

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1831

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

Chapter 1831 Let Her Go

As soon as the door slammed shut, the driver floored the gas pedal and sped away.

Not only did they bind my hands and feet, but they also taped my mouth in addition to blindfolding me. Throughout the drive, they made no attempt to communicate with me.

After an indeterminate time, the van came to a stop at long last.

One of the men then carried me out of the car like carrying a chicken. Subsequently, he flung me onto the ground.

Shortly after, my blindfold was yanked off roughly. Being exposed to sunlight once more after a long time in the darkness had me unable to open my eyes right away.

While I was gradually adapting, the culprit who kidnapped me spoke.

"We meet again, Ms. Stovall."

It was none other than Freja.

I lowered my eyes without saying anything.

When I was in the van, I surmised that the incident at the mall was definitely Garrett's doing because the gun was of the same model.

Besides, they were the only ones who were totally brutal and had not even a hint of compassion.

But from the look of things then, everyone in the drug trade was ruthless.

I was the one who got Rose killed and it was Nathaniel who killed her!

"As expected of Nathaniel's woman, you're calm and unruffled even when the world is splintering apart. I admire you," Freja drawled before saying to her subordinate, "Get a chair for Ms. Stovall. She has helped me a lot, so don't treat her shabbily!"

"Understood!" I was then tossed onto the chair while all bound up.

When I had composed myself and looked at Freja again, the hatred in my eyes blazed hotly.

Freja was sitting in a car. Catching a glimpse of my reaction out of the corner of her eye, she nonchalantly swept her gaze over me before retracting it. She remained seated relaxingly. "Don't stare at me with such a look in your eyes. You can only blame Nathaniel for going against the rules."

"Why don't you just kill me?" I demanded through gritted teeth as I forcefully stifled my towering rage.

Freja scoffed, "Hah! How am I going to threaten Nathaniel if I were to kill you? Even if you want to die, Ms. Stovall, you've got to be patient. Don't worry. Just regard it as me owing you a favor. When you're dead, I promise to bury you with him."

I wasn't in the mood to listen to all her high-sounding excuses. Only one thing snagged my attention—she didn't plan on finishing me off at the mall.

With that, the culprit was plain as day.

Mr. Jensen's methods are really cold-blooded just to have Nathaniel stop being influenced by me.

No sooner had she finished speaking, a bodyguard came forward and reported, "He's here, Ms. Schmidt."

As his words fell, a jeep sped over and screeched to a stop a distance away from Freja. Then, Nathaniel got out alone.

In an effort to conceal his gunshot wounds, he even wore a loose trench coat that made him appear much bulkier.

Even then, he still walked very slow, taking one small step at a time in fear that he would reveal some flaw.

When he drew near, a few subordinates of Freja with guns in their hands surrounded him.

Nathaniel glanced at me from afar before he started negotiating terms with Freja. "I'm here, so let her go."

Freja climbed out of the car. Like in the abandoned building that day, she flashed him a polite smile and replied unhurriedly, "Don't be in such a rush. Let's talk slowly."

Just when she had finished speaking, her subordinate at the side tactfully snagged a chair and placed it behind her.

Freja sat down slowly and crossed her legs. She contemplated for a moment before asking, "Do you still remember when we first met? That was the first time someone ever held a gun to my head in my whole life. Even now, I can still remember every single movement clearly."

Nathaniel showed no hint of fear. He calmly queried, "What do you want?"

"You'll know soon enough." The smile instantly disappeared from Freja's face, and she threw a look at her subordinates.

Her subordinates immediately understood her meaning. Three burly men grabbed Nathaniel right away and pinned him down with his face plastered against the ground.

Subsequently, the car door of another vehicle swung open. A man wearing sunglasses climbed out. The man's vision was seemingly impaired. When he was steady on his feet, one of Freja's men went over to support him. Only then did he start walking before stopping a mere inch away from Nathaniel's face.

Then, the man who supported the visually-impaired man placed his gun into the latter's hand and instructed him to grip it tightly. Guiding his hand, he pointed the barrel right at Nathaniel's head.

