

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 330

Rebecca ignored her. However, she came towards me with a thundering expression. "You hit me because I hurt your feelings? Then, let me ask this. Do you really think that Ash cared about you during your pregnancy? All because he gave you those prenatal vitamins? Well, those vitamins can cause birth defects. You must be extremely stupid. Your baby obviously looked deformed in the ultrasound scan. Yet, you still continued to take those vitamins."

My eyebrows crumpled together. Narrowing my eyes at her, I asked, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Rebecca scoffed. "I'm saying that the child in your stomach deserved to die. It was not wanted by anyone. If you don't believe me, go check the leftover vitamins you have. Just because Ash is biased to you now, doesn't mean he cares about you. He's only being nice to you because he feels remorseful! It's because he's plagued by a guilty conscience."

As my face paled to a ghostly white, a brazen smile slit across her face. She sniggered, "You deserved it. Your child too. It deserved to die, he didn't deserve to be born into this world."

This awoke the negative emotions in me that I had previously suppressed. Those awful emotions clamored inside me, their screeches clawed at my throat.

I raised my hand. She responded immediately by blocking my arm. A sneer came from her, "Oh? Trying to hit me again? Do you take me for a fool, thinking that I'd let you hit me twice?"

A bitter laugh escaped my lips. I looked at her grimly as I spoke in a lowered voice, "No. That's not enough to punish someone like you. A slap from me would be considered letting you off easy."

I paced towards her one step at a time. My gaze locked onto a fruit knife nearby before flicking back to Rebecca, who was still sneering. "I thought I could live with a troublesome person like you and just put up with your nonsense. Unfortunately, it's clear to me now. You are not only a troublemaker but also plain loathsome! Since that's the case, why don't you just die!"

As the words left my mouth, I immediately lunged for the fruit knife and stabbed her with it. My actions were quick, without a trace of hesitation.

“Scarlett!” The shouting voice didn’t belong to Rebecca, nor was it from Mrs. Eriksen, whose knees had given in from fear—it was Ashton’s.

Right then and there, I fell into a momentary daze. By the time I came to, I had already pushed the knife too far, sinking it deep into Rebecca’s abdomen.

Then, a warm vermillion liquid oozed into my hands. It dripped onto the ground, tipping and tapping away. Everything stained a hideous red—my hands, her stomach and the floor. It was all stained in Rebecca’s blood.

Rebecca’s eyes enlarged incredulously, her jaw dropped and her lips trembled, unable to utter a single word.

Almost instantly, Ashton rushed in. He shoved me aside and hurried to support Rebecca, who was about to fall to the floor.

Do you see? Another coincidence. It’s as if everything had been pre-planned and scripted. My sudden desire to kill her, Ashton’s precisely timed heroic rescue, and how he came in right when I stabbed Rebecca. It all made me the villain in this story.

A pool of red slithered down Rebecca’s thighs, and the knife was still in her stomach.

Ashton’s arms coiled securely around her before carrying her up. He stared down a frazzled Mrs. Eriksen and ordered in a deep voice, “Call the hospital immediately!”

I felt myself dissociating as I watched them move like panicked ants. And, truly, none of it frightened me. In fact, my thoughts were surer than ever—Rebecca must die. Only when she was dead will my life be cleansed of all the pain and suffering.

Ashton held Rebecca tightly in his arms. Those cold, piercing eyes of his struck straight into me again. His lips pursed tightly as all emotion drained from his face.

Our frightfully cold gazes met. His eyes stabbed me as if they were sharpened icicles, while mine howled like an ice storm at him.

Something tickled at the back of my throat. I felt like laughing loudly, but nothing came, not even a chuckle. My grinning lips parted slightly as I felt no fear. Instead, I felt joy filling up my chest like the air I inhaled.

He watched me. His handsome face had frozen over with hints of anger, blame, and indifference. There was not a trail of warmth left.

Seeing his stone-cold gaze, it felt like a pair of arms had plunged into my chest. They moved slowly yet haphazardly, sinking inwards. The pain made it unbearable for me to breathe.

Something sharp stung my chest as I took in a breath. Watching him carry Rebecca out of the villa, my legs gave way and gravity pulled me down.

“Letty!” Mrs. Eriksen exclaimed, extending a supportive arm around me. Distress flashed onto her face. “Don’t worry, we’ll get through this. Everything will turn out fine.”

My head shook in response. I wasn’t worried at all about Rebecca, it was Ashton who unnerved me. Rebecca was right. I will never get the truthful, genuine kind of concern that Ashton had for Rebecca because he only had space for her.

He would never move on from her, never.

I pressed hard against my chest, hoping to suppress the pain. Turning to face the woman next to me, I croaked, “Mrs. Eriksen, it hurts so much!”

She held me firmly, lifting me up and guiding me over to the sofa.

Ambulance sirens blared outside the villa. The harsh sound shot at high speed and it ricocheted around the walls, breaking the villa's initial peace and quiet.

Once the sirens grew distant, Sally entered the room in her nightgown. Her eyes roamed from my sullen face, down to my bloodied hands.

With a sharp inhale, Sally's voice shrilled with blame. "Even if you hate her that much, it doesn't mean you can blatantly assault her like that. An eye for an eye, Scarlett. The Moore family won't let you off the hook so easily."

My lips tightened. I felt my emotions slowly stabilizing as I sat in silence.

Ashton loves Rebecca. All those years of companionship and care for her, there was no way he could ever pick up and move on from that easily. He hid it so well just like how he hid the remorse for harming my child and turned it into an obligated, false love for me. He transferred the kindness he has for Rebecca onto me...