

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1551

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I thought the man was deaf. "T-Tiffany..." He suddenly called out in a fearful voice.

Hearing his voice, Tiffany turned to look at him. Her eyes immediately became watery, and tears were about to spill out at any moment.

Ashton was not bothered with their act of being star-crossed lovers. He coolly said, "Speak up now, my dear sister. Besides the obituary, what other good things did you have a hand in?"

There were no warnings or threats, but Ashton emphasized heavily on the words "good things".

Perhaps she knew that this was the calm before the storm, or maybe she thought back to all the times she nearly died at Ashton's hands – Tiffany was terrified. In a shaky voice, she said, "I-I was the one who suggested hypnosis to Dad. But I was forced to do so! Dad was too frightening. In these thirty years, he controlled everything I did. Which school I went to, the people I saw, how many assets I have under my name... Everything had to be according to his wishes. Only by doing so would I be considered a child of the Hall family and become an emotionless robot like he was!"

"But he didn't stop there. He wanted to control not only everything we did but also how we think!"

She paused and turned to caress the man's cheek. Her expression was suddenly full of sadness. "I chose Keith, but Dad ordered for people to break his legs. He threatened me that if I wanted Keith to stay alive, I have to go back and fulfill my duties as his obedient daughter. I could only compromise, but the seed of hatred was deeply planted in my heart. I swore I would escape from this hell hole one day!"

"Finally, you appeared, and Dad had a breakthrough in his genetic experiment. If you had brought back the children, I would have successfully completed my escape plan. As fate would have it, you were too headstrong. You were even tougher than Nathaniel and

me. Hence, you would never bow down before Dad. I was about to give up on this plan until our headquarters was completely submerged in the ocean. The flame of hope in my heart was ignited once again. The explosion on the island dealt a great blow to the Hall family and gave me a chance. I proposed to Dad that we could hypnotize you so that the Hall family could have a perfect puppet. I, on the other hand, would be able to amass resources under your cover and wait for the best chance to leave.”

Hearing Tiffany’s confession, I couldn’t help but feel that her whole life had been tragic and pitiful. “Even so, you had six years to leave, but you dragged on until now. To put it simply, your greed has caused your own demise.”

“So what if I was greedy?” Tiffany raised her voice all of a sudden. “It was what I deserved! Do you think my ranking in the Forbes list meant anything? In reality, all those assets were monitored by the Hall family! Besides daily expenses, I didn’t even have the right to take a million for myself. Therefore, I could only turn my attention toward the company. I was about to leave, but all of a sudden you decided to freeze the company’s assets. I was left with no choice but to kidnap Gregory in exchange for sufficient money to elope with Keith. I swear to you Ashton. I had no intention of harming Gregory!”

While prattling on about her predicament, she clasped her hands together and kept begging for Ashton’s forgiveness. “Please let us go, Ashton. I promise you. We will never appear before you ever again...” Tiffany was betting on Ashton’s mercy. She did not appear to be the slightest remorseful at putting her own nephew at risk.

If we had not tagged along and followed Ashton here, Gregory and I would never know that this woman, who kept preaching that we were all family, would betray us all in a heartbeat for her own gain.

“You are truly the good daughter of Nicolas Hall,” I said with gritted teeth. My hands would have balled up into fists if I hadn’t been holding Gregory’s shoulders. “If Ashton had not seen through your plan, Gregory would have been kidnapped by you. Did you ever consider the trauma you could cause to a six-year-old child if that were to happen?”

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The woman who was sobbing earlier fell silent all of a sudden. Knowing that she had wronged us, Tiffany couldn't bring herself to glance at me and Gregory. Her eyes flickered and were out of focus. "My men wouldn't go overboard and scare him. Besides, Ashton seized them already. What else could happen? You're trying to frame me..."

"Are you still denying that it's your fault?" Ashton's deep voice sounded.

Tiffany bowed her head even lower and shuddered. "Gregory is completely fine. What have I done wrong?"

"You unrepentant woman!" Ashton said through gritted teeth.

Afterward, he gave me and Gregory a sideways glance, asking impassively, "Gregory, did you hear what she said? Do you see her true colors now?"

Only then I noticed that Gregory had been furrowing his brows.

"Okay." He nodded his head. "I got it."

Tilting his chin back slightly, Ashton squinted his eyes. His gaze darkened for a split second. "From now onward, you have only one name, that is Gregory Fuller. The Halls aren't your family."