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Chapter 1832 Fire

"Open your eyes and look clearly, Nathaniel! The man holding the gun went blind because he battled it out for the Schmidt family's territory. That day, you pointed a gun at me and stole the territory he got at the risk of his life. Today, I'll have him retrieve it in the same manner. As for whether you survive, we shall leave that decision to God!"

Pausing slightly, Freja narrowed her eyes a fraction before she raised her voice and ordered, "Fire!"

Bang!

A gunshot pierced the air at about the same time her voice rang out.

I watched everything indifferently, not worried for Nathaniel for even a second.

The scene playing in my mind was that of John pinned on the ground, his hand broken mercilessly.

Well, it turns out that karma is real, and this is his retribution. No, this isn't enough. He should also experience all the pain he has ever put us through! He's getting off far too lightly with just a bullet!

Alas, God just had to favor him. Thanks to the gun's recoil and the blind man's impaired sense of direction, the bullet went wide.

Even in the face of death, Nathaniel remained proud and dignified. His bushy eyebrows creased deeply, proving that he indeed braced himself for death at that very moment.

Harrumphing, Freja sneered, "Hmph! I didn't expect you to be so lucky."

She got to her feet and sauntered over to him. Her subordinates then loosened their hold on Nathaniel, upon which the man straightened up from the ground.

As Nathaniel knelt on the ground, infinite ruthlessness brewed in his ebony eyes. In a threatening tone, he warned, "If you kill me, I can guarantee you that none of the Schmidt family will be able to live past tonight!"

Hearing that, Freja wore an expression of mockery. "Oh? It looks like you've made arrangements beforehand. Let me guess. You're referring to my beloved mother and grandmother, yes? That's just perfect. I find them a hindrance in the first place, but there hasn't been any valid reason to eliminate them. I've got to thank you now instead."

It seemed that the family who owned the top pharmaceutical company in K City wasn't all that peaceful internally.

This time, Nathaniel had made a mistake. Not only did he fail to blackmail Freja, but he actually did her a favor.

"In that case, I'll allow you to live for a while longer." Freja abruptly changed her mind, gesturing to her subordinate to bring me over.

The man keeping watch over me promptly picked me up from the chair and tossed me to the ground across from Nathaniel. Then, he whipped out his gun and aimed it right at me.

Our gazes locked, and I shot him a vicious glare before averting my gaze stubbornly.

Freja stood between us and circled me with much interest. As she did so, she remarked, "Killing you isn't half as fun as having you watch the woman you love die right in front of your eyes. Is that not so?"

"Don't you dare!" Nathaniel flew into such a rage that the three burly men behind him almost couldn't maintain their hold on him. As though having been provoked, Freja took the gun from her subordinate. Crouching, she placed the barrel of the gun against my heart. "Remember this, Nathaniel. There is a price to pay if you steal something that belongs to someone else."

While speaking, she flicked the safety off. It was also at that instant that Nathaniel went off and broke free from the few burly men in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, the roar of engines split the air around them, and it felt as though the ground had even started shaking.

In the next second, a helicopter streaked over in the sky. Bullets sprayed the ground, instantly killing Freja's men.

Amidst the chaos, a few quick-witted men quickly moved forward and protected Freja as they beat a hasty retreat.

While taking off, they attempted a counterattack on the helicopter with their guns. Unfortunately, they lacked firepower, and that rendered them sitting ducks.

Driven to the side of the car, Freja's men dragged her along as they made their escape. "Ms. Schmidt, there are still plenty of opportunities in the future! The most important thing now is to stay alive!"

Meanwhile, Nathaniel had regained his freedom at long last. However, the burning of the gunshot wound at his shoulder had him gritting his teeth with a hand propped against the ground for a while before he finally struggled to his feet to head over and protect me.

Nevertheless, Freja wasn't willing to let us off just like that. Before she got into the getaway car, she snatched the rifle from her subordinate's hands and shot Nathaniel in the left leg. The man's knees went weak, and he fell to the ground on his knees.

