

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1836

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

Chapter 1836 We Meet Again

The alcohol had probably gone to Nathaniel's head, for his voice turned increasingly softer. Leaning back against the couch, he slowly closed his eyes.

Watching as his chest rose and fell, the urge to end him right then and there abruptly seized me.

As long as he's dead, no one will keep targeting Ashton anymore.

But in the next instant, I realized that it wasn't feasible.

Regardless of whether it's Ramona or Mr. Jensen, they both hold affection toward him. Thus, they won't stand idly by if he dies. If I want eternal peace, the only way is to take them all down.

While I was lost in my thoughts, Nathaniel's voice sounded out of the blue. "Are you thinking of killing me again?"

"Yeah, I'd love to skin you alive so that you'll wish for death!"

"That's good. Having you hate me is better than you treating me as though I don't exist." Not in the mood to listen to his twisted logic, I huffily stood up and went back to my room upstairs.

At breakfast the next day, Nathaniel's appearance had reverted to its usual noble and elegant look. He sat at the dining table silently like a stately prince, but the bruises on his face and mouth proved his pathetic state the night before.

As he said, I merely treated him like thin air, so I didn't spare him a single glance though we sat at the same table.

"What do you want to do today?" Nathaniel queried.

I didn't answer him but continued eating the food on my plate quietly.

When Nathaniel didn't receive any response from me, he lifted his head and glanced at me. Then, he commented placidly, "You'll understand in the future that everything I do is for your good. No one knows where Freja has fled. With my men here, they can keep an eye on you wherever you go. At least, the incident back then wouldn't happen again."

That had me so livid that I slammed my cutlery down with a bang. "Don't attempt to brainwash me with your absurd reasoning! Is it not enough to monitor me at home that they're to follow me whenever I go out? Can I not even have some

peace? Just take a knife and slit my throat then! The end result is the same anyway!"

Nathaniel put his cutlery down as well and explained unhurriedly, "This is only temporary. You'll have your freedom back anytime when I've dealt with Freja."

In response, I sneered, "Are you going to kill again? That's a fight between the two of you, so don't drag me into it! No matter how nice you put things, it can't hide your hypocrisy! Actually, there's no need to make a choice between two options. If you really want me to live happily, you should respect my choice and give Ashton and me your sincere blessings while removing yourself from our relationship. However, that's not what you're doing! You're just selfish! You want to have what belongs to someone else! From the beginning to the end, your happiness matters most to you. To that end, you even made me into the person everyone hates and targets. Your love is too scary."

I then picked up a napkin and wiped my mouth, regarding him calmly. "Thanks, but no thanks."

Having said that, I got up and went upstairs, not wanting to tarry for even a second longer.

Ever since that night after Nathaniel negotiated with Garrett, he had been exceedingly busy and left right after breakfast.

In the afternoon, when I was scouring the internet for information on Garrett, I suddenly heard an ear-splitting noise from outside the house that had me jolting in fright.

Thinking that it might be Ashton coming to save me, I draped a coat over myself before going downstairs to check on the situation.

I had just reached the landing when I caught sight of Ramona standing in the living room.

She held a gun in her hand and stared at me expressionlessly. In the distance, the men keeping guard at the door were all lying on the ground at that moment. Hmm, it looks like the noise earlier was from her killing them.

She was a core member of the drug trafficking organization, so those men didn't guard against her. And for that reason, they didn't even struggle before they died.

I don't quite understand why she's killing Nathaniel's men when they're obviously on the same side.

Her gaze trained on me, she airily remarked, "We meet again. Come down and have a chat with me."

After saying that, she took the lead and sat down on the single couch in the living room. Then, she slammed the gun in her hand onto the table, the muzzle pointing slightly to the side.

Tightening the coat around me, I slowly descended the stairs and sat down across from her.

While I was doing so, she flipped through her phone. By then, she seemed to have found what she was looking for since she tossed it before me after tapping on the screen.

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Chapter 1837 What A Coward

I glanced at the phone in puzzlement before I realized that Ramona wanted me to watch the video she brought up on the screen. Thus, I picked up the phone and tapped on the play button.

