

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1825

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

Chapter 1825 Finish Him Off

Ashton seemingly spaced out earlier. Only when he heard Desmond calling his name did he snap back to his senses. "I've got nothing to say," he sneered.

"So, you're admitting that it was your doing? Vincent demanded sharply.

Straightening leisurely, Ashton drawled, "I didn't say that."

"What did you mean by that, then?" Vincent's voice abruptly rose several decibels, for he felt as though he had been played for a fool.

With a smirk tugging at his lips, Ashton turned and looked in the direction of Nathaniel and me. "My meaning is simple enough. I know my capabilities better than anyone else."

That's true. He has always erred on the side of caution, so it makes no sense that he'd shoot himself in the foot.

When I saw the others at the table nodding in contemplation, I couldn't help breathing a sigh of relief.

Even though the people in the room were all dressed ordinarily, we were both well aware that the civilized facades were merely masking ruthless souls. Therefore, one had to be wholly on guard while being in the same room with them.

Right after quelling the suspicion against him, Ashton gave Nathaniel a taste of his own medicine, declaring, "Since you're being so frank with us here, Nathaniel, I'll also save myself the effort of beating around the bush. There's a question that's been eluding me. I hope you can explain it to me."

Nathaniel remained calm and unruffled. "There's no need to hold back with me. Go ahead and ask your question."

"It's not something huge. It's just about your frequent contact recently with the godson of the former Chanaean official, Louis Stovall. I wonder if there's anything you're planning?"

The moment Desmond heard Louis' name, he shot to his feet. "Louis Stovall is the most rigid official and has always abhorred our illegal dealings!"

Vincent set his sights on Nathaniel once more, and he aggressively questioned, "How are you going to explain that, Nathaniel?"

Ashton could have pointed out my relationship with John, but he didn't do that, probably out of concern for my safety. For that reason, he went about it in a roundabout way by linking John and Louis, two renowned figures in Chanaea.

Everyone knew that birds of a feather flocked together, so there was no way Nathaniel could dig himself out of the grave.

However, he didn't miss a single beat and wasn't the slightest bit panicked. Instead, he straightened his clothes in a seemingly distracted manner. "I don't need to explain myself to you."

Vincent was so livid that he gritted his teeth. His eyes narrowed into slits with a cunning and brutal gleam in them. "In that case, don't blame me for showing you no courtesy!"

After saying that, he raised his right hand and beckoned at his subordinate behind him. At that, the man immediately whipped out a gun and aimed it at Nathaniel.

Nonetheless, Nathaniel merely lifted his head calmly. Flashing Vincent an elegant yet strange smile, he murmured, "You've always been waiting for this day, no, Mr. Chadwick?"

Snorting, Vincent no longer bothered to pay him any mind since he was going to bite the dust soon. "So what if I have? You betrayed the organization and everyone this time, so no one can save you! You only have yourself to blame for not knowing your place!"

Without an ounce of hesitation, he thundered, "Finish him off!"

When his voice rang out, however, the anticipated sound of a gunshot was nowhere to be heard. The entire room was deathly silent.

The smug smile on Vincent's face froze, and he promptly whirled around to berate his subordinate for being so dense. "Hey! I told you to shoot! Are you deaf or?"

While he was clamoring, the gun in the man's hand gradually shifted, changing directions to point right at his head.

Not even deigning to explain anything, the man pulled the trigger. Whizz! The bullet went through the silencer and hit Vincent in the head.

As the pop of the gun pierced the air, Vincent collapsed onto the ground before he even realized what had happened. His body twitched a few times before going entirely still.

Nathaniel got to his feet without any change in expression. Picking up the napkin on the table, he wiped his hands while casting his gaze at Vincent's body on the

ground and uttered indifferently, "As you said, Mr. Chadwick, there's only one ending for someone who betrayed the organization and everyone."

