

Read Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy Chapter 2914

Chapter 2914

Biting her lip, Luna found an excuse to slip out the restaurant's back door and dialed John's

number.

Willow was the one who had kidnapped Anne, and she was with her right before meeting with

Vanessa.

There were streaks of blood on her hands, and she even claimed she had been slaughtering a chicken...there was no way Luna would not overthink this.

She clutched her phone so hard her palms were covered in sweat, and as she listened to the dial tone, she prayed silently over and over that Willow was just kidding and that Anne would be fine.

Anne had gone out with her that day and had only gone to the bathroom to help her eavesdrop on Jacqueline's conversation, which was how she had gotten kidnapped.

In her many years of knowing Anne, she had helped Luna through many hard times, and she rarely got the chance to reciprocate. If something terrible was to happen to Anne because of her, how was she going to face John and their daughter?

How would she have the dignity to continue with her life?

Luna's heart thumped at this thought. She bit her lip, dialing John's number over and over, praying for good news.

After a long time, he finally picked up.

Luna was so happy to hear this that her voice cracked. "How are things now, John?"

"Not too good." John frowned. "We searched the entire place but couldn't find anything. Just now, someone found the entrance to the basement, but we couldn't find anything down there either. But..."

He let out an exhale and said nervously, "We all smelt the stench of blood. Perhaps it's coming from the basement directly across, but the two places don't connect to each other, so we're going over right now to investigate..."

John's voice started to tremble as he added, "I'm hoping the smell is just my hallucination, and that Anne is safe and sound."

Luna felt as though her blood had run cold. She bit her lip and could not help starting to tremble as well. "Alright... Please be careful, and call me immediately if you find anything."

"I will." John's voice was just as shaky as hers. "I know."

With that, he hung up the phone and followed the cops through the basement entrance.

The thick stench of blood immediately enveloped them as soon as they entered the door, and John's chest tightened at this. He lowered his head and swung the torchlight beam, then realized the entire floor was covered in bright red blood.

He furrowed his brow and immediately started searching frantically.

Finally, in a small room at the end of the hallway, they found a limp, almost lifeless Anne with a knife stuck in her abdomen.

The blood on the floor was hers.

Her entire face was pale, and she was barely catching her breath. When she saw John coming, she widened her eyes in surprise and reached out toward him feebly. "John..."

"Anne!" John's ears started to ring when he saw this. He stormed toward her and picked her up in his arms, not caring about the fact she was covered in blood. "Anne!"

"John..." Anne reached out to gently stroke his face and said in fragments, "I thought...I'd never see you again... I'm so glad...I got to see you one last time... It's too bad..."

She let out a bitter chuckle. "I can't hold on any longer... I'm afraid...I can't be with you and Sammie anymore..."

"After I die...you should remarry a good woman...and start your life afresh... Find someone who'll be good to Sammie... Do you hear me?"

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