

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 155

Ashton was just picking her up at the airport, and it's not like I never knew that he still cared about her all along. So why am I upset about this?

Ten minutes had passed.

Ashton appeared again in the lounge and jogged over to where I was. He sat down next to me and tugged on my arm. "Don't think too much into it. Something happened this morning so Joe couldn't make it."

I nodded and forced a smile. "You don't have to explain."

Indeed, there was no need to make a fuss over something like this. I was probably being a tad bit sensitive these days.

Macy showed up after a while, dragging a huge suitcase with her. She was stunned for a second at the sight of Ashton together with me. "What's this... Are you both here to flaunt your love with your show of PDA?"

I simply flashed her a smile in response. Ashton took over her luggage as we walked. Clinging onto my arm, Macy patted my belly. "It's gotten bigger. It's almost six months already, huh?"

Hearing that, I glanced at her slightly bulging belly. Because she was wearing loose-fitting clothes, I wouldn't be able to tell that she had a baby growing inside her belly as well if I hadn't known beforehand that she was pregnant.

I smiled and asked, "Why did you come back all of a sudden?" I had thought that Macy was going to stay in her hometown until the baby was born.

"Well... Jackson's coming to J City too, right? It's been a long time since I last saw him. I'm starting to miss him a little," she said. Her complexion looked good that day.

She glanced at Ashton who had been walking in front of us before whispering in my ear, "I'm assuming things are better between you and him now?"

I shrugged. "Who knows. Rebecca just returned today as well."

"What!" Macy frowned in frustration. "That woman is such a pain! Hasn't she already found her place in K City as a noble lady of the Moore family? Why does she feel the need to come back and cause trouble again?"

"She's probably planning to take over Cameron's job." Now that Rebecca had returned, I had no idea how things would unfold in the future. All I was aware of was the unsettling feeling that had settled in my heart.

Macy pursed her lips before saying, "I swear, it's almost like this woman's haunting you with the way she keeps showing up!"

Any topic related to that woman was a mood-killer. As such, I tried to change the topic. "Did Jackson say anything about when he's arriving?"

She shook her head. "Nope!"

We soon arrived at the carpark. I looked at Ashton while he loaded Macy's luggage onto the trunk. "Has Ms. Larson gone home?"

He nodded. "Joseph sent her back. Come on, let's go."

The engine roared as the three of us entered the car.

“What do you want to eat?” Ashton asked.

It was twelve noon, just about the right time for lunch.

“Anything’s fine.” I glanced back at Macy who was slumped against the backrest on the passenger seat. She must have been exhausted after hours of flight.

Ashton nodded as we drove into town. He parked in front of a nearby Italian restaurant and looked at me. “How about Italian food then?”

I turned towards Macy. “Is that okay with you?”

She nodded. “Of course!”

As soon as we got off the car, Macy came close and whispered next to my ear again, “How has Ashton been to you these days?”

“Okay, I guess.”

She rolled her eyes and smacked her forehead. “Why do I feel like you both seem like an old couple who’s been together for ages...”

I was at a loss for words. “Why is that?”

She smirked. “The love between you two seemed more like familial love rather than a romantic one!”

My mind went blank for a short while. Familial love? I didn’t see that coming.

Everything after that happened quickly. We sat down and decided on our orders soon after we entered the restaurant. Within minutes, the dishes were all served.

Ashton had ordered a bowl of tomato soup specifically for me, on the reason that a pregnant woman shouldn't eat anything that was too heavy. It would be too greasy, he said.

Probably because soups and water-rich foods had been my constant diet these days. After a mere few mouthfuls, I handed it over to Ashton so that he could finish it for me. I managed to take a few bites of grilled salmon before my stomach called it quits.

Macy didn't seem to have much appetite either. She glanced at me and Ashton every once in a while as we ate, looking perplexed at how we interacted with one another.

After lunch, we dropped Macy off at Glenwood Apartments and headed to the hospital.

The obstetrics department was unusually crowded. I was lucky to have made a prior appointment so I could skip the long queue. Nonetheless, there were various examinations to go through and Ashton had to wait outside.

The doctor gave me a few hesitating looks while she did an ultrasound. She seemed to be troubled about what to say, which made me wonder if there was something wrong with the child.

"Doctor, is there a problem with the baby?"

She nodded lightly. "The fetus' heartbeat seems very weak. Normally, it should have stabilized at twenty-four weeks old. The child could be underdeveloped..."

After a brief pause, she continued, “Ms. Stovall, you must try your best at maintaining a positive emotional state and regular sleep cycle. These things are among the most basic factors which can directly affect a fetus’ development.”

I nodded. What the doctor said was information that I’d known. Otherwise, why would I have asked Jackson to come to J City?

After the checkup, I sat in the hallway and stared blankly. Ashton began asking the doctor questions as she came out, and then gestured her aside to talk.

Their conversation went on for a while. I had no idea what the doctor told him, but his expression wasn’t very happy when we left the hospital. His brows were scrunched up in a frown the whole time. “Scarlett, are you hiding anything from me?”

“What did the doctor tell you?” I smiled. “Did she say the child isn’t yours?”

“Stop messing around!” He looked helpless yet concerned. “If there’s anything on your mind, please tell me!”

We continued walking towards the carpark. “I don’t like it when you meet with Rebecca. I wish that you won’t even look at her or speak one word to her...”

I looked up at him and added, “Is that okay with you?”

He stopped in his tracks and raised his eyebrows in a somewhat delightful manner. “Are you going for an imparity clause?”

I wasn’t going to back down in any way. I nodded and shot him a firm glare. “Every time you meet with Rebecca or speak to her, we shall live separately for a week. If you can’t do that, we’ll get a divorce.”