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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1806

Chapter 1806 Come With Me

A few minutes later, Nathaniel got up. He changed out of his pajamas and went downstairs.

He had prepared breakfast, and it was served on the dining table. When I headed downstairs, he was nowhere to be seen.

I didn't feel like eating. Besides, after what I went through last night, I wasn't planning on eating everything that Nathaniel offered me.

I went upstairs with the plan of exploring the other two rooms. Alas, I had underestimated Nathaniel's vigilance, for both rooms were locked. I couldn't even get in.

After searching around, I didn't find anything to break the lock and slumped in disappointment.

I was about to call for help before recalling that my phone and bag were left behind in Rebecca's house. There was nothing for me to contact the outside world in this house.

Left with no choice, I ran outside and prayed fervently that the reason I didn't see any houses nearby was that the lighting was bad last night. Today, I finally got an unobstructed view of the hilltop. Nathaniel's house was the only house here, and there were no other houses nearby. He was literally living in seclusion.

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Stumped, my only alternative was to return and get some rest. After staying up yesterday and this morning, I was exhausted. Not long after I returned to the bed, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I woke up, it was already nighttime. The bedroom was dark, but the living room in the suite was brightly lit.

A set of clothes was placed at the end of the bed. Everything inside out was included. I assumed Nathaniel had prepared an outfit for me to change into.

I got up and walked toward the living room slowly. Nathaniel was sitting on the sofa, his gaze fixated on the computer.

I discarded my slippers and stepped onto the soft carpet as I made my way to his back.

Once I reached the sofa, I leaned forward and saw a WhatsApp message mentioning something about a deal location.

It looked like Nathaniel was dealing with his goods. If I wasn't mistaken, everything about the deal was in that conversation.

To be more specific, they were on this computer.

I perked up and was prepared to inch nearer to get a closer look. Right then, Nathaniel's phone on the desk started buzzing. A call had come in.

Nathaniel didn't notice me. He got his phone and answered it, mumbling a few acknowledgments occasionally.

I sighed in relief, but he ended the call swiftly. "That'll do."

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After returning his phone to the desk, he sensed something. Turning back, he met my nonchalant gaze. At once, he shut his laptop and asked calmly, “Why didn’t you sleep until tomorrow morning? You might as well do that.”

Is he blaming me for being asleep for that long?

“I can’t do anything without a phone or a laptop. What else am I supposed to do except sleep? Stare at you?”

I strode over to the other sofa and plopped down, looking disgruntled. I was the grumpy type after waking up, so I was planning on giving him a hard time.

Nathaniel remained unfazed. He placed his laptop on the desk and propped his arm on the armrest. “Get changed. We need to go somewhere,” he ordered.

“No.” If I agreed immediately, that would mean I was a harmless person.

Nathaniel got up calmly and went to the bathroom. He stood before the mirror and tidied himself up. “I thought you’d be interested in the locations I got from Schmidt,” he remarked.

“You want to bring me to patrol the locations?” I turned to look at him like the worthless idiot I was. I couldn’t get the data on the laptop, so this seemed like a great consolation prize.

However, patrolling the locations was similar to a business inspection. Only those close to the owner would be brought along. Obviously, my position had moved upwards in Nathaniel’s heart.

As that thought struck me, I immediately went into the bedroom. I burrowed under the covers and changed my clothes swiftly.

Nathaniel’s bedroom had an open concept design, with a doorframe separating the living room and bedroom. There was nothing else in between.

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After crawling out of the covers, my hair was in a mess. I went to the bathroom to take the spot in front of the mirror from Nathaniel.

Fortunately, when I stepped out, Nathaniel was already waiting on the sofa, effectively stopping a conflict from happening.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1807

Chapter 1807 Survey

Everything was ready. After staying there for about twenty-four hours, I could finally leave the deserted place.

Nathaniel didn't have his laptop with him at that moment. That meant anyone could get their hands on the data stored inside it if they were to break in right then. Unfortunately, I didn't have my phone with me, so I couldn't contact anyone. I had no choice but to let this opportunity slip away.

