

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1556

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Who could bear not to give in to an elderly's wishes when she was begging so pitifully?

However, Ashton was an exception. He merely snorted at her, then pushed her away with his leg. He crossed the room toward Nicolas, who couldn't even open his eyes with the water dripping on him.

Simone, unwilling to give up, wanted to crawl over to him to beg again, but her attempt was halted by the guards standing by. I quickly followed after Ashton once I was sure that the bodyguards had held Simone down.

I feared Ashton wouldn't get any results since Nicolas had a strong mental fortitude. I thought he would be able to hold out.

However, I had underestimated the fear of having water dripping onto one's face for a long time. That fear would unconsciously destroy one's will.

As I neared Nicolas, with a slight bend of my body, the first thing I saw was his wide-open eyes filled with terror.

My heart started to pound from fear. My hand instinctively settled over my chest, trying to keep myself calm.

Not sure if it was from the endless water dripping onto his face, but Nicolas couldn't shut his eyes. Having been soaked in the water for a long time, his face was starting to bloat. The water would drip directly onto his eyeballs and that was the main cause of his fear. Even when Ashton and I came into his line of sight, he had no response.

I couldn't bear to look at his twisted expression. I flinched and moved aside.

Ashton's face was still devoid of any emotion. He looked down at Nicolas and said indifferently, "You silently acknowledged when Nicolas abandoned me and left me to fend for myself. When he

laid his hands on me and my children, you feigned ignorance. He even killed off the last line of the Fullers who had raised me, and yet, there was not a peep from you. Do you think you're worthy of being called a good wife and mother?"

His words were directed at Simone despite the sharp gaze he had fixed on the unresponsive Nicolas.

Ashton was right. Even the law would punish those with omission charges.

As Nicolas' wife, Simone had countless opportunities to urge him to stop his bad deeds. Even if her attempts proved futile, she could have at least reminded him of the consequences of his actions, and that could have saved many lives. Yet, she never tried doing anything. She pretended not to know about Nicolas' merciless torture and allowed him to seize lives brutally, corrupting his own humanity. She did nothing and everything.

Perhaps they had been a couple for so long that she had unconsciously considered him to be her God. And that exact ugly, twisted perception of considering others' lives to be nothing had allowed her to accept Nicolas' actions naturally.

Simone opened her cracked lips and begged in a hoarse voice, "You're right. I'm not worthy. I was wrong. I'll change. I'll make sure to persuade your father. So please, let us go. Please let your father go. Have mercy. Your father has always been an arrogant person, so it will be difficult for him to admit his mistakes. Let me apologize on his behalf. I'll apologize for all of his mistakes. Is that okay, son? He hasn't said a word since last night. He'll die if this goes on. You can't be so cruel, son..."

She hadn't had a single drop of water for the past few days, but despite her parched throat, she had managed to croak out those words. While some of her words were indecipherable, she persisted, hoping for mercy and forgiveness.

In the face of death, nobleness and decency meant nothing. The virtues Nicolas had upheld so religiously couldn't even be used in exchange for a break. He had destroyed many lives, including Ashton's, for those exact virtues.

A woman's howling voice echoed throughout the dungeon; the dark environment became even more depressing.

With both his hands tucked in his pockets, Ashton ordered his men to release them after a long silence. "Untie them."

Thinking she was finally free, Simone excitedly placed her palms together as if in prayer and bowed her head to the ground. "Thank you, son. Thank you. I knew you were not as cold-hearted as you—"

"Then you don't know me well enough," Ashton cut her off before she could finish. "Throw them onto the most bustling street. Have them kneel there and beg for food and water from those they look down upon. Let all of them have a look at the noble decency of the Hall family."

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That kind of humiliation would undoubtedly deal a devastating blow to Nicolas. But, one could understand where Ashton was coming from if one empathized with the hatred he had been keeping in him.

The man who gave him life had wanted to take it back, but he had luckily managed to escape and survive to this date.

He didn't owe his life to either Nicolas or Simone. But he would pay them back a hundredfold for all the humiliation, lies, and contempt he had suffered from them.

Soon, the bodyguard filed into the room and untied Nicolas.

Nicolas lay on the ground, immobile, his eyes wide open. They would've thought he was dead if it wasn't for his moving chest.

Simone immediately broke free from the bodyguard's hold and crawled over to him. "Nicolas, answer me! Say something, Nicolas!"

The room was silent, other than their breathing.

After a short pause, the bodyguards continued to carry them both outside.

Ashton's car was right behind the van transporting Simone and Nicolas. Once he had reached the bustling street, he pulled the car to a stop at an area with a clear, wide-angle of the square.

