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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1817

Chapter 1817 Argument

Nathaniel was right about that. Ashton had occupied every inch of my mind and heart.

Good. Suffer in jealousy and boil in pain, Nathaniel. You deserve it.

I didn't say anything even as I stared heartlessly at him.

That was what he deserved.

"You make me feel like I deserve this pain," said Nathaniel while tilting his head down. He looked so pitiful at that moment.

The light only managed to illuminate a part of his face, but his long eyelashes were still visible. They were thick and beautiful, proving that the Hall family's genes were superior.

Unfortunately, his beauty was his only good attribute. Everything else was horrible.

It didn't take long before he started muttering, "It's fine. This is not your fault. I'm doing this out of my own free will."

Nathaniel paused for a moment. His spirit glowed with determination once more, and when he looked at me, his eyes shone with compromise. "I'm at fault. I didn't do a good job and haven't learned how to be a decent man. Will you teach me how to be that man? Tell me how I can grow to be the man you can love."

Right at that moment, I learned just how ridiculous a man could be when he was in love. Nathaniel was lying to himself and was in denial. He used to be the man who wanted to be my one and only, but now... Now, he was so pitiful that he simply wanted me to look his way.

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All that crushed the last bit of sanity I had left in me.

I crossed my arm and secretly massaged myself to warm myself up. Then, I turned over calmly to say, "You can't do what I ask of you, but keep making random gestures that I never wanted. You may claim that you love me and may say that you're doing everything for my sake, but all I see is how you did all that to present yourself as the hero. In short, we are too different, and there is nothing I can teach you."

Nathaniel's expression changed once more. At that moment, I could almost see the black and terrifyingly chilly aura exuding out of him.

Is he angry? Are my words too harsh and unbearable? Good! Suffer, you jerk. It won't be fair until this jealousy slowly consumes your sanity and teaches you what it feels like to suffer from insomnia and a complete loss of appetite.

The agonizing silence dragged on. Nathaniel broke that silence by spitting his words through his gritted teeth. "Ashton never loved you, but you keep changing your stance and belief for him. On the other hand, I have done nothing but compromise for you. Yet, you repay me with this sort of insanely strict treatment. That is not fair, Scarlett!"

I found those words to be hilarious. He was the criminal who ignored the value of others' lives and thrived on wreaking havoc. Yet, he wanted equal treatment.

If being fair was essential, then what was Nathaniel going to do about the ruined lives he was responsible for? Ashton's life, my life, the bullet that Joseph had endured... What could Nathaniel even do to begin making up for all that?

The funniest bit, however, was that I noticed Nathaniel couldn't stop talking about Ashton. That proved that Nathaniel wasn't in love with me. He was just like Rebecca, but he was more extreme, insane, and possessive. His desire to prove that he was better than Ashton was overwhelming as well.

Unfortunately, I couldn't share all my thoughts just like that. I had no choice but to be patient and play my part, so I said, "Okay, that's fair. You're right, and I am sorry. I am partially responsible for the mess today, so we're even now.

"Still, I wish that you will stop inviting my family over without consulting me first. Our family has a tradition, and it will be impossible for them to accept you. Please don't do anything to

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force them to do anything. I owe them too much as it is, and I don't want to trouble them again."

"Okay, I can do that. I promise I won't get in touch with your family again," agreed Nathaniel. He looked more at ease at the time.

I murmured an affirmative reply before uncrossing my arms and letting them rest naturally at the side. I had to make my body language show that I had temporarily lowered my guard.

"It's just... Scar..." said Nathaniel all of a sudden. He got his hand out of his pocket, but he had a diamond ring with him when he did so.

That ring had a pink diamond, and the diamond was so polished that it shone with different colors.

"In return, I'd like you to put this on. For me," requested Nathaniel while showing me the ring.

A ring was a sign of a lifetime of commitment, and it often represented as one of the most romantic gifts.

For a moment there, I was stunned in place. I didn't even know when he started thinking about being with me for the rest of our lives, so I stood there. My brain couldn't even come up with a single word to say.

