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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1836

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.

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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.

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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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