

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1778-1782

Chapter 1778 Pushing My Luck

Nathaniel spun around, so angry that his eyes were as wide as saucers. "Scarlett Stovall, you're pushing your luck!"

I raised my uninjured hand to press down on the wound. I could barely open my eyes, but still, I forced out a smile. "I know I am, and you are the reason for it. Y-You know that if Ashton dies, I'll be dead too. If you take his life, you take mine too. You're playing the role of a nice man visiting me, but who are you playing this role for? Yourself? Hilarious! You're a joke, Nathaniel!"

Nathaniel was completely still in his spot. The cold light of the filament lamp shone on him, casting a shadow over his eyes. The more I looked at his eyes, the darker they seemed, but the entire time, his expression was a calm one. He was not panicking from getting exposed for his lies, and neither was he refuting my words nor giving any explanations.

The spacious room was engulfed by silence. Perhaps he was ruminating about something, but that was something I could not decipher. Nevertheless, it was evident that my fake suicide attempt was effective.

After a long while, and just as I was about to pass out, Nathaniel reacted.

He walked over and gently held my wrist, about to help me out. "Get up first."

His voice was soft. It was as if he was afraid of scaring me.

It was then I finally opened my eyes wide to warily watch him. However, I did not plan to listen to him.

Nathaniel then took a deep breath, and an exasperated look and a frown crept upon his face. "He's not dead. I was only joking with you."

"Not funny." I glared at him before flinging his cold hand away. Shakily, I supported myself with the drawer and climbed back onto the bed.

Nathaniel quietly watched me from the side. Once I was on the bed, he left the ward.

A while later, a nurse came in to treat my head wound.

During that time, I asked the nurse a few questions. I then learned that I was back at K City and that no one was guarding my ward at all times. In other words, I had a certain amount of freedom, but that did not mean that no one was watching me from the shadows. Nonetheless, I could not bother myself with that.

After the nurse left, I contacted John.

He picked up the call almost immediately. "Thank god you finally called me back. Gregory told me that Nathaniel was the one who took you away. Are you okay?"

While I was unconscious, John had been spamming me with calls, but I missed them all. It seemed like I had made him worry.

"I'm fine," I replied as I took a glimpse at the injury on my shoulder. "How are Gregory and Audrey?"

I made a promise to the kids, but I broke it. I'm sure they're disappointed.

"What do you think? I've brought them to my place. Don't you know how Emma works? She's great at consoling the children; she played with Audrey and Drew, and they've forgotten about you in the midst of their fun," John half-jokingly said.

I pressed my lips tightly but smiled. "That's good."

If they only have bad memories of me, then I'd rather they forget about me so that they can stay happy.

"Yeah, right. When are you going to come back?" John asked.

"I still have something else to do. Maybe in a few days." The boy was smart, so going back while I was injured would only worry him more. Thus, I would rather recover a little bit more before meeting him again.

Fearing that John would notice something amiss, I quickly changed the topic. "I called you for something else. I think I've found Nathaniel's base."

John instantly turned solemn. "Where are you right now?"

At that, my heart leaped into my throat. Does he know that I'm in the hospital?

"On an island," I whispered.

"What island? Are you in the country or overseas?" John continued.

It was then I let out a sigh of relief. "I need your help because I don't know which island I'm on. Nathaniel has already brought me to his drug lab. I'm mostly certain that's the core of his empire is. As long as we destroy that place, it'll be much easier for us to deal with him."

"Stop," John suddenly said.

However, there was no way I was going to stop at that moment. "No, listen to me. This is a little hard, but we can—"

Chapter 1779 Pretending To Hear Nothing

"I asked you to stop!" John bellowed, scaring all the words I had on the tip of my tongue back down my throat.

Then, in a cautious but firm voice, he said, "Once a spy is exposed, they can't come back in one piece. I don't want to see only bits of you the next time I see you. What we have is time. Come back first, and we'll slowly resolve this matter. Before that happens, no matter what you say to me, I'll pretend that I heard nothing."

Rendered speechless for a moment, I then reluctantly agreed, "All right. Sorry to trouble you with taking care of Gregory and Audrey for now."

“You’re right. It’s troublesome,” John said in a serious tone. “So get back here as quickly as possible and take them back.”

