

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. Anyway, I was somewhat convinced by him.

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."

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."