

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 933

Blood drained from Yvonne's face. "What do you mean?"

"I literally meant what I said," Hannah continued plainly. "At first I thought there was nothing worth explaining since I didn't intend to compete with you anyway. But if you think I stayed silent because I was afraid, then you're wrong."

Glancing around at everyone, she added calmly, "Regarding what all of you saw just now, I wasn't going to bother defending myself. But now that even Scarlett is speaking up on my behalf, I won't keep quiet anymore. Besides, the more I remain silent, the more somebody here tries to take advantage. That's utterly shameless."

"Hannah Anne!" Yvonne screamed suddenly, her voice somewhat shaky as she glared at Hannah with a trace of horror on her face. "You're lying!"

Hannah wasn't in the least bit intimidated. She turned towards Louis with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry, Uncle Louis. I failed to take good care of the black card you gave me earlier. Ms. Wilde demanded that I hand it over to her since she's now a part of the Stovall family, and so I did. As long as it's a woman whom John loves, I have no qualms. However, at this point, it seems that Ms. Wilde isn't suited for the title of 'Mrs. Stovall' after all."

At that, Louis pursed his lips and shifted his gaze onto Yvonne.

"If Ms. Wilde still insists that I'm responsible for causing her to fall into the pool..." Hannah glanced at Yvonne coldly. "Then, all I can say is, perhaps I shouldn't have evaded her when she tried to attack me just now."

Just then, a child's cry rang from outside. Hannah looked at John and continued, "I have no objections to you being together with someone else, John. But as someone who understands you to some extent, heed my advice—be careful with who you choose to bring into the Stovall family."

"Goodbye, everyone," Hannah said as she bowed, then turned and left towards the door.

John was silent, though his face paled with a painful expression.

Yvonne began sobbing as she tugged on his arm. "It wasn't like that, Johnny!" she pleaded with innocent eyes. "I didn't do any of those things. They're lying!"

Despair clouded John's face as he stared at Hannah's disappearing back, completely ignoring Yvonne who clung desperately onto him. I suddenly realized—perhaps from the very beginning, John had never cared about what happened to Yvonne and whether Hannah really did anything. His only concern was Hannah's attitude towards himself. He'd been putting up a facade all along in hopes of gaining her attention and seeing if she'd show any signs of jealousy at how he treated Yvonne.

Unfortunately for him, Hannah was completely indifferent. She no longer cared.

Yvonne was still persistently keeping up with her acting. I couldn't help but feel nauseated at that woman's despicable pretense, thus I held out the recording in front of her. "Just give up already. Whatever happened just now were all recorded here, and I've already sent it to everyone. I'm afraid you won't be able to set foot in the Stovall residence from now on. Good luck!"

The last trace of color disappeared from her cheeks. No longer sobbing nor pleading, she stared at the screen in silence as her face twisted into a conflicted grimace.

Was she thinking about how to make a quiet escape from all of this? I had no idea. With how she's cornered at this moment, there was no way she could pull another dirty trick.

That being said, there was no telling how shameless a person could be.

Yvonne looked up at me with teary, pitiful eyes. "Why are you doing this to me, Scarlett? Everything I did was out of love for John. What's wrong with that? I don't get it..." She then eyed John sideways for a second, as if making sure he's watching her. "You guys went on and on about doing things for his sake, but where was everyone when he needed somebody by his side? And on top of deserting him, now you're trying to get rid of me. Don't you think you people have gone overboard?"

Gosh, what's with that incessant damsel-in-distress act? I frowned, not knowing what else to say. It'd only be a waste of time to continue arguing. This woman would surely keep up her act and try to prove herself blameless for as long as she could, even if her true colors were already becoming evident.

I snatched my phone back and threw her a sarcastic smile. "Well then, feel free to carry on with your disgusting acts. I wish you all the best in defending your noble love!"

After bidding Uncle Louis a quick farewell, I dragged Ashton out of the house.

I was no longer in the mood to talk as we headed home, though I could tell Ashton was glancing at me occasionally as he drove.

"Well, Hannah's gotten over it. You've said and done everything you could, too," he spoke after a long silence. "Let's just leave it to John now. However things may turn out, he's the only one responsible for his own decisions."

I sighed and nodded. Of course I knew that. "I know, it's just... It still pisses me off. I've always thought that someone like Rebecca Larson was atrocious enough, but it turns out Yvonne's on a whole different level. It's almost unbelievable."