

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 664

He smiled and took the bowl of chowder from me, then he sipped from it. He nodded, probably thinking it was fine. "Do you cook a lot in the past?"

I could never understand how he managed to shift the topics that fast. I shook my head. "No. I often saw my grandma making this when I was little."

He nodded and sipped the chowder in silence, as if reminiscing the past. I didn't want to break the silence, so I observed him. A short while later, he looked up at me. "Was it hard living in R Province?"

I stared at him, stupefied. "How did you know that's where I lived?"

He found that question amusing. "That's not too hard to figure out. I told you I helped you out so I can get my hands on that sandalwood box. Is it that surprising that I'd look into your past then?"

Well, that argument was sound, so I nodded. "I see." He waited for me to continue, so I said, "Not really. I didn't starve or die out in the cold. At least it was better than how I live now."

He smiled at me again and put the bowl away. "Have you ever regretted at choosing Ashton?"

That question took me by surprise, and I couldn't answer him. "There's still some in the kitchen. Do you want more?"

He squinted at me and shook his head, then he stopped asking any more questions.

I went back to my bedroom, spaced out. Have I ever regretted marrying Ashton? Nope. Never.

Midnight came, and thunder rolled in the skies as rain poured. I thought of Armond and his wound, and I wondered if the curtains in his room were closed.

I went to his room and knocked on the door, but nobody came to open it, though I heard something crashing inside. Surprised, I went inside, but Armond was nowhere to be found, though the night light was on. Then I heard sounds from the bathroom.

The lights inside were on, so I heaved a sigh and went to knock on it. "Are you alright, Mr. Murphy?" He didn't answer, and I started to worry. "Mr. Murphy, are you—"

"I'm fine," he interrupted, but he sounded weak.

Worried, I pushed against the door, but it wouldn't budge. Looks like I'll have to wait. He came out a long while later and was covering himself with a towel. Did he take a bath?

I frowned, upset. "I told you to stay clear of water. Your wound's going to get infected, and more so when the weather's hot." I dragged him to the chair, fuming. Then I pulled his towel away to check his wound again, but I overlooked one thing. He just came out of the bathroom, and he only had a pair of boxers underneath the towel.

It was awkward between us, but it only lasted for a second. I calmed down, since I was just going to check his wound. Nothing else. I noticed that he was getting tense, so I said, "Relax. I'm just going to take a look at your wound. It might have to get bandaged again to prevent any infection from happening."

I took the medical kit and hunkered down beside him. Armond had a smoking hot body. He looked thin when he was clothed, but he was really lean. "Dammit. Water got into it, and a pus is forming," I cursed and looked at him. "Just wipe yourself off with a towel if you want to take a bath. Going under the shower is going to infect your wound."

He smiled at me again. "I'm used to it, so it's fine."

I thought he was being a bit too nonchalant, as if his life didn't matter, so I glared at him. "I don't care how much you hate yourself, but at least don't try to harm your body. Can't you just live your life to its best? Take the blessing of life and live on, will you?"

He was still smiling politely. "Do you talk to Ashton like that as well?"

I froze, almost losing my composure, and I frowned at him. "When are you taking me back?" I paused for a moment. "Ashton's my husband so of course I care for him. As for you, well, I'm just helping out because I owe you one."

He smiled, dismissing the snarky remark. "I have something to settle here, but we can go back right after that. And your friends might have to rest up for a bit before they can go home, or their wounds might spell the end of them."

I knew about that, and I nodded. "Thank you."

He smiled silently.

The pus in his wound was caused by an infection, and his injury ran deep, so I moved gently in case he was hurt.

"Does your family's business cover the whole globe?" They opened up shop in Venria and Western Europe, so I thought it must be a big conglomerate.