

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1808-1812

Chapter 1808 Chat History

The truth was that Nathaniel wouldn't even think about all that when his emotions heightened and judgment clouded. Still, I wanted to verbalize everything and remind him of my past. I saw it as a smart move because it would prevent me from having to bite my tongue again.

Nathaniel's expression took a sharp turn immediately after he heard that. His tone carried a hint of anger when he said, "Don't try to get under my skin."

Not wanting to back down, I challenged, "Oh, I'm the one making a fuss? Who was the one who dragged me out of bed in the middle of the night and made me travel several hours by car just to take a fleeting look at the site? Just be honest and say that you don't trust me. You didn't need to put on a show like this."

After saying all that, I turned around to ignore him and put a stop to that argument.

The reflection on the window showed me that Nathaniel had parted his lips as if he had something to say, but he didn't say anything in the end.

It was three in the morning when we returned to the villa on the mountain. The silent treatment lasted the entire trip.

After opening the door, I tossed my shoes at a random spot and walked barefoot on the icy floor. It was so cold that my entire body trembled.

"Stop it right there," requested Nathaniel in exasperation.

"What?" I was standing on the spot, but I didn't turn around because I was pretending to be mad and had to behave that way.

Surprisingly, Nathaniel didn't reply. All I heard were some shuffling sounds before I sensed him getting close to me.

"Get your leg up," instructed Nathaniel. He sounded like he was crouching at the time.

That got me to tilt my head down, and that was when I saw him kneeling on one knee. He was holding a pair of slippers and was testing the waters by pushing my leg a little. "The floor is cold, so put these on."

"No, thank you," I replied stubbornly and held my head up high to show zero respect.

I felt myself levitating at the very next second. Nathaniel had lifted my foot and slipped one slipper onto it before he did the same for my other foot.

After doing all that, he stood up slowly and stared calmly at me. He sounded like he was teasing me when he pointed out, "You've been giving me the silent treatment for over two hours. Aren't you tired?"

Stubbornly, I refused to look at him anyway, but then I thought about the laptop in the room, and inspiration hit me. I immediately changed my mind, turned to him, and said, "I am tired, but that's not enough to get me to stop being angry. That might change if I have some pasta with me, though."

Nathaniel grinned before he put on a straight face and replied, "Go wait on the second floor."

I smiled in return before running up the stairs.

When I was at the door, I felt anxious, so I turned back and snuck a peek at the stairs. I waited until I saw Nathaniel walking into the kitchen. After that, I hurried to the room and closed the door before rushing to the laptop.

I was lucky because Nathaniel didn't turn his laptop off properly, so it had simply been idle the entire time. All I had to do was move the mouse, and the screen lit up to show the WhatsApp messages.

Swallowing hard, I then turned my head to check and make sure that Nathaniel hadn't come to the room. After that, I used the mouse to check his chat history.

As suspected, the illegal business deal was done behind Ashton's back. Or rather, the owner of that new number was the one who was making the decisions.

My first instinct was to log into my own account and make a copy of that chat history. Unfortunately, that would leave a record, and I wouldn't be able to delete everything in time if Nathaniel suddenly came in.

While panicking, I saw the screenshot button on the desktop, and a lightbulb instantly went off in my head.

I made a screenshot of the most important bit of the WhatsApp chat history before I attached it to a new e-mail I created using Nathaniel's e-mail account.

For the title, I wrote: It's me, Scarlett. I hope this will help. Don't reply.

I looked for Ashton's name before I clicked on it to send the e-mail.

Then, I deleted the e-mail from the folders and turned off all software.

Everything was done in one go, and it was perfect.

I didn't relax or heave a breath of relief until I got everything back to its original position.

"What are you doing?" Nathaniel's nonchalant tone broke the silence.

A chill ran down my spine, and I stiffened as if someone had just pointed a gun at my head.

I bit my lip a little and tried to force myself to calm down. After that, I moved the mouse to the web browser and complained, "What do you think I was doing? The day has been so boring, so I'm going online to watch some news. What? Do you actually think I'm a criminal?"

