In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1101

He paused and then placed all the reports on the table. Patiently, he started explaining in a friendly manner, "Mrs. Fuller, I've been doing research on in vitro fertilization for nearly thirty years, and I've encountered many challenging situations. Yours isn't the worst that I've seen, so don't you worry too much. As long as you heed medical advice, it's only a matter of time before you have your own child. It's extremely important for you to take it easy and maintain a positive mindset. Leave the rest to me, will you?"

I was not able to identify if those were just words of comfort. Anyhow, I responded by nodding blankly in order to make Ashton less anxious.

Professor Zidd then turned to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, what do you think? I think you're aware that I have an international project coming up in three months' time, so my time here in the country is very limited. Should you confirm my position as the consulting doctor for Mrs. Fuller's case, I shall immediately convene a meeting with my assistants to discuss the diagnosis and treatment plan."

It was inevitable for the top fertility expert in the country to have a packed schedule. The few times we went in and out of his office, we noticed the increasing number of patients queuing up in the hallway, waiting to consult Professor Zidd. Hence, it was not hard to understand why he wanted us to confirm if he's taking over the case.

At his level, he should be treated as a national treasure who was held in high esteem wherever he went. I believed that Ashton had engaged many of his personal contacts to get a connection with Professor Zidd. Thus, of course, it was unsaid for us to try our best and follow his schedule.

As predicted, Ashton agreed right away, "You're the expert in this aspect. We'll follow your lead."

He tightened his grip on my hand and then cast a glance at me. Once again, he opened his mouth and pleaded earnestly with Professor Zidd, "Please help us."

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My forehead creased as I lifted my head to look at Ashton. At that critical moment, he was like a devout believer praying to Professor Zidd, a deity.

At the spur of the moment, a proud man like Ashton, who had been living a high and lofty life, was no different than any Tom, Dick, and Harry. He had stooped so low for the sake of scoring a chance to have our own child.

Yet, I was relieved seeing him like this, a total burden off my shoulders. This side of him was way charming than the authoritative figure in any business meeting.

"I will," Professor Zidd replied swiftly. Without further ado, he started listing a page of prescriptions. Then, he tore the page off and passed it to Ashton. Solemnly, he said, "I've learned about your backgrounds, Mr. Fuller. There's still a need for me to remind you that Mrs. Fuller is my patient. In the next two months, she must only consume the medicines that I've prescribed. Please do not consult any other doctor rashly nor use other types of medication. I hope that you two can bear this in mind."

I nodded obediently, not only because Professor Zidd was an elder, but his competency and professional work ethics were very convincing. As an expert, he could have just provided some treatment plans within the scope of his duties. Instead, he empathized with us and went beyond his remit to caution us of the risk of consuming conflicting medications.

People who had gone through extreme pain and grief were always yearning for a complete recovery in the fastest possible time. So, they tend to seek multiple advice from various doctors simultaneously and consume different medications to increase the likelihood of their recovery. It was understandable why one would take that approach. However, in most cases, it might produce negative outcomes due to resistance caused by drug poisoning.

Had it not been for Professor Zidd's reminder, I would continue taking the pills prescribed by the doctor Sally and I consulted earlier.

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After pondering over this, I grew to trust Professor Zidd more.

If Professor Zidd can't help me get pregnant again, there's no more hope for me in this lifetime.

He gazed at us. Perhaps he found us not in the best state of mind, he commented further, "Actually, you don't need to be overly anxious. Medical technology is very advanced these days. Having a damaged womb with an abnormally thin lining of the endometrium is no longer an incurable disease. In fact, it's got quite a high chance of recovery with proper medication."

I could finally let out a stiff smile. "Thank you, Professor Zidd."

Thank you so much for giving me that glimpse of hope of becoming a mother.

"Haha..." Professor Zidd placed his hands on the desk. His benign smile and mannerisms were just like a friendly senior that I'd known for years. "Don't thank me in advance. Getting prepared to conceive is never an easy task. We'll have to see each other on a daily basis and go through a series of exhausting treatments and tests. I'm afraid you might blame me for it later on."

I laughed. "You must be joking, Professor Zidd, why would we?"

"I wasn't kidding." Professor Zidd turned to Ashton and said, "Mr. Fuller is a busy man, but it's critical that you adjust your work schedules for these two months and take good care of your wife. Having a baby involves two individuals. The following days are extremely important, so I hope that you can accompany Mrs. Fuller to each of the upcoming appointments."

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I gasped. Just as I was about to ask him to be more lenient on Ashton, he cut me off and replied, "Absolutely!"

For the second time within the same day, I gazed at Ashton in disbelief.

He seemed to have turned over a new leaf after the new year. I could feel a sense of security just by knowing that he was present, even without him saying a word.

I did not interrupt him. Subsequently, Professor Zidd gave Ashton some reminders about diet. It was nothing special, but we were supposed to avoid spicy food and consume more nutritious meals.

Upon collecting the medicines, Ashton brought me home.

During the journey, he received a call. I vaguely heard something like "GW Group," "Hold him up," and "I'll be back soon" before he hung up.

I had only been in Fuller Corporation for a short period of time and did not recall Ashton had worked with that company before. Casually, I asked him, "Is GW Group a new partner of Fuller Corporation?"

"Yes, the development of Fuller Corporation in K City is looking good, but we still need some capital injection from foreign consortia to achieve an ideal state. Based on our partnership criteria, GW is one of the best investment banks on Wall Street. The other party has verbally agreed to this collaboration, but I still need to iron out a few unreasonable requests that they've made."

I did not expect Ashton to share that many details with me. Pursing my lips, I crafted a simple response, "I see. Then, you should leave earlier tomorrow."

With his hands on the steering wheel, Ashton burst into laughter and teased me, "I see that you're talking through your pregnancy brain before the baby arrives. Their representative is already waiting for me at the company. Once I send you home, I'll have to rush there right away." Stunned, I asked again, "So soon? Aren't you only going back to work tomorrow?"

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He threw a look at me and then continued to focus on the road. "Letty, there are no fixed holidays for a businessman. After all, no one can ever resist a good opportunity. Although Fuller Corporation is going on steadily, it doesn't mean that we can rest and relax now. We need to plan strategically to enter a bigger market with larger funds. It's a dog-eat-dog world out there, and we'll lose out eventually if we don't work hard enough."