

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 991

I nodded. Amy must be talking about the time when Ronald had some doctors do a check-up and blood test for her and her siblings.

Feeling sorry for the little girl, I wrapped my arms around her. Summer's condition had become worse. If I still couldn't make up my mind, I was afraid it might be too late to save her life. Yet, if Amy was to go under the knife, she needed to donate both her bone marrow and her kidney. I had no idea of the risk of the operation Amy might be facing. I would be the one who caused her death if anything happened to her during the operation.

Half an hour later, Zachary and Cameron arrived at the hospital. Meanwhile, Summer, whose vein was cannulated with an IV tube, was wheeled into the ER. The little girl's arm was full of hematomas from chemotherapy.

Anger boiled within me whenever I saw my daughter suffering from the side effects of chemotherapy. Each time, the urge to kill Jared grew more intense. All humans had dark sides, yet we had the ability to eschew evil, which explained why Jared still survived until now.

Soon after, Zachary ordered the doctor to do a checkup for Amy. My mind was a mess as I held the little girl in my arms. "Dad, why don't we wait until we ask Summer's doctor about her condition?"

Knowing I would go soft, Zachary persuaded, "We are just going to do a full-body check-up for this kid. They said her bone marrow is a match for Summer, but we are not sure about it. We'll discuss it after the doctors perform the check-up. Alright?"

Zachary was right. As reluctant as I was, I had no choice but to nod my agreement.

When the doctor took Amy away, the little girl kept turning his head to look at me. I knew it was her instinct to feel scared. "Amy, don't be scared. It's just like taking an injection. It won't hurt, and you'll be fine."

She nodded and followed the doctor quietly.

I waited agonizingly for Amy's return.

An hour had passed, the little girl still hadn't come back. Feeling panicked, I decided to look for her, yet Cameron halted me. "The doctor is with that kid. Summer is still in the ER, and you should stay here."

I nodded. Still, I paced back and forth as I couldn't cast my worries away. Meanwhile, a nurse showed up. "Miss, the patient, Hailey Webster, has regained consciousness. We're transferring her to the ward now, and a family member is required to take care of her."

I told Cameron about Hailey before I went to check on her.

In the ward, the doctor informed me of the things I needed to pay particular attention to during the patient's preoperative care and aftercare.

Since I had no idea of Hailey's health condition, I went after the doctor and asked, "Doctor, what happened to her? Why did she suddenly collapse?"

The doctor looked at me doubtfully while he asked, "So, you're not the patient's family member?"

I nodded. "I'm her friend. I only found out about her health issue today."

The doctor nodded before he stated, "The patient underwent a heart transplant surgery a year ago. Transplant rejection is common during this period, and it can occur anytime. If the patient gets emotional, that might trigger episodes of acute rejection. Thus, you need to pay attention to the patient's emotional changes."

I remembered Hailey telling me about her having a heart transplant before she collapsed. Shouldn't she be grateful that she is still alive? Why does it seem like she is averse to the donor's heart?

Back in the ward, Hailey still couldn't move her body under the effect of anesthesia. Nevertheless, she was conscious. She wore an oxygen mask and looked at me as if she had something to say.

Sitting next to her, I spoke up, "I know you have something you wanted to tell me. Perhaps we'll talk when you feel better."

Hailey shook her head. The next moment, she said under her breath, "Don't sacrifice someone to save another's life. They are innocent, and they will die. Those who survive won't be happy either."

I was dazed. "What do you mean?"

In a barely audible voice, she explained, "I have congenital heart disease. Over the years, my heart deteriorated. My father told me I could live for a long time if I get a heart transplant, but it was just too difficult to find a matching heart. After many years of searching, my father finally found one. They told him the girl was sick and that she couldn't live long. After she died, she could donate her heart to me. So, my father adopted her. For many years, she was the one who kept me company when I felt lonely or sad. Unfortunately, my condition was getting worse. Yet, surprisingly, she became fit and healthy as time passed."

Hailey let out a bitter smile. "My father soon found out they had lied to him. In fact, she was not sick. Her parents had abandoned her, so they made my father adopt her. At that time, I was in a critical condition and I was dying. Unfortunately, she was the only one who could save me. Having no choice, my father trampled with the vehicle that she would be using that day."