

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 957

“Scarlett, can I ask you for a favor?” Hannah suddenly asked.

“Of course!”

“Really?” She beamed as she continued, “You know how I don’t have many friends, so I was hoping you could be my bridesmaid.”

Her request caught me by surprise, though I was also rather flattered.

“Are you sure that’d be appropriate? I thought only unmarried women could be bridesmaids?”

“Why wouldn’t it be appropriate? There’s no rule for that. It’d be so much more fun to have you as my bridesmaid.”

I couldn’t say no to my friend, especially when she was so excited about it. “All right then, I’ll do it. But when’s your wedding?”

“Dear, is our wedding on the fifteenth of next month?” Hannah asked as she tugged at Chandler’s sleeve.

Chandler sighed as he hit his forehead. “It’s on the fifth!”

“Oh, right! Sorry, it’s on the fifth of next month!” Hannah looked back at me with a toothy grin.

I was about to note the date down when I remembered something.

“Sorry Hannah, I don’t think I can be your bridesmaid after all. I haven’t told many people about it but, I’m pregnant!”

Hannah stared at me as her eyes widened almost comically. “You’re pregnant? Are you serious?”

What made her reaction even funnier was that she was a mother herself, yet she was over the moon at my pregnancy news. I couldn’t help but laugh out. “Yes, it’s true. I’m two months along now, so you can’t really tell.”

Hannah was bursting with excitement as she grabbed my hands. "This is great news! Kiki's

going to have a sister to play with! Does Uncle Louis know?"

"Not yet. It's still too early. My mother said to wait till the pregnancy's stable before telling

everyone. It'd be a good excuse to ask everyone out for a meal too."

Hannah nodded eagerly, her goofy grin even wider now. All of a sudden, her face changed.

"You're pregnant, and you're still out helping me with the dress shopping? Let's send you

home first! I don't want to tire you out."

"Oh no, please don't make a fuss out of it! Besides, I'm only accompanying you. It's no problem at all."

Hannah looked a lot more relieved with my reassurance and broke into a grin again.

Hannah was such a stark contrast from her past self that I wondered if it was because of

Chandler. The old Hannah didn't like to smile. She was beautiful like a doll, but also very cold

and distant. Hannah now seemed more like a bright-eyed child who had a lot of enthusiasm

and hope for life. More importantly, she always wore a smile now.

It's true what people said about love. There's hope and joy when one falls in love with the

right person. But love the wrong one, and life would be hellish and fraught with pain.

I don't know if John was ever the right one for Hannah. But from what I can see now,

Chandler is everything that Hannah needs and deserves to have.

When we finally arrived at the bridal shop, the staff immediately welcomed Hannah and me

in.

The manager stayed close to Hannah as she recommended her the various styles and

designs. However, Hannah already knew what she wanted as she dragged me along to pick

out a few dresses.

Every woman dreamed about finding their perfect wedding dress, and Hannah was no exception. They were all looking for the moment where they don the dress and go, "Yes! That's the one!"

When Hannah went off to try the dresses, I wandered around the shop admiring the vast selection.

The best item in any shop would always be in the most conspicuous place, and everything else would pale in comparison. That was exactly what happened when a solitary wedding dress in a window display caught my attention.

The eagle-eyed manager saw how I couldn't peel my eyes off of it and approached me.

"That's the latest design for this year's fall and winter collection," she said enthusiastically.

"It's inspired by champagne and snowflakes to symbolize romance and happiness."

"This dress is gorgeous," I exclaimed. "Did someone get it custom-made?" A dress like that

would have been made and reserved a while ago. Displaying it in the shop was just a means to attract more customers.

Sure enough, the manager nodded. "It has been made to order for quite some time now. We have it on display because the customer hasn't come to collect it."

"Why?" I couldn't help but probe further. I'd be first in line to collect the dress if I were the customer. So why the delay? What happened to the wedding?

"We've asked the customer before. But we were only told the dress wouldn't come in handy for the time being. We just assumed the wedding got postponed," the manager explained with a shrug.

Hannah came out of the dressing room at that moment, dragging her dress along. "This hem's too long and too heavy!" she whined.

Even though she was complaining about it, seeing Hannah in her wedding dress took our

breath away. She was a classic beauty, blessed with an almond-shaped face, slender neck,

and fair complexion. The wedding dress accentuated her figure, and there was no denying how attractive she looked.

