

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 335

She raised a questioning brow at everyone in the ward. Empty laughter cackled from her lips. "I'm the victim! I got stabbed for no reason, yet you're all so cold-blooded to me. You asked me what I want. Well, I want to stab her back! Can you fulfill this request?"

My jaw tightened. I eyed her coldly and agreed, "That's fine by me!"

Ashton's brows furrowed into a deep "V" as he looked furiously at me. "Scarlett, shut up!"

"You're fine with it?" Rebecca smiled ear-to-ear. "Great! Come over here, and we'll get even after stabbing you."

With that said, her cold glare fixated on me as she ripped out the IV needle from her arm. "There are no knives here, but I won't need one. I'll use this needle instead. We can call it even after I impale you."

I approached her. My body moved surely and steadily, devoid of any fear. As I closed in on her, her sneering smile curved deeper.

Within seconds, her arm snaked forwards with the needle, aiming for my eye. Gasps sounded from all round.

Ashton was quick to notice her plan. His arm darted faster than hers, snatching the needle from her grasp. Unfortunately, the needle drew blood. It slit a long, bloodied line down his palm.

Witnessing this, heavy sighs of relief weighed down the room. Cameron collapsed into Zachary's arms, burying her head into his chest. Complicated emotions surged as she said to me, "You should go. Let's forget any of this ever happened."

Rebecca sizzled in betrayal. "Mom! What are you talking about? She wanted to kill me! How can you let her get away with it?"

"Shut up!" Cameron yelled. Disgust colored her eyes green. "She wouldn't have hurt you if you didn't harass her in the middle of the night. Deep down, you know perfectly well why she stabbed you."

Rebecca's stared incredulously at her. Shock and disbelief burned under her skin; she refused to believe that the woman before her was her mother.

Realizing how harsh her words sounded, Cameron paused to recompose before meeting her daughter's eyes again. Then, she spoke in a gentler voice, "Rebecca, you're okay now. Just take a couple of days to rest and recover in the hospital, don't stress yourself over anything else."

But Rebecca was not easily swayed. She had spent most of her time alongside Ashton who sheltered and spoiled her. All those years in her life had cemented her arrogant and stubborn temperament. There was no way anyone could convince Rebecca to let go of her grudge.

Shooting daggers at me, Rebecca snorted. "Even if everyone here defends you, you'll still go to jail. Don't forget, Scarlett. Your fingerprints are all over the knife that you stabbed me with. I doubt anyone here can stop me if I insist on filing a case against you. As long as I'm alive, I'll sue you for attempted murder. I'll make sure you get at least a couple of years and rot in a jail cell."

Clang! Ashton smashed a glass of water that originally sat on the bedside table.

With eyes locked on Rebecca, he picked up a shard off the ground. "Your wound receives seven stitches on it, is that right?"

Rebecca watched him cautiously, "What are you up to?"

"You wanted a life for a life," he responded. "Clearly that won't do because you didn't die. So however deep your wound goes, that's how deeply I'll stab myself. Are you happy with that?"

Ashton proceeded to lift his shirt. Within seconds, he forcefully plunged the shard into his abdomen.

I was so shocked and I rushed to stop him, but it was already too late. The shard sank deeper and deeper into his skin.

Rebecca stared at him in disbelief. Her hands shot up to her lips as she watched him in anguish. "Does she really mean that much to you?"

Ashton's hand pressed onto his wound, blood gushed onto his fingers, seeping into the cracks of his nails. An overwhelming pain pulsed in my chest. I raced towards him, hoping to drag him outside to a doctor or a nurse to get treated.

But he held me down while looking at Rebecca. "She's my wife. I will bear the burden of her mistakes as well as any pain she feels. What I can do is to protect her to the best I can. Whether or not she's a good or bad person will not change the fact that she's my wife."

My eyes reddened at the sight of his wounds. Concern and anger brimmed at the corner of my lips. "Who asked you to bear those burdens for me? I don't need your intervention. I can take responsibility for the troubles I've caused. It's just a few years in prison. I can handle it on my own."

I spun around to leave as I was ready to turn myself in.

Suddenly, Ashton's fingers coiled tightly around my wrist. He growled with a low voice, "Shut up!"

Then, his attention turned back to Rebecca. "If this wound isn't deep enough for you, I can still pierce the shard deeper."

"Get out!" Rebecca shrieked. Her bubbling emotions were on the verge of an explosion. "All of you, get out! I don't want anyone in my sight!"

Blood seeped onto Ashton's clothes. It dripped and formed a strikingly vermilion puddle on the hospital floor. Jared had just called for a doctor. He immediately picked up that Ashton's hand that was still pressing on the shard. Furiously, he shouted, "Stop forcing the shard inwards! Do you really want to die that badly?"

Ashton said nothing. He only looked at Rebecca, obviously waiting for her to say that she'd drop the charges against me.

Rebecca focused on Ashton, her eyes were filled with pain and despair. She clambered off the hospital bed, picked a shard from the ground, and rammed it at him.

Since I stood next to Ashton, I quickly rushed in front of him and blocked Rebecca's attack. The glass shard cut through my arm. The pain caused beads of sweat to form at the nape of my neck.

Thankfully, Rebecca was injured and didn't have much strength to shove the shard any deeper. She glared at us for the longest time before she loosened her grip on the shard, letting it shatter onto the ground. Her voice quavered, "Both of you just leave. I won't press charges!"

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In the doctor's office, Jared cleaned my wound. Ashton, however, was sent into the operating theater. Messy thoughts bounced at high speeds in my mind.