Earlier, I saw, on the screen, that Nathaniel mentioned something about a place. I assumed that the place in question was a pub or club because places like those had loud music and dim lighting. These factors would make it perfect for Nathaniel to make any shady business deals.

However, he drove to a run-down village, and I realized that I had a lot more to learn.

The village was small, and there was only one road in and out of the village. Nathaniel's enormous car could barely fit on that road. Off the main road, however,

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there were many smaller paths. A junction would show up every few feet, and I could see kids in washed-out clothes running around. They would turn a corner and be out of sight soon after, though.

The older kids would chase after the car. It was likely that it had been a while since they last saw a luxurious car traveling down the road.

Nathaniel didn't get out of the car until we reached the point where it was absolutely impossible for his car to keep going.

It didn't take long before we entered a simple cabin. It was crowded, and everyone was working. Some were there to sell their drugs, and some were there to provide transportation. Yet, they all had one thing in common — their clothing was washed out, and they looked like they had been starving.

As soon as we entered, Nathaniel and I reacted the same way. When our noses detected the pungent smell exuding from the poor villagers, we both blatantly got our handkerchiefs out to cover our nose and mouth. He frowned in annoyance and said, "Maybe I should have come to their rescue sooner."

Nathaniel saw his own factory as an art museum and regarded the drugs as exquisite pieces of art.

"Mr. Hall," greeted a man in a tuxedo. He was probably the only person who worked directly under Nathaniel.

Still frowning deeply, Nathaniel behaved like a man who was not accustomed to the environment that the poor lived in.

The man in tuxedo explained the process after that.

"This entire village is the distribution center, and the head of this village is the one responsible for managing the operation. The other villagers will deliver the product after they receive their orders. This village's paths are complicated, so the men we

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hire can get away easily should the police show up. We don't have to worry about our customers losing their ways, though, because a villager will come to lead the way for them. Oh, and I should also mention that the villagers are united. If anyone were to hold one of them as a hostage, every other villager would come to the rescue. Hence, the only way to deal with the issue is if someone somehow manages to eradicate the entire village.”

It was undeniable that Freja's plan was virtually perfect. She took advantage of the legal system and the hatred the villagers had for the government that had abandoned them. Even if an unpredictable issue arose, it would be difficult for the authorities to do anything in a place like this. “Okay, then just do as I asked. You will have full control over this operation. Just give me a satisfactory result as soon as possible,” replied Nathaniel, who wasn't really in the mood to continue listening to what the man in the tuxedo had to say.

“Understood,” said the latter.

I wanted to take a closer look, but Nathaniel didn't want to stay any longer. Thus, he dragged me out and left in the car quickly.

He didn't roll the windows down until the village was quite far away. After that, he sighed a breath of relief. He had one hand on the steering wheel, and he had his other arm rested beside the car's window. As he drove, he commented on Freja's work. “A disaster — that is the only word to describe a place like that village. There is no way we can make it big in a place like that. No wonder the country's market has been underperforming all these years! Women just can't be trusted to plan for the future.”

The man used words like “underperforming” and “market.” Frankly speaking, a random stranger might think that he was talking about a promising and legitimate business if they didn't know the context.

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I was already upset about how the so-called survey only lasted for less than one minute, so I picked a fight. In an icy tone, I asked, “Excuse me, but are you referring to me when you say that women can’t be trusted?”

Only then did Nathaniel realize that his words included me. He narrowed his eyes at me a little and readjusted his sitting posture before explaining, “You’re not like the other girls.”

“How so? Am I different just because I’m not a virgin, whereas every other woman you came in contact with isn’t? Is that why you say that I’m not like the other girls? Because you’re not interested in sleeping with me?”

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1808

Chapter 1808 Chat History

The truth was that Nathaniel wouldn’t even think about all that when his emotions heightened and judgment clouded. Still, I wanted to verbalize everything and remind him of my past. I saw it as a smart move because it would prevent me from having to bite my tongue again.

