

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 367

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.