

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1795

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

## 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.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1796

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
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?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1797

/ [In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
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..."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1798

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
Chapter 1798 Paying Ashton A Visit

"I have to go. Talk to you later." Jackson abruptly hung up after saying that.

"Goodbye..." Before I could bid him goodbye, he had already hung up.

Jackson seemed to be leading a great life now. I felt happy for him, for life would only get better if hope were alive.

I put down my phone and sipped on the warm coffee. The temperature was just right. Staring at the bustling street, I fell into deep thought.

Nathaniel is avoiding me, so how should I make him jealous until he loses control of his emotions?

Right then, an old lady trotted over, holding a dog on the leash. She was moving slowly with her walking cane. There was a shopping bag hung over her cane with a few oranges in it. A young man holding a skateboard dashed past her and ripped her shopping bag open. Instantly, the oranges fell onto the street. Perhaps the old lady had lost her hearing, for she sensed nothing and continued walking forward. However, her Labrador instantly tried to turn back.

The old lady pulled the dog's leash twice before giving up and turning back. It was only then that she realized the oranges were scattered all over the ground and turned back to pick them up.

The warming sight made my lips curve up. Perhaps it was a nice idea to keep dogs as pets in the future.

Suddenly, an idea popped up in my brain. I glanced at the old lady and her dog before making up my mind.

Yes, Nathaniel might've ignored me, but he wouldn't give up any chance to spy on Ashton. Otherwise, he wouldn't have arrived that soon in the lounge at the filming site.

Thus, I could take the opportunity to use power for personal gain.

"Bill, please!"

I paid for the coffee and gave a tip. Before leaving, I told the owner, "Sir, the coffee was unique!"

"Thank you! I'll make sure you get to try a homemade dessert for free on your next visit!" The plump owner beamed at my praise.

"Sure!" I flashed a grateful smile in return before stepping out.

The old lady was no longer in sight, but the air seemed fresher than before. I stretched lazily and hailed a cab. It was time to strike while the iron was hot.

After getting Ashton's latest address from Holden, I went there without hesitation and pressed on the doorbell.

I then crossed my arms and tapped my arm absentmindedly. I couldn't wait to see how Ashton would react upon seeing me.

Soon, footsteps sounded inside, and the door was pulled open. The person who appeared was not who I expected to be. "Rebecca?"

She's living with Ashton?

Rebecca was clad in a black minidress, and she didn't seem surprised to see me here. After giving me the once-over impatiently, she took one step back and was about to slam the door shut.

I was fast enough to dash forward and block her action with my body so I wouldn't get locked outside. However, I didn't hold back and pushed the door wide open to reveal the scene inside.

Ashton had removed his suit jacket. He was wearing an apron and cleaning up the trash in the living room, while an attractive man was lounging on the sofa. The only piece of clothing on his body was a tiny piece of underwear. His fair skin and ripped body were exposed as he munched on chips on the sofa.

Oh, how strange. Is this a threesome? Forgive me for overthinking.

Everyone in the house stared at me silently. I was rendered embarrassed as though I was here to catch them in the act.

Finally, Rebecca folded her arms and chided, "Just come on in. The paparazzi will get to publish a pictorial book from all the photos they have snapped of us."

I belatedly realized that there was a strange reflection in the mirror in the house. Turning at my shoulder, I was shocked to see around eight cameras aiming at us. One even had an assistant to hold a ring light.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1799

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
Chapter 1799 Two Boyfriends

Uh, they are photographing us in the open?

Before I could react, a pair of hands reached out and pulled me into the house before slamming the door shut.

A long silence ensued.

I blurted out, "Did I come at the wrong time?"

Even the stranger realized what I meant and arched a brow in amusement.

I fell silent immediately and waited for someone to break the silence and save me from the embarrassment.

"This is Rebecca's boyfriend." Indeed, Ashton still had feelings for me.

I heaved a sigh of relief before it struck me that something seemed off. What? Didn't Ashton and Rebecca claim to be dating?

The young man seemed to be younger than Alexander. He looked like he belonged in a boy band. If his makeup was any thicker, he could have passed off as a girl. I had no idea Rebecca was into someone like him.

"What? First time seeing someone with two boyfriends?" Rebecca strode over and hissed, "So what if I have two boyfriends? Do you have a problem with that?"

"No," I mumbled.

She was probably lying, and I wouldn't fall for her lies.

Rebecca stared me down before extending an invitation. "Stay for dinner," she said warmly.

Turning to the young man on the sofa, she commanded, "Room, now."

The young man glanced at Ashton and me before trotting after her obediently. They stuck to each other like glue as they made their way upstairs.

Shortly after, strange moans sounded from the stairway.

However, Ashton continued clearing the mess and ignored the embarrassing sounds.

I put down my bag and went over to help him. "Why didn't you get the maid to do this?"

Ashton continued cleaning up as he explained, "She'll feel better if I'm suffering."

Realization hit me. Compared to me, Rebecca hated Ashton more.

Suddenly, I felt the urge to ask whether Ashton's selfish decision had changed Rebecca's fate. Nevertheless, after a brief deliberation, I decided to trust him.

