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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1837

Chapter 1837 What A Coward

I glanced at the phone in puzzlement before I realized that Ramona wanted me to watch the video she brought up on the screen. Thus, I picked up the phone and tapped on the play button.

As soon as the video played, the scene of Nathaniel collapsing onto the ground after Garrett hit him with a golf club appeared after a brief delay.

Besides the obvious spots such as his face and head, he also suffered several blows on his body. There was even some conversation in between, but there was no voice, so I had no idea what was said. However, he seemed adamant about something, so Garrett hit him increasingly harder. In the end, the man only stopped when the club was bent.

The video came to an abrupt end, leaving the scene of him lifting his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth.

Undeniably, I took pleasure watching it.

“Do you also reveal your thoughts so blatantly before Nat?” Ramona’s voice was chilly to the core, very much aggressive.

“What do you mean?” I feigned ignorance.

“I meant your thoughts of wanting to see him dead and end him with your own hands.” Ramona appeared remarkably calm, seemingly long since used to seeing entangled relationships.

Sure enough, women understand women best! Since we’re both intelligent people, there’s no need to beat around the bush anymore.

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Therefore, I admitted frankly, "Of course. He's well aware that I'm thinking of ways to kill you every second of every day."

Ramona narrowed her eyes, a hint of amusement showing in her alluring gaze. "You're painfully honest."

I merely shrugged. "If you were in my shoes, and someone hurt your family, persecuted your lover, and coerced you into doing something against your will, I think you'd also make the same choice."

Hearing that, Ramona tilted her head. "I'm an orphan, so I don't understand those feelings, nor am I interested in doing so."

"Okay, no offense." We were strangers, so I could only think of a reason she came to seek me out after racking my head for a long while. "So, you want me to persuade him to not go against Mr. Jensen?"

"Would you do that? You'll only push him into the line of fire." Derision was written all over Ramona's face.

It seems that she has investigated me, so I can't fool her.

I was stunned for a moment. Only when I glimpsed the corpses at the door from my peripheral vision did understanding abruptly dawn upon me that she was here to kill me.

She'll only need to eliminate Nathaniel's men if she wants to kill me. After all, she knows full well that he ordered them to keep me safe, so they'll undoubtedly stop her. For that reason, she made the first move. She's really decisive and ruthless, so it's no wonder that she's able to sit at the table mostly occupied by men! In the face of such a person, playing tricks is useless. But I can't die yet. I haven't avenged Rose or brought Nathaniel down!

After mulling it over, I concluded that the only way out was to make a fuss out of her feelings for Nathaniel.

"Then, I know the purpose of your visit." Taking a deep breath, I composed myself. I deliberately guffawed and feigned a relaxed look, lounging back against the couch. "That's great! I can finally be free instead of being tortured every day!"

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Stretching, I picked up the gun on the table and handed it to her. With a smile on my face, I urged, "Go on and make your move. Set me free."

As expected, Ramona was suspicious of my unexpected reaction. Her brows furrowed, and she parted her dark lips. "Are you not afraid of death?"

I nodded in response. "Nope! Didn't Nathaniel tell you that I didn't want to live anyway? When Ashton broke things off completely with me, I should have died in that car crash. However, he saved me. It's good that you're here now. With you doing me this favor, I don't need to live in agony anymore."

I thought Ramona would continue picking up where I left off, but she took the gun from me under my watchful gaze and pointed the barrel right at me.

She leaned forward, putting all her weight on her elbows that were propped against her knees. Then, she rolled her neck. Roaming her gaze all over my face, she whispered, "What a coward." After saying that, she raised the gun and got to her feet, aiming it at my forehead.

"Don't worry. My bullet travels fast, so you won't feel any pain."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1838

Chapter 1838 Standoff

Looking at her, I gulped by reflex, as I could imagine what was going to happen in the next second. A bullet piercing through my skull.

Suddenly, a bullet whizzed through the full-length windows of the living hall before striking Ramona's hand, causing her to drop the gun.

Without any hesitation, I grabbed it and held her at gunpoint. "Don't move."

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Holding onto her injured hand, Ramona collapsed onto the sofa. Despite the cold sweat beading down her face, she didn't make a sound. Nevertheless, her breathing had grown heavy.

She gave me a bewildered look, likely shocked at how I managed to turn the table in the blink of an eye.

But given how sharp she was, she quickly found the answer. Looking at the dilapidated window from afar, she squinted her eyes as it dawned upon her. "Are you working for the police?"

Her guess was only half correct. Technically, it was the army.

Her question helped me get a good grasp of the situation. It seemed that after what happened to John, Benson reorganized the security around Fuller Corporation. They lay in wait until Ramona triggered them.

Although I wanted to have a candid discussion with her, I wasn't sure if the house was bugged by Nathaniel. Hence, I played dumb. "Quit with the jokes, Ms. Sutton. You have already done your homework on me. If I worked for the police, do you think Nathaniel would let me live till now?"

Just as I spoke, a deep male voice rang out from the door. "What's going on?"

Turning around, I saw Nathaniel enter the room.

Ramona pleaded with him for help, "Quick, kill her! She's with the police!"

Evidently, it wasn't convincing at all. Nathaniel simply knitted his brows in curiosity.

"What are you hesitating for? The police shot me just now. Or else, how do you think she managed to get the gun? Nat, stop deluding yourself. This woman is here to kill you!" Ramona yelled.

Interpreting her words differently, Nathaniel questioned with a sarcastic tone, "In that case, who held the gun initially?"

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After a brief pause, his eyes sharpened. "What were you planning to use the gun for? And what's with the bunch of guys outside?"

Momentarily stunned, Ramona admitted, "That's right. I did all that. Today, my objective is to eradicate this woman before you do something beyond your capabilities and die because of it. Just tell me! Are you going to kill Scarlett?"

Ramona had lived a violent and turbulent life, causing her to emanate a murderous aura. Despite having one of her hands crippled, she was still powerful and not to be underestimated.

Nevertheless, Nathaniel didn't answer her question. Instead, he focused on the fact that Ramona had overstepped her boundaries by killing his subordinates. "Help me? You got Ashton to distract me, came to my place armed, and killed my men. Ramona, it seems this incident has shown me who you truly are!"

Sometimes, men and women just saw things differently.

Ramona wanted to save his soul, but all he cared about was the facts.

Closing her eyes in resignation, she suddenly dived at me and snatched the gun away from my hand.

Unfortunately, she wasn't left-handed and needed some time to get into position. The delay allowed Nathaniel to pull out his gun.

While Ramona had her gun pointed at me, Nathaniel aimed his at her. Threatened by the Mexican standoff, she held back from pulling the trigger.

Staring into the barrel of his gun, she asked in disbelief, "Are you actually pointing that gun at me?"

"You are certainly quick with a gun, but don't forget who taught you how to do it." Nathaniel ignored Ramona and warned her with an indifferent expression, "Put the gun down right now and leave the organization. I will then pretend that this never happened."

"Are you kicking me out?" Ramona's beautiful eyes suddenly lost their sparkle.

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