

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1813-1817

## Chapter 1813 A Fleeting Moment Together

He buried his head into my neck, and his unshaved beard grazed my cheek a little. At the very next second, a drop of warm tear dripped onto me, igniting all the emotions I worked hard to suppress.

"Ashton!"

I was so overwhelmed that I didn't care if it was all a dream. I didn't care that I might wake up and lose him again, either. As soon as I turned around, I threw my arms around him and buried my face in his chest. His familiar scent came to me, and I greedily took it all in.

The room was dark, so there was no way to see anything clearly. I had to tap on him a few times and pinch myself a little. The pain confirmed what I already know. I wasn't hallucinating!

"You're really here!" I couldn't be bothered to behave anymore, so I draped my arm around him.

My hand caressed his face in the dark, and my mind conjured an image of his face.

"You must've really let yourself go." I was grinning sadly when I uttered those words to joke about his uneven beard. The mere thought of Ashton looking strangely mature had me giggling a little, though.

Ashton put his hand on the back of my head and led me closer to his chest. Only then was he able to sigh in relief. "I honestly thought that you were trying to commit suicide, so I haven't been sleeping the past couple of days."

My heart ached for him when I heard that. Hence, I gestured for him to release me from his embrace and said, "Now that you've seen me, you know that I'm fine. Go home and rest up, or exhaustion will kill you before Nathaniel could make his move."

"Ten minutes. Give me another ten minutes. I'm too tired and need a quick recharge. Can I just stay for a while?"

He was obviously stalling, but his tone was so sweet and helpless that I couldn't bear to push him away. In a way, I had no choice but to let him do as he pleased.

He described it as a quick recharge, but he didn't rest for long before he shared, "When I heard about how you got hurt, I went and stayed guard at the exit closest to the ER. I had everything planned, and if you had died, I would've marched right in to kill that a\*shole. After that, I would take my own life so that our souls could reunite."

"I worried, even after they told me that you had survived. That was why I messed things up for Nathaniel every day and made it so that he had to leave to handle the issue. It took me some time, but I eventually created a small window of opportunity to come to visit. I'm sorry. This is my fault for not making you feel secure enough."

"I think the antidepressants you have been taking are messing with your memories. Letty, I want to tell you this in person. I trust you, and I will always trust you. What I did that day, and how I behaved... It was all to trick Nathaniel, so please... please don't ever think about hurting yourself again."

He looked as though he had been wanting to say all that for a while, and he seemed more relaxed after he got them all out. That prompted him to switch to a more comfortable position and held me tightly in his arms.

"Also, the last time..."

At that point, I was already crying, so I couldn't continue listening to what he had to say. Hence, I interrupted him with a tease. I even had both my hands on his lips before I said, "Oh my, Mr. Fuller, you are so naggy. The thing is, Ashton, you have to know that your wife's acting still is just as good as yours. I timed both the shooting incident and the car accident perfectly and knew that I would survive both. Don't worry. I'm not suicidal. I have too much to live for. Just promise me this one thing, okay? Don't be distracted by what I do and focus only on destroying our enemy."

Ashton didn't reply to anything. Instead, he made some incoherent noise.

"Will you promise me?" I sensed that something was off as soon as I was done speaking. That was when I realized that my hands were still on his lips, so I put them down to let him talk.

Ashton sighed and replied, "I think it's more probable that I die from being too worried about you."

I refuted, "It's like the old wives' tale said — dying for a beautiful woman is the most worthy cause there is, so you're not allowed to complain about it, even if you die."

Ashton chuckled and replied, "I wouldn't even dream of complaining." His hug tightened a little, and his tone was filled with reluctance when he said, "I have to go now."

The joy in my heart dissipated instantly. I hugged him back and nodded. "Okay..."

I said those words, but I couldn't get myself to put my arms down.

We held each other in silence for another minute before Ashton finally took the initiative to let go of me. He got out of bed after that and left without saying another word.

I placed my hand on his side of the bed. The warmth he left behind was slowly fading away, and I felt as though the mattress had suddenly become too empty.

I was lost in my thoughts for a while and kept replaying everything in my mind. A thought flashed past my mind, and it made me tremble. Before I knew it, I had already turned around and had hastily turned on the lamps.

The bright lights illuminated the room, and I turned around to see that the sheets on the other side of the bed had crumpled up. That was the proof that Ashton was there earlier.

