

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 509

After I talked to her, she went to Jared instead. She was smart, but one would need to be responsible for one's choice.

She was an arrogant woman, so my reply must've been a sharp blow to her. Luckily, the bodyguards stood in her way when she tried to launch herself at me while hurling harsh curses.

Quickly, I stepped into the elevator and watched her emotional figure disappearing behind closed doors. I pity her for loving someone she could never get.

When I arrived at Hannah's ward, she was lying in bed, pale and exhausted. Upon seeing me, she forced out a faint smile.

My heart ached at the sight. "Do you feel better?" I wasn't good at comforting others.

She nodded and tapped on the chair beside her. "I feel much better now," she croaked out. "The anesthetic shot had worn off, so it hurts."

I took her hand. Before giving birth, the doctor would inject the anesthesia right at the spinal cord. The expecting mother would feel nothing throughout the whole process, but after the anesthesia wears off, the pain would be excruciating.

I knew how that felt.

I rubbed her cold hands, trying to provide some warmth. "Have you eaten something?"

She nodded slowly. Perhaps touched by my action, her eyes turned red. "The doctor told me to drink some soup. I had some earlier."

I struggled internally for some time before asking, "How is your child doing?"

She inclined her head and licked her dry lips carefully. "He's in the incubator. I think he'll be there for a couple of days as he's a premature baby."

I heaved a sigh of relief at her answer. "It's fine. Summer was a premature baby too. She was skinny and frail at birth. Look how healthy she is now."

Her face lit up with delight. "Mm, you're right!"

Seeing her cracked lips, I poured her a glass of water and gave her the straw. "Have some water. By the way, where are the others?"

I've been here for a while, but no one had shown up. John, especially, was nowhere to be seen. Resentment flared up within me.

She inhaled lightly at my question. As her lips received moisture, she replied, "The caregiver went out for her meal. I'm fine being alone."

I didn't ask about John's whereabouts lest she got upset.

"What about your child's name? Is it a boy or girl?" I asked after a pause.

"It's a boy. Uncle Louis will give him a name." She was still talking when two nurses came in to help her with her vaginal discharge.

I rose to my feet and stood aside as both nurses folded her legs up before pressing on her bump.

Hannah bit her lip from the agonizing pain. She said nothing, but tears were trickling down from the corners of her eyes.

Two minutes later, the nurses left. She calmed down gradually. I tamped down my feelings and pulled the covers up. Sitting down, I held her hand, stumped for words.

Her lips curled up slightly in a tiny smile. "It's not that painful as we imagine it to be."

Clearly, she was trying to comfort me. I lowered my gaze as my heart ached for her.

"I've experienced the same pain," I told her. Back then, I was so focused on my dead child that everything after that didn't even feel painful to me.

After a brief chat, Joseph's call came in. I paused for a moment before answering his call.

His haste was evident even through the line. "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller is in a meeting. The bodyguards informed me about you running into Kristina. Can you leave with them and go elsewhere for now?"

Frowning, I knew what he meant. The reporters were after me, so Kristina might inform them of my whereabouts as she had just bumped into me at the hospital. Besides, we were engaged in a heated conversation earlier.

"Sure!" I replied without hesitation.

I bade goodbye to Hannah and walked out of the ward. The bodyguards were waiting outside. I could sense that they were getting anxious.

Looks like Kristina revealed my whereabouts to the reporters.

After I got into the car, it sped off. We had just entered the expressway when a few other cars caught up to us. Some even took out their cameras and took as many photos as possible of our car.

The bodyguards tried to block the windows, but the reporters wouldn't give up.

One car even sped ahead and took photos through the windshield.

Their actions soon caught the attention of the other people driving on the road.

Traffic jams were common on this expressway, so my driver exited the expressway to prevent any unwanted accidents from happening.

Before we could reach our destination, our vehicle was barricaded by a huge crowd.

The driver was forced to hit the brakes.

Then, the bodyguard immediately called Joseph and put him on speaker.

"No one can leave the car. Protect Mrs. Fuller. I'll be there soon!" Joseph commanded.