

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 467

My smile faltered as I subconsciously turned toward John and said, “John, even Summer could understand the theory. Stop living in a world of your own.”

He pressed his lips together and didn’t respond.

As a normally quiet person, Hannah never spoke much either.

After the meal, when we moved to have tea in the yard, Summer pestered Hannah to look at the flowers at the rear of the house.

As I sat across John, I decided not to beat around the bush. “When do you plan to hold the wedding?” I asked.

He furrowed his brows. “What wedding?”

“Your wedding with Ms. Anne, of course. Are you planning to get a marriage certificate after she has given birth?”

He shrugged nonchalantly and replied, “I don’t plan to get married. I do want the child since it’s mine, but I have no plans to marry her. After the delivery, I’ll give her a sum of money and transfer the guardianship of the child under you. It’s the same thing as when Summer was transferred to you.”

Listening to him, I was momentarily speechless from the wave of anger. Had it not been because the tea in my hands was scalding hot, I would have splashed it right in his face.

“John Stovall! Do you have any idea how irresponsible you are? I already feel sorry for Summer, yet you’re planning to let your child be born into a single-parent family? Moreover, what’s so bad about Hannah? She’s elegant and magnanimous. The only reason you could degrade her this way is because she loves you. Don’t wait for the day when she has given up that you realize what exactly you did wrong!”

Indifferent, he sipped his tea and leaned against the chair, speaking in a leisure tone, “She wants money—I’ll give her money. She gives birth to my child, and I give her money in return—is that not taking responsibility? Besides, I’m sure you’ll dote on the child the same way you love Summer.”

I—

Unable to hold back, I splashed the cup of tea in my hand in his direction and yelled, “Stop dreaming! I won’t raise your child. Since you’ve decided to keep it, as a man, you have the obligation to make her your wife!”

I was infuriated beyond reason. In an attempt to suppress my anger, I whirled around and headed toward the rear of the house.

It had been a long time since I last got that agitated. Bumping into Ashton, who had just come down from the second floor, he questioned, “What happened?”

“Men are all good-for-nothing!” I answered furiously, having yet to calm myself down.

Ashton was speechless. A short while later, when I’d calmed my emotions, he chuckled. “Not mad anymore?”

I nodded, looking at him somewhat awkwardly. “Earlier—”

“I get it. Was it about John and Ms. Anne?” He smiled in understanding.

“For a woman such as Hannah, once he has missed it, he’ll never find it again. Rather than cherishing the gem he has, he’s decided not to get married. Sc*mbag!”

With an arm outreached, he took me aside to rest on a chair and said gently, “Are you mad because he doesn’t know how to cherish her or because of how he feels toward you?”

I was stunned for a minute when I glanced up into his fervent gaze. It took a while for me to find my voice and said, “His feelings for me aren’t romantic but like siblings. It’s just that he’s yet to realize it.”

I understood precisely how well John treated me. All these years, he had considered everything about me in his heart. In outsiders’ eyes, it seemed to be no different from a relationship between man and woman. But having gotten involved in a real relationship, how could I not know what John’s feelings were for me? We knew each other since we were young and lived through the hard times by each other’s side. Having spent those years together, how could I not differentiate between family and love?

We were both lonely at heart. Without Grandma and Macy, the only person we had to depend on were each other.

If he were to feel romantically for me—based on his personality—he would’ve made a move a long time ago.

Ashton watched me for a long time without saying a word.

Standing in his shoes, I could understand what he was worried about and said in assurance, “I was mad because he couldn’t see through his own feelings. I fear it’ll take him losing the most important person to him before he finally gets himself together. I was mad about how clueless he was.” Pausing, I grabbed his hand and got serious. “Ashton, we’re not kids anymore. Having lived for nearly half my life, I’m clear about what my heart wants. I merely don’t wish for John to live in regrets, that’s all.”

Despite all that I said, Ashton only stared at me dispiritedly, staying quiet. I searched his face but couldn’t figure out what his true thoughts were. Believing that he was mad, I added, “Ashton, you can’t be this petty.”

His lips curved, a hint of amusement shining in his eyes. “What do I have to do to not be considered petty?”

Realizing that he was teasing me, I shot him a glare and refused to communicate further.

Before I could stand up and get away, he plopped me down onto his lap and encircled my waist, his voice laced with amusement. "How about we let them handle their own problems while we live our own lives?"