

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 481

If not for Summer's return, I would never have cooked dinner. I looked into the kitchen, saw that dinner was not yet ready, and said, "Not yet!"

"Let's go downtown to eat tonight. I'll go over to pick you and Summer up later. Remember to dress warmly." There were sounds of Ashton sorting out documents, which meant that he was still at work.

Having not gone out in a long while, I was worried, and asked, "Will going out suddenly attract unwanted attention?" After all, a storm had just passed.

"Don't worry, I've booked a private room in the restaurant. It'll be fine." He paused for a while, then continued, "Jared's back from W City. He wants to see Summer."

I frowned at the thought of Summer interacting with Jared.

Ashton must have sensed something amiss in my silence. He suggested gently, "If you don't want Jared to meet Summer, we can still go out. Just the three of us."

"It's fine!" No matter what, Summer was still Jared's daughter.

Half an hour later, Ashton pulled up at the gates. Summer and I got into the back of the car.

Ashton frowned slightly as he turned around. He asked, "What's the matter?"

Shaking my head, I then untied my scarf. The car was hot and getting quite stuffy.

Summer talked throughout most of the car ride, leaving me to my emotions. I remained quiet, feeling a little gloomy.

Jared was already inside the restaurant's private room when we arrived. He was alone.

A smile appeared on his face when he saw Summer and he started to ask her various questions.

Ashton grabbed my hand as I moved to take a seat. He whispered, "In a bad mood?"

Pressing my lips together, I shook my head and whispered back, "I'm fine."

A waiter soon arrived with the food. As Summer and Ashton chatted, Jared continuously glanced at her.

After a while, I turned to Jared. "Kristina should be giving birth soon. You..."

"She aborted the child," Jared replied coldly. His face was expressionless as he kept his eyes on Summer.

Did I hear that wrong? I could not help but ask, "What?"

He turned to me with a serious gaze. "The fetus was in an unstable condition. Even if she gave birth, the child would not live for very long."

Ashton paused and looked over. He frowned as he asked, "What's going on?"

Jared straightened his posture, then replied, "She didn't tell me that she got pregnant and lost her child before. She also had to go to the hospital quite a few times due to her unstable emotions. She eventually had to abort it."

He spoke in an indifferent tone. It was as if this matter was insignificant.

I composed myself, then asked, "So what are you going to do now?"

Instead of directly answering my question, Jared suddenly narrowed his eyes at me and asked coldly, "Does Kristina have anything to do with Macy's death?"

The fork fell from my hands.

Stunned, I looked at Jared's cold expression. "I'm not sure."

I'd always thought Macy's death was because of me. Cameron purposely got Macy to come to K City just to lure me out of the villa. If I hadn't left the villa that night, maybe things would have been different.

The entire series of events afterward had all occurred because of that one incident.

I was unsure of how much Kristina's words had affected Macy. Although Jackson was with Macy then, he did not fully hear their conversation either.

Jared sneered and turned to look at Summer. "I won't marry Kristina. Summer's a daughter of the Crest family. One day, she'll have to return."

I was taken aback. Never would I have expected him to speak so straightforwardly.

I looked at him helplessly, but could no longer suppress my emotions. "Jared, Summer won't return to the Crest family. This is both Macy's and my decision. I've grown to love her as my own these past four years. I'll fight to the end if you want to take her away from me."

Ashton was displeased as well. He said in a cold voice, "Summer will never go back to the Crest family. You agreed for her to live with us back then."

Jared scoffed and looked at Ashton. "You'd also promised to take good care of Mia. Look what happened in the end."

Mia? Who's that?

Ashton grew serious. "You know exactly why things turned out like that back then. Do you really think that Macy's and Mia's deaths are both just accidents?"

Jared's expression darkened. He turned to look at Ashton with hurtful eyes. "So? Are you trying to blame me for everything now?"

Ashton frowned and pinched between his eyebrows. They needed to have a proper talk. "Scarlett, take Summer out and wait for me downstairs."

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I nodded, already intending to do so. Jared simply stared as we left.

