

Chapter 342 Intestinal Rejection

Without saying a word, Anson looked at Josie intently.

Josie felt a little uncomfortable under his gaze. She took a step back and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Josie, you're not an unreasonable person. Tell me, why do you hate Wendy so much? You haven't gotten to know her yet." 10

Josie was stunned. Her eyes looked into the distance, and she seemed to have remembered something she'd rather forget. Her face suddenly turned gloomy. 3

"Josie!" He looked at her with keen eyes. 2

Josie looked away. "Just stop asking. I hate her, okay? There's no reason behind it. I just hate her!" 4

Anson sighed. "Are you really that disgusted with her that you can't compromise even for the sake of Ryan and your beloved grandson?" 7

"Yes!" 4

Anson sighed again. "Okay, I see."

"What are you going to do?"

Holding her hand, Anson continued walking. "Alright. I can see how much you hate her. I won't try to talk you

she seemed to have remembered something she'd rather forget. Her face suddenly turned gloomy. ⑤

"Josie!" He looked at her with keen eyes. ②

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Anson sighed. "Are you really that disgusted with her that you can't compromise even for the sake of Ryan and your beloved grandson?" ⑦

"Yes!" ⑥

Anson sighed again. "Okay, I see."

"What are you going to do?"

Holding her hand, Anson continued walking. "Alright. I can see how much you hate her. I won't try to talk you out of it in the future."

Josie bit her lip. She held Anson's hand tightly and looked up at him. "Do you think I'm being stubborn? I won't compromise even for my son's happiness." ⑩

Touching her hair affectionately, Anson said, "Stop thinking about it too much. You are who you are." His voice was full of patience and affection. ⑧

Tears welled in Josie's eyes. She knew that she was being very stubborn. She just couldn't accept that Wendy was going to be her daughter-in-law.

"Anson..."

As they waited for the elevator, Anson said, "Josie, we've been together for a long, long time. We know each other very well. If you don't like her, I won't force you to change your mind." ②

"Anson..." ①

Anson went on, "But I want to make my position clear so that you know where I stand. I'm not going to object to them being together. And I would never try to drive a wedge between them."

As Josie sniffled, she held Anson's hand even tighter. She was touched that he would stand by her despite how unreasonable she seemed. ②

"Anson, thank you."

Anson just smiled at her and didn't say anything. After all, he had promised to stand behind his wife for their whole lives. This was going to be a test for Ryan. But Anson believed in his son. He knew that he had what it took to handle it.

On the other hand, Raymond ate a quarter of an apple under the watchful eye of the attending nurse. However, by noon, he had pretty bad diarrhea, and his poop was very watery.

Naturally, Wendy was very worried about her son's condition. "Doctor, what's wrong with him? Is he going to be alright?" ①

"This is the acute intestinal rejection."

The others were confused as they weren't too familiar with the term.

"To put it simply, it's his body rejecting the treatment."

"Rejection?" Wendy panicked. "Then what should we do now?"

The doctor didn't explain to them in detail. He just said, "This is what I was afraid of most after the patient left the sterile room."

"Is it dangerous?"

The doctor nodded solemnly.

When Wendy saw the doctor nod, her heart sank. She had always known that even if the transplant operation was successful, there would always be the risk of rejection in the following stages. And it could be fatal.

"What kind of treatment can we give him? Doctor, we have the money. Just please give him the best treatment and medicine that you can prescribe. We can pay for it. He's just three years old. He's still a little kid, and his life has just begun..." Wendy said nervously.

"Wendy," Ryan whispered, holding her tightly. "Don't worry. The doctor knows what he's doing. Let's let him do his job." He appeared calm on the surface, but his heart felt like it was going to beat out of his chest.

"Ryan..."

"Don't be afraid. He will be fine."

"Okay." Standing at the door of the ward, Wendy looked at the two children playing and talking to each other. Tears welled in her eyes as she thought about the anger her son was in. 'God! Ray has survived such a dangerous surgery. Please, please make him recover.'

In the afternoon, Precious went to school.

Raymond couldn't intake any food or water because of the intestinal infection. All the nutrition he needed was going to be supplied intravenously.

Meanwhile, the doctor wrote down some more instructions and prescribed medicine.

