

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 368

Jackson sighed as he drove.

Back at Glenwood, I followed the doctor's instructions with the herbal remedy. Summer began crying again. Jackson said that she'll cry whenever she's feeling hungry. But she didn't seem to enjoy the milk formula very much.

Nick stayed back at the office that night. That presented a dilemma, as he was the handiest with Summer. Without him, Jackson and I were at a loss in regards to her constant crying.

The only thing we could do was to hold her and paced around the room. It wasn't easy, but we managed to get her down for a nap.

The remedy was ready. I helped myself to a large bowl of it. Jackson stared at me glumly. "The smell alone is bitter enough to make me gag. Are you sure you want to do this?"

I nodded, took a deep breath, pinched my nose, and gulped it all down. It was bitter as hell, and the honey lozenge that Jackson handed me afterward couldn't have been more welcome.

My stomach wasn't agreeable, either. It rumbled on and on like a grouchy old dog. I went back into the bedroom and lay down for a bit. Not long after, Nick came home and took Summer and Jackson out for a walk.

I was almost asleep when the phone rang; it was Ashton. I picked up groggily. "What is it?" I mumbled, irritated.

"Come down, we need to talk!" He said in a low voice.

"Can we do this another day? I'm not up for moving much today." I didn't feel like having another quarrel again, and I felt that my irritation might just spark one. Besides, another day might give us both time to calm down and talk things through better.

"I'm coming up!"

I...

"Hang on!" I yelled in a panic. I got up, got dressed, and met him downstairs.

It was unexpected that he knew I was living here. The winter in J City wasn't that harsh. Clad in a wooly sweater and a dark overcoat, Ashton leaned against his car, looking as aloof as ever. He lit a cigarette that glowed warmly in the cold night.

"What is it?" I repeated. I felt extra prickly today, for some reason. It might be due to the herbal medicine I had consumed.

When Ashton saw me, he put out his cigarette and flung it into a bin nearby. He straightened up, took off his coat, and pulled it around my shoulders. "Why aren't you dressed for the cold?"

I pouted in annoyance. "Say whatever it is you're here for!" My patience wore thin and I was not in the mood for idle chatter out here in the cold with him.

He frowned but I couldn't read his expression. "Come back to Peakville Estate."

"I have things going on!" I shrugged off his coat and handed it back to him. "Besides, I like it here."

My head throbbed as I sensed another argument on the horizon.

"Scarlett, you're a married woman now." There was a bite of impatience in his voice. "Don't you know that? Do you think it's appropriate for you to be living with two men?"

“No, it isn’t.” I looked up at him. “Ashton, I’ve told you this before. If you’re not happy with this arrangement, I’m happy to sign the divorce papers for you,” I said with no regard for his feelings.

“Scarlett!” Ashton grabbed my arm roughly. It hurt. “Is our marriage a joke to you? Have you become so comfortable in flinging the threat of divorce around?”

“Yes, it is! It’s a joke! So, Ashton, when are you going to leave me?”

Ashton narrowed his eyes, his eyes dark and dangerous. After a long while, he tightened his grip around my arm and flung me into the backseat of his car, with strength and roughness that frightened me.

I wasn’t strong enough to retaliate. Before I could sit upright, he drove away.

It was a dangerous ride; he sped past countless red lights. At breakneck speed, we arrived at his villa.

I was still in a daze when Ashton yanked me out of the car. “Ashton, are you crazy?” I struggled.

He said nothing and hoisted me up on his shoulders. I grew dizzy and lost my bearings. With every step he took, I felt seasick.

Ashton brought me into a bedroom and flung me onto the bed. He climbed on top of me and took off his coat before I could sit up.

“Ashton, you scumbag!” I shouted as I bit into his shoulder and held on until I tasted blood.

I didn't know what to do with him.

I stopped struggling and opened my eyes. I couldn't divorce him, nor could I get rid of him. All hope is lost.

Ashton must have noticed me ceasing to struggle. He stopped what he was doing as well and looked at me with his dark eyes. We gazed at each other for several moments.

"Do you hate me?" he asked coldly.

I pursed my lips. I had no intention to speak with him.

"Scarlett, we are husband and wife, not enemies," he breathed heavily. "We shouldn't fight like that."

I said nothing and gritted my teeth to withstand the pain.

The torment persisted. As he gasped and shuddered to a stop, he hugged me from behind. "Come back and live with me, will you?"

His voice sounded sad and weary.

I was still unwilling to speak with him, and elected for silence. Not long after, Jackson called.

"I'm at Peakville Estate!" I said at once upon picking up.

Jackson took several moments to compose himself. "Summer is crying really hard. I'll try to put her to bed," he said casually, as though I hadn't said anything.

I grunted in response. "Have a good night!" he said and hung up.

Ashton pulled me closer against him. "Summer?"

"Ashton, I'm so tired of this. Please let's just separate," I said quietly. "I'll admit that I love you and care about you, but this doesn't mean that I would be willing to keep being at odds with you. You've ruined the expectations I have for marriage. I don't blame you, because I haven't tried my best for us too. So I guess we're even."this point.