

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 416

Michael was an introvert. He gripped his father's hand tightly as he stared at Summer and nodded. "Mhm. Thank you, Ms. Stovall!"

"Let's go, then!"

At home, Summer and Michael busied themselves with picking produce in the backyard while Colin left to purchase fish.

Meanwhile, I started washing vegetables in the kitchen.

For the past four years, I had made a habit of personally cooking for Summer so as to ensure she had a balanced diet. As a result, my cooking skills had improved greatly.

After I'd washed the vegetables, the two kids came stumbling into the kitchen, each carrying a small basket.

Michael's basket was filled to the brim—some of the vegetables inside threatening to spill over.

Summer's basket only had several miscellaneous vegetables. It looked like she had been walking behind Michael and carefully picking up anything that had actually fallen out of his basket.

"We're back, Mommy!" Summer proudly held her basket high up in the air, her face streaked with dirt.

I took the basket from Michael, hurriedly wiping away the sweat on his face. "You should share some with Summer next time. It's too heavy for you to carry yourself!"

The boy grinned, his eyes soft and full of affection as he looked at Summer. "She's too small to carry this!"

"That's right, Mommy! I asked Michael to help me carry these because I'm not strong enough!" Summer giggled. I couldn't help but wonder if she had learned this shamelessness from Jackson.

Furrowing my eyebrows, I scolded, "If you bully Michael like this again, I'll make you water all the vegetables in the backyard by yourself."

"I don't care. I won't be by myself, anyway." She pouted.

This little...

Michael had always rushed to help her whenever she was receiving punishment. It would seem that she had gotten used to his company, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Colin came back, having bought some carp fish and shrimp.

Summer picked up one of the shrimp and started chasing poor Michael around with it in the yard.

Taking the basket of produce from me, Colin said, "I'll wash these. The fish have been cleaned, so you can cook them straight away."

I nodded.

Soon, the two kids smelled the food and gathered around the stove, staring up at me as their stomachs grumbled.

"Go and set the table, you little wolves!" Colin ordered them, putting down the clean vegetables next to me.

Just like I'd expected, Michael went off to take out the plates and utensils while Summer didn't budge an inch.

Colin laughed, picking her up in his arms and setting her aside. "Be a good girl and take the fruits by the sink and place them on the dinner table. We'll start eating soon, I promise."

She nodded, whining in my direction, "Hurry up, Mommy! I'm hungry!"

Nodding, I plated up the dishes and Colin served them up.

A giggle escaped me when I spotted the kids were already waiting eagerly in their seats. "You guys go ahead. My vegetable stew's not done yet."

"We'll wait for you, Mommy!" Summer suggested, grinning in anticipation at me even though she was starving.

After dinner, Colin and Michael washed the dishes while Summer and I went to the yard to pick some fruits.

I had scattered lots of watermelon seeds in the garden last spring and bought several peach trees when I first moved to R Province. Now, the yard would bless us with an abundance of fresh fruits every year at the height of summer.

A basket in one arm, Summer picked up some peaches from the ground, asking, "Mommy, do you like Mr. Johnson?"

I cracked up with laughter, pinching her tiny nose. "What are you trying to say, sweetheart?"

She held her chin, deep in thought. "I was thinking if you could make Mr. Johnson my Daddy."

“Do you want a Daddy that badly?” I did a double-take.

Summer tilted her head, scrunching her face up in contemplation before solemnly saying, “Not really. But, I like Michael. If you got married to Mr. Johnson, then I can get married to Michael too.”

“You can still get married to Michael without Mr. Johnson marrying your Mommy!” A deep, loud voice called out from behind us.

The both of us whipped around in surprise. Summer gasped and ran as fast as her short legs could take her. “Mr. Jackson!”

His arms opened wide for Summer to run into them, which she happily did. “If you really want a father, why don’t you call me Daddy, Summer?” he suggested.

She was quiet for a moment before replying, “But my friend said that a Daddy is someone who sleeps on the same bed as Mommy.”

She...

Jackson pursed his lips, glancing over at me. “Your daughter knows too much.”

Guffawing, I held the basket in one arm and a watermelon in another as I walked towards him. “Why are you here? Didn’t you say that you were busy?”

He let go of Summer, taking the basket and watermelon from me. "I figured that the fruits in your garden would be ripe by now, so I plan on staying over for the next few days to eat some. Is that okay?"

"Of course!"

Jackson had opened up a counseling clinic in J City, and things were going swimmingly for him these past few years.

He had come to visit us quite frequently when we first moved to R Province. However, those visits were reduced to only once per year due to how busy he was getting.

The sky was dark after we had fruits for dessert, and Summer insisted on going out to take a walk.

Not having much else to do, everyone subsequently tagged along and headed out.