

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 321

I took a few bites of the delicious food. "Won't you have some?" I offered.

He harrumphed and took a seat across from me. After getting a new set of utensils from the server, he started eating. "Are you seriously not afraid of him?"

I placed my spoon down and sipped on my tea. "Will you give him a chance to hurt me?" I returned.

Stunned, he broke into laughter. "Scarlett, why would you think I'll protect you?"

"You're the one who called the police. Why would he take revenge on me?" Hmm, it's upsetting not being able to finish the food.

He was rendered speechless. "You were involved, too!"

"Am I the mastermind?"

John shook his head.

Shrugging nonchalantly, I replied, "Well, that has nothing to do with me then."

I stopped eating after a while. "It's getting late. I should go home now. Let me know when the results are out."

"Tsk," came his exasperated reply. "Why? Are you asking me to clean up the mess after you?"

I met his gaze. "What else do you expect?"

He faked a smile. "I see. Turns out women indeed hold grudges and remain mad longer than men do. Scarlett, I can't believe you're this petty."

I didn't bother to refute his words. Rising to my feet, I prepared to leave.

John followed me out of the restaurant. "Won't you tell Ashton about Savini?"

I shook my head while fishing for the car keys in my bag. “No need. It’s already settled. Find a way to dig Cameron’s dirt from Savini as soon as possible.”

My original plan was to drag Cameron down slowly, but that obviously wouldn’t work anymore.

Both me and Macy had been implicated in Jared and Ashton’s affairs. I didn’t even know how Macy was coping with things, so I wanted to end this swiftly and investigate the relationship between Macy and Jared thoroughly.

John nodded and folded his arms. “That’s easy. But you’ve set up an elaborate trap. Isn’t it disappointing to discard it just like that?”

Disappointing?

“I have other things to do.” It was useless to waste time on Cameron as she must be extremely anxious now.

Finally, I found my car keys and unlocked my car. “Well, let’s meet up another day. Bye!”

John stood in my way. “When will you stop getting back at Cameron?”

“When she’s in a living hell?” All I wanted was for her to get a taste of her own medicine—the pain of losing her child.

Frowning, he told me, “One day, if you regret your decision, don’t blame me for going all out.”

I rolled my eyes. “If that happens, it means she’ll be full of regrets too. Don’t be such a fool. See you around!”

We went on our separate ways and I drove back to the villa.

I was on my period, so I fell asleep not long after I returned home.

Soon, a commotion woke me up. My belly was throbbing dully by now. My irritation crackled when the noise continued downstairs.

Five minutes later, the noise showed no signs of stopping. I rose to my feet in annoyance and went downstairs.

At the top of the stairway, I saw Rebecca. Her camel-colored coat was drenched with rainwater. She seemed like a damsel in distress, with her hair lying in damp curls and her makeup all gone. She looked haggard.

When she spotted me, she pushed Mrs. Eriksen aside and dashed up the stairs. Tugging at my sleeves, she demanded viciously, "Scarlett, it was you, right?"

I was still in a daze. It took me a moment to formulate a reply. "Ms. Larson, could you perhaps provide an explanation on your question?"

Her eyes were bloodshot as she gripped my sleeves. Clearly, she was forcing herself to calm down. "Scarlett, stop putting up an act. You were the one who framed my mother, right?"

Oh, that. I flashed a smile and replied, "Set up a trap?" My stomach was aching badly. "Ms. Larson, have you graduated from primary school? Do you need me to explain what 'frame' means? Don't tell me you really think your mother has been framed?"

"Why won't you stop targeting me? You've taken Ash away from me." Her voice was desperate. "I was reunited with my parents and family, but you destroyed my family in a blink of an eye. Scarlett, why do you hate me so much? What did I do to you?"

She seemed to be on a verge on an emotional breakdown.

My reply was cold. "Ms. Larson, you should stop questioning me and reflect on your own actions."

Well, well. It seems like Cameron is currently under investigation. John is fast!

She sneered. "You deserve it for taking Ash away from me. That baby came at the wrong time. He didn't want to be born, so I merely gave him what he wanted—death."

