

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1743-1747

Chapter 1743 An Abandoned Factory

"Well, that can't be the case. I've got self-consciousness and knew that I don't have that much sway when I'm just someone of no consequence." I regarded Nathaniel placidly.

A fleeting smile flashed across his eyes. He then shifted sideways and made a path for me. "Get in."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, seemingly all too sure that I wouldn't dare decline.

However, I simply wanted to irritate him. "I'm sorry, but I'm very busy now. I've got no time to play your twisted games with you."

After saying that, I strode away. I initially thought that he would hound me relentlessly, but he unexpectedly made no move to stop me. He merely stood there and watched me leave without a single word. Even when I had climbed into the Fuller family's car, he didn't come over.

"What exactly is his motive?" I couldn't help griping, with the car window separating us.

The car had started moving, but he still had no intention of leaving.

While I was waiting for his next move with my eyes narrowed, he lowered his head and snickered for some reason. In the next second, he spun around and strode toward the hospital lobby.

At that instant, I lost control of my body.

"Stop!" I roared, urging the chauffeur to stop the car. Getting out of the car at lightning speed, I sprinted toward Nathaniel as though I had lost my mind. Before he could enter the hospital, I blocked his path, holding my arms wide open.

Nathaniel's gaze brimmed with amusement as though he was looking at his favorite toy. As our gazes locked, stark fear enveloped me.

"I'll put my life on the line and kill you if you make a move against John again!" I had no idea where my courage came from. All I knew was that I had to say something to stop him from getting anywhere near the person closest to me.

At that, the mirth in his eyes intensified. He looked down at me with the gaze of a victor. The look in his eyes made it clear that he was an experienced hound, while I was merely a newly weaned puppy. A threat from the weak was only a clown fooling around, so it posed no danger to him.

Anyhow, I've got nothing other than this life of mine! This is all I have. Even if it's futile, I'll still try and give it my all!

"Why would I want your life?" Nathaniel schooled his expression, his voice turning a tad indifferent that his emotions were indiscernible. "Can we leave now?"

My hands reflexively clenched into fists. Argh! He's really a b*stard through and through!

Alas, I had no other choice. I couldn't allow anyone else to get hurt anymore before I knew what other tricks he had up his sleeve.

I clenched my jaw hard before I finally yielded and stalked toward the Lincoln.

As soon as I sat down, Nathaniel got in as well.

After closing the door, the chauffeur promptly started the engine and drove away from the hospital.

The irritation within me made it so that everything grated on my nerves. What's the use of having a long car? It still moves like a snail in the city area, wasting time on commute!

Every second I spent with Nathaniel made me exceedingly uncomfortable, and I only hoped the horrible drive would end as soon as possible.

The car left the city center and drove to an abandoned factory in the outer suburbs.

The place was dozens of kilometers away from the city center, so there were no signs of anyone living nearby. The four-story abandoned factory was the size of roughly three football fields. When the wind swept past, the sound echoed everywhere.

After getting out of the car, Nathaniel headed straight in, not at all bothered about whether I was following him.

The so-called road was also a small path with flattened weeds from repeated walking. It was just the right size for a person. As I was wearing high heels, I struggled to walk. In no time, the distance between us grew.

Fortunately, he merely stopped at the neighboring building and went no further.

The floor structure of the building was circular, with a massive space in the middle, allowing one to look right down and see the situation below. Nathaniel stood at the very edge as he gazed down.

As I headed in his direction from the landing, my eyes narrowed, and I imagined a sudden gust of wind sweeping past and knocking him down. It doesn't matter whether he dies right away or becomes crippled, for everything would then end!

"Falling from such a height won't result in death." Nathaniel had his back to me, yet he saw right through me.

My steps halted, and I stopped a meter away from him. "Don't be so sure of that."

Chapter 1744 Be My Dog

If he were to fall head down, he'd end up in a vegetative state even if he didn't die. There's no doubt about that.

Nathaniel didn't bother pursuing that matter. Instead, he calmly changed the subject. "I've got some good news for you. Ashton has been searching for Joseph since last night."

Indeed, that's good news for me. But why would he possibly be so kind to tell me that? Could it be that he discovered that Ashton still has a trace of humanity left, so he came up with an even more twisted way to torture us?

"However, he also took quite a lot of ice from me," Nathaniel added before I could respond.

What does that mean? Does Ashton want to give the drugs to Joseph personally? But that will only make things worse for him, no?

Before I could say anything, the sound of a car engine sounded from the ground floor of the building, followed by a flurry of footsteps.

