

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.”

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!"