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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1835

Chapter 1835 Two Choices

“All right, let’s just end the discussion here. I never expect much from you anyway.”

After saying that, I broke free from Nathaniel while he was still in a trance. I sprinted into the adjacent guest room and slammed the door shut.

I didn’t lock it since he could either get the key or kick the door open, rendering that futile.

However, I just wanted to be alone right then, even if it were only for a few seconds.

To my surprise, he didn’t come and pester me. By the time I exited the room at noon, there was no longer any sign of him in the house. Even his men who had been stationed in the house were gone.

I was rather astonished, and I thought that he had given up the idea of keeping me under lock and key. It wasn’t until I went downstairs did I realize that they had merely moved out of the house.

Ah, I was too naive!

Nonetheless, I rejoiced that I at least didn’t have to face him again that day.

Late at night, I spaced out as I stared at the female anchor chattering away on television, wondering how much longer it would take Ashton before he finally busted Nathaniel’s operation.

Without warning, Nathaniel stumbled in just then. He had just reached the door when the reek of alcohol hit me hard.

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I pinched my nose in disdain, watching as he plopped onto the couch. Only then did I notice the bruises marring his face and the swelling at the corner of his mouth.

Hmm? Was he beaten up outside after imbibing too much?

Despite my curiosity, I didn't voice that question as the narcissistic man would interpret any question from me as being concerned about him.

He leaned his head back against the sofa. After a moment, he lifted his heavy eyelids and wanly unknotted the tie at his neck.

After slipping it off, he tossed it to the side casually. With his elbows propped against his knees, he placed his hands on his face and rubbed it to ease the discomfort from the alcohol. In the end, he kept his hand over his mouth and nose, only baring his eyes as he slowly murmured, "Are you not the least bit concerned about why I ended up in such a state?"

Why should I be concerned?

I said nothing, but I still curiously cast him a glance.

Compared to his gentlemanly appearance in the past, he's indeed a tad sloppy today. As far as I remember, this is the first time he's ever been this unseemly.

"I talked to Mr. Jensen." Suddenly, Nathaniel seemed to no longer give a whit about anything. After saying that, he dropped his hands and leaned back against the couch. He stared at me tipsily as he awaited my reaction.

Verily, I was surprised by his statement. With my eyes pinned on him, I quirked an eyebrow as I did not expect him to do that for real.

"Then?" In reality, the injuries on him and the fact that he returned relatively unscathed had given me the answer. I only wanted to know how Garrett crushed him.

"Hah! He naturally turned me down. Then, he beat me up, almost shattering my ribs." Nathaniel gave a bark of self-derisive laughter and stared right ahead blankly as though he was talking about someone's matter.

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“Oh, really? Since he didn’t shatter them in the end, it proves that he has some affection for you that he didn’t consign you to death,” I intentionally commented sarcastically.

Hearing that, Nathaniel shook his head. “He gave me two choices. It was either to die with you or to continue being his outstanding lackey, and he won’t touch you anymore.”

“So, you dragged a battered and bruised body back to tell me that not only did you anger Mr. Jensen because of me, but you’re even willing to be his dog for my sake?” I questioned in a scornful tone.

Judging from his attitude before Mr. Jensen previously, he probably has quite a lot of dignity in that organization. But if he wants to secure our safety, he can only obey the man to the letter from now on, going and doing whatever is asked of him.

Nathaniel didn’t deny it, but he changed the subject with a grim smile. “You’ll hate me if I stay by Mr. Jensen’s side, but we’ll both die if I don’t do so. From the look of things, there’s nothing too bad about maintaining the current situation. At least, I can keep you by my side.”

“You might as well say that you’re afraid of dying.” I curled my lips without hiding the contempt within me.

“You may put it however you want. I don’t want to care about all that anymore. As you said, I’ll get sick of you sooner or later. Therefore, we can just put up with each other before that day comes.”

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