows suddenly. With an apologetic look on his face, he stared at me without rebutting.

His reaction caught me by surprise. I was looking forward to him telling me that it was nothing but a joke.

As panic slowly gripped me, I gulped and asked seriously, "Did you kill Nick?"

"Not me," Nathaniel clarified instantly. "He committed suicide by jumping from the same spot his mother did. Moreover, he didn't hesitate at all."

All of a sudden, I stopped breathing and could feel my heart squeezing so painfully that I could barely open my eyes.

As blood rushed into my brain, my nose began to fill with its stench.

Without any warning, I began to puke intensely. Holding onto the sofa for support, I was nothing but a total mess.

It wasn't until my stomach was empty that I finally stopped.

Meanwhile, when Nathaniel tried to comfort me a couple of times, I shoved him away. Just like a kid that had done something wrong, he stood there helplessly.

Since Nick had told me that he would live on for the child, I came to the conclusion that Nathaniel was behind his death. Pointing at him, I accused him in a harrowing tone, "It's you! You're the one that pushed him down. You're the murderer! I will never forgive you and will haunt you even after I'm dead! I will kill you and dice you into pieces so that Nick and Rose can have their revenge!"

Just as I spoke, I charged at him and strangled him by the neck with all my might.

In spite of that, Nathaniel didn't dodge and allowed me to suffocate him till his face turned red. Even though his neck was resisting stiffly, he still didn't budge. In fact, he broke into a smile as if he was looking forward to it.

## **Chapter 1850 It Is Time**

At that moment, he wanted to die by my hand, but I couldn't allow it to happen while Ashton was still in the organization.

As long as the organization wasn't destroyed, someone else would just replace Nathaniel in the event of his death. Consequently, Ashton, as an undercover agent, and I, as Nathaniel's killer, would still be in danger.

Gritting my teeth, I desperately suppressed my urge to kill him. A long while passed before I finally released him and fell back onto the sofa.

"Are you reluctant to let me die?" Nathaniel coughed for quite a bit before he caught his breath. Reading my thoughts, he smiled wryly, "I'm surprised you couldn't bring yourself to kill me."

That wasn't it. My true goal was to make sure I eradicate him completely from my world.

But, I wasn't going to tell him that.

Lowering my head, I allowed his imagination to run wild.

Sometimes, it was one's expectation that would end up killing one.



After a long while, Nathaniel finally regained his composure. He then took out a piece of folded paper from his pocket and handed it to me.

Shooting a glance at it, I refused to take it, as I was wary that it was one of his tricks.

Sensing my apprehension, Nathaniel nudged the paper toward me. "Nick left this."

When he noticed how doubtful I was, he explained, "It's up to you whether you want to believe me or not. I have killed so many people that there's no reason why I would not admit to one more. However, I really had nothing to do with Nick's death."

After he finished, he locked eyes with me before placing the piece of paper on the table. Then, he turned around and left the room.

It wasn't until his figure had disappeared from my sight that I heaved a sigh of relief. When I finally calmed down, I endured the burning sensation in my nose and picked up the paper.

The moment I recognized Nick's handwriting, I sobbed uncontrollably.

Nick: I'm going to be with my wife, as I have caused her to wait for too long in this life. I hope our next life together will be better.

Despite how short the message was, it was filled with guilt and longing.

I could imagine how happy they were over the last few years. If not for the accident, they would have lived a long and blissful life by each other's side.

Only in tragedy did their love turn into a story worthy to be told. At that moment, I had wished that I wouldn't have heard their story at all. At the very least, it meant that they would still be happily alive.

Nevertheless, the suicide note in my hand reminded me that both of them had left this world.

I consoled myself with the thought that there would be no one to break them up wherever they were.

It took me a long while before I could pull myself out of my sorrow. After washing my face, I kept the note in my cabinet before getting changed.

Standing in front of the mirror, I knew that it was time.

I took out my phone and called the only number on the contact list.

