

Chapter 34 I am your ex-wife

In the kitchen.

Robert's broad shoulder stiffened slightly.

Julia walked over and tried to take the spatula out of his hands, but he stopped her: "Give me another half an hour."

He didn't believe that he couldn't even make breakfast.

Julia saw him so motivated, so she let him.

Half an hour later.

Robert finally brought a bowl of poached eggs and some fried bacon.

"The appearance is poor, but they are edible."
He was a little apprehensive.

Since childhood, let alone cooking, he has never even held a kitchen knife.

After marriage, there was no maid in the house, but Julia could cook, and he was happy to come home to eat.

At that time, he did not feel how troublesome cooking was, and only after trying it himself did he realize how tired Julia used to be.

"Then I'll dig in." Julia was also hungry.

She forked some eggs into her mouth. Just like he said it was edible.

Robert saw her eat, and thoughtfully poured her a glass of milk.

Julia looked at the glass of milk and shook her hand, "I can't drink milk, I'm lactose intolerant."

Robert's heart tightened hearing this and put the milk away, "I'll remember that."

When he finished, he rolled up his sleeves again and went to wash the cup.

Julia silently watched him, wondering, he obviously didn't use to do these things, why did he force himself to do it?

"Thank you for making me breakfast, and please, let me do the dishes."

Julia walked over to take over the plate he was holding.

She doesn't like to be indebted to others.

Robert grabbed her hand, and Julia catapulted away from him. Why does this person always like to molest her?

Robert looked at her defensiveness, his heart ached, yet his face unchanged: "You go rest, leave this to me."

Julia listened and did not want to tango with him, so she went to the hall.

She didn't notice much last night, but now she felt very familiar looking at the arrangement inside

the villa.

Robert cleaned up everything while walking out. He saw Julia keep checking the layout of the hall so he didn't bother her.

"Is this the place where I used to live?" Julia asked when she noticed him coming over.

"Yes."

Robert likes quiet. And there is another reason why he bought this villa, he simply didn't accept Julia when they got married.

So, they did not live with his grandfather but bought the villa.

Julia listened and sat down, and then quietly waited for Dave to pick her up.

Dave just got off the plane, so he would need another two hours to get here.

Two hours is not long yet not short, especially when a man and a woman are in the same room together.

Robert was sitting not far from Julia, there were many things he wanted to say to her, but he did not know where to start.

"Mr. Adams, can you stop looking at me?" Julia was annoyed.

She doesn't know why, every time she is near him, her heart is inexplicably hurt.

Especially last time, he was in a white shirt, and he almost overlapped with the person in her mind.

"When is Dave coming to pick you up?" Robert glanced at his watch, how he wished time would pass more slowly.

"He should be here soon; Can he get in?" Julia asked.

Robert leaned against the sofa and looked at her somewhat lazily: "It should take a while."

He put his phone aside, just now he sent a message to Ulysses to stop Dave no matter what.

Forgive his selfishness, he just wants to spend more time with Julia.

"What do you mean by that?" Julia looked at him in confusion.

"The villa has a security system."

Robert lied without changing his face.

"Then you can revoke it."

"You forget, I can't even get in here with my face." For the first time, he felt his old man had done something right.

Julia came to him as soon as she heard: "Lend me your phone once more."

Robert looked up at her seriously, "Miss. Smith, a man's cell phone will not be given to any other

woman except for his own wife."

"You've already borrowed it from me once, and now I can't give it to you again unless..." he said matter-of-factly.

Julia silently withdrew her hand: "No unless, I'm only your ex-wife."