

Chapter 29 Are you a pervert?

Under the calm gaze that seemed to hold hidden pressures, Liam Miller felt an overwhelming weight upon him. He carefully inspected the wound on Ember's face, but he couldn't concentrate anymore.

Helplessly, he glanced up at Alexander, who stood merely a meter away. "Could the patient's family wait outside the curtain?" Liam Miller pleaded.

Alexander appeared oblivious to his request, rooted to the spot, refusing to budge an inch. His immobility left Liam Miller feeling helpless and incapable of doing anything about it.

In his heart, Liam couldn't help but murmur, "You're excessively protective of your wife. Although I typically jest and flirt with beautiful women, she's your wife! If I dare think otherwise, you won't spare me."

Amidst the mounting pressure, Liam Miller continued his examination of Ember's wound. His touch grew heavier, causing Ember to furrow her brows in pain. Witnessing this, Alexander rushed forward, urging, "Be gentle!"

She winced slightly.

Such devoted protection of his wife...

Liam Miller felt that if he continued standing there, he wouldn't be able to carry on with his work any longer. "Umm... I apologize, but I need some space," he finally spoke up.

Ember, noticing the shift in Liam Miller's mood, apologized as she tried to sit up. Observing her movement, Alexander immediately moved closer, ready to assist.

However, Ember gently held his hand and said, "Alexander, why don't you wait for me outside the emergency room? Your nervousness puts unnecessary strain on me, and it affects the doctor's ability to treat me properly."

Upon hearing Ember's words, Alexander hesitated for a moment before obediently lifting his feet and walking out of the emergency room.

As Liam Miller caught a glimpse of Alexander's retreating figure, he couldn't help but chuckle. "Alex, Alex, you are so obedient. You used to find ways to tease me endlessly, but today I've discovered I can play the same game with you. Hahaha! If only I didn't have to pretend, I would jump up, pop open a bottle of champagne, and celebrate with a few beautiful women."

Outside the emergency room, Alexander sought solace in a corner, his expression cold. The thought of a certain lecherous man touching his wife's tender, fair face tormented him. Desperate to find relief, he reached into his bag and pulled out a cigarette and a lighter, only to be confronted by the hospital's no-smoking sign as he looked up.

After a brief hesitation, he begrudgingly turned around.

Meanwhile, Liam Miller had finished the initial treatment of Ember's wound and was now applying a special type of ointment. This particular ointment required a minute or two of

gentle fingertip massage for optimal effectiveness.

To his surprise, before his fingers could make contact with Ember's face, they were intercepted by a large hand. Liam Miller raised his gaze and discovered that the person he had just managed to push out had returned.

Confused, he inquired, "What are you doing?"

"Stay away from her," Alexander replied without hesitation.

Did he genuinely believe Liam Miller was some sort of pervert?

"I have no desire to touch her. How else can I apply the ointment to her face?" Liam Miller retorted.

"I said, don't touch her," Alexander reiterated adamantly, disregarding the ointment's potential effectiveness.

Liam Miller's frustration peaked, considering that he had no intention of touching his wife's face inappropriately today. In that moment, a mischievous glint sparkled in his mischievous eyes. "Ma'am, if I apply the ointment without massaging it, it won't work effectively. You might end up with scars, and your beautiful face would be marred. And your boyfriend..." He deliberately paused, letting the implication hang in the air.

But before Ember could respond, Alexander swiftly strode over, snatched the plaster from Liam Miller's hand, and settled onto the stool beside Ember's face. "I'll give her the massage," he declared with determination.

"You..." Liam Miller was taken aback, unable to believe what he was witnessing.

"You can go now and teach me," Alexander said, cutting off any further protests.

Liam Miller relented in the end, allowing Alexander to take charge. He watched as Alexander washed his hands meticulously, sterilized them, and proceeded to massage his beloved.

Alexander positioned himself in front of Ember, his touch gentle yet firm. The tension in the room seemed to dissipate as he focused solely on his task, completely dedicated to his wife's well-being.

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