

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 636-640

Chapter 636

Apparently, that struck a nerve. The officer grew impatient. She thrust the documents in front of me again and said, this time with much more fury, "I tried to be polite, but you're really getting in my hair! Don't play tricks on me, you smartass! If you want to die, just tell me. I don't mind sending you to hell!"

With that said, she grabbed my hair and slammed me heavily against the wall.

I could not fight back in time because of the immense pain. I could only curl up into a ball and protect my head with my hands.

But she had clearly been trained to deal with prisoners like me. She managed to throw me onto the ground in a matter of seconds and proceeded to kick me directly in the ribs without sparing any mercy.

Her patience was probably running thin. Ignoring me, she wrestled my fingers apart, stuck a pen in between them, and forced me to sign my name on the document as she held my arm. When that was done, she grabbed my thumb and pressed it on the wound on my forehead.

A moment later, she lifted my blood-stained thumb and stamped it on the dotted line of the document where the signature was supposed to go. That woman completed this series of actions in one shot. It was clear that she did this all the time.

Bang! The door slammed shut on her way out.

I lay on the ground, still shaking. I only felt the pain after the ordeal, as it came gradually and spread to different parts of my body.

I could not imagine how miserable I must have looked.

I lay on the ground, having completely lost the ability to move.

Three days later, I was forcefully dragged into a car by two women. I was blindfolded throughout the journey and could only feel that I was in the car for a long time.

When the blindfold was finally removed, I found myself locked away in an unfamiliar and filthy environment.

Above me was the roof of what seemed to be a really old house, supported by empty wooden shelves. The roof was covered with triangular asbestos tiles, some of which had already darkened in color, probably a result of stagnant water over the years.

Sounds of women crying travelled to my ear. I withdrew my thoughts and saw my surrounding for what it was.

At that moment, I was lying on a messy pile of straw. My hands and feet had been tied up. The clothes on my back were the worse for wear. After everything that had happened these past few days, they no longer looked the same.

Next to me were several pitiful-looking women, most of whom were weeping and quivering in fright.

“Hey, stop crying. Let’s find a way out of here!” said someone. I looked towards the source. The voice belonged to a young woman, supposedly in her twenties. Even though her clothes were soiled, her facial features remained bright and cheerful. I could tell she came from a wealthy family.

The other women heard her too. They stopped crying and turned to face her.

“Do you think there’s one?” they uttered nervously.

“It’s obvious we’re at the countryside. We need to figure out where exactly this place is, and then think about how to escape!” said the young woman. Her pair of bright eyes darted around, taking in our enclosure.

One woman said, “This is the countryside, but which part? We don’t even know our exact location; how can we possibly escape? If we’re in the mountains, we will be hunted and eaten by feral beasts if we go out there.”

“I think we’re somewhere in the southwest. They must be planning to take us across the borders,” I said.

The other girls stared at me, apparently stunned. “The southwestern border?” they blurted.

The young woman added, “Why would they take us here?”

I pursed my lips. This, I did not have an answer to. I initially thought these people were going to sell me off, but the conversation that other day still puzzled me.

If they aren’t doing this kind of heinous crime for money, then what are they after?

Upon seeing my silence, the young woman took over the conversation. “Let’s not talk about that. Can you guys scoot closer to me? We need to find a way to untie these ropes on our hands.”

And so, the women moved their bodies and got together, one back against the other, as they tried to untie their partners’ ropes.

“It’s no use. It’s a dead knot!” Some women began to grumble, while others have started to fret because their attempts had been futile.

It had become apparent that some of these women came from well-to-do families. So how did they get here?

At that thought, I raised a question, "How did you all end up here?"

"How else? My parents don't care about me at all. They'd rather I be dead!" someone in the group spoke up.

Her answer stumped me. "Your parents sent you here?"

The young woman was next to speak, her expression an icy one. "How should I put it? There's a special brand of parents in the world who believes that everything they do is right. They don't allow their children to argue with them. Once their children are found to be disobedient, they will push them into the abyss in the name of love."