On the ground floor, I rushed out of the restaurant and sat down beside the car, afraid that someone would recognize me.

Although Summer was young, she had still understood the conversation to some extent. She sat down next to me and asked, "Mommy, why does Mr. Crest want to bring me away?"

I was beginning to have a headache and my stomach felt uncomfortable. Pressing on my abdomen, I replied, "Mr. Crest also wants to have a daughter like you."

"But doesn't that lady also have a baby? Mr. Crest will have his own baby too!"

I could not speak from the discomfort. Before I knew it, I had thrown up whatever food I just ate.

Summer was shocked. "Mommy, what's wrong?"

I continued to dry heave for a while before composing myself. I then took Summer into my arms.

Kristina appeared out of nowhere, though I was not surprised. She looked more haggard compared to the last time we had met.

She had probably witnessed me vomiting. "Nausea and vomiting? Are you pregnant?"

She suddenly laughed and continued sarcastically, "Ashton is infertile, but you're pregnant? Is the child Marcus'? And I thought you were supposed to be a good girl!"

I held myself back, not wanting to argue with her in front of Summer. Just then, Ashton arrived.

He walked over and noticed my vomit. He then turned to Kristina and asked coldly, "What did you do?"

He looked frightening. Kristina backed away and replied with a trembling voice. "I didn't do anything. She was feeling unwell."

She then rushed into the restaurant. Ashton turned to me with a concerned look in his eyes. "The food didn't sit well with you?"

I shook my head and replied weakly, "Let's go back."

He agreed, carrying Summer into the backseat, then placing me in the passenger seat.

Devoid of energy, I simply leaned back and stayed silent.

Soon, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was the middle of the night. Ashton was nowhere to be seen, so I went to Summer's room.

She was sleeping soundly in the lovingly decorated room. She looks like an angel.

I stood, watching her silently. Only some time later did I realize that Ashton had been standing behind me.

Looking at my dazed expression, Ashton pulled me into a hug and we then left Summer's room.

Back in the bedroom, I asked, "What did Jared say to you?"

I did not get the chance to ask him on the way home.

He pursed his lips in silence, then replied, "It's about Summer. The Crest family knows about her. They want her to return to their family."

The bedside lamp fell to the ground with a crash. I replied angrily, "I won't allow it."

Ashton sighed and moved to pick up the lamp, then cleaned the glass shards with his bare hands. I simply sat there, annoyed.

When he was done, he looked up at me calmly. "If you don't want Summer to go, I'll try to convince Jared. But we should ask Summer for her opinion too."

"She's so young, what do you want her to say? We've only had each other to rely on for the past four years. She's part of my life now. I won't let Jared take her away. No matter what happens, I'll always put her needs in the first place. How do you know whether or not Jared will take proper care of her? What if the Crest family treats her unfairly? Who does he think he is, simply taking away my child?"

I won't let Jared take Summer away from me. Never.

Ashton sat next to me and took my hand in his. "No one can force you to do anything you don't want to. It's getting late, let's go to bed first."

There was a nagging feeling in my heart that Ashton was keeping something from me. However, I could not put my finger on it.

I had just dropped Summer off when Marcus called. Although reluctant, I picked up.

"Why are you calling?"

Since the previous incident had only just passed, I did not want to have too much contact with him.

He spoke in a low voice, "Don't you keep your promises?"

I thought hard about what he could be referring to but came up with nothing. Frowning, I asked, "What did I say?"

"You are supposed to come to cook for me this month, remember?" he said, slightly angry.

I froze. I had been so busy that I forgot all about it until he mentioned it.

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The issue with the reporters had just passed and I was busy dealing with Jared. I still had to think of ideas to ensure that Summer would stay with me. I had no time to go cook for him.

Back then, I only agreed to his request so that he would stop pestering me. I never expected him to take me so seriously.

"Marcus, I'm really busy. Please just let me off." I felt as though I was being forced into a dead end with no other way out.

There was silence on the other end of the line. Then, he scoffed, "Let you off?" Since when did I even force you?"

My head started to hurt, so I stopped the car by the roadside and hung up, then turned off the phone.

