

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1783-1787

Chapter 1783 Ad Lib

For a moment, the entire film crew went into an uproar. They were all discussing among themselves who Rebecca truly was.

"Who is she to have the guts to hit the richest man around?"

"She might not necessarily have someone to back her up. Maybe he just can't resist her."

"He can't resist her? Is this your first day here? Do you not know that Ashton's partner is Scarlett? I was even there at their wedding. How long has it been since then? The old town is still there, and the video is still circulating around, but the people in it have changed. I'd say Vivian bewitched Ashton!"

"Oh please, do you know how to whisper? If Vivian hears it, the whole film crew's going to suffer with you."

"What are you afraid of? Are you telling me she has the guts to do it but not the guts to hear the people talk about it? Look at what Ashton has been doing recently! He's acting so strange. It's truly a case of those who sleep with dogs will rise with fleas."

Gossips would always happen in places where people crowd, but they had no idea that the one they were talking about was right beside them.

Nevertheless, their words did not bother me; my focus was entirely on Ashton.

I could not believe that a prideful man like him had no reactions to such a humiliating moment. He only lowered his eyes and recollected himself before quietly leaving the place and disappearing into a studio.

No staff members rushed to console him. Instead, the director ran toward Rebecca and began buttering her up. "Vivian, you're such a great actress. That adlib was fantastic!"

Rebecca rolled her eyes but did not answer. Ignoring the way the director's smile froze, she asked the makeup artist to continue touching up her makeup.

Embarrassed, the director instantly scowled and sarcastically uttered, "Actors and actresses are really getting more and more disrespectful of the script nowadays. They'll change it on the spot whenever they want to. Are they looking down on the scriptwriter and the directors?"

Rebecca instantly understood what the director meant. She sneered before turning around. "You there. Are you talking about me?"

The rudeness of her tone was a clear display of how pompous she usually was in the crew.

When the director heard that, he instantly turned cowardly as he smiled apologetically at her. "Of course not. I'm telling the rookies that. Vivian, everyone knows how capable you are! All right, all right. This part of the filming is over. Let's take a rest for now, everyone. We'll be starting again in half an hour."

With that said, the director turned and left to retreat to his breakroom. The very second he turned around, he dropped the smile and cursed at her under his breath.

Millie then led me to the break room that Ashton was at while avoiding Rebecca.

When we entered, Ashton had his back against the door in silence. I did not know what was on his mind. His broad back had blocked out all of the light from the lamp above, making him seem larger than he usually was.

Thinking that it was the assistant, Ashton growled, "Spit it out and get lost once you're done."

It had only been one week, but it seemed like ages since I had heard his hoarse voice.

The longer I stared at his back, the more I wanted to rush forward and give him a hug.

That was exactly what I did.

However, Ashton was far too wary. He thought that I was a stranger with wicked intent, so the moment I touched his body, he instinctively moved to the side and put a gap between us.

When he spun around and saw that it was me, he furrowed his brows. "Why are you here?"

Nathaniel was not around, so even if he tried keeping a sense of distance between us, I could still hear the gentleness in his voice.

"You never appeared in the hospital despite my long stay there, so I had no choice but to come to you."

The concept of yearning was so odd to me. When I could not see him, I could barely eat and sleep, but after seeing him, I miss him even more than when we were apart.

If only I were quicker. I would be able to hug him. I would be able to get some strength to stay afloat longer. A hug, and I'll realize that I'm not fighting this battle alone.

Chapter 1784 Incoming Death

"Nathaniel's anxious about you. You'll be fine." Ashton lowered his eyes and avoided my gaze.

A fresh swell of hot tears brimmed in my eyes, and I laughed bitterly. "That's right. He's about to fall in love with me. A man as smart as you is slowly creeping into my life. What do you feel about that?"

"If I were you, I'd be happy. At the very least, this shows that you're currently safe." Ashton's tone was still as flat as ever, so I could not decipher what he was feeling at that moment.

Perhaps what he wanted to say was that all was fine as long as I was safe, but I was greedy—I wanted to hear something else other than that. "But you're not me. Otherwise, you'd know that the words I want to hear aren't these."

