

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 663

When I looked closer, I realized he was stabbed by a stake, and I frowned again. "How did this happen?"

"I crashed into something during the fight," he said nonchalantly. "Nothing to be worried about. It missed the vital organs."

Barely. God, it's just a few millimetres from his kidney. He had a lot of wounds, but they were minor, just like what he said, but the one on his waist ran deep.

I cleaned his wound for him. Since there was no anaesthetic for him, he felt all the pain from the cleaning up. Lodophor wasn't as painful as alcohol, but the cotton swab was still going to irritate the wound.

Even so, all he did was frown. He didn't even flinch, so I asked, "Does it hurt?"

He smiled at me. "No."

As if. His wound was finger deep. I knew he must be in pain, since he was just human after all. I sighed. "You don't have to lie. The wound's too big not to hurt. You aren't Superman, you know."

The blood was still flowing out, and I crushed some haemostatic drugs before spreading it on his wound. Even so, the wound wouldn't stop bleeding. I had to do it a few times before the drugs took effect.

I heaved a sigh of relief. That was an intense session, and I was even starting to sweat. Luckily, the wound didn't seem to cause any more complications. After I bandaged it, I felt something warm on my forehead, much to my surprise. I looked up and stared into Armond's eyes. Awkward.

"It shouldn't be infected as long as you stay clear of water." I looked away.

He smiled and pulled his hand back from my forehead. "Do you cook?"

"Huh?" I was stupefied, then I nodded when I noticed him smiling at me. "I do. Are you hungry?"

He nodded and arched his eyebrow. "I was in a hurry, so I didn't have anything to eat. I am starting to feel hungry now."

"I'll make something light for you. Lie down, please." I helped him to the bed, and I was confused about why he kept staring at me. "Are you allergic to anything? Is there anything you can't eat?"

"No." He was still staring at me, which made it awkward. I tucked him in and went downstairs. There was a lot of food in the kitchen, but they were mostly bread, jam, and some beef. Western Europe alright.

I was going to make chicken soup for him, but there wasn't anything in the fridge for that. There was only flour there. In the end, I decided to get some wild vegetable outside, but there were a lot of guards there.

It felt like a prison, but I knew Armond did that for safety reasons. Since it was a remote area, there was a two kilometre distance between each house, so there was ample space. Wild plants grew abundant in those places, so there were some good wild veggies.

Grandma used to make chowder for me when I was a kid. She'd boil the water and toss the vegetables in, then she'd stir it for about ten minutes, and a serving of chowder was done. It was thick and melted easily. Not great, but a good substitute for chicken soup.

Armond seemed to have fallen asleep when I went back to his room, since his eyes were tightly shut. I whispered, "Are you asleep, Mr. Murphy?"

He didn't stir, so I hesitated for a while before setting the chowder down beside him and covered him with the blanket. Out of a sudden, he held my hand down, much to my surprise, and I noticed him staring at me.

“Did I wake you?”

He smiled and shook his head. “I wasn’t asleep in the first place.” Then he looked at the bowl. “What did you make?”

I pulled my hand away and sat beside him with the bowl in hand. “You don’t have much here. All I can make is some vegetables chowder. See if you can take this.”

He tried to get up, but that jolted his wound, and he gasped. I held him by reflex, but I moved too fast and fell down on him. “I-I’m sorry. I... I...” Well, that was awkward, but at least I didn’t spill the chowder.

I put the bowl down and helped him up again, but he was staring at me silently. I thought he was angry about earlier, so I mumbled, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it. I was going to help you up, but I lost my footing.”

He laughed. “I know.”

Then why are you looking at me like that? I helped him up and handed the chowder to him. “Try it.”

He didn’t take it. Instead, he looked at me. “Aren’t I a patient now?”

I nodded. “Yes.” The wound was big enough to warrant him a ward in a hospital.

“If that’s the case, then I think you should feed me, right?”

I was surprised he would say that, and I looked at him sternly. “I thought you’re too uptight to crack jokes like that.”