

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1803-1807

Chapter 1803 Splashed All Over The Tabloid

After alighting from the car, Nathaniel's gentlemanly side disappeared. He dragged me into the house and chucked me onto the sofa unceremoniously.

"Ouch!" I hissed in pain. On the way here, I had regained my senses and was extra sensitive to pain now. Frowning, I held my arm that was tingling in pain from the harsh drop.

Seeing my reaction, Nathaniel furrowed his brows. It seemed like he was on the verge of exploding in anger.

I sat up and returned his glare so he'd know I was still the prickly hedgehog who wouldn't cower in fear even if he treated me rudely.

After a brief stalemate, Nathaniel suddenly picked up a stack of magazines nearby and hurled them in my direction.

The sheets fluttered in the wind and landed all around me in a harmless manner.

I looked down and saw the cover page instantly. The photo displayed the scene of me breaking into Rebecca's house, where the four of us exchanged awkward looks. It was an extremely embarrassing photo.

The paparazzi gave it an eye-catching headline—A foursome in the upper-class society – how would you fare?

I smirked at the sight of that. The paparazzi sure were efficient enough to publish the article in such a short time.

"I can't believe that you can still smile," came Nathaniel's icy sneer.

I gathered my thoughts before picking up a magazine. Gazing at the clearest photo available, I joked, "I look nice here."

"The article sure is interesting," Nathaniel added.

Though he was being sarcastic, I didn't get upset. Calmly, I flipped the magazine open and read it aloud. "The millionaire and his current lover were enjoying a threesome. His ex caught them in the act. To get him back, she joined them willingly. I'm impressed..."

I couldn't help but laugh out loud upon imagining the newscaster reporting this in a ridiculous accent. It was beyond me why Nathaniel got upset. I cleared my throat as my smile faded away. Putting on a serious front, I said, "Indeed, if I were the owner, I'd increase the pay of the ones who took the photos and wrote the article..."

Before I could finish, Nathaniel gripped my chin and lifted me into the air.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" He arched a brow frostily. "You're going all out for Ashton, huh?"

Oh, so that was why he got upset. Everyone thinks I've discarded my dignity because of Ashton, and he's upset because of that.

I took his hand that was gripping my chin so I could at least breathe. "You know me well. I can even disown John, so I don't give a f*ck," I argued.

Nathaniel's lips curled upwards, but his eyes remained arctic and vicious, just like the day where he shot Tom continuously. "I had no idea you were a b*tch. Do you know that whenever you are with Ashton, your gaze and your actions resemble a dog begging for a pat on the back?"

"So what if I'm a dog?!" I shut my eyes and cried. With that said, my eyes snapped open as I glared at him savagely. Grinding my teeth, I declared, "Even if I'm a b*tch, that has nothing to do with you! You have no right to question me, for we are not related at all!"

Nathaniel froze as his grip went slack for a few seconds. Fury contorted his expression as he exerted force on my chin once more. "Scarlett, don't be ungrateful!"

"The same goes for you." I swallowed a mouthful of blood so my parched throat would get some relief. "You're no better than me."

"Don't compare the both of us," came Nathaniel's reply as his expression turned frosty. However, the glint in his gaze remained.

"What is the difference? I won't give up on Ashton, and you're attracted to me. Yes, I'm a b*tch for becoming his plaything, but at least I am honest. You, on the other hand, don't even dare to admit your feelings. You hide in a corner like a disgusting rat and spy on my life, just like how you spied on Ashton back then!" I sneered, my fear for him long forgotten.

Chapter 1804 The Master

No hunter would allow himself to tremble in fear before his prey.

The first to fall in love had no choice but to surrender his heart and all.

Suddenly, Nathaniel threw me back onto the sofa. He seemed chagrined as he turned and refused to look at me. I felt pressured by his lurking presence. However, he said nothing, and I did not know what was going on in his mind.

There was no reason to discipline someone else. However, when there was an exception, that relationship was destined to be different.

Nathaniel seemed fine to be addressed as a disgusting rat, so Jackson was right. He had placed himself in a lower position than me. Perhaps he was coddling me. No matter what, I should add fuel to the fire now.

I slumped onto the sofa and twisted my body to show a few seductive poses. In a low voice, I mumbled, "Either you take my life, or you'll have to endure similar scenes in the future. I want you to see how much I love Ashton. It could've been yours, but you rejected it." Chuckling, I raised my voice to make sure he could hear each and every word clearly. "You were the one who avoided me and gave up!"

