

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1064

After Emery and Camelia were done with their facial treatments, they both decided to go to the mall for a shopping spree. I naturally had no objections, so I went along with them.

Having hustled about the entire day, we went to a restaurant specializing in grilled fish. Just after we had taken our seats, Emery looked at me and clicked her tongue. "What are young girls nowadays thinking? How does she stand being with such an old man?"

Hearing that, I was stunned for a moment. Then, I glanced over my shoulder, only to be greeted by the sight of a couple with a huge age gap. It wasn't a mere assumption, for the woman was kissing and being all lovey-dovey with the man in public without the slightest hint of embarrassment. From the look of things, they definitely weren't father and daughter, but lovers.

However, I only took a gander. When I saw that the woman was all but lying on the man who seemed to be about sixty years old, I didn't continue watching them. After all, it required fortitude to gaze at such a scene for a long time.

Camelia, on the other hand, frowned slightly. "The age gap here must be at least thirty over years. Is such a romance truly love?"

In reply, Emery shook her head. "Nope. It's apparent at first glance that the old man isn't quite right in the mind. He seems a tad senile. As such, the woman is most likely eyeing his money."

Nevertheless, I remained quiet through it all since it was rather difficult to judge such a matter. We then ordered our food, and it was served very quickly. Ah, it's been a long time since I last had grilled fish! I buried my head in the food and started eating with relish. Meanwhile, Camelia and Emery were still discussing skincare routines, including the fact that they should avoid eating spicy food, reduce their sugar intake, and have more collagen. After all, women would slowly lose collagen after twenty-five years old, so they could only rely on money to retain their beauty.

In that, I had to concur. Toward the end of their conversation, they then decided to register for a body conditioning class tomorrow to enhance their figure and deportment.

Sure enough, women were forever pursuing beauty all their lives.

"Yvonne Wilde, I asked you to accompany my father for a stroll! Why did you bring him here? Do you have any professional work ethics?" A voice abruptly rang out behind me.

Upon hearing the familiar name, I couldn't resist looking over my shoulder. By then, the woman, who had been in the old man's embrace, had gotten to her feet. With an apologetic expression on her face, she explained to the fuming woman, "I'm sorry, Ms. Langston. Mr. Langston said that he craved grilled fish, so I brought him here. I'm sorry. I won't do it anymore."

That woman, however, seemed fit to be tied. Glowering at her, she snarled, "Why are you doing everything he says? Don't you know that he has high blood pressure and has to be circumspect in his diet? Also, don't think that I'm unaware of your ploy. "My father is senile. Are you trying to coax him into marrying you so that you'd have a share of the assets when he dies? Let me tell you, that's a pipe dream! It's impossible! Now, scram! Here's your pay for having taken care of him for the past few days. Don't you ever step foot into our house again in the future!"

Throwing a stack of bills into Yvonne's face, the woman then left with the old man. As Yvonne stood by the table, the diners in the restaurant stared at her as though watching a show. From the few simple words, everyone could discern the meaning clear as day.

Is she that strapped for cash? Didn't John give her quite a tidy sum after breaking up with her? So, why has she been taking care of an elderly senile man for the sake of money? Besides, their posture earlier was really intimate.

Puzzlement swamped me.

Again glancing back, my brows furrowed when I saw her picking up the money from the floor in a mini skirt. I was at a loss for words. We choose our paths in life, and though we have no idea whether it'll be good or bad, we should make a conscientious choice from the very beginning itself.

After she had picked up all the money, she stood up. The moment she caught sight of me, she froze for a moment before sneering, "What a coincidence, Ms. Stovall! You've again seen me at my lowest."

Pursing my lips, I lowered my head and commented, "You have plenty of choices, so why must you relegate yourself to this?"

"Haha!" Yvonne gave a bark of laughter. As she brandished the money in her hand, she stared at me and retorted, "You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, Ms. Stovall, so you've probably never suffered much in life, no? Thus, you likely have no idea how someone with no money survives. "People are born in different classes, and someone like me is destined to be trampled upon and humiliated ever since birth.

In that case, why should I make life unnecessarily difficult for myself? I'd be better off resigning myself to fate and make money however I can do so. "Isn't this pretty good? Look, I've only taken care of that old man for a few days, and I've gotten tens of thousands in addition to the money he gave me. That's a huge sum. You said I have plenty of choices.

Indeed, I do. Considering my academic qualification and good looks, I can get an office job with five or six thousand a month. "But then, I'll have to go to work early and get off work late, not to mention pandering to my superior. I'll have to lower myself all my life, and I might even have to pay the price with my health. Yet in the end, I might not even afford to buy a house when I'm old. Say, what's the use of dignity and pride?"

"From your standpoint, you can't understand me. Likewise, from my perspective, I can't understand you. I wanted to marry John because I'll never again have to worry about money besides getting to live out my life in bliss. So, why did you put a stop to that? Was it because of my filthy means of making money?"

"But the truth is, I'm a commodity in his eyes—one that requires some occasional spending for maintenance. The only difference is that he'll place me in Stovall residence for show at the end of the day. Ms. Stovall, a few words from you extinguished all light from my life in the blink of an eye."