

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1077

He was taken aback by my words for a while. After a beat, his eyes widened comically before he gasped in disbelief. "Scarlett, you set me up?"

I nodded honestly. "You can think of it that way if you want to. If you're scared, you can leave the car right now. I won't stop you."

He gritted his teeth before hissing, "This has nothing to do with whether I'm scared or not. You clearly know I have no way to go back if I were to get down from the car now. Moreover, do I look scared? Armond's nothing but a dumbass. Why should I be scared of him? I just don't want to see him."

I nodded again. "Well, then. Since you're not afraid of him, be quiet and follow me there. Take it as if you're protecting me, and I'll owe you a favor. How about that?"

He scoffed, "How are you going to return me the favor? Tell me more. If I like it, I'll even take Armond down, not to mention protecting you."

My mouth hung open for a while before I managed to voice, "What do you want? I'll try my best to fulfill it."

He mulled over my words. "Why don't you cook for me for a week? I don't want pasta every day. I'll definitely puke by the second day."

His request was reasonable and simple, but it still stumped me. With a frown, I muttered, "Mr. Taylor, have I ever told you I can't cook? Other than making pasta, I don't know how to make anything else. Are you sure you want me to cook for you?"

He glowered at me. "If you don't know how to cook, then learn. I don't care. That's my request, and nothing else will work."

"Okay, then." I had to agree first; whether or not my cooking would be edible was another matter.

When we finally reached the villa, I was transfixed. This villa is humongous. The villa in K City's suburbs usually have specific limits for their size, but this house is evidently thrice the size of the normal villa. This isn't a villa; this is a manor!

The Murphys are filthy rich. This villa is worth hundreds of millions. Are they planning to live in it? Do they plan to use it for something else?

After entering the compound, I had to drive a distance before I reached the villa itself. By then, there was someone waiting for us by the doorway. "The size of this villa is comparable to the Taylor residence. The Murphys are truly affluent if

they can build such an enormous villa in a place like K City, where the population density is high.”

When I took a good look at the villa, I realized I had to agree with him. The place looked newly built, and it would be impossible for them to build a place like this legally; they must have bribed the authorities and pulled some strings.

After entering the living room, I noticed it was so empty I could even hear the echoes of our footsteps. We then followed the maid up into a room on the second floor. Right as we entered the room, we were greeted with the sight of a gigantic folding screen.

Facing the folding screen, the maid respectfully announced, “Sir, they’ve arrived.”

The person behind the screen hummed in response before muttering, “You can leave now.” Then, he said, “Ms. Stovall, you’re quite punctual. It seems like I’m still important to you.”

I frowned but stayed silent. All I did was take in my surroundings. Sometimes, it was not a good thing when a house was too big, especially when the house was not lively. It would be like stepping into a haunted house.

It was eerie.

When Armond walked out from behind the folding screen, his gaze landed on Holden, and he frowned. “Mr. Taylor, you’re here too?”

Sounding exactly like a ruffian, Holden drawled, “Yes. I wanted to take a walk, and I ended up here. Mr. Murphy, your house is quite big. What’s it for? Keeping babes?”

It was easy for Holden to set someone ablaze with fury in seconds.

However, Armond only smiled. As he stared at me, he asked, “Ms. Stovall, why don’t you take a seat while we chat? It’s been a long while since we had a good chat.”

Pressing my lips into a thin line, I then said, “Didn’t we agree to have a meal together? Where are the others? Were you just joking with me, or did you think that my time isn’t worth anything?”

“Of course not,” he responded before chuckling. “They’re all upstairs. I have some things I’d like to discuss with Ms. Stovall, so I’m meeting you here.”

As he spoke, his gaze trailed toward Holden. “Mr. Taylor, if you don’t mind, could I have a word with Ms. Stovall alone? I’ve prepared drinks and snacks upstairs. You can try out K City’s specialties there.”

Holden glanced at me, his thoughts obvious; he was asking what he should do next.

When I stared at Armond, I speculated that he must want to ask for the sandalwood box from me, so I said, "Mr. Taylor, please greet Nora and the others for me upstairs."

Holden tensed for a brief second before nodding. Then, he left the room and headed upstairs.

At that moment, the two of us were the only ones left in the spacious room. After Armond sat down and crossed his legs, he lifted a brow at me. "Are you not going to sit for the talk?"

I was silent as I sat down on a chair and waited for him to speak.