

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 536

Taking a closer look, I realized that it was indeed Yvonne and I furrowed my eyebrows. Even now, she's still pestering John?

Emery noticed my confusion, she shrugged as she explained, "It's normal for a playboy like John to have a random woman on his arm at all times and happily welcome any girl who comes onto him. Don't worry too much about it. He'll dump her as soon as he gets tired of her."

I didn't care about John and Yvonne's relationship. I was concerned about Hannah, who had given birth barely a month ago and had grown scarily frail when I went to visit her today.

Does she know what John was doing?

I tried to get up from my seat, but Emery stopped me. "Where are you going, Scarlett? Even if you kill him, his ghost will still come back to try and hook up with these women. Just let him do what he wants."

"I don't want him to regret his actions." I stared at the couple on the first floor who were already exchanging heated kisses.

Emery pursed her lips. "I think you just feel bothered because of Hannah. Back then, you thought about leaving Ashton because of his feelings for Rebecca, and then left without another word when you learned that Ashton had set you up.

"Hannah is also a woman. Once her patience hits its limit, she'll likely leave and take her child with her too. If that happens, John won't be the one panicking, but Louis. After all, the child is a Stovall."

I nodded. "That's why I wanted to remind John to do everything in moderation."

"What for?" scoffed Emery. "Are you trying to get close to Hannah because you want to help her when she eventually leaves? You already know that her kid will be staying with her. Just let the guy get estranged from her and his child for a few years so he can suffer," she growled out through gritted teeth, as if she was the one getting hurt in this situation.

I turned to look at her, my eyes narrowing. "Are you thinking of doing that too?"

She raised an eyebrow. "If Hunter dares to upset me, I'll leave with the baby in me. After all. I have the money to raise him by myself anyway!"

I huffed in amusement and gave her a big thumbs up. The couple below looked like they were going to leave.

We quickly got up from our seats and went downstairs so as to not lose them.

"Wanna stay with me tonight, Johnny?" What a waste of the good looks she has.

Only men would ever fall for her saccharine-sweet voice, while women would only feel sick at the sound of it.

I walked forward and pulled them apart, linking my arm into John's.

"Who the..." Yvonne started to screech, but instantly turned her angry expression into a polite smile as soon as she recognized me. "Oh! It's you, Ms. Stovall!"

Nodding, I lifted my chin to look at John. "Mind having a drink with me, brother dearest?"

He pursed his lips and grunted in affirmation, letting himself be dragged upstairs by me.

Noticing that Yvonne was still following behind us, I turned back to glance at her. "Where do you live, Ms. Wilde? I'll call a taxi for you."

She did a double-take, seemingly upset as she looked towards John. "Mr. Stovall..."

"Go home. I have business to attend to with Scarlett," he responded coldly.

"I..."

"Do you plan to listen in on secrets shared between the two of us?" I hummed, stopping her short.

"No, Ms. Stovall, of course not."

"Then, please go. I need to talk about some familial matters with my brother. As you know, my sister-in-law just gave birth, and my brother will have to head home soon to accompany his wife and son. If you have anything more to say to him, I'd suggest you do it at the office rather than here of all places."

Yvonne's cheeks flushed red.

Ignoring her, I continued to pull John up the stairs.

Emery was leaning against a wall, snorting at the sight of us. "If she knew that you're not John's real sister, she'd be pulling your hair out by now."

I looked over my shoulder at Yvonne, whose expression was dark as she fled with her tail between her legs.

On the second floor, I shoved John onto a chair and stared him down, cutting to the chase. "Are you only going to stop being a playboy after your wife and son both abandon you?"

He raised an eyebrow, meeting my glare head-on. "Since when have I become a 'playboy'?"

"Hannah is still in the middle of receiving postnatal care! She just gave birth to your child! Wooing other women while she was pregnant was bad enough, but now you're drinking with girls at a bar while she's recuperating. If you really enjoy being a piece of trash that much, then I'm cutting off all contact with you. It'll save me the annoyance."

John massaged one side of his temple, one leg crossing over the other. "Did Hannah send you here?"

I felt rage flare up within me, along with the violent impulse to punch him in the face. Spotting a bottle of wine out of the corner of my eye, I picked it up and dumped the dark liquid over his head. "If she'd sent me here, I wouldn't have come so late. She's had to endure so much indignance and disappointment, and you still think it serves her right? You deserve to die alone," I spat out.

Suddenly, emotion flashed across his face, his dark eyes narrowing as he spoke slowly in a low tone. "So you also think that I should die alone?"