I cackled maniacally, not the least bit bothered about the bullets that were hitting increasingly nearer to me. All I knew was that he had finally had a taste of Joseph's injury.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1833

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Chapter 1833 Trust Me

Freja wanted to shoot Nathaniel another time, but the bullets from the helicopter were already peppering their car. Having no other recourse, they could only scramble into the car and take off like a bat out of hell.

As soon as they had left, the helicopter stopped spraying bullets and slowly hovered over me.

Subsequently, the helicopter door opened, and a ladder was thrown out. Several men in military fatigues swiftly climbed down and surrounded me in a tight circle. One of the men with heavy camouflage face paint stepped forward and untied the ropes binding me.

The moment I glimpsed his eyes, I recognized him as Ashton.

Stark distress and anguish surged within me at once, and my nose stung. The dam broke, and tears streamed down my face. In a voice that was only audible to us

both, I poured out my grief to him. "Rose is gone. Ashton, they mistook her for me and killed her. She died because of me. How am I going to face Nick?"

As Ashton calmly unknotted the rope on me, his massive and warm hands covered mine. His gaze was firm and resolute. "Stay strong, Letty. Hang in there for a while longer. We'll avenge her. Trust me. Trust your man, okay? I beg you."

I really wanted to hug him and cry my heart out, then be selfish for once and have him bring me to a place where there's no pain or sorrow, hiding there cowardly.

Nonetheless, I knew that it wasn't practical. The dead can no longer come back to life, so the living has to live vicariously for their sake. Only when we've personally put an end to the source of evil will they have peace in the afterlife.

Holding back my tears, I gritted out a single word from between clenched teeth—"Okay."

Ashton cast me a forbearing look before he stepped back and slipped into the ranks of the military personnel, keeping his head lowered.

After the military personnel communicated among themselves and ascertained that it was safe, Benson, who had been taking the lead at the front, walked in and inquired after me. "Are you okay, Ms. Stovall?"

I lifted my hands and wiped my tears, forcing a smile onto my face. "I'm fine, thanks to all of you."

"Well, it's thanks to..." Benson trailed off mid-utterance and glanced in Ashton's direction before he immediately changed his tune, declaring, "It's thanks to Lady Luck smiling on you, Ms. Stovall. We didn't do much. However, I hope you don't mind playing along when I speak to Nathaniel later."

I nodded without a single word of protest. They then helped me up and led me over to Nathaniel to check on him.

When we reached him, the soldier keeping guard over him was treating the gunshot wound on his leg.

Benson proceeded to explain in an exceedingly official tone, "Freja Schmidt heads the top drug trafficking ring in the country, and we have been keeping a close eye on her for a very long time, but we couldn't arrest her due to lack of evidence. I'm sorry for dragging the two of you into this mess. Are you okay, sir?"

His tone was sincere, and it really seemed as though he had no idea about Nathaniel's identity.

That wasn't surprising since Nathaniel had been hiding his tracks very well. Almost no one knew that the man who was feared abroad was living freely within the country.

Gritting his teeth, Nathaniel shook his head slowly. "I'm fine."

"I'm glad to hear that. We'll arrange for two people to keep both of you safe, so you don't have to worry that she'll come back for revenge," Benson added.

In response, Nathaniel rejected him outright. "No, that's fine. I like having my freedom and loathe someone following me around. I'll look for bodyguards myself."

If someone like him were to get involved with the police, it would be no different from being monitored at all times. As such, he naturally didn't want that.

Benson was merely offering out of courtesy in the first place, so he didn't insist. "All right, then. I'll send you both to the hospital."

After that, no one said anything more.

As I sat in the helicopter, I didn't dare look in Ashton's direction at all, afraid that Nathaniel would suspect something.

Even so, I felt ever so secure, knowing that he was right there with me.

The shot to Nathaniel's leg was just a flesh wound, but he still got treated in the hospital for half a month.