As soon as the video played, the scene of Nathaniel collapsing onto the ground after Garrett hit him with a golf club appeared after a brief delay.

Besides the obvious spots such as his face and head, he also suffered several blows on his body. There was even some conversation in between, but there was no voice, so I had no idea what was said. However, he seemed adamant about something, so Garrett hit him increasingly harder. In the end, the man only stopped when the club was bent.

The video came to an abrupt end, leaving the scene of him lifting his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth.

Undeniably, I took pleasure watching it.

“Do you also reveal your thoughts so blatantly before Nat?” Ramona’s voice was chilly to the core, very much aggressive.

“What do you mean?” I feigned ignorance.

“I meant your thoughts of wanting to see him dead and end him with your own hands.” Ramona appeared remarkably calm, seemingly long since used to seeing entangled relationships.

Sure enough, women understand women best! Since we’re both intelligent people, there’s no need to beat around the bush anymore.

Therefore, I admitted frankly, “Of course. He’s well aware that I’m thinking of ways to kill you every second of every day.”

Ramona narrowed her eyes, a hint of amusement showing in her alluring gaze. "You're painfully honest."

I merely shrugged. "If you were in my shoes, and someone hurt your family, persecuted your lover, and coerced you into doing something against your will, I think you'd also make the same choice."

Hearing that, Ramona tilted her head. "I'm an orphan, so I don't understand those feelings, nor am I interested in doing so."

"Okay, no offense." We were strangers, so I could only think of a reason she came to seek me out after racking my head for a long while. "So, you want me to persuade him to not go against Mr. Jensen?"

"Would you do that? You'll only push him into the line of fire." Derision was written all over Ramona's face.

It seems that she has investigated me, so I can't fool her.

I was stunned for a moment. Only when I glimpsed the corpses at the door from my peripheral vision did understanding abruptly dawn upon me that she was here to kill me.

She'll only need to eliminate Nathaniel's men if she wants to kill me. After all, she knows full well that he ordered them to keep me safe, so they'll undoubtedly stop her. For that reason, she made the first move. She's really decisive and ruthless, so it's no wonder that she's able to sit at the table mostly occupied by men! In the face of such a person, playing tricks is useless. But I can't die yet. I haven't avenged Rose or brought Nathaniel down!

After mulling it over, I concluded that the only way out was to make a fuss out of her feelings for Nathaniel.

"Then, I know the purpose of your visit." Taking a deep breath, I composed myself. I deliberately guffawed and feigned a relaxed look, lounging back against the couch. "That's great! I can finally be free instead of being tortured every day!"

Stretching, I picked up the gun on the table and handed it to her. With a smile on my face, I urged, "Go on and make your move. Set me free."

As expected, Ramona was suspicious of my unexpected reaction. Her brows furrowed, and she parted her dark lips. "Are you not afraid of death?"

I nodded in response. "Nope! Didn't Nathaniel tell you that I didn't want to live anyway? When Ashton broke things off completely with me, I should have died in that car crash. However, he saved me. It's good that you're here now. With you doing me this favor, I don't need to live in agony anymore."

I thought Ramona would continue picking up where I left off, but she took the gun from me under my watchful gaze and pointed the barrel right at me.

She leaned forward, putting all her weight on her elbows that were propped against her knees. Then, she rolled her neck. Roaming her gaze all over my face, she whispered, "What a coward." After saying that, she raised the gun and got to her feet, aiming it at my forehead.

"Don't worry. My bullet travels fast, so you won't feel any pain."

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Chapter 1838 Standoff

Looking at her, I gulped by reflex, as I could imagine what was going to happen in the next second. A bullet piercing through my skull.

Suddenly, a bullet whizzed through the full-length windows of the living hall before striking Ramona's hand, causing her to drop the gun.

Without any hesitation, I grabbed it and held her at gunpoint. "Don't move."

Holding onto her injured hand, Ramona collapsed onto the sofa. Despite the cold sweat beading down her face, she didn't make a sound. Nevertheless, her breathing had grown heavy.

She gave me a bewildered look, likely shocked at how I managed to turn the table in the blink of an eye.

