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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1187

Emma, who had been observing the two of us, noticed Lydia was about to lose her cool. Thus, she interrupted us in a hurry, “Ms. Alder, you’re intimidating a pregnant woman. Please calm down and talk about it in a rational manner.”

Lydia tossed an annoyed glance at Emma before returning to her usual self.

I had gone through the comments of the news. Since Jackson wasn’t a public figure, only those from the industry were taken aback by the news. A lot of the netizens, including Jackson’s patient, said they were utterly disgusted. As a result, others had stopped consulting the man for his advice.

Perhaps God thought it was about time to put me through another trial—all the irritating things He had planned out for me were scheduled to occur at the same time. After I returned Lydia her phone, I got in touch with Emery as she watched me with the eyes of a hawk.

Emery picked up the phone almost immediately. “Hello?”

“Jackson’s news has made it to the headline.” I had faith in Emery and thought she would never play pretend in front of me. Although she hadn’t given her consent to remove the news, I was certain she wouldn’t defy my opinions since I had made myself clear.

Indeed, the woman on the line was equally surprised. “What? How’s that possible? I swear I delivered the instructions to omit the news! They would

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never defy my instructions. I'll deal with it at once, but I need some time to figure out the things going on behind the scenes."

"Alright, sorry to trouble you."

"You need to stop being so courteous, Scarlett. I know you called to reprimand me. I'll talk to you after I settle this."

Immediately after she finished her sentence, Emery hung up the call.

I then showed Lydia my phone and said, "See?"

At my action, Lydia immediately knew something must have gone wrong in between the processes. She muttered with an embarrassed look, "I'm so sorry, but I can't keep myself calm because of Jackson's current condition."

"It's fine. How's he doing?" I asked nonchalantly; I had no intention to blame her for being overly worked-up either.

Sighing, she answered, "It's tough for him because of his odd relationship with his father. Their relationship has worsened because of the incident, but it's worse for his clinic. As some of the patients' privacy has been infringed, Jackson had to deal with a few lawsuits."

In spite of the trouble on his end, Jackson's attorney had been following up with Summer's case as though there wasn't anything else bothering him.

I grew upon hearing the kind of miseries the man had to go through. After I gulped a few breaths of air to calm myself down, I said, "Don't worry. Since it's my fault, I'll get rid of it. Meanwhile, you..."

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I understood her frustration. No woman could stand their husband having a thing for another man.

Lydia chuckled before she bemoaned, "It's fine. Actually, Jackson's past doesn't really matter to me. He has been taking great care of me and the baby. I'll always be there for him."

I responded with a nod and acknowledged her point of view. After all, it was their relationship. As long as they had faith in one another, others' opinions didn't really matter.

Soon, Emery reverted back to me with a call and told me the one behind the incident was an assistant of the company.

Once the assistant managed to figure out the person involved was someone affiliated with Fuller Corporation, he had stolen the news and sold it to another third party. As soon as Emery figured out the truth, the company had terminated the said assistant.

Emery had pulled her connections to get the person behind the published news to remove it. It wouldn't be much of an issue, but it would take some time to get rid of it.

Once I put my phone aside, John, who had returned some time ago, showed up behind Lydia and announced in a petulant manner, "Dr. Alder, thank you so much for your time, but you're dismissed."

As compared to the times he tried to chase those who would harm me away, John had been pretty mindful of his choice of words.

His sharp tone told Lydia it was about time for her to leave. After she bade me farewell, she walked in the direction of the entrance and departed.

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John approached me and remarked sarcastically, “Go tell that psychopath to stay away from Summer because I will never allow him to bring her away when something’s wrong with his brain! Consider this a warning. He should stop pushing his luck!”

I couldn’t stand him insulting Jackson, so I glared at my brother, eyes filled with a silent warning to watch his mouth.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1188

Suddenly, Lydia, who was about to reach the entrance, brought herself to an abrupt halt. She turned around in a huff, yelling with all her might, “Hey, why don’t you get your facts right? Research conducted over the past century has indicated homosexuality as a normal sexual preference! Jackson is a kind-hearted and hardworking man! His presence has contributed to society’s wellbeing and public welfare! You’re the one adversely impacting the advancement of mankind!”

“Come again?” John got up from his seat and was about to rush over in a rage, but I stopped him and yelled in the nick of time, “John!”

“I’m so sorry, Dr. Alder.” Afraid Lydia would be beaten to a pulp, I hurriedly urged her to leave, “He didn’t mean it. You should hurry up and return to Jackson! Also, please express an apology on my behalf!”

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Gritting her teeth, Lydia's gorgeous face puckered in disgust because of John's words. After shooting a fierce glare at him one last time, she marched out of the gate.

John, who was usually the most superior one in the room, couldn't stand Lydia's response. After he took a seat, he grunted, "How dare she get so full of herself?"

Emma and I exchanged short glances, unanimously deciding to ignore the man's rhetorical question. After he unbuttoned his shirt, he asked, "Why haven't you mentioned anything about the lawsuit regarding custody over Summer?"

Am I even supposed to tell you? If you were aware of the lawsuit, you would have sent someone to lure Jackson over and force him into submission...

I tried to shrug the idea off his mind and replied nonchalantly, "Everything is under my control. Do me a favor and stay out of this."

At that, John turned around and looked at Summer, who was in the middle of a game with the housekeeper. Grinning, he announced, "Nope! I consider Summer my daughter! I will allow no one to take her away from me!"

I nudged him and uttered, "You better not try anything reckless because Jackson is a close friend of both Macy and me. If you do anything silly, Macy will come after you!"

John looked elsewhere, going dead silent when I brought Macy up.

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Meanwhile, Emma, who had her curiosity piqued, asked, “Who’s Macy? Isn’t Summer your daughter? Why has the woman’s husband filed a lawsuit for custody over Summer?”

John rolled his eyes and grunted, “You need to stop poking your nose into our business and play the role of Mrs. Stovall!”

Emma shot daggers at him in return. The duo began bickering in the garden, causing things to turn lively all of a sudden.

Worried about Jackson, I had Emma tag along while I dropped by the clinic after we dropped Summer at her school.

I had acquired his address from Lydia when I visited the hospital. Although it was quite a distance away from the city, it was located at a strategic location.

We saw the signboard of Jackson’s clinic the moment we alighted from the car. The place, which was supposed to be an ordinary clinic, was ruined by the doodles left by the haters. The signboard had been shattered in half in front of the entrance.

As the entrance was wide open, Emma helped me into the clinic, but no one seemed to be there. The moment we walked past the corridor and reached Jackson’s office, I was overwhelmed by the awful stench of alcohol in the office.

After regaining my composure, I noticed a bunch of emptied cans on his table and the ground. Documents were strewn all over the place. Jackson, the drunkard with a disheveled appearance, slouched against the couch, sleeping soundly.

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Since Emma had been brought up in a comfortable environment, she rarely had the chance to come across such a scene. Thus, she had a hard time maneuvering her way around the messed-up room. Jackson was roused from his sleep as she accidentally stepped on a bottle.

A pair of bloodshot eyes could be seen as he sat upright and opened his eyes. "Why are you here? Have you dropped by to see how pathetic I am because of you? Are you happy now that you've seen me in a slump?"

His sarcastic remarks barely got to me. He had always been a gentleman, so his attempt at being harsh had no deterrent.

I could vividly recall the day Jackson acquired the license of a practicing psychologist. He was a sprightly young man that was the complete opposite of the man with a disheveled look in front of me.

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