I was stunned and, for a while, I was not sure how to react. I turned to the young woman and voiced my doubts. "So, all of you are sent here by your parents?"

The woman shrugged. "You can say that! My parents got wind that the Legion Institute in K City is the perfect place for educating children with behavioral problems, so they decided to send me there. But the people at the school... all they do is scold me and beat me, and when I couldn't take it anymore, I ran away. But I got captured and they took me back. That was when they broke my legs. Long story short, they did not dare to report my condition to my parents, so they chose to put on a show. They started a fire, and I was rumored to have died there. But, as you can see, I woke up here. Alive and breathing."

I suddenly understood why, despite being the furthest away, she called everyone to gather around her. My eyes fell on her legs. There was nothing quite unusual about it, but at closer inspection, it was obvious that both of her legs were somewhat different from ours.

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She noticed me looking at her but made no move to respond. Instead, she just sat there impassively.

I paused before commenting on her appearance, "You don't look like a schoolgirl."

She chuckled at my statement. Gazing at me, she said, "Why makes you say that? Because I don't dress my age?"

Realizing that I had made an unnecessary remark, I held my tongue. Next, I scanned the other girls and asked each of them how they got here.

Generally, each of them was taken here under different circumstances.

Some of those who came from poor families had gone looking for work. They were tricked into coming here under the guise of high-paying jobs.

Some of the women had been living alone in the city. One night, after getting off work, they were kidnapped on their way home and brought to this place.

In conclusion, we were all brought here using different methods. But one thing was certain. None of us had any clue what our captors wanted to do with us.

The women tried tugging at the ropes a couple more times but to no avail. It was then that we heard talking and footsteps coming from the outside. The voices belonged to several men.

The women exchanged glances.

"Quick, back to your positions!" I yelled, but it was too late.

The men pushed open the door and stepped in. When they entered our space, they saw us huddled together.

Anyone with a brain could tell what we had been doing. Initially, I thought the men would fly into a rage, but they did not.

They just glanced at us; a bunch of women gathered in a group. Then they exchanged glances and barked out fits of laughter.

One of them said wryly, "Well, we haven't had fun in a while anyway. Our stocks this time are quite good-looking, if I may say so. Why don't we try them out?"

Another man spoke up, "But the higher-ups say we can't touch these women. Shouldn't we follow orders?"

"Oh, forget about that. We're miles and miles away. If we don't say anything, do you think they'll find out? Besides, they'll only be coming at night, won't they? We have a couple of hours until then. That's more than enough time to have our way with these girls," said the first man. With that, he made an advance towards us.

Fortunately, the women here had experience with the dark side of the real world. They knew what he meant but they still managed to remain calm in spite of it.

The young woman glanced at us. A short while later, she turned to look at the man approaching us. Her voice was soft as she made an offer, "Oh, hey, handsome. Since you brought us all the way here, I don't think forcing it on us will amount to anything. Why don't you ask for volunteers?"

Taken aback, the man put forward his suspicions. "What do you mean by 'volunteers'?" he asked.

The young girl replied, "Well, you see, I know what you guys really want. But among the girls here, I'm sure there are some who don't like the idea. Since they don't want to do it, please don't force them. Why don't you pick those of us who will volunteer?"

Shocked by her proposal, the man looked back at his entourage, before turning to face us again.

Then he spoke, "Any of you want to volunteer?"

The young woman replied with a faint smirk, "Well, I do!"

The man was pleased to hear that, but a moment later he knitted his brows and eyed her dubiously, "You'd better not try anything funny!"

The woman clicked her tongue. When she spoke again, she sounded even more affectionate. "Oh, come on. With my hands and legs tied behind my back, what can I do? It's been like this for days. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I don't even know if I'll die soon. In the face of life and death, what do purity and innocence even matter? Staying alive is much more important."