But given how sharp she was, she quickly found the answer. Looking at the dilapidated window from afar, she squinted her eyes as it dawned upon her. "Are you working for the police?"

Her guess was only half correct. Technically, it was the army.

Her question helped me get a good grasp of the situation. It seemed that after what happened to John, Benson reorganized the security around Fuller Corporation. They lay in wait until Ramona triggered them.

Although I wanted to have a candid discussion with her, I wasn't sure if the house was bugged by Nathaniel. Hence, I played dumb. "Quit with the jokes, Ms. Sutton. You have already done your homework on me. If I worked for the police, do you think Nathaniel would let me live till now?"

Just as I spoke, a deep male voice rang out from the door. "What's going on?"

Turning around, I saw Nathaniel enter the room.

Ramona pleaded with him for help, "Quick, kill her! She's with the police!"

Evidently, it wasn't convincing at all. Nathaniel simply knitted his brows in curiosity.

"What are you hesitating for? The police shot me just now. Or else, how do you think she managed to get the gun? Nat, stop deluding yourself. This woman is here to kill you!" Ramona yelled.

Interpreting her words differently, Nathaniel questioned with a sarcastic tone, "In that case, who held the gun initially?"

After a brief pause, his eyes sharpened. "What were you planning to use the gun for? And what's with the bunch of guys outside?"

Momentarily stunned, Ramona admitted, "That's right. I did all that. Today, my objective is to eradicate this woman before you do something beyond your capabilities and die because of it. Just tell me! Are you going to kill Scarlett?"

Ramona had lived a violent and turbulent life, causing her to emanate a murderous aura. Despite having one of her hands crippled, she was still powerful and not to be underestimated.

Nevertheless, Nathaniel didn't answer her question. Instead, he focused on the fact that Ramona had overstepped her boundaries by killing his subordinates. "Help me? You got Ashton to distract me, came to my place armed, and killed my men. Ramona, it seems this incident has shown me who you truly are!"

Sometimes, men and women just saw things differently.

Ramona wanted to save his soul, but all he cared about was the facts.

Closing her eyes in resignation, she suddenly dived at me and snatched the gun away from my hand.

Unfortunately, she wasn't left-handed and needed some time to get into position. The delay allowed Nathaniel to pull out his gun.

While Ramona had her gun pointed at me, Nathaniel aimed his at her. Threatened by the Mexican standoff, she held back from pulling the trigger.

Staring into the barrel of his gun, she asked in disbelief, "Are you actually pointing that gun at me?"

"You are certainly quick with a gun, but don't forget who taught you how to do it." Nathaniel ignored Ramona and warned her with an indifferent expression, "Put the gun down right now and leave the organization. I will then pretend that this never happened."

"Are you kicking me out?" Ramona's beautiful eyes suddenly lost their sparkle.

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Chapter 1839 Ramona

"You were the one who chose this," Nathaniel replied calmly. "When I took you in, I told you that I would take your life if you betrayed me."

Unwavering, Ramona raised her gun higher. From the look she gave me, I would see the tears glistening in her eyes. "I didn't forget that you saved my life. And that is the reason why I'm willing to sacrifice everything to prevent you from destroying your future."

"You should mind your own business." Nathaniel's tone firmed and sounded just like the time he humiliated Ashton, cold and devoid of emotion. "Ramona, my patience is wearing thin."

Breaking into a smirk, Ramona laughed wryly. Despite the fact that she was crying, she desperately tried to maintain her laughter. "Ha, haha. Finally, you are going to abandon me. I might as well annihilate this threat for you!"

Just as she spoke, Ramona pulled the trigger with a chiseled finger.

Bang!

A bullet flew out but not from Ramona's gun.

It was Nathaniel who fired the shot.

He had killed a woman that was willing to give up her life to eliminate a threat to him.

Just as the gunshot rang out, Ramona collapsed onto the ground. Her eyes refused to shut and stared blankly in despair, unwilling to believe that he had shot her.

With that, a deathly silence descended upon the living hall.

