

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!"

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.

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.

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.