At this point, the more she talked, the more sincere she became. "I know, you're just doing your job. It's impossible to ask you to let me go. Since that's not going to work, I'm not going to waste my breath. I was just thinking, it would be great to have a nice shower and a nice meal before my death. That way, I have no regrets if the inevitable happens. Compared to all that, staying with you and satisfying your needs might be quite rewarding for me too. Don't you think so, handsome?"

With that said, she gave the man a look that was filled to the brim with sincerity.

The man seemed to find the woman's case convincing, and eventually agreed. He scanned our lot and barked out a laugh. "How many of you are willing to come with us? We can consider getting you some food in exchange for company for the next few hours."

Normally, women would not easily consent to such dirty deeds, but the young woman shot us an inscrutable look. She must be plotting something.

I hesitated but eventually spoke up, "Count me in!"

"Good!" he exclaimed. "This one's a beauty! I like it!"

One after another, several other girls expressed their willingness to participate.

Of course, there were those who stayed silent.

It seemed that these men still had some ounce of humanity in them. They led us out of the hut. Outside, we opened our eyes to a world covered in clouds of dust.

We had been brought to a dirty little hut with a messy yard. A few banana trees lined the nearby roads. Layers of dust had settled on the leaves of the plants.

Standing there, looking out at the distance, we could barely see anything but rows and rows of hills.

It was apparent that we had been brought to a small village deep in the forests, surrounded by mountains.

I had made a good guess. We really were at the border. We had been moved far, far away to a place where civilization was out of reach. It was often in places like this where darkness and nightmares tended to rear their ugly heads.

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The men took us to a wooden house. Next to the house was a stream, surrounded by woodlands. The water in the stream was crystal clear and exceptionally clean.

“Go in pairs, take your showers, and get out. Don’t even think about playing games with us!” The man said, his dark eyes narrowed with a hint of danger.

The young woman immediately cast a glance my way. She grinned and invited me to go with her. “We’ll go first!”

I hesitated for a bit and nodded. The two of us entered the wooden house.

The bathroom was rather cramped, barely enough for two women to squeeze in. No matter which way we turned, there did not seem to be extra space.

When the young woman entered the bathroom after me, the first thing she did was turn towards the door and shout at the top of her lungs. "Hey, mister! Can you by any chance get us a change of clothes? Anything will do. We have been wearing these for a long time now. They're starting to stink."

"What the hell!" the man outside called out. He was clearly displeased when he yelled a reply, "We let you take a shower and you dare to make more demands!"

The woman chuckled and spoke in a sweet voice, "Oh, come on. I was just thinking, we're going to have some fun later, right? I can't possibly do that in these dirty clothes. Think about it. You'll lose interest once you get a whiff of them, won't you?"

"Bro, just give them what they want!" One of the men said.

The leader pursed his lips, paused for thought, and eventually agreed.

We turned on the showerhead. The flow of the water was exceptionally low. Luckily for us, it was summer in June, a time of bright sun and cool weather.

Furthermore, we were somewhere near the southern border, basically in a tropical region.

"What's your name?" the woman with me suddenly asked. As she spoke, she was already taking off her clothes, revealing a slender figure.

I stared at her with a look of confusion and lowered my voice. "Do you intend to go through with this?"

She arched a brow. "What? Is there a problem?"

I originally had a speech ready to deliver, but then I noticed the expression on her face, and, for a brief moment, I froze. From her response, I highly suspected that the men had planted a bug in this tiny bathroom.

“I’ve been married, see... Well, I guess it’s not a big deal to do it with someone else, but...” I said, and while I was speaking, the woman was carefully examining the bathroom.

“What’s your name?” She repeated the question, her eyes fixed on the showerhead on the top of the bathroom.

I was taken aback for a moment and quickly noticed the recorder on the showerhead as well. I played along. “I’m Scarlett. Scarlett Stovall. What about you? What’s your name?”