At that moment, I could feel a chill extending through my limbs. Looking at Ramona's corpse, I was struck by how fragile life was again and hugged myself in reflex.

Without a doubt, that was Nathaniel's true face.

Regardless of whether one was family or had his best interest at heart, everyone was an expendable tool for him as long as he didn't care.

After a long while, Nathaniel let out a devilish smile before kneeling down and closing Ramona's eyes for her.

Standing back up, he looked down at me and commented with an icy tone, "Ashton has never changed while you never planned to love me, am I right?"

Sitting on the sofa in silence, I didn't answer. Instead, I hugged myself tighter.

As long as I stayed by his side, I would always be surrounded by death. Unable to shake the sensation away, I began to feel suffocated by it.

"Scarlett, will you only give me a second look when I die?" Nathaniel mumbled inaudibly to himself.

"No," I replied, trembling.

After pondering a moment, he let out a sarcastic grin. "For a moment just now, I was struck by a thought. I wondered if you meant that as long as I'm willing to change, you would spare a thought for me. But the very next second, I realized that you wouldn't do so due to your hatred for me. Even if I were to die right in front of you now, you wouldn't even bat an eyelid."

It was a pointless question since he already knew the answer.

Pursing my lips, I couldn't help but worry about Ashton's situation.

With Ramona dead and my intentions exposed, I was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

I felt as if we were standing by a cliff where a gentle push from Nathaniel would send me hurtling down.

Ever since the beginning, Nathaniel knew how strong my feelings for Ashton were. It was just that he thought he was superior to Ashton and could change me. He also assumed he could change how love or even the world worked. Unfortunately, it was nothing but a fool's fantasy.

Ramona's death didn't just come as a massive shock to me, it also caused Nathaniel to realize that by continuing this game, he would end up losing everything he had.

Nevertheless, Nathaniel didn't do anything further after that. Instead, he reholstered his gun, carried Ramona up and left.

Watching their miserable silhouettes, I could feel my desire to destroy Nathaniel burning stronger than ever. After all, it no longer felt as if it was out of reach.

Given how close I was to my goal, it would be a shame to give up now.

However, Nathaniel's tendency to gamble would cause him to bet everything he had even if he would meet a miserable end.

As Ashton's actions became clearer by the day, the final showdown seemed to be approaching. If Nathaniel backed out right now, he might still have the chance to save his own skin.

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Chapter 1840 Revenge

In spite of that, I hoped that he would continue with his folly.

After all, not every mistake can be forgiven.

That night, Nathaniel didn't come home.

The next day, when I was still in a daze, I was jolted awake by a commotion downstairs.

After adjusting my night robe, I got out of bed. Just when I drew the curtains and wanted to admonish the new guards, I saw Nick surrounded by the four of them, and they seemed to be in an altercation.

With no time to be bothered about how I looked, I darted downstairs at once.

Just when I passed by the door, one of the subordinates was giving Nathaniel a call. "Mr. Hall, there's someone by the name of Nick Harrison causing trouble here. What should—"

Stopping in my tracks, I snatched the phone away and yelled into it. "This is a family matter. I'll get him to leave, so don't get involved!"

Just as I spoke, I ended the call before Nathaniel could reply. After hurling the phone back at the subordinate, I rushed out to save Nick.

"What are you doing? Let him go! Didn't you hear me? I order you to let him go!"

When they refused to release him, I jumped in and struck off their hands instead.

As they didn't dare hurt me, they simply watched as I pulled Nick into the house.

Inside, I could vaguely hear them reporting back to Nathaniel. But, I was already used to it by now.

Inside the living hall, I released my grip on Nick. After exchanging glances, both of us suddenly descended into silence.

Rose's funeral was held just a week ago. Given how closely Nathaniel's men were watching me, I was unable to attend in person. But from what I could see on the television, the Walker family and Rose's child looked utterly devastated.

The incident was classified as a suicide attack against society at large because the perpetrator was an innocent child from one of the poorest regions in the nation.

Nonetheless, I was keenly aware that she had died to save me.

As for Nick, he looked relatively good given the circumstances. In spite of that, no one truly knew how much he was suffering underneath the calm exterior. In fact, I didn't even have the courage to apologize for causing the death of his wife.