Nathaniel’s expression took a sharp turn immediately after he heard that. His tone carried a hint of anger when he said, “Don’t try to get under my skin.”

Not wanting to back down, I challenged, “Oh, I’m the one making a fuss? Who was the one who dragged me out of bed in the middle of the night and made me travel several hours by car just to take a fleeting look at the site? Just be honest and say that you don’t trust me. You didn’t need to put on a show like this.”

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After saying all that, I turned around to ignore him and put a stop to that argument.

The reflection on the window showed me that Nathaniel had parted his lips as if he had something to say, but he didn't say anything in the end.

It was three in the morning when we returned to the villa on the mountain. The silent treatment lasted the entire trip.

After opening the door, I tossed my shoes at a random spot and walked barefoot on the icy floor. It was so cold that my entire body trembled.

“Stop it right there,” requested Nathaniel in exasperation.

“What?” I was standing on the spot, but I didn't turn around because I was pretending to be mad and had to behave that way.

Surprisingly, Nathaniel didn't reply. All I heard were some shuffling sounds before I sensed him getting close to me.

“Get your leg up,” instructed Nathaniel. He sounded like he was crouching at the time.

That got me to tilt my head down, and that was when I saw him kneeling on one knee. He was holding a pair of slippers and was testing the waters by pushing my leg a little. “The floor is cold, so put these on.”

“No, thank you,” I replied stubbornly and held my head up high to show zero respect.

I felt myself levitating at the very next second. Nathaniel had lifted my foot and slipped one slipper onto it before he did the same for my other foot.

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After doing all that, he stood up slowly and stared calmly at me. He sounded like he was teasing me when he pointed out, “You’ve been giving me the silent treatment for over two hours. Aren’t you tired?”

Stubbornly, I refused to look at him anyway, but then I thought about the laptop in the room, and inspiration hit me. I immediately changed my mind, turned to him, and said, “I am tired, but that’s not enough to get me to stop being angry. That might change if I have some pasta with me, though.”

Nathaniel grinned before he put on a straight face and replied, “Go wait on the second floor.”

I smiled in return before running up the stairs.

When I was at the door, I felt anxious, so I turned back and snuck a peek at the stairs. I waited until I saw Nathaniel walking into the kitchen. After that, I hurried to the room and closed the door before rushing to the laptop.

I was lucky because Nathaniel didn’t turn his laptop off properly, so it had simply been idle the entire time. All I had to do was move the mouse, and the screen lit up to show the WhatsApp messages.

Swallowing hard, I then turned my head to check and make sure that Nathaniel hadn’t come to the room. After that, I used the mouse to check his chat history.

As suspected, the illegal business deal was done behind Ashton’s back. Or rather, the owner of that new number was the one who was making the decisions.

My first instinct was to log into my own account and make a copy of that chat history. Unfortunately, that would leave a record, and I wouldn’t be able to delete everything in time if Nathaniel suddenly came in.

While panicking, I saw the screenshot button on the desktop, and a lightbulb instantly went off in my head.

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I made a screenshot of the most important bit of the WhatsApp chat history before I attached it to a new e-mail I created using Nathaniel's e-mail account.

For the title, I wrote: It's me, Scarlett. I hope this will help. Don't reply.

I looked for Ashton's name before I clicked on it to send the e-mail.

Then, I deleted the e-mail from the folders and turned off all software.

Everything was done in one go, and it was perfect.

I didn't relax or heave a breath of relief until I got everything back to its original position.

"What are you doing?" Nathaniel's nonchalant tone broke the silence.

A chill ran down my spine, and I stiffened as if someone had just pointed a gun at my head.

I bit my lip a little and tried to force myself to calm down. After that, I moved the mouse to the web browser and complained, "What do you think I was doing? The day has been so boring, so I'm going online to watch some news. What? Do you actually think I'm a criminal?"

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