

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 493

I patted her hand and whispered, "It's okay!"

On the other end of the call, John was taken aback momentarily. "I'll send someone to pick her up. Don't worry."

I tried to keep my anger at bay, even though I felt that he had really gone overboard. "For goodness' sake, John, this is your pregnant wife! What's wrong with you?"

What on earth was going on in his head that made him leave his wife along the road while he sent another unknown woman home?

"Scarlett, I have no intentions of marrying her. She's just a reproductive tool to me. You don't have to treat her as you would a sister-in-law. Once I've met the woman I want to marry, I'll introduce you to her. Besides, don't worry, our chauffeur and maid will take good care of Hannah. I know how I should treat her too. Right now, I just want you to rest well and don't overthink things."

John may not have been speaking loudly, but Hannah was seated close enough to me that she could hear every word he said.

The call ended right after that, and I was left speechless.

I looked up at Hannah, whose face had drained of all color. She was clearly hurting on the inside, but she still put on a smile and reassured me that she was alright.

I could see tears welling up in her eyes as she averted my gaze and looked out the car window. Was she trying to hide her pain from me?

My heart went out to her as she reminded me of my old self.

Silence filled the entire journey as Ashton sent her back to John's villa. As soon as we reached, a maid came out to greet us and bowled us over with her impeccable service.

After saying our goodbyes, Ashton and I drove off. He realized how quiet and teary-eyed I was and got rather concerned.

"What are you thinking about?"

His voice brought me back to my senses. Then, I leaned back in my seat and turned to him. "Ashton, do you still remember the day you picked me up from the hospital four years ago?"

He pursed his lips, gently tapping the steering wheel as he tried to recall. "Yes. I do remember."

When I didn't offer a reply, he added, "What about it?"

"I had just done my ultrasound scan that day, and the baby was six weeks old. I didn't expect you to be waiting to pick me up. When I got in the car, I kept wondering if you'd change your mind about the divorce if you had known I was pregnant. Then again, I was so conflicted about it. If I used the baby as a means to trap you in our marriage, that would have been highly unreasonable of me."

Not making eye contact with him, I lowered my gaze to my nails. They seemed rather long now.

I continued after a moment of silence, "After Rebecca had a miscarriage, I saw how you pampered and cared for her. I was determined to get that divorce and keep the baby, and so I faked an abortion. But little did I know that you would fall for me in the end, and..."

The car came to a gentle stop by the road. After that, Ashton tilted my chin up to meet his brooding gaze.

I was so stunned by the gesture that I didn't know how to respond.

His eyes darkened as he spoke in a low, raspy voice, “I wanted a divorce because I wasn’t sure if I could take good care of you wholeheartedly. I didn’t want to invest too much emotion in it, for fear of it hurting even more when we broke up.”

Right then, his breath that landed on my face felt especially hot. “Do you blame me?” he asked.

I shook my head at that. “That’s all in the past now. I was only thinking about how similar Hannah and I are, standing by someone who doesn’t love us. How much lower can we go?”

Nonetheless, Ashton kept his gaze on me. “We’d be so lucky if we can be with our loved ones without hurting anyone else.”

His words were mixed with self-reproach, and I could understand why he felt that way. I wrapped my arms around his neck and laid my head against his chest. “Ashton, I don’t blame you,” I said earnestly. “We’re the same. We’ve never been taught how to love somebody else. Yes, we may have lost a lot along the way as we slowly figured things out. But

fortunately for us, we finally understood the feelings we have for each other.”

After a pause, I continued, “I hope John can soon figure out what his heart really wants.”

After all, Hannah had been with John for ten years. During this time, she had never felt like she deserved to be doted on. She took care of John more than a mother would. He had many women come and go in his life, yet it never once bothered her. Whether he loved her or not, she could always convince herself to come to terms with it.

Even when she was hurting, she could hide it so well in public. She would suppress her grief, only to deal with it when she was all alone.

John was already used to her being around. Thus, if she were to leave one day, he might not be able to carry on.

In the meantime, the traffic had eased off a bit. Seeing that, Ashton planted a kiss on my forehead before driving off slowly.

Once we got home, Summer was already sound asleep. I checked in on her after I had washed up to make sure she was tucked in.

When I got out of Summer's room, Ashton had also just come out of the shower. He towel-dried himself and sat on the couch while looking at his phone.