

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 366 - 370

Rather than going to Macy's old place, he brought me to a different block. He carried my luggage into the elevator for me as he said, "The houses here aren't as big as Peakville Estate's, but it has a great environment and it's better for Summer."

I nodded. I was feeling nervous and pressured for some reason which Jackson probably spotted. He patted my shoulder and said, "Don't be nervous. Summer is a good kid and doesn't give us any trouble."

I pressed my lips together and nodded but still felt nervous.

My hands were damp with sweat by the time we reached the door. He pressed the doorbell and Nick opened the door dressed in an apron with a baby bottle in hand.

I paused, not knowing what exactly I was feeling at the moment. Nick, however, was calmer than ever at the sight of me. "You're here. Come in, the food is getting cold," he said.

Jackson said to me, "You can go wash your hands first and take a look at the kid before you eat."

He placed my luggage in a room and said, "You can stay with us while you're here."

I didn't really hear everything he was saying as my head was full of the thought of seeing Summer. I followed Nick into the baby room decorated all over in soft pink including the crib and the mosquito net over the crib. It was neatly equipped with everything needed to take care of a baby.

I was pretty impressed that two men managed to take care of a baby this efficiently.

Summer probably just woke up and as she lay on the bed, her large eyes glanced around in wonder.

She started giggling at the sight of a new face. She was just as small and soft as most three-month-old babies tended to be.

Nick noticed my growing smile at the sight of Summer and offered, "You can feed her."

He passed the baby bottle in his hand to me and smiled before leaving.

I stayed still for a whole minute with the baby bottle in hand as waves of unspeakable emotions washed over me. One of the best things life had to offer was bringing new life into the world. After all, love and hope always bloomed in the face of new life.

I didn't know where Marcus had buried the child back then and had never gotten the courage to even think about it, much less go and find the child.

My heart softened at the sight of Summer and my tears finally came to my eyes. Happiness and pain created an uncomfortable lump in my throat.

Jackson came in and saw my tears. "Summer's your child now. Treat her well."

I nodded and felt my nose sting again. She was so small, I didn't dare to pick her up.

I placed the mouth of the baby bottle right next to hers and she cleverly started sucking.

"Summer was born prematurely and has only had baby formula, so she's quite small compared to other babies her age," Jackson said with a small sigh.

I froze and immediately remembered how I was lactating when Marcus sent me to the hospital and they took the baby out.

Due to the lack of an actual baby who was feeding, there wasn't enough prolactin and I stopped.

I looked at Jackson and said, "Go to the hospital with me tomorrow."

He froze. "Are you finally willing to get checked up?"

I shook my head. "Nope. I want to visit the gynecologist and ask if it's possible for me to breastfeed four months after birth. I also want to see if there are other solutions."

He widened his eyes and asked, "You're thinking of-"

I nodded. "Summer is still young. I just gave birth, and I was lactating but because I didn't have a child to feed, my body didn't produce prolactin and I stopped. If we go consult a gynecologist, they might give us a solution."

I was thinking about all of this for Summer's sake, but Jackson's face suddenly became red. "Scarlett, do you not see me as a man?"

I paused and asked in confusion, "What made you ask that?"

He slapped a palm to his forehead. "Is it really appropriate for you to talk about this with me?"

I shrugged. "Why not? I'm already a hag who's given birth before, so what could you possibly want from me? Anyway, you're pretty good to Nick so I don't see a problem with me talking about this to you."

He froze again and then asked, "How did you know about me and him?"

"I guessed," I replied. "Before this, I was chalking it up to it being a coincidence. But after seeing you together all the time and how he can't keep his eyes off of you, I figured it out myself. I'm not blind after all."

He went silent for a second before asking, "Don't you think it's strange?"

"Why would I? The world is full of strange things anyway. Just because there are more heterosexual couples doesn't mean that's inherently how the world works and vice versa for homosexual couples. What's right and what's wrong is a human concept after all. As long as you're happy and healthy, there's nothing wrong with being a little bit different from everyone else."

He looked at me with slightly red eyes and fell silent for a second before suddenly hugging me tightly. "Thank you, Scarlett!"

I sighed. "You don't have to thank me. It's your right to be happy."

To everyone else, my marriage with Ashton must seem like a blessing. After all, being able to marry a man you loved with excellent qualities to boot was most women's dream. Sadly, only I would ever truly know what went on behind the scenes.

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In comparison, peace and harmony were what's best.

That night, I stayed at Glenwood Apartments and had a pretty good night's sleep. I didn't even hear Summer crying from hunger in the middle of the night.