Nevertheless, Nick's experience in the business world helped him read my expressions and decipher what was going through my mind.

"Rose doesn't blame you, really." His voice was visibly more raspy than before. Despite his steady tone, I could see how he was desperately trying to keep his emotions in check.

The mention of Rose caused me to have a flashback of the incident. I was standing right behind her, staring at the blood soaking all over her body.

Despite her small frame, the flow of blood seemed endless. Recalling the scene alone triggered its deathly color to cloud my vision.

Holding that thought, I couldn't help but feel my nose burn. I then hung my head and choked, "I'm sorry."

Nick suddenly broke out into a faint smile. "Don't be silly. I'm sure you know how kind Rose is. She wouldn't want anyone of us to feel sad for her sake."

I nodded in agreement. Suddenly, when I realized how persistent he was in barging into here, I looked up at him warily. "What are you doing here?"

Pursing his lips apologetically, Nick maintained a faint grin. "Don't worry, Rose was always worried for me even in death. Therefore, I wouldn't do anything stupid that would cause her to worry. I'm not here for revenge if that's what you're thinking."

"That's good." My fears quickly eased. Even though I knew he needed me by his side, I was also worried that he would run into Nathaniel. Hence, I had no choice but to get him to leave. "In that case, you should go now if there's nothing else. I'm feeling under the weather and need some rest."

Now that Rose was dead, Nick shouldn't be involved anymore.

"I'm planning to leave," Nick promised. He quickly added, "But before that, I need to see Nathaniel. I know everything now, including the fact that he was behind this."

“Didn’t you say that you’re not here for revenge?” I began to feel anxious. “Are you taking me for a fool?”

Without any hesitation, I stepped forward to drag him out. “No, just leave. There’s no way you can beat him.”

In the blink of an eye, I was pulled back instead by his solid stance.

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Chapter 1841 A Deal

Turning around, I saw that Nick refused to budge. All he did was shake his head at me. “No, Scarlett. I will seek justice for Rose.”

“Tell him to come out and see me. All I want him to do is to apologize in front of Rose’s grave.”

Nathaniel, apologize? Impossible. How can a demon who kills his own confidantes ever show any remorse? I understand no husband can ever tolerate the murder of his wife, but now just isn’t the time.

“I promise you that I will help you get what you want out of Nathaniel. Sometime down the road, I will personally get him to apologize to Rose. But today, you should leave first, all right?” I persuaded him anxiously.

Given how closely Nathaniel had been watching me, he was probably nearby. In fact, he should already be on his way home.

“No,” Nick stubbornly refused. With his feet glued to the ground, he didn’t move an inch despite how hard I pulled him.

As the seconds ticked by, there was simply nothing I could do. After shifting my gaze from the door to him, I had no choice but to relent.

“Are you sure an apology is all you’re looking for? And that you’re not trying to exact revenge?” I asked grimly.

“Yes,” Nick answered. “The child cannot lose their father.”

“Can I trust you, Nick?” Although I couldn’t find any flaw in his argument, I remained concerned.

“Definitely.” Nick’s smile widened, further emanating his sincerity.

Left without a choice, I decided to give the reckless idea a go. “Fine, wait here. I’ll give Nathaniel a call and get him to apologize to you.”

"All right," Nick agreed before sitting on the sofa to wait.

Considering that he was at the peak of his masculinity, Nick had the bearing of a distinguished businessman looking to negotiate with his rival.

Nonetheless, it felt to me like the calm before the storm.

Regardless of whether I was being over-sensitive, I knew I had to pacify Nathaniel before the impending confrontation. Hence, I left Nick by himself and headed out of the house instead.

Just as expected, Nathaniel returned in twenty minutes.

He wasn't surprised to see me as he walked up and asked calmly, "Have you been waiting for long?"

"No, but I have something to discuss." I got straight to the point. "Nick is here. He is the husband of the lady killed by Mr. Jensen and also someone important to me. He wants justice for his wife. Thus, can you apologize to him later?"

