

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1793-1797

## Chapter 1793 Meeting Drogawolf

Ashton furrowed his brows and made to unbuckle his seatbelt. I knew he wanted to do this the hard way and pull me out of the car, so I stated, "It will be nine soon. Time doesn't wait for anyone, so it isn't easy to start all over again. Are you sure you want to waste time with me here?"

It was obvious that Drogawolf was a ruthless lady. If he wasn't on time for their first meeting, he might miss the opportunity to establish connections with her.

Ashton shot me an exasperated look and gave up. "Stay in the car when we arrive. Don't wander around and ruin my plan."

I shrugged without bothering to reply. We'll see.

Ashton immediately reversed his car and sped away.

Ten minutes later, the heater kicked in. As the temperature rose, the fragrance of the perfume intensified.

For years, Ashton still loved using the same perfume. I teased, "We've separated for a while, but you're still using the same perfume. Quite the sentimental man, huh?"

Ashton gave me a sideways glance before saying, "Perfume and human beings are different matters." His tone was insensitive.

Fine. I know you're trying to avoid suspicion. Shut up. I refuse to listen.

I rolled my eyes and lost interest in teasing him. Silence ensued.

We finally arrived at the destination at nine fifty-five.

Drogawolf's men had evidently prioritized this meeting, too. Besides arranging men guarding downstairs, there were also six cars parked outside.

"Stay here." Ashton buttoned his suit, his expression stern. He then pushed the door open and stepped out.

I came to him to provoke Nathaniel. Though I had my own agenda, I didn't want to land him in trouble. At the sight of the impressive display of force outside, I dispelled the idea of kicking up a fuss inside.

Alas, I had no say over my freedom here.

Less than five minutes after Ashton went upstairs, the bodyguard who was on patrol spotted me and forced me to get out of the car before bringing me to the abandoned building opposite.

On the second floor, I finally saw the woman Holden called Drogawolf.

Indeed, Drogawolf was an attractive lady. As she was around my age, she wasn't stunningly beautiful anymore.

Drogawolf was clad in a simple white suit, emanating a professional and staid vibe. She was sitting across from Ashton with a pleasant smile playing on her lips. If we weren't in an abandoned building, this would seem like a normal business meeting.

The bodyguard escorted me in, and Drogawolf's features became clearer to me. The more I stared at her, the more I found her familiar.

Soon, Ashton realized I had been captured. He rose to his feet and explained, "Ms. Schmidt, she has no idea about our deal. It's all a misunderstanding."

Yes, Drogawolf was none other than Freja Schmidt, the youngest CEO of Schmidt Pharmaceuticals.

I was shocked, for the businessperson who developed medicine was involved in an illegal drug deal. Freja's family had been in the pharmaceutical industry for a long time, and they were influential in the industry. A few years ago, the previous CEO and his wife passed away in an accident, and their daughter, Freja, took over the company. As Freja was influenced by foreign consortiums and business philosophies, she resorted to extreme means to expand Schmidt Pharmaceuticals. Many shareholders were displeased at her actions, but that didn't stop Schmidt Pharmaceuticals from becoming the top pharmaceutical company in the country.

Everyone needed medicine some time in their life. Freja was the owner of a lucrative business. Even if she closed the business down, the earnings would still be able to support her future generations. I couldn't help but wonder why she ended up dabbling in illegal businesses.

I had met Freja at a banquet and talked to her briefly. Most wealthy ladies would only gossip about family affairs, so she was a rare presence, sophisticated and funny. I couldn't relate her to Drogawolf.

Hearing Ashton's words, Freja didn't fly into a fit of rage. She came to me politely and greeted, "Ms. Stovall, we've met previously."

### **Chapter 1794 The Deal**

I took her hand briefly. It was only a split second, but it felt like I had come in contact with a block of ice. My entire body shivered, but I held it back and forced out a smile. "Ms. Schmidt."

Pursing her lip, Freja glanced at the bodyguard who was pinning my hands behind my back. He promptly left as instructed.

Before I realized what was going on, Freja said, "I've heard a lot about you, Ms. Stovall. To be honest, I admire you for your willingness to sacrifice for love."

Why does that sound like an insult? I flashed an awkward smile and muttered, "You're flattering me."

"Please, relax. I mean every word I say." Freja chuckled and took my hand, patting it lightly. She acted as though we were close friends.

