

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 503

“Are you saying that you’ve never tried to find out what happened to Macy back then?” I asked. My heart ached for Macy. If Jared really cared about her, why didn’t he even try?

The obvious answer was that he didn’t care. Otherwise, Jared wouldn’t have given up just like that. Not only had he never tried to look for Macy, he never even asked after her.

It made me even more fearful of handing Summer over to Jared.

He remained silent, biting his lip.

I’d calmed down. Looking at Jared’s troubled face, I vowed, “No matter what the Crests have planned for Summer, I will never give her up to you.”

I then stalked the rest of the way back to the table.

Ashton had been engaged in casual chit-chat with Joe. When he said me, he reached out in concern and asked, “What took you so long?”

“It’s nothing. Have you finished eating already?” We’d all gathered here today under the pretext of having dinner, but nobody had taken more than a few bites.

Ashton continued looking at me. “You’re not hungry?”

I shook my head vigorously. “Nope.”

Upon hearing this, Ashton pushed back his chair and stood up. Politely, he said to Joe, "It's getting late. We'll get going then."

Obvious displeasure was written all over Joe's face. He demanded, "Didn't we agree to this get-together? Are you leaving before we've even gotten to say anything?"

"It's late!" Ashton repeated firmly, hauling me along with him. Jared was smoking near the door. We passed each other without another word.

My heart throbbed as we got into the car. "Ashton, do you think it's right for me to keep Summer with me?"

Ashton started the car. In a mellow voice, he asked, "Did Jared say anything to you?"

I shook my head. "I just feel that whatever I do for her won't be good enough, somehow."

I had often considered if I should tell Summer everything, all those times that Jared had visited her at the villa. But what would I tell an innocent child of four, five years old? What could she do with that information?

Perhaps everyone else was right. Summer would leave someday, eventually. But not now.

Ashton caressed my hand with his. His gentle gaze soothed me. "How about this? Let Summer and the Crests get to acknowledge each other, but she continues to stay with us. They can come over every once in a while to see her. Would you be able to accept that?"

I thought about it. For Summer, that would mean a bigger family and more love showered upon her. She had nothing to lose from this arrangement.

I stalled for a while before replying uncertainly, "Can that be arranged?"

Ashton took my hesitation for agreement. "Of course!" he agreed heartily.

Summer was already at the villa when we got back. When she saw Ashton and me enter, she came running and flew into his arms. At her age, she was already rather adept at turning on the charm.

"Mr. Fuller, I have something for you!" Summer announced, putting on an air of mystery.

Struggling to contain his laughter, Ashton asked, "What is it?"

She furtively fished out a sweet from her pocket, hiding it in the palm of her hand. It was all very obvious to us, but she was evidently trying her best.

Summer instructed, "Give me your hand!"

Ashton nodded and obediently did so. A sweet encased in a shiny wrapper dropped into his outstretched palm.

I laughed in spite of myself. Children often derived joy from the most curious things.

Ashton swept her up in his hands and carried her over to the sofa. Patiently, he asked, "Why did you suddenly want to give me a sweet?"

Summer thought about this for a while, then proclaimed, "This isn't any old sweet! My friend Dottie from school said that her uncle gave it to her aunt when they got married. It's a lucky sweet! If you eat it, you can marry Mommy. Then I'll have a Daddy as well."

I'd originally been heading towards the kitchen. My ears pricked up at her last sentence and halted immediately, turning to look at the two of them.

Their happiness made a lovely picture.

Ashton held the sweet tightly in his hand. He looked at Summer and me in turn, his gaze unfathomable.

Then he turned to Summer and said firmly, "OK!"

I refused to give it more thought. I walked into the kitchen, my emotions in tumult.

Four years ago, I had indeed signed the divorce agreement. However, I left the papers behind before leaving.

Ashton insisted that he'd never even signed them, but that didn't matter to me.

Wherever I went, wherever I turned, there he was. Nothing else mattered.

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It was nighttime, and I'd gone to bed early. The shrill sound of my phone ringing, however, pierced through the fog of sleep. I awoke blearily to see that Ashton had already answered the call.

He was clutching some documents in his hand and seemed to have just emerged from the study.

When he saw that I was awake, he thrust the phone towards me, mouthing, "It's Hannah!"

I hesitated, glancing at the clock. It was already midnight. I took over the phone.

Before I could speak, Hannah was panting heavily over the phone. She gasped, "Scarlett, my stomach hurts like crazy! Can you come over? I think I'm going into labor."

Alarm bells went off in my head. I sprang up from the bed, nearly tumbling off it in my frenzy.

Alert, Ashton caught me in his arms before I fell. "Be careful!" he admonished.