

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1073

She's getting married?

That was something that surprised me.

Holding onto the wedding invitation, I froze before saying, "Aren't you too quick? You're marrying so soon."

She gave me a faint smile. "It's not really. I'm almost thirty, and it's about time for me to get married. Moreover, I'm lucky to meet someone who loves and adores me. So it's not too soon. The time is just right."

Looking at the blissful smile on her face, I could not help but smile at her too. "Then, let me congratulate you on your wedding. We'll be there on time."

The smile was still on her face when she handed the wedding invitations to the other coworkers. After Holden and I left, he muttered under his breath, "F*ck, I can't believe a beautiful woman like her is getting married soon. This is ridiculous. Right as I found a woman whom I'm interested too. What a pity."

After we got in the car, I rolled my eyes at him. "Can't you have a semblance of normalcy? You're treating love as a game. Aren't you afraid of karma being right around the corner? One day, if you meet a woman you truly love, you might suffer if you keep this up."

He leaned back on the chair before answering coldly, "That kind of woman you speak of will be someone I'll never meet. I'm born free, and I live freely. No woman will affect me in this life."

I kept quiet when I saw his confident look. No one in this world could predict the future, and all we could do was take one step at a time.

I remained quiet as I drove. After all, there was nothing to talk about. When we reached the factory, Holden schooled his features and entered the building with me. Fuller Corporation did not have many factories, and most were focusing on technological devices. Most of the staff they hired were technicians. Furthermore, in the past two years, most of the work in the factory was done by machinery. Thus, there were few people in the factory.

The one who was in charge of the factory was a middle-aged man in his forties. As we had told him about our visit beforehand, he came to greet us when we reached the doorway. After a brief exchange of greetings, he then brought us to the processing room.

"So far, the batch of products seems fine. I'm here to take a look at them for myself, then I'll tell the rest back at the Taylors that everything's fine. We can sign the contract right away, but I have a request—I want to bring some of the

samples back. That way, I'll be able to convince at the board of directors meeting."

Looking at me, Holden then asked, "Is that all right?"

I nodded. "Sure."

Ashton had told me about this before that day, and it was a request that was fine with me. After showing him around the factory and answering his questions, the two of us then left the factory.

By the time we left, it was already afternoon. Holden asked, "Aren't you planning to show me around in K City? Why don't you bring me to try some specialties in K City?"

Glancing at him, I replied, "In a bit. I've arranged a hotel room for you. If there's anything you need, feel free to call me. I'll send someone to resolve any issues you have as soon as possible."

He nodded but then queried, "Can I not live in the hotel?"

"Of course." As I gripped onto the steering wheel, I continued, "Although the hotel room is reserved for you, you have the freedom to choose whether you live in it or not. There are many nightclubs around the city center. Pretty women, models, and unpopular celebrities often roam the area. Of course, it's fine if you're interested in popular celebrities instead. However, that might be a challenge, and it'll depend on how capable you are."

He pouted. "Am I that terrible of a person to you? What do you mean by unpopular celebrities and models? Do I look like that kind of person to you? I don't want to live in the hotel because I want to live in your house. I've asked others to send my luggage there. Honestly, is Ashton that stingy? Why isn't he hiring a housekeeper for such a large house? It's so big and empty!"

Hearing him, I pursed my lips. "If you're not used to living in hotels, you can live in our house. I'll hire a housekeeper."

Almost immediately, he grinned. "That sounds about right."

When he saw me driving toward the metropolitan area, he wondered, "Where are you heading to?"

"Didn't you say you want to try K City's specialties? I'm bringing you there now. It's time for lunch. Aren't you hungry?" When I peeked at him from the corner of my eyes, I realized he was staring at me.

"Let's skip the specialties. Bring me back to the villa and just make me some simple food. I bear no high hopes for K City's specialties," he responded nonchalantly as he leaned back on the chair again.

The corner of my lips twitched in annoyance. Unable to hold myself back, I huffed, "You don't have some ulterior motives, do you? You're so eager to go to my house."

Glancing at me, he chuckled. "What ulterior motives can I possibly have? Even if you gifted me those things in your house, I won't even want it. What motives can I honestly have? I just want to eat the food you make. Is there something wrong with that? Since the contract is signed, and we've done everything that's necessary, are you planning to let me go back now?"