It was only the following day when Jackson asked me if Summer's crying had bothered me that I found out.

I shook my head and yawned. "After breakfast," I said as I looked at him, "remember to accompany me to the hospital."

Jackson rolled his eyes. "Don't even think about it. You broke it off for four months; how could you show up when you want to."

Nick was done in the kitchen. He emerged, clad in a tailor-made suit, and looked very dashing. When Jackson and I came out, he said, "I'll go into the office in a while. It's a busy time as we took on some new projects. Here's some breakfast for you and Summer."

I nodded and noticed that he slid an egg very carefully onto Jackson's plate. I felt curious. How did they end up together?

Nick caught me looking. "Doesn't look appetizing?" he said.

I shook my head and changed the subject. "Did John leave a young lady at your company?"

Jackson pondered for a moment. "Are you referring to the one called Yvonne?"

"That's her." I nodded.

Jackson paused to take a sip of milk. "I don't know what's going on right now with them. John told me that it was your intention, so I took her in."

What?

When did I say such a thing?

Jackson saw me frown. "It's her first day today. Do you want me to keep an eye on her?"

"No, that won't be necessary," I replied. "I was just curious."

Nick was in a hurry; he left shortly afterward. Jackson and I had some breakfast, and I pestered him again to take me to the hospital.

An hour later, we were at the gynecologist's consultation room.

Jackson held Summer as I sat opposite the doctor's office. I asked sheepishly, "Doctor, it was four months since I delivered my child. Since she died, I couldn't produce any more milk. Is it still possible to breastfeed now?"

The gynecologist was a woman of fifty or so. She cast a glance to Jackson at my side and the child in his arms, and said, "Under normal circumstances, that would be impossible. Of course, there is a small chance to, as many new mothers are able to breastfeed up to six months after delivery. But it all depends on the individual."

After a brief pause, she continued. "We don't recommend that you go for specialized therapy, but you could let your husband give it a go. Usually, a combination of diet and sexual stimulation is enough to induce lactation."

It took a while for the full meaning of her words to register on me. I blushed furiously and was about to retort but I stopped myself. Instead, I chose to disregard that part. "What do I have to pay attention to in my diet?"

"Consume food that encourages breast milk secretion, look up herbal remedies as well. I don't have any for sale, but I could write you a prescription for the ingredients. Other people prefer massages, but we won't recommend you doing that. It's been four months for you; if the masseuse is overly heavy-handed, they could damage your mammary glands. Your husband could give you a hand with that. And let your child keep trying. The pressure from her suction won't hurt you."

At that, she bent over and wrote my prescription. After handing it to me, she added, "This process would require positivity and decent sleep to work. Make sure you get plenty of those!"

I nodded, still flushed in the face. After thanking the gynecologist, we departed the hospital.

Jackson was still holding Summer. He let out a cough and he turned to me. "This will take a toll on your body. Summer has been on milk powder for three months, and other than being slightly frail for her age, she doesn't appear unhealthy. Should we just forgo this?"

Studying the prescription, I pursed my lips. "Summer is my child. If I am able to breastfeed her, why shouldn't I? We owe it to her to try. You wouldn't want her to be sickly when she gets older, would you?"

Jackson nodded. "Be that as it may, but the doctor said that it could harm you. Four months is a pretty long time. It would be difficult to start again after that long."

"Let's go," I said, in an effort to end the conversation. I reached over and took Summer from his arms and got into the car.

Jackson got into the driver's seat, clearly unsatisfied with the way our chat was going. But something on the outside caught his eye and he froze.

I followed his gaze and saw a woman dressed in a hospital gown outside of the patient's ward. She was walking alongside a man in a black suit. He had a cold-looking demeanor.

It was clear that he had just visited the woman at the hospital, and was accompanying her for a walk around the hospital grounds.

Jackson looked over at me. "What's the situation now between you and Ashton?"

I slammed the car door shut and watched the couple return to the hospital. "Contemplating divorce."

Jackson frowned. "Because of him and Rebecca?"

I frowned back at him. "Isn't that enough?"

He started the car without another word. After a period of silence, he said, "If you still care about each other, you should talk it out. Divorce is too rash."

I didn't respond. Looking back out at the hospital, they were nowhere to be found. Ashton had already escorted Rebecca back in.

"Let's go! We have a herbal recipe to prepare," I said, with as much calmness as I could muster.

It's been so many years; I'm numb to these feelings. Even anger is unnecessary at this point.

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Jackson sighed as he drove.

