

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 595

I dozed off anyway. Suddenly, I felt Ashton stir next to me. When I opened my eyes, I saw him struggling to make his way off the bed.

I sprung out of my bed immediately and ran over to help him, as though in a trance.

He was sweating profusely again, probably because of the injury on his back. Seeing that I was up, he looked at me apologetically and said, "Did I wake you?"

I shook my head, feeling a little sorry for him. As I grabbed hold of his arm, I asked in concern, "Are you alright? The doctor said you aren't allowed to get off the bed yet."

He pursed his lips, his fingers tightening around the handrails of his bed. "I'm going to the toilet."

I froze for a moment before replying, "There's a bedpan!"

"Help me to the bathroom!" he ordered as though he hadn't heard me. His voice was low and full of authority, and for a moment I thought he was back to the cold, distant Ashton again.

He had his pride, I supposed. Knowing that I wouldn't win in an argument, I gave in and helped him off the bed.

He was 180cm tall and looked almost absurd next to me. For some reason, I had a distinct feeling that he was consciously not putting any of his weight on me.

We entered the toilet. Since his arm was still attached to the IV drip, I bent down without a second thought to help him unbuckle his belt.

However, he grabbed hold of my hand almost immediately. Looking a little helpless, he said, "Alright, I can do this myself. Go outside and wait for me."

I felt rather anxious. "How are you going to sit down on the toilet bowl?" The injury was on his back and didn't affect his walking but sitting down would cause his wound to start bleeding again.

He smiled weakly at me and shook his head. "I'll be fine. Be a good girl and wait for me outside."

I looked at him, feeling more worried than ever. Pushing his IV drip aside, I said, "I'll just help you unbuckle your belt. I won't look at you, I promise! I'll help you sit down on the toilet bowl."

"Just listen to me and wait for me outside!" he said, still smiling. A hint of desperation had crept into his voice. "You don't have to worry about me. I'm not a child, you know. I know what I'm capable of. I'll call you if anything happens."

He gazed into my eyes, trying to reassure me with an earnest look on his face. I couldn't help but wonder how there could be such a stubborn person on this planet!

Sighing slightly, I went out of the toilet. I heard the door slide shut behind me.

I pursed my lips in annoyance. Ashton was always so set in his ways.

Because I was so worried about him, I sat outside and waited for a while more. After a long time, I started panicking a little. Turning towards the toilet door, I called loudly, "Ashton, are you alright?"

"I'm fine!" he replied, sounding cool and unbothered.

Around ten minutes later, I heard the toilet flush. I got up and was about to go in to help him. Nonetheless, once I pushed the door open, he was already standing at the door.

Seeing that he was fine, I let out a sigh of relief and helped him back to the bed.

His bandages had to be changed every three hours. The nurse came in shortly afterward with fresh bandages in her hands. This time, she didn't try and hide the wound—instead, she peeled off the bandages and exposed his wound to the cold air.

Seeing the blistering skin on his back, my heart skipped a beat. An involuntary chill ran down my spine.

"We've gotten rid of most of the rotting flesh, and his skin will repair itself eventually. He will need to remain in the hospital for a while more so we can observe his condition. As far as possible, make sure he doesn't make any big movements that might aggravate his condition. That could slow down the rate of his recovery." After explaining this to us, the doctor removed the last bits of rotting flesh from Ashton's back. He then packed his surgical knife away and let the nurse bandage up the wound.

Seeing the horrible wound on Ashton's back, I shuddered in horror, hardly daring to breathe at all.

The nurse reattached the IV drip to his arm after bandaging his wound. Because of the medication, he fell asleep almost immediately again.

I sat by his bed, unable to fall asleep. His back was going to be scarred for the rest of his life.

After he found Summer, Ashton didn't let her accompany him to the hospital. Instead, he told her to return to K City with John.

Initially, the plan was to take Ashton to a hospital in K City, too. However, after considering the rough journey and the state of his injuries, he decided to stay here and recuperate before returning home.

Zachary and Cameron dropped by practically every day to visit us. Although our interactions were rather awkward, they could be considered cordial.

Cameron set down a bowl of porridge on the table. Seeing how exhausted I looked, she asked hesitantly, "Why don't you return to the hotel and have a good rest? Come back when you get your energy back. Your father and I can watch over him tonight."

She sounded very cautious when she said this. I shook my head. "It's alright. There's a bed for me here, anyway. I can sleep here if I need to. The both of you still have other business to attend to in K City, so you should probably leave earlier and settle them."

Cameron shook her head. "It's alright. I'm getting on in age, so I've already assigned most of my work to Nick. No hurry."

I didn't try to argue with her again. After all, it was true that I hadn't slept well last night. In fact, I was practically sleep-walking now.

Besides, I was in a food coma after lunch. Ashton nodded off slowly, while Zachary and Cameron sat quietly in a corner and watched over us.

It was way too quiet in the room. Slowly but surely, I drifted off to sleep.

Because I hadn't gotten much sleep the night before, I slept very soundly now. Halfway through my nap, I sensed a nurse walking into the room to change Ashton's bandages. I tried to open my eyes, but my eyelids were simply too heavy—I promptly fell asleep again.

I slept all the way till noon. When I woke up, Ashton was reading a book. Zachary had disappeared from the room, while Cameron was slumped over a table, sound asleep.

Seeing that I was awake, Ashton set down his book and stuffed some tissue into my hands.

I gaped at him, unable to understand what his gesture meant. He finally smiled and said warmly, "Wipe your saliva off your face!"

My face flushed with embarrassment.

I wrenched the tissues from him and hastily wiped my chin. Pursing my lips, I sat up straight and asked, "Is it noon already?"