

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 333

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Joe stared at me. It seemed like his emotions were well-controlled as he asked, "Only a murderer's death can compensate for their victim's death. Have you thought about what you'll do now?"

Raising my gaze, I noticed the hidden malice in his frosty stare. "I thought you liked her back then, now I'm not so sure anymore. She's still in there being operated on and you're already saying that she's dead."

My words stunned him. By the time he parted his lips to speak, I had already lost interest in arguing with him.

I stood up and left for the washrooms. As I passed the door to the stairway, my feet couldn't help but slow down. Ashton and Jared were smoking behind the door.

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However, it was obvious that the two of them wanted to speak in private. Smoking was an excuse to do so.

My feet halted a distance away, not going any closer. I heard Jared's unfriendly voice as it echoed from behind the door, "Do you regret it?"

A cigarette sat between Ashton's slender fingers. He spoke unemotionally, "There's nothing to regret."

This prompted a laugh from Jared. "What if Rebecca dies? What will you do then?"

"Compensate them," Ashton spat. The word came out blatantly.

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Jared sniggered, "You'd let both of the women who love you die? So having one dead isn't enough for you? What a bold thought."

Hearing this, I no longer cared about what they were saying. I shouldn't have listened to their conversation in the first place. I already knew how this story would end. Yet, my brain insisted on confirming his thoughts and feelings again, even if it only brought more sorrow to me.

I left directly for the washroom. By the time I came out, Rebecca had been transferred to the general ward.

Once the effects of the anesthetic wore off, Rebecca awoke. All color had drained from her face as she shifted sluggishly on the hospital bed.

Seeing Cameron and Zachary, her lips parted slowly. She rasped, "Mom? Dad? Why am I here?"

Cameron held her hand and explained that she had gotten hurt, that Ashton had rushed her to the hospital.

Rebecca stilled in a blur, probably struggling to recall what had happened earlier.

She looked around, taking in the hospital ward's surroundings. Then, her gaze landed on Ashton. Her eyes tinted red as she cried out with a grating voice, "A-ash, it hurts!"

Plump teardrops glided down her face. Feeling pitiful and wronged, she reached out to pull Ashton closer. As she moved, the wound started to rip. It made a long and painful-sounding hiss.

Ashton reacted immediately, rushing up to support her lower back. His eyelids lowered slightly as he ushered her to stop. "You just had surgery. Don't overwork your body with big and fast movements!"

Rebecca latched tightly onto him. She shot a fierce glare my way and claimed, "It was Scarlett, Ash! She's out to kill me. This woman is terrifying and wicked. You can't be with her!"

"Go away!" She pointed a spiteful finger at me and shrieked, "I don't want you here. And I don't want you in my sight at all. Leave!"

I watched her with a blank stare and my lips pursed uncomfortably. Seeing her lean into Ashton's chest, a sharp, growing pain prickled in my chest.

Rebecca's attention turned back to Cameron and Zachary. She announced with a pitchy shrill, "Mom and Dad. I want to sue her for deliberately assaulting me. I want to sue her!"

Then, she scrambled for her phone.

For some reason, Cameron and Zachary didn't reach for their phones. They just stood and watched her with a complicated gaze. This intensified as they looked over to me.

Even Ashton kept silent. His expression dimmed as he watched Rebecca pull out her phone and dial in three digits.

"Hello, is this the police station? I'd like to file a report for attempted assault. That person has caused me serious injury."

She speedily reported the hospital's address.

I watched as Ashton's face darkened, yet he still said nothing.

Jared glanced over at me. He paused slightly before saying, "Come on. I'll drive you back."

My lips pressed together into a thin line. Without the slightest care in the world. "I'll wait for the police!"

Jared frowned. "Ashton's here. He'll handle everything, so come on, let's get you home!"

My eyes remained on Ashton. I sneered, "If I leave with you now, what does that make me? A fugitive on the run? Might as well add a heavier sentence to my murder attempt."

That shut Jared up. He turned to look at Ashton, waiting for some kind of signal or sign. But Ashton showed no intention of responding.

In the moments that followed, two young men in police uniforms came in. They froze in shock at the people in the room.

After all, these were some of K City's famous and influential figures. They often made news headlines. Surely, these policemen must have read about them in the newspapers often.

The two policemen approached Rebecca's bed and asked, "Are you Ms. Larson? Did you call to report about an assault against you?"

Silence engulfed the entire ward. Rebecca stared bewilderedly at Cameron and Zachary. She seemed surprised that they hadn't said a single word at all.

But Rebecca didn't ponder on it for long. Both her furious gaze and accusing finger pointed directly at me. "It's her. I want to sue her for attempted murder."

The policemen came over to me and said, "Please come with us, miss."

"It wasn't her! She didn't do it. Sirs, I can testify that Madam wasn't murdering anyone." Mrs. Eriksen had suddenly barged in from nowhere. She rushed before me and looked the two policemen in the eye. She said, "Madam didn't murder anyone. Sirs, you're arresting the wrong person."

Rebecca scoffed, "Not her? Are you saying that I stabbed myself?"

Mrs. Eriksen shot a wide-eyed glare at Rebecca. She responded boldly, "That's exactly what I'm saying. You did it to yourself so you could frame Madam on purpose!"

This upset Rebecca, who hadn't expected that Mrs. Eriksen would face her threat head-on. She glared back at the housekeeper and spat, "That's not true!" Then, she turned towards Ashton and started whining, "You saw it, right? She hurt me. You saw it, right?"