Ashton then glanced, almost unnoticeably, in the direction of the doorway. Despite how cautious he was, I noticed his action and informed him, "Millie's guarding the room outside. No one's going to come in. We'll be alone here."

I was telling him that we were in a safe spot, so he did not need to worry about Nathaniel's sudden appearance or him abruptly realizing something amiss.

However, Ashton was determined to play safe. "If I can say things that nice to your ears, we wouldn't be divorcing each other and fighting over the assets," he said, cold and ruthless.

Once that was said, he hurried to the door. However, right as he was by the doorway, he skidded to a stop.

"Time can change everything, and it can ruin everything."

Then, without sparing me another glance, he left the break room.

Although the heater in the break room was working, I found myself shaking from the cold, and I could not help but wrap my arms around myself.

Time can change everything. Does he mean it literally, or is he hinting me at something else?

I stayed in the break room for a long time, thinking about what Ashton had said last. Yet, no matter how much I mulled over his words, I could not wrap my mind around what he meant.

The door creaked open. Thinking that it was Millie—that she had come to urge me to hurry—I muttered to her, "Millie, say, what do you think it means by time can change everything?"

However, when I lifted my head, what greeted me was the sight of Nathaniel's too-pale face under the bright light.

It was at that very moment I realized what Ashton meant.

Nathaniel had been watching us for a long time. Even if we did nothing, our time spent alone in an enclosed space was more than enough to tell him about our relationship.

After all, how could two people who abhorred each other be able to peacefully stay in the same room for long?

Nathaniel studied me from head to toe. A beat later, he said with amusement, "It seems like Ashton is more determined to not love you than to love you."

I froze before I belatedly realized what had happened—Nathaniel had assumed that Ashton's last words were a rejection.

He had clearly come to rub salt on my wound.

It seemed like the messages in the morning had been a shock to his system.

"That's right. He's good, isn't he? He can stop loving someone right after declaring so. Yet, he can fall for another woman almost immediately after that. On the other hand, you, Nathaniel, don't even know what it's like to love someone," I said with a small smile.

That was why people said not to cross a woman, especially a woman in one's heart. Otherwise, one would only be hurting themselves when one hurt her.

I had managed to make Nathaniel drop his smile and begin scowling. His head was slightly lowered, and even the lights above could not help conceal the menacing aura he was exuding. "Have you forgotten what it's like to infuriate me right after leaving the hospital?"

Ruthless words from him, and I knew that he could do what he said. However, he had forgotten how much more annoying I could be when I put my heart to it.

“I didn’t, so are you going to shoot me again? Aim well this time,” I taunted as I pointed at my heart.

I was fearless, for the sledgehammer to my body was a sledgehammer to his heart.

At that, Nathaniel took in a deep breath to calm himself. He then muttered, “The reason that you can live is not because I didn’t want you to die but because only I can decide when you should die. Do you know this, Scarlett? The grim reaper is going to knock on your door soon.”

Chapter 1785 Putting On A Show

“Really?” I put my hands down and walked toward him while refusing to believe in superstitions. Then, I walked around him in circles. Nathaniel’s eyes were subconsciously glued to me.

I stopped right behind him. “In that case, wouldn’t I die even earlier?”

While I was speaking, I reached out to touch his right hand.

The moment our skin made contact, Nathaniel’s reaction was exactly the same as Ashton’s. He pulled his hand away abruptly and turned toward me in shock.

“What are you doing?” Nathaniel queried.

“I’m just doing what lovers should do to each other. Since you’re so clueless, don’t you think I should take the lead?” I stared at him affectionately as if I had fallen for him.

However, what I really wanted was to tear him apart.

Nathaniel was still in shock. His facial expression was of a person who had just gotten taken advantage of. Something remained unchanged, though. His eyes were still filled with evil intentions, and he was like an impatient monster ready to pounce at any moment.

Fortunately, it wouldn’t work on me. After all, once the monster was all softened up, it was harmless.

While he was looking at me, I stared back with a grin. “I’m guessing that you’ve never laid a finger on a woman before?”

Nathaniel shrugged. “You guessed wrong.”

I was wondering why he was speaking with such a snobbish tone. Or perhaps, that was just how men were when they talked to the opposite sex.

