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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1827

### 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.

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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.

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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?

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1828

### 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."

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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.

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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?"

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