### **Chapter 1814 Shopping Spree**

I lost all desire to sleep and ended up sitting numbly on the bed until morning rolled by.

Sharing that moment with Ashton had given me a huge boost, and I was able to get off the bed for the first time after I was discharged. At seven o'clock in the morning, I hopped out of bed and went to make breakfast.

I saw Nathaniel walking up the stairs as soon as he got back. He must've hurried back down those stairs when he realized that I wasn't in my room because I saw him walking to the phone immediately after. He stopped punching the numbers into his phone as soon as he saw me leaving the kitchen.

Meeting his gaze, I calmly gestured to the two plates I had with me and asked, "Would you like to have breakfast together?"

The furious expression on Nathaniel's face faded away and was replaced by warmth and disbelief. He nodded and replied, "Yeah."

For a moment there, we were so quiet that only the sound of slurping and gulping could be heard. I noticed that Nathaniel was eating slowly, but he would sneak a peek at me every now and then.

That got me to roll my eyes at him and nonchalantly asked, "Will you stop messing with those things?"

"Huh?" He seemed taken aback. It took him some time before he realized what I was talking about, and that stunned him. When he came around, he asked, "Will you accept me if I do as you asked?"

I shrugged and replied, "I don't know, but at the very least, I'll hate you less."

Nathaniel's expression stiffened. To my surprise, he actually said, "Then I'll think about it."

That was not the best result, but at least it was not the worst response, either.

We were quiet for a moment there, but he later broke the silence by saying, "I invited Emery out on your behalf. If you're free after this, you should take a walk with her. It'd help you recover."

His kind gesture surprised me, but he fished out a card over at the very next second. Then, he pushed that card over and informed, "It's not password-protected."

I shot a look at the card, then at Nathaniel before I pointed out, "Money can't buy love."

"I know," replied Nathaniel as he cut his sausage up. "The problem is that your card is lost, and it'd take some time before a replacement is made. You can't exactly have your friends pick up the tab this entire time, right?"

I teased, "How thoughtful of you."

"I am so much more than that, and you will learn, bit by bit, just how great I am," replied Nathaniel with a straight face.

I had no intention of listening to him bragging nonstop, so I kept the card and replied, "Then I'll just keep this card. Let's eat up."

Nathaniel's lips parted, and he looked as though he had more to say. That prompted me to signal him to keep quiet when eating.

Only then did Nathaniel stop talking.

After breakfast, I took up on Nathaniel's offer and went to the most luxurious mall in the city center with Emery. That shopping spree must've cost a fortune because I never bothered holding back.

However, Emery felt bad about it, so she dragged me into a cafe and put a pause on my shopping spree.

"With a tip like that, the waitress can go on a year-long vacation," said Emery as she stirred the cup of coffee she had with her.

Annoyed, I complained, "It'd be a shame to not spend this money, anyway. You know, I think I'll withdraw some funds from this card and donate it to a third-world country. This money is tainted with blood, anyway, so donating it will at least get some good out of it. You should take everything we bought earlier. Keep whatever you like and donate the rest." I had just finished speaking when Emery's phone rang. She picked it up, but mere seconds later, she handed the phone over and said, "It's for you."

She mouthed the words — "It's Nathaniel" — as she gave me the phone.

I answered the phone impatiently and growled into it. "What? Was I supposed to report back to you or something?"

I had only been out for less than three hours, so I was annoyed. I just can't get a break, can I?

Nathaniel chuckled and informed, "I'm just calling to remind you to come home earlier tonight. We'll have guests for dinner."

I didn't bother showing any mercy and was quick to say, "So what? They're your guests, not mine, so why should I bother showing up? Who do you think I am? An escort?"

It was possible that Nathaniel liked being yelled at because I could've sworn that I sensed his amusement. It was almost as though the more I yelled at him, the happier he was.

I heard him chuckling soon after. In a devious tone, he reminded, "I saw the bank statement, Scarlett, and you spent quite a bit of my money. Isn't it only right that you do something for me in return?"

This is all a trap!

"You're the one who gave me the card, so why are you demanding that I pay you back now?"

Nathaniel calmly shared, "Does that mean you don't plan on paying me back?"

"You..."

I was so angry that I hung up the call and gritted my teeth. If I could, I would've thrown that stupid card right to his stupid face.

