

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 959

Chandler got the invitation card out and handed it to John politely. "Mr. Stovall, I hope you can attend our wedding and give us your blessings."

John merely glared at Chandler, and Yvonne accepted the card on his behalf. "Who knew

Ms. Anne's wedding would be so soon. John and I are also getting married next month. I

wonder if the dates will clash!"

She opened the wedding invitation and smiled when she saw the date.

"Thankfully, our

wedding is on the tenth, so we'll be able to make it to your wedding.

Don't worry, Ms. Anne.

John and I will be there."

Hannah didn't entertain her any further as she continued to check herself out in the mirror.

John's eyes lingered on her, and I could see the hurt in them. It was then I knew that John

had really fallen for her.

Then, why is he still marrying Yvonne? He knew very well the kind of woman Yvonne was.

Why would he still make such an irrational decision?

Yvonne was mad after getting snubbed by Hannah, so she decided to throw a fit at the

manager. "Why did you let someone else try on my custom-made wedding dress? What kind

of customer service does your shop provide? I want to make a complaint!"

The poor manager got all flustered as she started apologizing. "Ms. Wilde, I'm very sorry!

But when Mr. Stovall had the dress made, he did say it would be fine to let others try it on... "

Yvonne drew a sharp breath when she heard that. "John, how could you? You had the dress

custom-made for me. How can you let others try it on?"

After realizing what she had done, Hannah immediately spoke up, "Sorry, I didn't know this was for you! I'll go take it off right now." As she hurriedly dragged herself back to the dressing room, Chandler followed closely behind to make sure she didn't trip.

John stared longingly at her as his face drained of color. "No need. This dress looks good on you. Take it as a gift from me."

"No, thank you!" Hannah shouted as she got into the changing room with Chandler.

Yvonne could see that John was in a foul mood and decided not to upset him any further.

"Forget it. That wedding dress doesn't fit me anyway. Why don't you show me around and find me a suitable one?"

The manager looked relieved as she eagerly nodded and showed Yvonne around.

I saw the disappointment on John's face and tried to find the words to comfort him. "You made that dress for her, didn't you?" It was clear to see how every detail of the dress

seemed to complement Hannah so well. I wouldn't believe him even if he tried to deny it.

"I had this dress made for her right after she gave birth to Kiki. I wanted to wait till she had recuperated before planning for our wedding. But it's too late for that now," he said with a tone of resignation.

I didn't want to ask how he and Hannah got to be in their current state, so I changed the subject. "Why Yvonne then?"

John looked a little annoyed when my question came out so bluntly. "I'm getting on with age, and it's time to get married. Since it doesn't matter who I marry, I might as well choose someone whom I can easily control."

"John, have you gone mad? Don't you know what kind of woman Yvonne is? Do you want to

bring chaos to the Stovall family by marrying her? I don't know why you had to let the perfect wife go and settle for someone like her. I can tell you now that Uncle Louis and I won't agree to this marriage. Even if you must marry, there are many other socialites you can pick from in K City. Any one of them would be better than Yvonne."

His expression darkened as he looked at me. "When have you become this snobbish? Why do you care about one's social status now?" "You're my brother, and I only want the best for you. You know very well the kind of woman Yvonne is. Other people can't wait to get away from her, yet you're marrying her? I don't care about social status, but I do care about character and morals. If you were marrying a kind-hearted woman who knew when to give and take, I wouldn't oppose. But Yvonne is nothing like that." "So what? You said I'm a terrible person, and even if I found a good woman, I'd only be holding her back. If that's the case, why not just find myself another terrible person to be with?" he retorted, his voice full of self-hatred and despair. Seeing him so disheartened made me wonder if I should comfort or scold him. After much hesitation, I let out a big sigh. "What are you doing? Where were you at the start? Hannah waited for you for so many years, yet you constantly let her down. Why did you have to wait till she found someone she deserves before you start to cherish her? Why do you have to degrade yourself like this?" He laughed bitterly and gave a nonchalant shrug. "That's right. I'm degrading myself. So what? I deserve it!" I had given up on him at this point. I knew nothing I said would knock any sense back into

him, so I remained silent. Just then, Hannah came out of the changing room in a Chinese-style wedding dress, complete with a phoenix coronet. I was stunned at how drastic the change was that I couldn't help but ask, "Didn't you want to stick to a Western-style wedding? Why the sudden change?"