“Nora. Nora Oberick.” She introduced herself and then gave her body and hair a quick wash.

After that Nora wrapped herself in a bath towel hanging on the bathroom wall and turned to me. “Go on, hurry up. The other girls will want to shower too!”

I nodded and quickly washed away the dirt on my body, and then swept my hair up. The clothes I had on were already quite filthy. There was no need to continue wearing them. So, I simply wrapped myself in a bath towel and stepped out of the bathroom.

Outside, the men had already found some clothes for us to change into, but all of them came in men’s sizes. Nora put on the large T-shirt and instantly looked extra sexy and attractive.

The men leered at her with lust painted on their faces. Nora, in that baggy shirt, stared straight at the man in front of her, curled her lips, and said, “Mister, you’re really good at picking out clothes for me. Look, it fits perfectly!”

The man gazed at her with raw desire reflected in his eyes.

He laughed. “Of course!”

Nora's body went limp against the man, her voice became sickeningly sweet. "Well then, I expect to see what you've got under there, mister."

When the man heard that, he grinned even more lecherously.

He was ready to get down to business with Nora, yet the woman got hold of his arm and caressed him intimately, all the while glancing at him through amorous eyes. "Not so fast, mister. The girls and I have been starving for several days with no water and not a single bite to eat. That won't do, will it?"

The leader did not hesitate at all as he belted out an order, "Go on! Get them some food!"

Having achieved her goal, Nora completely slumped into the man's arms.

We got a change of clothes, and then we got to fill our stomachs. Nora stayed in the man's arms throughout the meal. She had practically placed him under her spell.

No matter what she did, she had got him dazzled.

The man looked like he could not wait to gobble her up and have his way with her.

We got our showers, our food, and our rest. We had done everything to stall time. I was curious as to what Nora had up her sleeves.

But from the look on her face, she did not seem to be hiding anything. I was starting to have doubts.

The rest of the men were losing patience too. When they saw that we had finished the food, they kept throwing hints at their leader, willing him to initiate the main event.

The man put his arms around Nora as he gazed at her with lust-filled eyes. "Hey, gorgeous, don't you think we should get a move on?"

Nora wrapped her arms around the man in return. Grinning, she said, "Of course!"

With that, she shot a look at us, her eyebrows slightly arched. After a few exchanges, I got the gist of her message.

She was telling us to stay calm.

The leader carried Nora out of the room to fulfill what had been promised.

That way, everyone else would follow suit.

The other men each grabbed a woman and took them to their rest area.

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The women began to panic and resisted their advances.

But the strength between the two sexes differs greatly. Struggling was futile!

In the men's eyes, our weak struggle was nothing more than a tickling match, paving the way for the prelude.

I was taken by one of the men into a wooden house and, not surprisingly, thrown onto the bed.

Because my conversations with Nora had not been successful, I had no idea what plan Nora had in mind.

The only thing I could do was bide some time. At that thought, I lifted my hands and began to stroke the man who was advancing towards me.

I tried to imitate Nora's actions to my best ability. Eyes fixed on the man, I whispered softly to him, "Oh, let's not rush this."

The man chuckled as he got closer, but he did slow down. He lifted one of my hands and kissed it on the back, then he looked at me and said, "You're so fair."

I smiled faintly; my eyes narrowed. In slow movements, I placed my arms around his neck and gently swayed here and there. I whispered to him, "Do you like it?"

Most of the south were highlands or tropical regions, so most of the girls living here had darker and rougher skin.

Unlike the north, the girls in Jadeborough were tender and petite in comparison, making them adorable in a different way.

The man nodded.

I strongly resist the urge to vomit from disgust and forced a smile onto my face. "Mister, can I ask you something?"

As I spoke, I pressed my body onto his.

"What do you want to ask, gorgeous?"

"Where is this place? Where are you taking us?"

The man narrowed his eyes and said, "Don't think about going back. Hundreds, if not thousands, of women have been brought here. I've never seen one who could run away."

