

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 834

Ashton's lips were quivering as he turned livid with rage. "What have you heard? What makes you think my feelings for you are worth nothing?"

"Why don't you ask your precious Rebecca?" After a brief pause, I chuckled. "You've never suspected her of anything because she's always acted so innocent in front of you. Did she tell you that she answered your phone and told me you were in the shower? That she was showing off to me how in love the two of you were? Of course she wouldn't have told you anything. After all, she needed to maintain the perfect image you have of her."

Ashton remained silent with his lips pursed, still staring intensely at me.

I sighed and calmed myself down. "In the future, Mr. Fuller, please reflect on your actions before you lecture others. Also, pick your subjects well if you want to talk about sincerity and love. To me, that is all too laughable. But I'm sure Ms. Larson wouldn't mind."

With that said, I broke away from Ashton and decided on a whim to leave the villa for the hospital.

Layla was caught by surprise when I walked into the ward just as Marcus had fallen asleep. "Ms. Stovall, what are you doing here so late at night? You should be at home resting!" she whispered.

Despite being exhausted, I still managed to smile back in response. "It's no problem at all. How is he today?" I asked as my gaze fell on Marcus.

"Much better, even though he still can't get out of bed. By the way, Mr. White's phone has been ringing the entire day, but he wouldn't let me answer it. I'm not sure if it was his family calling to check on him," Layla said concernedly. Since I insisted on staying, she promptly left after packing up her things.

I sat beside Marcus before glancing at my phone. There weren't any messages which only added to my disappointment as I sighed in resignation.

The next day, Layla came back early in the morning only to find Marcus still sleeping. Since there wasn't anything she could do, she decided to head back out to buy breakfast.

I, on the other hand, had had a pretty awful night. The extra bed in the ward wasn't the most comfortable, and it also happened to be my time of the month. All that meant that I have barely gotten any decent sleep, and I woke up even more exhausted than I had been the night before.

Marcus had just woken up when he spotted my less than flattering dark eye circles. "Have you been staying up late again?"

I shook my head and smiled. "No, I've just been worried about you. Get well soon, and I'll be fine again."

He winced a little as he tried to sit up in bed. "You can't be moving about now. Your wounds have only just been stitched up. If you moved around too much, you might risk reopening them and getting them infected," I chastised as I held him down by the shoulders.

Thankfully he heeded my advice and lay back in bed to rest until Layla came back. She had bought soup for him since that was all he could eat after his surgery. He only managed a few spoonfuls before the pain set in again. Setting the soup aside, he turned to me. "There's hospital staff and Layla here to take care of me. You don't have to worry. Why don't you go home and have a good rest? The weather's getting colder. You'll fall sick easily if you don't rest enough."

I nodded with a smile, knowing that he was just being concerned for my well-being.

After chatting for a while more, Marcus dozed off again.

Since he had fallen asleep, I decided to make a quick trip to the villa to pack more things for the coming days. With me staying at the hospital for a few more days and with the Harvest Festival coming up, I definitely needed to be more prepared.

Ashton was nowhere in sight when I got home. Even his clothes in the closet were gone, and there was no message to say where he would be staying.

I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but I couldn't brush away the bad, nagging feeling in the back of my head.

After having packed a few sets of warmer clothes and daily necessities, I returned to the hospital.

Harvest Festival was only three or four days away, but I doubted Marcus could recover in that short period of time. Unfortunately, that meant I wouldn't be able to make it back to K City for the celebrations.

I had taken time off work, so for the next few days, I dedicated all my time to Marcus. I would either be chatting with him or accompanying him to his physical therapy sessions. All in all, it was a far easier job than having to work on the Lavelian Village project, which was now in Linda's good hands.

On the fourth day, Marcus's condition had improved enough to walk a bit more. He was in such a good mood that he even wanted to attempt peeling an apple on his own.

I knew he hadn't been able to move his arm in the past few days due to broken ribs. Now that he had regained control of it, he was understandably on cloud nine at being able to tackle an easy, menial task.

Just then, his phone started ringing again. Marcus hardly glanced at it before moving it out of sight.

He had been getting countless calls from the same number and had been ignoring them all. I felt nosy and decided to peek at it, only to see it was Camelia's number.

I looked at him quizzically. "She must be so worried about you. You should at least tell her you're fine and recovering well."