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I was still recovering from the shock of what had just happened. My entire body felt completely numb.

Jared continued chattering next to me, but I didn't register a single word he said. When Cameron and Zachary arrived in the room, Jared turned to look at me with a rather complicated expression on his face.

Cameron was the first to open his mouth. "Are you alright?"

I looked up at them and said in a dull tone, "If the both of you want to file a lawsuit against me, please go ahead."

Cameron shook her head frantically. "No, we're here to take a look at you! Ms. Stovall, you..."

Zachary interrupted her impatiently. "Alright, you've seen her. Let's go and visit Rebecca now! This matter is over as far as I'm concerned."

Jared helped me to bandage my wounds. As he gazed darkly after their retreating backs, he said with a frown, "I suppose the Moore family won't be filing a lawsuit against you, then."

Truthfully, I wasn't afraid of what they might do to me. I bowed my head and stared at the wound on my arm.

Looking up at Jared again, I asked, "Nothing will happen to Ashton, right?"

He burst into laughter. "He didn't sustain injuries to his lungs, so he's fine. He'll be alright after a few stitches, don't worry about it."

I nodded, still feeling a little uncertain.

Ashton jumped down from his hospital bed after the stitching and said to me, "Come on, let's go home!"

I gaped at him, feeling rather stunned. A complicated mix of emotions surged up within me. "Ashton, you must be knocked in the head!" I exclaimed. "You've just come out of the operating room, and you're looking for death again? Don't you think your injuries are bad enough as they are?"

It was already three in the morning now. Mrs. Eriksen and Sally had returned to the villa. Jared and Joe went home, too. As for Rebecca, the Moore family had hired a night nurse to look after her.

I remained in the hospital with Ashton. When he tried to sneak out against doctor's orders, I managed to stop him with an angry yell.

He looked at me, stunned. With a frown, he demanded, "Aren't you tired of being cooped up at the hospital?"

I pursed my lips and shoved him back onto the hospital bed. The injuries on his abdomen had been bandaged and were healing well, but I felt my heart ache just looking at them. "Lie down on your back," I ordered. "We'll leave the hospital only when the doctor discharges us."

Ashton lay back down obediently and patted the space next to him on the bed. "Lie here with me, or we'll go home right now."

I pressed my lips together in exasperation. There was no use in arguing with a sick person. Besides, I was pretty tired. To his delight, I lowered myself into his bed, trying to put as much distance between us as possible.

However, Ashton snuggled closer to me and wrapped his arms around my body. In a low voice, he mumbled, "Sleep tight."

Hearing his voice, the tears I had been holding back started flowing down my cheeks uncontrollably.

I turned around to face him, my face wet with tears. "Ashton, don't you dare do this for me in the future. I don't need it, and I don't want you to get injured because of me."

He tilted my chin up and looked deeply at me. "Does your heart ache?"

I gazed into his eyes and leaned up to press a kiss on his lips. Because of my clumsiness, Ashton looked rather amused.

Since we were still at the hospital, he pushed me away lightly and mumbled, "Alright, that's enough. Don't you know where we are?"

However, women were ruled by emotion. Since I had started it, I couldn't possibly stop right now. Avoiding his injury, I buried my head in his neck.

Ashton's breathing sounded even more ragged now. "Scarlett, stop fooling around. We're at the hospital!"

I refused to listen to him. After plastering his entire face with kisses, I lay my head against his chest and started crying silently again.

Ashton sounded a little helpless. "We're still at the hospital, you know. If you want to make out, we can do that when we get home!"

I ignored him and continued sobbing against his chest. Haplessly, he tried to console me. "Do you really want to do it right now?"

After a pause, he continued, "Let's go home first, alright? We can make out as much as you want when we get home. It's a little inconvenient to do that in the hospital."

I looked up at him, registering the sharp features of his face. Ashton was so handsome that God was so unfair. In a rather hoarse voice, I said, "Ashton, don't do this again in the future, alright? I'm n—not worth putting your life on the line for."

Ashton froze when he heard my words. In a deep, restrained voice, he replied, "You're completely worth it. Everything I do for you is completely worth it."

I took in his words, my heart throbbing with indescribable pain and sadness.

Although the bed in the VIP lounge was huge, it was incomparable to the size of the one we had at home. Because of the shock of the event, I scarcely slept a wink that night.

I jolted awake numerous times that night, startled awake by the nightmarish images of Ashton lying in a pool of blood.

A few more times later, my entire body was dripping with sweat. Upon realizing that I was having a nightmare, Ashton pulled me into his arms and patted my back to comfort me.

I gazed up at him, my heart hurting tremendously. "Ashton, make sure you die behind me when the time comes, alright?"

I was terrified. Thoughts of those frightening events were still swirling in my mind, and I never wanted to experience them again.

In a low voice, Ashton asked, "What did you see in your dream?"

"You went missing!" The moment I opened my mouth to reply to him, tears rolled down my cheeks again. My heart was aching so much that I didn't think I could bear it anymore.

"You silly girl," he laughed. "Close your eyes and go to sleep! I promise I'll still be here when you wake up." He sighed and caressed my hair gently.

Because we had such a difficult time falling asleep in the hospital, Ashton went and got himself discharged from the hospital the very next day. We returned to the villa instead.

Sally had already returned to the White residence. Apparently, Mr. Bauman had called off the investigation on her.

Mrs. Eriksen was the only employee left at the villa. Molly had been dismissed by Ashton before we returned home.

Because I had slept so badly the entire night, my head was throbbing painfully. The moment we got home, Ashton knitted his brows together and said, "I'm going to go take a shower first."