

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 849

As John spoke, he passed me the tablet menu for me to order

I ordered some dishes and handed the tablet over to Ashton. After that, I looked at John. "How's your kid doing these days? And how's Hannah?"

"Don't bring her up. How annoying!" he huffed. It was obvious that he was extremely upset. He looked at Ashton and asked, "Mr. Fuller, do you want a drink? They serve good Scotch Whiskey here."

Before I could stop them, Ashton nodded and answered calmly, "Sure, let's try it!"

John snapped his fingers. Before long, an adorable and gorgeous lady walked in, looking aesthetically pleasing to the eyes. John said, "I want to order some Scotch Whiskey. Wait, you know what, just bring me the whole bottle. I'm getting drunk tonight!"

The lady nodded in acknowledgement and left.

I had no idea what happened to John. I wanted to comfort him but I didn't even know where to start. Therefore, I had no choice but to wait in silence.

Not long after, dinner was served along with a few bottles of Scotch Whiskey.

John immediately opened the bottle of whiskey. He didn't even bother to pour it into a glass. Instead, he put the whole bottle of whiskey in front of Ashton and said in a rough manner, "Mr. Fuller, let's leave those drinking etiquettes aside this time. Come on! Bottoms up!"

My eyes widened in shock. "John, are you out of your mind? This is hard liquor, it's not a beer. Are you trying to kill him or something?"

"Come on, don't be such a killjoy. It's just a few sips. You're just worried about your man, aren't you? Fine! I'll drink it myself, then." John then pursed his lips and cursed at Ashton, "Such a sissy!"

I was at a loss for words. What's gotten into John recently? Did something happen? What's with the radical change?

Without any hesitation, Ashton immediately clinked his glass and started drinking. I was about to stop him but he interrupted, "It'll be fine. It's just an occasional drink."

With that, the two men started downing bottles of whiskey together. As for me, I was completely bewildered by them.

I could tell that something had been bothering John. After all, men tended to drink alcohol or smoke cigarettes during their stressful times. On the other hand, women usually reduced stress by crying or expressing their feelings verbally. Either way was fine as they wouldn't affect physical and mental health.

At that moment, I thought I finally figured out why men often died earlier than women. It was because they were more likely to drink alcohol in excess and smoke more than women.

They drank quite a lot. John was getting himself drunk on purpose. Therefore, he kept gulping down the whiskey until he almost lost his consciousness. Not long after, he staggered to his feet and started swaying.

I was shocked when I saw how Ashton's face was flushed red after drinking. Reckoned that he was tipsy, I raised my hand to stop him from grabbing his glass again. "Ashton, listen to me. You don't have to keep on drinking. It's not good for your health."

He raised his eyes and looked up at me. With a gleeful grin, he said, "It's no big deal!"

I furrowed my brows as I couldn't seem to persuade him. Anger began to surge within me. "Ashton! You..."

Seeing that, he hurriedly put down the glass in his hand. A faint smile appeared on his handsome face and he said, "Alright. I'll stop now."

Meanwhile, John was buzzed. He rested his head and arms on the table, staring at us and mumbling with a nasal sound. "Are you guys done? I'm drinking my sorrows away here and I could use a little sympathy. Why can't you guys give me some comfort?"

Ashton raised his brows and did not bother to respond. He rested his head on one side of his hand and looked at me as if he was enjoying the view.

I averted his gaze and looked toward John. I asked, "Did you and Hannah get into a fight? Or did you do something horrible?"

He clicked his tongue. Apparently, he was displeased. "What do you mean I did something horrible? What can I do?"

I raised my brows silently and glanced at him with an impassive expression.

He fell silent for a while. After that, he sighed slightly and took a sip of whiskey. He lowered his head for a long while and said, "Hannah wants to leave and I have no idea what I should do with the kid..."

I was stunned for a moment. After a few seconds, I said seriously, "John, are you concerned about Hannah leaving? Or are you worried that the kid would grow up without a mother?"

John didn't utter a word but gulp down a few more sips of whiskey. He sighed weakly, "The latter. The child is too young."

I frowned. I was slightly irritated. "John, Hannah spent most of her life with you. She even gave you all her love over the years. In the end, what does she get in return? You only wanted her to stay because your child needs a mother. Then what about you? What is she to you? Is she only a tool to carry and give birth to your child? Don't you think she had done everything a wife should?"

He looked at me with a helpless expression. He was confused and at a loss. "I've given her what I can, and what I should. I will not get married. Despite not being legally married to me, I have given her all I have, especially money. So why isn't

she satisfied yet? She is never going to get what she owns now from another person in her life.”

I stared at John. All of a sudden, I was speechless. Perhaps, from his point of view, he thought that what women really wanted in a relationship were material things. Men should fulfill women’s wants and needs. However, every individual was different from the others. Maybe, what Hannah really wanted wasn’t just his money.

But, I didn’t know how to explain it to John. His way of thinking was totally different from mine. There was no right or wrong. We just didn’t share the same values.