

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1065

"What kind of logic is that?" Emery countered with a hint of contempt. "If you regard yourself as a commodity, then you should act like one. A commodity has value. Do you know your value? "Why on earth did you attach such a high value to yourself when you're a commodity that has changed hands every so often? Do you think you're worth that much? You're a commodity that has zero aesthetic and practical value, yet you price yourself as a customized commodity. Do you think you're worth that price? Well, the answer is no."

Oh my God, Emery is simply... Amazing!

All at once, Yvonne's face flushed bright red at her lecture. After a long while, she glared at her and snapped, "What has that got to do with you? How's that your business?"

At that, Emery merely snickered, not in the mood to continue debating with her. "It's indeed none of my business. Let's go!"

Naturally, there was no way we could continue with the meal after that debacle. As Emery strode out of the restaurant while dragging Camelia and me along, she muttered, "People are really ridiculous nowadays. Her values are erroneous, yet she doesn't allow anyone else to point them out. Come on!"

After saying that, she turned to me with a frown. "Well, I'm curious. How did you get acquainted with that freak? Damn it, she's just pissing me off so badly!"

Startled for a moment, my gaze remained locked on hers. With the corners of my mouth twitching, I replied, "You don't remember her? She was a hostess at your nightclub back then. She was forced to drink, so John and I intervened. I later got her a job at Nick's company, but it wasn't long before she got her hooks into John."

Emery was stunned for some time before she blurted, "Dang! Are you serious? It's been so long that I don't have any recollection of her. She's really crazy."

After exiting the restaurant, we went straight to the mall. Once those two women started shopping, they were in a world of their own. When the shopping spree drew to an end, the entire trunk was filled to the brim.

Completely worn out, I sat at the lounge on the first floor and waited for them while they shopped.

I had just sat down for a brief second when I spotted a man dragging Yvonne out of the mall by the hair. His movements were vicious and indifferent, turning her silky hair into a tangled mess.

"Please let go of me! I'm sorry, I won't do it anymore. I beg you! I'll give you all the money, so please let go of my hair!" Yvonne wailed at the top of her lungs.

However, the man showed no signs of taking mercy on her. Instead, his grip on her became increasingly brutal. "You'll do anyone as long as they give you money, huh?"

The man's vulgar words were indeed unpleasant, and he proclaimed that in a booming voice, so everyone around them heard that. As they unwittingly attracted people's attention, an elderly lady stepped forward and persuaded, "Young man, just talk it out if there's a problem. This isn't an appropriate way to treat a woman."

"She doesn't mind doing it with any man and has now given me STD! This is all on her! Not only is she filthy as hell, but she also ruins others! It's already merciful of me when she's such a despicable woman!"

Yvonne then fell to the ground while struggling with him. Looking all pathetic, she stared at the man as she rebutted in a tearful and aggrieved voice, "I didn't! It wasn't me! You're the one who contracted it, for I've got no STD at all! All those are wealthy men, so how could they possibly have STD? It's you who contracted it by sleeping around with random women, yet you're blaming me?"

Slap! The man didn't pull his punches, so it was a heavy blow. At that strike, Yvonne saw stars, and blood trickled out of the corner of her mouth.

"What a load of crap! Would you have gotten STD if you haven't gone to the nightclub to prowl for men even when you were together with Mr. Stovall? Did you think that wealthy men have no STD? Even if they do, would they tell you? You'll even do it with an old man in his sixties or seventies for a quick buck, so who would believe you when you say you have no STD?"

Upon hearing this, a sense of unease flooded me. Could it be that I've truly hit the nail on the head, and Yvonne Wilde truly has STD? At the thought of this, I hastily took out my phone and called John.

Fortunately, it was relatively quiet on his side when the call was connected. When he heard the commotion on my end, he asked, "Where are you? Why is it so noisy? And what happened?"

"I'm at the mall. Where are you?" I demanded. When I saw the man beating up Yvonne, my brows inevitably creased. Standing up, I headed toward the security booth.

"I'm having tea with Emma. Would you like to join us? Uncle Louis has an exquisite tea that he has kept for a few years, and the taste is rather good. You can come over and try some." From his voice, it seemed that he was getting along well with Emma today.

Smacking my lips, I retorted, "Don't tell me you stole the tea? You'll be dead meat when Uncle Louis learns of it. Oh yes, when were you last intimate with Yvonne Wilder?"

Pfft! The sound of water spraying out sounded, followed by his violent coughing on the other end. "Letty, you did that on purpose, no? Even if you want to mess with me, you don't have to say such a thing at precisely this moment. That question of yours is too personal!"

I propped my hand against my forehead in embarrassment. After deliberating for a moment, I urged, "Well, just hurry up and tell me. I want to know! This concerns your entire life, so tell me quickly. Stop dawdling!"

As mortification pervaded him, John cleared his throat and lowered his voice to a mere whisper as he spoke into the phone. "Letty, can we speak about this at home? Emma is right in front of me now, so how am I supposed to answer that? Are you sure you're not doing this deliberately?"