It was precisely in the middle of lunch hour. People were moving about everywhere. The majority were white-collars and the elites.

The black van stopped at the most crowded square. Over a dozen bodyguards carried Simone and Nicolas down from the van and to the middle of the square. Without any hesitation, they dropped the two onto the ground. Then they spun around and left.

The people at the square stared as the black van sped away, leaving the worn-looking couple in the middle of the square.

It was lunch break, so crowds of white-collars were moving about hastily, hoping to grab a bite at their favorite restaurant. They were used to the beggars filling every corner of the street, so they didn't even spare them a glance.

Simone kneeled on the ground and begged every passerby for help, "Please help us call an ambulance."

"Please give us some water, sir. I know you're a kind man. I haven't had any water for three days. I'm going to die soon."

"Miss. Please help us, miss. I beg you, please..."

"I'm begging you with my knees on the ground. Please help us..."

Finally, a few spectators stopped to look, and slowly a crowd circled them.

Someone recognized Nicolas. "Isn't this guy Nicolas Hall, the world-class psychology professor who came back from overseas a few years back?"

“That woman is his wife. But how did they get those injuries? Maybe they have done something bad, and the victims’ families took revenge?”

“Should we call the police? We can’t just let them die.”

“Are you crazy? Don’t you watch TV? If anyone was thrown here, someone must be keeping watch around. If you dare help them, you and I will have to face their wrath. Besides, I’ve seen many of these people. Their greed knows no bounds. If they got their hands on you, they would waste your time and you would be late for work.”

And so, those who had wanted to help immediately had that thought crossed out.

Never had Nicolas imagined that these average people he had always looked down upon would decide on his life and death with just a few simple words.

The crowd in the square all fell into silence. Only the sounds of Simone’s cry and the advertisement jingle playing on the huge LED screen could be heard. And soon her hoarse cry for help was swallowed by the loud jingle.

For the white-collars working from nine to five, time was of the essence. It was generous of them to pause and watch. Slowly, the crowd surrounding Simone and Nicolas began to disperse.

They left without even a glance back. They probably wouldn’t even remember seeing Simone and Nicolas in the square.

The people who merely stared on and passed by without any sympathy couldn’t help but focus on their lives more than anything else. They were merely pawns for those who stood at the top of the hierarchy.

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It was a common scene nowadays for those at the top of the hierarchy to exploit those working for them. And the outcome of

that was no one lending the old couple a helping hand despite the bustling street.

It was all karma. Treat the world with indifference, and the world will treat you the same.

There were many kind-hearted people with an overwhelming sense of sympathy. But unfortunately, Simone and Nicolas had simply run out of luck.

Simone's voice was completely gone after thirty minutes under the hot sun. Her cracked lips opened and closed, but no words came out. Feeling dizzy and light-headed, she fell on her back with a loud thud.

The square was left with only a few passersby. They hastened their pace and some even broke into a run when they passed by Simone and Nicolas. There was no telling if they were rushing for something urgent or they simply wanted to get out of there quickly.

At two o'clock sharp, only two bodies were left in the middle of the square.

Ashton coldly retracted his gaze from the sight. He rolled up his window, blocking the view outside as if also cutting off the ties between him and the Hall family.

"Start the car," Ashton said with a deadpan expression. "We're going back to the company."

When kinship was involved, the offender could act brazenly without consideration and the victim, heavy-laden, would not be able to fight back. Thus, it was much easier to be a bad person.

Alas, Ashton wasn't a bad person.

At such times, any kind of comfort was useless. And all he needed was a silent companion.

I held on to Ashton's arm on our way back, playing with his hand as I leaned against his shoulder. I could feel his occasional stare, but he didn't say anything. I didn't push him for anything and simply pretended not to know. I cuddled in his embrace, taking on the role of a stress-relieving plush toy.

After Ashton had become the wealthiest man, his company was naturally situated within the tallest building in the city center. It was only two blocks away from the square and they arrived at their destination after a few minutes.

"Bring me the documents," Ashton ordered Joseph as he took my hand in his and led me into his office.

It had been too long since I had last dealt with company matters, so I had no memory of it and didn't have much of an interest when Ashton started talking business. I thought he had dropped by the company to settle some urgent work since we were in the area. Seeing him taking off his coat and heading toward his desk, I naturally took a seat at the guest area to get out of his way.

Ashton was pulling out his chair when he caught me taking a seat on the couch. He waved his hand at me and said, "Letty, come. Sit here."

I obediently stood up and took a seat across from him.

Joseph pushed the door open, strode toward Ashton's desk, and handed him a manila envelope. Then he pivoted on his heels and left after giving me a respectful nod.

