

Read Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is Not Easy Chapter 3059

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is not Easy chapter 3059-Anne sighed and gently wiped John's tears away. She then squeezed out a smile.

"Can you say something, Anne?" John's voice trembled. "The doctor said that your vocal cords are fine, and nothing went wrong with your ears or mouth. Nothing's stopping you from speaking. It's just a mental block..."

"Tell me what's on your mind, Anne. Tell me, and we can get through it together."

John's tears ran along Anne's neckline and into her shirt." Anne, I really want to hear your voice. I can't wait to talk to you again."

He had been under immense pressure since leaving Banyan City and especially after their arrival in Scarnfield City.

He chose to come here because he was under the impression that Robyn was doing well for herself, but it turned out that was not the case.

She was already struggling herself, and their arrival only made her situation worse.

John had always been a hardworking person, and he never intended to trouble his sister.

However, since they made such a trip and Robyn insisted they stay, John had no choice but to move in with her and bear the responsibility of being the sole breadwinner of their

tiny family.

Three women were counting on him. One was gravely ill and mute, one was an infant, and the other was forced to quit her job to care for the former two.

Sometimes, John feared that he would one day snap. Every time his emotions had him in a chokehold, he longed for nothing more than to talk to his wife and feel better again.

If she could open her mouth to call out his name again and tell him she believed in him, things would feel easier, but...

Anne could not do that.

John's arms tightened around her. "Anne, do you think I was wrong? Do you think I shouldn't have faked your death, taken you away from Banyan City, and cut your ties with Luna? Do you think it was my fault we're stuck in such a bad situation now?"

Anne paused, then shoved John away so she could meet his gaze and shook her head.

She never once blamed him for their situation.

He chose this path with the best intentions in mind, and she was in no place to complain.

Anne opened her mouth to try to convey this to John, but the only syllables that came out were hollow 'aahs'.

She could not form a single word.

Therefore, she had no choice but to type on her phone again. [It's not that I don't want to talk to you, John.]

She had been unable to speak ever since she came out of her coma and found out about everything that had happened.

She did not know what condition she was suffering from, nor whether it was psychiatric in origin. All she knew was that as much as she wanted to speak again, nothing would come out.

"I know." John embraced her again. "You love me and Sammie so much. There's no way you'd refuse to talk to us if you could. It's just... It's just too hard."

Anne sighed and wrapped her arms around John's back.

If only she could talk again.

If only she could talk, she would be able to find a job somewhere and help split their financial burden.