However, I felt a chill going down my spine. On such an occasion where we were meeting with brand new identities, anyone would feel uncomfortable seeing how relaxed she was. It felt like my trump card had been exposed in advance.

Calmly, Freja turned and returned to her seat. Crossing her legs, she said warmly, "Ms. Stovall, please take a seat."

I glanced at Ashton and received his approval before joining him.

After sitting, I looked up to see Freja scrutinizing Ashton and me. Her gaze was narrowed as she flashed a smirk.

"Indeed, you are a match made in heaven. Even though you're separated, you look every inch a couple. If we can collaborate, you'll be known as Romeo and Juliet in the industry," Freja complimented us in a flattering manner.

I thought she was trying to butter up to us, but Ashton seemed anxious. "What do you mean, Ms. Schmidt? Don't you trust me?"

"Mr. Fuller, calm down. I admire Ms. Stovall for her courage, that's all. After all. I'm merely thirsty for talents," Freja replied. Her smile faded away, but the glint in her gaze remained.

Ashton's lips curved into a smirk. "Ms. Schmidt, you should get rid of the unrealistic notions in your mind. If the Stovall family is that easy to trick, you won't know about Scarlett's deeds."

Obviously, Ashton wasn't praising me.

It looks like Uncle Louis didn't work in vain. Though he had retired, his name can still be used as a form of protection in such circumstances.

Ashton was right. No one could make him cross the line, for he had been adhering to it for his entire life. They had no idea how powerful his faith could be.

“We can’t be sure about that, can we? There will always be a way,” Freja said calmly, ignoring my presence as she winked at Ashton. I had no idea what she was trying to get at.

Ashton wore a frosty expression as he leaned back. “Don’t ask me. You should ask Nathaniel about it.” He sounded like he had nothing to lose.

Hearing his answer, Freja shrugged nonchalantly. “It was just a joke. You’re too serious, Mr. Fuller. It’s a bad habit that you need to change.”

“I won’t change it. I just want to know if you’re capable enough of accepting the goods that we’ve prepared,” Ashton said. He was clearly irritated, for his expression had darkened.

However, this was the Ashton Fuller that I was familiar with. He was serious, assertive, and dominant.

“Ha!” Freja chuckled lowly. “You used to be a smart businessman, but why are you so narrow-minded when it comes to another product? I might be easily satisfied, but there are millions of people in the country. Do you seriously think I can’t sell the goods?”

Unfazed, Ashton continued, “When the cat is away, the mice will play. Do you think you can control your subordinates who aren’t in K City? When one of them slips and gets caught, what should we do?”

“That won’t happen,” Freja replied confidently.

“I will only trust you if you provide me with all the information about your distributors. I need to check them out and confirm that they are trustable. Or you can take in my suggestion and assign my subordinates to each city. If something crops up, it’ll be easy to rid of the trouble and save both sides,” Ashton concluded.

## Chapter 1795 You Can Call The Shots

The smile on Freja's face froze. "Mr. Fuller, did you forget that we're in the middle of discussing a business? I'm not your subordinate, so I have my own way of doing things. Why are you making it seem like I'm a middleman? If I want your goods, I would have to relinquish my men and locations?"

After a pause, her expression turned vicious. "Are you planning on taking control of my business, Mr. Fuller?"

Immediately afterward, the sound of guns being loaded penetrated the building. Clearly, Freja's subordinates had aimed their guns at me. They were prepared to wipe us out anytime.

Ashton and Freja's gaze met midair. I could almost feel the air crackling between them, charged with tension as it was. My hair stood on end.

I couldn't help but gulp nervously before studying the situation behind me.

How many men are there behind us? Three? Or four? There's a blind spot on the left. If they open fire, we should run to the right.

Right then, the old elevator started rumbling as it rolled up. Seconds later, the bodyguard pulled the door open and greeted the man inside. "Mr. Hall."

Nathaniel then strode out of the elevator and came to us.

After coming to a stop beside the table, he took off his leather gloves slowly.

Freja's eyes narrowed as she stared at him warily.

When everyone was wondering what Nathaniel would do next, he suddenly reached out and grabbed Freja's head before slamming her on the table.

Once, twice, thrice...

Freja was disoriented from the sudden attack when Nathaniel whipped out a mini pistol from nowhere and placed it right next to her temple.

