

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 482

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.