"Put it on so that it'll remind me to never give up on us and to do everything you ask," shared Nathaniel.

I challenged, "Do everything I ask? Even if I tell you to drop dead?"

"Yes, even if you tell me to drop dead," replied Nathaniel as persistence shone brightly in his eyes.

"Okay." After that, I grabbed the ring and put it on. "Satisfied?"

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1818

### Chapter 1818 Secret Meeting

Glee glowed in Nathaniel's eyes, and his lips instinctively curved into a smile. That was when I realized that he had a ring on him as well.

At first, I didn't think he knew what it meant to have the ring on, so I deliberately ignored it. I actually felt guilty and worried that he was forcing me to kick Ashton out of my heart. That was why I looked away and pretended to not have noticed anything.

"Alright then, let's go and have some food now. I'll take you to a meeting tonight," said Nathaniel. I couldn't tell if he was deliberately teasing me, but the hand he offered me was the one where he had his ring on.

He looked rather at ease, though, so I didn't have my guard up. I simply reached out to hold his hand and walked down the stairs with him. By the time we reached downstairs, John and the others had already left.

Nathaniel and I had a quick meal. I went to take a shower after that and changed my clothes. Then, he brought me out.

My previous experience in the poor village taught me to hold no hope for the trip that night. It was probably just a quick inspection, and he likely only brought me over because he worried that I would flee otherwise.

However, the car soon drove up to a luxurious resort, and I realized that I made a wrong guess. Again.

I remained confused when we got out of the car, and Nathaniel had to circle around to me. He draped his arm over my shoulder and led me into the long corridor. As we walked, he said, "I will show you how sincere I am."

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It made no sense, and I wondered what game he was playing at the time.

As we ventured down the corridor, I noticed that no other guests were present there. A few servers would show up every now and then, but no one else was within sight. The land in K City was expensive, so that resort likely wouldn't last long if business remained that stagnant.

Nathaniel knew every inch of that private room, though. He had an earpiece on and was talking into a microphone. All it took was one word from him to get a beefy bodyguard to stand by the door. Security cameras were installed everywhere, and they recorded everything that happened there.

The bodyguards must know Nathaniel because they didn't budge, even as Nathaniel brought me over. Their eyes remained alert, and they looked almost as stiff as a robot.

The room's decoration differed from the rest of the place. It had modern furniture, and the design was minimalist yet luxurious. A few paintings hung on the wall, and they were obviously the work of famous painters because they truly stood out.

We had to walk past another door and take a turn before we reached our destination.

A long table and a few chairs were the only things in that room. Every single seat was taken, and among them were a few elderly individuals who had a scowl on their faces. Sitting right across them were a bunch of younger men and women, and Ashton was one of them.

We were the last ones there. Nathaniel let me take the most prestigious seat and stood at the side to apologize. "Sorry, there was a slight delay, and we were late."

He then had a server get another chair over and sat beside me.

My first instinct was to shoot a look at Ashton. He rested one arm on the table while having his other arm at the backrest. A quick glance would suggest that he was relaxed, but the way his fingers tapped against the table revealed that he was anxious.

Nathaniel noticed that as well. His tone was hostile when he barked, "Oy, who said that you're allowed to be here?"

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An elderly man with a head of white hair spoke up before Ashton could. The former pointed out, "You have been missing lately, and Ashton has been managing everything, so the few of us made a decision. We appointed him as Leslie's temporary replacement."

Another elderly man, who was balding, spoke up as well. His tone was off, but he insisted, "This is only right. Everyone knows how skilled Ashton is. Besides, Leslie was so young, and he only died because someone leaked the information to the police. There were so many loose ends, and we wouldn't have regained our footing if Ashton hadn't worked so fast and so well. Nat, you don't wish to deal with minor matters like these anyway, so just outsource it to Ashton. He can do it well."

When the guy said that the information was leaked to the police, he probably meant the incident where Ashton was shot. If that were true, then everyone there was Nathaniel's business partner.

At first, I thought that Ashton was simply ambushed. I didn't know that someone had died. It means that this whole thing is much more dangerous than I initially imagined.

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