Nathaniel turned at his shoulder as though he had just heard a ridiculous joke. "I gave up? Does that mean you're the one who decides whether I will get to love you? Am I a charity case?"

Charity case was a rather degrading term, and it wasn't what I meant. Alas, I had no choice but to go on. "I said nothing of the sort, but I wanted to treat you and Ashton fairly. You were the one who hid away from me. You know I love him dearly, so I couldn't control myself."

After all, the more intimate one was with someone, the better one would be at coming up with hurtful sentences.

Though it might be my own wishful thinking, besides Nora, I should be the only person of the opposite sex that Nathaniel had spent the most time with. I knew him better than anyone, so it was pretty easy for me to deliver a fatal blow to him.

Indeed, Nathaniel was infuriated. He grabbed my hands swiftly when I tried to struggle and flipped me over.

Pressing his cheek next to mine, he warned, "You'd better know who your master is!"

Flustered, I went all out. "I'd rather end myself than let you succeed!"

Nathaniel was unfazed, for he continued unbuttoning his shirt as though he were a robot carrying out an order. "You want to treat us fairly, right? If we don't have a try, how would you find out whether your body prefers me or Ashton more?"

I didn't expect someone as arrogant as Nathaniel would be foolish enough to connect one's body and heart together. He thought that conquering either would get him the other one.

I sneered, raised my chin, and prepared to end myself by biting on my tongue hard. I wanted to show him how stubborn I was. He could never win my heart or mess around with my body.

Nathaniel hadn't realized my plan. He couldn't wait to vent his lust, so after unbuttoning his shirt, he reached out to me.

I was wearing a long dress with buttons all the way up to my neck. It had as many buttons as his shirt. I saw Nathaniel frowning in irritation as he stretched his hand out.

At that, I laughed gaily. Nathaniel grabbed my collar, an ominous black thundercloud of temper settling over him.

Rip!

I was both embarrassed and furious. Without thinking much, I bit my tongue. Hopefully, our ancestors weren't lying when they claimed one would die when one's tongue broke off. I didn't want to end up as helpless as a flapping fish and regain consciousness to face the humiliating situation.

As sweat trickled down my forehead from the excruciating pain, I belatedly realized Nathaniel had stopped his advances.

At once, I stopped biting on my tongue and opened my eyes.

Nathaniel was still towering over me. However, he had narrowed his gaze and was staring at my left shoulder, seemingly in a daze.

Chapter 1805 Admit To It

Before I could react, something seemed to occur to Nathaniel. He whipped his head around to look at me and squeezed my cheeks, forcing me to open my mouth.

At the sight of the blood on my tongue, he bristled. "I knew it! You tried to end yourself!"

I belatedly recalled the gunshot on my left shoulder. It happened when he forced me into a corner.

The ugly scar reminded him that the woman he was infatuated with would take her own life if she were forced into a corner.

I was inwardly pleased. After all, I could use my life to threaten him.

Nathaniel knew why I had a smile hanging on my lips, but his hands were tied. In the end, he released his grip on me and stood up. Walking away, he buttoned his shirt again.

I coughed and regained my composure. "Are you finally admitting that you can't bring yourself to harm me?" I didn't forget to tease him.

"Perhaps you're right. But from today onward, you'll have to stay here." Nathaniel was cool and collected as usual.

"Why? Trying the familiarity breeds fondness trick?" I retorted.

After fastening the last button, Nathaniel turned to shoot me an exasperated look. In the end, he chose not to say anything. Picking up the suit jacket on the ground, he strode upstairs.

I made sure his footsteps had faded away before my smile slipped. Scrambling to my feet, I studied the house closely.

The house was minimalistic and simple. There was a sofa, a ceiling light above it, a coffee table, and a dining table about half a meter long. The open kitchen had a grey and white color scheme. It seemed like there were only the both of us here.

Is this Nathaniel's den? Hmm, it doesn't look like it.

After a brief tour of the first floor, I didn't find anything suspicious. As Nathaniel wasn't going to force me into submission, I plucked up my courage and headed to the second floor.

There were three rooms on the second floor. The door of the room right next to the stairs was slightly ajar. I tiptoed over carefully and pushed the door open.

Once inside, I realized Nathaniel was taking a shower. His clothes were draped over the sofa. There was another door leading to his bedroom. The most intimate space would be one's bedroom. Perhaps there was evidence of his crime inside.

I turned at my shoulder and confirmed the water was still running in the bathroom before dashing in cautiously.

The interior was emptier than I had expected. Besides the bed and the light hanging on the ceiling, the view was unobstructed. I knew I wouldn't get anything here.

