

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 476

Did she think I murdered Nancy?

I almost laughed out in disbelief. Looking at her, I scoffed, "Ms. Fuller, you've actually overestimated me. If I were that ruthless, that slap would never have made it to my face."

She said disdainfully, "You can drop the act. I know Nancy slandered and humiliated you before, so you've been vengeful all this while! It's not impossible to get rid of her. After all, you have the backing of the Stovall family or the Moore family. It should be easy for you to get rid of an actress without leaving a single trace behind. I never took you to be this cruel, Scarlett!"

Nothing I say will make her change her mind. Plus, she didn't come here to ask if I murdered Nancy. She doesn't even care who really did the deed since she's already fixated on me being the perpetrator.

No one else was at home, and I didn't want to continue talking to her. So I said, "You've already slapped me and scolded me; you can go back now, Ms. Fuller."

But alas, if it was that easy to deter Sally, I wouldn't have been forced into tight corners by her several times.

She ignored me and entered the villa. Plonking herself down on the sofa in the living room, she tossed a folder on the table. Her voice was full of hatred and disgust as she said, "Scarlett, if you have any feelings for Ashton at all, you should leave him. Don't drag him into this mess."

I frowned and opened the folder she'd tossed on the table. As I flipped through the photographs that were inside, a cold sweat broke out on my body.

These photos were taken before Nancy's death. The faces of the men who were in the photographs couldn't be seen clearly, but Nancy's tortured expression was distinctly captured.

I lifted my gaze and looked at Sally. "Why are you showing me these photos?"

She returned my gaze as her expression darkened. “The police have begun investigating the scene. Just how long do you think you can keep this under wraps? Since your return to K City, Nancy’s had her contract with the Fuller Corporation dissolved, and she also slandered you when she attracted media attention for her little stunt on top of that building. Now, she’s dead. Who else can be responsible for her downfall?”

She paused as she attempted to control her emotions. “I don’t know if this is revenge or just pure hatred. Frankly, your actions have nothing to do with me. But you must leave Ashton. He cannot have his reputation sullied by a wife like you. Just one misstep and it could destroy him and the Fuller Corporation. You will only ruin him if you stay by his side.”

I almost laughed out loud at her audacity. “What makes you think I did it?” You didn’t even get any facts right, and you’re placing the blame on me already?

She sneered, “The Moore family has had its fair share of dirty dealings. Do you think Cameron hasn’t seen the news? To them, Nancy’s worth less than a dog.”

I laughed. “And what does that have to do with me? Ms. Fuller, my patience is limited. I’ve tolerated you many times in the past because you’re Ashton’s aunt. After all, we’re taught to respect our elders. But if our elders cannot behave rationally or reasonably, I think there’s no longer a need for tolerance. Please leave my house right now!”

She was frozen in shock, not expecting me to retaliate. She looked furious. “Just who do you think you are, Scarlett? This house belongs to the Fullers. What makes you think you can kick me out?”

“She can because she’s my wife!”

I was surprised at Ashton’s sudden appearance. He walked into the living room and stood beside me.

He glared at Sally with barely concealed anger. "You may be my aunt, but I expect you to know your place better."

"Ashton! Are you going to cut ties with me over this woman?"

"If you continue acting like this, it wouldn't be impossible." Ashton was usually calm, and his emotions were hard to discern. Now though, his anger was palpable. As he stared at Sally impassively, he asked, "Do you need a lift home?"

As he uttered his words, it was painfully obvious that Sally had overstayed her welcome. With her chest rising and falling rapidly with anger, she glared at me fiercely before leaving in a huff.

Staring after her as she left, the pain in my head intensified. I also felt frustrated.

Ashton pulled me down onto the sofa. Already in a sour mood, I blurted, "What's with Nancy's death?"

He glanced at me. "Her mother owed a lot of money to the loan sharks. They probably knew she'd gone into hiding, and that it would be impossible to get the money back. So, they took drastic measures."

Frowning, I asked, "But murder's a little extreme, isn't it? Someone obviously wanted her dead. Did the Moore family have a hand in it?"

He chuckled, "Why didn't you guess it was me instead?"

"You wouldn't!" I said resolutely.

This stunned him. "You're that sure," he said as he raised his brows.

"Nancy may be a hateful woman, but you wouldn't stoop to murder. You have your morals. Plus, there are more than enough things in the company that deserve your attention compared to some C-list celebrities like Nancy. This whole crime reeks of revenge. That's something you'd never do." I didn't even wish Cameron dead for what she did in the past, and that was worse than anything Nancy has ever done.

I also knew that Ashton and I shared somewhat similar beliefs, and this further convinced me that he would never murder Nancy.

He paused slightly before pulling me into his arms. His chin rested lightly on my head as he spoke in a rumbling tone, "I didn't know your impression of me would be that honorable. I'm about to burst with pride."

I didn't banter with him but continued to ponder the situation, which felt strange to me. "The Moore family wouldn't do this. Let's exclude Cameron first and consider Zachary. He may have dallied with the mafia for years, but he wouldn't just end someone's life so carelessly."