In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1477

I gulped. Summoning all the courage I had left within me, I reached out and tugged Ashton's sleeve gingerly. "Ash... Ashton?" I stammered.

A brief shudder ran through Ashton. With a start, he released Tiffany.

Tiffany crumpled to the floor like a rag doll.

The maid ran forward anxiously and helped Tiffany over to the sofa. All other eyes in the room, including that of Nicolas', were fixed on Ashton simultaneously. Nicolas slammed his newspaper onto the table, jolting the already-frayed nerves of everyone present. "Are you trying to rebel against me?" he roared.

Ashton glanced at me, then down at Gregory, apparently unaffected by Nicolas' outburst. He then looked over to Tiffany's inert body with undisguised contempt.

He strolled over to where she lay feebly, then sneered, "Will you say it, or shall I make you?"

"I'll admit it, I'll confess to everything! Just have mercy on me. I was wrong, Ashton," Tiffany babbled. She was almost incoherent with fear. Clenching the pillow she'd picked up from the sofa, Tiffany hid her face behind it as if she could thus avoid Ashton's wrath.

"I lied! You were never engaged to Thora. She promised me benefits in return for matchmaking the two of you... Joseph is your most loyal subordinate. Emery has both a good professional and personal relationship with you. I was the one who manufactured Scarlett's obituary. She didn't betray you. Audrey's

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also your daughter... Dad was the one who arranged for the hypnosis. We sealed your memories for your own good! I was wrong, but surely it doesn't merit a death sentence! Give me another chance, please, Ashton. I'm begging you, please have mercy on me..."

Tiffany was almost groveling at this point. She had crawled onto the floor and knelt at Ashton's feet, clutching at him wildly. Tears poured down her face in torrents.

My hands still covered Gregory's eyes, but Tiffany's sheer despair permeated any refuge I could offer him from this nightmarish sequence of events. He began to whimper.

I stroked Gregory's back, partly to comfort and partly to quieten him down.

Tiffany's every desire had been accommodated to since she was young. Everything she ate or wore had to be of luxurious quality. Tiffany could get anything she set her heart upon. This fine upbringing had thus culminated in her attitude of absolute complacency.

However, Ashton had viciously brought Tiffany's whole world crashing down about her. She could not even begin to comprehend the bitter environment that Ashton had grown up in, in which he'd carefully cultivated his thirst for vengeance.

As Ashton had declared, Tiffany got what she deserved.

Tiffany's near-incoherent ramble had ignited, rather than extinguished, the fury within Ashton. Narrowing his eyes, Ashton looked at Nicolas.

"Do you want to explain?" Ashton snarled. The grimace he wore looked almost demonic in its rage.

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Nicolas remained unfazed. He had watched his daughter's disgrace without flinching. I thought I'd even seen a glimmer of loathing flash across his eyes as if despising Tiffany for the shame she'd incurred.

After a moment, Nicolas replied smoothly, "I'd initially thought that you showed the most promise and was the one most set to inherit my position among the three of you. From the looks of it now, however, I think I overestimated you."

Nicolas then gave a slight nod to the bodyguard who had been standing unobtrusively in the side of the room. He immediately fished out a stack of documents and spread them out on the table.

The photo stood out immediately amongst the rest of the documents. It clearly featured, in high definition, a snapshot of the time I'd spent with Marcus.

"You almost lost your life six years ago because of Scarlett. I saved you! After so many years, you're still adamant about committing the same mistake. Now, you're betraying your family for another Scarlett once more. Take a good look. Is this person the woman you love? She's just a substitute! When are you going to wake up and realize that?" Nicolas shouted.

Ashton's eyes swept over the array of documents, then pursed his lips critically. "It's true that you saved me. Don't pretend to be so noble, though. You knew that I had to be alive for the Hall family to continue living in peace."

Ashton paused. He picked up the photo and examined it closely, then snorted, flicking it away as if it was useless garbage. "There's no need for you to interfere with my business. Perhaps you should worry about your own route of escape first."

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"Have you remembered everything?" The neutral expression on Nicolas' face suddenly shifted.

Ashton, however, remained silent.

Maddened by Ashton's absolute disregard for him, Nicolas violently stood up, bellowing, "Ashton, I'm talking to you!"