What a soft-hearted person. He’s clearly afraid that it’s too dangerous for me out here, so he’s urging me to go back. I chuckled and nodded. “All right. I’ll come back once I’m done with everything. I won’t even delay for a second.”

“Be careful.”

“I will.” With that said, I ended the call.

The sky outside the window was gloomy. I could not tell what time it was, so I unlocked my phone to look at the time.

It’s twenty minutes to eleven in the morning. I must have slept for an entire day and night. I wonder how things are at Ashton and Joseph’s side. Nathaniel doesn’t want me to die. In other words, I must mean something to him now. That will be my bargaining chip. With that, I won’t be forced to do as he says the next time we meet. It’s not that he can’t love someone, but that he doesn’t want to lose. If I’m dead, he won’t be able to match up to Ashton. He’ll forever be a loser. I can’t die, but I have to make Nathaniel think that I’m not afraid of death. That’ll be the only way I can make him wary of me.

What I had most was time while I was recovering in the hospital. While Nathaniel was not around, I tried to find out the general location of that island.

Unfortunately, when I zoomed into the map, I realized there were tons of islands around the mainland. My memory of the trip alone was not enough for me to figure out which island I was on.

It was then I came to the realization that Nathaniel must have chosen that place as his factory because of that. The news of the nearby islands getting swarmed by police would give them enough time to respond.

Around noon, the door to the ward opened again, and Nathaniel entered with a thermal food jar. It seemed like he was going to plead for forgiveness by acting like a good husband.

There was a total of six dishes, including two kinds of soup and a dessert. It was a sumptuous meal for a patient.

Nathaniel quietly unpacked the food before getting a plate with a fork and putting it in front of me. He then said, "Eat."

I lowered my head to glance at it before lifting it again. Stubbornly not taking the fork, I said, "I have an injury on my shoulder, and my head is spinning. How am I supposed to eat?"

Hearing that, Nathaniel glimpsed at my forehead before standing up to head out. "I'll get the nurse."

However, he halted in his tracks two steps later. After a second of standing transfixed, he turned around and picked up the plate and fork. He then stabbed a piece of broccoli and held it in front of my lips, saying, "Open your mouth."

I instinctively flinched. After a moment of hesitation, I reluctantly opened my mouth and slowly ate the broccoli.

The moment the broccoli entered my mouth, my tastebuds came alive. I had to admit that the food tasted great.

However, I kept a calm look on my face. As a matter of fact, I even taunted, "You made this? It's not as good as Ashton's, but it's somewhat edible."

Nathaniel did not respond immediately. After feeding me a piece of meat, he said, "This is made by Ashton."

I nearly choked on my own saliva.

"I was afraid that you might not eat, so we made a deal, and I got him to make a meal in exchange," Nathaniel added as he carefully adjusted the angle of the fork. He made it seem like feeding me was something so important that no mistakes could be made.

"What deal?" I asked as I continued chewing. Ashton knows me well. No wonder the food has the right intensity of flavor of my preference.

Chapter 1780 A Deal Made

"Something you're not interested in." Nathaniel then put down the fork and scooped some soup for me instead. "Drink this. It'll be good for you."

Nevertheless, I did not even spare it a glance; I was more interested in finding out what deal he had made with Ashton. "What deal?"

"Are you a parrot?" Nathaniel furrowed his brows as a tinge of anger laced his voice.

I fell silent, and my mood turned foul. A scowl appeared on my face, and I turned away from him, a sign that I did not want to speak with him anymore.

"Have Ashton ever said that you're a difficult person?" Nathaniel questioned, evidently not used to courting a woman.

Difficult? This is called a sweet burden. I'm under great pressure flirting with you here. Not only are you not expressing gratitude toward my act, but you're even being picky and questioning my ability to play the role you want?

Thus, I turned my face further from him and ignored him. In other words, I was giving him the cold shoulder.

Once again, the atmosphere in the ward turned tense. Nathaniel put down the fork loudly on the table and warned, "For you not to finish this means that Ashton isn't a good enough cook. A call from me will make sure that you'll never see him again."

Hearing that made my fury spring to life as well. I instantly jerked upright and glared at him. "You're always using this same old trick. You'll even betray the ones who are loyal to you. You're shameless. Do it then! Make the call! Once you make the call, I'll bite my tongue and kill myself! Do it! Do it right now!"

Nathaniel, who had always been calm and collected, knitted his brows upon hearing that. His narrowed eyes were telling me that I was being ridiculous, but he was too furious to do anything but glare at me in silence.