During that period, the man in the suit who had been following him around kept guard over me. Even when I went to bed, someone kept watch outside the bedroom.

Almost every night, I saw Rose and that little boy dying as soon as I closed my eyes. It pushed me to the brink of insanity.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1834

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Chapter 1834 Push Him Into The Line Of Fire

The weather was exceptionally good that day. The sun shone brightly, chasing the cold away. I sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, basking in the sun. Out of the blue, Nathaniel appeared at the bedroom door.

The instant I spotted him, the peace that had suffused me crumbled into nothingness, and my expression darkened in a flash.

He walked over to me, his steps were slow and unsteady. Every single step he took probably tugged at his wound, for his brows creased slightly.

"I'm back," he announced.

He stood half a meter away from me, and his voice was calm and indifferent.

"You've never visited me once during the whole two weeks." He gave a bark of self-derisive laughter.

So, he's here to reprimand me?

I had nothing to say to him; hence, I stood up and headed out the door.

Nathaniel reached out and grabbed my arms, a hint of weariness staining his eyes. "Do you really detest seeing me that much?"

Slap! I swung my hand and struck him across the face.

Stunned, Nathaniel froze for a long moment. A flash of murder flitted across his face, but he promptly suppressed it and coaxed me patiently, "Okay, you've vented your anger, so please stop throwing a tantrum."

Slap! I slapped him in the same spot but even harder this time.

In the next instant, I snapped and lost all control. I struck him across the face again and again with both hands.

Swaying slightly, Nathaniel tried to stop me. "All right, that's enough, Scarlett. Don't challenge my bottom line."

I ignored him, baling my hands into fists and raining blows upon him desperately with all my might. "You're a devil! A murderer, in fact! You killed a mother, she had such a beautiful life! Just go and die!"

"Stop! That's enough! Scarlett!" He finally blew his top and clutched at my arms, keeping me immobile. Then, he forced me to look into his eyes. "Why? Why must you treat me in such a manner? Scarlett, I risked my life to save you, yet you're blaming me instead?"

"It was Mr. Jensen who sent someone to kill Rose!" I roared, glaring at him with eyes brimming with sheer hatred. "I recognized the gun in the boy's hand! Do you think that I would be in the dark just because you don't say anything?"

Nathaniel stiffened, making it clear as day that he didn't expect me to have guessed the truth. He remained rooted to the spot, at a loss for words.

Sneering, I started struggling once more. "Let go of me! Don't touch me with your hands that are stained with the blood of countless innocent lives! I find it revolting!"

Nathaniel merely stood there motionlessly like a statue, neither allowing me to leave nor uttering a single word.

A long while later, he sighed as though exhausted to the core. "What would you have me do for you to forget all that?"

"I'll never forget about it!" I blurted.

"The matter has to be resolved sooner or later. You can never leave me, and it doesn't benefit either of us for you to hold a grudge within you. Just say the word. As long as it's something within my capability, I'll do it without the slightest hesitation," Nathaniel offered placidly.

Hah! My grudge isn't just because of Rose alone. How forgetful of him! Ashton said we'll avenge her, and she died at Mr. Jensen's order. Fine, then. I'm also going to push him into the line of fire!

"Well, unless you break away from Mr. Jensen and no longer commit all those heinous deeds henceforth. I know it's within your capability. You've got legal businesses." I narrowed my eyes as I probed at his bottom line.

Mr. Jensen almost took his life just because he wanted to keep me by his side. What would the consequences be if he were to leave that criminal organization?

Nathaniel's expression went cold, and his grip on me loosened considerably. His gaze turned unfocused for a moment, and he didn't reply immediately.

He knew full well the price he would have to pay if he were to do so.

"Why, are you reluctant to do so? Sure enough, money earned through reprehensible means and days spent killing people are more important to you compared to me!" I drawled mockingly.