I shifted my gaze away and chuckled lightly. While acting like I was a bit riled up, I said, “Oh, I’ve underestimated you then. It seems like your experience in intimate relationships is far beyond my expectations.”

With that, I looked down and fiddled with my fingers. In my head, I was thinking about what could I do to make Nathaniel feel the greatest pain in the world. But the way I acted was as if I was a grumpy and jealous woman whining about her man having affairs.

With romance and the feeling of uneasiness intertwined, the atmosphere in the private restroom was getting more and more dreadful by the minute. So bad that it could make a person gasp for air.

After a while, Nathaniel cleared his throat and said, "I'm not as sleazy as you think I am."

Upon hearing that, my lips curved into a smile, and my eyes glistened with confidence. Why are you so eager to explain yourself, Nathaniel? Why are you so worried? Or do you want me to keep teasing you? Don't worry, Nathaniel. Nothing is going to happen to you. Not until you are totally enchanted, at least.

A few moments later, I raised my head, looked at him with wonder in my eyes, and asked, "You said that just to make me happy, didn't you?"

His brows furrowed. "What?"

Without giving him time to react, I looked down and mumbled, "It's okay. It's better this way, I guess. I understand that everyone has their own past. I have no right to ask anything of you."

My words had just implied Nathaniel's purity as a dark past which he couldn't bring himself to admit. Not only that, I'd said it in a way that portrayed myself as an inferior lady who craved for nothing but his love.

But in reality, I was only luring him closer, so I could cause him the pain he had never felt before.

After all, true hunters would often present themselves as prey.

"I..." Nathaniel was about to explain, but then he changed his tone and coldly said, "It's good that you know. I'm not a man that can be easily fooled by you."

Still refusing to give in, are you, Mr. Hall? But too bad, it's too late now. Once I heard he had the intention to draw a line between us, I stopped acting desperate and put on a straight face. I stood up bearishly and started walking out while saying, "Fine then. Treat it as I was overthinking."

Chapter 1786 Abuse

As I walked out of the room, I slammed the door shut behind me.

Meanwhile, Millie was surrounded by Nathaniel's bodyguards outside the room. It was a tense situation. But when she saw me coming out, she calmed down a little. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

I nodded and gave her a look of reassurance.

Not long after, Nathaniel came out as well.

Then, I couldn't help but tease him a little. "Since we don't know each other well, I guess you have no reason to detain my bodyguard, right? Mr. Hall?"

Nathaniel nonchalantly took a glance at his bodyguards and gave them a signal to let Millie go.

"Thank you," I thanked him blandly before leaving with Millie.

While we were walking away, I whispered to Millie, "Were Nathaniel's bodyguards hard to handle? Seeing that you had to do it alone just now, how about I hire someone to assist you?"

Millie then put on a serious face and said, "Thank you for your concern, Ms. Stovall. But there's no need. I didn't engage because Nathaniel had no intention to cause you any harm. I would only be causing you more trouble if I started a conflict with them. But if needed, they were no match for me, anyway."

I was rendered speechless.

But right as those words left her mouth, we heard loud slapping sounds coming from nearby.

I waded in through the crowd, and as soon as I turned, I saw that it was Rebecca and her set.

As I expected, the sounds originated from Rebecca relentlessly slapping Ashton on the right side of his face.

Although he didn't seem to mind the constant abuse, I couldn't stand watching from the side anymore. Hence, I rushed toward him to shield him from Rebecca. She missed, and her palm landed on my head instead.

The impact was so hard that I lost my balance. But Ashton was quick to react as he reached out to help me up.

But the moment I managed to stand upright, he swiftly took a few steps away from me and remained still.

His reactions were understandable because, firstly, we were in public. Secondly, we were in Rebecca's territory. He had no choice but to keep a distance from me.

Before I could even regain my composure, Rebecca went bananas again. She started pointing at me and had a go at me. "You disgusting woman! Ashton had already left his family behind. He even lost his dignity just to please me. And yet, you still have the courage to come and defend him? You deserve everything that's happening to you right now!"

I gritted my teeth and glared at her. But I had to hold myself back from retaliating because she was so mentally unstable.

