

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1082

Nora drooped her shoulders and stared glassy-eyed at me.

My lips pressed into a thin line. I averted her stare by looking over to Holden, who was staring back at me with an uninterested expression. His eyes bore into mine, hinting that he wanted no part in any of this.

Then Nora's hand clamped around my wrist, and her nails tore my flesh apart like a bear trap while she wailed, "I'm begging you, Scarlett. I'll do anything you ask me to; I'll even convince my grandpa to hand over the Oberick family business to you and Ashton. Please, Scarlett, I'll do whatever it takes as long as you promise to help Armond. Just this time."

An oncoming headache pounded at my temples, drawing my brows into a deep frown. "What are you thinking! Do you even know what you're saying? How could you sacrifice your pride and get on your knees for some heartless, uncaring man?"

Nora's eyes swelled and darkened into a deep red. "Scarlett, you've misunderstood Armond. He's not the villain that you say he is. You've got it all wrong. I'll call him over, and he'll explain how things actually went down."

At her bold correction, that annoying headache grew into an electric pain behind my eyes. I couldn't help but bark out, "How dare you expect me to forgive him? You think you know everything, huh? Well, your loverboy orchestrated the car accident and abducted Ashton, then almost froze him to death in the refrigerating chamber. He did all that to obtain trading rights to the Taylor family's port. Do you know that? How would you feel if you were in my shoes? If you knew that Armond did all that to Ashton, what would you truly do? Here you are, preaching to me about how he's misunderstood and asking me to forgive him... but have you ever considered my feelings?"

"You say that we're best friends, yet you put me through the pain of losing my child. All because you called me, saying that you were drunk at Imperial Hotel. You knew that I would go to you. Then you used my kindness against me and caused my miscarriage... Do you even know how much the baby that you murdered meant to me? The doctors say that I'll never be able to conceive again, and it's all because of your phone call, that one dreaded call that stole my child from me. Tell me, Nora, do you not care about the lives of others? Because as long as you're not the one suffering, then none of it matters? Because only your problems trump over anyone else's?"

I never blamed her for my child's death as I was equally responsible. However, she shouldn't have pointed fingers at me and said that I misunderstood the whole situation and acted so condescendingly by telling me what to do. Her shamelessness ticked me off so much that it reddened my ears.

Hence, I couldn't bite back my burning resentment any longer. The woman before me was no one worth saving, even if she was once my dearest friend.

Nora's eyes swelled as if they were going to fall out at any moment. She gripped white-knuckled onto my clothes and begged, "I know what I did was wrong, but it's too late to change anything now. Scarlett, please, I don't know what to do anymore... Tell me, what do I do for you to give Armond the contract? All I want is to help the man I love to get through this hardship in his life. That's all I ask..."

At that moment, I could no longer recognize my cheerful and carefree friend. Her tear-strewn face felt so foreign to me. It felt like I had never really known the real her, and now her facade was peeling away to reveal her green and hideous nature.

This wasn't the Nora that I knew. Something lodged at the back of my throat as I saw her begging pathetically. Can a so-called love really change a person that drastically?

Oddly enough, I found myself asking a question that even I couldn't comprehend. "Nora, do you love Armond that much?"

She paused before admitting with a solemn weight, "Yes. He's all I want, and I'd rather die than live in a world without him."

"You're certain that he loves you? Because love isn't one-sided, nor is it unrequited. Are you absolutely sure that he loves you back?" I shot a sharp gaze at her.

My question had taken her by surprise. Her vision blurred, possibly confused as to why I asked her this.

It took her a moment before she eventually regained her focus. Despite this, there was a hint of insanity laced in her voice, "He loves me. He told me that himself, and I trust him. Why do you ask this, Scarlett? He really does love me. He does."

I raised my chin and let out a dry, humorless laugh. "Even friendships have their limits, and you've crossed all of them, Nora. So you can quit your miserable begging because we're not friends anymore. However... let's make a bet since you're so certain about his feelings for you. Come over tonight, and I'll show you his true colors."

Bitter laughter throbbed from my chest as I held her gaze. "Armond still hasn't touched you anywhere intimately, has he?"

"Y-you," Nora stammered. She took a moment to calm her bright pink cheeks before she muttered, "You know that his health doesn't allow for it. Plus, you have no right to use that against me. He treats me well enough, and not all couples need that kind of intimacy to be in love."