Back at Glenwood, I followed the doctor's instructions with the herbal remedy. Summer began crying again. Jackson said that she'll cry whenever she's feeling hungry. But she didn't seem to enjoy the milk formula very much.

Nick stayed back at the office that night. That presented a dilemma, as he was the handiest with Summer. Without him, Jackson and I were at a loss in regards to her constant crying.

The only thing we could do was to hold her and paced around the room. It wasn't easy, but we managed to get her down for a nap.

The remedy was ready. I helped myself to a large bowl of it. Jackson stared at me glumly. "The smell alone is bitter enough to make me gag. Are you sure you want to do this?"

I nodded, took a deep breath, pinched my nose, and gulped it all down. It was bitter as hell, and the honey lozenge that Jackson handed me afterward couldn't have been more welcome.

My stomach wasn't agreeable, either. It rumbled on and on like a grouchy old dog. I went back into the bedroom and lay down for a bit. Not long after, Nick came home and took Summer and Jackson out for a walk.

I was almost asleep when the phone rang; It was Ashton. I picked up groggily. "What is it?" I mumbled, irritated.

"Come down, we need to talk!" He said in a low voice.

"Can we do this another day? I'm not up for moving much today." I didn't feel like having another quarrel again, and I felt that my irritation might just spark one. Besides, another day might give us both time to calm down and talk things through better.

"I'm coming up!"

I...

"Hang on!" I yelled in a panic. I got up, got dressed, and met him downstairs.

It was unexpected that he knew I was living here. The winter in J City wasn't that harsh. Clad in a wooly sweater and a dark overcoat, Ashton leaned against his car, looking as aloof as ever. He lit a cigarette that glowed warmly in the cold night.

"What is it?" I repeated. I felt extra prickly today, for some reason. It might be due to the herbal medicine I had consumed.

When Ashton saw me, he put out his cigarette and flung it into a bin nearby. He straightened up, took off his coat, and pulled it around my shoulders. "Why aren't you dressed for the cold?"

I pouted in annoyance. "Say whatever it is you're here for!" My patience wore thin and I was not in the mood for idle chatter out here in the cold with him.

He frowned but I couldn't read his expression. "Come back to Peakville Estate."

"I have things going on!" I shrugged off his coat and handed it back to him. "Besides, I like it here."

My head throbbed as I sensed another argument on the horizon.

"Scarlett, you're a married woman now." There was a bite of impatience in his voice. "Don't you know that? Do you think it's appropriate for you to be living with two men?"

"No, it isn't." I looked up at him. "Ashton, I've told you this before. If you're not happy with this arrangement, I'm happy to sign the divorce papers for you," I said with no regard for his feelings.

"Scarlett!" Ashton grabbed my arm roughly. It hurt. "Is our marriage a joke to you? Have you become so comfortable in flinging the threat of divorce around?"

"Yes, it is! It's a joke! So, Ashton, when are you going to leave me?"

Ashton narrowed his eyes, his eyes dark and dangerous. After a long while, he tightened his grip around my arm and flung me into the backseat of his car, with strength and roughness that frightened me.

I wasn't strong enough to retaliate. Before I could sit upright, he drove away.

It was a dangerous ride; he sped past countless red lights. At breakneck speed, we arrived at his villa.

I was still in a daze when Ashton yanked me out of the car. "Ashton, are you crazy?" I struggled.

He said nothing and hoisted me up on his shoulders. I grew dizzy and lost my bearings. With every step he took, I felt seasick.

Ashton brought me into a bedroom and flung me onto the bed. He climbed on top of me and took off his coat before I could sit up.

"Ashton, you scumbag!" I shouted as I bit into his shoulder and held on until I tasted blood.

I didn't know what to do with him.

I stopped struggling and opened my eyes. I couldn't divorce him, nor could I get rid of him. All hope is lost.

Ashton must have noticed me ceasing to struggle. He stopped what he was doing as well and looked at me with his dark eyes. We gazed at each other for several moments.

"Do you hate me?" he asked coldly.

I pursed my lips. I had no intention to speak with him.

"Scarlett, we are husband and wife, not enemies," he breathed heavily. "We shouldn't fight like that."

I said nothing and gritted my teeth to withstand the pain.

The torment persisted. As he gasped and shuddered to a stop, he hugged me from behind. "Come back and live with me, will you?"

His voice sounded sad and weary.

I was still unwilling to speak with him, and elected for silence. Not long after, Jackson called.

"I'm at Peakville Estate!" I said at once upon picking up.

Jackson took several moments to compose himself. "Summer is crying really hard. I'll try to put her to bed," he said casually, as though I hadn't said anything.