“Ms. Anne, this dress looks perfect on you! It makes your fair complexion stand out even more,” the manager remarked.

“December is the next month, and it’s going to be cold in K City. Don’t you think this dress is

too revealing? I’m going to freeze in this. Scarlett, what do you think?” Hannah asked while

checking herself out in the full-length mirror.

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“It’s beautiful, but I agree with you about feeling cold in it.” My gaze once again wandered

over to the dress in the display window, and an idea struck me. “Excuse me, could you let

her try on that dress?” I asked the manager.

Hannah followed my gaze and gasped when she saw the dress. “Oh, that looks amazing.

But I’m sure someone has reserved it. It wouldn’t be right to try it on.”

“It’s fine! The owner of the dress has given their permission to let anyone interested try it

on,” the manager said reassuringly.

Hannah’s face lit up immediately, and she agreed to give the dress a try.

After hearing what the manager said about the customer, I became even more perplexed.

The dress was one-of-a-kind, and if I were the customer, I wouldn’t want to let anyone else

go near it. Why would the customer not collect the dress and still allow others to try it on?

Chandler had just entered the shop after having parked his car. When he didn’t see Hannah

anywhere, he turned to me. “Is she trying on the dresses?”

I nodded at him and tried to hold in my laughter when I saw how red his nose had gotten from the cold. "Do you want to try on the formal wear for yourself? See what suits you?"

"Not now. I'm going to wait till Hannah has picked her dress before I find something to match hers."

I was impressed at how Chandler had considered every detail and merely smiled back at him.

The manager had run off to entertain other customers, so Chandler and I continued chatting with each other. I finally understood why Hannah had chosen him in the end.

Even though Chandler looked young and naive, he was nothing like that. He was sensitive

and thoughtful. And he catered to all of Hannah's likes and dislikes.

I never understood why so many women would go for men younger than them, but now that

I had seen Chandler, I was starting to see the appeal.

Their youth brought about a kind of vibrance and energy that could change lives for the

better. After being with John for so long, Hannah's vibrance had been dulled and chipped

away. Chandler could give her what John had failed to do so.

"Scarlett, what are you doing here?" I was lost in my thoughts when a voice suddenly

brought me back. Upon turning around, I came face to face with John and Yvonne.

"I'm here with... a friend to try on wedding dresses. What about you?" I asked, my brows furrowed.

"We're here to try on dresses too! Ms. Stovall, which one of your friends is getting married? I

hope our dates don't clash. Otherwise, it'd be hard on you," Yvonne said as she held onto

John's wrist.

Even though she had a full face of make-up on, it still couldn't hide the fatigue on it. From

the looks of it, John had not been treating her well.

I pursed my lips and looked at John. "Have you decided to marry her?" John's gaze landed on Chandler, and there was a flash of recognition in his eyes.

He looked back at me and nodded. "Yes. I'm not young anymore, and Uncle Louis has been nagging at me to settle down."

"Okay. Remember to let me know the date in advance," I replied plainly.

The manager hurriedly made her way toward John and apologized profusely. "Mr. Stovall,

I'm sorry! I didn't know you'd be coming, so I've let Ms. Anne try on the dress you ordered.

Please wait while I get everything sorted!"

That dress was custom ordered by John? Is it for Yvonne?

Before I could ask John, Hannah came out in the wedding dress. The dress was beautiful on

its own, but when donned on someone like Hannah, it became even more breathtaking.

Hannah was tugging at the dress and mumbling away, "Scarlett, is Chandler here? Can you

help me see why this dress..." Her voice trailed off when she finally looked up.

Seeing John and Hannah instantly wiped the smile off of her face. But once she noticed

Chandler in the room, a faint smile reappeared as she asked, "How does it look?"

Chandler couldn't hide his excitement and admiration for his fiancée as he nodded in

earnest approval. "You look so, so beautiful. Just like a goddess."

He looked so silly that Hannah grinned back at him. "Why haven't you tried on your clothes?"

"I was waiting for you to find your dress so I could get something to match with you,"

Chandler muttered, still smitten by Hannah's beauty.

John had been scowling at Hannah the whole time when he finally asked,

"Are you really

going to marry him?"

Hannah nodded without any hesitation and looked at him in all seriousness. "I had planned on finding the right time to tell you, but since you're here, we'll give you your invitation first."

"Dear, can you see if the wedding invitation card for Mr. Stovall is in my bag? We might as well give it to him now," Hannah said to Chandler.