Soon, Nathaniel's voice rang out. "And here I was, thinking that you would never call this number."

It was obviously a sarcastic statement. After all, that was the only number inside the phone when he gave it to me.

"Where are you?" Not in the mood for jokes, I spoke candidly, "I have made my decision. I want to be the official Mrs. Hall."

After a brief silence, he asked in an uncertain tone, "Are you sure?"

"That's what I feel like now. Who knows I might change my mind anytime," I replied in an arbitrary manner. "Regardless of what it is, I feel like I need to understand you better. If you're still keen, come back and pick me up."

“Of course, I’m still keen.” Nathaniel hesitated for a while before adding, “Unfortunately, I can’t come today as a group of important people want to see me personally. Hence, I’ll be out of the country over the next seven days.”

“Don’t you think this a good opportunity to introduce me?” I laid out my bait. “Of course, if you’re confident that I won’t change my mind in seven days, you can go right ahead.”

With that, I ended the call before Nathaniel could even answer.

After that, I sent a message to Benson’s men: It’s time, please lock on to my location.

The moment I sent the message out, I received Nathaniel’s reply: Get yourself changed and wait for me at home.

Having read the text calmly, I walked around the house that used to belong to Ashton and me. Then, I sat patiently in the living room and waited.

## **Chapter 1851 Success Is Close**

Around one hour later, the sound of Nathaniel’s car could be heard. Without any hesitation, I got into the car and sat beside him.

“It’s going to be uncomfortable where we’re going. Are you sure you’re up to it?” Nathaniel asked.

“Don’t underestimate me. I am, after all, someone that caught your eye. I’m not going to disgrace you,” I answered indifferently.

Smirking in response, Nathaniel ordered the driver, "Drive."

One hour later, we arrived at a golf course on the outskirts of the city. There, we boarded a helicopter and headed for Loang.

Just as Nathaniel had said, he was the only person in the business that was a germaphobe and suffered from obsessive-compulsive disorder.

All I saw were men in messy clothing and bases filled with wooden structures. The drug lords there looked like vagabonds while some of the other bases didn't even have toilets. Hence, one had to do one's business out in the wild.

The only good thing being by Nathaniel's side was that I had access to a hot bath before I slept every night.

There, even the children were given guns. To them, human life was worth less than animals.

What shocked me the most were the children. Instead of playing with toys, they gathered in a circle playing poker, where the winner got to shoot the loser to death. After that, the children would drag the loser's body aside in a nonchalant manner before continuing with their game. Those that survived would go on to join the drug cartel.

During the entire seven days, we went to a total of thirteen different countries and met with most of Nathaniel's direct competitors.

No one really treated me as Mrs. Hall. Instead, they just assumed that Nathaniel had finally discovered how amazing women are. In fact, they even commented brazenly on my body and looks behind Nathaniel's back. They were of the opinion that Nathaniel should've found someone younger.

Despite how uncouth they were, they treated me with respect on the account of Nathaniel's status. Moreover, I even managed to avoid all security checks which allowed my phone to continue transmitting my location.

On the afternoon of the ninth day, our trip came to an end as we returned to K City.

After dropping me off at home, Nathaniel went to deal with the problems elsewhere.

As for me, I washed up quickly and picked Gregory up from school before heading to John's place.

The moment I entered, I handed my phone to Gregory. "Sweetheart, did you manage to trace my location over the last few days?"

"Mmm-hmm." Gregory nodded. "I saw that you were overseas for a long time. Why didn't you take me and Audrey with you?"

"I'll take both of you when I have the opportunity next time." I tousled his hair with a smile and added, "Now, please help me extract the data of where I have been. Select the places that I have spent more than one hour in."

"Sure." Now that he was experienced, Gregory went about it more efficiently. In slightly more than ten minutes, he had completed the task.

"It's done, Mommy. I have compressed the data into a document and stored it on my desktop. Do you want me to send it to your phone?"

"No." I carefully stopped Gregory from pressing the send button. Then, I brought out the note with Benson's number. "Send it to this one instead."

