

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.

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.

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.