As I recalled all the work Joseph had done for us all these years, I said, "Shouldn't it be time for Mr. Campbell to set up a family in K City? Maybe we can give him a raise?"

Joseph had always been by Ashton's side since their days at J City. He had shouldered a lot of Ashton's burden and I felt guilty about it. It would be reasonable for him to possess a portion of the company's share and have the same level of authority as us.

Joseph's talent was equivalent to other companies' CEO. And yet, he had stayed by Ashton's sides all these years, working tirelessly without a single complaint. He deserved to be respected and rewarded.

“I have my own plan,” Ashton answered as he untied the string on the envelope. He set it on his desk and pushed it toward me. “Open it.”

“What is it? How mysterious.”

Taking out the document inside, I scanned the contents. It was similar to the share transfer agreement from before, and there was even my signature at the end of the page.

It was the document I had given to Ashton when I gave up Fuller Corporation’s share.

“What is the meaning of this?” I asked in confusion. The contract was only effective for two years, so it had expired and was no longer in effect. I didn’t expect Ashton to keep it until now.

Ashton’s lips curled into a smile. He steeped his fingers in front of his mouth. “Let’s talk after you’ve finished going through it.”

I looked back down at the document a second later. There were indeed a few pages there, but I had overlooked them because the papers were too thin.

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When I flipped to the next page, a notice regarding the change in the company’s personnel caught my eye.

I proceeded to read it out loud, “As decided by the company’s higher-ups, Ms. Scarlett Stovall has been appointed as the president of Fuller Corporation. This change is effective immediately.”

Upon closer inspection, I realized that this notice was released one week ago.

Doesn’t this mean that it was published two days before we crafted the plan to seek out Tiffany’s headquarters?



Immediately, I looked at Ashton with suspicion. To my surprise, he already had his affectionate gaze fixated on me. "We've been married for so many years; why are you still looking at me like that?" Ashton asked with a smile.

"I wouldn't get tired of looking at you," I replied. When he heard my reply, Ashton's smile broadened. After a few moments of playful banter, he finally explained, "I anticipated that Tiffany would take advantage of the situation when we made our move. Hence, I made this change in advance and froze all assets. Right now, the entirety of Fuller Corporation and all of the investments Tiffany has made to Fuller Corporation belongs to you."

I glanced at the file in my hands and nodded. "Doesn't this mean that I'm rolling in dough now?"

Yet, I couldn't find it in myself to rejoice. Right now, money and materialistic assets weren't the things I valued the most. Instead, I wanted to watch my children grow up in a safe environment and spend the rest of my life by Ashton's side.

"I suppose you can put it that way," Ashton replied.

"Wow!" I exclaimed in mock surprise before placing the document back on the table. "Now that I know what it feels like to be wealthy, where are the documents that you need me to sign? Why don't you hand them to me? You don't have to inform me of every little thing. I'm letting you take charge of this."

After all, he had transferred the equity to me in order to trap Tiffany. Now that things were settled, Ashton must have shown me these files because he needed my signature to regain ownership of the shares. This way, Ashton would have the eligibility to sign some important documents.

Although Ashton must have given me these files out of respect, he had always been the one who handled the business aspects of our relationship. Hence, this entire ordeal felt unnecessary.

Ashton merely shrugged. "What documents are you talking about?" he asked, deliberately flashing an innocent look.

I couldn't help but shake my head in exasperation. What trick is he trying to pull now? "I'm talking about the document which will transfer all of my shares to you. You aren't going to leave this wealth to me, right?"

Ashton's grin widened as he smiled in amusement. "Why not?"

I frowned and gave him a doubtful look. "Ashton, this isn't funny."

To any other young woman, Ashton's "gift" would have made them giddy with joy. However, I'm not naive enough to be fooled by his trickery. If I take over such a huge corporation, I would spend the rest of my life working my fingers to the bone. Ashton is just dumping all of the work onto my shoulders.

Ashton let out a heavy sigh as he pushed the file toward me again. "This is a betrothal gift," he said solemnly.

Betrothal gift? "What?" I couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Earlier, you said that we have been married for so many years. Why are you talking about that now? Grandpa gave it when we first got married. There's no such thing as paying it twice. Mr. Fuller, even if you want to quit, shouldn't you give me a better excuse?"

Ashton leaned back into his chair as he stretched his body languidly. With his arms crossed together, he closed his eyes. "Looks like I can't hide anything from you," he murmured.

The secret to a perfect marriage is to keep your wife as happy as a lark. From my viewpoint, it looks like Ashton is trying to do the exact opposite!

I shook my head with a smile. "Let's stop joking around. You should get Joseph to prepare the documents. The earlier I sign it, the earlier we can leave. Besides, we shouldn't keep our guests waiting too," I reminded him.