He was a man born in a prestigious family; he was a drug lord. Both of his identities were high and mighty. No woman would ever try to mess with him. Perhaps he had indeed come across other fussy women but confidently thought he would be able to deal with an ever-changing woman when the time came.

However, the theory was unlike practical. In reality, he was panicking.

It was the same thing as him thinking that he could control Ashton's life. That was nothing but wishful thinking on his part.

I smiled sweetly at him before leaning closer to give him a once-over. When I saw the traces of panic in his eyes—the panic of a teenager in love—I said, “Let me take a guess. You were the first person I saw when I woke, and that wasn’t because you were eager to do something to me, but because you wanted to see me at all times, right?”

Of course, Nathaniel was not going to admit to it. He gritted his teeth and forced a menacing expression back onto his face. “Don’t bother trying your trickeries on me. For me to be there when you woke was only a sign of how good the doctor was. It was but a coincidence. Did you think that I’m like those foolish men who’d waste an entire day waiting for an unconscious patient to wake?”

Without missing a beat, I asked, “You won’t?”

Nathaniel froze for half a second before replying, “Of course not.”

That half a second was more than enough to tell me what was the truth.

So he really did stay by my side for such a long time. Most importantly, he hasn’t realized that he’s explaining to me. He told me he wouldn’t waste his time on unimportant people and matters. He told me that himself, but now, he’s arguing with me about this. Good. The more lies he utters, the likelier he will do something that he eventually has to cover up.

“Okay. Then I’ve been overthinking this. I thought...” Instead of pressuring him into admitting it, I lowered my head and pretended to be disappointed.

Chapter 1781 Growing Interest

“What did you think?” Nathaniel asked.

“Nothing.” I deliberately averted my eyes from his eager ones, pretending not to realize that he was starting to be interested in me.

As if he had been humiliated, Nathaniel questioned, “Did you think that I can’t read your mind?”

“So you can read my mind?” Despite knowing that he was warning me, I amped up my ridiculous act and leaned closer to him. Resting my chin on my hand, I continued, “But so what? The better you know my aim, the faster you’ll realize not to keep this up, right?”

According to the rules of the game, Nathaniel could not stop me even if he knew that everything I did was to test his limits.

Falling for someone was akin to a moth flying toward the flame. Even if one knew that a pit of fire awaited them, they would still jump down.

After hearing my words, Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. The fire in his eyes slowly faded away, and what replaced the angry look was a mysterious smile.

However, seconds later, his expression changed again—this time, his face was devoid of emotions. “That’s right. Interesting. You’re making me see you in a new light.”

“Can I assume that means you’re starting to get interested in me?” I asked with a smile.

After briefly studying me, he lowered his eyes and left the room silently.

Is he too annoyed to explain, or does he not want to admit to what he’s feeling?

Confidence still coursing in my vein, I decided that the latter was likelier.

My stay in the hospital lasted for a week. Nathaniel came to visit me almost every day, but he had become much more cautious. Other than watching me finish the food he brought to me, he did nothing else.

It seemed like he was determined to make us partners in a game instead of two people with a budding relationship like the start. It was as if he was trying to numb and remind himself we were only playing a game.

My discharge from the hospital was an abrupt one. I informed no one but Millie about it.

There was no one in the house at all. The silence amplified the sense of loneliness, and I could not help but think about the memories in this house. In fact, I could remember everything that happened in every corner of this house—Ashton playing action figures with Audrey, Gregory using his laptop on the couch, and Audrey coming up with all kinds of ways to mess with Shaun.

All of those things felt like they had just happened the day before, but in the blink of an eye, they were all gone.

Nathaniel was to blame.

“You shouldn’t overexert yourself right after your discharge from the hospital. Do sit down,” Millie reminded.

At that, I took in a deep breath to calm myself down and nodded before letting her help me to the couch in the living room.

After sitting down, I took out my phone and tapped into my conversation with Nathaniel. I then tossed the phone to Millie.

“Compose the message with my style and send him my schedule bit by bit today.”

Millie did not know what was going on, but she did not ask any questions before taking the phone and doing as I said.

Less than a minute later, she threw the phone back to me. “Done.”

I leaned back on the couch, not wanting to even open my eyes to catch the phone. Instead, I slowly moved my hand around to search for the phone. Just as I found it, the phone buzzed.

