

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 331

God, I was so blind. I perceived his duplicated kindness as a genuine love for me. I never once thought of this. If anything bad happened to Rebecca, he would always choose her.

Seeing my silence, Sally knew that no amount of lecturing would get to me anymore. A soft sigh slipped from her lips. She headed to her bedroom for a change of clothes before leaving the house.

Thoughts engulfing me whole, I stilled for some time before getting up to leave. Mrs. Eriksen, who stayed with me, immediately got up to stall. "Letty, where are you going?"

"The hospital."

She hurriedly blocked the door. "No, don't! Mr. Ashton and the Moore family are most likely furious with you, so it's not wise to go there now. Come, let's stay here, okay? We'll deal with things once everyone calms down."

At her request, I sank back down onto the sofa and buried my face into my palms. The villa became abnormally quiet, save for the drums pounding in my head and heart.

Endless confusion weighed down the air around me.

After a while, footsteps drew closer in the villa. Mrs. Eriksen's voice sounded, "Dr. Crest. Why aren't you at the hospital?"

A huge shadow shaded over me. Irritation prickled under my skin as I looked up to see Jared's slender figure standing in front of me. A distant and indifferent frown etched on his face.

I glanced at the blood on my hands then warned, "Please hire a lawyer if you're here to accuse me of what happened. I'm in a very bad mood right now, so I can't guarantee whether I will have an emotional episode and start assaulting you."

Jared...

He looked at me with profound impotence. Some seconds slipped past before he finally challenged, "There are no knives here. How exactly do you plan to attack me?"

My lips pursed in sizzling annoyance. There was nothing more to say to him.

Then, he sat beside me as Mrs. Eriksen fetched him a glass of water. He sipped quietly with no intention of continuing our conversation.

I turned to him and frowned. "Aren't you here to lecture me?"

He raised a brow and questioned back, "Why should I lecture you? It's not like my daughter was stabbed by you."

I...

"So... you're here to get amused at my pathetic situation?"

An empty laugh sounded from him as he chuckled, "Do I look like I have nothing better to do?"

Neither? So he's just here to watch how things will play out...

Footsteps rushed closer from the yard. There was no doubt as to whose it was. Ashton is back.

With blood still tainted on his hands, his slender figure entered the villa. The gloom on his face emitted a dangerous warning, saying that he wasn't one to be messed with.

His lips parted and he instructed indifferently at me, "We're going to the hospital!"

"No!" I refused.

He lowered his voice at me as if he were trying to suppress his blazing emotions. "Get up," he instructed. Then, he pulled me up off the sofa without waiting for my answer.

He yanked at my wrist and dragged me out to the yard. After shoving me into the car, we raced for the hospital.

There, Rebecca had already been rushed into the ER. Perhaps it was Ashton's seething anger, his hold tightened as his fingers ripped into my wrist.

I felt the faintest tingle before numbness took over my wrist. I barked at him, "Let go of me! If she dies, I'll pay with my own life. You don't have to exterminate me in advance."

Hearing my words, he looked back at me and realized how roughly he gripped onto me. Then, his fingers finally slid off, freeing my wrist.

Purple and yellow blotches obnoxiously seeped across my bruised wrist.

His brows furrowed into an agonizing frown. For a moment, it seemed as if he hadn't intended to hurt me. He muttered, "S-sorry, I..."

I gnawed on my lower lip. "It's fine. It doesn't hurt."

His face scrunched up. The coldness in his eyes intensified and his lips clamped shut to steady the anger inside him. "How could you, Scarlett? No matter how much you hate her, she's already lost a child. She's already been punished. You've gone too far this time."

Empty laughter sounded from me as I asked him casually, "Really? I don't think I did enough. I didn't drive that knife deep enough to kill her, now she still has a chance to live."

My words rendered him speechless. He stilled for a second before responding, "It's a life for a life, Scarlett! Do you really think Zachary is someone you can mess with? He spent the last twenty years searching for his long-lost daughter, Rebecca. If anything happens to her, do you think anyone can protect you?"

We met gazes again. My eyes were bold, filled with a surety that was also reflected in my words. "If she dies, then I'll atone with my own death. There's nothing holding me back in this world—if my death can bring her down then it'll all be worth it."

His eyes narrowed again. Clearly disappointed with me, he said, "Nothing is holding you back? Do you even have a heart at all? What about the people around you, those who care about you?"

Annoyance tickled my throat. I slumped into a nearby chair, ignoring his disapproving words.

Seeing my devil-may-care attitude, Ashton rubbed at his temples resignedly. Not knowing what to do, he called for a doctor to check on my injuries.

The doctor scanned my vermilion-stained hands. After seeing that I wasn't wounded, he left briskly.

Ashton eyed me impassively. "Why did you stab her?"

I...

Why did I?

Now that I've calmed down, guilt poured over me like a bucket of cold water. How could I act so impulsively earlier? Regardless of how awful her insults were, they were still just harmless words...

After pondering about it, I looked up at Ashton. "She said that you caused our child's death. She told me that you gave me those prenatal vitamins to deform him and that you never wanted our child in the first place."

I was probably upset because of this, and also because of Rebecca's vile words.

He grimaced. "And you believed her?"