Chapter 1809 Fake News

Nathaniel sat down with a plate of pasta and put the dish aside before he got his laptop from me to examine it. He found nothing out of the ordinary.

In a hostile tone, I retaliated by challenging, "Do you see me as a spy? You are the one who brought me over, and you are the one who placed your laptop here. You should've told me earlier if you don't want me to use it, so stop looking at me like that. I am not your slave, and I get to do certain things like using the computer."

Nonetheless, Nathaniel ignored me entirely. His expression remained aloof as he put the laptop, which he had since turned off, aside and pushed the pasta over to me. After that, he said, "Eat up."

His response made me feel as though I was talking to a wall. It'd feel weird if I kept complaining about it, and I was hungry anyway, so I picked up the fork and ate away.

That night, Nathaniel insisted on sleeping while hugging me like a pillow. He only left after the sun had risen, and he took the laptop away as he left.

I couldn't sleep because I kept thinking about the e-mail and wondered if Ashton had received it.

It was ten o'clock at night, but I was too nervous. Besides, the bed felt uncomfortable no matter how much I tossed and turned. I then gave up and decided to go out for some fresh air.

When I walked down the stairs, I bumped into Ashton, who happened to be entering at the time.

I thought I was dreaming, so I pinched myself hard.

Ouch, that hurts! Huh? So this is not a dream, then. Ashton really is here.

Ashton, however, had no idea what I was doing. He seemed taken aback when he asked, "What are you up to this time?"

"Huh?" Once again, I wondered if I was dreaming.

It had been a while since he last spoke to me in that tone.

Ashton took a deep breath and straightened his back before shifting his gaze away. His tone was so icy that it was borderline inhumane when he said, "I'm talking about the e-mail from last night."

After a sharp breath, I stared at him strangely and started questioning myself once more.

He should be aware of the risks I took to get my hands on that information. Why is he interrogating me in that tone? It's as if I had just pulled the worst prank on him. Did I misunderstand the situation? Was I wrong to assume that he trusts me?

"What e-mail?" A familiar voice rang out all of a sudden. The owner of that voice, Nathaniel, was walking over from the living room with a glass of whiskey in his hand. It seemed like he had already downed half a glass. The man draped one of his arms around my shoulder and nonchalantly asked, "You guys don't mind if I join in on the conversation, right?"

I knew that I was at fault, so my heart started thumping fast. At that moment, I couldn't respond to that at all.

Ashton, on the other hand, couldn't contain his anger. His tone was as sharp as daggers when he spat, "I don't know what game the two of you are playing, but I will have none of it. This is the first and last time you'll test me with fake news, get it?"

How could that be fake?

Surprised, I turned to Nathaniel. The confident grin on his lips and the blatant arrogance shining in his eyes showed that he had anticipated everything that was happening at that moment.

It also meant that the information I risked for and stole on the night before was nothing but fake content. That sly fox likely planted everything there to test the waters as he tried to figure out how often Ashton and I still communicate with one another.

That was a good move.

Pretending to let his words slip, acting all nervous when he took the laptop away from me... I had been putting on a show, but in the end, he was the one who fooled me.

It seems I have underestimated my opponent.

But this doesn't explain why Ashton is acting like this. If he knows that the information is fake, shouldn't he try to get in touch with me and warn me to be more careful around Nathaniel? Why is he acting this way?

It is as if he is convinced that Nathaniel and I are on the same side.

I was reminded countless times, but I would never believe that Nathaniel could tempt Ashton to do anything immoral.

At that thought, I clamped my mouth shut and tried my best to keep myself calm before saying, "I didn't know that the information was faked and was unaware of the situation."

"Do I look like an idiot?" growled Ashton almost immediately after I finished speaking. His tone was icy and almost cruel.

After he said that, he turned his attention to Nathaniel and added, "The two of you are living together, huh? No wonder Scarlett changed her stance so quickly and is working against me now."

Meanwhile, Nathaniel tightened his hold on me and shrugged a little. He had an infuriating expression on. At that point, it seemed like his silence worked better than spoken words.