My heart skipped a beat. I gazed at him and softened my voice. "Now that we've come this far, it's absolutely impossible to turn back now. I just want to know where we are and where we'll be going next."

"We're at a village called Mangan, a small town near the border. There are only a handful of households around these parts, and they don't even have proper roads. You girls will be taken across the border. What happens next depends on what the sellers plan to do with you. I'm not too sure myself."

His words came out vague because he was mumbling, and then he got on top of me.

I had run out of excuses to stall some more. I tried my best to come up with some ideas but my mind went blank.

I panicked, but I tried to contain myself. Forcing a half-hearted chuckle, I said, "Mister, it's no fun if we just go straight to the main event, don't you think?"

"F*ck!" he cursed. "City girls are such a bother!"

I wanted to grab something for cover, but I could not find anything useful around me.

I struggled a few more times and eventually got my hands on what felt like a brick. I narrowed my eyes, determined to use it as a weapon.

But before I could lift my hand and strike him with the blunt object, the man on top of me suddenly stopped moving.

I called out tentatively, "Mister?"

He did not budge.

A moment later, I pushed him off me, still unsure how he turned out like that.

I reached out my hand to test if he was still breathing. I was relieved to find that he was still alive. He must have been temporarily knocked out.

“Scarlett!” Nora’s voice rang from outside.

I ran out to meet her. The other women had escaped too. Nora had a knife in one hand.

She turned to me and gave her command, “Go!”

There was no time to think as I joined them on the run, following the mountain trail.

About an hour later, several women could not go on anymore. One by one, they began to stagger and drop to the ground. “Hey, let’s take a rest!”

Nora, who seemed none the better, turned to the women behind her and nodded. She called to everybody, “Alright, girls. Take five.”

There were no roads in the mountains. We had been relying on what little mountain trails we could find.

I had been tensed just now, because of the situation we were in, back at the wooden house. But I was free now, my mind no longer occupied by danger. I turned to ask Nora, “Back there, why have they suddenly fainted?”

Nora wiped away the mud and weeds on her shoes. Then, she gave a surprising answer. “Oh, I poisoned them.”

I could not help but frown. "When did you do that?" I did not remember seeing her dealing with any poison, and I had been constantly by her side.

"During our shower!" She exclaimed. Then, she looked up at the sky, her brows furrowed. "It's getting dark. We have to get out of here as soon as possible."

I nodded, got up, and stuck close to her. Still confused about the whole thing, I wanted details. "How did you apply the poison when we were in the shower?"

"I dropped it in the shower gel!" she said, as a matter of fact. "Knockout drops. Pretty rare. We apply the shower gel on our bodies, and when those men come into contact with us, they'll faint."

Her answer left me puzzled for quite some time. It was certainly shocking, and after that, I had nothing but mad respect for this young woman.

There were no proper roads here. The five of us kept walking for what felt like hours.

Eventually, we reached the top of the hill. What came into view was a mountainous landscape. I almost yelled game over.

In other words, we were basically surrounded by hills and mountains, with no end in sight.

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"Damn! How are we going to get out of here? It's a sea of mountains!" One woman exclaimed in shock.

Nora looked at the hill range that seemed to go on forever. Holding onto her forehead, she was probably starting to feel restless, just like I was.

Nevertheless, she sighed, "Let's move on. There's no way we can't find our way out."

Easier said than done. We went around in circles for who knew how long, moving from one hill to another.

The sky got darker and darker while the women got worried. "I think we should find a place to rest. If we continue walking like this, I'm afraid we may bump into some wild animals that live here. That would be bad."

That was not an unreasonable request. At first, everything seemed fine, as we were able to identify traces of human passage. But after walking for several hours, as we ventured deeper and deeper into the forest, I realized there were almost no traces of human beings left.

Nora turned to face us. She went silent for a while and eventually agreed. "Okay, let's find a place to rest for the night."