"I understand." Gregory nodded again, though he didn't fully grasp the meaning of his father's words. Suddenly, he thought of something and asked, "How about Uncle Nathaniel?"

"I'll explain to you later." Ashton's voice was flat. I couldn't tell of his mood right now, but I knew that this was not the time to ask any other question.

Knowing his father's temperament, Gregory took note of his words and fell silent.

Afterward, the man turned to look at Tiffany again. His gaze grew much more frigid. "I've given you enough chances."

Anyone with common sense could easily read between the lines and tell of his murderous intent. Tiffany went hysterical, standing up and backing away. "No, you can't do this. Nothing happened to Gregory. You can't kill me!"

Ashton's expression remained nonchalant as he stood rooted to the spot. Nevertheless, his overbearing aura was so palpable that she felt like she was about to get crushed anytime.

"Death is an easy way out for you. You're as good as dead the moment I found out that you're the one who published the obituary. Yet, I let you off because you're my sister. Now it's time for you to get a taste of your own medicine. I'll make your life a living hell."

The man heaved a long sigh. His thin lips parted as he commanded, "Come in."

As soon as those words left his mouth, Joseph came in with a few bodyguards. Thinking that they were going to take her away, Tiffany hid in a corner with her back pressing against the wall. Reluctance was written all over her face.

Unexpectedly, the bodyguards made a turn and headed to the bed. Bending over to pick Keith up, they took him out of the room straight away.

"What are you guys trying to do to him? Let go! Let go of him now!"

"Ah!"

Just like his subordinates, Joseph strictly executed the order. With no mercy, he shoved Tiffany forcefully onto the floor. Her forehead hit the bedside table, and blood gushed out instantly.

"Ouch..." The woman shook her head to stay conscious, reaching out to touch her forehead. Her face contorted with pain as she looked at the crimson blood on her palm. In the next second, she struggled and stood up to chase after Joseph and the others.

Striding around the bed, Ashton grabbed her shoulders and pushed her onto the bed.

The knock on her head and the fall were too much for her. Closing her eyes, Tiffany was too weak to get out of the bed. Moving her lips, she mumbled inaudibly.

“Since you refuse to let people who genuinely love each other stay together, I’ll help you fulfill your wish. In this life, you’ll not get to see Keith ever again. One thing is for sure, I’ll get someone to feed and take care of him until he breathes his last. But you’ll never find him.”

There was no punishment more cruel than endless mental torment.

The only way to make Tiffany realize her mistake was to put her through the agony of being separated from her loved one.

For Keith’s sake, she ruined Ashton’s relationship with me, went against Nicolas, and disregarded the safety of her own nephew. She was madly in love with that man. Sure enough, she would never be at peace with herself in her lifetime.

In a daze, Tiffany heard Ashton’s words. Unable to move an inch, she murmured pleadingly, “No... Ashton, I’m sorry. It’s my fault... Please, I beg you...”

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Darkness shadowed Ashton’s eyes. He stood by the bed with a deadpan expression for a minute before turning and walking toward Gregory and me.

“Go home,” he said nonchalantly. His voice was devoid of any emotions as though the cruel scene before had never occurred.

I lifted my hand and patted Gregory’s shoulder after glancing around the room.

As he left the room, I followed him with Ashton close behind. He didn’t even look back as he left.

Once I was seated in the car, I asked, "Why didn't you tell me about Tiffany wanting to abduct Gregory?"

His gaze was focused on the road ahead of him as he answered, "I have nipped that in the bud, and I didn't want you to worry. But it's not too late to know now."

It was his habit to immediately solve a problem instead of discussing it with others.

Gregory was lucky to come out unharmed, but he might not be as lucky next time. "I hope you can discuss with me when you encounter a problem and we can make a decision together. Now that everything has settled down, the Stovall family is no longer what they used to be. You need to change your habit of carrying all the burdens yourself."

Genetics decided chauvinism in a man and also their ability to not register a single word their partner said.

An overseas scholar had said, "All happy families are alike; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way."

A married couple will be together for their whole life. Honesty, tolerance, trust, and synergy are important in a marriage. And the marriage scale will tip one-sidedly if the burden only falls on one shoulder.

Ashton's lips curled into a smile. He turned and leaned closer to me. "Honey, you're stomping on my pride by complaining about me in front of our son."

