

# 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.

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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.

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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.

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Looking at the two people in the kitchen, I chirped, "Hey guys, can I help with anything?"

"No, no, no," Nora replied with a grin. "As I said, you're a patient today. Just have a good rest and don't come in here. The kitchen is greasy as hell. Shoo, shoo!"

Faced with her rejection, I looked to Armond instead. "Mr. Murphy, why don't you go ahead with your work? I can help Nora in the kitchen."

At that, Nora turned to Armond in question. "Are you going to discuss work later?"

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Armond's eyes darted to Ashton who was seated at the dining table and he shook his head. "No. Why?"

I was startled to hear his answer. Then, why did Ashton come here? For the free food?

Nora wagged her brows at me and grinned. "Go ahead and rest. Everything in the kitchen is under control and lunch will be ready in a bit."

I flicked my eyes to Ashton, but still decided to go into the kitchen after some consideration. Padding over to the spot next to Nora, I put on a pitiful expression and whined, "I know you care about me and I'm really grateful for that. So don't chase me away, okay? I want to stay here to help you!"

Of course, a sharp-witted person like Nora could tell my true intentions. She glanced sideways at the person at the dining table, then looked back at me and smirked. "Good excuse you got there. But why are you avoiding him? At least be friends with him. Don't tell me you're going to pretend to be strangers forever?"

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I spaced out slightly after hearing her words, realizing that my thought process often varied from those of others. I thought that Ashton and I could only be strangers, but I never thought that we could get along like friends.

Seeing me lost in a daze, Nora added, "Scarlett, have you ever thought that perhaps you're the one who's overcomplicating the problem? Ordinary people like us only wish to live a normal and peaceful life with our partners. Regardless of what happened, life is too long to spend it alone. If humans insisted on separating over minor conflicts, then what would become of everyone in this world?"

"Truth be told, many married couples would more or less have some strife between them, but as time goes by, they'd gradually get past their differences. My grandfather always said that if electrical appliances at home broke down, they should be replaced because those are non-living objects. No matter how hard you try to repair it, it'd be useless. But it's different for people. Think about it, if two people insisted on replacing each other because of some minor dispute, then how many partners would we have to change throughout this long life of ours before we finally grow old? Besides, can we guarantee that the new one we choose will really be better than the first one we were with? I doubt that!"

I pursed my lips, finding some logic in Nora's words. After a brief pause, I drew in a breath and said, "You're right and wrong at the same time. It's not a matter of who's wrong or replacing each other between Ashton and me, but you've helped me realize something. Regardless of what our future holds, I'll stop avoiding him or pretending to be strangers. From now on, I'll treat him like a friend."

Hearing my decision, she smiled in encouragement. "Now that's what I'm talking about. Never run from problems. Facing them is the best way to solve them."

With that, she handed me a plate of food and ordered, "Now go help me serve the food."

I took the plate from her and brought it out of the kitchen. Ashton also entered the kitchen and helped set the table.

What surprised me was that he really seemed to be here for the free food and only used looking for Armond as an excuse.

Nora's cooking was exceptional and Armond seemed to enjoy her food a lot. Both of them didn't look like a couple who had just started dating. Instead, they looked like close friends who had known each other for a long time.

At least that was how Armond seemed like around Nora.

After eating, Ashton and I were on dish duty.

In the kitchen, I realized I really didn't know how to act around Ashton anymore.

Nora said that we should get along as friends, but those years we were together, we either quarreled or gave each other the cold shoulder. Of course, there were the occasional sweet and romantic moments as well.

Come to think of it, I knew nothing about this man and I couldn't seem to get past my first impression of him.

"What's on your mind?" His voice reached my ears and I recollected my thoughts to shake my head.

"Nothing," I replied tersely.

He took the plate from my hand and gazed at me solemnly. "Do you like Armond that much?"

I was stumped by his question, but when I saw Armond and Nora bantering in the living room and recalled the way I had spaced out earlier, realization dawned on me.

Ashton must have misunderstood and thought that I zoned out because of the heart-warming scene in the living room.

I shot him a sideways glance and noticed his dark eyes fixated on me. Mischief filled me and I nodded. "Yeah. What would it take for a woman to be able to meet such a handsome man like Armond? I think I'm pretty lucky to have met him."

The temperature around me seemed to plummet a few degrees, so I stopped talking and bowed my head to wash the dishes as though my life depended on it.

At first, I thought he would make a dig at me, but unexpectedly, he chose to stay silent.