

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 747

For so many years, I had suffered too much in that relationship and I didn't wish for Nora to go through the same pain. If a relationship started off as a sweet one, I believed that it could continue being that way.

She nodded and gradually calmed down. "Okay, I'll listen to you and decide after I get to the bottom of this."

With that, I helped her to unpack. Armond was at the office, so it was only the two of us. She went to the kitchen and barred me from entering, saying that it wasn't good for a sick person to be in such an oily environment.

Hence, I was left with nothing to do. Because of the rain, there were many puddles of water in the yard. No one came to clean the villa in the past few days, so I grabbed some equipment and began cleaning the place.

Armond's abrupt return surprised me and my eyes traveled down to see the bags of groceries in his hands. Slightly confused, I asked, "What are these?"

"Aren't you guys cooking?" he said as an answer. Then, he handed me a bag of fruits and continued, "The villa doesn't have a housekeeper, so the two of you will have to settle it yourselves."

I nodded in response. He already told me about this, but shouldn't he be at the office now?

With the bag of fruits in my hand, I watched in perplexity as he strode into the villa in a haste.

Sensing someone's gaze on me, I looked toward the yard next door and was met with the sight of Ashton's slender and towering figure.

I flashed a faint smile at him and nodded slightly as a form of greeting.

With that, I went back into the villa with the fruits. Seeing Nora and Armond working together in the kitchen, I decided that it was best not to interrupt.

Thus, I busied myself with washing the fruits and sat at the dining table while waiting for the food to be served.

When the doorbell rang, Nora glanced at me and jerked her chin. "Go get the door, missy."

I got to my feet, walked out to the yard and saw Ashton standing beyond the gate.

Stepping forward and I asked, "Mr. Fuller, do you need something?"

He grunted in response. "I need to discuss something with Mr. Murphy."

I opened the gate and invited him in even though I was sceptical. Why is he looking for Armond at this hour? Is it about something work-related?

Nora and Armond, who were still busy in the kitchen, didn't seem surprised to see Ashton at all.

Armond nodded politely and said, "Welcome, Mr. Fuller. Have some fruits first. I'll be done soon."

Ashton returned his nod and sat at the dining table. Then, he reached out to grab my half-eaten pear and casually bit into it.

"Wait..." I wanted to stop him, but he had already taken a bite out of the pear and I couldn't very well tell him to spit it out, could I?

The point was, I had already eaten half of that pear, so it was mortifying to see him eat it just like that.

After taking a few bites, he raised his eyes to look at me with a hint of confusion. "What's wrong?"

I shook my head and withdrew my gaze, then grabbed another fruit to eat because I couldn't just snatch the pear out of his hand.

He watched me take the seat across from his with raised brows. As if realization suddenly dawned on him, he widened his eyes and asked, "Oh, were you eating this pear?"

Appalled, I started coughing violently and almost choked. What the hell is wrong with him?

I chugged down the glass of water on the table and gradually relaxed.

He was still staring at me with a profound gaze. "What's wrong?"

Peeved, I didn't even try to hold back my temper as I snapped, "Nothing!"

I seriously suspected that this man was doing it on purpose.

To my chagrin, he nodded and brushed off the matter altogether.

I drew in a calming breath before shifting my attention to the man and woman in the kitchen.

Nora may look like a rash and impatient person, but she was, in fact, a modest woman down to the core. Although she hailed from a wealthy family, she wasn't anything like those spoiled, rich brats. What was more, she had excellent cooking skills. Many girls would be repulsed by the hassles that came with cooking, but she seemed to enjoy being in the kitchen.

Armond was naturally a cold person. That was why he craved loving tender warmth.

As I watched them flit about the kitchen, I found that they looked good together in every way possible.

“Armond isn’t the right one for you, so you should wipe off that wistful look from your face because it’s useless!” Ashton voice broke my train of thought just then.

I looked at him with a frown and couldn’t help but feel slightly annoyed by him. “What wistful look are you talking about exactly?”

He raised his brows tauntingly. “Don’t tell me you don’t feel wistful watching the person you like having such well-honed chemistry with another woman and listening to them bicker like long-lost lovers?”

Stunned, I glanced back at him. It seemed like he had been observing me all this time. As I met his gaze, I felt myself getting lost in those obsidian orbs. Flustered, I quickly averted my eyes and remarked, “Mr. Fuller, you seriously have a knack for misinterpreting things. I just find their interaction really sweet.”

The corners of his mouth lifted imperceptibly. “Is that so?”

I pressed my lips together, giving up trying to explain as it would only make me more frustrated.

Hence, I rested my chin on my palm and continued watching the two people in the kitchen. Meanwhile, I felt Ashton’s eyes boring into me, causing me to feel slightly edgy, so I got up and walked toward the kitchen instead.