

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.”