We had no means of making fire. We had made our impromptu escape without bringing along extra clothes or food.

Fortunately, after walking for a little while longer, we found a large and sturdy tree with a giant hole underneath its roots. Someone must have dug it out some time ago. The size of the entrance, however, was barely accommodating.

As women, we were relatively petite in size, so we had little issue crawling into the hole.

The sky had gone completely dark by the time we entered the hole. Night had fallen. Each of us reluctantly found a safe spot and sat down.

There were five of us in total. Besides Nora and I, the names of the three other women with us remained unknown.

As we huddled in the hole, we began to make introductions. The other three women came from different places.

One of the thin, dark-skinned women was Tabitha. She came from Xenhall. The other one was called Laurel, who lived along the coast. She looked to be in her mid-thirties and was on the chubby side, which might be due to hormonal imbalance. Her cheeks had been visibly covered in acne for quite some time, especially along the jawlines. Some of them had formed pus and turned white, while a few had reddened and looked about to pop.

Another woman hailed from a farming village in the southwest. Her name was Tessa Dixon. She was a bit plump with medium-length hair. Her eyebrows highlighted her forehead wrinkles, which made her seem at least ten years older than she actually was.

As we talked, I got to learn about their situations.

In the beginning, I thought the crooks were targeting young and beautiful women only, but it turned out not to be the case. Perhaps they just wanted women. Any woman would do. As for what they wanted us for, we would never know.

After a short chat, we laid down in the hole to get some rest. I heard Tessa reciting some prayers close to me, but I could not make out what she was saying.

The forest was largely empty. Her chanting was not exactly loud, but in the quiet forest it sounded eerie and frightening.

Tabitha and Laurel were understandably scared, but they stayed curled up in the hole, hugging themselves tightly and not saying a word.

But Nora did not hold back. Her brows arched, she told Tessa what we were all thinking about. "Hey, we all know that you believe in God, but can you please recite your prayers in your mind, and not say it out loud? You're going to attract wildlife if you go on like this."

Tessa, annoyed by the interruption, produced a furious retort. "God will only protect us. He will not bring us harm."

Nora did not argue with her. Instead, she rolled her eyes and, when the chanting resumed, said, "Look, if it means so much to you, please do it outside."

Tessa went quiet after that. The mumbling stopped.

Tabitha and Laurel exchanged glances. Neither had anything to say. Shrouded in darkness, all of us remained silent.

Luckily for us, nothing happened during the night. We lived to see another day.

The next day.

Birdsong in the forest was music to the ears. By the time I woke up, Tessa had already left the hole.

Nora had been resting on her knees when the noise roused her from her sleep. She looked around blankly.

Her delicate face, reddened from being held down for too long, only served to highlight her fairness. She looked much prettier.

"Wake up!" I called her, as I got ready to head out.

Nora nodded, rubbed her face, exhaled deeply, and asked, "Has someone gone out?"

I nodded and was about to head out when she made to follow me. However, probably because she had kept her legs pressed for too long a time, she stumbled before she could even stand up properly.

I lowered my gaze at her. Helplessly, she said, "I must have stayed hunched over for too long. My legs are numb."

Smirking, I lent a hand to get her up and out of the hole.

We found Tessa sitting on a tree trunk outside the hole, chanting prayers to her heart's content. She was not exactly loud, but her recital sounded like buzzing noises, and it was becoming irritable.

Nora smacked her lips in response as irritation crossed her face. "Geez, do you have to make so much noise so early in the morning? Give it a rest."

Tessa whipped around to glare at her, said nothing, and got back to reciting her prayers.

"Why don't we look around and see if we can find any fruits? After that, we can look for some real food." I suggested. I looked up to find that the trees had managed to block most of the sun, its rays sparsely spilling on the ground.

We had woken up to greet a new dawn, accompanied by birdsong and the cool morning breeze. I breathed in the air provided by the forest and felt instantly refreshed.