When he had finished speaking, he held up the napkin he had used to wipe his hands over the man's wide eyes and dropped it, allowing it to cover his gruesome state in death.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1826

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

Chapter 1826 The First And Final Time

Upon seeing their long-time good friend dying a tragic death, Desmond and Theodore both saw red. They were on the verge of losing their tempers when Nathaniel walked over to their backs and patted them on the shoulders heavily. In a solemn voice, he advised, "You should both consider carefully before acting. Are you really going to turn on me because of someone who betrayed you both?"

"Are you saying that it was Vincent who leaked our information out? That's impossible!" Desmond countered at once.

Nathaniel wasn't in the mood to explain things to them; thus, he drawled, "Feel free to think about it. There's plenty of time if you want to avenge him. But now..."

At that, he abruptly trailed off. Spinning around, he took the gun from the killer and pointed it at Ramona, who hadn't said a single word, across the table.

That struck such stark fear into Theodore that he descended into a panic. His gaze alternated between the gun and Ramona, terrified that he would be the next person. "Why... Are you planning to kill us all here today?"

Nathaniel ignored his words altogether, staring at Ramona with resentment brimming in his eyes. Grounding his jaw, he spat, "Why did you do that?"

Ramona had been through hell and back and was sitting here with her own capabilities, so she showed nary a hint of fear despite Vincent's precedence. She calmly lit a cigarette and started puffing away impassively, making it evident that she had no intention of explaining anything.

The fury in Nathaniel's eyes blazed hotter. Deciding to eliminate her, he placed his finger on the trigger.

With one seized by the urge to kill and the other making no move to dodge, the result was seemingly destined.

However, Ashton spoke up at just that precise moment. "There's no need to put her in a difficult position. I was the one who persuaded her to leak the locations to the cops."

Nathaniel swiftly swung the gun sideways and aimed it right at his heart. "Great, just great! You managed to win my trusted aide over and get her on your side in such a short time! Should I not laud you, my dearest brother?"

"That's enough." Ramona snubbed the cigarette out, interrupting their confrontation. "Do you think I'm so easily swayed? I only did that for your own good. If Uncle Garrett were to learn that you did so many ridiculous things for this woman, you'd be the next one to die! If I hadn't made some trouble for you, you'd really think that you could control everything! Scarlett should have died long ago in M Country. How are you going to explain it to him when he sees you with her?"

Every single word out of her mouth carried concern for Nathaniel. Of course, it was also the most hostile remark she had even made toward me thus far.

Nathaniel took a deep breath, but he didn't plan on accepting her kindness. "I have my own plans. You shouldn't have interfered. Since you betrayed the organization, you have to bear the consequences."

Undeniably, he was really a heartless person. Everything Ramona did was out of consideration for him, but all that mattered to him was cleaning house and thereby taking her life.

Ramona remained unfazed. She turned her head in disappointment as though resigned to her fate. "Since I decided to do it, I wasn't afraid that you'd find about it. Just do your worse."

Sure enough, Nathaniel adjusted the angle of the gun, lining it up with her bangs-covered forehead. He flicked the safety off and placed his finger on the trigger.

Is she really going to cross the great divide? It's quite a pity for such a beautiful woman to die. But on second thought, the hands of everyone in this organization are likely stained with blood. No one is innocent.

Following that thought, I stopped worrying about it.

Surprisingly, Nathaniel ended up not pulling the trigger after contemplating for a long while.

Something seemingly occurred to him, for he suddenly put down the gun in his hand. As he turned and headed back to me, he coldly warned, "This is the first and final time."

Ultimately, he decided to let her go.

Everyone there didn't expect him to actually show mercy.

Ramona stood up at seemingly the same time. Her face was ashen, and her gaze dull. As though throwing a tantrum, she huffed, "I'm not going to thank you because I did nothing wrong! You've gotten soft-hearted, Nat. It'll kill you one day."

After saying that, she shot me a sidelong glance before stalking off.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1827

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
Chapter 1827 Apologized Unwillingly

Seeing that, Ashton went after her. He had just taken two steps when Nathaniel called him back. "Ashton! Remember that your life is mine, and I can take it away anytime! Don't be too arrogant!"

