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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1725

### Chapter 1725 A Good Wife

However, Emma did not pay much attention to me as she went on to check on John. She let out a sigh of relief after confirming he was still alive.

"You should have told me yesterday." She kept her voice down as she did not want to wake John.

I was not sure if she was blaming me. I lowered my head guiltily. "I'm sorry..."

"I'm his wife." Emma stared at John, who was in bed. Her gaze had a trace of affection, even though her face looked calm. "If he knows I came so late, he will nag me."

Emma had always been a strong and independent woman in my eyes. However, at that moment, she looked utterly gentle and vulnerable.

I could somehow comprehend how the two of them got along well. Emma was like a safe harbor to John in his unstable life.

She did not blame me or even complain to me as she knew John would not treat me as such. Her gesture wiped my initial worries off.

I displayed a bitter smile as I thought I underestimated her heart. After all, she was someone who helped John to search for me for over six years. I thought I should have trusted her more.

"You can go back now. I'll stay here with him," Emma uttered. "You must be tired."

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As she mentioned, a sense of fatigue began rising within me. I figured I should give them some private time after all. With that, I shared a few reminders with her and left.

It was already bright outside. As the car went past the accident scene, I could still vaguely see the tire scratches on the road. John's bloodstains had been cleaned up, but I could still smell the blood in the air.

After getting home, I took a hot bath and intended to get a good sleep. However, as soon as I closed my eyes, the scene of John getting beaten up appeared clearly in my mind.

I failed to sleep after struggling for hours. In the end, I decided to get out of bed to prepare some food for Emma and John. John was very picky in terms of food, as he particularly preferred the food I cooked to the delicacies from the restaurant.

It took me two hours to finish preparing the food. Before I departed, I checked my phone. Still, there was no reply from Joseph. I was unsure if he did not see my message or ignored it.

Neither one was good.

By the time I arrived at the hospital, the anesthetic effect had passed. John was teasing Emma. "I'm so lucky to have a wife like you. Thanks for serving me. I have no regrets in this life..."

As usual, Emma did not buy into his wise words. "It looks like your suffering is not enough."

Thank God. He still can joke.

I took a deep breath and walked in with the thermal container in my hands. "It sounds like you don't need me anymore since you've got your wife. That's somehow heartbreaking. Do you know how much time I spent preparing your favorite dish?"

As I placed the food on the table, I sensed both John and Emma were staring at me. The atmosphere got awkward instantly as my fake smile froze.

I could no longer suppress my guilt as I lowered my head, not daring to look at John.

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John was the one who broke the awkward silence. "Why are you keeping quiet? It's not like I'm dead."

"Ouch!"

As soon as he finished his sentence, Emma slapped his thigh fiercely. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

John furrowed his brows innocently. "Can you be gentler with me? I'm a patient, after all."

Emma ignored him entirely as she picked up an apple and started peeling it.

John shrugged and turned to me. "Just let her be. She is jealous of us. What have you prepared for me? Let me see."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1726

### Chapter 1726 Pessimism

I hurriedly raised the overbed table and took out the food. "I've made chicken soup and some vegetables. The doctor says you can only eat healthy food."

It seemed John would have to keep a strict diet for the next few months.

Nonetheless, he did not show any displeasure, but he picked up the spoon and started eating. I knew he was trying not to make me feel guilty. "Wow. You're becoming better at cooking. I should hire you to become my chef now that I am hospitalized."

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I tried hard not to let my tears fall. "All right. I will prepare your food every day."

John accepted it casually. "Thank you in advance then. Haha..."

Emma shook her head while provoking, "You don't allow others to bully your sister. Yet, you're the one who keeps taking advantage of her."

John was not offended at all as he let out a chuckle. "Haha. If you want to cook for me, I don't mind humbling myself and taking advantage of you."

Emma cast a furious look upon hearing that. John ignored her deliberately and continued to drink his soup.

The atmosphere was extremely relaxed, as though nothing had happened. It was as though John had not been in the accident, and his hand was still intact. He was still the same arrogant man who would stand up for me whenever I got bullied.

Deep down in my heart, I knew it was their way of being considerate to me and showing me moral support.

When I thought it was our mutual understanding, so I avoid talking about the sensitive topic, John went in the opposite direction.

"D\*mn Nathaniel. How dare he play dirty. I won't let him off so easily next time." John got upset, and he spilled his soup slightly on his shirt.

Emma sighed helplessly as she wiped his shirt roughly that he leaned backward.

"Don't move." She eventually used both her hands to wipe his shirt forcefully, and only let go of him when she was happy with her work.

John furrowed his brows and continued to provoke. "They should have checked my background before they attacked me. Do you have any idea how I managed to survive until today? And those black men. They will pay for what they did."

Emma blocked his mouth with the apple. "When are you going to learn from your mistakes? Do you want to lose your left hand as well?"

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John took a bite of the apple and wanted to argue further. However, something came across his mind the next second, and he swallowed back his words.

Even though I knew Emma did not blame me, I was sad about John's right hand.

Eventually, Emma seemed to be influenced by our pessimism as she let out a long sigh. "Losing a hand is better than losing a life, isn't it?"

In Emma's eyes, it was considered fortunate that Nathaniel did not decide to take John's life this time. Nevertheless, we should never underestimate Nathaniel. If we continued to act rashly, we would lose even more.

John did not argue anymore. He lowered his head and stared at his right hand, covered in gauze. His gaze darkened as his mind sank into deep thoughts.

"Emma's right. The most important thing now is to recover. Everything else can wait." I immediately weighed in and tried to drop the subject. "All a patient should do is to eat and rest. Don't worry about anything else!"

I put on a calm facade, but my heart was filled with uneasiness. I feared that John would heed Emma's advice and insist on taking revenge against Nathaniel.

To my relief, he smiled and joked. "Eat and rest. How am I different from a pig then?"

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