

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 381

Ashton's face darkened as he glared at Rebecca in silence. At that instant, it was as if there was a drastic drop in the room.

After he walked away with Nick, Cameron raised her hand abruptly.

Slapping hard on Rebecca's face, she bellowed, "Rebecca, what is wrong with you? Are you looking to stir up trouble!"

Rebecca's eyes widened in disbelief as she covered her face and asked in despair, "You slapped me because of her?"

Cameron snapped at her with a stern look, "This slap serves as a reminder for you to behave yourself! I wanted you to have a good rest in the hospital, yet you refused. Thanks to you, we are in a mess now!"

"I'm not sick. Why do I need to stay in the hospital? Mom, you've changed. What's going on? It's Scarlett's fault, yet why are you punishing me?" Rebecca wailed in grief.

She cried her eyes out, and her high-pitched tone triggered Summer instantly, causing her to burst into tears.

Jackson tried to soothe Summer by all means to no avail. Pursing my lips, I took Summer from him and let her rest on my chest. Patting her back gently, I ignored the mother and daughter duo.

Without hesitation, I descended the stairs and decided to leave at once.

My ears caught the faint voice of Zachary's indifferent tone from far. "Rebecca, it looks like both Pear Garden and the Moore Residence are not suited for you. I've assigned my personal assistant to purchase a landed property for you in South District. Just stay there for your recuperation. Don't ever cause any troubles again."

I quickened my pace, not keen on hearing the rest of the conversation. I bet she could only refute Zachary's words by repeating those few sentences.

Once we were in the car, Summer stopped crying and looked at me with a puzzled look. I cheered up again at the sight of her adorable face.

Ashton came down as well five minutes later. He had changed into a black shirt.

However, the shirt was a bit too fitting for him. His body feature was apparently different from Nick's, although they were about the same height.

Ashton went to the gym frequently so he had a fine physique.

On the other hand, Nick had a slender body and fair complexion—like a teenage idol.

Sensing that I was gazing at him, Ashton asked me with a glint of mischief in his eyes, "You're not concerned if my back is feeling pain?"

I raised my brows and asked instinctively, "Is it painful?"

He chuckled and replied teasingly, "A kiss from you would help soothe the pain."

I pretended to scoff at him and looked away at once in order to conceal my flushed cheeks.

He smiled knowingly and started the car without saying anything.

The journey from Pear Garden to the Peakville Estate took approximately one hour. Not long after Summer was asleep in the Moses basket, I dozed off as well.

The next time I woke up, I was already lying comfortably on my bed in the Peakville Estate. Surprisingly, Ashton was not lying next to me.

I scanned every corner of the bedroom, but there was no sign of him. A while later, I got up and walked toward the baby room. In the baby room, Ashton was holding Summer in his arms and trying to coax her.

I was dumbfounded and asked, "Was she crying?"

He nodded and asked in concern, "Did her cries wake you up?"

I shook my head and told him that I wanted to breastfeed Summer. Although I've just woken up, I was still feeling drowsy. In the midst of breastfeeding, I almost dozed off and dropped her. Fortunately, Ashton was by our side and reacted immediately by taking Summer away from my arms.

Considering that I still needed more rest, he refused to let me continue breastfeeding Summer and talked me into catching some more sleep.

I had a deep sleep. When I woke up again, it was already the next morning. Again, there was no sign of Ashton in the bedroom.

I headed straight for the baby room after a quick wash-up. As expected, Ashton was sleeping on the bed next to Summer.

Seeing the both of them sleeping soundly, I tiptoed into the bedroom to check on them. The dark circles under Ashton's eyes indicated that he did not have a good night's rest.

When the doorbell rang abruptly, I rushed down to open the door. To my surprise, Cameron was standing outside the door.

In a split second, I started to get frustrated and asked impatiently, "Ms. Anderson, what brings you here early in the morning?"

Upon hearing my hoarse voice, she asked anxiously, "You sound different. Did you catch a cold after falling into the pool last night? Have you taken any medicine?"

I was at a loss for words.

What is exactly playing in her mind?

"Ms. Anderson, thanks for your concern. I'm fine. Are you here for Ashton? He is still sleeping. You may need to wait for a while." Trying to suppress my displeasure, I hinted at her.

As if she could not sense my displeasure, she said with a smile, "Infants cry a lot at night. I figured both you and Ashton are still young and maybe inexperienced in taking care of Summer. Hence, I've brought along two experienced nannies for you. Not only can they take care of Summer, but they can also nourish you. That way, you guys can have a good night's sleep."

After her speech, she introduced the two kind-looking middle-aged women behind her. However, I was repulsed by Cameron's pretentious look and replied coldly, "Ms. Anderson, you didn't have to do that."

Nevertheless, she ignored my words and began to brief the nannies on Summer's conditions. Later, she glanced at the kitchen and caught a glimpse of my pot.

"You haven't taken your breakfast, right? Let me prepare for you now. You can try my cooking and give me some comments as well."

Before I could say anything, she had made her way into the kitchen.

I was stunned again and stood motionless.

There must be some hidden motives behind her unusual kindness!

My expression of displeasure and impatience did not deter her from showing her concern. I was almost drowned in her nagging—from the food I eat to the way I take care of Summer.