

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 590

I just stared at him, unmoving.

He was quiet for a brief moment. "When I first met her, she was only seventeen years old. Then, she passed away at the age when her vanity was at its peak. I don't want to force your hand, so please do it yourself."

"At least let me know who she is, and why you picked me," I inquired.

When he lifted his head to gaze at me, his eyes looked calm. If anything, they looked too calm, nearly to the point that they were devoid of emotion. "'She' was Ashton's cousin, Naomi Fuller. I never intended on hurting you specifically, Scarlett, but there is a hole where my heart used to be. The devil lives in there now, and I can't get him out."

"So, I've now become your sacrificial lamb?" I couldn't understand a word he was saying, gazing at him in disbelief.

"Not really. It's just that Ashton happens to be in love with you." He shrugged. "He and I are best friends. If I lose something, it's only fair for him to lose something as well. We need to share that sense of empathy; otherwise, he'll never know what it feels like to lose the love of his life."

Stacey had mentioned that Charlie used to have a daughter when he was younger. Unfortunately, she passed away due to an accident, and he never wanted any more children after that.

I was also aware that Ashton had a cousin that Jared used to date.

But I wasn't present during any of that, and I had no idea as to what had happened in the past.

I didn't know what he felt towards Ashton, but he must have gotten rid of his humanity a long time ago if he had come all this way and taken this many extreme measures.

His stare towards me was pitiful and compassionate, mixed with several other complicated emotions that I couldn't place. He lamented, "You really remind me of her sometimes. When you handed me those clothes at the villa at Oceanid Bay, I nearly mistook you for her. You're both just so, so kind. And afterward, I wanted to help you leave Ashton so that you would be free of him. Why didn't you leave him?"

I chewed on my lower lip, unsure how to respond.

Jared let out an emotionless bark of laughter. "Maybe if you'd left him back then, your life would be drastically different from what it is now. I would never have hurt you, I wouldn't have met Macy, and you wouldn't be feuding with your parents..."

He abruptly stopped himself, a cruel smile on his lips as his stare turned sharp. "Do you see now? Do you see why Ashton deserves to die? He hurts everyone he loves, everyone who's close to him. He bounds people to him and loudly proclaims that he's doing it out of 'love'. No matter how broken you feel, he will always comfort you with sweet nothings about how he'll always protect you, how he'll always treat you right. And then, it reaches a point where you can never bear to hurt him, even if you hate him to death.

"We're actually the same, you and me. You're his lover, and I'm his best friend. He hurt you, but he also loves you. Because of that, you're not willing to hurt him, and you even force yourself to suppress all your feelings of upset and frustration in order to stay with him. I do that too; he indirectly caused me to lose the woman I loved most and caused me pain like nothing I'd ever felt before. But then, he proceeded to save me from the depths of hell. I absolutely loathe him, and yet I don't want to hurt a single hair on his head. Such a conundrum, isn't it?"

Humans are defined by our wide array of emotions. These emotions are never separate, but always intertwined and tangled and connected with each other.

I felt my heart clench inside my chest, but I had no clue if it was out of sympathy or pity. "You want to kill me so that he would be able to feel your pain?"

He nodded, smiling. "That's right."

“If I die, you and he will become mortal enemies.”

“I know. That is the best possible outcome. If we become enemies, then neither of us needs to hold back the pain we feel anymore. We will no longer need to hide away our wounds and scars.”

It sounded easy when spoken out loud, but surely it was much more complicated than just a simple declaration of love and hate.

“Do you promise that Summer will continue to grow up safely and healthily?” I asked.

Nodding, his expression softened somewhat. “Of course. She’s my daughter. I will take good care of her and give her all my love.”

I believed him.

So, I nodded.

I wonder if that taxi driver has called the police by now. Probably not. I was too reckless to come here without informing John. If I died right now, no one would ever be able to find out what happened to me.

I don’t want to be discovered as a rotting corpse!

Jared seemed amused as he watched me stare intently at the bottle of sulfuric acid. “I did give you the choice to die the same way Naomi did. You should be grateful.”

“You think giving me options on how to kill myself is a privilege?” I snapped.

“Yeah, it gives the whole thing a sense of ritualism. Now do it.”

I wasn't afraid of dying. However, I loathed having to die this way, and my movements were slow and hesitant.

Unfortunately, Jared's patience was already at its limit, the man exasperatedly getting to his feet and walking over to the table.