A conman. He is such a freaking, good-for-nothing conman!

In less than a minute, my phone vibrated. The text Nathaniel sent over read: I'll be waiting at home. See you there.

"F\*ck you, you a\*shole!" Anger was burning so wildly in me that it prompted me to cuss aloud. Many turned their attention over when they heard me. Even Emery was taken aback. "Didn't you say that Nathaniel is in love with you? Why did he make you so angry?"

## **Chapter 1815 The Note**

I didn't really know how to explain the situation, so I handed the phone back to Emery instead. After that, I said, "It's a long story, but I'll need to return all the items we bought earlier."

"There's no need to be in such a hurry. Shopping is supposed to be a relaxing event, and if we rush over like that, the entire experience won't be relaxing," replied Emery. Her words were calm and philosophical, and she looked graceful when she sipped some coffee.

The way she acted made it impossible for the burning rage inside me to survive. In a way, I had no choice but to follow her suit and enjoyed the exquisite coffee.

Just then, a couple of rich men's wives entered the cafe. One of the more observant wives saw Emery and me sitting at our table, which was out in the open. The observant wife came over to say, "Hi, Ms. Moore and Mrs... Ah, sorry, I mean, Ms. Stovall. What a coincidence. Do you both like this cafe as well?"

Emery was practically a professional when it came to small talks. She grinned and replied, "Yeah, this place is quite nice, and the environment is great."

One of the cafe's main attractions was its serene environment and silent ambiance.

Most could tell that Emery had no intention of sharing the table with anyone.

Unfortunately, the woman who greeted us was socially blind. She walked to the seat beside Emery and sat right down. To make matters worse, the former showed no hesitance when she said, "Please move further in, Ms. Moore. We have too many people here."

Emery's expression took a sharp change, and she looked infuriated. Still, she was forced into the innermost part and couldn't even stretch her legs.

I suffered the same fate as she did.

With ladies squeezing in from both sides, it was impossible for me to even catch a breath. Emery and I turned to one another, and I imagined I looked just as hopeless as she did at that moment.

We were signaling to each other and were about to sneak away when someone gently nudged my right foot.

I instinctively shifted my gaze over and realized that the woman sitting on my right had put her hand over. She had a note with her at the time. The second she realized that she had gotten my attention, she dropped the note onto my skirt.

While all that was playing out under the table, the mysterious woman leaned in as though everything was fine. She acted like she had been paying close attention to the gossip shared.

I didn't bother analyzing anything and was quick to hold that note in my palm. After that, I stood up and shouted, "Enough! Goodness, you people are noisy. Move aside, I'm leaving."

Emery turned to me and stared as though she was looking at an angel from heaven. Her eyes shone with appreciation and respect as she stood up soon after and helped me. "You heard her. Get the hell out of here, you socially blind idiots!"

Our outbursts frightened the others and forced them to make way for us.

We left the cafe right then. Following the restroom signage above my head, I then dragged Emery with me.

The first thing I did was to check every stall and make sure that no one else was inside. Only then did I reveal the note to Emery.

"Where did you get that from?" asked Emery nervously as she stopped fixing her makeup.

I answered honestly. "It's from one of the ladies who barged in."

"Ah, everything makes sense now. I was wondering how a rich woman from K City could be that socially blind. It turns out that it's all just part of their plan," murmured Emery. "Go on. Read the note."

I unfolded the note to read the content. “Map received. The analysis is in progress. Call the following number if an emergency occurs.”

The map was a huge clue, and I could more or less guess who the note was from. “Benson sent them.”

“Benson? As in Alexander’s brother?” asked Emery.

I nodded and replied, “Yeah. Nathaniel brought me to an island once, and that island is where he manufactures all of his products. I memorized the general location and had Alexander share the location with Benson.”

Emery nodded without saying anything else.

The situation had me thinking for a while and prompted me to say, “Emery, borrow me your phone. Nathaniel’s bank account might contain some information that could help Benson with his investigation. I’ll send him a photo of the card Nathaniel gave me.”

I did all that and memorized the emergency number before flushing the note down the toilet. After that, Emery and I left the restroom as though everything was fine.

We didn’t want to raise any suspicion, so we browsed another mall and made some small talks with some friends before we headed home.

Emery didn’t stay after dropping me off. She claimed that Summer was asking for her, so I didn’t make Emery stay, either.

