

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."

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.