His eyes squinted dangerously, and his lips lifted into an icy smirk.

Lowering his body, he inched nearer to Freja's indignant face and parted his lips to say, "I'll handle the goods and men. You'll get a twenty percent share. If you reject my offer, you'll die today. Make up your mind."

Freja was initially in control of the entire market in Chanaea. She could pocket ninety percent of the earnings before giving her subordinates a measly share. Now, Nathaniel wanted her subordinates and her locations. He didn't bother showing her any mercy.

Nathaniel was offering her a twenty percent profit without needing to do anything. As Freja was brave enough to handle the illegal business, she wasn't at all afraid. She clenched her jaw and glared at him furiously, refusing to cave in.

She'd rather die than let Nathaniel take over the Schmidt family's business!

However, Nathaniel wasn't one to give up, too. When Freja assumed he dared not fire the pistol and let out a disdainful snort, he pulled the trigger. Bang! A hole appeared in the table five centimeters away from her. Her brain started ringing.



Nathaniel had made himself clear. Freja could agree to his conditions, and it would be a happy ending for everyone. Otherwise, he'd take her life and spend time wiping out her network before building his own network.

Comprehension dawned, and Freja had to admit he was a hot-tempered and unpredictable man. He could kill her any minute.

Right as she made up her mind, the icy pistol pressed into her temple once again. Nathaniel announced confidently, "This time, I won't miss my target."

The sound of him disengaging the safety sounded like Hades' arrival.

Freja shut her eyes and raised her arms in defeat. "All right! You call the shots!"

Nathaniel chuckled. "The pistol is loaded, so I have to fire it out!"

He then pulled on the trigger swiftly.

Freja held her breath. She couldn't even bring herself to yell out loud.

However, after a bang sounded, she felt no pain. Opening her eyes, she ran her hands all over her head and made sure she was all right before heaving a sigh of relief.

## **Chapter 1796 Escaped Death**

In reality, Nathaniel had aimed the pistol at Ashton and me before pulling the trigger. The bullet whizzed past the space between us before hitting the cement wall behind us.

Freja wasn't the only one who had escaped death.

Nathaniel enjoyed the sight of a humiliated Freja before releasing her. He raised his arms in the air as though he were enjoying the sight of his subjects kneeling before him. The arrogance on his face was evident.

After freeing herself, Freja jolted up and tidied her appearance as she retreated a few steps back. At a safe distance away from Nathaniel, her expression turned grim, and she was once again the elegant Freja Schmidt of the Schmidt family.

She didn't even act this way back at the banquet, where everyone treated people differently according to their status. It seemed like this was the only way to hide her previously disheveled state and wipe away her fear of losing her life.

"Isn't this great? Being an obedient dog is better than a corpse that won't bite," Nathaniel commented, showing her no mercy.

Freja gritted her teeth and stared ahead arrogantly without uttering a word.

She was still the fearless Drogawolf a few minutes ago, so there was no way she'd admit to being a lowly dog who would only beg for scraps.

Though Nathaniel was now in control of Freja, he couldn't control her arrogance.

Nathaniel couldn't be bothered about her thoughts and turned his attention to Ashton.

He walked over to Ashton, and they were mere inches away from each other.

“Some things depend on talent. If you can’t do it, don’t force yourself and admit that you’re a loser. Be a man.” Nathaniel was insinuating that Ashton didn’t do that job well.

The dark belonged to Nathaniel. He might’ve allowed Ashton to enter his territory, but there was no way he’d let Ashton become the other beacon in the dark.

Though he was the one who trained Ashton, they had been competing in secret to win over each other. To defeat Ashton, Nathaniel had sold out information about him that resulted in a police raid. As a result, Ashton was wounded.

Today was no different. Back then, Nathaniel’s business had nothing to do with Chanaea, but strangely, he had decided to get a piece of the market. Gaining control of the market would prove that he was the better one among both of them.

For now, Freja was forced to back down, and Nathaniel would get the merit. Ashton was no match for him.

Hearing his provoking words, Ashton didn’t bother putting up an act and returned to his previous snarky self. Turning back to look at me, he sneered, “Hear that? Don’t force yourself.”

Me? Hello? Are we even related?

Having said that, he shook his head and laughed coldly before striding out of the place. I stared at his annoying back in exasperation.