Ashton paused midstride, but he didn't turn back. After listening to the man, he continued chasing after Ramona.

If I were in his shoes, I would make the same choice.

After all, how many people in this world can have Nathaniel showing them mercy?

As soon as they left, Theodore and Desmond quietly made themselves scarce as well.

When everyone was gone, Nathaniel deflated. He propped his hand with the gun on the table, seemingly thinking about something or other.

"Are you feeling distressed now? It doesn't feel good to hurt someone who only has eyes for you, huh?" I tactlessly teased him. In a rare moment, Nathaniel treated me with a hint of impatience. "What nonsense are you spouting?"

It was as though he couldn't tell that Ramona had feelings for him.

Hmm, this is even better. It's easiest for trouble to arise when feelings are fuzzy. Once there's a rift and Nathaniel's faction fractures, the risk will become much lower. Human life is of no value here, but I want Ashton to live!

"Then, just regard it as nonsensical talk. Drive me home." Shrugging, I got up and left the crime scene.

Nathaniel couldn't say no to me, so he chased after me shortly after.

When we reached the gate of the villa, a man in traditional attire walked out from the side all of a sudden and blocked our path.

"Mr. Jensen would like to see you."

Those words were directed at Nathaniel, making it apparent that they were acquainted.

Since he knew this place and even exhibited such a pompous attitude in front of Nathaniel, his position among these people is definitely not to be underestimated.

"Did he say why?" Nathaniel asked.

"You'll know when you arrive." As the traditionally-attired man said that, he glanced at me and added somberly, "Mr. Jensen specifically requested that you bring Ms. Stovall along."

After he had said that, he whirled around and led the way ahead of us.

Nathaniel's expression was solemn. He reached out and placed a hand on my back in reassurance. "You don't need to say anything. I'll handle everything."

Then, he pushed me along and followed after the man.

After a two-hour drive, followed by a ferry ride, we finally arrived at our destination in the middle of the sea. It was a luxurious yacht. To be precise, it was a cruise ship.

When we had boarded the ship, a server led us to an opulent private room on the cruise ship.

The space on the ship was limited, but the room didn't feel cramped at all. Despite Nathaniel's height, he could still stand upright without banging his head against the ceiling.

When we stepped into the room, the mysterious Mr. Jensen was having a shave. He was lounging on the single couch with his eyes closed as though he was asleep.

"They're here." The man in traditional attire stood beside the man.

Garrett Jensen murmured an acknowledgment without even opening his eyes. "Where are we now?"

"We're going to enter international waters soon," the man replied.

International waters weren't under the jurisdiction of any country. For that reason, it was a paradise of crime.

Hearing that, Garrett slowly opened his eyes and tilted his head to look at Nathaniel. His cloudy eyes shone with undisguised shrewdness. "I heard that quite a lot of things have happened in the organization recently?"

"They're just some minor issues, and I've resolved everything," Nathaniel answered with his gaze fixated ahead, neither servile nor overbearing.

"If that were truly the case, it wouldn't have come to my knowledge." Garrett languidly sat up from the couch. Taking the face towel, he wiped his face. Then, he got to his feet and headed to the desk further in the room. "Desmond and the others were all people who worked with me back then. Their merit is indispensable to the success of the organization today. Therefore, you've got to be mindful of the method you deal with things when it comes to them."

Nathaniel's brows furrowed slightly, and he lowered his eyes before apologizing unwillingly, "It was my oversight in handling Mr. Chadwick's matter. I'm sorry."

Hmm? Did he deliberately ask us here so he could stand up for his good friend who died?

Unexpectedly, Garrett waved a dismissive hand after hearing that. "Huh? No, you handled it very well. It's nothing to sacrifice a chess piece that can't keep up with the pace. There's nothing regretful about that."

Uh... Is this the kind of friendship these people have?