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I pursed my lips as a fresh swell of rage rose in me. Scanning her venomous being, I let out an abrupt laugh. "That means your mother shouldn't exist in this world too. Do you know what will happen to her next? Come, let me explain everything."

Seeing how furious she was, my voice grew increasingly cold. "Next, she'll be charged for bribery, theft, murder, and illegal trading. Then, her assets would be seized and auctioned off. Even if you and Zachary could get her out of jail, she'll be left with nothing."

I paused and let out a sinister chuckle. "She used to be a wealthy and powerful woman. Now, she'd returned to square one, broke and left with nothing. Do you think she can handle the pain? By the way, I heard that the youngest daughter of the Moore family, Emery Moore, is back. You must be in a tight spot now. If she loses everything, I wonder how you'll survive in the Moore family."

As the color drained out of Rebecca's face, I shrugged casually. "Well, I can't wait for that to happen."

"Scarlett, you b*tch!" She raised her hand to give me a slap, but I gripped her wrist before she could do that.

Her gaze was ablaze with fury and killing intent.

I released her and chuckled lightly. "Don't stare at me. I know you hate me, but I can't help it. I'm sorry, Rebecca."

Utterly furious, her lips curled into a smirk. "Do you really think I care? Yes, I can't be with Ashton anymore. But he'll never forget about me. After knowing that my mother is in trouble, he has arranged everything nicely for me. Even without the Moore family's help, I can survive abroad with his arrangements." She sneered, "Scarlet, you'll live under my shadows forever. I might be suffering, but so are you!"

I was overwhelmed momentarily by her words. Ashton has thought of everything.

When I snapped back to reality, Rebecca was gazing at me smugly. "He might be your husband, but he'll grow sick of you one day. Time will tell everything. By then, no matter

what has become of me, he'll still take care of me. Scarlett, you might think you've won, but the truth is, you've lost miserably."

Shrugging casually, I pretended as if I wasn't bothered. "Congratulations in advance, then. Regardless of how he'll treat me in the future, it doesn't matter to me now. No one knows what will happen in the future, right?"

Her breathing got heavier, as though she couldn't understand why I was still calm. She raised her hand to try to hit me again, but thought the better of it.

"Tell me what you're going to do next. Scarlett, since things have gotten ugly now, you don't have to keep it a secret anymore."

I smiled faintly. "Why would I do so? I've always been a bad b*tch. When I take revenge, I like to torture my enemy. An instant kill is not fun at all. Torturing her is far more interesting. I'll watch as everything slips out of her reach slowly while she has a mental breakdown. Just thinking about it sends a thrill of anticipation through me. It won't be fun if I reveal everything to you now."

"You must be crazy!" Rebecca's face contorted with anger. "Scarlett, if you insist on making me suffer, I'll make your life a living hell, too!"

She might be enraged, but this was my house. In the end, she spun on her heels and left in a huff.

Before she left, she hissed, "Scarlett, if I can't have it, nobody else will!"

She was so overwhelmed with hatred. My drowsiness faded away as I stood at the door blankly.

"You're good at pissing people off." Sally's voice sounded from behind.

I glanced at her coolly and said nothing.

Even though I ignored her, she continued, "Cameron is particularly vengeful. You should either defeat her entirely or make sure she ends up in jail forever. Otherwise, if she comes back later, you'll be in trouble."

I stared at her calmly. "Are you saying I should kill her once and for all?"

After all, only the dead wouldn't be able to make a comeback.

She snickered, "You can try that."

How ruthless of her.

Our conversation ended after that. I entered the kitchen and told Mrs. Eriksen to prepare some ginger carrot soup for me.

I was talking to her when Ashton's call came in. His voice was crisp and clear as usual. "Are you at home? Do you have any cravings? I can buy them for you."

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I racked my brains and mentioned a few dishes.

"I'll be home in fifteen minutes!"

After hanging up, Mrs. Eriksen giggled. "What a loving couple. Letty, why don't you plan for another child in spring? I can't wait to see that."