I glanced toward Gregory who was sitting in the safety chair in the back seat. He was in his own world, staring intently at the laptop in his hands, not having a care for anything else happening around him.

I felt a hand on my back when I turned around. I slapped his hand away after contemplating it for a second. "Ashton, stop playing around."

Ashton pulled his hand back and placed it on the steering wheel at my rejection. He shrugged his shoulders, then started sweet-talking. "Loving parents promote family harmony. Gregory will develop a fear of marriage if you're so violent all the time."

I glared at him. He even has a noble excuse for being touchy-feely.

Right then, Gregory piped up, "I won't."

I turned around at the same time as Ashton. Gregory was still in the same posture as before as if we were in two separate worlds.

Did I just imagine the whole thing?

The next second, Gregory shut the laptop and looked up at us naturally. "My wife will be a beautiful woman like Mommy, and I'll have an adorable daughter like Audrey. This is my dream. It will never change." Then his gaze landed on Ashton precisely. "Daddy, Mommy is right. A fascist will be eliminated with time like in the histories."

Ashton's expression darkened. "Did I hear that correctly? You're planning to eliminate me? Your father? Is that right, Gregory Fuller?"

Based on my experience, when your parents call your full name, it's time for you to escape, else you might end up with a beating.

Gregory realized his slip of a tongue. With an arch of his brow, he quickly turned his face to the side, firing up his laptop naturally as though he had never said anything.

His movement was so quick I almost missed it.

Watching his actions, I couldn't suppress the rising laughter. He's rational and knows when to take a step back. Gregory is growing up well.

My anger was all gone from his interruption. Indeed, a child is a mother's biggest strength.

Meanwhile, Ashton's face had clouded over. No one knew what he was thinking.

Gregory instantly unclipped his seatbelt and rushed into the house once the car came to a stop.

He was gone with the wind. Not a shadow to be seen by the time we reached the living room. Ashton halted in the hallway briefly before glancing at the whole house fiercely.

I saw through his intention and warned, "Ashton, you're dead if you dare bully Gregory. As a father, aren't you embarrassed to hold a grudge against your own son?"

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Ashton laughed at my warning. "You don't understand. This is between men," he said as he took off his coat.

I shrugged. "I truly can't understand how a man can bully the young."

"What's happening here?" Cameron asked with concern. She thought we were arguing.

"It's nothing. Just something about the kids." Ashton ended the discussion before it could continue further.

I shook my head resignedly and rolled my eyes at him when I caught his gaze. His authoritarianism and chauvinism are obvious in his actions, yet he continues to deny them. Men!

Having experienced getting his full name called by Ashton, Gregory didn't come out of his room for dinner. Instead, he locked himself in the study. Even Audrey couldn't get him out.

After several futile attempts by the maid, Ashton got up from his seat and strode toward the stairs.

I recognized that look. He was about to use force.

"Wait," I called urgently, following behind him. "I'll call him down. You stay right behind me."

When I first met Gregory, I thought Ashton was stressing him out too much. That kind of absolute obedience and expectation to execute every order without fail is too inappropriate for a six-year-old child.

I can understand Ashton's hope for Gregory to shoulder all his burdens. However, I hope Gregory can understand he has another parent he can relax with.

I soon arrived at the study with Ashton.

Knock! Knock!

"Gregory, can I come in?" I asked after knocking on the door twice.

A child's opinion should always be respected.

However, there was no response from within.

Shortly after, I heard footsteps approaching the other side of the door. "Mommy, don't worry about me. You can eat first. I should be punished for disrespecting Daddy earlier."

He was merely joking and agreeing with my opinion. How did it escalate to this?

Ashton was too cautious and strict on matters related to Gregory.

"Gregory, I want to come in and talk to you. Can you let me in?"

Another silence followed.

I spun around, narrowing my eyes at Ashton as though telling him that I was the one in charge of educating the children.

Just as I was about to give up, the door opened from inside.

Gregory gave me a glance, then noticed Ashton behind me. He looked down immediately and walked out of his room with his head down.

I bent down so that I was at his eye level and grabbed his arms. "Are you not hungry? Your sister is not eating because you're not there. You don't want her to starve herself now, do you?" I said with a gentle smile.

Gregory shook his head and muttered, "I don't want that. But it was my fault, so I need to be punished."

I pondered briefly, then said in a somber tone, "Yes. You were in the wrong."

Gregory lowered his head even further.

"And do you know what you did wrong?" I asked.