I grunted in response. "Have a good night!" he said and hung up.

Ashton pulled me closer against him. "Summer?"

"Ashton, I'm so tired of this. Please let's just separate," I said quietly. "I'll admit that I love you and care about you, but this doesn't mean that I would be willing to keep being at odds with you. You've ruined the expectations I have for marriage. I don't blame you, because I haven't tried my best for us too. So I guess we're even."

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I felt his body stiffen up. Without allowing him respite for a response, I continued. "When I got married to you, I thought the world of you, like the prince that every girl deserves. It was a blessing, and I will always treasure what we have. That is why I have made my peace with whatever you did with Rebecca all those years ago. I thought that if I were by your side long enough, you would be able to see the good in me and treat me better. But it's been three years."

"Yes, you're attentive to me now. But let's be realistic. This feels worse than when you ignored me. I'm so tired of this. Whenever I think of you, all I could think of is to escape. The love I have for you is nowhere near enough to keep me going down this path with you. For that, and everything else, I am sorry."

The atmosphere in the room was cold with solitude. He didn't speak. The silence was desolate.

After a long while, he spoke. "What would you like me to do to make you stay?" he asked quietly.

I was momentarily startled and didn't know what to say.

Taking advantage of the moment, he flipped me around so that we were face to face.  
“Scarlett, I’m trying very hard to save our marriage here. Tell me, what do you want?”

We locked eyes again. I felt exhausted and closed my eyes. I didn’t feel at all like replying.

Yes, the problem was with me. I was crazy. I didn’t know how to tell him what was wrong with me, because whenever we ran into the tiniest of obstacles, we would fight like cats and dogs until both of us were drained.

I knew that divorce wasn’t the solution, but I really didn’t know what is.

“Ashton, I…”

“I know. Whatever you want to do in the future, just let me know ahead of time. You can go on managing affairs of the White family, just don’t get yourself in too deep. Other than that, you can do whatever you like. We’ll have better days ahead. Stay with me, Scarlett, will you?”

I never knew he was capable of speaking with me this calmly. His tone was full of pleading and compromise.

As if from the start, our thoughts had been different. I wanted to run whereas he wanted to stay and fix things.

I didn’t speak; I felt awful. It was a restless night. Perhaps because I was mentally occupied, or maybe I felt lost.

I awoke naturally the next day. Upon opening my eyes, I found Ashton looking at me with a smile on his face.

“What is it?” I asked, startled.

“Have you thought about it?” Ashton lowered his gaze, his eyes dark as a stormy sea.

I felt strange.

I suddenly recalled my encounter with the herbal remedy, I had the suspicion that this discomfort had something to do with that.

I debated with myself for a moment, and got up and went into the bathroom. The doctor advised that in conjunction with the herbal remedy, I should massage myself and see if anything comes out.

I turned on the shower and got in. While I rinsed myself, I pressed my breasts gingerly. It felt strange; I must have done something wrong. No milk emerged, but it hurt like hell.

Ashton entered at a moment when I was pumping myself in desperation. I almost fell over from his sudden appearance.

He was silent for several moments in shock at my antics. "What're you doing?" he demanded.

I...

Can I be straight with him and tell him that I'm trying to induce lactation?

I grabbed my towel and wrapped myself up. I threw a casual glance at him and replied, "Nothing, I'm just taking a shower."

That excuse was so lame!

Ashton looked disbelieving. He blocked my path as I was leaving. "Tell me now or I'll ask Jackson," he threatened as his eyes narrowed.

I...

"Summer is Macy's baby. She was premature and because she had not had mother's milk, she has been sickly and frail, so that's why I'm..." I blurted out in a rush, not even completing my sentence. But he understood.

Ashton bit his lip, looking abashed. "So you were thinking of feeding her yourself?"

"What else do you need to do?" He sighed, looking resigned.

We were all adults. Anyway, I had delivered a baby before. I looked at him and said, "When I gave birth, I still had milk of my own. After that, when I lost my baby, I didn't have to feed. Which stopped the prolactin secretion."

“So is that why you were trying by yourself?” Ashton frowned, looking slightly unhappy. “What did you eat yesterday?”

“Some herbal remedy which would induce lactation,” I replied truthfully.

“The doctor said, coupled with massages and other methods...” I bit my lip and left the sentence hanging.

“Massage and other methods?” Ashton chuckled. “Self-massage? And how would you carry out the other methods?”

“If you have something you’d like to say, spill it,” I retorted angrily.

He fell silent at that.