After all, the couple looking to adopt Shaun was still waiting for our arrival. Making them wait for us was not a sign of good hospitality.

All of a sudden, Ashton said casually, "Why don't you marry me?"

It felt as if time had come to an abrupt halt. I couldn't even believe my own ears. "What did you just say?" I gaped at him as I tucked a stray lock of hair behind my ear.

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Promptly, Ashton opened his eyes and reached out his right hand to rap his knuckles against the file on the desk. "Since you aren't going to accept the betrothal gift, this will be my dowry. Let's get officially married again."

We locked eyes across the table. When I saw the look of determination gleaming in his gaze, I couldn't muster a proper response. He's not joking at all.

On the other hand, Ashton remained as cool as a cucumber. "There are a total of one hundred and ninety-seven countries in this world. In these countries, there are about six hundred news outlets located worldwide. The cost of prime-time advertisement amounts to around forty million a day. With a three hundred million budget from Fuller Corporation's quick turnover, it should be enough to keep the advertisements playing for a whole week."

"Wait a minute, what advertisements are you talking about?" I blurted. Is he rambling to himself? Has he forgotten that I'm still here?

My question seemed to jolt Ashton out of his daze. However, his look of surprise was quickly replaced with a solemn one. "I'm talking about the advertising for our wedding. Since you are getting married to me, shouldn't we broadcast it to the world?"

Oh my God, who on Earth taught him to say such absurd things with a straight face!

"Pull yourself together. Stop talking about marriage!" I gulped nervously. Did Simone's tragedy freak him out? I couldn't help but ask in worry, "Are you all right?"

For several moments, Ashton remained silent as his eyes locked onto my face. Wordlessly, he rose to his feet and circled the desk

to make his way in front of my seat. All of a sudden, he lowered his head until it was mere inches from mine. Startled by our sudden proximity, I shied away. Yet, Ashton merely inched closer. Both of his hands clamped around the armrests of my chair, keeping me trapped against it.

It wasn't until I had my back pressed against the chair that Ashton finally halted his advances. His mouth was so close to mine that the slightest quiver meant that our lips would meet.

"Does it look like I'm not all right?" A playful look flitted across Ashton's dark eyes. "Is it so hard for you to take the title as my wife?"

Given the look of arrogance on his face, Ashton must have predicted that I was afraid of getting the short end of the stick.

Although I was reluctant to admit that Ashton's assumptions were correct, it was fortunate that I had past experiences dealing with money. I won't let him intimidate me with such ease.

With a deep inhale to regain my composure, I straightened my back. Startled by the sudden movement, Ashton flinched backward.

"Did I scare you?" I teased him with a smug smile. "Weren't you so full of yourself when you asked me to be your wife?"

When Ashton realized I was only pulling his leg, the corners of his lips twitched upward into a smile. Swiftly, he planted a kiss on my lips before he drew himself to full height and backed away. "I'm being serious. In the past, the love I had for you was always restrained and limited. Now that we are spending the rest of our lives together, I want the entire world to know that we are a couple. Whenever someone sees your name, I want them to think of me too. Scarlett, even if we became inseparable, it will not be enough to convey the undying love I have for you."

Ashton paused before he continued, "Once Shaun has been sent away, let's go to Illurasia and register our marriage. We can hold our wedding ceremony there too. John can take care of the children while we embark on a honeymoon."

Finally, I realized that Ashton was being serious.

He wanted to use our honeymoon as an excuse for some privacy. This way we could do as we pleased.

It didn't take a genius to figure out the reason behind Ashton's sudden yet romantic suggestion.

Now that I had a clear grasp of Ashton's intentions, I couldn't decide if I wanted to laugh or cry. "I know what you are trying to do. However, it'd be best if you dismiss that notion. We aren't children; we should not spend on such extravagant things. Spending hundreds of millions to promote our wedding is too excessive. Ashton, you were raised with a strong military background. You shouldn't forget the values of diligence and thriftiness that you've learned growing up. If I let you spend as you pleased, Grandpa will be rolling in his grave. He'll be sure to haunt me in my dreams."

Before Ashton had a chance to retort, I quickly rose to my feet and grabbed my bag. "I'm doing this for you," I said as I strode out of the room. "If word about our marriage spreads, everyone will think that one of the most dignified men in K city has been reduced to nothing but a pathetic son-in-law who married into his wife's family. To avoid a situation like that, we should keep a low profile, all right?"

After putting more emphasis on my last sentence, I yanked the door open and dashed out. I was afraid that Ashton might try to stop me. In haste, I headed into the elevator. It wasn't until the elevator doors slid shut that I finally smiled in relief.