

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 537

The abrupt change in attitude took me aback for a second before I remembered. John's deepest, darkest fear was to live alone for the rest of his life, with no one to rely on.

"This is all consequences of your own actions," I scolded him. "You say that you're afraid of being left alone, but think about Hannah. She has stayed with you for more than ten years without any complaint because she knows you're scared to be alone. She even took the risk and gave birth to a child for you knowing that her body might not be able to handle a pregnancy.

"She might not come from a good family and or have high social standing, but with her personality and looks, it wouldn't be hard for her to find someone who treasures and cares for her genuinely. If she didn't love you so much and didn't insist on staying with you, could you imagine what a better life she could be living right now? Which woman doesn't dream of marrying a man who loves her with all his heart? Who the hell do you think she's torturing herself for?"

John seemed to be rendered speechless, so I continued on, "You can go on and continue fooling around with other women for all I care. When Hannah has had enough and wakes up from her daze one day, she will realize that she deserves more than this crappy life. She will leave with her child and start a new and better chapter of her life. But what about you? Do you think that you'll be able to meet another woman who's willing to sacrifice her own dignity for your sake, just like Hannah? That'd be impossible! You will only ever meet women who are after your wealth and influence. Do you think that Yvonne girl truly likes you for who you are? Are you really so stupid to think that she would even bat an eyelash in your direction if she didn't know that you were a son of the Stovall family?"

John's face had turned a sickly shade of green by the time my tirade was over. I didn't want to deal with this any longer, so I tugged Emery along as I left.

Emery tsked at me as we exited the nightclub. "I always thought you are slow-witted and meek. Who knew that you could go off like that?"

“He’s my brother,” I sighed. “I can’t let him continue like this. Hannah is a kind girl and she deserves better.”

Emery nodded in agreement. “Well, to be honest, Hannah is quite a nice lady. If she were born in the country, Louis wouldn’t mind as much regardless of whatever background she came from. But she hails from Southeast Asia; once she marries John and becomes a part of the Stovall family, her true identity is more than enough to make Louis renounce his position. John’s concern isn’t without reason.”

I already knew of all of this. “But she’s already given birth to his child. John just can’t abandon her now of all times. Even if they can’t get married legally, he is responsible for taking care of her and the child. What does he think he’s doing, hanging out at bars and flirting with other women?” I lamented.

She shrugged. “You have a point.”

There was a brief pause before she reached into her bag and took out a sandalwood box, handing it to me. “Here. Cameron asked me to give this to you. It’s only been opened once, and the key is with Ashton. So, if you want to look at its contents, you’ll have to ask Ashton for it.”

I sighed at the familiar sight of the box, holding it up. When looking closely at it, I realized that the design of the keyhole was strange. “This keyhole looks unique.”

“I heard from Cameron that the box isn’t unlocked with a normal key,” explained Emery. “Ashton might know more about it. The box does have quite a fascinating design.”

It was getting late. I had no time to be standing around studying the box any further.

Slipping it into my bag, I asked her, “It’s nearly midnight. Aren’t you going to head home?”

“Honestly? I don’t want to.” She pursed her lips.

“Arguing right after the wedding is normal for newly-married couples,” I said. “You’re already married. You love Hunter, and that’s all that matters, no?”

Emery groaned. "I know, but his mother is so annoying. She thinks the world of herself for raising Hunter to become a professor of a reputable school, and she constantly nitpicks at me, thinking that I'm trying to take advantage of her son."

Parents' involvement in their children's marriage was truly a recipe for disaster. No matter how strong the couple's love for each other was, it was bound to end in disaster sooner or later.

Pondering over the idea, I suggested, "Do you want to come over to my place?"

She chuckled, looking more upset than if she were crying. "I refuse to see Ashton's stone-cold face for a second more than I have to."

"Should I call Hunter and ask him to pick you up?"

"It's fine. Just hurry on home; I'll go back to the Moore Residence and stay with my brother," she answered after a while, shaking her head.

There was a brief pause. "Do you want to come with me to the Moore Residence?"

It was my turn to shake my head, laughing. "Ashton will get mad if I arrive home too late."

Fed up with me, Emery dug out her car keys and waved at me, walking away. "Whatever. Drive yourself home; I won't be sending you. Goodnight!"

"Goodnight!"

I watched her car speed off into the distance before getting into my own, sighing. It looked like life gave everyone lemons, regardless of whoever they were.

All we could do was try our best to turn those lemons into sweet, thirst-relieving lemonade. Sometimes, by some stroke of luck or maybe fate, someone would offer you their own lemonade as well.

The sky grew darker as I drove towards the villa. There weren't many cars on the road, and it was a smooth, uneventful journey home.

Pulling up to the suburban villa, I noticed that the lights were still on inside the building. It seemed that Ashton had waited up for me.