

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 652

I sat up in a daze for a moment before I got out of bed.

With Abe's permission, I had complete freedom around the villa.

There was a landline in the villa, but I was not allowed to use it.

Nobody was able to guarantee if the landline even worked; it was not worth the trouble to try.

To speak to Nora and the rest, I had to find a way to enter the operating theatre. The only catch was that it required Danny's retina scan to unlock.

With nothing to be done, I wandered around the pitch-black villa and returned to my bedroom dejectedly.

Everything was normal over the next few days. I've probed Dante a couple of times hoping to learn something about Nora's situation, but all I've been told was that she was away doing what needs to be done.

The monsoon was in full force during lunchtime.

It left as quickly as it came; the air was dank with moisture when the rain cleared.

The compound of the villa was littered with rain moths. I glanced over at the boulder-like figure next to me. "Grilled moths are delicious," I said casually. "Have you had any before?"

Danny was taken aback. "Had before," he repeated, in broken English.

He looked like he understood. "Did you have them in a restaurant?" I asked with a grin. "I used to have them when I was little. Each time when it rained in my home, I would go out to the yard and pick them up. I'd give them a rinse and then throw them into a pan. When the wings are crispy, that's when I'd add some oil and spices. It was delicious."

Danny remained lost in thought as though he recalled something within his memories and did not answer me. "It had just rained outside," I pressed on. "If you're worried about me running, why don't you come along with me and we'll go pick some moths?"

Danny hesitated. "Stop overthinking," I said impatiently. "I'm just feeling nostalgic over the taste of fried moth. It was my childhood favorite, you know. I just want a taste, no ulterior motives."

He agreed in an instant. "Alright!"

I smiled at him. "Thank you, Danny!" I said as I got on my feet.

I procured a basket from the kitchen and proceeded to fill it up with moths from the yard outside the villa.

I became startled at the appearance of a dark hand over my basket only to realize that Danny had lent a hand too.

"Do you like fried moth too?" I laughed.

Danny grunted but did not elaborate.

I gathered an entire basketful and headed back into the kitchen.

To be honest, I was not familiar with the art of moth eating. But according to Tabitha, moths are a staple for people from Xenhall. Many of them had fond childhood memories of having moths as meals.

As I observed Danny's expression change, I think there was truth to Tabitha's words.

Due to geographical differences, one's experiences would differ from another's.

Tabitha had taught me to sauté them for a while before adding some oil and seasoning to taste. The moths would soon turn from sticky to crispy, bloated with oil and all the good stuff. A bite into it would be an explosion of flavor in one's mouth.

At the hint of a promising scent, Danny could not help himself but watch me in the kitchen.

"You know how to cook?" he asked, stunned.

I nodded. "Yes, I've learned how to when I was young. But it's been years since I've cooked this. I'm just figuring things out as I go along."

"Have a taste?" I offered Danny the plate when I was done.

His face broke into a very rare smile as he accepted.

Danny chewed the plump moth very slowly. "Not bad!" he said as he turned to look at me.

The people around Xenhall had to eat things that other cultures would consider repulsive like silkworms, maggots, and locusts due to their living conditions.

Back in the forest when Tabitha and I got to talking about this, I felt pretty disgusted too.

Her gastronomical memories sent chills down my spine.

But now that I have a chance to experience that, it didn't seem so bad.

Danny caught me in a daze. "Not eating?" he frowned at me.

I picked up a moth and ate it. It wasn't bad if I didn't keep reminding myself that it was a bug and just thought of it as a dish. Actually, it was pretty delicious, with that faint taste that protein-rich foods have. It was a unique experience, to say the least.

However, it got boring pretty quickly just binging on moths. "It would be perfect if we had some beer," I lamented.

Danny grinned and got up to fetch some. Beer was not enough to incapacitate a large man like him. It was a good thing that I still had the drugs from Nora I could use.

Danny was a rough and tumble sort of guy. After a meal of moths and beer, his wariness toward me had lowered.

The drugs soon took hold and before long he was sprawled on the table, ready to take a nap.

I got up and stood next to him. "Let me help you upstairs, you should get some rest."

"No..." he muttered and was unconscious before he managed to complete his sentence.

It was a monumental effort on my part to move this man, with a stature as frail as mine. It was a good thing that Dante wasn't here. The other servants busied themselves with water stains left behind by the downpour.

We lumbered over to the operating theatre. "Mr. Danny, open your eyes and have a look. Is this your room?"