Chapter 1810 Our Secret

I was quick to break free from Nathaniel and put some distance between us. Rolling my eyes at him in distaste, I then turned to Ashton to say, "Ashton, you trust me, don't you?"

Nathaniel had already seen through my tricks and knew that I was spying on him, so there was no point in keeping the charade up anymore. Under those circumstances, it was better to just be sincere. At least I'd be able to give Ashton a firm response then.

Ashton suddenly chuckled, and an evil glint flashed past his eyes. "Do you honestly want me to answer that question?"

I nodded and replied, "It's an answer you should've told me ages ago."

Nathaniel took a step forward and stood beside me, but his grin had since faded. "You know, I'd like to know that answer as well."

Ashton scoffed. He suddenly acted as if he wasn't bothered about anything and almost seemed generous when he said, "Okay, then let's play a game. Give me your hand."

“A game?” I asked because I couldn’t catch up to his quick thinking.

“Yeah,” murmured Ashton. He raised his brows, then looked at my hand, which I had left dangling at my side.

I moved as though I was possessed and reached out for him.

Ashton used his finger to trace his surname on my palm.

After writing that, he retracted his hand and looked right into my eyes. His lips parted, and he asked, “What did I write?”

The entire scene felt so familiar that I had goosebumps. Nathaniel once hired someone to assume my identity. We were trapped in the car for a while at the time, and Ashton played this game with me.

At that time, I answered...

“Fuller,” I replied mindlessly as I stared at him.

“Wrong,” replied Ashton mercilessly, but his words were an exact duplicate of what he said back then.

I insisted, “That is not possible. I know what I saw. It’s Fuller.” When I spoke, I kept my gaze on Ashton.

Nathaniel, on the other hand, stood at the side and kept staring, but he couldn’t figure out what was going on.

In the end, Ashton said, "Fine. I will give you one more chance to answer that question."

He held my hand and wrote Audrey's name.

My nose became runny, and my voice was thick. I was smiling and crying at the same time while answering, "It's my daughter's name."

Ashton grinned before he retracted his hand and replied, "That's not what I wrote, either."

There was a pause. When he spoke again, he emphasized every word. "Here's my answer to your earlier question."

After saying that, he turned around to leave, never sparing another look at me.

I stood there on the spot, stunned and at a loss for words. My hand remained in mid-air as tears rolled my cheeks. Yet, the familiar warmth filled my heart once more.

Nathaniel took the opportunity to fan the flames. "See? That's the kind of man you're willingly sacrificing yourself for. It doesn't matter if what you're saying is the truth. He simply doesn't believe in you, and he will find fault in every word you say from now on."

Naturally, Nathaniel didn't know that there was more to the story.

Back then, Ashton said that he wrote "Stovall" both times.

He also said that the wrong answer wouldn't remain wrong forever, and that was our secret.

That day, in that house, I finally understood what he really meant. He was telling me that he would choose to believe me, and he wouldn't regret his decision, even if it turned out to be the wrong one.

Peace resonated with me, and I was so happy that I could barely contain it. Still, I suppressed those feelings when I heard Nathaniel's words. I glared from the corner of my eyes and growled, "Are you happy now? Ashton will never trust me again!"

Nathaniel wasn't going to let me vent, so he continued mocking me. In fact, he sounded pleased when he replied, "I was simply reminding you that juggling two men is not an easy feat. Things turn out well for you, right? Now, you need only focus on loving me."

I had always hated how presumptuous Nathaniel was, so I took advantage of the situation and raised my voice. My tears, for some reason, also freely flowed as I complained.

"Loving you? Yes, it's true that my heart is filled with love, but that love is not directed to you! Ashton is the man I have loved my entire life; my youth and memories are all linked to him. Heck, even my life and my entire sense of being are connected to him. He hates me now and is angry at me. That makes me feel a hundred, if not a thousand, times worse than being stabbed in the heart. Do you even understand the agony of being hated by the person you love? No, you will never understand it. All you ever do is make things worse. It seems that torturing me is the only way for you to be happy, and that makes you nothing more than a cruel murderer. You might as well just stab me to my death right now!"

Chapter 1811 All A Show

Slowly but surely, a frown appeared on Nathaniel's face. He stared without saying a word, and I had no clue what he was thinking about at the time.

