

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1074

My brows furrowed. "No. I was just wondering why you suddenly have the craving for the food I make. By the way, how is your mother?" I casually asked.

To my surprise, his expression darkened. "Are we going back to your place or not? If we're not, let me get down from the car. I'm going back to the hotel."

What's wrong with him? He's just unreasonably angry right now.

I fell silent and drove straight to the villa instead. Right as he got down from the car, he made a call. Soon, someone brought his luggage over. When he saw me looking at him, he lifted a brow and questioned, "I'm starving. Why aren't you making anything yet?"

For a moment, I was speechless.

I entered the villa and began preparing some food for him.

Dragging the suitcase behind him, he glanced around the house before asking, "Where will I be staying in?"

"There are bedrooms on the first and second floor. Have a look at them yourself. You can live in whichever room you prefer." Cleaners were often hired to clean the house, and I rarely stayed here whenever Ashton was not around. Therefore, the interior of the house seemed silent and dead. Now that I think about it, Holden's right. I should hire a housekeeper for this house. Summer is recovering well. If I bring her here, the house will be livelier.

After Holden looked around the house, he commented, "This house is worth tens of millions, but look at the state of it. How busy Mr. Fuller must be."

Then, he queried, "Your bedroom is on the second floor?"

I nodded. "Yes."

When I saw him carrying his suitcase upstairs, I voiced, "Mr. Taylor, I'll be going back to the Moore Residence at night, and I won't be coming back here. Is there anything you need? If so, do tell me, and I'll get the things you need later."

Standing in the middle of the stairs, he turned around to stare at me with widened eyes. "What do you mean by you're going to Moore Residence and not coming back? Are you going to make me stay in this house all by myself while you enjoy a sweet home somewhere else? Scarlett, do you have a heart? How can you just leave me here by myself?"

His words were giving me nothing but a headache. “Mr. Taylor, I’m supposed to go back to the Moore Residence anyway. Ashton isn’t home, and I rarely sleep here. You’ll be fine living here. There’s a car in the garage, and you can drive yourself anywhere you wish to go. If you really don’t want to go out of the house at night, I’ll prepare something for you to eat later. In a while, I’ll get a housekeeper to come here and prepare your meals. Don’t worry.”

He scoffed. “What do you mean by don’t worry? I’m very worried. What’s the difference between living here and living in a hotel? No. You have to stay here tonight, or else I won’t sign the contract. I won’t listen to anything else from you.”

At that point, I have no words for him. Why is he so childish?

“Mr. Taylor, let’s put aside how inappropriate it is for us to live under the same roof and talk about how I’m also a married woman. Do you really think it’s appropriate for us to live together?”

“What’s wrong with that? I’m not asking you to share a bed with me. I don’t care. You have to stay here tonight, and it won’t matter even if you call Ashton. Also, I don’t want to eat anything else but the pasta you make. It’ll be the same at night; you have to cook for me. Otherwise, I won’t sign the contract. You can mull over this yourself.” With that said, he stormed off to the bedroom.

Speechless at his words, I fell silent. It was not that it was inconvenient for him to live in the villa—the villa was big enough for another person to live in, not to mention the fact that I had once lived under the same roof as him—but that I was worried about Armond.

Ashton had told me Armond would come to me for that box. However, with the current situation, it would be impossible for Armond to ask for the box from me directly. Instead, he would be trying to get the box secretly.

This villa was our primary residence. He would not be able to do anything if no one was around at night. However, if someone was, I was worried that he would use me to threaten Ashton to hand over the box to him.

After placing his things in the bedroom, Holden went downstairs. When he noticed that the pasta was almost done, he took a bowl to put it beside me. Staring at the pasta, he asked, “Do you know how to make anything else?”

I shook my head. “No. I only know how to make this.”

He frowned. “I knew it. How can a woman like you know how to make anything else but pasta? I’ve really overestimated you.”

He knows nothing else but how to infuriate others. Spinning around to shoot him a glare, I then huffed, “Any more rubbish from you, and I’ll throw you out. I’ll get Ashton to discuss the contract with you. I’m not a shareholder of the Fuller Corporation. You can do whatever you like; it’s none of my business.”

He clicked his tongue. "You ungrateful woman. How can you get angry just because I'm speaking the truth? Look at the other women. They either do makeup or they make sure they present themselves well. Now, look at you. You're bare-faced all the time, and with the kind of lifestyle you lead, I'd say you're going to have menopause earlier than the rest."