When the elevator doors slid shut, I suddenly remembered that I had hitched a ride here in his car. I parted my lips to stop him, but it was too late.

Left with no choice, I had to go to Nathaniel for help. It was the perfect chance to spend some time with him to win over his irritating heart.

The moment I spun on my heels to butter up to him, I realized he was glaring at me darkly. When our gazes met, he whipped his head around and marched down the stairs.

“Nathaniel!” I called out. “Hey!”

Never mind if Ashton didn’t hear me. I was certain that he heard me, but all he did was to quicken his steps.

What is going on? Am I a plague or something?

“Ms. Stovall, if you don’t mind, I can give you a ride,” Freja offered suddenly.

There was no way I’d head back on my heels. “Thanks.”

However, I quickly regretted my decision. Perhaps Freja was upset after what Nathaniel did to her, for she said nothing on the journey home. An awkward and tensed silence ensued.

I alighted from the car once we entered the city, planning to get my chauffeur to pick me up.

Freja gave me a side glance. “We’re still a distance away from the city center. Are you sure?”

## Chapter 1797 Sense Of Security

"It's fine. I need to attend to something nearby, so I'm not heading back home yet. Thank you, Ms. Schmidt," I thanked her gratefully.

"You're welcome." Freja looked down and shut the door. She then ordered the chauffeur to leave.

Soon, the car sped off.

I watched as the car disappeared from sight and heaved a long sigh of relief. Finally, I could take a breather alone.

It was peak hour, and I didn't want to be stuck in a jam for hours. That would be too agonizing. After calming down, I walked into the commercial district slowly.

When I walked past a café, the aroma of coffee caught my attention. Thus, I went in and sat down at a table before ordering a hot Americano with half a spoonful of sugar.

Ashton was the only person who loved drinking an Americano without adding any sugar.

I pondered for a while before dialing Jackson's number.

His phone rang for several seconds before he answered. "Scar? How are you?" His familiar voice drifted through the call.

"I'm all right. Were you still up at this hour?" I was merely trying my luck, so it was surprising when the call got connected.

"I'm in the middle of a war," came Jackson's answer.

"What?" I was confused, for there didn't seem to be any military operations in M Country recently.

"Well, it's nothing serious. What about you? Why did you call me?" As usual, Jackson knew me well.

Friends like us would fight when we were in the same city, but now that we were on different continents, he still remembered every bit of detail about me.

I lowered my head and chuckled. Going straight to the point, I asked, "You major in psychology, right? I have a question. If a man is in love with a woman but ignores and avoids communicating with her, what the hell is he thinking?"

"Are you talking about Ashton?" Jackson responded. "The media in M Country has reported about him and Rebecca. That was really bad."

"Yes, it's quite troublesome, but I'm not talking about him." I scratched my head and flashed a helpless smile. "This is about a friend. I'm asking it on behalf of a friend."

It wasn't nice to play with someone else's feelings. Jackson was innocent, so I didn't want to air my dirty deeds before him.

"Right, your friend..." Jackson repeated and sounded like he didn't believe me fully. "All right. Tell your friend that it's a prime example of a dismissive-avoidant attachment style. The more he likes someone, the more afraid he is to face that person. It might be his pride coming in the way, for he feels that he isn't a worthy partner. He might be worried that he'd lose the person after revealing his feelings. To conclude, your friend lacks security and confidence when it comes to relationships."

He deliberately put emphasis when he mentioned my so-called friend to highlight his sarcasm to tease me like the friend he was.

I ignored his teasing words and mumbled to myself, "Lack of security, huh?"

Nathaniel is as evil as Grim Reaper himself. He looks as though he has a strong heart, but it turns out he lacks confidence?

Comprehension dawned. Yes, that's right. Everyone is a coward before their loved ones!

"What should I..." I blurted out without thinking much before correcting myself. "I mean, what should my friend do to get to the next step?"

Jackson burst out laughing. It took him a while to calm down and regain his composure before whispering, "Remember, Scar, jealousy is a catalyst in every relationship. If you want it to work out, make sure to utilize that well."

I nodded in agreement. A moment of silence later, I huffed, "It's my friend, not me!"

"Don't be a fool, Scar. You don't have to explain everything to me as long as you're the winner," Jackson joked. It occurred to me that he sounded really mature now.

I fell silent without offering an explanation.

Just then, Lydia's voice rang out. "Jackson..."