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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1831

Chapter 1831 Let Her Go

As soon as the door slammed shut, the driver floored the gas pedal and sped away.

Not only did they bind my hands and feet, but they also taped my mouth in addition to blindfolding me. Throughout the drive, they made no attempt to communicate with me.

After an indeterminate time, the van came to a stop at long last.

One of the men then carried me out of the car like carrying a chicken. Subsequently, he flung me onto the ground.

Shortly after, my blindfold was yanked off roughly. Being exposed to sunlight once more after a long time in the darkness had me unable to open my eyes right away.

While I was gradually adapting, the culprit who kidnapped me spoke.

“We meet again, Ms. Stovall.”

It was none other than Freja.

I lowered my eyes without saying anything.

When I was in the van, I surmised that the incident at the mall was definitely Garrett’s doing because the gun was of the same model.

Besides, they were the only ones who were totally brutal and had not even a hint of compassion.

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But from the look of things then, everyone in the drug trade was ruthless.

I was the one who got Rose killed and it was Nathaniel who killed her!

“As expected of Nathaniel’s woman, you’re calm and unruffled even when the world is splintering apart. I admire you,” Freja drawled before saying to her subordinate, “Get a chair for Ms. Stovall. She has helped me a lot, so don’t treat her shabbily!”

“Understood!” I was then tossed onto the chair while all bound up.

When I had composed myself and looked at Freja again, the hatred in my eyes blazed hotly.

Freja was sitting in a car. Catching a glimpse of my reaction out of the corner of her eye, she nonchalantly swept her gaze over me before retracting it. She remained seated relaxingly. “Don’t stare at me with such a look in your eyes. You can only blame Nathaniel for going against the rules.”

“Why don’t you just kill me?” I demanded through gritted teeth as I forcefully stifled my towering rage.

Freja scoffed, “Hah! How am I going to threaten Nathaniel if I were to kill you? Even if you want to die, Ms. Stovall, you’ve got to be patient. Don’t worry. Just regard it as me owing you a favor. When you’re dead, I promise to bury you with him.”

I wasn’t in the mood to listen to all her high-sounding excuses. Only one thing snagged my attention—she didn’t plan on finishing me off at the mall.

With that, the culprit was plain as day.

Mr. Jensen’s methods are really cold-blooded just to have Nathaniel stop being influenced by me.

No sooner had she finished speaking, a bodyguard came forward and reported, “He’s here, Ms. Schmidt.”

As his words fell, a jeep sped over and screeched to a stop a distance away from Freja. Then, Nathaniel got out alone.

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In an effort to conceal his gunshot wounds, he even wore a loose trench coat that made him appear much bulkier.

Even then, he still walked very slow, taking one small step at a time in fear that he would reveal some flaw.

When he drew near, a few subordinates of Freja with guns in their hands surrounded him.

Nathaniel glanced at me from afar before he started negotiating terms with Freja. "I'm here, so let her go."

Freja climbed out of the car. Like in the abandoned building that day, she flashed him a polite smile and replied unhurriedly, "Don't be in such a rush. Let's talk slowly."

Just when she had finished speaking, her subordinate at the side tactfully snagged a chair and placed it behind her.

Freja sat down slowly and crossed her legs. She contemplated for a moment before asking, "Do you still remember when we first met? That was the first time someone ever held a gun to my head in my whole life. Even now, I can still remember every single movement clearly."

Nathaniel showed no hint of fear. He calmly queried, "What do you want?"

"You'll know soon enough." The smile instantly disappeared from Freja's face, and she threw a look at her subordinates.

Her subordinates immediately understood her meaning. Three burly men grabbed Nathaniel right away and pinned him down with his face plastered against the ground.

Subsequently, the car door of another vehicle swung open. A man wearing sunglasses climbed out. The man's vision was seemingly impaired. When he was steady on his feet, one of Freja's men went over to support him. Only then did he start walking before stopping a mere inch away from Nathaniel's face.

Then, the man who supported the visually-impaired man placed his gun into the latter's hand and instructed him to grip it tightly. Guiding his hand, he pointed the barrel right at Nathaniel's head.

