

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1445

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Her face was obscured by a pair of shades, so I was not able to tell who she was right off the bat.

It was when she removed them that I recognized her as Rebecca.

Rebecca must have gotten used to the attention; her getup was more over the top than the last time I saw her.

The woman gnashed and ground her teeth as she stabbed a finger at my nose. "Scarlett Stovall, you slut. How the hell did you manage to still stand there in one piece?"

She did not seem inclined to veil her blood-lust toward me in the least.

I must be an idiot if I still couldn't figure out why.

The thought of the moment when our lives hung by a thread had my fingers tighten into a fist. "Were you the one who tampered with Marcus' car?"

"That's right." Rebecca raised her voice to shift the blame onto me. "So what if I did? Anyone who tries to protect you deserves to die!"

Before I could react, she lunged at me and caught me by the jaw, forcing me to look directly into her eyes. "How is it that you can manage to dodge a bullet every single time? But know that this is just the beginning. Next time, I'll have you know what real horror is!"

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The vise-like grip she had on me hurt my face.

I gritted my teeth and shook her off. "Does a human life really have so little value to you?"

Rebecca let out a scoff, acting as though she had just heard the biggest joke ever. "Human life? Isn't mine worth nothing to all of you? I'll never forget how I've been left to die inside of that freezing cell, so don't you dare die on me yet, Scarlett. I'll have you suffering for the rest of your life!"

With that, she spat on the ground and turned to leave.

As I watched her silhouette fade into the distance, I finally understood why Emery had called this woman a raving lunatic who couldn't be reasoned with.

I took a deep breath before I pulled out my phone and calmly called the police.

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When I sent Marcus his lunch, I was guilt-ridden and subconsciously avoided making eye contact.

It was as Marcus had described it when they took his statement. He was an honest-to-goodness businessman. Genial and humble, he would not casually make an enemy of anyone.

I was the cause of the accident that day; I had unwittingly dragged him into my mess.

When I had all of the meat placed on his side, Marcus finally sensed that something was off. "You look distracted. Are you not used to the spare bed?"

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There was little else I could do except come clean. "I'm sorry. That accident happened because of me."

Marcus nodded. He paused briefly before he replied, almost jokingly. "It looks like that person really wants you dead."

"It does appear to seem that way."

Rebecca must have been tracking me for a long time and knew that Marcus and I were quite inseparable. That was probably why she had targeted him.

There were no grudges between them. Rebecca would not have gone ahead and done what she did if she had even the slightest sliver of compassion within her. In retrospect, perhaps she might have been inside the car that suddenly intercepted us that day.

Rebecca was psychotic. She had already concluded that I was that Scarlett Stovall and wanted me dead, regardless of the collateral damage caused.

It would appear imperative that I establish my own identity. Should the police be unable to take her to task, I fear that I would be treading on thin ice going forward.

At the same time, I was curious about what sort of enmity there was between Scarlett and Rebecca that the latter had to seek vengeance no matter the cost.

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Upon receiving my report, the police arrested Rebecca, who went by the alias of Vivian Wiesmann. As she had been quite meticulous, it took considerable

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effort on their part to investigate thoroughly before they could formally charge her.

It was unbelievable how she managed to reappear on television a few days after. I was sure someone exceedingly powerful must have her back.

The day Rebecca was released arrived around the same time Marcus was to be discharged.

After I was done with the paperwork for Marcus, I returned to the ward, only to find Rebecca standing outside the door.

She was heavily made-up and dressed to the nines, as usual. Already into the weather of October, she was still wearing a sparse black spaghetti-strap dress. With her straps and golden tresses billowing in the wind, anyone would be excused for thinking that she was here for a televised interview.

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