A few seconds later, a man in a black suit and leather shoes was tossed onto the ground from outside, causing dust to fly all over the place.

A tall figure blocked the man's body, but the figure in the shadows soon entered our lines of sight.

Only after I had made out Ashton's familiar features did I belatedly realize that the person who was flung in earlier was likely Joseph.

Taking a closer look proved my guess right. However, Joseph was trembling all over, his face rapidly losing color. He was a strong man who could usually go against five men at once, but he didn't even have the strength to get to his feet right then. Hugging himself sickly, he curled into a ball on the ground. His eyes were so sunken that only the whites seemed to remain. On the whole, his condition was so pathetic that nausea would set in at a single look.

In the blink of an eye, Joseph got addicted to drugs. His eyes abruptly popped open, and he trembled even more violently. As he began sniffing all the faster, he lost his mind completely. Disregarding the suit he was wearing, he rolled on the ground agonizingly like a dog and begged for his next hit like the tens of thousands of addicts out there.

“Give it to me... Boss, please give me some ice! I can’t take it anymore! I’m going to die! I really can’t hold out any longer... I’ve done so many things for you, Ashton! Are you just going to watch me die?”

Not in the least bit affected by the heart-wrenching scene before him, Ashton merely watched as Joseph was all covered in dust before he drawled, “Of course not.”

After saying that, he took out a packet of ice from his pocket and threw it at the person on the ground. It hit Joseph’s face hard before bouncing onto the dusty floor.

The instant Joseph saw it, his eyes lit up as though he was a dog that had been starving for days and had finally found food. He excitedly yet carefully hid it in his arms, afraid that someone would snatch it away.

Watching his reaction coldly, Ashton strolled over and slowly crouched before him. In a voice as calm as ever, he asserted, “Be my dog, and you’ll get however much ice you want. Do you understand me?”

What? A dog is merely a creature with no dignity or spine. It carries out its master’s commands as it obeys anyone who feeds it! They’re close friends who have been through thick and thin, yet Joseph deserves to be doomed forever in Ashton’s eyes now just because he offended Rebecca once and brought him trouble?

I couldn’t fathom Ashton’s thoughts, but I instinctively frowned. That packet of ice is enough to kill Joseph!

In the beginning, Joseph was still immersed in his delight for having obtained “food.” When he realized what Ashton wanted him to do, he suppressed the effects of the drugs and gaped at the man in disbelief, his entire being exuding defiance.

He’s the head of the family with a wife and children pinning their hopes on him, an outstanding man with a higher IQ and EQ than the average person! How could he possibly live like a dog? Although he has

already behaved in such a manner just now, Ashton shouldn't be taking advantage of him at this time, not even giving him any room to breathe. He'll drive him crazy!

Despite three floors separating us, their confrontation on the concrete floor far beneath my feet seemingly had the temperature around me plummeting.

Chapter 1745 Addicted To Ice

It was rare to find someone who could resist Ashton's terrifying pressure. After two minutes of silence, a teary-eyed Joseph finally gritted his teeth and gave a dip of his head.

No one could comprehend the immense pressure that he was feeling at that moment. His body had surrendered although his pride did not allow it.

"Very well," Ashton said plainly. "Clean yourself up and go plead Ms. Larson for forgiveness."

Joseph was no longer the same person as before. With an indifferent expression, he got up holding the ice in his hands. He knelt in front of Ashton, hung his head low, and said in a low voice, "I'll take care of it, Mr. Fuller. Thank you for bringing me these."

Lowering his gaze and as if he was omnipotent, Ashton stood up and said impatiently, "This is the first and also the last time. If this happens again, I'm sure you know what the consequences are."

At that moment, I felt as if I saw Nathaniel in him.

Despite being the one responsible for destroying everything, he behaved as if he was a god who had come to save the weak.

"I do." Joseph looked as though he had aged by two decades. Gasping for breath weakly like an old man, he stared listlessly at the muddy ground in front of him. "I will become your most impressive dog."

"Enough!" I could no longer stand the sight of it. I sprinted downstairs and before anyone realized what was going on, I swung my hand and gave Ashton a slap. "You b*stard!"

Somehow, Ashton had become quick-tempered. The slap seemed to have awoken the rage in him. As he stared at me with his burning eyes, the throbbing veins on his face seemed to presage that he was about to explode.

I was afraid that he would break ties with me and completely change into another person because of that. After all, I was not emotionally prepared for it.

Swallowing a lump in my throat, I turned around to help Joseph up. "Come with me!"

