

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 466

Joseph delivered several dishes over and saw me while I was arranging the books in the living room. As he moved, he asked, "Are you preparing for the exam, Mrs. Fuller?"

I nodded. "I've wanted to take the exam for a while but had to postpone it after everything that's happened. Now that I finally have the time to, I might as well do it."

He smiled. "That's good. It's nice to be able to do the things you like."

It was rare to hear a typically aloof man like Joseph uttering such words.

When Ashton returned with Summer, I was just about to cook after having washed the vegetables.

Noticing me in the kitchen, his slender figure came up to me from behind and held onto me clingily. "Each time I see you in the kitchen, I think I'm the world's luckiest man."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Don't be silly. Who's coming over later?"

"John and his fiancée, who's also your future sister-in-law," he said with a smirk, leaning down to kiss me on the lips when he caught me giving him a sidelong glance.

I swerved in time to avoid it, chiding, "Stop it. Joseph and Summer are around."

"Just five seconds," he said in a husky voice.

But it was never only five seconds with him. Had it not been for the vegetables in the frying pan, it would've taken several more five seconds than one hand could count.

Just as I was done cooking, the sound of a car engine sounded from the outside. Hearing that, Summer dashed energetically toward it.

When she saw John get off the car, she jumped on him without any consideration and shouted in excitement, "Uncle John!"

He walked over to the passenger side and pulled open the car door with Summer in his embrace.

I never imagined that the woman who would appear in sight was Hannah Anne.

Having only met her a few times four years ago, it seemed like she hadn't changed much. She was as gentle and elegant as she used to be, albeit instead of the tight-fitting dress she used to love, she now wore a loose-fitting one.

Well, I guess she's not a stranger.

She turned toward me and smiled faintly. "Ms. Stovall, it's been a while."

I returned to my senses and approached her, taking her hand in mine. "It's been a while indeed. The dishes are ready. Let's eat first."

As the four of us took our seats, John glanced at Ashton for a bit before resting his gaze on me. "If you're used to living in the apartment in the city center, then don't shift anymore. A house shouldn't be left vacated for too long anyway."

I froze. It was obvious he was indirectly telling me not to live with Ashton.

Ashton naturally understood as well, knitting his brows slightly as he placed a slice of meat onto my plate. He smiled faintly. "Eat more. You seem to have lost weight these days."

It was meant to imply that I had lost weight from living alone with no one to care for me.

I pursed my lips silently. I had originally thought the two of them could have a meal in peace. It seemed that was merely my wishful thinking.

Needless to say, Summer was unable to understand the adults' conversation. Perhaps children tend to gravitate toward expectant women as she had been chatting with Hannah.

At times, she could be particularly precocious. She tugged at Hannah and said softly, "Ms. Anne, do I have to call you Aunt Hannah in the future?"

As soon as she said so, it drew John's attention away from me. He looked at Summer and said, "Be good, Summer. Let me know what you want to eat. Don't bother Ms. Anne too much."

Persistent, Summer tilted her head and asked, "Uncle John, Mommy says once you get married, I'll have to refer to your wife as Aunt. Are you and Ms. Anne getting married?"

John frowned, pursing his lips. "Kids shouldn't talk so much during mealtime. Eat your food."

He clearly didn't want Summer to probe. At that, everyone at the table paused.

Hannah smiled bitterly. As a mellow and docile woman, she merely lowered her head and kept quiet, bottling her feelings to herself.

I furrowed my brows. The way John was behaving was incredibly hurtful. No matter what, Hannah was already pregnant. He shouldn't be unbridledly hurting her that way.

“Summer, be good and eat your food,” I said. Looking at John, I scooped some dishes onto his plate and questioned, “Do you still remember you picked up a puppy in the field when I was eleven?”

He seemed to be taken aback at my abrupt change of topic but still responded, “Yes. It was such a long time ago.”

“Do you still remember what happened to the puppy?”

He thought about it for a moment. “I let you keep it, but you only raised it for a couple of months before giving it away when you had to go to school in the county.”

I nodded. “At that time, I thought it was troublesome to bring it with me. Hence, I gave it away. But when I tried to look for it later, I couldn’t find it anymore. All these years, I’ve always wondered—if I hadn’t sent it away but let it stay in the yard to accompany Grandma, perhaps I won’t feel so guilty every time I’m reminded of it.”

He remained silent for a while and filled my plate with some meat before muttering, “It’s all in the past.”

“Mommy used to have a puppy? Was it like Snowfluff?” Summer interrupted, staring at me curiously.

Smiling, I nodded.

“Then I won’t lose Snowfluff next time. I’ll take care of it well so that I won’t have any regrets in the future,” she stated proudly.