

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 415

“Do you want a Dad?” I asked her.

Surprisingly, Summer was more sensible than I expected. She shot back, “What about you?”

I smiled lightly. The darkness slowly descended over the city. On the way home, I gave her a bag of freshly baked chocolate buns.

The buns tasted delicious as we savored them, sitting on a stone bench in the yard.

Sometimes, I would dream of a young Macy running towards me with her arms full of mangoes.

We would slice the mangoes up and mix them with sugar. Our entire afternoon would be dedicated to doing only that.

I started sleeping better after Summer had gotten used to living in R Province. In fact, the sun was usually already high in the sky whenever I woke up.

There was a resort next to the R Province lake that was constructed about half a year ago. After finishing work at the restaurant, I headed over to the hotel to start my janitorial job.

The job was relatively easy. I only took up the job because it was near Summer’s school, so it was convenient for me to drop her off and pick her up.

It was late evening when I finished cleaning the hotel and changed into a set of new clothes, preparing to pick Summer up from school.

“Going to pick your daughter up?” Colin asked, leaning against a door frame.

Colin was the hotel manager—a tall, broad man in his late thirties with a handsome face. I turned to look at him, nodding. “Do you need me to help pick Michael up too?”

He chuckled and shook his head. "I intend to go together with you."

Colin was the one who interviewed me when I first applied for a job here. Looking confused as he read over my resume, he had asked, "You graduated from a reputable university, so why are you applying to be a janitor?"

"I believe all work is equal." I shrugged. "Besides, the salary of a janitor isn't that low."

He had raised an eyebrow, smiling in amusement. It was true that the rest of the job positions in the hotel had trial periods and promotion periods, with everyone sharing the same low salary in the beginning.

However, the janitor position was different, and it had a fixed, above-average salary.

It might have been fate that brought the two of us together. We eventually became closer after learning that we were both single parents.

Due to his job as a manager, there were times when he couldn't pick his son up from school and would occasionally ask me to pick his son and Summer up together.

We left the hotel premises in his car. The drive to school took less than ten minutes.

Many parents were waiting outside the kindergarten entrance. There were also several senior citizens in the crowd, sitting in the rest area outside the school.

"We still have five minutes. The sunshine is really bright today, so why don't you sit down over there for a bit?" Colin pointed to an empty seat under the shadow of a large tree.

I laughed. "I'll be fine! Five minutes isn't that long." Perhaps it was the postpartum side effects, but my body was easily prone to becoming sore and tired in recent years.

He chuckled and decided not to push the topic any further, glancing at his watch. "There'll be an opening for a position with an attractive salary package. The only downside is that you will have to make business trips. I can talk with the higher-ups and make some arrangements for you if you're interested."

"I can't go on business trips. Summer gets scared when she's home alone." I refused, shaking my head.

"I knew you'd say that." Colin wiped at his forehead and grinned. "There are not many business trips to attend to. Besides, you will receive two paychecks—another one as a receptionist. After all, R Province is a small city. There wouldn't be many business trips or reception. So, the company believes that they could get one person to take up two roles."

I blinked owlshly. The offer did sound tempting. "How much is the pay?"

"Eight thousand!" He paused briefly, then said, "You're a graduate of a well-known university. Being a janitor is a waste of your talents. Plus, living costs are going to increase as Summer grows up, and your current salary isn't going to cut it."

He wasn't wrong. The expenses and cost of buying a house after leaving J City had left me with little savings.

Summer was already five years old, and most kids started developing hobbies and interests at her age. I was considering signing her up for an art class just a few days ago.

I thought the idea over, looking up at Colin. "Are you sure?"

"I promise!" He nodded.

"Then, could you please make the arrangements for me? Thank you!"

“Of course,” he promised. “Just a thank you won’t suffice, though. You’ll have to treat me to dinner someday.”

“No problem!”

The gates to the kindergarten swung open, and the teachers brought students out class by class.

Summer and Michael were in the same class. Bright smiles were plastered on their faces as soon as they spotted us.

“Mommy!” Summer squealed, looking up at her teacher. “Ms. Nikki, Michael’s and my parents are here! We’re leaving now, bye-bye!”

The sentence barely left her mouth before she grabbed ahold of Michael and took off dashing towards us.

Hugging my legs, Summer pleaded cutely, “Mommy, I invited Michael to eat with us today because we both think your cooking is yummy.”

Then she leaned in close to my ear and whispered, “Don’t embarrass me, okay?”

I laughed awkwardly, turning to the young boy. “Would you like to eat at our place tonight, Michael?” my?