

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1219

Having lost a child before, the excruciating pain felt a lot more tolerable, and I was able to hang in there for a few hours.

However, with neither Ashton nor John around, I eventually found myself unable to muster any more strength.

“Hang in there, Ms. Stovall! Don’t give up! Your first child is about to come out!” the doctor called out to me, his words hitting me like a dose of adrenaline.

I bit down on my lip and tightened my grip on the bedsheets as I continued to push with all of my might.

Pain tore through my body, and my pelvis felt like it was being shattered, but I kept on pushing anyway.

After what seemed like an eternity, I was finally able to hear the sounds of a baby crying in the delivery room.

“It’s a boy! He may be a little skinny, but he’s definitely in good health! Here, have a look!” I was panting heavily when I heard the nurse’s voice in my ear and turned towards her.

They say premature babies tend to look skinny and ugly, but that isn’t the case with mine! He even has Ashton’s nose!

Even the nurse couldn’t help herself from giving a compliment. “It’s been forever since I’ve seen such an adorable baby boy!”

I pursed my lips and smiled in response. The joy I felt was so overwhelming that it made the pain I suffered earlier seem trivial in comparison.

“Get the baby to the incubator! We need her to stay focused! There’s still another one!”

The nurse carried the baby out of the room upon hearing the doctor’s instructions, and I prepared myself for a second push.

After about half an hour, the sounds of a baby's cries filled the room once again.

"Congratulations, Ms. Stovall! It's a girl! You've got yourself a boy and a girl!"

I was able to get a clear look at my newborn daughter's face right before passing out from exhaustion. She looks...a little chubbier than her brother...

It was already the next morning by the time I woke up.

The window was open, and the room was a little chilly even with the warm rays of the morning sun pouring in.

Upon fully regaining my consciousness, I saw Emma sitting right next to my bed while Emery stood in a corner of the room.

"Letty! You're finally awake!" the two of them called out to me simultaneously when they saw me open my eyes.

I kept quiet and simply stared weakly at Emma in response.

She lowered her gaze and said hesitantly, "I... I haven't been able to get a hold of Ashton..."

For some reason, I felt empty inside when I heard that.

"Here, have some warm water, Ms. Stovall," the nurse said as she brought me a glass of water.

I had been asleep after giving birth yesterday, so I hadn't eaten anything at all.

After gulping down half a glass of water, I scanned the room I was in and saw no sign of my babies. "Where are my babies?"

"We had the servants bring them to the nursery as we didn't want them disturbing you," Emma replied.

"Bring them to me, please..." I was missing them as I had only seen them once so far. I guess this is what they call a maternal

bond... You can't see it or touch it, but you can feel it right in your heart...

"Go on, bring them in here," Emma instructed the nurse.

The nurse left the room and returned shortly after with another nurse, each of them carrying a baby in their arms.

Emery helped me into a sitting position before handing me one of the babies.

They were still crying when they first came into the room but stopped the moment Emery and I were holding them and simply stared at us curiously with their arms outstretched. Wait... I remembered his nose being a little taller than this...

"Hey, Letty! Seeing as Summer is older than Xavier, how about betrothing this daughter of yours to him instead?" Emery said jokingly while cradling the other baby in her arms.

However, I wasn't in the mood for jokes at all. I placed the baby down on the bed and opened up the blanket around him to get a closer look at his face. This is strange... He doesn't resemble Ashton and me at all...

An overwhelming feeling of shock filled my heart as I pulled my hands back and stared at Emery with a pale look on my face. "This isn't my son!"