A glance at the screen told me that Nathaniel had returned the message.

Nathaniel: I’m not interested in these boring things.

Millie sent two messages. “I’m out of the hospital” and “I’ve reached home.”

True disinterest was to not reply instead of returning an annoyed message like Nathaniel had done so. The mere act of him returning the message told me what I needed to know.

Without spending too long mulling over it, I texted back: Is that so? I thought you’d want to know what I’m doing.

Two minutes later, no replies came back from him. Perhaps he was fuming from how I had read his mind.

That was what I wanted.

There was no reason for me to suffer the pain of having my family separated while he enjoyed the time of his life. After all, karma was always waiting around the corner.

After recomposing myself, I then decided to find out more news about Ashton through Holden. Although the latter might not reject lending me a hand to avoid crossing Nathaniel, money was what made the world go around. I was certain that there would be no deal he would not take up as long as what he was going to get was good.

Chapter 1782 Calling Holden

Nevertheless, no one answered the call when I dialed his number.

After a long moment of contemplation, I decided to show him the card up my sleeve on WhatsApp. "Five percent of Fuller Corporation's shares. This is the highest price I can offer to you."

Unsurprisingly, the person I could not get through earlier instantly called on WhatsApp.

The moment the video loaded, I was greeted by Holden's greedy grin. "My, my, look at me. I've been so busy that I missed Ms. Stovall's call. What's the matter? It seems like you're interested in talking business with me."

A question that he obviously knows the answer to.

Although we used to be on good terms, we were no best friends. Moreover, I had a favor to ask, so I was in no position to point out that he was playing the fool.

"I want to know whether Ashton is dead or alive," I told him.

“That’s all?” Holden asked with a smirk.

“Of course not. I’m sure you know that’s not enough to cover the shares I’ll be giving to you.” We were talking business, after all, so I saw no need to be too polite with him.

“Go on.” Although Holden was a sweet-talker, he knew how to read a room well. When he realized that I was not in the mood for jokes, he quickly stopped the teasing tone.

“I haven’t thought of anything yet, but I’ll tell you when something pops up. I hope that it won’t be that difficult to reach you when that time comes,” I said.

Holden visibly stiffened, but he soon put on a look that told me he was going to start appeasing me. “My, what are you talking about? I’m always available to both you and Mr. Fuller.”

“I hope so.” Not wanting to look at his pretentious face, I then ended the call.

Minutes later, I received news about Ashton. However, it was not from Holden but from a tabloid magazine. Journalists truly had remarkable instincts sometimes.

With whom Ashton was, he would naturally be the focus if he were to appear in a magazine.

The title of the article was rather direct too. The President Lowering Himself And Falling For A C-List Celebrity.

In other words, Ashton had accompanied Rebecca to her filming site.

The media were all over it. To the public, Ashton was a well-loved bachelor who, for some reason, had to have Rebecca, a woman who had fallen from grace.

A famous celebrity even commented: Not sure who's the victim here.

After throwing the magazine on the table, I called for Millie, ready to leave the house.

"Where to?" she asked.

I took out a baseball cap from its dusty corner before putting it on and looking at myself in the mirror. Then, I replied, "To the filming site."

I could only be at ease after seeing Ashton with my own two eyes.

The filming site was also in the suburbs, but it was not in the same direction as the Fuller residence. Furthermore, it was the weekend. Thus, we only reached our destination when it was evening. The film crew that Ashton was in was popular even at the filming site, so we soon found out where they were at from a production assistant.

When we reached where the film crew was, they were filming an outdoor scene. Coincidentally, both Ashton and Rebecca were in that scene.

The gist of the story was that Ashton was playing the role of a minor character who was confessing to the main character for the third time but was still rejected.

Ashton was a professional, so despite his minor role in the story, his eyes were bright as he asked, "Josie, will you accept me now?"

The perfect appearance, along with his faithful character, would surely win over the audience's hearts.

However, Rebecca had set herself up to be the kind of character who would pick a bone with others. She was completely unfazed by Ashton's pleading eyes. "Save it. I have told you I don't love you. Even if all the men in the world are dead, I still won't choose you. The very look of you disgusts me!"

Slap!

All of a sudden, she slapped Ashton.

It seemed like Rebecca had used all her strength in that slap, for Ashton's head was tilted to the side by the force.