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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."

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“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?”

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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."

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 934

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Ashton didn't respond. I pursed my lips and shot him a sidelong glare. "What? Are you upset about that sweetheart of yours?"

He raised a brow and chuckled. "No. I was just thinking you seem a little more naggy these days."

What a bummer. I rolled my eyes and gave up talking, leaning aside and looking out the window instead.

The scenery outside flew by in a haze. My eyelids felt heavier as time passed. Why was I getting tired so easily these days?

As soon as we got home, Ashton proceeded to settle some of his pending work. It was already late, so I went back into the bedroom and headed straight to the shower. Just as I was about to call it a night, Hailey's message came in.

I didn't expect her to keep in touch with me so regularly, since we'd only met once.

The message was brief. Hello, Ms. Stovall. Have you slept already?

I texted back: Not yet. What's the matter?

Not really... Just wondering when you are coming over to A City again.

It had indeed been a while since I last went there. Is there something you want to talk about?

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Her reply came in almost instantly: Nothing much, just wanted to ask since it's been a while.

It wouldn't have bothered me so much if such an answer came from somebody else, but Hailey's different. For someone who was dealing with depression, there could be a hidden message behind her seemingly casual response.

I've been a little tied up these days, but I'll definitely pay a visit when I'm free! If you aren't too busy, why don't you come over to K City?

Okay. Silence then followed.

Something felt odd, though I was too exhausted to think about it. My consciousness drifted off as soon as I lay in bed that I didn't even realize when Ashton came in that night.

The next morning.

I was woken up when my phone rang. But while I was still tossing in bed, Ashton had already reached for it and answered the call for me.

"Who's that?" I croaked groggily.

Instead of replying me, he sat up in a sudden jolt.

I rubbed my eyes and gazed at his alarmed face. "What happened?"

"Summer had a severe nosebleed and started coughing up blood," he explained as he hung up the call and scrambled out of bed. "They've sent her to the hospital."

At that, Ashton put on his clothes hastily and rushed into the bathroom.

I sat up in a daze for a good few minutes before it finally dawned on me. Summer is hospitalized! I thus jumped out of bed and immediately dialed Cameron's number, but it went unanswered.

So I called Emery instead. When she answered, her voice sounded somewhat fuzzy against the noise in the background. "Scarlett! Summer's ill. Come to the hospital quickly!"

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Before I could answer, Emery hung up abruptly. Perhaps she was in too much of a panic to explain everything over the phone. There wasn't much time to waste, so I quickly grabbed a change of clothes. Ashton came out just as I was done.

Hence, we left to the hospital right away.

Ashton's phone rang constantly as we drove. Having both hands occupied on the steering, he glanced at me quickly. "Can you help me answer that?"

I took his phone in my hands and looked at the flashing ID. "It's a number from W City!"

He signaled with a nod.

As I turned on the speaker, an unfamiliar voice echoed, "Mr. Fuller, we've got some news. The factory where the child was sent to back then turns out to be a chemical plant. It seems quite a number of its workers were diagnosed with cancer due to radioactive pollution. The factory belongs to the Crest family, and it's currently shut down."

None of us said a word, and the voice continued, "That pollution was caused by an explosion which happened shortly before that incident with Mr. Crest. All workers who got involved had since undergone a health examination, though not everyone was affected by the chemical hazards."

My mind went blank. The air around me felt heavy as I mulled over those words. I hung up the phone and looked at Ashton. "Jared did send Summer to the factory and let her stay there for some time. Could it be that she..."

My shaky voice trailed off. Ashton pondered in silence for a moment before he began, "Summer was with Kristina when we found her, so I've always thought that my initial hunches about her staying at the plant was wrong. Now it seems like she was indeed at the factory from the beginning, and Jared probably sent her to Kristina after the explosion."

"But why would he do that? Summer is his child!" I could hear my own voice heightening as I fought against the tears that started to well up in my eyes. "Why did he send her there in the first place if he knew that it's so dangerous?"

Ashton bit his lip for a second. "Who knows? Maybe he really wasn't aware about it at first, which was why he handed her over to Kristina later on."

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“Even if that’s true, shouldn’t he have informed us? We could’ve brought Summer for a check up if we knew what happened! That way we could’ve at least made sure if she’s alright after that incident...”

At this point, I didn’t know what else to think about or say anymore. A storm had begun raging within myself, and I saw the hardened expression on Ashton’s face too. “Let’s not jump into conclusions for now. We’ll wait and see what the doctor says later. It could be that she just happened to be under the weather these days.”

He was right. There was nothing we could do except hoping that Summer would be just fine.

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