However, I didn't bother to try deciphering it. Instead, I held on to the opportunity to vent out all of my emotions. Then, I fell back against the wall while staring blankly at the floor.

The truth was that I was trying to figure something out. I was wondering when Ashton began planning everything, but Nathaniel couldn't know that. With my head down, I looked like an angry wife who had just been chased out of the house.

I only had a slipper on, and between sobs, I muttered, "He doesn't love me anymore... He doesn't love me anymore..."

A few moments later, Nathaniel's phone rang. He returned to the living room to pick the call up. After that, he rushed out of the door. I stopped crying as soon as he closed the door.

For the entire time, I kept my expression blank as I got up from the floor, put on my slippers, and went to wash my face. When I was done with all that, I grabbed some food from the refrigerator and cooked for myself.

Pretending to cry was a tiring task, and I actually got hungry after Ashton left.

I think that was the time I truly appreciated movie stars and understood how tough their job was.

I couldn't help strategizing as I ate away. It was crucial I figure out how Nathaniel would treat me after this incident because it'd determine what my next move should be.

If I'm right, this incident is one of the defining moments in this war. Nathaniel had, in a way, recalled his army, and this may be my shot to infiltrate his army's base.

At that moment, I knew how Ashton felt, and I believed that all I had to do was to help him in any way I could.

We were on the same side and were fighting the same war. The only difference was that he was fighting from the corporate angle, while I was attacking from the emotional side.

Being certain of all that made me feel better than I had in a long time. That, in turn, got my appetite to return, and I finished everything I cooked.

When I returned to the second floor, I noticed that the door to the room next to mine was left open. The decoration suggested that it was a study, and Nathaniel's laptop, the one he used yesterday, was sitting right there. It was resting peacefully on the desk.

My eyes glowed, but I made a beeline to my bedroom and slammed the door shut.

I've learned my lesson after going through all that. In that house, anything that was easily accessible was of no value to me. They were only there to allow Nathaniel to trick and mock me.

There was no point in making any moves, so I ended up crawling back onto my bed and napping.

I was half asleep when I felt someone holding me from behind my back. That instantly scared me so much that I woke up. I sat up and turned on the lamp on the nightstand.

When I saw Nathaniel there, I scrunched my nose and pulled the blanket away. Then, I walked toward the living room in a fit of anger.

Nathaniel chased after me. After a while, he caught up when we were by the door and gripped my wrist. The man then asked impatiently, "It's the middle of the night. Why are you acting up?"

"Let me go. Let me go!" It took me everything I had to finally break free. I turned around after that and dashed out the door to walk down the stairs.

When I was out of the house, I walked right into Nathaniel's car and opened the door.

As suspected, he left the keys in the ignition because we were in a secluded place.

Nathaniel chased over at that moment. I ducked quickly and got into the car. After that, I fired up the engine. Ignoring Nathaniel's protests, I turned the steering wheel before I stepped on the gas without hesitating.

However, Nathaniel managed to open the door at the last second and got into the passenger's seat.

"Stop the car," howled Nathaniel, who had dropped his gentleman's facade. "Did you hear what I say, Scarlett Stovall? Stop the car now!"

I gripped the steering wheel and completely ignored him while speeding down the road as fast as I could.

The route down the mountain was steep, and there were many turns. Almost every turn I made was dangerous, and the tires screeched every time I did so.

I wasn't suicidal, but at that moment, I was playing the role of a woman who had just lost the man she loved. On top of that, the man in question hated her. Hence, something would seem off if I didn't act like I hated the world or do something extreme. Nothing was more convincing or more perfect than speeding down the road like that.

It took some time, but we finally reached the last turn. I deliberately let go of the steering wheel and acted like I was welcoming death's embrace.

Nathaniel quickly reached over to grab the steering wheel. His voice brimmed with fury when he roared, "Have you gone nuts?"

Unfortunately, the car was moving too quickly, so there was no way he could turn the car around in time.

The sports car instantly lost control and ran through the railings at the side of the road before it flew into the air. It fell down the mountain after that.

