

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 528

I smiled faintly and kept the note.

Feeling a little worried at the sight of Summer's flushed face, I took out my phone and called Jared.

"Hello, Scarlett," the man sounded cold and distant.

But I did not mind. I was silent for a second before saying, "Dr. Crest, can you come over to the villa? Summer is having a fever. I don't want to bring her to the hospital because I'm afraid of cross-infection."

It was an excuse. But there must be a starting point for everything, otherwise, things wouldn't be done.

There was a moment of silence from the other end of the phone. Then, he replied, "Alright."

With that said, he ended the call.

About twenty minutes later, he arrived at the doorstep. I was a little surprised when I opened the door.

"Were you somewhere nearby when I called?" It would take him at least forty minutes to get here from where he lived. For him to be here so soon, it had to mean that he was nearby.

He pursed his lips and ignored my question. He asked, "How's Summer?"

"She's still running a high fever." I stepped out of the way and let him in.

Without removing his shoes, he came in with a doctor's bag in his hand. I watched him come in and thought that Jared was quite caring towards Summer.

Well, blood is thicker than water.

I followed him into Summer's bedroom. He took her temperature before turning to look at me and said, "Do you have some ice cubes at home?"

I nodded and said, "Yes."

"Wrap the ice cubes with a towel and sponge her. Bring me some thick blankets and turn off the heater."

Having said that, he started to rummage through his bag.

I was shocked. "It's cold, and she's running a fever. Will she be alright if I turn off the heater?"

He halted his movements, lifted his head to look at me with narrow eyes. "Who's the doctor now?"

"You..." I stopped myself. Then, I turned around and went into the kitchen to gather some ice cubes. I did as he asked by turning off the heater and brought over some thick blankets.

Once I had everything prepared, he looked at me with a frown and said, "Leave it to me to tend to her. Go and wait in the living room."

I wanted to say something, but it seemed that he didn't want me to be in the room. He also noticed that I didn't put on enough warm clothing.

So I walked out of Summer's bedroom. There was a stove in the bedroom, and Ashton had arranged for the part-time maid to light up the stove every morning. The heat from it could last the entire day, so it wasn't that cold in the room.

About half an hour later, Jared came out of the room. He placed his bag on the table in the living room and went to the kitchen to wash his hands.

He said, "Her fever has subsided. Have her rest at home for the next two days. Fix her something light to eat. No sour, spicy, and fried food."

After a pause, he continued, "The medicine is in the room. She should only take it once a day. Don't give her any more than that. It's not good for children to take too much of it."

I nodded. I was standing beside him, and I could see the dark circles under his eyes. It was obvious that he had not been sleeping well.

After giving it some thought, I said, "It's snowing again. It'll be noon soon. Why don't you stay for lunch?"

I had to admit, but there was a time that I didn't want to see him. I didn't even want him to step into the house.

I even hoped that Ashton would break ties with him. That way, no one else would take Summer away from me.

But I couldn't be so selfish.

He paused for a second before turning off the water. He wiped his hands on a hand towel and looked at me sideways. "Are you cooking?"

I...

I hesitated for a while and nodded. After thinking about it, I said, "I'll be cooking shortly. Please do me a favour and keep an eye on Summer while I cook."

He frowned. Then, he nodded in agreement.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Instead of staying in the living room, he went straight into Summer's bedroom.

After all, he was her father, and she had a special place in his heart.

That was why Ashton and I always wanted a child.

I took out some ingredients from the refrigerator and made some simple and light dishes.

Soon, lunch was ready for the three of us.

When I went to Summer's bedroom to let them know that lunch was ready, Summer was already awake, and she was sitting on the bed playing games with Jared.

Her voice was hoarse, and she was coughing from laughing too hard. With a dotting look on his face, Jared patted her back to ease her cough.

"It's time to eat," I said, interrupting the father and daughter's bonding time.

Should I be magnanimous?

I still felt a little uncomfortable when I saw them having a good time. After all, this child was brought up by me.

She's my salvation!

Both of them were jolted back to their senses. The smile on Jared's face faded. He got up and bent over to carry Summer.

Summer stretched out her hands and said with a smile on her face, "Mommy, I was playing riddles with Mr. Crest. I asked him if he were to smash his head with durian and watermelon, which would be more painful? Have a guess. Which one?"

Jared came out of the bedroom with Summer in his arms. I was focused on both the interaction between the father and his daughter.

I answered, "Durian."

Summer burst out laughing and started to cough again.