

Chapter 4 Nothing To Lose

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"Rowley! Wait up, Rowley!" Natalie called out.

She needed an explanation.

What was Rowley doing here?

Why didn't he try to look for her?

At the entrance of the bar, Natalie stopped Rowley. Still a little tipsy from all the alcohol, she anxiously rambled about what had happened last night.

"Flora and Alisha set me up. Come with me. Let's explain everything to your parents so that we can fix this and get married."

Looking at Natalie, Rowley said expressionlessly, "It's too late."

Natalie's blood ran cold. Wondering if she had misheard, she asked slowly, "What do you mean, Rowley? What's going on?"

Natalie had a sinking feeling that something bad happened. Flora must've prepared something in advance since she dared plot against her boldly.

Otherwise, Rowley would've come to her as soon as he found out that Alisha was his bride.

Rowley carefully looked around as if he was checking to see if anyone was watching them. Then he pulled Natalie to an isolated and quiet corner.

"Natalie, listen to me." Rowley wrapped his arms around Natalie. "I heard that you were sent to the Braxton family instead of Alisha. I've been worried about you all night. Are you okay?"

The memories from last night came flooding into her mind once more.

"Rowley, I'm fine, but..."

Natalie bit her lip. She knew that Rowley would find out about her secrets sooner or later.

She was about to explain herself when Rowley suddenly interrupted her.

"That's good. I'm sorry. After I straighten out the matter of my inheritance and take full control of the O'Brien family, I'll marry you. I promise."

"What do you mean?" Natalie felt both stunned and confused.

"Natalie, when I found out that the bride wasn't you, it was too late." Rowley lowered his head guiltily. "And then Alisha promised to help me become the heir of the O'Brien family. Don't worry. As long as my family issues are resolved, I'll divorce Alisha and marry you."

At that moment, Natalie felt that the man in front of her was a total stranger.

She was not a fool and didn't buy a word he said.

Rowley was an illegitimate son and had no right to compete for the position of heir.

It turned out that Alisha had convinced Rowley that she could help him seize the control over his family.

Natalie didn't know why Rowley was sure that Alisha could help him, nor did she want to think about it. Looking at Rowley's face, she felt as if he might as well have stabbed her in the heart with a knife.

"Is this the reason why you abandoned me? So that you can become an heir?"

"Natalie, I didn't abandon you. I just want to give you the best things in life in the future. I do love you, but you can't help me now. Alisha can help me."

Rowley grasped Natalie's shoulders. "Give me one year—no, half a year. I'll marry you then."

Every word stabbed at Natalie's heart. This was the man she had loved for a year, but now, he was abandoning her for power and wealth.

"No, Rowley. It was stupid of me to fall in love with you," Natalie said coldly, shrugging off Rowley's hands.

Even though Natalie had already mentally prepared herself for this moment, she still felt empty inside when she found out that the reason why she was abandoned was that she could not help him.

"Natalie..." Rowley wanted to comfort Natalie, but when he saw Alisha approaching, he quickly distanced himself from Natalie and changed his attitude drastically. "Natalie, why are you so shameless? How dare you seduce your sister's husband?"

Hearing that, Natalie was stunned. Then she saw Alisha and understood what was happening.

She sneered and laughed at herself bitterly.

How blind she was!

"Rowley, there you are!" Alisha walked over with her head held high. She linked arms with Rowley naturally, provoking Natalie on purpose. "Natalie, you're here, too. Eww, you reek of alcohol. Why do you drink so much?"

Natalie didn't even look at Alisha. Her eyes were trained on Rowley, full of disappointment.

Rowley didn't dare to look at Natalie and turned his face away.

Natalie sneered, "Rowley, I hope you get what you want."

This simple statement was like a slap in Rowley's face.

"Enough, Natalie. Quit making a scene here!" Rowley concealed his shame with anger. "I'm glad I didn't marry you, or I'd have regretted it! How could I marry an alcoholic? Please remember that Alisha's my wife now. Know your place."

After saying that, Rowley turned around and stormed off.

Natalie watched him leave, her eyes welling up with tears.

Seeing the helpless look on Natalie's face, Alisha smiled complacently. "How dare you try to steal my man? You don't deserve him. You're perfect for that disabled, ugly, dying man from the Braxton family. It's a pity you didn't marry him in the end."

"Alisha Rivera." Natalie gritted her teeth. "How are you so arrogant in front of me? I'm the legitimate daughter. Your mother's just a mistress, and it seems you've followed in her footsteps. Oh, and Rowley's also an illegitimate son. You're right. I don't deserve him. But you two are a perfect match!"

In the past, even if Natalie was seething with rage, she never would've said such harsh words.

Alisha was so angry that her face turned purple. "Natalie, what the hell are you talking about? Your mother's the mistress! Dad fell in love with my mom first, and it was your mother who took him away from her. Both you and your mother are bitches, and you're nothing but a slut who tried to steal my man."

As if her insults weren't enough, Alisha raised her hand to hit Natalie.

At this point, Natalie had nothing to lose. She had already suffered injustice and abuse in the Rivera family for over a decade. And now, she was set up by Flora and Alisha. She could no longer hold back her anger.

Natalie rolled up her sleeves and gritted her teeth, ready to fight back.

Unbeknownst to the two girls, there was a man in a car parked nearby who saw everything that had happened.

Looking at Natalie, who was winning the fight, Jarvis smiled.

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Natalie landed blow after blow. She was good at fighting, and Alisha was no match for her.

When Natalie was finally satisfied, she stood up, leaving Alisha sprawled on the ground. She sneered, "I doubt you'll be Rowley's wife forever. He doesn't take you seriously. Let's see how long you can hold on to the man you stole from me."

Alisha's face was beaten black and blue. Her hair was all messed up, and her clothes were torn and muddled.

Natalie, on the other hand, was unharmed and clean.

Eyes wide as saucers, the crazed Alisha went mad and shouted angrily, "Natalie, you're fucking crazy! I'll make you pay for this!"

"I'd like to see you try." Natalie patted the imaginary dirt off her clothes and smoothed her hair.

Her resentment towards Alisha had only grown over the past years. This matter only served to deepen her hatred.

And beating Alisha to a pulp made Natalie feel much better.

The scheme between Flora and Alisha wasn't the most painful thing she had experienced.

What happened last night was terrible, yes, but it didn't make her that angry. What hurt her the most was seeing Rowley's true colors.

The man she had wanted to marry was now her brother-in-law. He abandoned her for power, marrying his true self.

In Rowley's eyes, their love, which she cherished, was disposable.

Drunk and dizzy, Natalie sat on the ground while waiting for a taxi.

After a while, a car stopped beside her.

Natalie's reasoning was impaired by the alcohol. She thought the car was a taxi, so she got in without thinking and told the driver her destination.

After that, Natalie lay down in the back seat and passed out.

Jarvis took one look at Natalie. His deep-set eyes were filled with affection.

Along the way, Natalie muttered, "Stop the car. I'm going to throw up."

Jarvis quickly found a place to pull over and was about to help her get out of the car. However, she suddenly stared at him with watery eyes, muttering, "Men are trash."

Jarvis was speechless.

Seeing that she was drunk, Jarvis was about to say something, but she suddenly vomited—right in front of him.

His shirt was instantly soiled.

Jarvis, who was a neat freak, pulled a long face.