Although Gregory looked surprised when he saw the number, he did as he was told without any questions.

In less than a minute, the computer prompted that the transfer was a success.

As a result, I let out a sigh of relief.

After all, success was now within our grasp. Watching what had just happened, John interrupted, "Destroy the original tracking program so that you don't leave a trail."

John was right. Once the overseas bases were compromised, Nathaniel's suspicions would definitely be raised. Therefore, it was necessary for me to destroy all evidence.

Looking at Gregory, who was waiting for my answer, I patted him on the shoulder. "Follow Uncle John's instructions."

"Okay." All of a sudden, Gregory seemed to turn into an emotionless android. Turning around, he began furiously typing away on his computer.

## **Chapter 1852 Into A Corner**

While waiting for Gregory to be done, John served me a cup of warm milk. "Drink it. Look at you now, you're as thin as a rake."

"Better thin than being shot dead," I teased him before drinking half the milk.

Despite being annoyed, John's expression became serious. He suggested, "Now that you have the data, you shouldn't return to his side. Given how unpredictable he is, he might harm you anytime."

"Hmm?" I shook my head at once. "No, with me there, he won't try to flee. This matter has tormented me for years. It's time we end this."

"Since you have made up your mind, you should just get it done. Don't worry about Gregory, Emma and I will take care of him," John finally relented.

Just as he finished, Gregory was also done. John jolted for a moment when he tried to reach out and stroke Gregory's hair. After switching to his good hand, he completed what he set out to do.

Concerned by what I saw, I asked softly, "Have you been going to the physio recently?"

"How can I not?" John replied in a half-joking manner. "Emma would skin me alive if I don't."

I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "In that case, you'd better obey her."

John shrugged his shoulders without saying a word.

After a few days, I received a message from Benson: The operation has begun.

I deleted it and pretended that nothing had happened while I continue to stay by Nathaniel's side.

Ever since we went overseas together, he lowered his guard against me and brought me along wherever he went.

One week later, Benson, in collaboration with other foreign forces, finally raided the bases, dealing a significant blow to Nathaniel's organization. Consequently, Garrett ordered Nathaniel to bring me in for questioning, but all he did was end the call in silence.

Two days later, when Nathaniel and I returned home, we saw Garrett, who was supposed to be overseas, sitting in the living room. At the same time, the entire house was swarmed with armed bodyguards in suits which felt extremely intimidating.

Upon hearing footsteps, Garrett turned to look at the door with a piercing gaze. From the look in his eyes, I could tell that he seemed intent on tearing me apart.

Under normal circumstances, Garrett would stay overseas to avoid the police. But this time, he took the risk of returning personally due to Nathaniel's refusal to carry out his instruction.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel paused at the door momentarily before holding my hand and leading me in. Standing beside the sofa, he greeted respectfully, "Mr. Jensen."

In response, Garrett gradually stood up and slapped Nathaniel on his face. At the same time, he gritted his teeth and berated, "Nathaniel, do you know what sort of present you have given me? Hmm? The attacks on our bases have caused me to suffer a massive loss!"

The final slap even threw Nathaniel's face to the side.

Turning his face back in silence, Nathaniel didn't utter a word of protest.

Unfortunately, that wasn't enough to quell Garrett's anger. After giving me the side-eye, he returned to his seat in annoyance and ordered, "Kill that woman."

With that, all the bodyguards in the house raised their weapons. It was followed by the sound of cocking guns echoing through the house.



All of a sudden, Nathaniel screamed at the top of his lungs, "Go ahead and fire if you want everyone here to die!"

Holding back from pulling the trigger, everyone looked toward Garrett for further instructions.

However, before Garrett could say a word, Nathaniel revealed his trump card. "The entire house has been planted with enough explosives to level it to the ground. Mr. Jensen, please don't force me into a corner."

Suddenly, I felt a chill down my spine when I realized that Nathaniel had such a terrifying plan in place.