However, Joseph tugged my arm and refused to get up. "I'm fine, Mrs. Fuller. Please don't put Mr. Fuller in a difficult position."

"I'm saving you!" When I saw how he was unable to differentiate who had his best interest at heart, I turned red with anger. "Wake up, Joseph! What Ashton has given you will only harm you. If you continue to follow him, you will only fall deeper into the abyss!"

The moment he heard my words, Joseph sat back on the ground, pitiful and powerless. "This is my choice."

I furrowed my brows in disbelief. I was briefly stunned. In an act of desperation, I tried to pull him up. "No, you're not being rational now. Whatever you say or decide just doesn't make sense. You have to leave with me!"

Perhaps I wasn't trying to fight with either Ashton or Nathaniel anymore. I probably couldn't get past myself. I couldn't allow myself to see a second friend abandon me under physical and mental duress.

Unfortunately, whatever little strength I had wasn't enough to move Joseph's well-built body once he put his weight on the ground.

When despair finally got the better of me, I released him and let out a dejected sigh. Lowering my head toward the ground, I suddenly felt my head spin.

Am I dreaming? Or is this all just an illusion? How did things escalate out of control as if there is no way out?

An awkward silence descended upon the scene. Neither of us intended to say a word. As for Nathaniel who was upstairs, he too didn't take any action. I wasn't sure if he and Ashton knew of each other's presence and that this was all just an act to feel each other out.

Nevertheless, one thing was for certain. Regardless of whether Ashton was good or evil, he had shown all his cards. Getting Joseph addicted to ice was a sign of him walking toward the path of darkness.

There was no better person to run a cigarette business than a cigarette addict. The only thing Ashton was conscious about was not getting himself addicted. He had chosen to let Joseph take his place instead as a slave to ice.

Chapter 1746 Pure Ice

At that moment, John's words echoed in my head again. Looking at Ashton, I subconsciously hugged myself as if that was the only way to stop the iciness emanating from the depths of my heart.

I couldn't help but ask myself if I could still love the current Ashton unconditionally.

Finally, Nathaniel came down the stairs. When he emerged, he scanned the surroundings before settling his gaze on Joseph.

Due to the episode earlier, the bag of crystal meth that Ashton had brought was now lying by Joseph's feet. Bending forward, Nathaniel picked it up and studied it in his hand. He looked in Ashton's direction and asked coldly, "How can such substandard goods be worthy of those closest to you? Ashton, by doing this, it will only serve to demoralize your subordinates."

Ashton was unfazed. "You have to ask your men about it. Perhaps they feel that I'm only worth this much, and there is no need to bring out the good stuff."

Nathaniel lowered his gaze without retorting. The next moment, he raised his hand and threw the drugs out the main door. Before we could react, he held up his other hand at Ashton, and somehow, there was a syringe in his hand.

His eyes glistened and his grin slowly widened. "This is the purest form available. Since he is someone you value highly, why don't you inject him with your own hands?"

The purer the drug was, the stronger the addiction. Even though there might be a chance to quit in the future, one would have to go through even more pain.

Ashton lowered his head and glanced at the thick syringe. After receiving it, he walked toward Joseph and knelt down without any hesitation.

"Are you crazy, Ashton? Stop! If he can't take it, he will die!" As all the alarm bells in my brain went off, I dashed ahead to try and stop him. Unfortunately, Nathaniel had grabbed hold of me. In the face of his massive strength, I was powerless to do anything.

Before I realized it, Joseph had offered his left hand. He rolled up his sleeves and clenched his fist so that his veins could be easily seen.

“Go ahead, Mr. Fuller. Give it to me, quick. This is killing me.” Joseph’s eyelids were twitching uncontrollably as if he was on the brink of a coma.

“Ashton! I’m utterly disappointed in you. I beg of you. Don’t do this to Joseph!” I screamed, feeling the burn in my nose and tears in my eyes.

The moment Ashton’s hand moved toward Joseph’s arm, I turned away, unable to bear the sight.

Unexpectedly, Nathaniel was intrigued. Ignoring my blows, he grabbed my chin and forced me to watch Ashton inject Joseph with the syringe.

I watched as the thick needle was inserted into Joseph’s blood vessels. I saw the liquid inside flow into his body as Ashton applied pressure on the syringe. When the latter had injected everything, Joseph gaped at the sky with only the white of his eyes visible. After Ashton pulled out the needle, Joseph convulsed before rolling on the ground. There, he looked as if he was in heaven and hell at the same time.

