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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1833

### Chapter 1833 Trust Me

Freja wanted to shoot Nathaniel another time, but the bullets from the helicopter were already peppering their car. Having no other recourse, they could only scramble into the car and take off like a bat out of hell.

As soon as they had left, the helicopter stopped spraying bullets and slowly hovered over me.

Subsequently, the helicopter door opened, and a ladder was thrown out. Several men in military fatigues swiftly climbed down and surrounded me in a tight circle. One of the men with heavy camouflage face paint stepped forward and untied the ropes binding me.

The moment I glimpsed his eyes, I recognized him as Ashton.

Stark distress and anguish surged within me at once, and my nose stung. The dam broke, and tears streamed down my face. In a voice that was only audible to us both, I poured out my grief to him. "Rose is gone. Ashton, they mistook her for me and killed her. She died because of me. How am I going to face Nick?"

As Ashton calmly unknotted the rope on me, his massive and warm hands covered mine. His gaze was firm and resolute. "Stay strong, Letty. Hang in there for a while longer. We'll avenge her. Trust me. Trust your man, okay? I beg you."

I really wanted to hug him and cry my heart out, then be selfish for once and have him bring me to a place where there's no pain or sorrow, hiding there cowardly.

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Nonetheless, I knew that it wasn't practical. The dead can no longer come back to life, so the living has to live vicariously for their sake. Only when we've personally put an end to the source of evil will they have peace in the afterlife.

Holding back my tears, I gritted out a single word from between clenched teeth—"Okay."

Ashton cast me a forbearing look before he stepped back and slipped into the ranks of the military personnel, keeping his head lowered.

After the military personnel communicated among themselves and ascertained that it was safe, Benson, who had been taking the lead at the front, walked in and inquired after me. "Are you okay, Ms. Stovall?"

I lifted my hands and wiped my tears, forcing a smile onto my face. "I'm fine, thanks to all of you."

"Well, it's thanks to..." Benson trailed off mid-utterance and glanced in Ashton's direction before he immediately changed his tune, declaring, "It's thanks to Lady Luck smiling on you, Ms. Stovall. We didn't do much. However, I hope you don't mind playing along when I speak to Nathaniel later."

I nodded without a single word of protest. They then helped me up and led me over to Nathaniel to check on him.

When we reached him, the soldier keeping guard over him was treating the gunshot wound on his leg.

Benson proceeded to explain in an exceedingly official tone, "Freja Schmidt heads the top drug trafficking ring in the country, and we have been keeping a close eye on her for a very long time, but we couldn't arrest her due to lack of evidence. I'm sorry for dragging the two of you into this mess. Are you okay, sir?"

His tone was sincere, and it really seemed as though he had no idea about Nathaniel's identity.

That wasn't surprising since Nathaniel had been hiding his tracks very well. Almost no one knew that the man who was feared abroad was living freely within the country.

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Gritting his teeth, Nathaniel shook his head slowly. "I'm fine."

"I'm glad to hear that. We'll arrange for two people to keep both of you safe, so you don't have to worry that she'll come back for revenge," Benson added.

In response, Nathaniel rejected him outright. "No, that's fine. I like having my freedom and loathe someone following me around. I'll look for bodyguards myself."

If someone like him were to get involved with the police, it would be no different from being monitored at all times. As such, he naturally didn't want that.

Benson was merely offering out of courtesy in the first place, so he didn't insist. "All right, then. I'll send you both to the hospital."

After that, no one said anything more.

As I sat in the helicopter, I didn't dare look in Ashton's direction at all, afraid that Nathaniel would suspect something.

Even so, I felt ever so secure, knowing that he was right there with me.

The shot to Nathaniel's leg was just a flesh wound, but he still got treated in the hospital for half a month.

During that period, the man in the suit who had been following him around kept guard over me. Even when I went to bed, someone kept watch outside the bedroom.

Almost every night, I saw Rose and that little boy dying as soon as I closed my eyes. It pushed me to the brink of insanity.