Hiding the truth was the biggest form of torture for him. Ashton wasn't someone who'd set his best friend's sister up.

No matter what, he felt guilty about Rebecca's plight.

I felt the same way, too.

Thus, I had the responsibility to bear his load. I took the cloth from him and said, "I'll do this. Wash the ingredients for dinner. I'll come and help you later."

However, Ashton stood unmoving and tilted his head to study me.

"What are you doing? Taking a risk in order to succeed?" he asked nonchalantly.

To be exact, he was being scornful.

I looked up and looked into his unfathomable gaze.

"Do you know what Freja was thinking when she wanted to bring the Stovall family down?" he added.

"I—"

He didn't give me a chance to complete my sentence. "She wanted to kidnap you. John would give her anything she demands."

I was shocked. It didn't cross my mind that Freja's plan was such a vicious one.

Did she give me a ride because of Nathaniel?

Having said that, he strolled toward the kitchen. "We're not meant to be. You should leave. I don't have time to explain your relationship with Nathaniel every time."

Is that a warning? Or is he jealous?

It felt like a reminder. Nathaniel's feelings for me were pretty obvious to everyone. He was the only one who refused to admit it. Thus, I should use it against him.

With that plan in mind, I had no reason to leave.

After cleaning up the living room, I tossed the dirty laundry into the washing machine before moping the floor. Finally, when I felt my waist hurting from all the house chores, a fragrant smell wafted out of the kitchen.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1800

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
Chapter 1800 Drugged

Rebecca and the man came downstairs after dinner was served. The young man was especially hungry, for he immediately reached out to steal a bite. Alas, Ashton hit him with a fork to stop his action.

The man hissed in pain and was about to lash out when he met Ashton's dark gaze. At once, he slumped down and hopped toward the bathroom. "Thank you, Mr. Fuller. I shall go wash my hands now."

Ashton remained silent, and Rebecca didn't side with either of them. She went to the basement and grabbed a bottle of wine.

Finally, the four of us took our seats. Rebecca's boyfriend sat beside her, and Ashton took a seat beside me. Though it felt somewhat strange, at least the situation was a harmonious one.

The only problem was that Rebecca wore a foul expression as though she was mad at everyone.

When her boyfriend picked up his fork to begin eating, Rebecca slapped his hand. "Get me two glasses."

It had been less than ten minutes since he was last stopped from eating. The young man seemed unhappy, but he dared not go against Rebecca. He stood up obediently and trudged away in his slippers to get the wine glasses as requested. The glasses were lined up before her neatly.

Rebecca filled both glasses and placed the cork back into the bottle. She grabbed one glass and gulped the contents down.

Her boyfriend did the same before turning his attention to the food. As his gaze was practically devouring the food, it was clear that he had exercised a lot this afternoon.

After emptying her glass, Rebecca plonked it back to the table. She exhaled loudly before looking up at Ashton.

Soon, she uncorked the wine bottle and refilled the glass. Handing it to Ashton, she jutted her chin out and signaled for him to drink it. "Well?"

Ashton gave no response.

Her brows furrowed up. "Are you looking down on me?"

Hearing that, Ashton took the glass from her. He avoided the area where her lips touched earlier and downed the drink.

"Hmm." Rebecca narrowed her gaze and grinned icily. She got to her feet and grabbed the glass from him before refilling it for me.

As Ashton had finished his drink, I had no reason to refuse her offer. Thus, I finished the wine in a few swigs.

I then flipped the glass upside down and shook it to show that I didn't try to trick her.

In Chanaea, one would have to drink during business talks, parties, and even when you were mad at someone.

Just like Ashton had said earlier, Rebecca would feel upset if we were to refuse her drink.

However, instead of burying the hatchet, Rebecca started guffawing in a strange manner. "Hahaha!"

Her bizarre behavior perplexed Ashton and me.

It was then that Rebecca picked up the wine opener and showed us the part that dug into the cork. A tiny mechanism appeared in our gaze.

Shit, we stepped right into her trap!

Ashton was the first to realize what was going on. He slammed the table and stood up, but the drug immediately took effect. Falling back into the chair, he lost consciousness as his head lolled aside.

My gaze turned blurry, so I shook my head hastily to stay awake as long as possible.

One second before I lost consciousness, I realized she had everything planned out the moment she asked me to stay for dinner.

Guilt was her best weapon to gain our trust. When I opened my eyes again, I was still in the dining room.

When I tried moving my limbs, sure enough, I was tied up.

Every dish on the table had been touched. Clearly, Rebecca enjoyed her dinner after Ashton and I passed out.

I turned toward Ashton's seat, but it was empty.

Where is he?

"You woke up earlier than expected," Rebecca commented.

I turned toward the living room where the sound came from. Everyone was still there, including the boyfriend, who was playing games nonchalantly. Just like me, Ashton was tied up and tossed on a sofa.

The clock showed that the time was eight twenty. I had passed out for less than two hours.

“Ashton didn’t do anything wrong. If you want to get revenge, come at me.” I went all out. The worst thing that could happen was to die to make up for her past sufferings.