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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1556

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.

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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.

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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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