Soon, the side effects began to kick in. Since it was his first time being exposed to ice that was so high in purity, Joseph started foaming at the mouth after a short moment of ecstasy. With blood dripping out of his nose, he looked as if he was an epileptic patient who could drop dead at any time.

Both Nathaniel and Ashton had the same look on their faces. Narrowing their gazes, they waited silently for Joseph to either endure through it or die trying.

Distracted by the drama, Nathaniel had unconsciously loosened his grip on me. Taking on one person was naturally easier than taking on two, so I used the opportunity to stomp my leg on his leather shoe before dashing toward Joseph’s side and dialing for the ambulance.

While waiting for the call to get through, I pulled out the knife I had prepared earlier from my bag and pressed it against my throat. “Either we wait for the ambulance, or I’ll die together with him. Don’t you feel smug about yourself yet!”

Ashton narrowed his eyes at me. “All they will do is detain him for a while at the hospital. Do you really think it’s for his own good?”

“Shut up.” An angry woman couldn’t care less about the ones she loved. “I don’t want to talk to you right now!”

Chapter 1747 A Bug

“Have you finally reached your limit?” Supporting himself on his knees, Nathaniel bent down and leaned closer to me. He was smiling, but the smile did not reach his eyes. “Come, tell me—do you still love Ashton now?”

I swore I wanted to give it all up then, just as he wished. I wanted to scream to the world that I was done playing games and I could no longer care if Ashton insisted on walking toward his own doom.

However, the look in Nathaniel’s eyes sparked uncontrollable defiance within me. A voice in my head repeatedly reminded me that I was looking at a demon and not a man. The difference between them lay in the fact that a man knew how to show mercy while a demon didn’t, just like how a rat would never escape from the grasp of a cat.

Once the cat got tired of toying with it, certain death was the only fate that awaited the rat.

My gut feeling told me that if I admitted defeat now, none of us would survive.

At that moment, the call finally got through. A lady's gentle voice rang out over the line. "Hello, this is the emergency services. How may I help you?"

With my phone in hand, I took a deep breath and ended the call. I got up to my feet and met Nathaniel's puzzled gaze as I walked to Ashton's side. Then, I lifted my heels, threw my arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss.

Ashton was initially caught by surprise as he quickly held his breath. But after regaining his senses, he struggled and pushed me away.

I stumbled backward but steadied myself again. I was unable to hold back the ecstasy I felt.

Given how honest the reactions of our bodies were, I finally found the answer I had been searching for.

Thereafter, I looked in Nathaniel's direction. I saw him purse his lips and that his eyes were glowing with suppressed rage. Evidently, he was infuriated by my actions.

Well then, let me just add fuel to the fire.

"You're right. There's no way people with different values can be together. But compared to Ashton, principles don't worth a dime. So I have changed my mind and will join both of you. I'll fork out all my money and play this game alongside Ashton. That way, we can continue loving each other again. Isn't that right, Nathaniel?"

Worried that my words were not effective enough, I put on an innocent expression and an ambiguous smirk as I continued, "What's wrong? Isn't that what you have been waiting for? Aren't you planning to pull Ashton down from his pedestal and imprison him in this hell of yours? Since I can't stop you from

doing it, I'll fall into it together with him. Now that you have the two of us, isn't it a pretty sweet deal for you?"

I knew better than anyone else that Nathaniel didn't just want to ruin Ashton's reputation. He wanted to destroy him completely.

Therefore, there was no way he would allow Ashton to have his way in this underground world of his. Once he realized that every one had forsaken Ashton, he would consequently lose interest. By that time, Nathaniel would make sure that Ashton disappeared from the world.

From Nathaniel's perspective, there was only room for one of them in this world, and he would naturally be the last one standing.

Having been with Ashton for so many years, I could clearly recognize it when he hated someone. With regards to the kiss just now, he neither waited coldly for me to finish nor push me aside from the beginning. His reaction indicated that he wasn't on his guard against me. He was worried that his honest reactions would be exposed in front of Nathaniel.

In the face of an unpredictable foe, one had to use the element of surprise to defeat him.

This time, Ashton had no reason to accuse me of not being smart enough anymore.

Nonetheless, this was still an assumption on my part. To either assist Ashton or plan my next move, I needed him to give me a clear sign of confirmation.

After all, joining them was just a smokescreen I was using.

Nathaniel had gone to great lengths to destroy the beautiful image of Ashton in my heart. He wanted me to be so disappointed in Ashton that I would stop loving him.

Since he regarded love as a video game, where it can be withdrawn at will, I would turn myself into a bug in his game in order to frustrate him.