

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 505

I nodded and took a deep breath. Having calmed down slightly, I asked Hannah, "Where are you now? Send me your address, and I'll come over right away."

"OK!"

After we'd ended the call, I found Ashton looking at me anxiously. "What's going on?"

"I think Hannah's going into labor. There's no one with her right now, so I'm going over," I said, already making a beeline to my wardrobe to change.

When I had finished, I saw Ashton waiting for me at the door with his car keys in hand.

I was startled but had no time to question him. We immediately got into the car and headed off towards the address Hannah had given.

On the way, I began dialing John. None of my calls were successful.

"Why isn't John picking up?" I fretted.

Ashton continued driving, his eyes fixed serenely on the road. "Don't get all flustered yet."

I knew that I had to compose myself but couldn't keep my hands from shaking. Hannah's baby was only seven or eight months old. How can she suddenly be going into labor? Something must have gone wrong.

It was precisely at this crucial moment that John had chosen to go missing.

I considered briefly and decided to give Louis a call. It was quiet on his end of the line. Louis' rich voice came through clearly. "Scarlett, what's up?"

“Uncle Louis, where’s John? I think Hannah’s going into labor now. Can you reach him?” I asked hurriedly.

Louis paused, then said, “I’ll look into it. How’s Hannah doing?”

I shook my head instinctively, then replied, “I’m still on my way over to her. I don’t know yet.”

“All right. Don’t fret, my dear. Let me worry about getting in touch with John. Focus on getting Hannah to the hospital as soon as you can. Don’t worry!” Louis said comfortingly.

I nodded. Ashton was speeding rather wildly down the roads. He wrinkled his brow as if he was pondering over something.

“What’s wrong?” I prompted.

“It says here that Hannah’s location is in the alley. My car won’t be able to enter. I’ll have to go down to take a look,” he said, immediately parking the car. He swung his legs out and headed straight towards the alley.

When we finally found Hannah, she was lying in the yard with a puddle of blood forming beneath her. She looked rather dazed and on the verge of passing out.

When Hannah saw us, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then she fainted dead away without saying a word.

Upon our arrival at the hospital, Hannah was quickly wheeled into the ER. It was only then that I let out the breath I’d been holding ever since the call came.

I turned back to look at Ashton, only to see streaks of blood all over his body. His hands seemed dipped in red.

When he saw my look of horror, he glanced down at his dreadful state. He then commented ruefully, "I'm fine! I'll go back and take a shower soon."

My legs were trembling slightly from the shock, and I crumpled onto a chair along the hallway. I quickly clung to Ashton once I'd partially recovered my wits.

The terror from the last time I experienced a miscarriage washed over me like a flood, leaving me floundering.

Ashton embraced me, consoling, "Don't worry, nothing bad is going to happen."

After the fear had subsided, I remembered my original mission. I took out my phone and called John again. It rang for ages before someone picked up.

It was a woman's voice, however, that answered. "Hello, Mr. Stovall is currently in the shower. Please call him again later."

Yvonne? The voice sounded incredibly familiar.

"Get John on the line," I replied coolly.

There was silence on the other end for a while. "Are you Ms. Stovall?"

I was immensely annoyed, and my voice hardened. "Get John on the line," I repeated.

Yvonne seemed to have discerned my displeasure. She stuttered, “Ms. Stovall, Mr. Stovall’s really in the shower right now. I’ll be sure to get him to call you back. Is that OK?”

I refused to dignify her with a response. I flung the phone away from me without even hanging up.

The phone was rather hardy and survived that sudden bout of violence, clattering onto the floor with only a cracked screen.

Wordlessly, Ashton got up and retrieved the phone. He deftly extracted the memory card, then casually tossed the phone away.

Using his own phone, Ashton dialed Joseph. Joseph arrived in no time at all, bearing an entirely new phone.

I sat for a while longer, steadying my nerves.

Ashton handed the new phone to me, then gestured towards the door of the ER. “Are you tired?”

It was already one o’clock in the morning.

I shook my head resolutely. “I’m not tired.”

After another few moments of silence, Ashton tugged at my sleeve and said, “Promise me that you won’t let anyone get to you, OK?”

Don't I already know that? I shouldn't allow anyone to get to me, but...

"I can't help myself! No matter how awful Hannah is, John was still the last one who had her. The child is his! Even now, he's still messing around with another woman! I..."

I was mid-rant when Louis charged in. Seeing Ashton and I seated there with John nowhere in sight, he demanded, "Where's your brother?"

"He must be dead!" I said scornfully.

It was the first time I had ever been rude to Louis. When I realized what I'd just said, I immediately froze.

I looked up at Louis. He was gazing back at me with an unreadable expression on his face.

My immediately assumed that he was about to reprimand me.

However, he suddenly chortled. "My dear, what in the world are you saying?"

I...

I took a deep breath and explained, "I don't think John's going to make it."

Then I continued rather impulsively, saying, "Uncle Louis, Hannah's still a part of the Stovall family after all. John's utterly irresponsible, but if this child is born, what will everyone else think of the Stovall family?"