I was taken aback. Another child?

I've never thought of having another child after the miscarriage. I couldn't even protect my first child, so I dared not dream of having another.

"Scarlett, you're far more ruthless than I imagine!" Out of nowhere, Sally rushed in and smashed my bowl onto the ground. "Did I ever offend you? Why are you forcing me into a corner?" she pointed at me and demanded angrily.

Huh?

I frowned in confusion. "What did I do?"

"The incident from ten years ago is all over the news. Besides the three dead Whites, you and I are the only ones in the know. Tell me. Why would I ruin my own reputation? That leaves only you, Scarlett. There's no one else!"

As fury overcame her, she picked up a shard of broken glass on the ground and came for my face.

I couldn't well dodge her attack as I hadn't expected it. The glass shard was about to slit my cheek when someone suddenly grabbed the glass shard in Sally's hand.

Stunned, I looked up and saw Ashton. Blood had started to trickle down from his palm.

Immediately, I shoved Sally away and gazed at Ashton with concern. "Are you alright?"

I squeezed his hand and forced him to open his palm. The glass shard had pierced his skin, creating a deep slash. "Does it hurt?"

He combed my hair with his other hand. "No. What happened?"

Sally regained her composure on the ground. Instead of getting to her feet, she told Ashton, "You should ask her. She's cruel enough to scheme against her own relative!"

Ashton's lips thinned. With his brows knitted up, he returned, "Even if she's cruel, she'd never try to slash another woman's face with a sharp object."

A hint of anger crept into his voice.

Sally paled visibly. "I could ruin her looks, but she had ruined the rest of my life! Ashton, don't be fooled by her!"

Ashton's gaze landed on me. "What exactly happened?"

I shook my head. At the sight of the blood pooling in his palm, I told Mrs. Eriksen to get the first aid kit. "I don't know. Aunt Sally, what is going on?"

Sally sneered. "You don't know? Scarlett, you're good at putting up an act, huh?" She yelled, "Weren't you the one who told the reporter why I married Benjamin ten years ago? You even exposed Sharon's scandal and how I forced Sharon to her death by using the scandal to threaten her!"

I frowned at her words. Indeed, I knew everything. After Benjamin's passing, Sally revealed this piece of news to Sharon, causing her to go crazy and jump off a building in guilt.

However, I've never told anyone about it.

Ashton stared at me as his brows snapped together. "Was it you?"

Shaking my head, I denied. "No!"

Nodding, Ashton's voice turned icy. "She said it wasn't her," he told Sally coolly. "I trust her. You'd better have evidence before touching her. Otherwise, I'll make you pay for your actions."

Sally's eyes widened incredulously. "Ashton, you're a fool! The Whites are dead, and she's the only person alive who knows the truth. Why would I ruin my reputation right now?"

Ashton was unfazed. "Then you can punish her when you find the evidence."

With that, he tugged me out of the kitchen and headed for our bedroom.

I took the first aid kit from Mrs. Eriksen and trailed after him obediently.

In our bedroom, I cleaned his wound carefully. Some of the blood had dried up over his wound.

"Does it hurt?" It was a deep cut, so I couldn't help but wince as I dabbed the cotton on it.

Shaking his head, he chuckled lightly. "Are you feeling sorry for me?"

I pursed my lips and sighed. "Don't act on impulse next time."

"What a fool," he uttered and caressed my cheek. "You're precious to me. Next time, remember to avoid her attacks swiftly, hmm?"

Nodding, I resumed bandaging his wound. "I think someone else is involved in Aunt Sally's scandal," I told him and exhaled sharply.

His gaze darkened. "Stay out of this. The White family's matter has nothing to do with us. I'll deal with Aunt Sally."

My mouth set in a hard line. Marcus' death had left a void in my heart. I couldn't well forget him. Right now, I couldn't bring myself to pity Sally as she had brought this upon herself.

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Nevertheless, I was curious as to who exposed the entire debacle to the public.

