

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1651

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“Daddy, Mommy, I was wrong for not informing you about the club beforehand. I should’ve asked for your opinions. I’m sorry for acting rashly. It was all my fault, so I shall bear all the responsibility. I promise you it won’t happen again,” she apologized sincerely.

It was obvious that she had learned from the painful mistake.

Nevertheless, one had to think logically. Summer was still young, so she could gain more experience in the future. Thus, that wasn’t Ashton’s priority.

Children were supposed to trust and depend on their family, and a family should go through all obstacles together, but perhaps the years of mathematical equations had worn away her emotions.

She could analyze a problem rationally and find the accurate answer easily, but she wasn’t experienced with the ways of the world.

Ashton was unfazed, and it seemed like he wasn’t satisfied with her explanation.

He treated both Summer and Audrey the same, for he loved me. Though Jared used to be his best friend and was important to Summer, he couldn’t bring himself to forgive Jared.

Summer and I waited for Ashton to speak. However, as the air turned awkward, it was obvious he wasn’t going to say anything.

I didn’t want to disappoint Summer. Before I could part my lips to say something, Ashton pressed down on my hand and frowned, signaling me to not cause more trouble.

"Now that you know your mistake, it's not too late for you to change. Mommy and Daddy trust that you can do better in the future," Ashton replied. It was clear that he wasn't about to mention Jared.

However, though it wasn't spoken out loud, his name resonated in everyone's heart.

Jared's name was like a rope hanging between the two of them. They were holding both ends, secretly tugging but refusing to be the first one to loosen their grips.

"Mm." Summer nodded. She hesitated, wanting to plead for her teacher's forgiveness, but Ashton's stern look had stumped her.

The silence was really tormenting. I couldn't take it any longer. Putting up an act, I stood up and headed for the wine cabinet. "Want a drink so you can sleep better tonight?"

"Sure," Ashton replied indifferently.

I took two glasses and uncorked a bottle of wine. Without looking at their figures in the living room, I said, "Summer is still young. I'll ask Mrs. Eriksen to prepare a glass of warm milk for you. You shouldn't be drinking wine."

"Got it, Mommy," came Summer's soft reply. I could barely hear her from where I was standing. Just like Gregory, she felt stressed out when facing Ashton alone.

Drinking wine was just an excuse to lighten the mood. Worried that the tension might heighten, I only poured a little wine before returning to them.

Just as I handed one glass to Ashton, Summer rose to her feet.

"I'm done. I shall take my leave now," she told us.

"Oh? That soon?" I was surprised.

Why is she leaving before stating her purpose?

Summer pursed her lips and smiled. "I'm a bit tired today."

I couldn't force her to stay. "All right, then. Go to bed if you're tired. You can wake up later tomorrow. Remember, we'll always support you. Don't be too hard on yourself. You've always been excellent, so there's no need for you to prove yourself, okay?"

"I know what to do. Thanks, Mommy. Good night!"

"Good night."

Having said that, Summer turned and walked out of the room before shutting the door lightly.

As though nothing had happened, Ashton swirled the wineglass in his hand slowly. The light shone on him, illuminating his lips that curved up slightly.

"You just hurt your daughter's feelings, but you don't feel upset at all," I joked. Turning at my shoulder, I finished the wine in a gulp.

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Ashton reached out to take the wineglass from me before placing it on the coffee table out of my reach. Mirth shone in his eyes as he replied, "Why should I be upset? Can't you see how delighted I am?"

"Delighted?" I repeated, dumbfounded.

Do all men think bullying girls is a way to show their love?

"Ashton, you should take lessons to learn how to be a good father."

Summer was still a child, so he shouldn't express his feelings and expectations to her as though she were an adult. His harsh actions might backfire on an adult, let alone a child.

"Seriously? I don't have to learn how to do that," said Ashton smugly. "Didn't you realize Summer has chosen us?"

“Did she?” I couldn’t understand what he was talking about. “But neither of you mention Jared, right?”

“Yes, we didn’t.” Ashton looked up and sipped on his wine. His Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed the wine. His lips stained red, he answered slowly, “Summer decided to stay silent when faced with a choice of defending Jared or go against us. No one urged or forced her to make that decision.”

He paused to study me momentarily as the smile on his lips broadened. “That means we are more important than Jared to her. Shouldn’t I be happy that she has prioritized us?”

I wasn’t sure how to react. His words seemed to make sense, but not at the same time. More accurately, it was a bet, and Ashton had emerged as the winner.

“If that’s the case, does Jared still have to leave?” I asked.

Ashton’s expression changed at my words. There was only less than a mouthful of wine in his glass, but he still swirled his glass stubbornly. It reflected his current emotions.

“Yes, why not?” Ashton stared ahead. “But I’ll do Summer a favor by sending him to the villa in the countryside. He can’t live nearby.”

His gaze turned sincere, and I couldn’t help but get anxious.

“After Marcus’ matter is dealt with, stop interfering in other’s business. Spend more time at home with the kids. They are still young, after all,” he uttered.

I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t touched. However, he was too sincere to make me take his words seriously. “Are you sure I’ll be spending time with the kids instead of the kids’ father?” I teased.

Ashton chuckled softly. “I’m just benefiting from the kids.”

As the new year was approaching, everyone seemed to be in a festive mood. The streets were lit up with decorative lights.

Yet, the hospital remained white as it had always been. The smell of disinfectant lingered in the air, and there was a depressing air about the place.

After making the preparations, I went to the hospital and asked for a wheelchair. I then wheeled the wheelchair to Marcus' ward.

From afar, I spotted Camelia at the door, observing the situation in the ward through the glass panel. I was surprised to see a smile lighting her face gently.

Sensing my arrival, she turned to look at me before her gaze returned to the skinny man in the room. "He's in great condition today."

"Really?" I smiled. Hopefully, we would only receive good news from now on. "Look, he's getting better. If something happened to you back then, you won't be able to see this."

Camelia lowered her gaze and said nothing, but the sad air about her was already gone.

I pressed on the door handle before halting in my tracks. Turning back, I asked, "I'm planning on bringing Marcus out so he can get some sun. Want to join us?"

Camelia shook her head instinctively. "No. He won't want me to join you both."

Perhaps that was what Marcus wanted. She was right to put the patient's wish as a priority.

However, I thought we shouldn't treat him like a patient. Perhaps he'd give us a surprise like what happened yesterday. Persuading Marcus to eat didn't work, but taking the opposite approach did the job.