

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 563

Glaring at him, I huffed, "It hurts the ones who raise her."

The smile slid off his face when he realized that I was angry, and he pecked on my cheek to appease me. With his hands around my waist, he gently said, "The company will be holding our annual meeting soon. Once it's over, why don't we go to Remdik together?"

I nodded repeatedly. Of course, I would pounce on the chance to go out immediately.

As the New Year was right around the corner, Ashton had a lot to do at the company. Therefore, he headed to the office not long after.

My initial plan was to stay at home to read, but Emery called to say that she was back from her honeymoon and suggested meeting with everyone.

"Everyone?" I could not help but blurt.

She helplessly whined, "Hannah, me and you. Who else do you think I was referring to?"

That's true. I only have that few friends around me.

Naturally, I agreed to it.

We planned to meet by the golf course in the suburbs. However, we were not going there to play golf, but as girls, we were merely there for the scenery and food.

Besides, Emery bought a villa near the golf course recently, and she found many cafes nearby. Although she was interested in visiting those places, she did not have the chance to thus far. Since they were meeting, she wanted to use the opportunity to try them.

At first, I wanted to drive, but Ashton had arranged for a bodyguard cum driver to send me there.

There was no use in protesting. After all, with someone to send me there, it would save me a lot of effort.

Upon reaching the cafe, I was about to call Emery when I heard her shout my name.

We had not seen each other for a few days, and she did seem plumper than before. Perhaps it was because she was pregnant.

In a carefree fashion, she walked to me and hooked her arm around mine. "How rare it is to see you show up this early? We can head in first since Hannah is still on her way."

I obliged and entered the cafe with Emery.

Although it was labelled as a cafe, it seemed more like a high tea restaurant. Well-decorated and pleasant, it was a good place for gatherings.

Once we stepped in, a waiter welcomed us and politely greeted us, "Hello. May I know if you have made a reservation?"

"Yes, we made a reservation for the pavilion," Emery promptly replied and passed her reservation confirmation slip to the waiter.

The waiter scanned it before bowing slightly, gesturing for the two ladies to follow him. "Please follow me this way."

He escorted us to the pavilion and passed us the menu in the form of bamboo slips. "Here is the menu. You can take your time to decide on what to order while I prepare some sweet treats to start both of you off with your meal first."

Without any delay, Emery scanned through the menu and circled a few. Then, she looked up to ask, "Do you have any cravings?"

"Haha, I'm not picky. You can take your pick."

After selecting a few more dishes, the waiter came over and served us an exquisite-looking dessert each.

It looked like juice, but it was not juice.

Emery passed our orders to the waiter and instructed, "Please serve our dishes a little later as we are still waiting for another friend to arrive."

The waiter acknowledged before leaving us to enjoy our dessert.

Curiously looking at the glass placed in front of me, I mumbled, "This looks like jelly, but it isn't jelly."

Emery laughed in response. "It is made from a fruit found in Southeast Asia. After squeezing the pulp, they freeze it. I only learned about it on my trip there. Have a taste. It is pretty good."

I took a sip of it. "It tastes sweet. The texture is smooth, and there is no trace of ice."

Like an expert, Emery scooped a spoonful of ice water served by the waiter onto the dessert. White smoke appeared from the bowl, and there was a slightly sweet fragrance, which increased their appetite.

My mouth widened as I gasped, “You sure know how to eat.”

“Of course! When I went to college, I tried all the food around it, whether from street vendors or high-end restaurants. I haven’t been to the restaurants around here much, not because it is expensive. Instead, it’s because the wealthy housewives staying around here are their most frequent visitors. Those ladies come here for high tea all the time, and it’s annoying when they start gossiping and boasting. What a turnoff!”

I chuckled. “Well, it’s true that the living expenses in this estate are high. Since the stay-home wives have nothing better to do at home, they want to seek out companions to boast about their husbands and children, and even their branded buys.”

We continued to chat for some time when we heard a commotion outside. I heard a familiar voice, and I turned to Emery in shock. “Why do I hear Hannah’s voice?”

She was taken aback too. Jumping to our feet, we hurried out.

Our suspicions were confirmed. There was a heated argument among several women, and they were blocking Hannah’s way.

I examined the women arguing with Hannah and realized that one of them looked familiar. Isn’t that Yvonne.

Going nearer, I verified my guess.

It was Yvonne. I had not seen her in a while, and she had changed a lot.

Emery analysed, “Her clothes are the latest designs from Versace, and they are specially customized for VIP customers. I think it costs around a hundred thousand. Besides, her Prada bag costs at least fifty

thousand. Her shoes seem custom made, so we can't even put a price on them. Although her bracelet is quite common in the market, it is still at least fifty thousand. I'm guessing that she's rich."