

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 593

The doctor left, and the nurse finished changing the bandages on his back. A tube had been inserted into the back of his hand, and the nurse took great care to adjust it. She looked at me and said, "His bandages have to be changed every three hours. Make sure to give us a shout when the time comes."

I nodded and thanked her in a low voice.

A short while after the nurse left, Ashton woke up from his coma. As he lay on his bed, his lips moved a little, his voice sounding too hoarse to be heard.

I got up and poured some water, dunking a straw into the beverage so he could suck the drink up. However, Ashton shook his head, telling me to forget about the straw.

I obeyed. He took a sip from the cup and looked a little better. His lips white as snow, he muttered, "Thank goodness you're fine."

How strange. His first words after he woke up made me shed tears again.

I fought back my tears as I looked at him and said, "You're a jerk, Ashton Fuller."

He grinned back at me. Although he looked very gaunt, his face was still very handsome. "Don't worry, it's just a small injury. I'll get better with some rest."

I glared at him, the lump in my throat growing more painful. "A small injury?" He had nearly lost his life, and still had the audacity to say something so ridiculous! Was he tired of living?

Ashton's lips curved slightly. "I'm thirsty." I wanted to be a cruel wife and make him die of thirst, but one look from him and my heart softened.

As I fed him sips of water, my heart hurt uncontrollably. Unable to hold back my tears anymore, I could only watch as they landed on my hands.

When he saw this, Ashton sighed and said with a smile, “Why are you always crying? Girls shouldn’t cry so much, you know. It makes you look even uglier.”

I glared at him. Sounding even hoarser now, I snapped, “I’m disfigured, anyway. How much uglier could I get? Ashton, I don’t need you to sacrifice yourself for me. I don’t feel thankful for what you did at all.”

He continued to grin at me. “I don’t want your thanks, you foolish girl. Jared’s target was me, and you were innocent. Come to think of it, I was the one who implicated you. I’m to blame for my own injuries—you don’t have to feel bad at all.”

I bowed my head and said in a low voice, “That’s what I think, too.”

He laughed darkly and took my hand. I wanted to pull away from him, but the moment I exerted some force, he let out a growl of pain. Evidently, I had accidentally touched his injury.

Oh, whatever—he could hold my hand if he wanted.

Perhaps it was because of the anaesthesia, but I could feel how cold his hands were. This was the first time I knew his hands could be this cold.

He said, “Scarlett, I’m sorry for letting you down. I never did become that hero in your heart. Somehow, I was never able to protect you every time something happened to you, and I failed again this time. I thought I blocked every drop of that sulfuric acid, but you got injured anyway.”

He lifted his hand, as though to touch the scar on my face. However, he grimaced in pain again as his wound stung, and he quickly wrenched his hand away.

I felt a lump in my throat again as my heart throbbed with pain. I shook my head, looking at him with tears in my eyes. "Ashton, I never wanted a hero to begin with."

He grinned and pressed my hand against his lips. His lips were icy cold, and I knew the effects of the anaesthesia were beginning to wear off. He was in for a great deal of suffering.

Ashton spoke again. "Four years ago, I accidentally harmed you and the child. Four years later, I accidentally harmed you again. I'm very sorry, and I know you probably hold a grudge against me for that. Actually, I'd prefer that. When you found out that something had happened to Summer, you left without telling me and went to beg Emery and the Stovall family for help. You didn't consider turning to me during your hour of need, but I can hardly blame you for that. It's my fault for letting you down again and again and making you lose your trust in me. I'm sorry."

I opened my mouth to protest his claims, but I realized that what he said was true.

I didn't know what else to say. After a short pause, I said shortly, "Ashton, stop talking!"

He smiled weakly. "But who cares? I'm willing to wait for you to come to me one day. Until that day, I'll put in my best effort to ensure that I'll become a priority to you."

I used to think I had spent most of my life catering to Ashton's whims. Now that I thought more deeply about it, however, that was completely untrue.

Truthfully, I had been catering to my own whims all along. I refused to open up my heart to him and forget our complicated history—instead, I got used to burying bitter grudges deep within me and plodding right on.

I was unwilling to open myself up to new people or let go of the lovers I once had in my life.

Hence, our relationship had been a very difficult one indeed.

The anaesthesia seemed to have worn off completely. Ashton was in so much pain that his forehead was practically dripping with sweat. However, there was nothing I could do to alleviate his pain. I wiped his sweat off using a towel, and he smiled bravely up at me, as though I was the one hurting instead of him.

When he saw me squat down next to his bed, he asked, "Scarlett, what are you doing?"

I knew he was trying to talk to me so he could take my attention away from the perturbing task at hand.

I unhooked the urine catheter. After a short pause, I replied, "Changing your urine catheter!"

There was silence on his end, as though my declaration had embarrassed him into submission.

Ashton was a well-respected man, and he probably didn't want anybody to see him at his weakest. I understood how he felt.

I changed his urine catheter without a word. He shut his eyes and leaned back into his bed as though he had fallen asleep.

However, the sweat beading his brows told me that he was still awake. Gingerly, I dabbed away the moisture on his forehead with a towel again.

He grabbed hold of my hand immediately. As we gazed into each other's eyes, I notice the despairing look that haunted his face.

It was best to remain silent at this point in time.

Neither of us said anything. After wiping his sweat away, I leaned closer to him and planted a light kiss on his lips.