**Chapter 1816 An Awkward Meal**

When I reached home, I saw a few luxurious cars parked at the gate. I assumed they belonged to Nathaniel's guests, so I didn't pay much attention to them.

However, I soon learned that it was a mistake. The moment I entered the place, I saw Cameron and Zachary sitting there.

"Mom? Dad? What are you doing here?"

I had just placed the bags aside when I heard John saying, "Emma and I are here, too."

I couldn't make heads or tails of what was going on and had to ask for help by signaling John.

John wasn't free to say anything, but he discreetly gestured for me to look in the direction of the staircase.

I followed his line of sight and saw Nathaniel walking down the stairs in a casual outfit. As he did so, he said, "I asked everyone to come over because I know that you miss hanging out with your family. Did I guess right?"

He had made his way to me by then. His eyes looked straight into mine as he added, "I know you lost a lot in the past, and I will get everything back for you."

I was exasperated when I saw how strangely confident he seemed, but I didn't complain or anything.

Nathaniel was there when things between John and me fell apart, so I had no idea why Nathaniel thought that he could fix that broken siblinghood.

The truth was that things between John and I were fine, but we still had to keep the pretenses up.

That made everything super awkward. Nathaniel tried his best to behave like an easy-going guy, but his obnoxiousness still made him talk as though he was a king ordering his subordinates around.

“The two of you are Scarlett’s parents, so you should move here. That way, the whole family can be together. And come on, John, man up, and stop throwing a tantrum. Let’s forget about all that unhappy past after having a meal together. When the sun rises again, you and Scarlett will return to being siblings who love and respect each other.”

No one responded to Nathaniel’s words, and the aura of the place became so overwhelming that it was hard to breathe.

It reached the point where I simply couldn’t handle it anymore. I didn’t want Nathaniel to keep making things so awkward for everyone, so I smashed a plate and yelled, “That’s enough! I will solve the matter between me and my family. You don’t need to be our middleman.”

I ran to my room and slammed the door. Fury burned in my veins as I stood in front of the window.

Nathaniel entered the room soon after.

He carefully closed the door and walked toward me. There was a pause when he stood behind me, but his hesitation didn’t last long. Soon enough, his long arms stretched over as he tried to hold me in his arms.

Yet, I moved to the side to avoid his hug.

As a result, his arms hung awkwardly in the air. All his stunned gaze saw was my furious glare when our eyes met.

Nathaniel retracted his arm right away and shoved his hands in his pocket before sighing deeply. “I honestly don’t know what you’re so angry about.”

It was only natural that someone like him would not understand what was going on. Anyone with even a smidge of conscience and morality would be able to empathize with the situation. No one could pretend that nothing had happened after learning that someone close to them had chosen to aid an inhumane criminal like Nathaniel. It was only natural that it’d take some time to fix a broken trust, and they couldn’t accept someone like Nathaniel as one of their own.

Hence, Nathaniel wasn’t doing anything for my sake. He was humiliating my family and me.

There was a difference between being an upstanding man and a horrendous demon, and he could not switch from one to the other with just a simple gesture.

The silence dragged on for a while. Nathaniel eventually showed his displeasure toward the glare he was given. He furrowed his thick brows and asked, “Isn’t a family reunion what you wanted all along?”

What I want is for you to never exist! I want you to disappear!

Nathaniel could never understand the pain he caused. I could tell that he still stubbornly thought that he could change everything. It was just like how he assumed that he even had the slightest shot at replacing the love Ashton and I shared for over a decade.

I glared over without saying a thing. At that moment, it felt as though I was looking at a foolish clown.

Nathaniel sighed exasperatedly. He sounded annoyed when he asked, “You still miss Ashton, don’t you?”

I refuted, "Well, what do you expect? I have loved that man ever since I learned what love is, so there is no way I can just pretend that he was never a part of my life. Getting over that relationship will take time, and I don't even know how long. Besides, you promised that you would help me move on, but you keep talking about him. Seriously, if you're that bothered about my past with him, you can just get out of here. You don't need to stay here and look at this face."

Nathaniel suddenly chuckled. His eyes didn't shine with a murderous glow, but loneliness and self-mockery were abundant. "You'd only talk to me... or at least yell at me when I mention Ashton."

### **Chapter 1817 Argument**

Nathaniel was right about that. Ashton had occupied every inch of my mind and heart.

