

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1098-1102

## Chapter 1098

Seeing that, Emma teased us, "You guys are so sweet together."

Ashton and I laughed at the same time as if we had planned it.

"Tsk... tsk... tsk..." John shook his head. "Only the two of you would do something like that. Your public display of affection is not welcomed here. But I won't stop you, so please go get a room!"

"Arghhh!"

Emma gave him a tight slap on the arm, upon hearing his passing remark. John groaned in pain. With a scowling face, he commented, "Mind your manners, woman! Are you trying to kill your husband?"

John had a reputation that preceded him. Anyone who saw his long face would tremble in fear or bow reverently to him, regardless of who it was. Yet Emma was different. She faced him head-on as if she had gotten permanent immunization against his vehemence. Impatiently, she rolled her eyes and confronted him boldly, "Who allowed you say such derisive things?"

John's expression became sullen after being refuted by Emma. Wanting to regain some dignity, he stood up abruptly and glared at her, intending to intimidate her. "Trust me. I'll kick you out of the house if you dare to point one more finger at me."

Those two had an agreement when they got married. They vowed to give each other freedom and not to meddle in the spouse's private affairs. Thus, I always thought they were a match made in heaven. Faced with their sudden argument, I felt rather overwhelmed and did not know how to respond to it. I wondered if they were really upset with each other.

Even so, Emma ignored him completely. She scoffed at him and then pulled me upstairs, "How ridiculous! Letty, come with me. I have a gift for Summer, but I forgot to bring it down."

My hands were tied, so I could only follow her upstairs. John roared a few times, asking for her to stay. However, she proceeded upstairs without even turning her head, as if his scolding were music to her ears. I was quite impressed.

Emma then brought me to their room. I waited on the sofa while she went ahead into her bedroom. Moments later, she returned with a vintage sandalwood box in her hands.

"Open it and take a look." She passed me the box.

As I opened the box, I saw a shiny anklet lying on a sponge bed.

"Your brother told me that Summer has gone through a lot of hardships even at a young age. I felt so troubled and wanted to gift this to her. This anklet is said to protect a child from harm and shoo away bad luck. Legend has it that kids who wear one before the age of nine will be kept in safe hands for a lifetime."

"You're so thoughtful, Emma." Holding the anklet, I was deeply moved.

My first impression of Emma was open-minded, sharp-tongued, and placid. She'd often say things that cause everyone's jaw to drop. Thus, I expected her to stay the same and do things as she pleased after marrying John. Now, I felt like she fit the role of John's wife very well.

When we were in the living room just now, I had noticed that Emma sincerely liked John a lot. It was practically written all over her face. I suspect John felt the same way about her too, just that he hadn't realized it yet.

"As long as you like it." Feeling smug, Emma patted my shoulders.

Summer fell asleep when we were heading home. Cradling her in my arms, I looked out of the window and sank into deep thoughts. My mind was in complete disarray. "Distraught over the news about Armond?" Ashton leaned over, took his coat off, and draped it over my shoulders. He even fixed the corners.

Tugging at his jacket, I lowered my head and hugged Summer tightly. Sighing, I replied, "It's not entirely because of him. I feel that I didn't take good care of Summer, causing her to suffer so much."

## **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.

## 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. Anyhow, 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."

## **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.

## **Chapter 1102**

After pondering over this, I grew to trust Professor Zidd more.

If Professor Zidd can't help me get pregnant again, there's no more hope for me in this lifetime.

He gazed at us. Perhaps he found us not in the best state of mind, he commented further, "Actually, you don't need to be overly anxious. Medical technology is very advanced these days. Having a damaged womb with an abnormally thin lining of the endometrium is no longer an incurable disease. In fact, it's got quite a high chance of recovery with proper medication."

I could finally let out a stiff smile. "Thank you, Professor Zidd."

Thank you so much for giving me that glimpse of hope of becoming a mother.

"Haha..." Professor Zidd placed his hands on the desk. His benign smile and mannerisms were just like a friendly senior that I'd known for years. "Don't thank me in advance. Getting prepared to conceive is never an easy task. We'll have to see each other on a daily basis and go through a series of exhausting treatments and tests. I'm afraid you might blame me for it later on."

I laughed. "You must be joking, Professor Zidd, why would we?"

“I wasn’t kidding.” Professor Zidd turned to Ashton and said, “Mr. Fuller is a busy man, but it’s critical that you adjust your work schedules for these two months and take good care of your wife. Having a baby involves two individuals. The following days are extremely important, so I hope that you can accompany Mrs. Fuller to each of the upcoming appointments.”

I gasped. Just as I was about to ask him to be more lenient on Ashton, he cut me off and replied, “Absolutely!”

For the second time within the same day, I gazed at Ashton in disbelief.

He seemed to have turned over a new leaf after the new year. I could feel a sense of security just by knowing that he was present, even without him saying a word.

I did not interrupt him. Subsequently, Professor Zidd gave Ashton some reminders about diet. It was nothing special, but we were supposed to avoid spicy food and consume more nutritious meals.

Upon collecting the medicines, Ashton brought me home.

During the journey, he received a call. I vaguely heard something like “GW Group,” “Hold him up,” and “I’ll be back soon” before he hung up.

I had only been in Fuller Corporation for a short period of time and did not recall Ashton had worked with that company before. Casually, I asked him, “Is GW Group a new partner of Fuller Corporation?”

“Yes, the development of Fuller Corporation in K City is looking good, but we still need some capital injection from foreign consortia to achieve an ideal state. Based on our partnership criteria, GW is one of the best investment banks on Wall Street. The other party has verbally agreed to this collaboration, but I still need to iron out a few unreasonable requests that they’ve made.”

I did not expect Ashton to share that many details with me. Pursing my lips, I crafted a simple response, “I see. Then, you should leave earlier tomorrow.”

With his hands on the steering wheel, Ashton burst into laughter and teased me, “I see that you’re talking through your pregnancy brain before the baby arrives. Their representative is already waiting for me at the company. Once I send you home, I’ll have to rush there right away.” Stunned, I asked again, “So soon? Aren’t you only going back to work tomorrow?”

He threw a look at me and then continued to focus on the road. “Letty, there are no fixed holidays for a businessman. After all, no one can ever resist a good opportunity. Although Fuller Corporation is going on steadily, it doesn’t mean that we can rest and relax now. We need to plan strategically to enter a bigger market with larger funds. It’s a dog-eat-dog world out there, and we’ll lose out eventually if we don’t work hard enough.”