"I shouldn't have disrespected Daddy." Gregory pressed his lips into a thin line. "I can't say Daddy is wrong."

"Hmm... Then does that mean you think your daddy was right and Mommy was wrong?"

"No." Gregory raised his head. "That's not what I meant. I..."

In the end, the rims of his eyes reddened.

My heart melted at his expression. I quickly pulled him into my arms and comforted him, "Don't be upset, Gregory. You're not in trouble here. You should insist on your opinions and express them if you're confident that you're right. We, as parents, are not always in the right. We can be wrong at times and make mistakes. Always remember to improve and become a better version of yourself. You made a judgment today and expressed your opinion to support me, so you deserve a compliment. Okay?"

Gregory sniffled, suppressing the tears welling up. He lifted his head from my chest and asked, "Really? Then is Daddy wrong?"

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He sneaked a peek at Ashton. Catching Ashton's serious expression, he skittishly snapped his gaze back down.

"You and your daddy were both wrong." I shook my head and pursed my lips. "Your daddy was wrong for being too stubborn and unwilling to accept another family member's opinion, while you were wrong because you disrespected him. You know, your daddy and I have tried long and hard to bring you and Audrey into this world. To protect every one of us, he has suffered a lot. He's quick-tempered, but he's a man who shoulders his responsibility. Don't you think a man like that is worthy of respect?"

Gregory nodded his head seriously. "Yes, he is."

Seeing that he understood the gist of it, I continued to guide him patiently, "Then is it right for you to compare your daddy to a fascist in the car today?"

"No." Gregory shook his head, sincerity in his eyes.

I let out a breath, then chuckled. "So what should you do next?"

Gregory pondered for a moment. He looked up at Ashton and pouted. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I shouldn't have called you a fascist. I was wrong. Can you forgive me?"

He caught on quickly. As expected, it's easier to communicate with a precocious child.

I stood up, sighing in relief.

With a hard look on his face, Ashton casually grunted an acknowledgment, showing that he accepted Gregory's apology.

However, he was not going to let him off so easily.

Perhaps Ashton had guessed my intention as he turned to leave.

I reached for his arm with a playful smile. "Mr. Fuller, shouldn't you be an example for your child?"

I was winking at him madly. There was no way he could have missed my hints.

He frowned at me, then locked his gaze with mine briefly and finally gave in.

Schooling his expression, he bowed his head and apologized in a low voice, "I was also in the wrong. Gregory, forgive me, will you?"

I couldn't suppress my laughter at his embarrassed look.

Gregory's eyes were wide and sparkling. His entire face had lightened up. "I forgive you, Daddy."

Ashton pursed his lips awkwardly. After a moment of silence, he headed downstairs.

Gregory blinked, wondering if he had said something wrong. "Is Daddy not happy?"

I draped an arm around his shoulder with a smile and whispered, "He's just embarrassed to admit his mistake. You have to keep it a secret."

"Okay." Gregory's lips formed a little O at my explanation. He placed his finger over his lips and made a shush gesture.

Two days after the incident.

Our plan that day was to meet up with the couple who adopted Shaun, but we received word that Simone had attempted to commit suicide by knocking her head against the wall. Having no choice, we excused ourselves and left urgently.

Simone's head was already wrapped with layers of bandages when we arrived. Despite the thick layers of bandages, there was still blood seeping through them.

She had lost her usual dignified look. Her hair was untied, and they fell messily to her shoulders. She was lying immobile on the ground with half of her body leaning against the wall like a homeless beggar on the verge of death.

Meanwhile, Nicolas was still tied to a chair. The speed of water dripping from the pipe above his head had increased. The droplets

were hitting his face so quickly that he couldn't even open his eyes.

After we stood there for a while, Simone opened her eyes laboriously. She began to crawl toward us when she noticed our presence.

Shocked by her sudden movement, I quickly took a few steps back. Ashton immediately came up in front to shield me and she used that opportunity to grab onto him.

"Ashton, son, please give me some water. I haven't had water for a couple of days. Please have mercy on me..."

Her unkempt appearance and her indecipherable mumble were dirtier than a beggar's.

A memory of the first time I saw Simone crossed my mind. She was beautiful, young-looking. Some even called her an ageless beauty.

But now, the face, which she had spent thousands and thousands on, was filled with lines and wrinkles. Her eyes were empty and lifeless, which showed that she didn't have much time left on her clock.