

Read Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is Not Easy Chapter 3057

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is not Easy chapter 3057-“We just need to be patient.” John sighed and patted Robyn’s shoulder reassuringly. “Healing is a long process, and we shouldn’t rush things.”

Robyn smiled. “I’m glad you’re so optimistic, John. Anne is so lucky to have you.”

John chuckled when he heard this. “I don’t agree with that.”

Sometimes, he would wonder if it was he who dragged Anne down.

After getting to know Anne’s social circle, John realized that she should never have settled down with someone as mundane as him.

All of Anne’s friends were members of the social elite. Luna, for instance, hailed from a powerful family even though she had, at one point, been adopted by the Gibsons.

Bonnie, on the other hand, was the heiress to a massive fortune.

Anne herself was a prestigious plastic surgeon and had accumulated a great reputation in this field. It would be easy for her to settle down with a rich, powerful man who could afford to hire bodyguards for her safety.

John, on the other hand, was just a regular man. Although he was ambitious and possessed skills that surpassed the average white-collar worker, he was a far cry from someone

like Anne.

If Anne had not chosen him...perhaps she would never have ended up like this.

It was all his fault. He failed to protect her from harm, and she suffered the consequences.

“Stop overthinking,” said Robyn when she sensed John’s spiraling thoughts. This was not the first time John blamed himself for Anne’s downfall. “Anne chose you because you made her happy. Happiness is subjective, and you can’t be the judge of someone else’s happiness. As long as she loves you,

she'll be willing to stick with you through thick and thin, and if she doesn't, she'll never be happy even if you give her all the riches in the world."

John lowered his head and chuckled bitterly. "Well, if she had chosen to be with someone rich, he'd be able to afford her surgeries..."

"No, it's not like that. Besides, once you ace this pitch, you'll be able to afford her surgeries, won't you? There's no point blaming yourself anymore since time won't reverse itself."

Robyn sighed and continued, "Stop overthinking. Is the alcohol playing tricks on you? Should I make you a nice bowl of hot soup?"

"No need." John dismissed her. Although Tara had forced him to drink, she had fortunately refrained from ordering hard liquor.

Besides, he was used to drinking from all the social obligations he had to attend to, so he built up quite a

tolerance. It would take much more to get him drunk.

"I'll go check on Anne." With that, he turned and strode toward the master bedroom.

Robyn lived in a tiny two-bedroom house, and since their arrival, Robyn had kindly offered them the master bedroom and taken the small room for herself.

John pushed open the door.

The entire room was engulfed in darkness, the only light being the moonlight coming through the window.

John could make out Sammie's silhouette lying in her cot. He strode over and squeezed her cheek lightly, then glanced at the bed.

Anne was sitting against the headboard, wide awake. Her arms were wrapped around her knees, staring intently at him as though questioning him about his late return.