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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1834

Chapter 1834 Push Him Into The Line Of Fire

The weather was exceptionally good that day. The sun shone brightly, chasing the cold away. I sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, basking in the sun. Out of the blue, Nathaniel appeared at the bedroom door.

The instant I spotted him, the peace that had suffused me crumbled into nothingness, and my expression darkened in a flash.

He walked over to me, his steps were slow and unsteady. Every single step he took probably tugged at his wound, for his brows creased slightly.

"I'm back," he announced.

He stood half a meter away from me, and his voice was calm and indifferent.

"You've never visited me once during the whole two weeks." He gave a bark of self-derisive laughter.

So, he's here to reprimand me?

I had nothing to say to him; hence, I stood up and headed out the door.

Nathaniel reached out and grabbed my arms, a hint of weariness staining his eyes. "Do you really detest seeing me that much?"

Slap! I swung my hand and struck him across the face.

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Stunned, Nathaniel froze for a long moment. A flash of murder flitted across his face, but he promptly suppressed it and coaxed me patiently, "Okay, you've vented your anger, so please stop throwing a tantrum."

Slap! I slapped him in the same spot but even harder this time.

In the next instant, I snapped and lost all control. I struck him across the face again and again with both hands.

Swaying slightly, Nathaniel tried to stop me. "All right, that's enough, Scarlett. Don't challenge my bottom line."

I ignored him, baling my hands into fists and raining blows upon him desperately with all my might. "You're a devil! A murderer, in fact! You killed a mother, she had such a beautiful life! Just go and die!"

"Stop! That's enough! Scarlett!" He finally blew his top and clutched at my arms, keeping me immobile. Then, he forced me to look into his eyes. "Why? Why must you treat me in such a manner? Scarlett, I risked my life to save you, yet you're blaming me instead?"

"It was Mr. Jensen who sent someone to kill Rose!" I roared, glaring at him with eyes brimming with sheer hatred. "I recognized the gun in the boy's hand! Do you think that I would be in the dark just because you don't say anything?"

Nathaniel stiffened, making it clear as day that he didn't expect me to have guessed the truth. He remained rooted to the spot, at a loss for words.

Sneering, I started struggling once more. "Let go of me! Don't touch me with your hands that are stained with the blood of countless innocent lives! I find it revolting!"

Nathaniel merely stood there motionlessly like a statue, neither allowing me to leave nor uttering a single word.

A long while later, he sighed as though exhausted to the core. "What would you have me do for you to forget all that?"

"I'll never forget about it!" I blurted.

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“The matter has to be resolved sooner or later. You can never leave me, and it doesn’t benefit either of us for you to hold a grudge within you. Just say the word. As long as it’s something within my capability, I’ll do it without the slightest hesitation,” Nathaniel offered placidly.

Hah! My grudge isn’t just because of Rose alone. How forgetful of him! Ashton said we’ll avenge her, and she died at Mr. Jensen’s order. Fine, then. I’m also going to push him into the line of fire!

“Well, unless you break away from Mr. Jensen and no longer commit all those heinous deeds henceforth. I know it’s within your capability. You’ve got legal businesses.” I narrowed my eyes as I probed at his bottom line.

Mr. Jensen almost took his life just because he wanted to keep me by his side. What would the consequences be if he were to leave that criminal organization?

Nathaniel’s expression went cold, and his grip on me loosened considerably. His gaze turned unfocused for a moment, and he didn’t reply immediately.

He knew full well the price he would have to pay if he were to do so.

“Why, are you reluctant to do so? Sure enough, money earned through reprehensible means and days spent killing people are more important to you compared to me!” I drawled mockingly.

Then, I added, “That’s fine. This is a game, after all. The fact that you can’t do it only proves that you’re as outstanding as Ashton and will never lose your sensibility because of love. The only difference is he once did it for my sake. That’s why I can’t forget him until this very day. You, on the other hand, are smarter. You don’t sacrifice anything; thus, you won’t lose anything. When you’re sick of me, you won’t be harassed by me either. You’re the smartest!”

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