

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1091

He scooped a bowl of soup for me. "I tried it once by chance in A City and liked it. So, I wanted to make some and share it with you."

Accepting the bowl from him, I took a sip and complimented him, "Congratulations, Mr. Fuller, your cooking skills have improved!"

He served me some eggs. "Bon appétit." Is that a bashful smile?

With a gleeful grin, I lowered my head. Everyone acts differently when they're in love. Take Ashton and me for example, we're a couple who enjoys simplicity. Yet, it's all these trivial things that help us build solid memories.

After breakfast, Ashton drove us out of the villa. Sitting on the passenger seat, I looked out at the landscape through the car window. The gloomy horizon in K City had finally cleared up, revealing a bright sky that was scintillatingly blue.

"It's so rare to see a sunny day when it's almost the end of the month. Oh yeah, Christmas is just around the corner. I wonder if it will snow by then." It usually snowed in K City. I'm sure it'll make the joyous seasons even merrier.

As I thought further, I started making plans for Christmas. We'd never really celebrated Christmas over the years.

Meanwhile, Ashton continued driving, his eyes fixed serenely on the road. "Do you have any Christmas present in mind?"

Pursing my lips, I looked at him sideways. "Mr. Fuller, have you noticed what has become of us? Our lives are too mundane and dull, just like a couple who have lived together for decades. There's no longer any excitement."

Furrowing his brows, he pulled over. His deep eyes stared at me. "So, you're trying to tell me that we should seek pleasure?"

Seeing that he had pulled over suddenly, I could not help but ask, "Why did you stop the car out of the blue? Aren't we heading to Aunt Sally's?"

He leaned over and quipped, "Let's delve deeper into this business."

"What business?"

"Pleasure-seeking business!"

I was stupefied and then broke out into laughter. "That's not what I meant. I just wanted to tell you that we're doing good. You..."

"Which part is good?" He looked me in the eyes and teased openly. I was taken aback for a moment and glared at him in the next minute. "Can you stop, Ashton?"

He was surprised at my sudden roar. "I'm just saying. Don't overthink things. Aren't we on our way to see Aunt Sally? What if there's bad traffic ahead? With you pulling over now, when will we be able to arrive at her house?"

He was still in a daze. Thus, I pushed him back to his seat and continued, "Focus on the road and stop dreaming!"

Heeding my call, he ignited the engine again. As the car was revved to life, he turned to me with knitted brows. "When did you learn the trick of changing a topic so fast?"

Pretending to be ignorant, I tried to divert his attention, "What about? Did I? I was just reminding you to stay focused on a task and not to run wild with your imagination, okay?"

As I spoke, I gently moved his face to the front, gesturing him to concentrate on his driving. Then, I said sternly, "Anyway, it was just a passing comment. Don't take it to heart. If you continue behaving like this, it's hard for me to chat with you about anything under the sky."

"Okay!" he replied attentively, like a fool.

Sally had since moved back to K City. Thankfully, the journey was quite smooth as the distance was short.

She bought a condominium in a residential area located in the city center. When we arrived, we were greeted by Sally and Jim. They had been waiting for us downstairs. With a faint smile, Sally asked, "Were you stuck in traffic? We've been waiting for you for such a long time. Come, let's go upstairs!"

Holding my hand, Ashton and I greeted Jim with a nod and followed them to their house.

It was a three-bedroom unit. Though not very large in size, it was very cozy. There was a vase of vibrant flowers on the television cabinet. I could not tell if they were real or fake, but the bright colors seemed too good to be true.

"Those are handmade flowers by your Aunt Sally. She gathered some twigs from the neighborhood and then made the flowers out of tissue paper, dyed them in colors, and voila, she turned them into a unique decoration piece," Jim took the time to share with me.

I was very impressed and approached it for a closer look. From afar, they looked just like real flowers.

Ashton followed suit and smiled lightly. "It's hard to tell that these are fake if you don't examine it carefully."

Sally joined us after serving the dishes. "Jim blended the colors excellently. That's how they can look identical to the real ones. C'mon, let's dig in. I have some more of those flowers in my bedroom. I'll let you bring some home later."