In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 387

Another method?

In a flash, Cameron went limp, and she collapsed onto the ground helplessly.

After leaving the factory, I got into the car. Then I leaned back against the seat and closed my eyes. Instantly, weariness held me captive.

Out of the blue, a sense of warmth traveled up my palm. I opened my eyes and saw that it was Ashton. Holding my hand, he started the car and comforted me in a cool voice, "Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

However, I merely pursed my lips and said nothing. Who could it be?

Upon returning to the villa, I was a tad drowsy, so Ashton escorted me back to the bedroom. Then, he left some instructions for the confinement nanny before leaving.

After he left, I lay on the bed, feeling extremely sleepy. Yet I just couldn't fall asleep.

Thus, I took out my phone and gave Stacey a call. A few rings later, she picked up the phone.

"Ms. Stovall, are you… okay?" she asked tentatively.

Grunting in affirmation, I then asked, "Have you seen the news?"

 "Yeah." Pausing briefly, she then continued, "I've asked a friend to investigate this matter as I can't find anything on my side. The hotel's surveillance footage has been destroyed, so there's no way to investigate further."

Nodding, I inhaled before replying, "There's no need to investigate this further. Rather, find someone to keep an eye on Kristina. If possible, find out whether she has been in contact with Rebecca and Sally lately."

A touch puzzled, she hesitated for a moment before questioning, "Kristina? Why are you investigating her?"

"It's just a hunch that hasn't been verified, so check her out first. I'll tell you the specifics later."

On the other hand, Ashton and John were far swifter than her in investigating all else that was pertinent, for they'd investigated basically everything crucial.

After a long time had passed, she nodded. "Alright, got it!"

After hanging up the phone, I remained on the bed, but still, I couldn't sleep with the myriad of worries assailing me.

I was finally dozing off groggily after having lain there for what seemed an eternity, only to hear a commotion downstairs.

Irritated by the racket, I got out of bed and left the bedroom.

"Have Scarlett Stovall come out at once!" Rebecca roared as though having lost her mind in the living room.

The confinement nanny and the housekeeper tried their best to hold her back, pulling her outside. Even the bodyguards in the villa came rushing over and carried her out.

As I descended the stairs, I drawled, "Is something the matter, Ms. Larson?"

At this, the bodyguards stopped in their tracks though they still restrained Rebecca, who was struggling wildly.

"How could you shove the blame of your accident on me, Scarlett Stovall? You were only set up because someone detests you, so why are you making me the scapegoat?"

She struggled mightily. If it weren't for the fact that the bodyguards had a tight grip on her, she would probably have charged forward and ripped me to shreds.

Upon hearing this, I pursed my lips. "When did I make you the scapegoat?"

"Who else could it be besides you? Ashton wants to send me away, and even my parents don't want me. They all blame me, thinking that it was me who did that to you when I did nothing at all. If it were truly me, I would've ensured that you're dead, no doubt about that!" she sneered.

As she said that, she wanted to rush forward to hit me, but to no avail, since the two burly bodyguards kept her securely restrained.

Just then, a few people tore into the villa. I looked up and saw that it was Cameron and Zachary.

When Cameron saw Rebecca kicking up such a fuss, her control snapped. Striding forward, she swung her hand at her without bothering to ascertain whether she was steady on her feet.

All at once, Rebecca fell to the ground from the blow. She then covered her face and lifted her eyes.

The moment she caught a glimpse of Cameron, her eyes abruptly went red. "Mom, you've never treated me in such a manner! What gives? How could you slap me because of this woman? I'm your daughter!" she exclaimed incredulously.

Nonetheless, Cameron stared at her indifferently. "How did I treat you in the past? You know full well how I treated you, yes? Just look at yourself right now. Look at what you're doing at this moment! Why won't you repent, Rebecca Larson?"

Rebecca abruptly broke down at that. "I didn't do anything wrong, so why should I repent? The whole lot of you are at fault, yet you're all blaming me. Why? I didn't do anything wrong!"

Livid, Cameron wanted to hit her again, but Zachary held her back. "That's enough. Things are already a mess, so don't add to the chaos."

He turned around to take a look at the bodyguard and then ordered, "Help her up and send her back."

The bodyguard went to pull Rebecca up, but she slapped his hand away and bellowed, "Stay away from me! Don't touch me! I didn't do anything to her, so why are you all framing me?"

She pointed her finger at me with stark grievance written all over her face.

Meanwhile, Cameron gazed at her with abhorrence and repulsion in her eyes, her compassionate expression a thing of the past. "Who else could it be if not you? Did you think I'm unaware of the many times you rendezvoused with Sally furtively and the matter you both discussed?"

"Mom!" Tears streamed down Rebecca's face. "Why won't you believe me? My meeting with Sally has nothing to do with Scarlett. If I truly made a move against her, I would've ensured that she's dead. I wouldn't have allowed her a chance to live!"

Slap! Cameron landed a solid slap across her face.

Rebecca gaped at her, her face a mask of incredulity. "Do you remember how many times you've slapped me because of her?"

"Shut up!" Cameron snapped, still as enraged as ever. "If it weren't for you, would she have been hurt time and again? Yet, you're crying here? If I'd known about this, I wouldn't have allowed you to join the Moore family!"