

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1350

"Your suffering seems endless..." Emery intoned sentimentally. "Life is too short. We should enjoy it while we can. I had a first-hand experience when I was getting my surgery done in M Country. After spending some time overseas, I've realized that it's completely okay to be single. I think I'll just stay away from men from now on. God knows what kind of trouble they will bring. Most importantly, they're like a sticky gum that I can't get rid of."

I burst out a laugh. "I believe the last part is what you're most afraid of."

What's life without a mixture of joys and sorrows? With age, we learn to let go of many things that's out of our control.

"Can't you join in without killing my buzz?" Emery rolled her eyes at me and shot a glance at the waiter, who was quick to fill up her wineglass.

I finally conceded. "Alright, alright. It's my fault. Please stop tempting me with the wine. You know I have to abstain from alcohol now."

"Fine. I'll let you off this once." There was a satisfied smirk on her face.

Just then, a male voice rang from the door, "Isn't this Ms. Stovall? What a pleasant coincidence!"

It was Marshall Tiedemann, CEO of Tiedemann Industrial. I met him once at a gathering, but we never hung out privately as friends.

A group of men and women were standing outside the door with him. They appeared to be some important people he wanted to butter up to.

Marshall strode into our room as though we were close friends. "It's so good seeing you here. Why don't we join you two lovely ladies for a meal? Manager, reset the table," he said while gesturing his friends into the room.

Despite feeling annoyed by his self-serving attitude, Emery and I were not ignorant of common social etiquettes. Since he meant no harm, we half-heartedly accepted them into our room.

The manager, on the other hand, was crafty enough to wait at the door for Emery's confirmation before excusing himself to sort out the table.

Marshall solicitously invited Elliot to sit next to me, while another woman sat between the two men. The rest of their friends started to whisper among themselves. Judging from their expressions, I was sure my name was one of the topics.

Sighing helplessly, I planned to finish my food and get out of there when Emery suddenly nudged my elbow and made a gesture for me to check my phone.

Within seconds, my phone lit up with a WhatsApp message from her.

The woman sitting next to Elliot seems to be Ezra's only daughter, Katharina Grant. Looks like someone is playing matchmaking.

Katharina Grant.

I muttered the name under my breath.

If what Emery said was true, my mere presence seemed to have disrupted the matchmaker's plan. That might explain Katharina's icy stares on me earlier.

I looked around the table disinterestedly and brought my attention back to the food before me.

Emery, on the other hand, couldn't contain herself as she whispered, "Don't you have anything to say?"

"Not really." I shrugged and sighed wearily. "I don't want to meddle in something that doesn't concern me. It would be better if we keep to ourselves and mind our own business."

Just because I never made a public stance against the rumors circulating on the internet, that didn't mean I had to associate

myself to Elliot in any way. He and I knew it was just a publicity stunt hyped up by the media.

Away from the limelight, our social circles couldn't be farther apart from each other. Even if we were dating, we still had all the freedom in the world to seek other potential partners before marrying.

Emery nodded and fell silent.

In the meantime, Marshall was talking boisterously, whereas Katharina was as meek as a bunny throughout the meal. She did nothing other than a few polite nods and filled up Elliot's plate from time to time.