

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 750

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?"

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.

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!"