However, Nathaniel digressed, "Last night, I watched a movie where the situation is similar to what's going on now. The only difference is the female lead was worried about her man's well-being."

The gap in communication exasperated me. But for Nick's sake, I had to suppress my anger. "Hmm, that sounds really sweet, but what I'm talking about is urgent. Can you answer me? All you need to do is apologize to the person you hurt. There's nothing for you to lose."

"What's in it for me?" Nathaniel smiled insidiously.

I had expected him to demand something in return. Hence, I didn't bother reasoning and made my offer instead. "As a reward, I will promise to do something you want, as long as it doesn't involve harming others."

"Anything I want?" Nathaniel's eyes narrowed as if he was weighing the attractiveness of the deal.

"Yes. As long as you don't hurt him and allow him to leave unharmed," I pleaded, as that was all I could do for Nick.

"Fine." Nathaniel's eyes sparkled like a child who had just received a lollipop.

Jolted by the look in his eyes, I quickly averted his predatory gaze.

Now that we had a deal, I eagerly led Nathaniel back in.

Seemingly lost in deep thought, Nick didn't realize we were there until we came up close.

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Chapter 1842 | Failed Her

"This is Nathaniel." Clenching my fists, I kept my eye on Nick so that I could restrain him if needed. "He is the man you are looking for."

Standing expressionless beside me, Nathaniel had no intention to speak.

With a wary smile, Nick met Nathaniel's gaze with a gentle one of his own. A short while later, he said, "Do you know that you are responsible for the death of a wonderful woman?"

Unmoved, Nathaniel replied with cold professionalism, "I don't. But, Scarlett told me that I've caused you and your family to suffer. For that, I'm sorry."

Nathaniel reacted like a remorseless murderer.

If it wasn't because of my inferior position, I would have given him a forceful slap.

Nick needed a demonstration of sincere remorse, instead of an emotionless bureaucratic response.

Hence, Nathaniel's answer only served to fan the flames of fire.

Just when I wanted to sugarcoat Nathaniel's words, Nick had reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a gun.

"Nick, no!"

My scream was futile. The moment the gun was aimed at Nathaniel, Nick had already pulled the trigger.

The resulting gunshot rang out through the villa.

Unfortunately, Nick was the one that ended up being shot instead.

His unfamiliarity with a gun seemed to have caused it to misfire. The bullet which was meant to fly toward Nathaniel backfired into his right arm instead.

Stung by the pain, Nick dropped the gun onto the ground, causing a crack on the tile. The next moment, his hand was already covered by gushing blood.

"Nick!" I rushed forward to support him. "Are you all right? Bear with it while I send you to the hospital."

Just as I spoke, I tried to help him out the door.

However, Nick flew into a fit of rage. Covering his wound, he refused to budge. All he did was grit his teeth and stare daggers at Nathaniel. "I'm going to kill you! You b*astard!"

"Kill me?" Nathaniel closed his eyes and thrust his chin forward. Looking down at Nick, he sneered, "You can't even tell that you have a faulty gun. How are you going to kill me?"

"Can you shut up?" I thundered, worried that Nick would be triggered into doing something worse.

Having detected something from Nathaniel's words, Nick's eye lit up in fury. He hissed, "You were the one who sabotaged the gun!"

Stunned by his words, I was struck by a sudden realization.

Indeed, guns were regulated in Chanaea, and the common man had no access to them. Hence, for Nick to get his hands on one, he had to go to the black market, which was an avenue controlled by Nathaniel.

With no intention to hide, Nathaniel readily admitted, "I promised Scarlett that I won't harm her family. Hence, your wife's death was nothing but an accident. Initially, I was watching you to see if there was any way I could make up for your loss. Unfortunately, you chose to act presumptuously by thinking that you could actually kill me."

"Pfft! Who needs your compensation? You killed Rose, my wife. No matter what, I want you to pay with your life!" Nick raged.

Despite my urge to berate Nathaniel, I swallowed my words when I saw the guards swarming in through the door.

