

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 369

I felt his body stiffen up. Without allowing him respite for a response, I continued. "When I got married to you, I thought the world of you, like the prince that every girl deserves. It was a blessing, and I will always treasure what we have. That is why I have made my peace with whatever you did with Rebecca all those years ago. I thought that if I were by your side long enough, you would be able to see the good in me and treat me better. But it's been three years."

"Yes, you're attentive to me now. But let's be realistic. This feels worse than when you ignored me. I'm so tired of this. Whenever I think of you, all I could think of is to escape. The love I have for you is nowhere near enough to keep me going down this path with you. For that, and everything else, I am sorry."

The atmosphere in the room was cold with solitude. He didn't speak. The silence was desolate.

After a long while, he spoke. "What would you like me to do to make you stay?" he asked quietly.

I was momentarily startled and didn't know what to say.

Taking advantage of the moment, he flipped me around so that we were face to face. "Scarlett, I'm trying very hard to save our marriage here. Tell me, what do you want?"

We locked eyes again. I felt exhausted and closed my eyes. I didn't feel at all like replying.

Yes, the problem was with me. I was crazy. I didn't know how to tell him what was wrong with me, because whenever we ran into the tiniest of obstacles, we would fight like cats and dogs until both of us were drained.

I knew that divorce wasn't the solution, but I really didn't know what is.

"Ashton, I..."

"I know. Whatever you want to do in the future, just let me know ahead of time. You can go on managing affairs of the White family, just don't get yourself in too deep. Other than that, you can do whatever you like. We'll have better days ahead. Stay with me, Scarlett, will you?"

I never knew he was capable of speaking with me this calmly. His tone was full of pleading and compromise.

As if from the start, our thoughts had been different. I wanted to run whereas he wanted to stay and fix things.

I didn't speak; I felt awful. It was a restless night. Perhaps because I was mentally occupied, or maybe I felt lost.

I awoke naturally the next day. Upon opening my eyes, I found Ashton looking at me with a smile on his face.

"What is it?" I asked, startled.

"Have you thought about it?" Ashton lowered his gaze, his eyes dark as a stormy sea.

I felt strange.

I suddenly recalled my encounter with the herbal remedy, I had the suspicion that this discomfort had something to do with that.

I debated with myself for a moment, and got up and went into the bathroom. The doctor advised that in conjunction with the herbal remedy, I should massage myself and see if anything comes out.

I turned on the shower and got in. While I rinsed myself, I pressed my breasts gingerly. It felt strange; I must have done something wrong. No milk emerged, but it hurt like hell.

Ashton entered at a moment when I was pumping myself in desperation. I almost fell over from his sudden appearance.

He was silent for several moments in shock at my antics. "What're you doing?" he demanded.

I...

Can I be straight with him and tell him that I'm trying to induce lactation?

I grabbed my towel and wrapped myself up. I threw a casual glance at him and replied, "Nothing, I'm just taking a shower."

That excuse was so lame!

Ashton looked disbelieving. He blocked my path as I was leaving. "Tell me now or I'll ask Jackson," he threatened as his eyes narrowed.

I...

"Summer is Macy's baby. She was premature and because she had not had mother's milk, she has been sickly and frail, so that's why I'm..." I blurted out in a rush, not even completing my sentence. But he understood.

Ashton bit his lip, looking abashed. "So you were thinking of feeding her yourself?"

"What else do you need to do?" He sighed, looking resigned.

We were all adults. Anyway, I had delivered a baby before. I looked at him and said, "When I gave birth, I still had milk of my own. After that, when I lost my baby, I didn't have to feed. Which stopped the prolactin secretion."

"So is that why you were trying by yourself?" Ashton frowned, looking slightly unhappy. "What did you eat yesterday?"

"Some herbal remedy which would induce lactation," I replied truthfully.

"The doctor said, coupled with massages and other methods..." I bit my lip and left the sentence hanging.

"Massage and other methods?" Ashton chuckled. "Self-massage? And how would you carry out the other methods?"

"If you have something you'd like to say, spill it," I retorted angrily.

He fell silent at that.

After a long while, I said, "The child was premature and is very frail. Without the milk of a mother, she looks like a newborn despite being three months old. Ashton, I grew up as an orphan and my grandmother raised me. It was a blessing, but now that Grandma and Macy are gone, this child is now my responsibility and I will do my best to protect her."