

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 749

When he didn't speak, I peeked at him in surprise, but his eyes were hooded and I couldn't discern any emotion in them.

Unable to help myself, I blurted, "Didn't you come here to look for Armond? Aren't you going to talk to him?"

Without sparing a glance at me, his slender fingers moved across the porcelain bowls as he expertly washed the dishes.

"There's no rush." He only gave me three simple words in return.

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The atmosphere became quiet all of a sudden and I felt slightly at a loss.

Suddenly, a ringtone broke through the uncomfortable silence. It was coming from his phone.

He didn't answer it, but turned his emotionless eyes to me for some reason.

I stiffened and asked confusedly, "What is it?"

"My hands are wet. I'll have to trouble you," he replied.

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At first, I couldn't grasp his meaning. Later on, I realized that his phone was in his trouser pocket and both his hands were covered with soap.

Coincidentally, I had just wiped my hands dry, so technically, it was convenient for me to take his phone. But...

The corners of my eyes twitched as I fell into a dilemma. "Mr. Fuller, I think that's rather inappropriate."

He cocked a brow at me. "And why exactly would that be inappropriate?"

A woman such as myself reaching into his trouser pocket to grab his phone? How isn't that inappropriate?

He looked at me with a serious yet clear eyes. If I made a big deal out of it, it would seem like I was the one having dirty thoughts instead.

The beautiful piano melody kept playing, as though the caller was anxious.

Ashton was still frozen in the same posture as he waited for me to answer his phone for him.

I exhaled sharply and shoved my hand into his trouser pocket. After taking his phone out, I handed it to him with slightly flushed cheeks. "Here!"

He raised his brows at me and motioned at his soap-covered hands with his eyes. His meaning couldn't be any clearer—he couldn't pick up the call in his state and I had to do it for him.

Clenching my jaw, I turned the phone screen to face me and swiped to answer the call, catching sight of the caller ID in the process—it was Rachel.

"Put it on speaker," Ashton instructed while staring at me with a particularly intense gaze.

I did as I was told, tapping on the speaker icon before bringing the phone to his ear. Due to the height difference, I had to stand on my tippy toes and get closer.

He lowered his eyes to look at me, but didn't comment. Soon, Rachel's gentle voice drifted over the other end of the line. "Mr. Fuller, are you home?"

"Yes. What is it?" This man was stingy with his words as always.

Rachel seemed to have grown accustomed to this habit of his because she didn't seem to mind as she chirped gleefully, "I brought all the previous project files over today for you to take a look. By the way, you haven't eaten yet, have you? I made you lunch. Give it a try later."

I twitched my lips. How lucky of him to have a beautiful woman at his beck and call!

When his reply didn't come after a long time, I vaguely sensed his gaze on me. Puzzled, I returned his gaze, wondering what was running through his mind.

Just when I thought he wasn't going to answer, he responded curtly, "Mm."

Rachel's unconcealed joy was palpable even over the phone when she quipped, "Then, can you come out and open the gate for me, Mr. Fuller? I'm already outside your villa."

"Sure," Ashton replied. Then, he shot me a glance, signaling for me to hang up the call.

After ending the call, I hesitated for a second before suggesting, "You should go now. I'll handle it from here."

With that, I reached out to take the bowl in his hand, but he held it in a vice-like grip. Bewildered, I widened my eyes at him, trying to figure out what he was playing at.

However, he behaved as though nothing was wrong and declared, "We'll go together once we're done here. Rachel is here because of the Lavelian Village project. Since you're the person-in-charge, you're required to participate."

I pressed my lips together tightly in response to his tyrannical behavior. Rachel's obviously not here to discuss the project with him. Is he stupid or what?

With that, he took his time with the dishes, seemingly unbothered about the fact that Rachel was currently waiting outside. After he was done, he scanned me from head to toe at a disturbingly languid pace before asking, "Do you need to have a change of clothes before heading over?"

Caught off guard, I glanced down at my clothes, realizing that they were rather casual. I had randomly thrown on some clothes after waking up in the morning, not to mention my hair was pulled into a messy ponytail and my face was completely bare.

But I was only going next door and not some faraway place, so I gave him an adamant shake of my head. "No."

It's clear that I'm going there to be a third wheel, so why should I dress up?

His brows scrunched together, but he didn't insist. "Let's go then."

Nora and Armond were talking in the yard. People who were in love seemed to like spending every second of their day together.

After informing them where we were going, Ashton and I left the yard. The moment we stepped past the gate, we saw Rachel standing outside the villa next door.

There was a red Cadillac was parked beside her. Dressed in a white dress with exquisite makeup on her face, her long hair cascaded down her back in an alluring manner, making her look every bit the muse that incited a man's wildest desires.

Rachel spotted us the same time we did her. Surprise flashed across her face, but it vanished as soon as it came and she regained her composure.

Directing her gaze at Ashton, she plastered a tender smile on her face and greeted, "Mr. Fuller!"

Ashton nodded, then looked at me and jerked his chin. "Open the gate."