“What? Did I say anything wrong? But then again, there’s nothing else you can do to me besides glaring. Did you see that? Your beloved Ashton stood still and let me slap him as I wished. Is your heart aching for him?” Rebecca laughed hysterically and continued, “I will not let him off the hook, and the same goes for you. After I’m done with him, you’re next.”

“Are you done?” Ashton suddenly asked in a frosty voice.

“Ashton Fuller, how dare you speak to me like that? Have you forgotten what you’ve done to me? There’s nothing you can do to repay me, not even with your life!” Rebecca yelled in anger. Her tantrum didn’t seem like it was going to end anytime soon. She even lashed out at the crew and yelled, “What are you all looking at? Get lost! What a bunch of useless dimwits!”

Although the crew was infuriated upon hearing that, they had to do whatever she had instructed because she was an investor.

By then, Ashton couldn’t care to be gentle anymore. He walked toward Rebecca and grabbed her by her wrist. Without hesitation, he dragged her away from the set.

“Let me go, Ashton! I said, let me go!”

Rebecca’s voice lingered until both she and Ashton disappeared from sight.

The crowd dispersed soon after that. As I took a quick glance around, I saw Nathaniel standing right outside the studio expressionlessly.

Without a doubt, he had seen how I defended Ashton.

Chapter 1787 Jealousy

As soon as our gazes met, I looked away subconsciously and awkwardly. But yet, I could feel his eyes lingering all over me.

After a long torment that lasted a few seconds, he squinted and withdrew his gaze before he left.

I wondered if he had seen through me, or was he just jealous?

Although I couldn't be sure, I had to assume it was the latter.

The more jealous he was, the more reason I had to stay out of his sight from then on. That was the only way to make him crave for me more.

For the next three days, I had to shut him out. I went to John's house and fetched the kids. Throughout the entire time, I focused all my energy and time on them.

At last, on a Saturday afternoon, I decided to go to the garden for some relaxation after putting Audrey to sleep. That was when Nathaniel showed up out of nowhere.

He was standing motionlessly still on the gravel road leading to the back entrance. Perhaps the gloomy weather played a part, but I saw an utter sadness in his eyes when he was staring at me.

At that moment, I was wearing a set of matching pajamas I got for Audrey and me. My hair was casually tied up to a messy bun. In fact, I looked like a mess, to say the least. I wondered why he looked so sad, though.

"Oh, you're here," I greeted him coldly.

Without saying a word, he just kept looking back at me with those depressed eyes.

“Come and have a sit.” I was acting as though I didn’t notice the expression in his eyes. I poured a cup of tea and blurted, “Have a cup of tea to warm yourself up.”

Then, I silently enjoyed a sip of my tea.

A few moments later, Nathaniel slowly walked toward me, and instead of sitting down, he stood right in front of me. He was staring down at me as I sensed a hint of anger in his gaze. Maybe it was because he was unhappy with me behaving as if nothing had happened.

“What do you want?” I refused to look at him while I kept my palms warm with my cup of tea.

Without getting a response from Nathaniel after a long wait, I raised my head and looked at him. The moment our eyes met, he grabbed my wrist and gripped onto it tightly.

Argh! Due to my injured shoulder, I instinctively screeched in pain when I struggled to set my wrist free.

Although he did loosen up his grip for a while, he then squeezed even tighter. “You’re still in love with Ashton, aren’t you?” he fumed.

Refusing to give in, I lifted my chin and furrowed my brows. “What does it have to do with you?”

“Answer me now!” Nathaniel clenched his teeth as hard as he was squeezing my wrist.

I started breaking out in a cold sweat from the pain. I took a deep breath to gather my strength and snapped with my trembling lips, "Yes! I still love him. I will love him till the day I die! Are you satisfied now?"

"Shut up!" Nathaniel suddenly burst into a rage. He then grabbed my throat with his other hand.

Instantly, I started choking.

As I was gasping for air, I struggled relentlessly to break free. I was completely at his mercy.

Despite that, I still kept staring into his eyes with an absolute determination not to submit to him.

Nathaniel's veins were throbbing, and his eyes were bloodshot. He looked just like a murderous devil.

When I felt I was losing consciousness, I used my last remaining energy to let out a sinister laugh while still staring at him. "Haha. Y-You've lost."