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1832

Chapter 1832 Fire

“Open your eyes and look clearly, Nathaniel! The man holding the gun went blind because he battled it out for the Schmidt family’s territory. That day, you pointed a gun at me and stole the territory he got at the risk of his life. Today, I’ll have him retrieve it in the same manner. As for whether you survive, we shall leave that decision to God!”

Pausing slightly, Freja narrowed her eyes a fraction before she raised her voice and ordered, “Fire!”

Bang!

A gunshot pierced the air at about the same time her voice rang out.

I watched everything indifferently, not worried for Nathaniel for even a second.

The scene playing in my mind was that of John pinned on the ground, his hand broken mercilessly.

Well, it turns out that karma is real, and this is his retribution. No, this isn’t enough. He should also experience all the pain he has ever put us through! He’s getting off far too lightly with just a bullet!

Alas, God just had to favor him. Thanks to the gun’s recoil and the blind man’s impaired sense of direction, the bullet went wide.

Even in the face of death, Nathaniel remained proud and dignified. His bushy eyebrows creased deeply, proving that he indeed braced himself for death at that very moment.

Harrumphing, Freja sneered, “Hmph! I didn’t expect you to be so lucky.”

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She got to her feet and sauntered over to him. Her subordinates then loosened their hold on Nathaniel, upon which the man straightened up from the ground.

As Nathaniel knelt on the ground, infinite ruthlessness brewed in his ebony eyes. In a threatening tone, he warned, "If you kill me, I can guarantee you that none of the Schmidt family will be able to live past tonight!"

Hearing that, Freja wore an expression of mockery. "Oh? It looks like you've made arrangements beforehand. Let me guess. You're referring to my beloved mother and grandmother, yes? That's just perfect. I find them a hindrance in the first place, but there hasn't been any valid reason to eliminate them. I've got to thank you now instead."

It seemed that the family who owned the top pharmaceutical company in K City wasn't all that peaceful internally.

This time, Nathaniel had made a mistake. Not only did he fail to blackmail Freja, but he actually did her a favor.

"In that case, I'll allow you to live for a while longer." Freja abruptly changed her mind, gesturing to her subordinate to bring me over.

The man keeping watch over me promptly picked me up from the chair and tossed me to the ground across from Nathaniel. Then, he whipped out his gun and aimed it right at me.

Our gazes locked, and I shot him a vicious glare before averting my gaze stubbornly.

Freja stood between us and circled me with much interest. As she did so, she remarked, "Killing you isn't half as fun as having you watch the woman you love die right in front of your eyes. Is that not so?"

"Don't you dare!" Nathaniel flew into such a rage that the three burly men behind him almost couldn't maintain their hold on him. As though having been provoked, Freja took the gun from her subordinate. Crouching, she placed the barrel of the gun against my heart. "Remember this, Nathaniel. There is a price to pay if you steal something that belongs to someone else."

While speaking, she flicked the safety off. It was also at that instant that Nathaniel went off and broke free from the few burly men in the blink of an eye.

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At the same time, the roar of engines split the air around them, and it felt as though the ground had even started shaking.

In the next second, a helicopter streaked over in the sky. Bullets sprayed the ground, instantly killing Freja's men.

Amidst the chaos, a few quick-witted men quickly moved forward and protected Freja as they beat a hasty retreat.

While taking off, they attempted a counterattack on the helicopter with their guns. Unfortunately, they lacked firepower, and that rendered them sitting ducks.

Driven to the side of the car, Freja's men dragged her along as they made their escape. "Ms. Schmidt, there are still plenty of opportunities in the future! The most important thing now is to stay alive!"

Meanwhile, Nathaniel had regained his freedom at long last. However, the burning of the gunshot wound at his shoulder had him gritting his teeth with a hand propped against the ground for a while before he finally struggled to his feet to head over and protect me.

Nevertheless, Freja wasn't willing to let us off just like that. Before she got into the getaway car, she snatched the rifle from her subordinate's hands and shot Nathaniel in the left leg. The man's knees went weak, and he fell to the ground on his knees.

I cackled maniacally, not the least bit bothered about the bullets that were hitting increasingly nearer to me. All I knew was that he had finally had a taste of Joseph's injury.

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