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Hannah smiled. "That was my plan. But Chandler's mother suggested jazzing it up a bit by adding some Chinese elements. I thought it sounded like a good idea."

If that was her decision, who was I to say no to my friend? And besides, Hannah looked good in anything. "This looks amazing on you, especially with the phoenix coronet," I commented. After a brief pause, I leaned into her and whispered, "Actually, I think I prefer this look to the previous one."

Hannah laughed out loud before turning to Chandler. "Let's mix the theme of our wedding then! We've still got time to make changes, so let's make it fun!"

"If we're going to mix it up, can you go home with me tomorrow?" Chandler asked a little awkwardly.

"Are we going back to let your parents know of the changes?" Chandler nodded shyly before continuing, "Actually, my mother had already made a Chinese-style wedding dress for you, but she doesn't have your measurements. If we go back tomorrow, she can note down your measurements and make the necessary adjustments!"

Seeing Chandler so shy and innocent instantly melted Hannah's heart. She couldn't help but hug him tight. "Silly you! If I had known about this, I wouldn't have come here to shop for wedding dresses. We can't let your mother's efforts go to waste!"

“My mother said to go with what you like. The dress can be her wedding gift to us.”

Hannah’s eyes were welling up with tears as she lightly hit Chandler’s chest. “If I had found out about this later, I’d have been so upset! I can’t let your mother down, especially when

she’s put in so much effort to make a beautiful dress just for me.”

Looking at the happy couple, I knew they no longer needed my help.

When I turned around

and saw John staring in our direction, I let out a sigh again. I could only imagine how he felt

at that moment, knowing that he was to blame for throwing away the best thing he ever had.

“Okay, you two lovebirds, carry on with what you’re doing. I’m going to wait outside,” I said to

Hannah and Chandler, who merely exchanged glances with a smile.

Yvonne had just come out in a wedding dress and was firing questions at John. John looked

bored with his hands in his pockets, replying with hardly any enthusiasm.

“Ms. Stovall, can you see if this dress suits me?” Yvonne asked when she saw me walking

toward them. “I’ve tried two dresses, and John didn’t like them both. I don’t even know what

I should wear now.”

“That looks pretty good!” I said, after having looked her up and down.

She thanked me even though she was a little stunned at how patronizing I sounded.

John seemed to have lost his patience when he frowned at her. “You can continue trying the

dresses, but I’m leaving first. I’ve still got work to do.” After that, he turned to me and asked,

“Want me to send you back?”

I shook my head, feeling appalled at how dumb he acted. He had only just told Yvonne he

was busy, yet he still asked if I wanted a lift home. Could he have made it any more obvious

about how impatient he was with her?

John swiftly fished his car keys out and made a beeline for the exit. Yvonne tried to stop him, but the dress was so long and heavy that she couldn't keep up. I decided there and then that it would be better to make things clear with Yvonne. "You don't have to subject yourself to such embarrassment. I know you like money, so why don't you name your price? As long as it's reasonable, my family will give it to you. Please just stay away from John."

I was in the same situation with Cameron many years back. She had wanted to pay me to leave Ashton so Rachel could be with him. It was ironic how I had become the person I hated the most.

Yvonne's lips curled into a smirk, tears welling up in her eyes. "Is that what people like you think of me? That I'm only with John because of money?"

If she was trying to look for sympathy, I had none for her. After having seen Hannah at her lowest point and knowing that John had no love for Yvonne, I couldn't bring myself to sympathize with her at all. "It doesn't matter whether you're with John for money or not.

What matters is that you leave him. You know very well that he doesn't love you and that

he's only using you. Marrying you was never his intention. As his sister, I shouldn't be interfering in his affairs. But, I'm a Stovall after all, and I know that my family would never accept someone like you. We're offering you money so you can leave with your dignity intact. You wouldn't want this to turn ugly when the media gets wind of it."