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1828

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
Chapter 1828 Taking Three Bullets

As Garrett spoke, he picked up the glass of whiskey on the table and brought it to his mouth, taking a sip. When he lowered his head, he caught a glimpse of me out of the corner of his eye. With the wine glass in his hand, he started strolling toward me.

Judging from the wrinkles on his face, he was already in his fifties. But still, he was filled with vigor, his solid muscles rendering him particularly strong. His eyes that were accustomed to carnage and bloodshed were like sharp blades, intent on carving me up.

A second before he stepped right into my personal space, Nathaniel stepped forward and inserted himself between us.

"The matters of the organization have nothing to do with her, Mr. Jensen," Nathaniel remarked.

Garrett swept a gaze over him, the look in his eyes turning deadly in a flash, carrying intense oppression. Despite having someone separating us, a chill inexorably struck me.

However, Nathaniel stood firm against the pressure and budged nary an inch.

That was clearly beyond Garrett's expectation, for scrutiny manifested in his eyes as he stared at the man.

It was as though he suddenly didn't know him anymore.

After a long while, he lifted his hand and patted Nathaniel on the shoulder with a chuckle. "Very well, Nat. You gave me a surprise."

Having said that, he plopped down on the couch with his wine glass in hand. When he had finished the liquor, he placed the glass on the coffee table at the side.

He crossed his legs, propping a hand on the arm of the couch while idly resting the other on his knee. He studied the two of us with interest.

Perhaps I should be saying something at that moment, but Nathaniel had instructed me to keep quiet unless absolutely necessary, so I could only pretend to be mute.

After a brief silence, Nathaniel started, "The fact that she's alive will not change anything. However, I can promise you that the organization's profit will double in the next three years. It's just three years, so you still have that long, Mr. Jensen."

Upon hearing that, Garrett bit his lower lip as a pensive smile lifted the corner of his mouth, seemingly doubting the man's statement greatly. After some time, his expression abruptly turned cold. "Are you negotiating with me?"

"I'm just speaking the truth." Nathaniel lowered his voice.

There was no longer the slightest hint of calmness on Garrett's face, but a darkness that carried brewing fury overtaking his features. In an exceedingly caustic voice, he retorted, "It's your duty to manage the business well, not your bargaining chip to blackmail me! I told you that you couldn't trust anyone in this world except yourself, but you decided to keep this ticking time bomb by your side! You're simply digging your own grave!"

Nathaniel was lectured to the point that he was left with no retort. He merely stood there like a statue without twitching a muscle.

I knew right away that I was the "ticking time bomb" he mentioned. After all, I still had that much self-awareness.

Ramona was wholly right to say that Nathaniel's authority among them might be curtailed because of me.

When there was no forthcoming response from him, Garrett jutted his chin at the man beside him.

The man immediately threw the bodyguards behind me a look. In mere seconds, they had restrained my hands.

Striding over, the man deftly whipped out a gun. With the barrel aimed right at me, he pulled the trigger.

Seeing that, I frantically screwed my eyes shut in preparation for my death. Bang! Bang! Bang! Gunshots rang out in my ears, but no pain assailed me.

I opened my eyes in a daze, only to see Nathaniel standing in front of me. Blood gushed out of his shoulder uncontrollably.

The shocking sight of crimson blood made me waver for a moment. But in the next instant, I hoped that the three bullets would kill him.

Well, you're merely reaping what you sowed. Have you ever thought that this day would come when you hurt my family and friends, Nathaniel Hall?

My focus was so intent on his injury that I only raised my head after a long time had passed. However, my eyes then met with the man's pained expression.

He seemed to have seen right through me, his eyes filled with resentment and grief. Regretfully, I remained stubborn, unwilling to even put on an act.

In the end, his body slowly collapsed onto the ground in a puddle of blood.

Even so, he mulishly looked up at me. The excruciating pain had the veins on his face popping, and his eyes turned bloodshot. On the whole, he appeared horrific and pathetic.