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I nodded, confidently staring him down. "You have every reason to do so!"

His eyes narrowed into a livid glare. "If you believed what she said, then why didn't you stab me instead?"

"You weren't there at that time—but she was!" I spat the words boldly, challenging his indifferent stare with my own fearless one.

"Huh!" He snorted.

It was sudden and cold. He dropped my hand immediately, looking at me with a grey face of disappointment. "Have you ever trusted me? No wait, I should ask you if you even love me, Scarlett?"

Glancing at him, the thoughts ruffled in my head. Have I ever loved him? I didn't know anymore. I couldn't tell if what I felt for him was even love.

He stared at me for the longest time. There was some kind of deep and intense emotion lingering in his eyes as he waited for my answer.

Then, he snorted softly at himself as if he already knew my answer. He stood and said coldly to me, "You should head back. Before Rebecca gets out of surgery, it's best that you stay home and not go out recklessly. The Moore family can't do anything to you for the time being, not while I'm around. So just go home."

I said coldly, "It's alright. I'll take responsibility for my own actions, so whatever punishment the Moore family decides is between me and them. It doesn't concern you at all."

He watched me without speaking. The indifference in his darkened eyes was enough to suffocate everyone around us.

Not long after, Cameron and Zachary dashed in. Anxiety overwhelmed Cameron's bulging red eyes.

When they saw Ashton, they rushed over and frantically asked, "How is Rebecca? Is she okay?"

Ashton spoke with a deep solemn voice, "She's still in the ER."

With a steady composure, Zachary asked Ashton for the name of the perpetrator that hurt Rebecca.

Though calm, a murderous air radiated from Zachary. It made the hairs on my fingers stand straighter. Despite this, I approached the man and announced, "I did it!"

Zachary looked at me with a pair of narrowed, bloodthirsty eyes. A murderous growl sounded as he threatened me, "Ms. Stovall. You'd better pray that Rebecca is fine, else I'll have your life to make up for hers."

After hearing my confession, Cameron jumped at me with lethal claw-like fingers. Ashton rushed before me, blocking her attack. He warned them, "Best save the confrontation until after your daughter awakes, Ms. Anderson. If Scarlett has committed a crime, the law will punish her justly. There's no need for the two of you to rush her punishment."

Still seething with anger, Cameron glared viciously at me.

Then, the ER doors suddenly opened. A nurse appeared and called out, "Where are the patient's family members? She needs a blood transfusion. We'll need to run some tests on you, in case our blood bank doesn't have enough of her blood type."

Cameron and Zachary quickly trailed after the doctor for their blood tests. They returned soon after.

We waited outside the ER for a long time. Cameron paced back and forth anxiously, occasionally throwing nasty glares my way.

When the ER doors opened again, the nurse from earlier came out. She frowned at Cameron and Zachary before asking, "Are you two really the patient's blood-related family?"

The two were taken aback for a moment, unsure of what the nurse was hinting at. "Yes, we're her parents. What's the matter with her?"

The nurse's eyes scanned the two of them. She explained in a puzzled manner, "It's impossible for a couple with blood type A and O to give birth to a child with type B blood. Could something be wrong with the test?"

Cameron and Zachary's faces paled to a stark chalk-white. They stared wide-eyed at the nurse. "What are you talking about? We're not blood related?"

The nurse stiffened in hesitation. She looked at the two and assured, "Don't panic. Perhaps it's just an issue with our test. Now, the patient needs two hundred ccs of blood and there's an insufficient amount in our blood bank. Does anyone here have type B blood?"

Ashton looked at the nurse and spoke up, "You can use mine!"

Promptly, the nurse ushered him away to have his blood drawn. Cameron's face froze grey and still with confusion at her husband. She kept mumbling, "The DNA test said that she's our daughter. How could this be?"

Zachary's face furrowed into a deep frown. He stilled for a second before consoling Cameron, "Don't stress yourself out. Maybe the hospital made a mistake."

A red shade had already tinged Cameron's panicked face. She nodded at him, repeating over and over again that Rebecca was their daughter, that there was no way she wouldn't be able to recognize her own biological daughter.

I pondered at the scene before me. What a dramatic irony. If Rebecca, the daughter they have suddenly reunited with, isn't blood-related to Cameron... then where is her biological daughter?

Cameron had dirtied her hands doing many unspeakable things for Rebecca's sake. It would be pitiful if Rebecca wasn't actually her biological daughter.

Ashton returned shortly after. Seeing that I still sat motionless in the same chair, he approached my side and hugged me. "Everything will be okay. The doctor said she's not in a life-threatening state."

He was clearly trying to comfort me. I pursed my lips, not saying anything more.

About half an hour later, Jared and Joe arrived. It seemed like they were all up to date with Rebecca's current situation.

Joe shot a threatening look at me, his face was tainted with gloom but he didn't say a word. Maybe it was because of Ashton's presence that Joe refrained from doing anything more.

On the other hand, Jared raised a brow at Ashton. "There's some time till the surgery's over. Care to join me for a smoke?"

Ashton glanced at him and nodded. Then, they left together for the stairway.

Cameron and Zachery were lost in a temporary daze. They were still hung up on the nurse's earlier conversation about theirs and Rebecca's incompatible blood types.