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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1099

If Macy was still around, Summer would have lived as an ordinary girl, even though she would grow up in a single-parent family. Conversely, since the day she started living with me, she had gone through so much, including undergoing a bone marrow transplant and a kidney transplant at such a young age. She almost lost her life.

I had done so little for Summer. Even the idea of wearing this anklet was Emma's idea. I had not even prayed for her in the last five years she was with me, and to call myself her "mother" was just irony.

Will Macy forgive me?

After a moment of silence, Ashton looked me in the eyes and stated confidently, "You've given her a home."

I did not respond to that but merely stared at the anklet Summer was wearing.

We would officially return to work in two days' time. Hence, Ashton and I decided to spend the next day resting at home.

Yet, he still woke me up early in the morning.

"What is it? Didn't you say we aren't going anywhere today but to rest at home?" I propped myself up and rubbed my bleary eyes.

"Something urgent came up. Do get ready to leave in half an hour." Ashton got off the bed to get changed.

"Huh? What happened?" Yawning, I was very reluctant to crawl out of the comfortable sheets.

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The winter season was the best time for sleeping in. When we were in J City, I had to wake up super early to either accompany Charlie for meditation or go for a morning jog with Sally. As a result, I worked out a lot and have been looking forward to slumbering when we got back to K City.

I did not get any response from him, so I peeped through one eye.

He was putting on a necktie in front of the full-length mirror, fitting it snugly into the collar point. Each of his movements was very pleasing to the eye.

What a treat! The eye candy woke me up instantly. However, his next line had me wishing I was still asleep.

“Professor Zidd came back last night, so he has some time for us today.”

The name was no stranger to me.

When I was surfing the net for in vitro fertilization a few nights ago, I stumbled upon a headline: Professor Zidd, the father of IVF in Chanaea. It was a thousand-word article. Even without clicking on the link to open it, one could tell how much of an expert Professor Zidd is.

So, Ashton did see what was on my screen, but he pretended otherwise and made these arrangements secretly.

I was quite touched that he took notice of everything I said or did and paid attention to even the slightest detail. Then again, I had to admit that I was clueless about the next steps.

I wouldn't reject the idea of in vitro fertilization, but I would feel helpless at the thought of trying when the result was already pretty clear. The world's average pregnancy rate for in vitro fertilization was less than sixty percent. My body had always been weak, and my uterus had been severely damaged. In addition, I had had two miscarriages. These factors further reduced my chance of getting pregnant by half. Thus, I was unsure if I should fight for the remaining thirty percent chance of success.

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Even if the process was a success, there would not be a guarantee that another miscarriage wouldn't happen, considering my current health condition.

Once we walked into the first step of the process, there was no turning back. I had fallen into despair twice. Hence, I could not even bring myself to imagine having to go through the torment of losing my flesh and blood for the third time.

My heart still throbbed in pain when I thought about how my firstborn struggled to survive inside my body and suffocated in his last agony.

That was why I hid it from Ashton when I was researching for the information.

I spaced out on the bed and seemingly returned to the dreadful moment when I had a miscarriage. Depressing air lingered around me as the heart-rending tragedy flashed up in my mind again.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1100

Suddenly, a familiar warmth on my wrist brought me back to reality. I regained my senses and was met with Ashton's tender and affectionate gaze.

He was down on one knee by my bedside, with one hand holding my phone. His deep eyes stared at me intensely.

"I know you're worried about the success rate and that all our effort might be in vain. I know you're also afraid that some bad people would appear again, wanting to harm you and our child. However, Letty, don't give in to fear. Think about how I rescued you in the nick of time and also think about Aunt Sally's advice. I'm here with you; we're all here for you. God won't let you go through it again. We won't fail this time. Try it once more, for my sake, okay?"

I studied his expression, but I could not tell if Ashton wanted a kid so badly. Anyhow, I was somewhat convinced by him.

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God won't do this to do for the third time. Everyone deserves a chance to be a mother. There should be a limit to the number of times fate can toy with me.

After contemplating, I changed my clothes and asked Mrs. Eriksen to take care of Summer while Ashton and I headed to Kingston Hospital in K City.

Ashton drove, instead of the chauffeur. Sitting on the passenger seat, the thirty-minute journey felt like a century-long.

At the hospital, I finally saw Professor Zidd, whose picture I had only seen in an article. He had a high hairline, a white lab coat on, and reeked of disinfectant, but the man was very amiable.

Professor Zidd casually asked us a few questions and then requested Ashton and me to go for a body check-up.

Ashton had to get his sperms and semen tested, whereas I had to undergo all of the important gynecological tests. Besides the basics, I had to go for routine blood analysis, diagnostic curettage, basic endocrine hormone determination test, and an anti-sperm antibody test. Ashton spent a large sum of money and took me to complete all the required examinations at the nearby private hospitals within the shortest time. Then, we returned to Kingston Hospital with the medical reports.

Professor Zidd studied my medical records for some time and then removed his glasses. With a serious expression, he asked, "Mrs. Fuller?"

"Yes." I clasped Ashton's hand tightly. My palms started sweating while waiting for Professor Zidd to go through my records. I had to hold onto something for support and fight back the tears in my eyes.

"Your situation is rather complicated because you've had two miscarriages caused by accidents during the fetal period. The fetus in your womb struggled for too long and consequently affected your uterus adversely. For now, let's not discuss whether we can successfully stimulate your ovulation. Currently, the reports show that your womb is temporarily unable to provide an ideal environment for the survival of an embryo."

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Although I had expected it, I could not help but gulp to suppress my urge to bawl my eyes out. "In that case, Professor Zidd, did you mean that I don't stand a chance to get pregnant even via in vitro fertilization?"

I mumbled through the second half of the question and ended up sobbing. I had no idea how I managed to get them all off my chest.

I could sense a desperate desire in me, longing to be a mother. Previously, I was told that my chance of getting pregnant was slim, but there was still a small probability it could happen, and it did! This time, I was being declared definitive infertile with a zero chance of having my own baby. I was beyond grief, and my heart died on the spot. Hope is a kind of faith, invisible and intangible, yet, it can motivate a person to continue living.

Subconsciously, my fingers dug into Ashton's palm. It seemed that I could only use this way to draw some strength from him in order to maintain my composure.

A deafening buzzing sound rang in my ears just then. Right before the moment I was going to collapse, Professor Zidd's hoarse voice said gently, "No, that's not true. There's no absolute answer to the question asked."

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