

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 715

A single wall separated the two rooms. Sound traveled easily across the balconies.

I rang the bell of the neighboring villa. Joseph answered the door. When he saw me, he started ever so slightly, then asked, "Mrs. Fuller, is something wrong?"

I paused, then smiled at him winningly. "Were you aware that we were neighbors?" It was peculiar that Joseph hadn't asked me what I was doing here. Instead, he had immediately seized on something going awry.

Joseph's eyes darted uneasily. He avoided the question altogether and exclaimed brightly, "Please come in!"

"No need for that," I assured him. "It's time for dinner, and you just moved in today. I suppose you haven't had the time to cook. Would you like to join me?"

Joseph smiled but insisted on showing me in.

I felt it rather peculiar of him to do so. It all made sense to me, however, after I'd stepped and caught sight of the man himself seated on the grey couch and reading a book.

The one who had pushed for this move must have been Ashton rather than Joseph.

"Mrs. Fuller, let me get you a glass of water!" Joseph chirped, already darting out of the room in haste.

I remained standing where I was in the living room, tension creeping up my spine. I searched my mind frantically for something to say. Linda's words flashed across my mind and I blurted, "Thank you for the ointment you sent me today afternoon!"

Ashton's eyes never left his book. He casually turned a page, then replied coolly, "OK."

Silence returned to the room.

I gulped, then continued, "Are you planning to stay here?"

"Yes," Ashton intoned. He clearly didn't seem interested in having a conversation with me at the moment.

I bit my lip and pressed on. "I'm guessing that you haven't had anything to eat. I've already made dinner. Do you want to join me?"

Ashton suddenly slammed his book shut. He got his feet and replied evenly, "All right."

Without another word, he set his book down and left the room.

At that moment, Joseph re-entered the living room bearing a glass of water. He froze when he saw Ashton stalking out. Joseph hurriedly shoved the glass of water towards me, saying, "Mrs. Fuller, please have a drink!"

I shook my head and replied, "No need. Come over and have dinner with us!"

Joseph nodded, smiling sheepishly. "Thank you for having us!"

"There's no need to stand on courtesy," I replied cheerily.

By the time we'd traipsed back to my place, Nora had already arrayed the dishes on the table. When she saw us enter, Nora beamed, remarking, "What a crowd we have today! It's been a while since I've had such an eventful dinner."

As Nora set the table, I noticed that Armond wasn't present. Turning towards Nora, I asked, "Did you call Mr. Murphy to come as well?"

Nora nodded, her face coloring slightly. "He'll be down in a while."

Noting her rather unusual reaction, I probed, "Is something the matter?"

Nora smiled faintly. She said in a low voice, "Let's have dinner first."

Armond arrived minutes later after getting changed. He didn't seem surprised to see Ashton and merely greeted him rather matter-of-factly. We all sat down to dinner.

I suddenly had the peculiar feeling that everyone was privy to some information I was clueless about.

"Scarlett, how do you plan on spending Magpie Festival?" Nora abruptly asked. I raised my head and met her level gaze, nonplussed.

Nora continued smiling at me encouragingly. "Are you spending it with anyone? Why don't you ask Mr. Fuller out?"

I was flabbergasted. What is this woman trying to do?

Armond likewise had looked up from his plate. It was Joseph, however, who spoke. "I think tomorrow's the actual date of the Festival, actually."

"That's right! It's the weekend besides," Nora exclaimed. She enthusiastically shifted her attention to Armond, pressing, "Mr. Murphy, will you be going out with anyone?"

Armond maintained his usual collected self. He eyed Nora, then answered brusquely, "Nope."

Without thinking, Nora fired back, "I'm reserving you for tomorrow night, then."

"Ahem!" Armond suddenly erupted into a fit of violent coughing. Flustered, he reached out for the napkins on the table.

Nora helpfully handed them to him. Rather helplessly, she chided, "How are you still choking on water? You're not a child anymore!"

I couldn't help but stifle a giggle. It was the first time we'd seen Armond flustered. It was quite a sight.

Feeling someone's eyes on me, I looked around and saw Ashton's penetrating gaze fixed squarely on me. Momentarily taken aback, I, too, nearly knocked over the glass of water near me.

"What's going on with all of you? Why's everyone so on edge?" Nora demanded.

No one responded. I cleared my throat and straightened my back a little nervously.

After a moment's hush, Nora sighed. "Scarlett, when are you going to move in with me? I'm all alone and bored out of my mind! Why don't you move in quickly?"

After a moment's delay, I answered hesitantly, "All right, perhaps in a few days' time. I'm scheduled to take over some projects these few days and I'll be a little busy with work."

Armond stared at me. "You're planning to move out?"

I nodded. Too late, I remembered that Linda had once told me Armond didn't like having caregivers at home. He'd thus always had personal assistants or secretaries handle his personal affairs instead.

I froze for a moment, uncertain of how to reply.

Just then, my stomach lurched, and I frowned subconsciously. Nora was already getting up and striding towards the fridge. She brought out a pitcher of watermelon juice with her, announcing, "Have some of this, everyone. It's freshly-squeezed watermelon juice."

The cold watermelon juice perfectly complimented the cool August evening. I took a swig and felt instantly rejuvenated.

The watermelon juice brought an air of refreshment to the table, and we broke off into idle chatter. Looking thoughtful, Armond asked Nora out to the rear house for a private conversation.

Joseph had similarly scurried off into a corner to deal with matters of his own. Ashton and I were left to ourselves.