

Chapter 343 I Won't Be Grateful To You

Wendy bit her lip and walked out of the ward. At the door, she met Luke, who came back with clean clothes in his hands.

"Wendy, what are you doing here outside? Where is my brother?"

"Oh, he's cleaning up Ray."

Luke was shocked with what he heard. 'Oh my God! Ryan is cleaning up Ray's poop! But how? He's obsessively clean! How can he do such a thing?!'

Luke looked at Wendy again and said, "Then why did you come out?"

"Ray said that it's improper for me to be inside because he's a man and I'm a woman. I don't know where that kid gets ideas like this."

Luke was stunned. He had no words to describe how he felt. He was utterly confused by what was happening. He didn't understand why Raymond would say things like that. Wendy was his mother, after all. His own mother! 'Kids are mysterious little creatures.'

With the clean clothes, he said, "I see. I'll go in then."

"Okay."

Luke pushed the door open and walked in. As soon as he entered the ward, he felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

Near the bedside, there were dirty trousers and shorts strewn on the floor. The soiled blanket was removed from the bed, too. With the sleeves of his shirt rolled up, Ryan was wiping Raymond's buttocks with a towel. He looked very serious and focused on what he was doing. Even more unbelievable was that there was no sign of disgust on his face. ②

Luke felt a little nauseous as he watched what his brother was doing. The air in the room was stinky as well. Although it looked like water, it was poop. It was a tell-tale sign of diarrhea. Luke wasn't used to it. Although he tried to hide it, he was a bit grossed out.

While Ryan was wiping Raymond's buttocks, he accidentally got some poop on his hand. However, he continued his movements without hesitation. ③

Seeing this, Luke exaggeratedly rubbed his eyes. It was as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. 'Oh my God! Is this really Ryan? That man was so obsessed with cleanliness that he couldn't even stand a little bit of dust!' ④

"Ryan..."

"Give me the clothes."

"Okay!" Luke hurried over. Seeing the dirty water in the basin, he felt as if his stomach was turning inside out.

"What else can I do to help?"

"Pour the water and get another basin."

"Alright!" Looking at the dirty water in the basin, Luke braced himself to do the job. He took the basin and poured the contents into the toilet. He then rinsed it a couple of times and filled it with warm water.

Dipping the towel in the water, Ryan rinsed it and used it to wash Raymond's buttocks another time. Finally, he used a clean, new towel to pat Raymond's buttocks dry.

"All right now." When he finished, he washed his hands and helped Raymond get dressed. After that, he asked Luke to pick up the little boy. He clumsily changed the bed sheet and had Luke put Raymond back on the bed.

The little boy's face turned red. He said in an indifferent voice, "Don't expect that I will be grateful to you for what you've done just now."

"You don't have to thank me." ②

"I won't let my mommy thank you either."

"As you like," Ryan replied, raising his eyebrows. ③

The little guy was so mad that he closed his eyes and ignored him. Out of sight, out of mind.

Wendy's part in the play was already finished. In the

days that followed, she poured all her time into taking care of Raymond.

Ryan did the same. After Raymond left the sterile room, Ryan took almost all of his work with him to the hospital. He stayed in the hospital most of the time. He only left if there were matters at work that he needed to deal with in person.

Precious spend most of her time watching over Raymond, too. Every morning, she came to school from the hospital. Luke drove her there. In the afternoon, he would go to her school and bring her back to the hospital. The hospital became almost like a second home to them.

Fortunately, Raymond was getting better with each day that passed. He took one more shot of Basiliximab after going on a fast for three days. Finally, his diarrhea was under control. To avoid irritating his intestine, he lay in bed every day and tried not to move a lot.

By the seventh day, he hadn't had diarrhea for three days already. Now that his situation was a bit better, the doctor said that he could start eating again. He still couldn't eat much yet, but at least it was something. The doctor also suggested that they feed him rice soup.

However, he was only allowed a small amount of rice soup, less than one hundred milliliters. Since he hadn't eaten anything in a long time, he was still happy even he

was given just a small serving.

Despite that, it still made Wendy's heart ache. "When you get out of the hospital, I'll buy you all the delicious food that you want.

"Okay!" Raymond said with a sweet smile.

On the eighth day, he took another Basiliximab injection.

Now that he was clear of diarrhea for four days, the doctor concluded that his intestines was under control.

They were relieved to hear this.

Wendy asked the doctor in private, "Now that his intestines are stable, does it mean that there's no danger anymore?"

"The rejection is very dangerous, but the rate of relapse is very low. Since it is under control now, it means that Ray is out of danger. However, we still can't rule out the possibility of other complications."

Hearing this, Wendy became nervous again.

Then on the ninth day, Ryan found that there were blood clots in Raymond's urine, and the little boy looked like he was in pain. Whenever he peed, he sweated profusely from the pain.

But he was a tough little boy. No matter how painful it was to go to the bathroom, he didn't cry. He would simply wipe the sweat off his face and pretend as if

nothing had happened.

Ryan knew that the little boy just didn't want to worry his mother. As the boy's father, he felt quite frustrated.

The doctor told them that the cause of the blood clots in Raymond's urine was cystitis from the fasting. Although cystitis wasn't dangerous, it caused the patient a lot of pain. Drinking more water could ease its symptoms.

At the start, Raymond had to fast because of the rejection. He could only get the nutrition he needed by infusion.

Since he couldn't drink any water, he had been suffering from cystitis for several days. Peeing every morning was like torture to him.

Wendy felt sorry to see her son like this. But she had to pretend that she didn't know.

She knew that Raymond didn't want her to worry. If he saw how worried she was, it would only add to his stress.

Only Ryan knew that she cried in secret every time she went downstairs for a meal. Fortunately, things were getting better.

Half a month after Raymond left the sterile room, the intestine rejection was finally under control. At the same time, the symptoms of cystitis gradually improved.

Aside from Raymond, the whole family also went through a lot as they watched over him. They had lost a

lot of weight.

Every time Wendy saw Ryan, she felt a sense of comfort. It was good that she had someone there with her. After Raymond left the sterile room, Ryan did more than she did. Except for the time he spent at work, he spent the rest of his day at the hospital. He could have hired a caretaker, but he insisted on doing it himself. To him, it was what a father should do. ①

"Since the day he was born, I haven't been much of a father to him. Now, I want to make it up to him." ②

In the past half a month, he changed from a clumsy man to a skilled caregiver. ③

During the earlier stage of the rejection, Raymond would have a bout of diarrhea even if he just farted. Ryan did all the dirty work himself.

Seeing how much he had changed, Wendy was genuinely moved. She knew that he was trying his best to be a good father. Knowing this helped her hang on. ④

"Do you want to go to the bathroom? Let me help you."

"Thank you."

"If you are tired, just sleep for a while."

"I'm not tired. Thank you."

"Do you want to walk around or watch a cartoon to relax?"

"Only children watch cartoons. I'm a man. I don't want to

watch cartoons. Thank you!"

Wendy sighed.

This was how the conversation between Ryan and Raymond turned out every day. She couldn't figure out what her son was thinking. When he didn't know that Ryan was his biological father, he was kind to him. He even persuaded her to accept Ryan. But now that he knew, his attitude became cold and indifferent.

Wendy felt a headache. It seemed that she had to set aside some time to have a good conversation with her son.