Good. Suffer in jealousy and boil in pain, Nathaniel. You deserve it.

I didn't say anything even as I stared heartlessly at him.

That was what he deserved.

"You make me feel like I deserve this pain," said Nathaniel while tilting his head down. He looked so pitiful at that moment.

The light only managed to illuminate a part of his face, but his long eyelashes were still visible. They were thick and beautiful, proving that the Hall family's genes were superior.

Unfortunately, his beauty was his only good attribute. Everything else was horrible.

It didn't take long before he started muttering, "It's fine. This is not your fault. I'm doing this out of my own free will."

Nathaniel paused for a moment. His spirit glowed with determination once more, and when he looked at me, his eyes shone with compromise. "I'm at fault. I didn't do a good job and haven't learned how to be a decent man. Will you teach me how to be that man? Tell me how I can grow to be the man you can love."

Right at that moment, I learned just how ridiculous a man could be when he was in love. Nathaniel was lying to himself and was in denial. He used to be the man who wanted to be my one and only, but now... Now, he was so pitiful that he simply wanted me to look his way.

All that crushed the last bit of sanity I had left in me.

I crossed my arm and secretly massaged myself to warm myself up. Then, I turned over calmly to say, "You can't do what I ask of you, but keep making random gestures that I never wanted. You may claim that you love me and may say that you're doing everything for my sake, but all I see is how you did all that to present yourself as the hero. In short, we are too different, and there is nothing I can teach you."

Nathaniel's expression changed once more. At that moment, I could almost see the black and terrifyingly chilly aura exuding out of him.

Is he angry? Are my words too harsh and unbearable? Good! Suffer, you jerk. It won't be fair until this jealousy slowly consumes your sanity and teaches you what it feels like to suffer from insomnia and a complete loss of appetite.

The agonizing silence dragged on. Nathaniel broke that silence by spitting his words through his gritted teeth. "Ashton never loved you, but you keep changing your stance and belief for him. On the other hand, I have done nothing but compromise for you. Yet, you repay me with this sort of insanely strict treatment. That is not fair, Scarlett!"

I found those words to be hilarious. He was the criminal who ignored the value of others' lives and thrived on wreaking havoc. Yet, he wanted equal treatment.

If being fair was essential, then what was Nathaniel going to do about the ruined lives he was responsible for? Ashton's life, my life, the bullet that Joseph had endured... What could Nathaniel even do to begin making up for all that?

The funniest bit, however, was that I noticed Nathaniel couldn't stop talking about Ashton. That proved that Nathaniel wasn't in love with me. He was just like Rebecca, but he was more extreme, insane, and possessive. His desire to prove that he was better than Ashton was overwhelming as well.

Unfortunately, I couldn't share all my thoughts just like that. I had no choice but to be patient and play my part, so I said, "Okay, that's fair. You're right, and I am sorry. I am partially responsible for the mess today, so we're even now.

"Still, I wish that you will stop inviting my family over without consulting me first. Our family has a tradition, and it will be impossible for them to accept you. Please don't do anything to force them to do anything. I owe them too much as it is, and I don't want to trouble them again."

"Okay, I can do that. I promise I won't get in touch with your family again," agreed Nathaniel. He looked more at ease at the time.

I murmured an affirmative reply before uncrossing my arms and letting them rest naturally at the side. I had to make my body language show that I had temporarily lowered my guard.

"It's just... Scar..." said Nathaniel all of a sudden. He got his hand out of his pocket, but he had a diamond ring with him when he did so.

That ring had a pink diamond, and the diamond was so polished that it shone with different colors.

“In return, I’d like you to put this on. For me,” requested Nathaniel while showing me the ring.

A ring was a sign of a lifetime of commitment, and it often represented as one of the most romantic gifts.

For a moment there, I was stunned in place. I didn’t even know when he started thinking about being with me for the rest of our lives, so I stood there. My brain couldn’t even come up with a single word to say.

“Put it on so that it’ll remind me to never give up on us and to do everything you ask,” shared Nathaniel.

I challenged, “Do everything I ask? Even if I tell you to drop dead?”

“Yes, even if you tell me to drop dead,” replied Nathaniel as persistence shone brightly in his eyes.

“Okay.” After that, I grabbed the ring and put it on. “Satisfied?”