# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1167

After that, he smiled at Ashton before leaving with his briefcase.

The moment Zander disappeared from our sight, Ashton reached out to look at the business card. "Zander Hoffman, legal apprentice from the Hawen K City division of the Tinsel Group Law Firm."

Wait. He's already a legal apprentice?

I looked at the business card curiously but Ashton sensed my gaze and instantly threw the card, landing it perfectly in the rubbish bin all the way in the corner of the room.

"Hey!" I punched him on the chest lightly. Zander was basically my first acquaintance in the field of law. Even if we never actually became friends, there was no reason to do that to his business card.

"Are you mad?" Ashton asked.

"Yep." I nodded, staring at him with narrowed eyes.

Did he really get possessive over that?

Ashton suddenly turned the tables and leaned closer to me. He looked at my stomach and said, "That's not good for the baby. You promised that you would take good care of the kids. Are you sure you're still mad at me?"

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"I..." I fell silent. He had a point.

After the bar exam, Professor Zidd flew out of the country to join an exchange program. He referred another doctor to me, someone named Dr. Alder. She was someone who had just come back after completing her studies in M Country and was apparently a top student in medical school. Professor Zidd was praising her so highly that he managed to raise both Ashton and my expectations.

Knock! Knock! Ashton brought me to the office door and knocked twice before calling out politely, "Dr. Alder?"

The long-haired woman who had been facing away from the door immediately turned around at the sound of her name.

The moment our eyes met, I was taken aback.

The doctor Professor Zidd had praised so highly was nobody else but the woman I had only seen once—Lydia, Jackson's wife.

Lydia didn't seem surprised by the sight of me. She casually placed her files on her desk and beckoned for us to enter. "Come in. Please sit down. Professor Zidd has already told me about your condition."

Ashton was about to help me into the office when his phone rang. He took it out and frowned. "I'm sorry, I have to take this."

He walked out, leaving just Lydia and me in the room.

I thought about Jackson deleting my number and blocking me, which made me feel extra uneasy sitting in front of Lydia. Jackson and I had been friends for over ten years, but at the sight of his wife, I couldn't find it in me to ask about him.

"Relax. Anxiety isn't good for the baby." Lydia seemed to sense my nervousness and started advising me in a low, gentle voice. With a sincere smile, she said, "I hope you can trust my professionalism. Here, I'm just your doctor and you're just my patient, okay?" I nodded in response. "I didn't know you were a doctor."

Jackson studied psychology and Lydia was a gynecologist. I realized they were a great match for each other.

Lydia pressed her lips together and forced a slight smile. "From the report, it seems like your children are very healthy. As long as you keep them well-fed, things will be fine. Just make sure you come in for regular checkups."

She was obviously trying to avoid any topic that could lead to Jackson. I didn't press further and nodded. "Alright. Thank you, Dr. Alder."

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We both fell silent. Suddenly, a baby's wail broke the silence.

"I'm sorry. My kid's still young and doesn't like being away from me, so I usually bring him to work."

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As Lydia spoke, she walked into the adjoining room. When she emerged again, she was holding a baby who was swaddled in a blanket. She coddled him for a while and he stopped crying. It was a rather warm sight to behold.

That's Jackson's kid. I

"How many months is he?" For some reason, my nose suddenly felt sharp as if I were about to cry. I walked over to her and looked at the baby, who wasn't scared in the slightest. He looked quite a lot like Lydia and was very quiet.

"Just under six months." Lydia's face lit up with a smile as she talked about her child.

Kids were always particularly welcoming. I couldn't help but reach out toward his little chubby cheeks when footsteps suddenly sounded up right outside the door. I turned around before touching the baby.

At the sight of Jackson standing in the doorway, I pulled my hand back awkwardly.

Jackson didn't seem rattled. He looked at me for a couple of seconds before walking toward Lydia and taking the baby from her. His face finally softened slightly as he smiled at his baby.

I lowered my head and sighed in relief, having basically readied myself to be ignored. After a few seconds, Jackson's voice suddenly rang out.

"Lydia told me you're having twins."

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I thought I was hearing things and looked up rapidly to meet Jackson's gaze before nodding. "Yeah."

"That's good. At least now you won't have any regrets." After that, Jackson turned his attention back to his kid and wife, clearly not planning to say anything else.

The three of them seemed to bask in a warm familial glow that I was clearly not a part of. I was starting to feel a bit awkward when Ashton walked in. The two men nodded at each other as a way of greeting. After that, we went through the check-up.

Once we left the hospital, I started thinking about Jackson's cold attitude. It felt like a heavy rock was crushing my chest, making it a bit hard for me to breathe.

Ashton was smart enough to spot something wrong. He drove off for a bit and stopped the car once we were far enough away from the hospital.

"What did Jackson say to you?"

I shook my head. "He didn't say anything."

That was exactly why it hurt me so much. Macy, Jackson and I had been childhood friends for a long time. We had fought before, but usually, we got over our differences quickly enough once we argued it out. No one ever held grudges. On the contrary, we both seemed fine on the surface but there was now an invisible thick brick wall between us that I couldn't break through.

Ashton lowered his head in deep thought. "You two should meet up and talk things out properly. Maybe you can ask Jackson to come over."

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I smiled bitterly and looked at him. "Jackson is a man too. Why aren't you jealous of him?"

"I don't get jealous of everyone." Ashton turned back to start the engine again. "If Dr. Alder is his type, then you're far from it. He's not going to start anything."

"Huh? What type is that?" I felt like he meant more than what he said.

Ashton chuckled slyly and didn't answer my question. He just drove off.

I thought he was kidding, but he really invited Jackson over that night.

Things didn't seem real at the sight of both Ashton and Jackson in the living room. It felt like we had gone back to the time before Macy died, back when the two of them were the most important people in my life.

Soon enough, the table was all set. Jackson and I sat opposite one another while Ashton sat in between both of me.

I looked at Jackson. He was just as calm and unruffled as ever. It was as if nothing had changed. What exactly did Ashton do to get Jackson to come over? I was really curious.