He prescribed Basiliximab to be injected into Raymond. It is an effective drug that helps the body accept the transplanted organ and prevent rejection. However, its effectiveness comes with a hefty price tag. After it was injected into the boy, his condition started to improve slightly.

"Ray, how are you? Are you feeling better?"

Lying in the bed, Raymond tried his very best to hold on.

"I'm fine, Mommy." Although the injection helped, his stomach still kept rumbling.

"Poof!"

With a faint sound, his body suddenly froze.

"What's wrong?"

Ray grabbed the blanket and looked like he was about to burst into tears. "Mommy, I pooped in my pants."

The others were shocked.

"Luke, go and ask the nurse for a new set of clothes."


"Okay! I'll be right back," Luke said after he came back to his senses.

Wendy immediately took the blanket and said, "Ray, be still, okay? Let me clean it for you."

"No, no!" Raymond grabbed the quilt tightly.

"Ray..."

Raymond's face turned red. "Mommy, I am a man and you are a woman. We shouldn't have physical contact."

The corner of Wendy's mouth twitched. "Ray, you're my child. I've already seen you naked." 

"But that was when I was young!"

"Well, you are still young."

"No, no!"

When it looked like mother and child reached a stalemate, Ryan went to them and said, "Let me do it. Wendy, go to the bathroom and get me some hot water."

"You?" Wendy looked at him suspiciously.

"Don't worry. I know how to do it."

A bit skeptical, Wendy went to the bathroom.

Ryan took off his jacket and put his hand on the blanket. Raymond looked at him, unwilling to let him do it. "I don't need you!" Raymond said coldly.

"Don't you feel uncomfortable with something on your buttocks?"

Of course, Raymond felt uncomfortable! It was killing him! He couldn't move at all. But he would rather suffer than ask Ryan to clean his buttocks.

He pressed the blanket and said, "I'd rather let Mommy clean it for me."

Now, the two of them were in a stalemate. No one wanted to budge.

After a while, Ryan came up with an idea. He said, "Have you noticed that your mommy has lost weight?"

Raymond looked at him suspiciously and asked, "What are you trying to tell me?"

"In the two weeks when you were in the sterile room, your mommy had been busy at work. She would go out early and come back late every day. Although she looked calm outside, she was very worried about you. She even had bad dreams at night. I know how worried she was about you." ④

'Why is he with Mommy when she is sleeping?' That was the point Raymond focused on. He gritted his teeth and said, "You're a very deceptive man! You wanted to get my mommy while I was away! Let me tell you this. I won't let you succeed!"

Embarrassed, Ryan coughed to fill the silence. "Well, that's not the point. She was so worried about you that she couldn't fall asleep at night. She tried to keep busy at work so she wouldn't be overwhelmed with worry. Now, do you still want to add to that?"

Of course, that was the last thing Raymond wanted.

"Your mommy will be sad if she sees that you can't take care of yourself."

"Who says I can't take care of myself?!" Although Raymond said that, he loosened his grip on the corner of the blanket.

In one swift motion, Ryan took it away. Bending down, he put his hand on the elastic waistband of the boy's trousers. Raymond immediately froze.

Ryan slowly took Raymond's trousers and shorts. His poop was watery in green color. His shorts, trousers, and bed sheet were all dirty and wet.

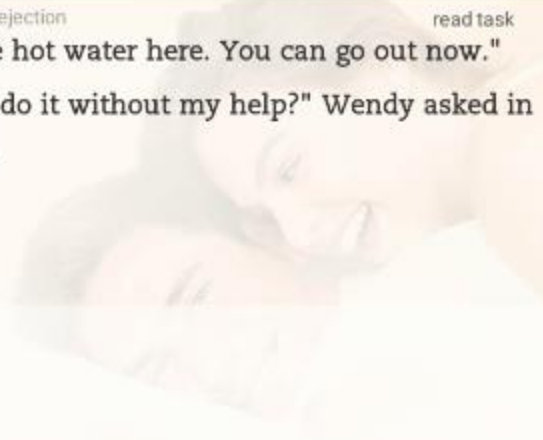
At this time, Wendy carried a basin full of hot water to the bed.

Seeing his mother approach, Raymond quickly covered

up. "Just put the hot water here. You can go out now."

"Can you really do it without my help?" Wendy asked in a worried voice.

"Yes!"



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