

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1274

"I don't know. Perhaps it has to go on for a little longer." I heaved a sigh, feeling dejected all of a sudden.

No couple would want to pretend to be enemies if they could show off their affection openly.

There would always be women around Ashton. Most of them might not have compatible family backgrounds or capabilities. But the possibility of an outstanding woman coming along one day was never zero. Once that happens, what should I do then?

The moment I finished speaking, I heard the sound of my phone buzzing in my pocket.

I fished out my phone right away and saw that it was a video call from Ashton.

"Will you look at that, the big boss is checking on you now. I'll give you guys some space," Emery poked fun at me before she stood up and walked away.

It required connections with the influential and reputable people for Emery's company to gain a foothold in the corporate world. However, her relationship with Zachary had always been lukewarm, so she asked for Ashton's investment. That was also why he was present for the ribbon-cutting ceremony previously. Since then, Emery had always joked about herself working for Ashton.

Feeling helpless, I shook my head with a smile before picking up the phone.

"Why did you ignore me for so long? Are you still mad?" Ashton raised a brow and gave me a devilish grin.

"Are you feeling bad for her?" I teased.

"I'm just worried that you might be exhausted. You had to stay outside and didn't get to rest the entire day. How are you feeling now? Is there any uneasiness?" Ashton chose not to banter with

me. Listening to his gentle tone, I couldn't bring myself to keep speaking sharply to him.

"No, I'm fine enough to get mad and mock people. Actually, I felt as if I've been reborn. I look nothing like a sickly person." I bet there was no terminally ill patient who was as optimistic as me.

"Well, your happiness is more important than anything else." He gazed at me. His expression was unusually solemn as he spoke.

I knew he was genuinely concerned about me, yet his gaze made me feel like he was seeing through me at my soon-to-be-dead face.

All the terminally ill patients had one thing in common. We loved making jokes about death, but when it struck us that death was actually on our way, we lied to ourselves and refused to accept it.

"Of course I'm happy, but that might not be the case for you, since you won't be getting those lunchboxes made with love anymore." I changed the subject, avoiding talking about death.

"What lunchbox are you talking about?" Ashton seemed puzzled.

"Huh?" I narrowed my eyes and stared intently at him. "Are you trying to play the fool? Stella sends you a lunchbox every day. Didn't you eat it?"

The entire company knew about it. So how could it be fake?

"When did she send it?" His expression looked innocent as if he was completely clueless about it.

"Whatever." It seems that I did it again... getting jealous after hearing some baseless rumor. In fact, Ashton had never seen any lunchbox all this while. Yet, the rumor about him and Stella still spread like wildfire. This showed that she was quite the scheming woman.

Ashton, however, wasn't going to let it slide. Keeping the conversation going, he said, "By the way, it's been a long while since I last had your cooking. I really miss it."

“What?” I was engrossed in my own thoughts that I didn’t hear him. A few seconds later, I finally recollected myself. Is he trying to hint at me to prepare a lunchbox with love for him? With that thought, I teased him intentionally. “Oh, I don’t do lunchboxes.”

Disappointed, the gleam in his eyes became dimmer as he stared helplessly and dejectedly at the phone screen.

“But... it’s the weekend tomorrow. If you’re coming to see the babies at the Stovall residence, I don’t mind cooking for you.”

“Haha... Okay, see you tomorrow night, then.” Ashton chuckled. His mood was already lifted as he hung up the phone.

I found that it was rather easy to console him. Like a cat, I only needed to stroke his head a few times, and he would be tamed right away.

Long after I ended the call, Emery came back in. When she saw that I wasn’t on the phone with Ashton anymore, she walked over to my side, took her bag, and was about to leave.

“Something came up in my office, so I have to go over there now. Do you want to come with me?”