Chapter 1812 Fake Attempted Suicide

As the car hovered in the air, I laughed like a maniac and said, "Yes, I have gone nuts. To me, losing Ashton is equivalent to losing everything. There is no point in living anymore."

An intense pressure attacked the car at the very next second, and the airbags got activated. It smashed my head mercilessly.

The car only stopped after it ran into an enormous tree in the forest.

Before I lost consciousness, I heard Nathaniel spewing his threats through gritted teeth. "If you die, I will kill your kids, John, and all of the members of the Stovall and Moore families. Their blood will be on your hands!"

The moment I regained consciousness, I sensed a light so bright that I couldn't even open my eyes. I thought that morning had rolled by, and the light was the sun, but when I opened my eyes, I saw the familiar chandelier hanging on top.

A-Am I home?

I wanted to figure out where I was, so I scanned the surroundings. I turned around, and that was when I saw a familiar figure standing by the window.

In my annoyance, I turned around to ignore him.

Seconds later, a crisp and clear voice came. "Are you really so angry that you won't even look at me?"

I frowned. How did he know that I am awake?

"You really are stubborn," commented Nathaniel.

However, I ignored him and acted as if he was nothing but air.

"I'll kill Ashton."

"Don't you dare!" I blurted those words before I realized that it was all a part of his scheme. Irritation and regret instantly filled me.

Nathaniel smiled in a taunting way before he walked to the side of the bed and stared icily at me. He pointed out, "You've died once, so in a way, you don't owe him anything anymore. You don't need to love him now."

I stubbornly replied, "Sorry, but that is not possible."

"That's fine. I'll help you... if you'll let me, that is," said Nathaniel, who had suddenly become strangely patient. It seemed like he was worried about triggering me, so he lowered his voice and added, "The scores you gave us earlier no longer count. From now on, I will compete against the Ashton Fuller in your memory and will fight for your heart."

What is he planning now?

I glared over and was a little suspicious. When I spoke again, I pretended to be upset. "There are no do-overs in life, so why should I give you another shot at this?"

"You will," insisted Nathaniel and smiled. That smile was so sincere that it looked out of character on him. "Time can erase everything, and I will give you a happy life. Scarlett, if there is any part of you that wishes to move on with your life, please give me another chance. I won't disappoint you."

I had to admit that Nathaniel was pretty good at pretending to be Prince Charming. His fake, loving smile oozed with sincerity and anticipation, and he looked like an idiot waiting to be slaughtered. To be honest, he appeared extremely ugly at that moment.

That ugly smile, however, made me see hope. I felt like I could see my reunion with Ashton in that smile.

Thus, I kept staring quietly at him without rejecting his offer.

The prolonged silence answered the question Nathaniel asked me. That got him to smile as though he were a teenager meeting his first love. He hovered beside the bed for a long time before he finally left.

He claimed that he needed to take care of me, so he moved into the Fuller residence.

Since he wasn't hurt at all, he could stay by my side and tend to my every need.

He was going to help me with every single thing, including something as private as showering, but I was firm in rejecting him. We ended up compromising by having a nurse help me.

I was on bed rest for three days, and Nathaniel would be away for some time every single day. He spent more and more time away as the day went by.

The fifth morning rolled by soon after, and I woke up as I always had. I hadn't even turned on the lights before I noticed that a man was sitting on the couch.

I assumed that he was Nathaniel, so I didn't pay much attention to him. Therefore, I turned around and pretended to still be asleep.

It didn't take long before I felt the mattress sinking down on the other side. The situation made it seem like Nathaniel was trying to take advantage of me, so I slapped his hand away. Then I complained, "I told you that I don't want to be forced."

"Letty," said someone with a deep voice. Ashton!

"Honey," said Ashton. He held me so tightly in his arms that it was as if he wanted to attach himself to me.

Is this a dream? Tears rolled uncontrollably down my cheeks. At that moment, the only fear I had was that I wouldn't remember his embrace. Hence, I rested there without moving a muscle.

"You are so silly. How could you have forgotten about our secret? I'm so sorry. I really shouldn't have told you the truth so soon."