

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 486

Ashton patted my hand in consolation. “To consult a doctor. Just chat with the doctor later and try not to overthink things. Just answer whatever the doctor asks, okay?”

I nodded, but a feeling of suffocation assailed me in this cramped space.

About ten minutes later, an elderly man in a white coat walked in. He looked like he was in his sixties.

Glancing at Ashton, the elderly man flashed him a faint smile and inclined his head a fraction in greeting. Subsequently, his gaze alighted on me.

Shortly after, a few seconds at most, he turned his gaze on Ashton. He said nothing pertinent, merely questioning mildly, “Are you staying, Ashton?”

Ashton nodded.

At this, the doctor pursed his lips and cocked an eyebrow though he didn’t comment further on this matter.

He glanced at the document in his hand before focusing his gaze on me. “How’s your sleep recently?” he asked.

“Not bad,” I answered. Inwardly, however, I was already feeling a tad irritable – for I hated such a cramped space and chatting as though I was being interrogated.

As my stomach roiled, I abruptly bolted to my feet and rushed to the washroom without waiting for his next question.

There was nothing else for me to puke, so I vomited blood in the end.

The moment I glimpsed the flash of red, I myself was stunned. Why is there blood?

After a while, we didn't continue with the subsequent questions. As the doctor looked at me, his gaze radiated worry, and he asked me to stroll for a bit in the corridor or downstairs.

Taking my hand, Ashton urged me time and again, "Don't wander around. Wait for me downstairs or in the corridor, but don't go too far."

I nodded before flashing him a forced smile.

At this, his grip on my hand tightened considerably. Shifting his gaze to the doctor, he suggested, "How about this? I'll come over another day when I'm free, and we'll talk in detail. For now, let's call it a day."

The doctor cast a glance at me. Then, he nodded and sighed softly without saying anything.

Ashton then led me down the stairs. When we had gotten into the car, I stared at his slightly pale face. "Is my condition very severe?"

He flashed me a faint smile even as his profound gaze alighted on my face. As he caressed my face with his long and slender fingers, he answered in a gentle voice, "No. Don't think so much. Perhaps your stomach just isn't feeling great, so we'll have Joseph come over later and prescribe you some medicine."

It was clear as day that he was merely placating me with such a remark. As my gaze remained locked on him, I went silent.

In reality, both of us knew full well what was happening here, but neither was willing to spell it out.

When we returned to the villa, he hugged me tightly as though reluctant to step away for even a single second.

I was feeling exceedingly drowsy, yet my sleep remained shallow.

Nonetheless, I felt very safe, knowing that he'd be keeping watch beside me. When I woke up after dozing off for a bit, I seemingly saw him talking on the phone on the balcony.

Although his voice wasn't loud, I could still hear him.

"She isn't sick. She's just too tired lately." His voice was rife with barely restrained emotions as he countered whatever the person on the other end of the phone said.

His profile emanated a faint sense of isolation and obstinacy. "No, thanks. I'll take good care of her."

The person on the other end seemed to be persuading him, for he went silent for a while.

When he spoke again, his voice was low as he tried his best to sound unaffected. "I won't have her undergoing psychotherapy. She won't be able to reveal her pain before someone else, nor will I subject her to that. I've waited and wasted four years. When I saw her at R Province, she'd buried all the trauma and distress deep within her. Summer is the only thing keeping her alive, and I know her concern. As long as I can keep her happy, I'm willing to do anything at all."

Getting up, I walked over to the balcony. I could hear the voice from the other end of the phone, and it seemed to be Jackson's voice.

Jackson's voice was colored with a trace of anxiety. "Indeed, you're willing to do anything at all, Ashton Fuller, but have you ever considered those who love her and want to keep her safe? You know full well that one never fully recovers from depression. In the four years she'd been in R Province, she'd focused all her attention on Summer, so much so that her condition has deteriorated this badly at just a hint of news that she'd be leaving. Have you ever thought about what you're going to do when Summer grows up and leaves in the future? Are you going to just look on as she goes completely insane?"

Silence hung so thickly in the air that a sense of suffocation pressed in. At that point, Ashton's back was quivering ever so slightly. Seemingly an eternity later, he spoke sorrowfully. "I'll always stay by her side."

Exasperated that he couldn't get through to him somehow, Jackson snarled, "Ashton Fuller, you're not protecting her but consigning her to doom!"

"I'm hanging up," Ashton blurted, his voice terse.

As I stared at his broad back while standing behind him, my heart constricted painfully. I thought I'd let go of the past and recovered in the past four years, but never had I realized that I'd merely buried my pain.

Sensing a presence behind him, Ashton turned around, his striking face stained with angst and anguish.

In the blink of an eye, however, his expression was again as tender as ever. Gazing at me, he smiled faintly. "You're awake. Are you hungry?"

I shook my head as I slowly walked over to him and burrowed into his embrace in search of a sense of safety. "I'm fine, Ashton." I'm truly fine. I merely can't control my emotions occasionally.

As he hugged me, he patted my back gently as though mollifying a child. "Yeah, I know. You'll be fine after you have a good rest. Everything will be fine."