In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1121

If I was already living such a mundane life in my late twenties, what would happen to me in the next ten or twenty years?

I had enrolled in a Master of Laws program last year, but due to unforeseen circumstances, I had to put my studies on hold. Since I could still remember what I had studied before, I was confident that I would be able to resume the course with ease.

Besides, as Ashton continued to expand his business, he would have to confront a lot of legal issues. I would be able to assist him once I obtained the license to practice law.

It's about time for me to further my studies. This time, I must follow through till the end, and the same goes for my pregnancy as well.

Despite his hectic schedule, Ashton still took some time off to accompany me to the hospital for my regular checkup.

Professor Zidd was pleased to inform me that my uterus had recovered, and he said we could carry out the in-vitro fertilization while undergoing the treatment.

Besides continuing with the estrogen and progesterone injections, I would have to undergo the ovulation induction treatment consecutively for a week too. This was to prepare my body for the in-vitro fertilization process.

Since I had to get sufficient rest throughout the week, I had to stop delivering dinner to Ashton's office.

Apart from taking care of Summer, I also bought the latest reading materials to prepare for my studies. I would study them after Summer had gone to bed.

While I was going through the reading materials today, I heard someone coming into the study. Upon lifting my head, my eyes met with Ashton's.

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"You're home early." With a childlike smile, I stood up and welcomed him.

I began to understand how excited Summer was every time she saw me.

This is how we react when the people we love the most appear before our eyes, isn't it?

"Professor Zidd said that we could proceed with the in-vitro fertilization tomorrow. You should go to sleep earlier so that you'll be in good shape tomorrow."

Although Ashton was dead serious about it, I couldn't help letting out a laugh. I gently tapped on his chest and teased, "Do you really have the willpower to sleep early and not touch me tonight?"

Instantly, Ashton grabbed my wrist and smirked. Staring at my hand, he said in a lustful voice, "I don't. That's why I need this hand to work its magic on me."

"Dream on!" I pulled my hand away from his. When I was about to leave the study and get back to the bedroom, I saw Mrs. Eriksen standing by the door with a tray in her hands.

Mrs. Eriksen must have stood there for quite some time. She was surprised to see me walking out of the room at first but gave me a baffling smile and pretended as if she was oblivious to everything that had happened.

Nevertheless, the look on her face made me blush, and I bit my lips in embarrassment.

Right then, Ashton came up and grabbed my shoulders before he asked Mrs. Eriksen in a deep voice, "Yes?"

Being the tactful person she was, Mrs. Eriksen turned around and answered with a lowered head, "It's been some time since you're back this early. I've made you soup. Here you go."

"Let me." I reached out for the tray but was too embarrassed to look at her. "Thanks, Mrs. Eriksen."

Mrs. Eriksen placed her hands into the apron's pockets and grinned. "I'll take care of Summer. You two have a good rest."

What she said rendered me speechless, and my cheeks became even more flushed.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1122

Yet, Ashton said something that made me want to punch him. "There's no use in drinking this soup anyway since we have to follow the doctor's instructions and not act as we please."

Upon hearing that, Mrs. Eriksen froze and gave him a puzzled look. "Huh?"

To stop Ashton from spouting more nonsense, I immediately diverted Mrs. Eriksen's attention. "Hey, did you hear that? I think Summer's crying. Can you go and check on her?"

"Really? I didn't hear anything, though," Mrs. Eriksen got even more confused.

"Yes, I'm sure she's crying," I said earnestly. "Why don't you check on her and see if she needs anything?"

"Oh, okay. Don't worry. I'll take good care of her." Mrs. Eriksen then ran toward Summer's room.

I felt sorry for making that up, but that was the only way I could think of to end the awkwardness.

Without saying a word, I turned around and shot daggers at Ashton, but he shrugged his shoulders as if he was not bothered by it. He then stuck his hands into his pockets and walked toward the bedroom.

I puffed out my cheeks and followed right behind him.

Once we got into the room, I placed the soup on the bedside table and slammed the door. "Can you mind your tongue in front of Mrs. Eriksen next time?"

"But I was only telling the truth," Ashton said while removing his tie and threw it on the couch.

When he was about to walk toward the home bar, I dashed to his front and extended my arms to block him.

"No drinking, mister." I knitted my brows. "We need to go through a medical procedure tomorrow."

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Though technically, I was the one who would be going through the procedure, he would still need to contribute his sperm. Hence, I needed him to be completely sober.

What if his sperm got drunk because of the alcohol? Hmph!

Professor Zidd was extremely mad at us the last time because the progress was disrupted when we got physically intimate. Hence, we must not make the same mistake again. At that moment, Ashton was still trying to reach for a bottle of wine. He tried to negotiate with me, "Just one sip. Okay?"

"No way." I was determined. No means no! I've had enough with all the injections, and I sure as hell don't want to go through that again!

A line formed between Ashton's brows, and he looked at me with a pair of puppy eyes. "My life feels incomplete right now."

That pitiful expression on his face softened my heart for a moment, but I was not ready to give in just yet. "Drink this soup instead. It's good for you."

Ashton raised his brows and asked as if he was genuinely considering the option, "What if I can't keep my hands off you after drinking the soup? What if I..."

"Stop it!" Oh, God! Why is this man so horny!

But I guess he'd have to make a choice between the soup and the wine.

If Ashton decided to go for the wine, our efforts would be in vain, and I really wanted our kid to grow up healthy and strong.

I gave it some thought before giving him my consent. "Drink first, and we'll talk about it later!"

My hands can still do the trick if he insists.

To my surprise, he instantly gave up the idea of drinking wine and gobbled down the soup in one shot.

After putting down the empty bowl, he turned around and gave me a cheeky smile. "See? I told you. I can't seem to control my hands anymore!"