The Baumans knew nothing of this. Besides Sally and me, who else could it be?

I couldn't understand any of it, so I simply stopped thinking. Looking up at Ashton, I asked, "Is everything alright at Fuller Corporation?"

He seems pretty exhausted lately.

With a faint smile, Ashton shook his head. "We're expanding, so there are bound to be some difficulties. Don't worry. I can solve the problems easily."

Clearly, he didn't want me to worry. I changed the topic deftly. "I might go to M Country to visit Macy and Jackson. It might take a while."

His brows furrowed up. "It's almost the end of the year. Why can't you leave after the celebrations?"

I let out another sigh. "I'm just worried for them. You told me Dr. Crest is in M Country, so I told him to keep an eye on both Macy and Jackson. But he didn't send me anything."

After I finished bandaging his wound, Ashton tugged me down to sit beside him. "Let's talk about this calmly, shall we?"

As he was rarely this patient with me, I gave him a nod. "Sure, go on."

"The temperature in M Country is at least ten degrees lower than K City. You've just recovered, so I don't think it's a good idea to head there now. Do you understand?"

I inclined my head.

He pulled me into his arms and added, "Besides, Louis is going to hold a grand party to celebrate you being his goddaughter. Also, your plan to take Cameron down is about to succeed. Won't you stay and see her ending for yourself?"

It took me a few seconds to realize what he was saying. Looking up in surprise, I blurted out, "Y-You know about it?"

Chuckling lightly, he brushed his finger across my nose. "Do you seriously think Stacey could get access to all the information easily in K City?"

Lips parted in surprise, I stared at him wordlessly as warmth enveloped my heart. He knew what I wanted and never stopped me from doing anything. Instead, he gave me his full support by helping me secretly.

A wave of warmth washed over me as I snuggled into his embrace. "Thank you, Ashton." My voice was hoarse.

He pressed a kiss on my forehead before inquiring, "Why did Rebecca come here today?"

"For her mother," I replied curtly. My belly wasn't aching anymore, but I couldn't summon any energy.

Ashton spoke. "I'll ask Joe to escort her to M Country. She'll live there peacefully."

"Mm," came my cool reply.

Sensing my displeasure, he lifted my chin and forced me to meet his gaze. "Are you upset?"

"No." I shook my head and exhaled. "Ashton, I know you're forever responsible for her the moment you made your promise to Parker. We can't predict the future, so let's just savor the present."

George was a retired soldier. He had brought Ashton up to be a responsible man. Hence, even though Ashton never loved Rebecca, he'd still take good care of her.

I must say Parker had picked the perfect person to take care of his sister.

Sally was determined that it was me who told the reporters about her past, so she deliberately made things difficult for me.

Ashton was on a business trip, and I was fed up with Sally's mocking comments. Hence, I went to White Corporation to view the progress of the OrbitTech project.

Before I could leave, I bumped into Cameron outside. K City was freezing in winter, so she was clad in a fashionable but warm outfit—black thigh-high boots and white knee-length puffer jacket.

Upon spotting me, she alighted from her vehicle and removed her sunglasses. "Ms. Stovall, you're pretty busy. Are you heading out in the cold?"

I knew why she was here and went straight to the topic. "Ms. Anderson, why are you here?"

She flashed an elegant smile. "It's freezing out here. Do you mind chatting in my car?"

After pulling the door of her car open, she added, "Don't worry. The car is well-heated."

I entered the passenger seat. "What is this about?" I asked.

"Did you provide that information to Louis?" she inquired without any hint of warmth.

Tilting my head, I pondered about it before responding, "Which information?"

She curled her lips into a smirk and fiddled with her sunglasses. "To be honest, you are exactly like me when I was young—vindictive and cold. I've worked hard over the years just to marry Zachary. Now, I've finally achieved my dream. You're smart enough to attack my weak spots—Rebecca and Zachary."

She added, "You dug up dirt about me so the Moore family would kick me out. But have you ever thought about how I'll retaliate? After all, I didn't suffer from a fatal blow. When I launch an attack, what will happen to you?"