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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1476

Obstinately, Ashton remained standing where he was. He cast a backward glance to see Joseph hurrying in with a stack of gifts.

“Scarlett prepared these small tokens for Mom and Dad,” Ashton explained evenly.

Baffled, I looked at Ashton. When had all these been prepared? Had Ashton already predicted that I’d leave John behind to attend the dinner with him?

My mind was swimming with thoughts.

Tiffany tossed her head uncaringly. Joseph, laden down by the weight of the gifts in his arms, tottered awkwardly into the room.

Just then, a deep voice commanded regally, “There’s no need to make such a fuss. We’re family, after all. Housekeeper, take those things from him.”

As if on cue, the housekeeper nervously stepped forward, stiffly receiving the items from Joseph. The atmosphere within the room instantly eased.

It was Nathaniel who had spoken. I’d only heard his voice before and had only taken the briefest of glances at his photo. I was surprised to see that he was casually attired and looked rather youthful. Nathaniel appeared distinctly approachable, unlike the elderly patriarch I’d envisioned in my mind.

Experience told me, however, that there was more below the surface than met the eye.

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As he watched the housekeeper set the items down conscientiously, Ashton suddenly turned and leisurely placed his arm around my shoulder. He then led Gregory and me to the sofa next to where Nicolas was sitting.

We'd barely sat down when Tiffany began her whining once more.

"Ashton, you take pains to ignore me whenever we're in the office. Let's take this opportunity today to thrash things out. You've removed me from my position as the Finance Director and terminated my subordinates. What are you planning to achieve? Don't forget that the company doesn't belong to you alone! I'm your own flesh and blood. I should be the one you trust the most!"

As Tiffany spewed her discontent, the maid arrived with cups of hot tea for us. Ashton calmly poured out a cup, then handed it to me. "Have some tea," he said placidly.

Tiffany bit her tongue in anger. She seethed as she watched Ashton deliberately stir his tea, then drink it slowly. "Are you even listening to me?" Tiffany asked querulously.

Ashton glanced coolly at Tiffany. Menacingly, he growled, "Shut up."

It felt as if the air in the room had congealed, and the temperature dropped by a few degrees. A shiver danced down my spine.

The smug look on Tiffany's face remained. She seemed snooty, even emboldened by the fact that she was on her turf and under the Hall family's protection.

Tiffany thus paid no heed to Ashton's solemn warning. Instead, she drew herself up and pounced onto me, clawing at my arm. "It's all because of you! How dare you pretend to be Scarlett and seduce my brother? Get out!"

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Ashton stood up. Towering over Tiffany, he glared at her with such hatred that even I, despite not being the object of his attention, quaked inwardly.

It was Tiffany's first time witnessing this side of Ashton. She gaped at him, cowering in terror.

Ashton's muscular arm suddenly shot out and grabbed Tiffany's neck in a stranglehold.

His movements were so swift that it frightened even Joseph, who was used by now to Ashton's capricious ways. "Mr. Fuller!" he gasped.

Ashton, as if possessed, maintained his merciless grip on Tiffany's neck. Within less than a minute, Tiffany's pale face had turned a deep shade of violet.

Locked in Ashton's hands that clamped upon her neck like iron shackles, Tiffany struggled. She frantically hit his arms, pleading for release.

She barely managed to gasp, almost inaudibly, "Ash... Ashton... let go..."

"You're right. You're my own flesh and blood. You should know how brutal I can be, yet you continued testing my limits. You deserve what you've got coming to you." Ashton said with a deadly calm.

Indeed, Ashton looked entirely prepared to let Tiffany die by his own hand.

I was absolutely sure that if no one stopped him, Ashton would have finished Tiffany off there and then.

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That moment felt utterly surreal. It was as if a gruesome scene from a movie was playing out right before my very eyes. I instinctively reached out to shield Gregory from the sight, my heart palpitating wildly.

If Ashton murdered Tiffany in cold blood, the rest of Gregory's life would be hell.

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