After a long while, I said, “The child was premature and is very frail. Without the milk of a mother, she looks like a newborn despite being three months old. Ashton, I grew up as an orphan and my grandmother raised me. It was a blessing, but now that Grandma and Macy are gone, this child is now my responsibility and I will do my best to protect her.”

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I did not know how to love, or even how to receive love, but I did know that it meant to treat them well.

Love is the reason why I was considerate on his behalf. I felt this way for this child. All I could do, I would do for her, and do it well.

Ashton looked at me thoughtfully. “And what about me? Am I even somebody important in your life? All Marcus left for you are regrets. What about me? Does it make a difference to you that we are married?”

I knew perfectly well what Ashton wanted. He wanted me to need him and hold him in my heart.

The light in the bedroom was dim, but his eyes appeared strangely bright. We stared at each other; I was at a loss for words.

After a long while, Ashton let go of me and stepped back a few paces dejectedly. He smiled sarcastically to himself.

“Good for you, Scarlett.” He turned to leave, but I reached out and grabbed his arm.

I had things I wanted to say to him from my heart, and almost instinctively, I blurted, “I want more than anybody else to place you first, but I’m afraid that if one day I find myself unable to leave you, you’ll be the one to leave.”

He turned back and looked at me with a penetrative gaze. “Was that why you neglected my feelings? Out of all the people in your heart, you chose to hurt only me?”

I shook my head and felt terrible about the pain in his eyes. “No, I’ve never meant to hurt you. I just don’t feel secure. I’m afraid that you would leave me and not want me anymore.”

Ashton was startled. His slim frame stiffened as he pulled me in for a tight hug. “Don’t be silly,” he whispered huskily in my ear.

We hugged for a while, with my head on his chest. “No matter how badly we fight, we should never threaten to leave each other, alright? Scarlett, I will never let you go, and I’ll never divorce you.”

I said nothing. I was stupid for not knowing how to be married.

It was the end of the year. Most of the staff in the company were on leave, but Ashton was still here.

Mrs. Eriksen did not celebrate New Year’s with us, so it was only me and Ashton left.

I brought him over to Glenwood. Nick was still hard at work as his company did not allow leaves, and Jackson was busy caring for Summer.

When he opened the door to me and Ashton, he froze in surprise. Swiftly, he rearranged his features into an expression of serene indifference and reported, “Summer just fell asleep.”

I nodded and entered. “Was she alright last night?”

“Yeah, not too bad,” he replied as his gaze fell on Ashton and quickly looked away.

I recalled his incident at the college and attempted to make introductions. "This is Jackson, my friend from college. You should be acquainted with him."

Jackson glared at me. Turning to Ashton, he smiled apologetically and said, "Mr. Fuller, nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too," Ashton responded.

Ashton exuded a cold and unfriendly presence; I found him unapproachable. After introductions with Jackson, he left to visit Summer.

I tugged on Ashton's arm and followed Jackson to Summer's bedroom. She had her milk formula and was fast asleep.

Ashton looked stunned when he saw Summer and raised his hand as if to caress her, but pulled back on second thought.

I guess all men are like that. They don't know how to deal with newborns.

Jackson brought Summer's dirty clothes to the laundry room. "Do you plan on taking the medicine today?" He turned to me and asked.

It was an awkward moment. I looked away at Summer's underfed frame and nodded. "Yes."

He stole a glance at Ashton and saw him watching the child too. Jackson raised his eyebrows and departed the room, leaving behind me and Ashton.

He was transfixed by Summer. After a long while of staring at her, he asked, "Is she Jared's?"

I did not expect him to ask this. "No..." I jumped and shook my head.

I sensed his inquiring gaze and lowered mine. The words that came to my lips went unsaid.

"Does Jared know?" he went on as he stroked Summer's cheek with one long finger.

"No, he doesn't," I replied. As Ashton probably guessed everything at this point, I had no reason to hide it from him anymore.

He nodded and watched as Summer smiled in her sleep. It was a pretty sight. "We'll let Mr. Kane make the preparations, and then we'll register her. Since it's the New Year, we could take her back to my family and let them meet her."

Ashton noticed that I didn't respond and frowned. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing." I shook my head, but my heart was filled with a warm glow.

"Thank you, Ashton!" I said after a brief pause. Caring for Summer was something I had to do, and it really made matters easier for me that he decided to think of her as his own.

Jackson prepared the herbal remedy for me. It was a big bowl of dark liquid, and it made my stomach turn just looking at it. But it had to be done.

I pinched my nose and gulped it down. Almost by reflex, Jackson handed me a lozenge. "The doctor said that you need to massage yourself along with the medicine, and an adult should test it out."