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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1431

Rebecca seemed oblivious to the pain. Her eyes had never left mine as she yelled, "Ashton's not dead, and so are you. Why must Armond die when the two of you managed to live?"

I had no clue what she was going on about. I was only certain of her resentment of me.

Emery butted in angrily, "Armond deserved it. No one owed anything to him. If you think your life's too long, I can always send you and your b*tchy face to prison for life!"

Rebecca ignored Emery's words completely. Her ire was directed completely at me. "You know what, I'm glad to be alive. I'm going to make your life a living hell!"

Emery slapped her. "Rebecca, you should go see a doctor if you're barking mad. Don't make me show you what a living hell really is!"

Just then, a fashionably dressed man in a beret walked past our room. At the sight of Rebecca lying on the floor, he rushed forward to help her up. "Oh god, why are you making a mess again? What if the paparazzi were around? You'll be dead!"

"They can take as many photos as they want! They're all just a bunch of keyboard warriors. They've been attacking me since my debut, but I'm still as

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popular as I've ever been!" Rebecca retorted. Her prima donna attitude turned me off.

I guessed that she was some sort of celebrity. The frustrated-looking man beside her was probably her manager.

Her manager seemed to be more tactful than Rebecca was. When he recognized Emery, he immediately offered an apology. "Ms. Moore, I'm so sorry. Vivian must be drunk. I hope you can forgive her behavior. I'll apologize on her behalf."

Haughtily, Emery replied, "If this happens again, I'll put both of you out of work."

"It won't, I promise."

With an awkward smile on his face, he dragged Rebecca out of the room.

When they reached the doors, Rebecca stopped and glared at me.

It took me a long time to collect myself after Rebecca had left.

Emery shouted, "What a b*tch!"

She turned toward me and noticed that I appeared lost. "Scarlett, are you hurt?"

I shook my head and croaked, "Is she my enemy?"

"Yes." Emery sat down and explained nonchalantly, "There were rumors that she had died at a drug rehabilitation center. Apparently, someone had brought

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her out of the place. She got herself a new face and a new identity. Now, she's made herself into a C-list celebrity. Her acting's pretty sh*t, though she's great at keeping up her popularity. Or should I say, notoriety."

"She's in showbiz? Why and how do I know her?" I was even more confused.

"Hmph, I think it's probably best if you never have a thing to do with Rebecca again." Emery scoffed. "That woman stole your man, and she almost stole your entire life and your kids. She's a living example of an ultimate a**hole. Back then, I was still wondering what kind of blind idiot would save a hopeless drug addict like her. Now, I realize it's something a psycho like Armond would totally do."

"If that's the case, shouldn't I be the one hating her? Rebecca made it seem like everything was my fault. Are you sure you're not just sugarcoating things because you're my best friend?"

"Huh?" Emery stared at me in incomprehension. "You're blaming yourself for her evil schemes?"

I didn't know how to argue with that. I guess there are plenty of things in this world that I'll never understand. Just like love and hate. We may never outrun or hide from them.

"Ms. Stovall!" Gregory's childish voice drifted in through the door.

Turning around, I saw Ashton and Gregory framed in the doors of the private room.

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