"I took the three bullets for her, so can you please take it as Scarlett Stovall having died, Mr. Jensen?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1829

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

Chapter 1829 It Has Been A Long Time

Nathaniel was a talented man, so Garrett was reluctant to take his life for real. In utter disappointment, he dismissed his subordinates. "Let them go."

Perhaps he didn't want to witness Nathaniel's weak state, for he stormed out of the private room in a fit of rage.

When he had reached the door, he unwittingly halted in his tracks and snapped frostily, "I'm very disappointed in you."

After saying that, he left without a backward glance.

It wasn't until after his footsteps faded outside the corridor that all strength drained out of Nathaniel, and he collapsed onto the ground before me without warning.

If it weren't for the bodyguards who rushed forward to save him, I would watch him die slowly without any hesitation.

It was clear as day that Garrett was far more rational than Nathaniel. Despite the latter having disappointed him greatly, he still sent some men to escort the injured and unconscious man and me back.

Of course, there was another possibility—he was afraid that Nathaniel would die at my hands.

If that was the case, it proved that they knew me all too well.

After Nathaniel was injured, the man in the suit moved into the Fuller residence to look after him 24/7. In fact, he guarded against me even more than he did Garrett's subordinates.

That was all the better, for it gave me much more freedom than I usually had.

The afternoon after the day we came back, I planned to go out on the pretext of having some fresh air and return to the mall back then for a fortuitous meeting with the mysterious woman.

I applied light makeup and hid the note I had long since prepared into the hidden compartment in my backpack before I went downstairs.

When I bumped into the man in the suit at Nathaniel's door, he cast a long look at me.

I reckoned he was wondering how there could be such a heartless woman in the world who was still in the mood to go shopping when his employer sustained such a severe injury because of her.

I simply ignored his look and sauntered downstairs.

In terms of being heartless, I was far from Nathaniel's level. As such, I was just giving him a taste of his medicine.

Armed with my experience back then, I headed straight for the cafe after entering the mall and sat there for the entire afternoon.

Alas, luck wasn't on my side that day. I waited until five o'clock in the afternoon when the cafe started serving dinner, but still to no avail. In the end, I could only foot the bill and leave.

Disheartened, I strolled about the mall with my head lowered when someone blocked my path out of the blue. Just when I was going to move around that person, she called out to me. "It's been a long time, Scarlett!"

It was none other than Rose. Although six years had passed, she hadn't changed much other than the addition of the undisguised affection and contentment on her face. Hmm, it looks like Nick has been taking good care of her.

"It's been a long time," I greeted placidly in return. I didn't plan on talking to her at length since the situation was precarious right then. Whoever drew close to me would also be unwittingly putting themselves in danger.

Thus, I proceeded to murmur, "I still have something to do, so please excuse me. We'll have a meal together another day." While saying that, I made to leave.

Rose, however, stepped forward and took my arm. She dragged me along enthusiastically. "Let's make it today instead of another day. I know of a restaurant that will certainly be your cup of tea, so let's eat there together!"

"Let go of me first, Rose. Please do as I say. Rose, Rose!" After entering the elevator, I finally shouted at her with my face flushed from panic.

Rose was at a momentary loss, and her grip loosened. Seizing the opportunity, I broke free from her hold. At once, the atmosphere in the elevator turned exceedingly awkward.

After a brief silence, Rose apologized. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. I didn't know that you're in a bad mood."

My wrath wasn't directed at her, so there was actually no need for her to apologize. "It's okay. It has nothing to do with you. It's something personal."

The matter about Nathaniel didn't reach Nick's ears. Hence, they were in the dark about many things. Now that things have become tense between us, it'll keep them safe instead.

"Actually, I didn't bump into you by chance. I purposely came to try my luck in meeting you. My friend told me that she saw you here, so I came over. I'm not doing this for myself but Nick. I want to help him, so..."

Ah, she's still the foolish woman who loves Nick wholeheartedly!

