

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 874

He looked at me, still chuckling slightly. "Yes. I know my sister jumped from the roof of Fuller Corporation. You seemed to think her life was only worth two hundred thousand. She may have been young and easy to cheat, but I'm not that innocent."

As I looked at him, I started to feel terrified. "What exactly do you want from me?"

He looked around before saying, "Ashton seems to be very concerned about you. If I kidnapped you, he'll probably be willing to pay a huge ransom."

I was not the slightest bit curious at the words he said. On the contrary, I was rather surprised.

After I calmed down, I looked at his dreadful appearance and said, "Your sister killed herself. It had nothing to do with the Fuller Corporation. If it wasn't because of her kid getting in trouble, then she may not have even gotten the two hundred thousand. If you dare lay a finger on me, you'll only end up in jail."

His chuckle was beginning to grate on my eardrums. "Don't try to scare me. Do you think I have no idea about all those crimes you guys have done? You rich people think it's enough to chase us off with money, but all your money was taken from people like us. You're all just scammers."

His spiel was not in the least bit logical. I frowned, knowing that he was probably already too far gone. The logical part of me was warning me not to mess with a crazy person.

Since I had been strolling without much thought, I hadn't realized that there weren't many people around me now. Outside of K City and A City, Ashton hadn't organized any bodyguards for me. All I could do was try to get away on my own.

"I don't care if you believe me or not. Your sister committed suicide. I'm sure you know much better than me because you and your parents had already ruined her life. She could no longer live her life like a regular young lady anymore. The three of you are the real reason behind her suicide."

His once foolish chuckle descended rapidly into a dark frown. Then, he glared at me and yelled, "I'll kill you!"

As he spoke, he suddenly pulled a knife out from between the thick folds of his coat and rushed toward me. With widened eyes, I could only stare helplessly as he approached me, completely unprepared for what was about to happen.

I felt like I had been plunged into the depths of despair and had no way of escaping.

His knife was getting closer and closer to me. My limbs felt like they were made of paper; amidst my fear, I was simply a puppet without strings, unable to escape even as my mind screamed at me to run.

"Go to hell!" he yelled.

"How dare you, Shane?" A sudden shout shook me out of my stupor, and I remained stationary in my shock. After a few seconds, I suddenly heard a man's scream.

After I finally calmed down enough to look in his direction again, I was in yet another state of shock. The man who had been waving a knife in my direction was currently pinned to the ground, being beaten up by two men.

Holden stood next to me, looking at me like I was an idiot. His handsome features were laced with his usual reckless cynicism.

"Did this really scare you that much?" He chuckled coldly. "And here I was thinking that Zachary's daughter would know better. I guess I was wrong."

His words were clearly meant to mock me, but I didn't take it to heart at all. Now that I was finally safe, I sighed in relief.

I raised a hand to wipe away the sweat that had beaded out of my fear. Then I looked at him and said, "Thank you."

He seemed like he didn't even want to talk to me as he looked at me with disdain in his eyes.

I knew he was looking down on me for my cowardice. Nonetheless, I didn't feel like getting on his good side either, so I chose to fall silent.

Meanwhile, Shane was already practically beaten to a pulp on the ground. He was curled up in the fetal position and begging, "I'm sorry, Mr. Holden! I'll never do it again! Please spare me!"

Holden glanced at the two men and indicated for them to stop punching Shane.

They stopped and stood to one side.

Holden narrowed his eyes and walked toward Shane. He then kneeled down and looked at him in disgust. "This is my first and last time warning you – leave her alone, or I'll chop off your hands. You like gambling, don't you? I wonder what you'll do without your hands. Will you be gambling with that rotten mouth of yours?"

Shane was just as much of a coward. At Holden's threat, he nodded frantically and said in fear, "I won't lay a finger on her again! I'm so sorry for messing with you, Mr. Holden! Please let me go!"

The disgust on Holden's face deepened, and he stood up while wiping his hands with his handkerchief. After that, he kicked Shane in disdain before saying, "Get the hell out of here and never show your face in front of me ever again."

Shane scrambled up as soon as he heard that and ran off with his tail between his legs.

I sighed in relief and looked around. It seemed like I had to hail a taxi back to the hotel. Walking was simply too dangerous.

Holden cleaned off his slender fingers and turned to look at me. "Do you need me to send you back?" He was clearly hinting at me to quickly get out of here.

I shook my head. "No, but thank you!"

After that, I turned to walk away in the direction that I had come from. For some reason, Holden started to follow me. I turned back in surprise and asked, "Mr. Holden, is something wrong?"