

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 373

He held me even tighter. "Tomorrow we'll bring Summer over to live with us."

I nodded, not quite knowing what to say.

Ashton seemed exceedingly warm and gentle that night. I'm not sure what caused it, but I couldn't quell the suspicions that arose in my heart.

I woke up the next day and found no trace of him next to me.

He was already dressed and stood by the window. "Why don't you sleep a little while longer?" he said as he turned to me.

"Are you going out?" His clothes were prim and he was in a splendid mood; even went out of his way to style his hair. He looked even more dashing that way.

Ashton came closer and pecked my forehead. "I'm leaving to fetch Summer," he informed me. "Just trying some clothes to see if they're a good fit."

I laughed involuntarily. "You're just picking her up, why do you need to dress so formally?"

And did his hair.

He chuckled and passed his necktie to me. "I'm a father now. I have to look good for my daughter."

I tied his tie neatly for him. "She's only three months old, what impression are you hoping to leave?" I giggled.

He bent down and examined his tie. "How does it look?" he asked happily.

There was nothing much I could say but nod.

I stretched and was prepared to get up from the bed when I was struck by a sudden bout of intense pain. I stared at him in a fury. "Ashton you b*stard!"

He was taken aback at my outburst. "What is it?"

I pursed my lips and was about to get out of bed when he scooped me up in his arms. "I'm sorry, I'll be more careful next time."

I glared at him again as he carried me into the bathroom. I washed my face and brushed my teeth, as I was still held by him.

"Ashton, if you're going to do this again, we'll sleep in separate beds," I said.

He raised his eyebrows and put me down. "How about what you did?"

I froze in surprise. What have I done?

He bit his lip in a terrible attempt to keep from smiling and looked at me knowingly. It was a while before I noticed a patch of white fluid on his shirt.

To my horror, I realized that it was my breast milk! My face grew red hot. "I... I didn't ask you to carry me!" I stuttered.

“Noted. I’ll be more careful next time,” Ashton said as he smiled wickedly.

I...

“That’s fine. As long as you keep feeding Summer, it won’t be uncontrollable like this. It’s normal for women who were recently pregnant. By the looks of it, Summer would have more than she needs,” Ashton said as he took off the soiled jacket.

I ignored him. After I shoved him out of the bathroom, I proceeded to clean myself up.

When I got dressed, I found Ashton downstairs preparing breakfast.

“Have some breakfast before going!” he called out when he saw me.

“Let’s go now,” I declared as I picked up my purse. I was in no mood for breakfast.

Ashton felt helpless at my petulance. He scooped up two boiled eggs and handed them to me. “Eat them in the car.”

He then grabbed his keys and left the house with me.

Throughout the journey, I was reluctant to speak to him. “I found two housekeepers,” he said, in an attempt to break the awkwardness. “Give them a go, and if you think they’re not a good fit, we’ll find new ones after the new year, okay?”

“Alright,” I said, and lapsed back into silence.

I could sense that Ashton was looking for ways to remain conversational with me. "When we get Summer, we'll drop by the hospital." He tried again.

"For what?" I asked, in spite of myself.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "You don't plan on undergoing treatment every time you feel discomfort?"

I...

"How would you treat this sort of thing?" This was a psychological problem, not a physiological one.

"All illnesses can be treated. It depends on the doctor."

After a pause, he continued. "Furthermore, you've been losing sleep. It won't do to let this problem drag on."

"It's been much better recently," I retorted in an effort to defend myself. He wasn't aware that I had trouble sleeping when I lost my child. But it's been much better since I knew that Summer is coming to live with us.

He bit his lip again, barely suppressing his amusement. "If every night is going to be like last night, are you planning on wringing me dry?" he asked, with a mischievous glint in his eye.

I...

I looked up at him and said in a level voice, "If you don't come on to me, how would I wring you dry?"

"When did you become this confused?" Ashton frowned as he held the wheel.

As he said that, he took my hand in his and kissed it. "If your reaction has slowed down, and if it's happened multiple times, it won't heal up as well. You still need to visit the hospital in the future."

I stared at him defiantly. "If you didn't touch me, it wouldn't have happened!"

His gaze darkened. "So your plan is to deprive me to death?"

This man and his filthy mouth. How could he say such wicked things!

"That's fine by me too. If you're dead, Summer and I can inherit your money and we wouldn't have to worry about anything for the rest of our lives." I was in a huffy mood.

"You wish!" He stopped the car at a red light. Taking the opportunity, he bit me on the hand, hard.

It felt like a punishment.

He raised his eyebrows at the two eggs still clutched in my hand. "Hurry up and eat them."