"I got it. No matter the problem with Nick, I'll have someone resolve it. But for today and the near future, I hope that neither you nor Nick look for me or go to the Fuller residence if I didn't make the first move in contacting you both. Can you please do that?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1830

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)  
Chapter 1830 A Suicide Attack

"But why?" Rose was clearly stumped by my sudden estrangement. Nonetheless, she was the wife of the general manager of Cruise Corporation, so she had the ability to read between the lines. In no time, she nodded in acknowledgment. "I got it. Don't worry, Scarlett. Nick and I will remember to do as you said."

No sooner had she finished speaking than the elevator came to a stop. Rose insisted on seeing me out.

When we arrived at the entrance, a boy of about Audrey's height blocked our path with a toy gun in his hand.

The boy was all smiles and appeared exceedingly cheerful. He seemingly knew me, but he mistook Rose for me. Looking up at Rose with a silly smile on his face, he inquired, "Are you Ms. Scarlett?"

Rose chuckled the moment she heard that and self-deprecatingly remarked, "Nick often tells me that I used to look just like your biological sister, Letty."

As she said that, she crouched. Pinching the boy's arm, she asked, "Why are you looking for Ms. Scarlett, sweetie? Why don't you tell me?"

"Are you Ms. Scarlett?" The boy was still smiling, but the toy gun in his hand was so realistic that it transported me back to the scene on the cruise ship the day before. I remembered that Garrett's subordinate's gun was of the same model.

Rose was tickled pink by his stubbornness. "Haha, just tell me what it is. When I hear it, Ms. Scarlett will also know about it!"

"Then, you must be Ms. Scarlett," the boy affirmed in emphatic tones this time.

"All right, stop teasing him," I urged since I was in a hurry to leave.

Only then did Rose shrug and decide to tell him the truth. "Okay, then. Actually, sweetie, you got the wrong... person-"

Bang!

Before she had finished speaking, the sound of a gunshot broke the silence at the mall entrance in the blink of an eye.

I could only look on helplessly as blood splattered onto the ground a near distance from where Rose was crouching.

Subsequently, the second and third gunshots rang out.

The bullets pierced Rose's body and whizzed past my cheek, splattering my face with her blood.

It was as though there was a drizzle, and the raindrops were her fading life.

In truth, the gun in the boy's hand was no toy gun but a real gun.

I couldn't believe all that had happened for real. The lively and kind girl had just obtained true love for a few years, but she was lying in a pool of blood at that very moment.

Meanwhile, the boy who looked to be merely six or seven years old laughed maniacally with her blood on his face. Aiming his gun at Rose, who had gone entirely still, he pulled the trigger once more.

My legs felt as though they were weighed down with a heavy boulder, giving me no way out of that horrific and bloody scene.

Is this God's punishment upon me, wanting me to see every gunshot hitting Rose so clearly? No, I must be dreaming!

A child with an angelic smile had turned into the devil right then, taking such a youthful and pure life away.

Rose seemed to have finally felt the pain. Her chest heaved, and blood gushed out of her mouth. I could seemingly hear her moaning in a sob-filled voice, "It hurts, Scarlett. Will you please help Nick?"

Even at the end of her life, she was still sacrificing herself for the man she loved the most.

In the end, she no longer moved.

Like a bloody rose blooming, blood spread around her ceaselessly.

"Rose! Ahh!"

The crowd descended into a panic, all rushing to hide. Conversely, I stood frozen at the spot, shrieking until I lost my voice.

The boy was seemingly encouraged to hear my scream, for his laughter grew all the more joyous. He grinned widely and stared at me for three seconds before pointing the gun at himself with both hands. In the next instant, he pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Blood spurted, and the boy collapsed onto the ground.

In less than a minute, two lives were gone, one after another. Even the air was saturated with the cloying stench of blood.

I thought a suicide attack would only happen in television series. That realistic feeling felt as though someone had a hand around my throat, strangling me to the point that I was going to suffocate.

Before I could even snap out of that nightmarish incident, several hands suddenly grabbed me from behind. They covered my nose and mouth. Restraining me, they carried me right down the steps at the mall entrance and tossed me into a van.