Finally, I felt better after some rest. What's wrong with me? I'm either suddenly nauseous or I feel helpless and get depressed by every little thing.

Perhaps it was due to everything that had happened recently. I got off the car and went for a walk to relax my mind.

Unexpectedly, I met Kristina. She was wearing a long tan trench coat and came over. "What a coincidence. Shall we have a chat?"

I shook my head and turned to leave. "I know you don't want that kid to return to the Crest family. I don't either. Can we talk?"

I hesitated, but eventually agreed.

We then went to a nearby café. Kristina looked pale, but her makeup brought some color to her face.

She got straight to the point. "Believe it or not, I've nothing to do with Macy's death. Her hemorrhage was really just an accident. I know you don't believe me. I wouldn't either. All of you think that I said something to provoke her, causing her death."

I pursed my lips and kept quiet. Then, she continued, "Since you won't believe me, I won't waste my breath anymore. That child has been with you for four years. I know you won't let her be taken away. I also want a stable status in the Crest family, so I need to give birth to my own baby. Hence, I don't want her back in the Crest family either."

"Just tell me what you want," I said impatiently.

She paused, taken aback by my bluntness, then replied, "The two of you have been together for four years. You're basically her mother now. Jared and Ashton's friendship should still be fine after this matter is settled. Since you're legally married to Ashton, you can make it public that both of you are infertile. This way, you can then adopt that child. But the two of you just can't have your own children in the future."

Kristina continued, "You should know the law better than me. Based on your background, it should be easy for both of you to adopt her. It just depends on whether or not you're willing to give up your reputation and the possibility of having your own child in the future."

I calmed myself down before looking at her and breaking out in a smile. "Kristina, do you really think that Ashton would be afraid of Jared in an argument?"

She shrugged. "Of course not. Judging by his social status, Mr. Fuller won't be scared of Jared. But what about public opinion?"

I... Ashton indeed didn't need to be afraid when it came to background and power. He has the ability to keep Summer by his side. But once the Crest family blows things up, what would happen to Summer? It'd be fine if both her parents were dead, but I wouldn't have the right to adopt her since her dad is still alive.

I was getting frustrated. Instead of actually discussing proper matters, Kristina was just trying to agitate me.

I stood up abruptly and looked at her with a straight face. "If this is all we're going to talk about, I think I'm done with this conversation."

She spoke as I turned to leave. "Think about what I just said."

"Get lost!" I could not help but say. Soon after I left the café, I felt sick in the stomach.

I bent over and threw up, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

I was becoming more lethargic each day. When I got back to the villa, I simply sat on the balcony and enjoyed the breeze for the rest of the day.

Ashton's return was what pulled me out of my thoughts.

He carried me back to the bed and covered me up with a blanket. Ashton was furious. "Are you still a kid? Don't you know how to take care of yourself?"

I looked at him in a daze, then remembered that it was already late autumn in K City so the weather was getting colder.

Feeling upset, I hugged his waist and leaned into him, then said in a quiet voice, "Ashton, please sit with me."

His gaze turned warm and he asked, "What's wrong?"

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I sighed even as a throbbing headache assailed me. "It's okay. Just sit with me for a while."

Initially, I thought everything would take a turn for the better after returning to K City from R Province, but I'd forgotten about Marcus and Jared.

After raising Summer for four years, I'd naturally regarded her as my own child from the bottom of my heart, and her existence almost had me forgetting about how my own child died. However, after returning to K City, it was as though everyone was reminding me of my bitter and agonizing past with Ashton.

He seemed to be able to understand my feelings, hugging me tightly in his embrace as he echoed my silence and stillness.

In the passing of time, we were often drained of courage by memories as we embarked on the road that led to doom, step by step.

Jared often came to visit Summer, and every time he did so, the distance between them reduced.

I was too afraid of Summer, so I tacitly acquiesced to Jared's visits in the beginning. But as the frequency grew, I then made to leave with her.

As November came, the weather in K City grew increasingly chilly. In the evening of a particular weekend, Summer played with the dog in the yard after Jared had left.

