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Ashton suddenly kicked me under the table and raised his eyebrows at me, indicating for me to say something.

I looked at him and then at Jackson. After a deep breath, I decided to blurt it out.

"Jackson." I looked at him seriously. "Why didn't you tell me before leaving for M Country? Why didn't you invite me to your wedding? W-why did you block me on WhatsApp?"

As I spoke, I heard my voice beginning to crack. Disappointment and confusion welled up in my heart and pushed my tears out of my eyes.

Jackson was no different from Macy to me. Therefore, I felt like a child who had been abandoned by her parents—lost, confused and just wanted to know what I had done wrong.

As he heard that, Jackson's hand froze and he sat in silence for a few seconds before going back to picking up dishes nonchalantly. "There's no reason. It's useless."

That made me both angry and even more curious. "What do you mean by 'useless'? Are you just going to throw away our friendship like that? Even Macy would never..."

"Don't talk about Macy!" Jackson raised his voice. He tossed his chopsticks away and stared straight at me. "Scarlett, I didn't want to say this, but you forced me to."

He turned away as if he didn't want to look at me anymore. "Macy died because of you. I can't just forget that. If it wasn't for our past friendship and Macy's wishes, I would never have let Summer go with you. I already gave up so much, but it looks like you just couldn't wait to have a kid of your own instead, huh?"

It seemed like even Ashton did not expect that from Jackson. His expression darkened and warned, "You'd better watch what you're saying."

It felt like there was a lump stuck in my throat. I couldn't pinpoint anything wrong or right when it came to Macy. She might not have died so young if she never got to know me, so Jackson had the right to hate me while I couldn't say anything in my own favor.

Jackson didn't seem to calm down at all. If anything, he got even angrier. He scoffed coldly at Ashton's warning and looked at me again with an almost empty expression. "I only came for one reason, and that's to take Summer back. She's more important than life itself to Macy, and I won't just leave her with the two of you to act like a shadow for someone else..."

"That's enough!" Ashton slammed a fist on the table, which even shocked me. He rarely threw such a temper, and even the maids next to us held their breath in fear.

Jackson showed no signs of feeling threatened and continued glaring at me. "Scarlett, I want you to give up the custody of Summer. You can't say no to me, not if you still love Macy."

Jackson looked at me with those eyes as cold as shards of ice. I had never seen this side of him before. Inwardly, I was panicking like a headless chicken.

He knew me too well. He knew I wouldn't be able to say no because of Macy. Despite that, I found it hard to believe the words he had just said. Ashton and I had never treated Summer as anyone's shadow. Does Jackson really think that lowly of me?

Jackson treated my silence as an agreement and stood up. "I'll come to get Summer the day after tomorrow. Please help her pack whatever she needs," he said blandly.

After that, he turned to leave, but not before I finally stood up. "Jackson."

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I clenched my fists and pressed my lips together, determined to put my foot down. "You're not taking Summer anywhere. She's my daughter."

Jackson stopped walking and turned back. "Your daughter is the one who's inside your stomach right now. Do you know who crashed into Macy and caused her to lose so much blood? One of Cameron's drivers. It was her plan all along. I saw Cameron and Zachary come find you once. If Ashton didn't try to exchange your life with Rebecca, then none of this would have happened. Macy would still be alive."

Even a grown man like Jackson couldn't help but start getting choked up while bringing up the tragedy. "I don't know why you wanted to force me together with that Anderson woman, but I'm sure about one thing. Just based on how differently Cameron treated you before and after finding out you were her biological daughter, I'm sure Summer will feel the same after you give birth to your own children. Since you chose to forgive Cameron and to have your own children so quickly, you should let Summer go. Macy's life may have ended much too soon, but I will not let that happen to Summer."

Cameron was the one who killed Macy?

I stood in shock at what I just heard. Terror and disbelief crashed into me like cold icy waves that wanted to drown me. My stomach suddenly started hurting a little and I instinctively placed my hand over it protectively. In slight disbelief, I asked, "What are you talking about? You told me it was just an accident. Also, when did I ever force you to deal with Cameron?"

Jackson turned around and glared at Ashton before looking back at me. "So you have no clue of what happened then? I didn't know anyone could be more selfish than you, but now I see why you two are a good match."

Right as I was contemplating what he meant, Ashton suddenly got up and punched Jackson in the face out of nowhere. It took Jackson by surprise and he reeled back, falling down on the ground. His lip cracked and he wiped away the blood that was starting to leak out.

Ashton glared at him venomously. "Get out."

Jackson didn't fight back. He got up and patted himself down before leaving. "I'll come again the day after tomorrow. By then, I promise I will be leaving with Summer."

Their actions had completely befuddled me and I was already getting fed up with his miraculous determination. I dug my nails into the soft flesh of my palms and yelled, "You already have your own kid too, so why are you questioning my love for Summer?"

Jackson was already at the door when he paused. Without even looking back, he said, "I'm not like you. To me, it doesn't matter whether it's Macy's child or Lydia's child. I'll treat them both the same way."

After that, he walked out with his head hanging low.

The large living room fell into complete silence. I only turned my attention back to Ashton when Jackson was completely out of sight. Jackson was about to say something, but Ashton had stopped him. What is he hiding from me?

"A-"

"Mommy!"

Right as I was about to ask Ashton about it, I heard Summer's light voice from the doorway. I turned only to see that Emery had brought her back.

I was really starting to miss Summer since it had been so long. I hugged her tight before taking her to the garden with Emery. It seemed like my conversation with Ashton would have to be put on hold.

Summer was really starting to look and act more like Macy. They were both so full of energy, and Summer managed to run around and play for a whole hour or so before Emery and I had to sit down and take a break.