In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1456

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Reading about Scarlett would undoubtedly help me get better at pretending to be her, but I realized it had nothing to do with the life I had lost.

I decided it would make things easier if I started reading about the latest events. I was impressed with how much information they had about the lawsuit between the Fullers and Stovalls. But the strange thing was, there was no mention of me.

I felt like I had been lied to, and the sense of humiliation quickly turned into rage. "Didn't you say these documents would help me get my memories back?"

To think I had been reading them so seriously!

"The sooner we settle the custody matters, the sooner you get to concentrate on getting back your memories. Is there a problem with that?" Ashton calmly replied.

"Are you saying that before the custody gets settled, you won't look into my background?"

I was already angry and anxious, and Ashton's calm composure added fuel to the fire. How many more times must I be played like a fool by this man?

Ashton blatantly ignored my question and changed the subject. "Are you done reading?"

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"No!" I bellowed. "You've fooled me into signing a contract with unfair terms. And now you're using me to achieve your goals? How can I trust that you will keep your end of the bargain once the custody matters are over?"

I was boiling with so much rage that my chest was heaving as I shouted at him.

Ashton was so full of lies that I started to have doubts about his character. Despite being a company president and one of the richest men, he still went to the extent of throwing a tantrum when he didn't get the same breakfast as his son. If this went on any further, I'd blow his cover sooner or later.

To my surprise, the man was unbothered by my outburst. He finished the last mouthful of his food and slowly dabbed his mouth with his handkerchief. He then finally looked up and met my gaze. "Once you've signed the contract, you'd be recognized as the mother of Gregory Hall. I'm not like Marcus. I would never ditch my flesh and blood. You can trust me when it comes to protecting my wife and children."

Now that he had brought up Marcus, I was rendered speechless.

Ashton was right. Marcus had seemed like a great man until his life was interrupted by the appearance of a woman and children. One couldn't help but wonder if he was a good person after all.

Even though I agreed with Ashton to some extent, his condescending tone was so off-putting that I had to retort, "Marcus may not be a good husband or father, but at least he has never once hurt me. You claim to be an upstanding gentleman, Mr. Fuller, but you constantly speak ill of others behind their backs. Let's not forget how you don't seem to like keeping your promises either. You're the truly vile one here, not Marcus."

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Ashton frowned at my words, a look of hatred on his face. But before I could say any more, his body started to shake uncontrollably.

His face contorted in pain as he tried to steady himself with his hand on the table. Big beads of cold sweat started to roll down his forehead.

"Ashton?"

I called out to him a couple more times, but no response came. As seconds went by, he looked to be in even more pain.

I tried to help him, but I wasn't strong enough to keep him standing upright. Ashton gradually lost all his strength and crumpled to the floor. I had no choice but to kneel beside him, keeping my hand on his forehead in an attempt to bring his temperature down.

Ashton's eyes were tightly shut as sweat continued to soak through his hair. But when he felt my touch, his hand immediately shot up to grab my wrist. "Who's that?"

"It's me, Carlette. What's wrong with you?"

Ashton was in so much pain he couldn't even muster up an ounce of strength to reply. He remained silent as his grip on me tightened.

It seemed like the tighter he gripped onto me, the more relief he felt.

After a while, his condition seemed to have improved slightly. "Ashton?" I whispered.

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There was still no reply from him, but it was clear that he was trying hard to keep himself from losing control. He tucked his head in and slowed down his breathing.

"Let go of my hand. We have to get you to the hospital for treatment." I tried to pry myself from him but to no avail.

It was amazing how much strength he still had despite being in such bad shape. His lips had turned white while his eyes remained tightly shut.

After more time had passed, I made another attempt to wake him up by patting his shoulder. Alas, I had only just lifted my hand when Ashton once again grabbed me.