At that moment, I gazed at Summer, my emotions indescribable as I sat beside her and watched the interaction between her and the dog.

When she noticed that I'd been sitting there for a while, she glanced over her shoulder at me, her eyes bright. "Mommy, come and play with Snowfluff together, okay?"

I shook my head while looking at her, my gaze radiating a faint sense of tiredness. "I'll just look on as you play with it."

Upon seeing my dispirited demeanor, she was no longer all that eager to play with the dog. Rather, she got up and stared at me while leaning her tiny body against me, her entire person soft and pliable. Resting her head against me, she queried, "Are you sick, Mommy?"

I shook my head as I hugged her, with relief slithering into my veins. "No. I'm just exhausted," I replied.

At this, she nodded before exhaling on a soft sigh and remarked, "You seem to be quite tired recently, Mommy. Are you exhausted because exams are coming soon?"

Flashing her a faint smile, I murmured, "I suppose so."

When the little girl heard this, she seemed to be racking her brains for a solution. After some time, she fixed her gaze on me and ordered, "Wait a moment, Mommy!"

Then, she ran into the villa. I remained sitting there, watching Snowfluff roll about on the grass. All of a sudden, a wave of pain assailed me. If my child had lived back then and Macy hadn't died either, would we now be sitting here together, chatting as we watched over our children?

At the thought of this, my mood soured.

Clang! A loud crash rang out in the villa. I was stunned for a moment before I promptly rushed in, only to be greeted by the sight of shattered glass all over the kitchen floor. Meanwhile, Ashton, who sprinted over from the main house, had yanked Summer away, his swift movement appearing a touch rough.

Summer was still in a trance, and it was only about two seconds later did she abruptly burst into tears from fright.

Racing over, I scooped her into my arms. At the same time, Ashton turned off the stove in the kitchen.

When he'd ascertained that everything was secure, he walked over. Staring at me, he couldn't help asking, "Why did Summer come into the kitchen?"

I shook my head as I hugged her. It was only after I'd mollified her for a long time did I manage to calm her down, and I breathed a sigh of relief after confirming that she wasn't hurt.

When she'd quietened down, I inquired, "What happened? Why did you suddenly come into the kitchen?"

Judging from the situation in the kitchen, she probably placed the glass bowl over the stove, triggering an explosion.

While Summer was no longer crying, her tiny body was still trembling, making it glaringly obvious that she had suffered quite a fright. "I wanted to cook some eggs for you, Mommy. My classmate claimed that eating eggs keeps the doctor away."

When I took a closer look, I finally noticed two eggs beside the stove. All at once, my emotions turned turbulently indescribable, complicating the only word left in my mind.

As I cuddled Summer, my heart clenched tightly. She only thought that I'm sick because I've often been distracted from Jared's visits these few days.

"I'm sorry, Summer. I..." I trailed off without finishing my utterance. Right at that moment, anguish had engulfed me, making my eyes sting.

Ashton looked at us as flashes of complex emotions manifesting on his alluring face. Walking over, he reached out and embraced us both, his voice low and steady. "Alright, everything's fine now. Next time, make sure to prioritize safety over all else in everything."

I pursed my lips as my stomach roiled at this precise moment. I suppressed the nausea several times, but in the end, I still had to make a mad dash to the washroom.

All the contents in my stomach were emptied in just a blink of an eye. When I'd finally stopped hurling, Summer and Ashton were both staring at me at the door, their gazes brimming with worry.

"Mr. Fuller, is Mommy sick?" Summer asked as her big eyes turned red.

Ashton merely pursed his lips, the expression on his striking face making it known that he was stifling his emotions. After a long time, he shifted his gaze to her and told her to go and play with Snowfluff in the yard.

After wiping my hands dry, I exited the washroom. When I noticed that he was still standing by the door, I instinctively hesitated and parted my lips to explain, but he spoke before I could do so.

“Let’s head to the hospital!” After saying that, he strode out while dragging me along.

Frowning, I pushed him away since I was in a bad mood. “I’m fine. Perhaps my stomach isn’t so great lately, so I get nauseous easily.”