"You'd rather die than be coerced into submission earlier, and now you're offering yourself. Don't tell me you're trying to play hard to get." Nathaniel's voice boomed out, snapping me out of my reverie. I had no idea when he stepped out of the bathroom.

Feeling guilty, I turned on my heels to the sight of Nathaniel with only a bath towel around his waist. His upper torso was exposed, so I instinctively cowered back.

Without giving me a chance to react, Nathaniel gazed at me for two short seconds before coming over to sweep me off my feet. He then strode into the bedroom with me in his arms.

Coming to a stop beside the bed, he pulled the covers open and tossed me into the bed.

I had just gotten to my feet when Nathaniel joined me in bed. He flung his arm around me, and we fell back into bed together. With one arm pinning me down, he pulled the covers up.

Before I could struggle out of his reach, Nathaniel pinned me down with his weight and warned, "I won't touch you, but you need to give me something to look forward to. Be a good girl." He was right. I had to give him something so all hell would break loose.

The fish had taken the bait, so I'd be a fool to not reel it in. Tamping down my hatred, I lay beside him obediently.

Eventually, his breathing steadied, and he dozed off.

Someone as sharp as Nathaniel wouldn't fall into a deep sleep. A tiny move might jolt him up. As I had provoked him countless times today, it wouldn't be a great idea to continue provoking him. I couldn't risk it.

I stayed up the entire night. When dawn broke, I sensed Nathaniel waking up and immediately shut my eyes to pretend to be asleep.

Chapter 1806 Come With Me

A few minutes later, Nathaniel got up. He changed out of his pajamas and went downstairs.

He had prepared breakfast, and it was served on the dining table. When I headed downstairs, he was nowhere to be seen.

I didn't feel like eating. Besides, after what I went through last night, I wasn't planning on eating everything that Nathaniel offered me.

I went upstairs with the plan of exploring the other two rooms. Alas, I had underestimated Nathaniel's vigilance, for both rooms were locked. I couldn't even get in.

After searching around, I didn't find anything to break the lock and slumped in disappointment.

I was about to call for help before recalling that my phone and bag were left behind in Rebecca's house. There was nothing for me to contact the outside world in this house.

Left with no choice, I ran outside and prayed fervently that the reason I didn't see any houses nearby was that the lighting was bad last night. Today, I finally got an unobstructed view of the hilltop. Nathaniel's house was the only house here, and there were no other houses nearby. He was literally living in seclusion.

Stumped, my only alternative was to return and get some rest. After staying up yesterday and this morning, I was exhausted. Not long after I returned to the bed, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I woke up, it was already nighttime. The bedroom was dark, but the living room in the suite was brightly lit.

A set of clothes was placed at the end of the bed. Everything inside out was included. I assumed Nathaniel had prepared an outfit for me to change into.

I got up and walked toward the living room slowly. Nathaniel was sitting on the sofa, his gaze fixated on the computer.

I discarded my slippers and stepped onto the soft carpet as I made my way to his back.

Once I reached the sofa, I leaned forward and saw a WhatsApp message mentioning something about a deal location.

It looked like Nathaniel was dealing with his goods. If I wasn't mistaken, everything about the deal was in that conversation.

To be more specific, they were on this computer.

I perked up and was prepared to inch nearer to get a closer look. Right then, Nathaniel's phone on the desk started buzzing. A call had come in.

Nathaniel didn't notice me. He got his phone and answered it, mumbling a few acknowledgments occasionally.

I sighed in relief, but he ended the call swiftly. "That'll do."

After returning his phone to the desk, he sensed something. Turning back, he met my nonchalant gaze. At once, he shut his laptop and asked calmly, "Why didn't you sleep until tomorrow morning? You might as well do that."

Is he blaming me for being asleep for that long?

"I can't do anything without a phone or a laptop. What else am I supposed to do except sleep? Stare at you?"

I strode over to the other sofa and plopped down, looking disgruntled. I was the grumpy type after waking up, so I was planning on giving him a hard time.

Nathaniel remained unfazed. He placed his laptop on the desk and propped his arm on the armrest. "Get changed. We need to go somewhere," he ordered.

“No.” If I agreed immediately, that would mean I was a harmless person.

Nathaniel got up calmly and went to the bathroom. He stood before the mirror and tidied himself up. “I thought you’d be interested in the locations I got from Schmidt,” he remarked.

“You want to bring me to patrol the locations?” I turned to look at him like the worthless idiot I was. I couldn’t get the data on the laptop, so this seemed like a great consolation prize.