Then, I added, "That's fine. This is a game, after all. The fact that you can't do it only proves that you're as outstanding as Ashton and will never lose your sensibility because of love. The only difference is he once did it for my sake. That's why I can't forget him until this very day. You, on the other hand, are smarter. You don't sacrifice anything; thus, you won't lose anything. When you're sick of me, you won't be harassed by me either. You're the smartest!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1835

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Chapter 1835 Two Choices

"All right, let's just end the discussion here. I never expect much from you anyway."

After saying that, I broke free from Nathaniel while he was still in a trance. I sprinted into the adjacent guest room and slammed the door shut.

I didn't lock it since he could either get the key or kick the door open, rendering that futile.

However, I just wanted to be alone right then, even if it were only for a few seconds.

To my surprise, he didn't come and pester me. By the time I exited the room at noon, there was no longer any sign of him in the house. Even his men who had been stationed in the house were gone.

I was rather astonished, and I thought that he had given up the idea of keeping me under lock and key. It wasn't until I went downstairs did I realize that they had merely moved out of the house.

Ah, I was too naive!

Nonetheless, I rejoiced that I at least didn't have to face him again that day.

Late at night, I spaced out as I stared at the female anchor chattering away on television, wondering how much longer it would take Ashton before he finally busted Nathaniel's operation.

Without warning, Nathaniel stumbled in just then. He had just reached the door when the reek of alcohol hit me hard.

I pinched my nose in disdain, watching as he plopped onto the couch. Only then did I notice the bruises marring his face and the swelling at the corner of his mouth.

Hmm? Was he beaten up outside after imbibing too much?

Despite my curiosity, I didn't voice that question as the narcissistic man would interpret any question from me as being concerned about him.

He leaned his head back against the sofa. After a moment, he lifted his heavy eyelids and wanly unknotted the tie at his neck.

After slipping it off, he tossed it to the side casually. With his elbows propped against his knees, he placed his hands on his face and rubbed it to ease the discomfort from the alcohol. In the end, he kept his hand over his mouth and nose, only baring his eyes as he slowly murmured, "Are you not the least bit concerned about why I ended up in such a state?"

Why should I be concerned?

I said nothing, but I still curiously cast him a glance.

Compared to his gentlemanly appearance in the past, he's indeed a tad sloppy today. As far as I remember, this is the first time he's ever been this unseemly.

"I talked to Mr. Jensen." Suddenly, Nathaniel seemed to no longer give a whit about anything. After saying that, he dropped his hands and leaned back against the couch. He stared at me tipsily as he awaited my reaction.

Verily, I was surprised by his statement. With my eyes pinned on him, I quirked an eyebrow as I did not expect him to do that for real.

"Then?" In reality, the injuries on him and the fact that he returned relatively unscathed had given me the answer. I only wanted to know how Garrett crushed him.

"Hah! He naturally turned me down. Then, he beat me up, almost shattering my ribs." Nathaniel gave a bark of self-derisive laughter and stared right ahead blankly as though he was talking about someone's matter.

"Oh, really? Since he didn't shatter them in the end, it proves that he has some affection for you that he didn't consign you to death," I intentionally commented sarcastically.

Hearing that, Nathaniel shook his head. "He gave me two choices. It was either to die with you or to continue being his outstanding lackey, and he won't touch you anymore."

"So, you dragged a battered and bruised body back to tell me that not only did you anger Mr. Jensen because of me, but you're even willing to be his dog for my sake?" I questioned in a scornful tone.

Judging from his attitude before Mr. Jensen previously, he probably has quite a lot of dignity in that organization. But if he wants to secure our safety, he can only obey the man to the letter from now on, going and doing whatever is asked of him.

Nathaniel didn't deny it, but he changed the subject with a grim smile. "You'll hate me if I stay by Mr. Jensen's side, but we'll both die if I don't do so. From the look of things, there's nothing too bad about maintaining the current situation. At least, I can keep you by my side."

"You might as well say that you're afraid of dying." I curled my lips without hiding the contempt within me.

"You may put it however you want. I don't want to care about all that anymore. As you said, I'll get sick of you sooner or later. Therefore, we can just put up with each other before that day comes."