Mystified, my brows knitted into a deep frown. "But I don't know your password." How the hell would I know the password to his house?

"It's your birthday," he replied calmly.

Sensing the withering stare Rachel was aiming at me, I couldn't help but feel that Ashton was purposely making my life difficult.

Exasperated, I raised my hand to enter my birth date. When the gate beeped open, Ashton shot Rachel a fleeting glance and said flatly, "Go on in."

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The yard in the villa was equipped with a pavilion. It was a perfect place for having a conversation when the weather was nice.

Ashton was leading us to the pavilion. Then, he ordered me, "There are some fruits in the fridge. Prepare some fruits and brew us tea."

With my brows knitted, I pointed at myself while asking in disbelief, "Me?"

The man raised his brow. "Do you have a problem with that?"

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Of course, I have a problem with that! Aren't I here to discuss the project? What, now I'm your errand girl?

Just then, Rachel put the lunch box down and said smilingly, "Mr. Fuller, let me do it so Ms. Stovall can get some rest. You should eat first; see if the food I brought you suits your liking."

"It's fine. Let her do it. She knows the place better." Ashton cast his gaze at me as he spoke.

Hearing that, my eyes widened. What is he talking about? I know the place better? I have never come to his house since he moved here!

Meanwhile, Rachel's smile stiffened.

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I thought Ashton must have said that on purpose so that he could order me around. Reluctant to waste my breath on him, I made my way to the house.

Standing in front of the door, I turned to look at the man sitting in the pavilion and waited for him to tell me the password.

Having developed a good rapport over the years, Ashton raised his brow and answered my unasked question, "Our daughter's birthday."

Hearing that, my heart was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

The door unlocked as I keyed in Summer's birthday.

The villa was relatively moderate in size, which was about 3200 square feet. Yet, it was definitely a large house in the eyes of the common folks.

Still, the villa was way smaller than all those previous properties that Ashton bought.

Nevertheless, this was the villa that had the homiest and cosiest atmosphere amongst the rest. Instead of having a black-and-white interior decoration style, the villa was painted in light yellow.

The usual leather furniture was replaced by warm-color fabric furniture. Summer and my pictures were everywhere in the living room, many of which I had no idea when Ashton took them.

Some were pictures of Summer and her father, which were probably taken after I left K City. Apart from that, there were also pictures featuring the three of us.

Many of them were pictures of Ashton and me sending Summer to school, taken by someone else.

The sight of those pictures brought a bittersweet feeling to my heart.

My eyes prickled with tears as I retrieved my gaze. Soon, I wiped off the tears that escaped my eyes without me realizing it.

In the kitchen, I boiled water and found the tea leaves. Then, I took the fruits out of the fridge and prepared a fruit platter in no time.

Many of the ornaments and furnishing in the villa were similar to those in the house in K City.

When I was back at the pavilion with freshly brewed tea, Ashton was reading the document. As for Rachel, she was sitting next to the man, wanting to get his attention.

The lunch box on the table was being opened, yet the food was untouched.

At that point, I noticed that Rachel seemed unhappy.

"Tea is ready! I'm not sure of your preferences, so I only prepared Earl Grey." With that, I placed the two cups of tea before them.

Placing his document aside, Ashton looked up at me and uttered, "There's juice and milk in the fridge. I have them prepared for you."

I was slightly bewildered to hear that. Nevertheless, with a faint smile, I nodded. "Thanks."

The man then turned to face Rachel. "The project's design is nice, but there are some problems with the details that you need to fix. I need to discuss the project with the shareholders, and I need you to contact Armond concerning the project in Lavelian Village. After all, this project is related to the Murphy Corporation."

Rachel nodded and replied, "Alright, I got it." Then, she advised, "You've been working since morning, and it's already one o'clock now. You should eat something, or it will take a toll on your stomach."

Ashton nodded perfunctorily. Yet, instead of eating the food, he placed the lunch box before me and said, "Have a taste."

Instantly, my eyes were fixated on the brown and crispy crocchè. They look good!

I tried my best to tear my eyes away from the delicious food. After all, it was prepared by Rachel for Ashton. It would be awkward if I ate it.

Gazing at Ashton, I rejected, "I've eaten something, and I'm not hungry. You eat it."

With a deadpan expression, the man uttered, "Me too. I'm not hungry."

Rachel's face fell as she watched our exchange.

Thinking that it was inappropriate of us to trample on her effort of preparing the food, I asked politely, "Ms. Zimmer, could I have a taste? The crocchè looks delicious!"

Rachel nodded. "Of course!"

I eagerly took a bite of the crocchè. As expected, it was crispy on the outside and creamy on the inside. One must admit that Rachel was a good cook.

As I had eaten her food, I felt like helping the poor lady out. Rachel had prepared the lunch box for Ashton, yet that man didn't even bother to touch the food.

As I turned to look at Ashton, our eyes met. I persuaded, "Mr. Fuller, have a taste! The crocchè tastes delicious!"

Ashton raised his brow. I thought he would either turn me down or have a taste of the food, yet never had I expected the man to say, "Feed me!"