However, patrolling the locations was similar to a business inspection. Only those close to the owner would be brought along. Obviously, my position had moved upwards in Nathaniel’s heart.

As that thought struck me, I immediately went into the bedroom. I burrowed under the covers and changed my clothes swiftly.

Nathaniel’s bedroom had an open concept design, with a doorframe separating the living room and bedroom. There was nothing else in between.

After crawling out of the covers, my hair was in a mess. I went to the bathroom to take the spot in front of the mirror from Nathaniel.

Fortunately, when I stepped out, Nathaniel was already waiting on the sofa, effectively stopping a conflict from happening.

Chapter 1807 Survey

Everything was ready. After staying there for about twenty-four hours, I could finally leave the deserted place.

Nathaniel didn't have his laptop with him at that moment. That meant anyone could get their hands on the data stored inside it if they were to break in right then. Unfortunately, I didn't have my phone with me, so I couldn't contact anyone. I had no choice but to let this opportunity slip away.

Earlier, I saw, on the screen, that Nathaniel mentioned something about a place. I assumed that the place in question was a pub or club because places like those had loud music and dim lighting. These factors would make it perfect for Nathaniel to make any shady business deals.

However, he drove to a run-down village, and I realized that I had a lot more to learn.

The village was small, and there was only one road in and out of the village. Nathaniel's enormous car could barely fit on that road. Off the main road, however, there were many smaller paths. A junction would show up every few feet, and I could see kids in washed-out clothes running around. They would turn a corner and be out of sight soon after, though.

The older kids would chase after the car. It was likely that it had been a while since they last saw a luxurious car traveling down the road.

Nathaniel didn't get out of the car until we reached the point where it was absolutely impossible for his car to keep going.

It didn't take long before we entered a simple cabin. It was crowded, and everyone was working. Some were there to sell their drugs, and some were there to provide transportation. Yet, they all had one thing in common — their clothing was washed out, and they looked like they had been starving.

As soon as we entered, Nathaniel and I reacted the same way. When our noses detected the pungent smell exuding from the poor villagers, we both blatantly got our handkerchiefs out to cover our nose and mouth. He frowned in annoyance and said, "Maybe I should have come to their rescue sooner."

Nathaniel saw his own factory as an art museum and regarded the drugs as exquisite pieces of art.

“Mr. Hall,” greeted a man in a tuxedo. He was probably the only person who worked directly under Nathaniel.

Still frowning deeply, Nathaniel behaved like a man who was not accustomed to the environment that the poor lived in.

The man in tuxedo explained the process after that.

“This entire village is the distribution center, and the head of this village is the one responsible for managing the operation. The other villagers will deliver the product after they receive their orders. This village’s paths are complicated, so the men we hire can get away easily should the police show up. We don’t have to worry about our customers losing their ways, though, because a villager will come to lead the way for them. Oh, and I should also mention that the villagers are united. If anyone were to hold one of them as a hostage, every other villager would come to the rescue. Hence, the only way to deal with the issue is if someone somehow manages to eradicate the entire village.”

It was undeniable that Freja’s plan was virtually perfect. She took advantage of the legal system and the hatred the villagers had for the government that had abandoned them. Even if an unpredictable issue arose, it would be difficult for the authorities to do anything in a place like this. “Okay, then just do as I asked. You will have full control over this operation. Just give me a satisfactory result as soon as possible,” replied Nathaniel, who wasn’t really in the mood to continue listening to what the man in the tuxedo had to say.

“Understood,” said the latter.

I wanted to take a closer look, but Nathaniel didn’t want to stay any longer. Thus, he dragged me out and left in the car quickly.

He didn’t roll the windows down until the village was quite far away. After that, he sighed a breath of relief. He had one hand on the steering wheel, and he had his other arm rested beside the car’s window. As he drove, he commented on Freja’s work. “A disaster — that is the only word to describe a place like

that village. There is no way we can make it big in a place like that. No wonder the country's market has been underperforming all these years! Women just can't be trusted to plan for the future."

The man used words like "underperforming" and "market." Frankly speaking, a random stranger might think that he was talking about a promising and legitimate business if they didn't know the context.

I was already upset about how the so-called survey only lasted for less than one minute, so I picked a fight. In an icy tone, I asked, "Excuse me, but are you referring to me when you say that women can't be trusted?"

Only then did Nathaniel realize that his words included me. He narrowed his eyes at me a little and readjusted his sitting posture before explaining, "You're not like the other girls."

"How so? Am I different just because I'm not a virgin, whereas every other woman you came in contact with isn't? Is that why you say that I'm not like the other girls? Because you're not interested in sleeping with me?"