"Nick! Nick!" As I tried to help him stand, I cupped his face and forced him to look at me instead of Nathaniel. Screaming at the top of my lungs, I tried to knock some sense into him. "Listen to me, Rose told me to take care of you before she died. She has always worried about you. If anything happened to you, she would have died in vain!"

While trying to get through to him, I couldn't stop myself from crying. My mind was filled with the image of her giving birth in the hospital and also how she covered for Nick by putting up a strong front.

The moment Nick heard Rose's name, his eyes began to redden. As tears streamed down his cheeks, he finally broke down crying like a child. "Scarlett, Rose is dead. She's no longer here. The day before she died, she even suggested we have more kids, as it was too quiet at home. Despite how kind she was, I never appreciated it. Scarlett, I failed her... I have really failed her..."

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Chapter 1843 Freedom

Given that I was filled with guilt over Rose's death, Nick's words unleashed the pent-up emotions within me.

Suddenly, Nathaniel reached out to grab me. Before I could react, he launched an uppercut and knocked the wind out of Nick. After which, Nick was taken away.

"Nick!" Despite my attempt to get to him, I was powerless against Nathaniel's strength. All I could do was scream, "Let me go! Let me go, you b*stard!"

Having lost his patience, Nathaniel grabbed both my arms and forcefully turned me to face him.

"You told me that you won't harm my family. Are you going back on your word?" I bellowed. Despite the sharp pain in my bones, I didn't wince at all.

"It's up to you whether I keep my promise or not." With a darkening gaze, Nathaniel broke into a vicious smile. "I don't like to see you crying, Scarlett. The next time I see him make you cry, he will have to pay for it with his life."

"In that case, you should kill yourself first! The person who hurt me the most is you, and no one else."

Stung by my words, Nathaniel was shocked momentarily. However, he quickly regained his viciousness. "Don't try and reason with me. In my world, you're the one who's being unreasonable. Despite how much I compromised with you, why don't you ever learn what's good for you?"

"In that case, stop tolerating my actions!" Just when I was desperately struggling, I was struck by an idea. Taking the ring off my finger, I threw it away in front of him. "I don't want this nor you anymore! I don't need a crazy control freak in my life!"

Ding! Ding!

A crisp clink was heard the moment the ring hit the ground. After rolling by the window, it finally came to a stop.

Nathaniel had let go of me the second I threw the ring away. His eyes trailed the ring's trajectory until it fell onto the floor. As if he was frozen, he continued to stare blankly at it.

The silence that ensued was deafening.

Under such uncertain circumstances, I wasn't sure if I had crossed his threshold. As if I had lost it, I was ready to die. "Go on, make it quick."

After staring intently at the ring for a long time, Nathaniel suddenly walked over and put it back into his palm before walking away just like that.

As I watched his silhouette disappear out the door, it felt surreal to me.

Given that the ring was the only thing he asked of me, I was surprised he didn't react to me throwing it away.

Perhaps, breaking a promise never meant anything to him at all.

Nevertheless, I was unable to imagine what Nathaniel was going to do to Nick. Despite feeling pessimistic about his fate, I was powerless to do anything.

As for Ashton, Nathaniel had realized that he was none other than a Trojan horse. Therefore, I wondered how many more life-threatening plots Ashton was going to face within the perilous environment he was in.

Consequently, I spent the rest of the day feeling unsettled. When it was close to dinnertime, the sound of a car stopping could be heard.

Now that security at the Fuller residence was airtight, it could be no one else other than Nathaniel.

Just when he entered and prepared to head upstairs, he saw me pacing back and forth in the living hall. He then put a bag in front of me before taking a seat.

When I glanced at it and couldn't tell what it was, I asked, "What's that for?"

"A phone, a bank card, and car keys," Nathaniel plainly replied.

"And then?" Why is he giving me these?

"The guards outside have been ordered to back down. From today onward, you can go wherever you please," Nathaniel declared.

My first response was to narrow my eyes and doubt his intentions.

"There's no need to be surprised. I just felt the need to change my approach. Since you don't appreciate my way of treating you well, I'll do it your way instead. I will continue to love you, but you will still have your freedom." Nathaniel's gaze was so calm that I couldn't read his emotions.